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FOREST AND STREAM.

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ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY
FISHCULTURE, YACHTING AND CANOEING

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST
IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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TRAPSHOOTING.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

THIS is the original vignette and prospectus as printed on the editorial page of the first number of FOREST AND STREAM in 1873. That was twenty-seven years ago; but there are readers to-day who were readers then, and for them in particular is the familiar design reproduced as a reminder of the old days.

Vast and far-reaching changes have come in the interests which the paper then took for its own; and we are quite given, after the manner of the world, to extol the things that were and to lament the altered conditions and ways of the present. But while we may with reason regret the improvidence and wantonness which have squandered our resources of game and fish and narrowed our opportunities for the enjoyment of those recreations we like best, there is on the other hand abundant reason for gratification over the development of field sports and the popular appreciation of the true place which rational recreation has in a well-ordered life.

There was dug up in Sweden the other day a sleigh made from the bones of a horse. Thousands of years ago then, if we accept the opinion of the scientists as to the age of the vehicle, there lived a horse which was made to go all its life; and then compelled to keep on going after death. There are human beings who stick to business all their lives without let-up, and apparently would be happy if they could look forward to another chance at hard work after death. There are others who believe in a vacation and take it. They get something out of life as they go along, and count not lost the days or weeks of their outings.

Compare 1873 with 1900, and note the astounding growth of the "interest" and participation. The Saturday half-holiday is one institution which marks the change. The vacation idea and the popularization of field sports and woods life are a development of the last quarter-century, and have progressed with such strides and bounds that to-day they give promise of becoming well nigh universal. The outing custom is one of the social phenomena of the age. That bit of homely humor printed in our first number, of the shoemaker and his boy, in the revised version of to-day, tells the story. The cobbler of 1873 stuck to his last; the cobbler of 1900 does not stick so closely as to let the other fellows get all the fish.

From that first issue the FOREST AND STREAM has had its share in awakening the sentiment and promoting the common sense which stand for "a healthy interest in outdoor recreation and study." In this work it is engaged to-day, and in this it recognizes, the largest field of its usefulness in the future. To encourage outdoor life, to send men and women off on excursions into the depths of the wood, to the heights of the mountain, out upon the broad water, down the winding river, along the rushing brook, and to the silent pool—this shall be the purpose and the accomplishing of the years that are to come as of the years that have gone.

THE LACEY LAW AND STATE LAWS.

A KANSAS correspondent writes as follows in comment on what we said the other day of the application of the Lacey law to the transportation of live game:

"I note your editorial in regard to the Lacey law. Of course any one can ship game for propagating purposes if there is no local State law prohibiting it; but Kansas, as well as other States, has laws prohibiting the sale or shipment of game from the State, and these laws, like the Lacey law, do not discriminate for or against live game. Many sportsmen would allow game to be shipped from their section to restock districts where it is scarce. Others would claim that the law was against it and ask for its enforcement, and of course it would have to be enforced unless the Secretary of Agriculture had made arrangement with the State or Territorial officers to secure game for distribution in other localities. It may not have been the intention of the framers of the Lacey law to stop the shipping of game for propagating purposes, yet it gives the States authority to do so if they desire. I have no doubt that the Secretary can make all arrangements with the States and Territories at the proper time. Previous to this time I have had game shipped in to me from without the State and held it for time and shipped it beyond the limits of the State, and was protected under the interstate commerce law; but since the Lacey bill became a law all game shipped into the State becomes subject to the law of the State. My object is to get the permission of the Secretary of Agriculture to continue to trap and ship game birds under his direction, but as there is no appropriation, let the parties who receive the game pay the expense of same. By this way restocking could continue in a small way until an appropriation was made by Congress."

This shows a misconception of the operation of the Lacey law, which, as it may be general, may well enough be corrected, though in making the correction we repeat some points which have been given before.

1. The Lacey law does not prohibit the exportation of game from any State where there is not already a State law to that effect. Congress would have no constitutional authority to enact a law of that nature. The State only has the right as a part of its police power to control the export and import of game.

2. The Lacey law does not give the States authority to stop the shipping of game for propagative purposes. The States already possessed that authority. They have no more and no less authority now than before the Lacey law was enacted.

3. Game shipped into the State was as much a subject of the law of the State prior to the enactment of the Lacey law as it is to-day. The Lacey law introduces no new principle; it is merely the statement in the form of a statute of a principle which has already been well established and recognized by the higher courts, notably in the Phelps-Racey decision in New York and the Magner decision in Illinois and the Stevens decision in Maryland.

4. The Secretary of Agriculture cannot "make arrangement with the State or Territorial officers to secure game for distribution in other localities" in any State or Territory where a local law forbids such export. State and Territory officers are only executives of the laws. The Legislature makes the laws; the officers enforce them. They cannot "arrange" for violation of the laws.

If such were the intent and effect of the Lacey law it would weaken the State control of its game, whereas the purpose of the law is the direct opposite, namely, to strengthen the State's control. This purpose is to be accomplished by declaring unlawful the transportation, as an article of interstate commerce, of game shipped in violation of a State law. And far from authorizing the Secretary of Agriculture to arrange for export in violation of State laws, the Lacey law distinctly provides:

The Secretary of Agriculture is hereby authorized to adopt such measures as may be necessary to carry out the purposes of this act and to purchase such game birds and other wild birds as may be required therefor, subject, however, to the laws of the various States and Territories.

That certainly is a most extraordinary notion, that Congress could enact a law which would authorize Government officials to arrange with State officials for the setting aside of State laws. A pretty mess indeed that would bring us to.

5. One cannot go far astray in his understanding of this subject if these basic principles are borne in mind:

a. The game is the property of the State.

b. The State alone has authority to control its game.

As a part of its control the State alone may regulate the export or import of game.

The only jurisdiction Congress has over game is that it acquires when the game, by reason of having passed beyond the limits of the State and become an article of interstate commerce, is no longer within the control of the State.

6. All the laws of all the States, relative to the transportation of game dead or alive, which were in force prior to the enactment of the Lacey law, are now and will continue to be in force until modified by the respective State legislatures, the only lawmakers having authority in the premises.

THREE SPECIMENS.

THERE appears to have been discovered, in the Royal Zoological Museum at Florence, the third of the only three specimens ever taken of a bird which has long been extinct. The history of these specimens and the little that is known about the species to which they belong is very interesting, and is worth the telling at this time, when civilization is crushing out nature and natural things so rapidly.

The bird is a little emu, once found on Kangaroo Island, off the south coast of Australia. It was first seen in the year 1803, when a French scientific expedition under Baudin explored Kangaroo Island, which they called Isle Decrés. The story of the island, written by the naturalist Peron, tells us that this land was without human inhabitants, but that it was occupied by great numbers of kangaroos and emus, which at evening came down to the shores to quench their thirst with salt water, since fresh water was hardly to be had on the island.

During the stay of the expedition at this island three of these emus were caught alive, taken on board ship, and at length reached Paris in safety about 1804-05. One of them was deposited in the Jardin des Plantes, and two were sent to the residence of the Empress Josephine.

At the time that these emus were discovered on Kangaroo Island it was not supposed that they were different from the bird of New Holland, which is so common and so well known. This was found out very much later; too late, indeed, to secure any more specimens. For when South Australia was colonized a settler took possession of Kangaroo Island, and naturally enough regarding the kangaroos and the emus as nuisances he exterminated them; and so when naturalists sought for new specimens of the little emu, none were to be had. For many years only two specimens were known to be preserved. The discovery in Florence adds a third, and these three are unique.

SNAP SHOTS.

That letter from Dr. Kalbfus, secretary of the Pennsylvania Board of Game Commissioners, merits sympathetic attention. Pennsylvania has a Game Commission of seven members, and intrusts to them important interests, but expects them to serve without salary, pay their own expenses, and find their reward in the consciousness of public service well done. This may have passed in the days of beginnings, but in these times a game commissioner who does all that is expected of him and does it as it should be done earns something more substantial than the liberty of paying for the privilege. Dr. Kalbfus and his associates are entitled to respect and gratitude for serving their fellow citizens in this capacity. At the next session of the Legislature we may reasonably look for an appropriation for the work of game protection. Meanwhile local sportsmen, whether as individuals or clubs, must take the initiative and constitute themselves agents for the enforcement of the law.

Dr. T. S. Palmer, of the Biological Survey, has prepared as Bulletin No. 12 of the Survey publications a report on legislation for the protection of birds other than game birds. It presents a summary of the legislation in force in the several States for insectivorous and other useful birds, which constitute, as Dr. Palmer points out, 80 per cent. of all the birds of North America, whereas 90 per cent. of the legislation for the protection of birds has been enacted for the benefit of game birds. One interesting subject discussed in the paper is the classification which has been adopted as birds of game; and this portion of the report we print in full elsewhere.

To Judge O. N. Denny, who died at Seaside, Oregon, on Sunday of this week, the sportsmen of this country are indebted for the introduction of the Mongolian pheasant into America. It was while he was Consul-General at Shanghai, under President Arthur's administration, that he sent to Oregon the parent lot of pheasants from which the stock has descended.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Charts of Savage Navigators.

THIRD and most wonderful of the three things which the wise proverb maker of antiquity declared to be too wonderful for him stands the way of a ship in the midst of the sea. In our time mathematics and navigation have made the mystery as simple as one could wish. There is no secret at all about the way courses are laid from port to port, whether in vessels propelled by steam or in the slower and more picturesque "wind jammers." Yet despite this general acquaintance with the principles of navigation, not even the most abstrusely learned naval officers can venture to explain how it is that a race of savage seafarers in the very heart of the equatorial Pacific find their way over enormous stretches of barren sea from island to island without compass or even the simplest form of instrument for determining position.

That such is the case is true. For a long time it was disbelieved, and with reason, for it is indeed incredible. At odd intervals some vagrant copra trader would return from a cruise among the Line Islands and exhibit among his curiosities in Sydney or San Francisco what he called a native chart. It was never anything but a network of dry twigs interlaced apparently at random and tied together at every point of intersection. Here and there upon this framework were tied either shells or sharks' teeth or the scarlet jequirity seeds with the bright black eyes. Each such network was generally about a yard square. As the copra traders could offer no explanation of the way in which these charts were used for navigation, as it seemed utterly unreasonable that such a device could be of any use at all, and finally, as traders in the South Sea Islands were not supposed to hesitate at flirting with the truth, these stories were for the most part promptly disbelieved. It is only natural that incredulity should attend the relation of such an incomprehensible device in navigation. Yet it is true in every particular, although the more carefully it is examined and investigated the less it is found capable of explanation. These stick charts enable savage sailors to find their way from island to island. Without them they will not go to sea.

It is fully appreciated that this is taxing the confidence of the reader who knows the least about navigation. It is a great deal to ask one to believe that by means of a bundle of sticks tied with shells and bright beans a race of ignorant savages can make unerring landfalls over complicated courses of hundreds of miles, and do this without the use of compass or other instrument of precision, and without any knowledge of the stars. That it is literally true I can vouch on the score of personal witness of the employment of these charts, of the unanimous statement of the islanders who have employed them from time immemorial, and lastly, from the statements of many naval officers of the British and German services who have seen the use of the charts and who have vainly endeavored to find some reasonable explanation for a series of remarkable facts which they have convinced themselves is beyond all dispute. The native makers and users of these stick charts make no secret about them or the method of their employment. It is only that no white navigator has ever been able to make head or tail out of the explanation so freely offered.

The islands in which these charts are in use form the Marshall group, in two chains known respectively as the Radak and the Ralak. They lie just north of the equator, and with the Gilberts, the Carolines, the Ladrões, the Palaos and many scattered islets form the grand division of the Pacific to which has been applied the name Micronesia. They lie directly in the strong westerly set of the equatorial current, which, however, is deflected by the numerous atolls and reefs into local streams, which may run north or south, or even establish a reflex flow toward the east again. These are local conditions which it is difficult to keep track of and which add to the difficulties of navigation, even for those who enjoy all the advantages of scientific methods and appliances. Furthermore, lying as they do in the equatorial doldrums, the Marshall Islands have neither the steady southeast trade which is found to the south nor the northeast trade which rules to the north of them. There is no characteristic wind, calms are frequent, and the winds may blow from any point of the compass. The navigation of these Micronesians, therefore, must be founded on an entirely different basis from that of the Polynesians in the two trade wind regions who have made themselves such reputations as adventurous navigators.

Such in brief summation is the statement of the condition under which these island savages have developed a system of navigation. Now pass to a closer examination of the aid to navigation which unaided they have developed for their needs.

It has already been stated that they have no compasses. It should be said that it would be utterly impossible for the compass ever to develop with them, for the simple reason that their islets are utterly devoid of metals in nature, and certainly the phenomena of magnetism could never arise upon their attention. Even the sun is scarcely available for the determination of direction, for it is sometimes north of them, sometimes as far to the south, and between its two extremes it opens a wide angle which would puzzle such simple observers. Why the more conspicuous fixed stars have not sufficiently attracted the attention of these savages to serve as aids in sailing and to receive names is a matter not so easily explained. Still such is the case. Their charts have no connection whatever with the stars for the determination of position or the laying of a course.

These Marshall Island charts are made of twigs tied in complicated angular patterns. The twigs are taken from the shoots of the native trees, peeled of the bark and carefully dried. Then they are rubbed down on coral slabs until they are of at least approximately even diameter throughout. If there are any twists or angles in the twigs these are removed by steaming and bending, after which the twigs are baked in hot sand. They are finally finished off smooth with sharks' teeth and the skin of the same fish, which is frequent in those seas.

These sticks are seldom found larger than a common lead pencil and just as seldom smaller than one of the familiar slate pencils. Where there is use for a finer line recourse is had to the midrib of the coconut leaflet, which is very flexible, and even when at its driest is so tough as scarcely to be broken. Out of these materials the chart maker builds up his chart according to rules of procedure based on his own knowledge, and which, while perfectly willing to expound, and not making any secret of, he finds it impossible to explain in such a manner as to carry understanding to persons of the superior races. Large sticks and small ones are tied together with coconut fiber at every conceivable angle, and coconut midribs are entwined in additional confusion. Certain of these corners are decorated with a shell of one kind or another, certain other intersections have several shells, others have jequirity seeds, yet others are left undecorated. Similarly, on the portions of the sticks between intersections there are similar decorations. And these things are not mere ornament; they carry essential information to the navigator who depends on them to find his way over the sea.

It should be said that these lines of the stick charts are not disposed at regular intervals nor at right angles. They have, therefore, no connection with parallels and meridians; for the makers are entirely ignorant of mathematical geography. It is quite impossible to institute any comparison between the native charts and those produced by naval surveys, for the reason that the various islands are not included by marks on these stick systems. One native navigator, when questioned as to the reason for this lack and when a real chart was placed before him for examination expressed himself with much scorn of his civilized rival. Any man, he said, could tell an island when he saw it, but the true need of a chart was to find the corners in the sea which did not show boldly in the sight; for if you only could find the right corner in the sea it was easy enough to sail along the proper stick to reach the island you were bound for. What is meant by this mysterious expression, the corner in the sea, will come up later for further elucidation.

According to the best native authority there are two distinct classes of stick charts, one embracing the whole world as known to Marshall Islanders, the other class being subordinate thereto and dealing more in detail with individual archipelagoes. Marshall Island geographical knowledge restricts the world to their own archipelago, with the Carolines, at a distance of some twelve degrees to the west, and the Gilberts, at a nearly equal distance to the southeast. Thus it will be seen that a world chart of these savages covers a distance, after allowing for the space occupied by each of these archipelagoes, of about thirty degrees. It must be acknowledged that this is a very creditable geographical showing, if one takes into consideration the difficulties under which they labor. According to the same native authority it has been many generations since these world charts have been used in the direction of the Gilbert Islands. No person now lives who knows how to use the charts in that direction, for it must be said that the charts cannot be used except by those who have been taken over the course by those who have been there before and are willing to supplement the device with oral instruction. Thus it has come about that in the vicissitudes of savage existence all those who possessed the knowledge of how to use these world charts in the southeastern voyage to the Gilberts have vanished without communicating to others their knowledge. The old construction is repeated on all modern charts, even though it is no longer of use.

In the other direction the additional information has been handed down unimpaired, and the Caroline voyage is frequently made. This has been particularly the case in recent years since the Marshall Islanders have acquired various sloops and schooners from white men and are able to make such a long voyage with greater profit and comfort than in their aboriginal canoes.

Of the group charts there is an abundant supply for the home archipelago in its two chains, as, of course, is only to be expected. There are also charts of the Caroline Islands designed to be used after the landfall has been made on the world chart. Probably there no longer exist in the archipelago itself any specimens of the chart for the Gilbert Islands. After the knowledge of the Gilbert voyage had perished the detailed chart of that group became useless. Traders and naval officers visiting the islands and seeking to buy charts as curios would be accommodated from these which had outlived their usefulness. Most of such purchases brought back from the land of savage peoples become rubbish at home and are destroyed. But some of these charts have found their way into museums in Europe. Neither in the Gilberts nor in the Carolines have the people the slightest knowledge of the art of navigating by means of these charts, whether general or of their own group.

According to the method of the Marshall Island pilots the use of these stick charts lies in comparison with the sea, for each corner of intersecting sticks represents a corner in the sea. In practical operation the pilot takes his place in the bow of the vessel. The chart is laid out flat in some place where he can conveniently refer to it and is lashed or weighted down in such a way that the stick along which the vessel is sailing is brought into alignment with the course. The pilot devotes his whole attention to the sea, and when some important point is about due or expected all aboard who have the wisdom of the charts give him the benefit of their assistance in identifying the particular point in the empty waters. In doing this they aid the sight by tasting the water. When the corner in the sea has been reached the pilot refers to his chart, and in accordance with what he sees there gives directions whether to continue along the same course or to go on another one, and the position of the chart is adjusted to conform to the new direction.

Now, what is this corner in the sea that the islander can see, and even taste? Frankly, it is impossible to tell. It is certain that the islander sees something there. There is no medicine or magic in it. He is ready and anxious to point it out to his white fellow voyager, and is disgusted because you cannot see what is so plain to him. When asked to give an explanation, his stock reply is a comparison with two paths on the beach. You are on one path and you come to another which intersects it. If the new path is your road to destination you turn and follow it in the proper direction.

So at sea you watch until you come to the intersection of the paths, which is perfectly clear to him to see, and dependent on your ultimate destination you keep on your own path or turn off to the new one. Others make reference to two streams of water which come together and form one; if you are going up the stream you have no difficulty in seeing where the two forks come into one.

This certainly sounds absurd. No one familiar with the sea can imagine any such system of paths and rivulets recognizable within it. Absurd, irrational, impossible, this may be argued to be all of these. Yet the fact remains, none the less, that by watching these corners in the sea this race of hardy navigators has been able to find its way over thousands of miles of sea without the use of any instruments beside the network of sticks with its shells and beads. That such is the case does not rest on the word of mere beachcombers of the South Sea, but has been proved by naval officers who have been piqued to confess the existence of something in navigation which with all their scientific training they could not explain. That there is no humbug on the part of these native pilots appears very plainly in their conduct when it happens that they have lost a corner. They waste no time in a search which they know would be vain. They stand away westward until some land is sighted. This gives them a new departure; they are once more on their chart and may proceed on the interrupted voyage.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Through the Parsonage Windows.

VIII.

No need of raising the curtain, for it has been up all morning, and the window open to let in the fresh breeze that is rustling the bunch grass on the stage. The snow has disappeared, and the sun is shining with glow, softened by the balminess of the air—a glow that gilds the bunch grass that extends out and away from the window. To make the scene more realistic a jack rabbit has just crossed the stage, the latter part of his performance being accelerated by the thud of a .22 bullet in the sod just under him.

Ah! a Loup River country rehearsal is on. The scene is laid in the hills south of the Loup and just west of the now famous Victoria Springs. It is late in February, and the day is fine. The landscape is aglint with sunshine, and a gentle south wind fans the face of nature and causes a smile to run athwart its wrinkled expanse, for it is still covered with the withered cuticle of the dead year.

Not much attention had been paid to hunting for the last six weeks on the Loup, as expeditions from the settlements had gradually ceased after the first of January. The weather had become more severe then, and little communication was had with the outside world. There was only three camps left on the upper Middle Loup, and the population of these had dwindled to about half. We had occupied our time in hunting wolves, which was the main sport during the latter part of the winter, as I never saw any tendency among hunters to kill game that was not in immediate demand.

During the last five years of the reign of the buffalo and other big game on the plains of the West I spent the winters in camp at different points, from the Niobrara River south to the Arkansas, yet I never saw an animal killed for the hide and carcass left to rot. I have often heard of it, but never met with a circumstance, and think such wantonness has been much overrated.

During that winter on the Loup the hunters were very modest in their demands on the game supply, the Parson himself being the worst, making a record of ten bull elk in five months, though I never killed a cow or calf in my life. These ten elk made full half of all that were killed in that country within my knowledge. I was new in the big-game country, and perhaps over anxious to kill; but as each head of game killed by me lessened the demands of some other party there was no waste in it.

Guina was Ace Hutton's pardner, and I had gone over to their camp, and Guina and I were away for a ramble in the hill with no definite object in view. We had been tolled out by the extra fine weather, and were just loafing round with each other. Guina was something of a character, filled with the ideal and little fitted to combat the real in life. He was not a professional hunter, but a drifter who had a liking for outdoor life, and in eddying round had lodged in a hunter's camp.

We had explored the great cedar cañon to the west of Victoria Creek, starting in at the mouth and climbing the almost perpendicular wall some miles above. The cañon is narrow, often not more than two hundred yards from the top of one wall to the top of the opposing one. Below the level of the prairie the walls were covered with a fine growth of red cedar. Some of these trees were very tall, yet none of them reached the level of the prairie above. The bottoms of the cañon had also a splendid growth of ash in places; the floor of it was smooth and a wagon might have been driven its entire length as easily as on the open prairie.

From there we turned to the northwest and toward the river again. We had just entered a range of sandhills, which characterize the Dismal River country, when we were attracted by the strange antics of a bunch of elk. They were cows, calves and spike bulls. When we first saw them they were huddled together in a round bunch and seemed "milling" about like cattle at a round-up. As we stood looking at them they broke into a run, going 100 yards or so, and then stopped and knotted up again.

At first we could not make out what the matter was, but on going closer to them saw that they were being harassed by a couple of buffalo wolves. The elk would bunch up with cows and young bulls on the outside, heads out, and calves in the center, the wolves circling round the outside and trying to break up and scatter the herd so they could single out a calf.

The wolves charged again and again, but for a long time the elk stood firm, we lying on an adjacent hill and watching the sport. At last the wolves withdrew and seemed to give it up. At this the elk broke into a run, again. As soon as their organization was broken the wolves returned to the charge, and this time succeeded in cutting out a two-year-old heifer. As soon as the heifer

was separated from the bunch her fate was sealed, as the wolves kept between her and the rest until they were well out of the way and then closed with her. One of the wolves seized her by the ham, and in an instant she was down, with ham string severed. The other wolf then sprang at the throat, and the jugular vein was cut as quickly as it could be done with a knife.

We had some little distance to run to reach a small sand dune which commanded the situation, and when we had reached it the heifer was dead and the wolves busily engaged in tearing at throat and ham. We were in no hurry to shoot, and waited to get our breath. We each then drew bead on a wolf, and both shot together at a signal from Guina. The wolf at which Guina shot was killed on the spot, while I only succeeded in getting a tuft of hair out of mine, the wolf making his escape.

I had seen the tracks of these wolves at different times and they appeared to be larger than the largest Newfoundland dog would make. Several times I had seen white specks on the prairie at great distances, but to see one of the huge fellows stretched at my feet revealed an animal of which I had no conception before. I have seen very few men who have really seen them. Men whom I have talked with concerning the buffalo wolf have mostly described a different wolf entirely. Though all the men on the Loup called it a buffalo wolf, I have seldom ever heard the name mentioned elsewhere. I have since seen a few of their tracks in soft ground along the streams of the West, yet this is the only specimen I ever saw at close quarters, and infer they are quite rare, though perhaps more numerous in still earlier years.

We killed a great many coyotes and some few of a still larger variety that resembled a coyote very much, but the big wolf was entirely different, being nearly white and as large as any three wolves of any other variety I ever saw. The skin when stretched had about as much spread as that of a yearling calf. Some old-timer who has had experience can interest me by telling something more of him.

We got the biggest wolf skin and some of the finest steak I ever saw out of this ramble. When we got back to camp we found Hutton busy with his pets. Ace was rather more of a sport than sportsman, and had a wildcat and a coyote which he had captured and kept alive. He also had a fox hound. One of his favorite diversions was to clear the furniture out of the shanty and turn all three loose inside and shut the door, watching the proceedings through the window.

The hound and wolf would usually double teams on the cat, but the cat was nearly equal to both, and bloody ears, nose and sides resulted. Once the dog and wolf got the cat stretched out, and Ace had to interfere to save the life of his pet, at considerable risk to himself.

Ace worked this game on them several times, and then they got so that when turned loose together they would growl and spit for a time and then back into separate corners, curl up and leave each to attend to its own affairs in its own way. Oh! that struggling humanity in all parts of the world might be educated to this degree of common sense.

When Guina, who was cook, called dinner Ace and I were busy in feeding the wildcat fresh elk steak, and in closing the door of the cage I failed to fasten it properly. When we were eating dinner the hound began whining, and knowing something was wrong Ace went out and found the cage empty and the cat gone. All hands were summoned and hound loosened. He was soon bawling along the trail, which followed up the bank of the creek, with all three of us at his heels. The chase was not long or arduous, for the cat had loitered by the way, and when the hound came to close quarters it took to water and swam across the creek. The dog saw the cat when he came to the creek, and plunging in swam after it. When the cat reached the bank it turned, and when the hound got close enough it sprang into the air and came down squarely on the dog's back. Seating its claws firmly in the dog's neck close back of the ears and sitting on its haunches it made the return voyage on the dog's back. When they arrived close enough in shore Ace dropped a noose over the cat's neck, and we soon had it back in the cage.

Several of the trappers of the Loup formed a syndicate and had lumber brought up to build a large flat boat. This they put on runners, and just before the break up in the spring loaded their duffle into it and started up stream, intending to float back with the tide when the break-up came, trapping and camping by the way. They invited me to join them, but my leave, too, had expired, and with the few remaining hunters I turned sadly enough the other way to brave the toils and hardships of civilization.

THE PARSON.

Natural History.

The Fish-Hawk or Osprey.

RHODE ISLAND is the only one of all the New England States that protects the life of the fish-hawk by law. Tradition has it that the Wampanoag and Narragansett Indians, and later the early white settlers, had great regard for fish-hawks. This respect has been inherited by the Rhode Islander of the present day. Their presence is courted wherever fish-hawk colonies abound in the State, and these are principally on the east and west shores of Narragansett Bay. Special inducements are held out to the bird to remain. Often, when a tree bearing a fish-hawk's nest is in the last stages of decay, the owner of the land will erect nearby a pole 40 or 50 feet high, with a wagon wheel laid flat on the top. The hawk adapts itself readily to the change.

In the western part of Rhode Island, near Voluntown, Conn., and near the ocean, the trees are literally covered with fish-hawks' nests. It is singular that hardly one is to be seen on the Connecticut side of the boundary. Not only are trees occupied, but old chimneys are taken possession of, bearing above their summits a great fabric of sticks composing the nest.

In the region of Warren and Bristol there are also many fish-hawks' nests. The birds make little trouble; the only damage they do is to kill the tree where they build; but the owners put up with this. So long as they

can have the company of the fish-hawks in summer time Rhode Island people, where there are fish-hawk colonies, would feel grieved enough if the birds were to desert their farms and gardens for other localities. The regard for the bird in Little Rhody is similar to that evidenced in some of the Southern States for the turkey buzzard.

The traits of the bird, its formidable appearance and its presence, according to accounts, keeping away hen-hawks, are some of the characteristics that command admiration. There is some contention that the fish-hawk will not attempt to keep other hawks away from his locality excepting when the eggs are hatching and when the young are small and unable to fight their own battles.

A bird of migratory habits, the osprey appears at its summer haunts in Rhode Island anywhere from March 24 to April 1. When a pair occupy a certain tree they make their appearance there season after season, with hardly any variation in the date of arrival. In fact, it is related by people living on the east and west shores of Narragansett Bay, who watch for their coming, that the

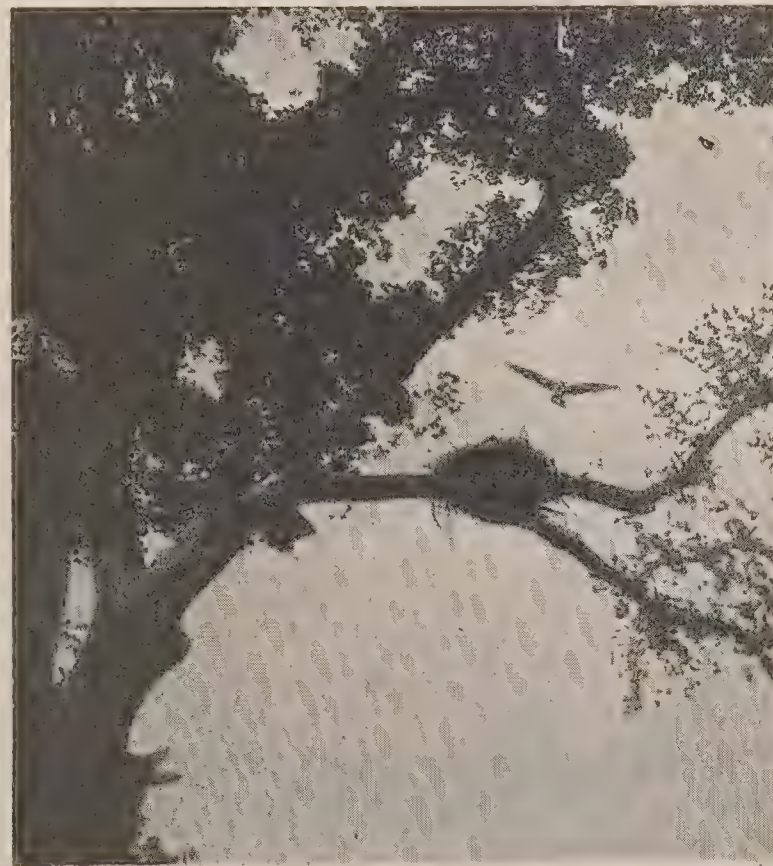


Osprey's nest on top of a 60ft. special pole with cart wheel for base of nest, and cross-spar for roost, osprey hovering near by. Anthony farm, Bristol, R. I.

variation in a period of years was less than two days. The average date of their arrival in Rhode Island is March 27.

A true fisher and fearless in securing its prey, the bird never looks for food on land, subsisting solely from the fish in the harbors and bays.

Rhode Island fishermen look eagerly for the appearance of the hawks in the spring. Plenty of fish is then looked for. The male bird arrives first, goes away after a day's rest, and returns a week later with the female. The birds soon afterward begin to build or make repairs on old



Osprey alighting on nest in tree at Pappoosesquaw, Bristol, R. I.

nests. It is interesting enough to watch them. This year two birds began to build a nest on the top of a 20-foot pole. The pole was on the shore of Mount Hope Bay and upon the premises of Mr. Edward Anthony and his sister, Miss Medora Anthony, within the limits of the town of Bristol. Both persons have watched the fish-hawk for years, and know well the habits of the bird. The hawks upon arriving on April 1 seemed to be a trifle disturbed, as shown by the screeching noises they uttered at intervals. And no wonder that they were for a time nonplussed. For years the same birds had occupied a nest on the top of a mast 40 feet high. Some time last winter a small-sized cyclone swept away the pole, breaking a piece off it, and wrecking the old nest. Mr. Anthony set up the pole again on its former site, but as it was 10 feet shorter than last year this was noticed by the hawks. The outcry they made seemed to be a hawks' discussion as to whether they should build a nest on the short pole, now less than 30 feet high. The great outcry

was followed the next morning by both birds beginning the work of rebuilding on the shorter pole.

At the top of the pole a wagon wheel had been laid flat down and spiked to bear the weight of the nest. Heavy wooden supports leading from the outer rim of the wheel down half way on the pole, where they were spiked, formed a substantial foundation.

The two fish-hawks referred to preferred the short pole to a longer one ready for use only 100 feet distant. Another pair of birds tried to locate on the latter perch, but the first pair evidently had a priority of right, for they vigorously and successfully fought and drove away the new comers. It took half an hour's screeching and fighting before the intruders became aware that they would not be allowed to stake a claim. The birds would strike at each other with wings and claws, those having first located being the attacking party. Yearly fights have been held for this site, but the first comers seem to wish to have it unoccupied.

The highest point of a decayed or partly decayed tree is selected usually, although often a sound tree is picked out. It does not remain sound long, however, the oil from the fish devoured acting as a poison to the tree and finally killing it.

In order to form a roost for the birds near the nest a long pole is stretched across the diameter of the wagon wheel, the projecting ends serving as roosts. The nests are large enough to fill a good-sized cart, and would make a load for a horse. The whole forms a picturesque appearance, and added to this is the flying about of the hawks, uttering their peculiar cries.

The nest in a tree is a study. Male and female labor in constructing the nest. A forked limb is selected for the site, but it must be near the top. Although the nest foundation is laid in the fork, it is raised by degrees until its summit is 3 feet above the foundation and on a level with the topmost branches. The reasons for the summit of the nest being on a level or barely extending beyond the topmost branches are obvious. The fish-hawk or osprey being a knowing bird cannot have any loose limbs of the tree acting as obstacles to its wide-spreading wings, which measure 6 feet from tip to tip, when outspread. The way must be clear for alighting on the nest or roost or else the wings are in danger of injury from obstructing branches. Invariably, therefore, a fish-hawk's nest stands clear of all obstructions. Even when the hawks depart from the nest or roost it would be just as dangerous for them if there were any protruding obstacles.

The building of nests in the spring is begun by male and female shortly after the journey from the Southern sea coasts. Rotten sticks are gathered, the hawks carrying them in their feet. Jointly they carry on the work before them, not hurriedly, but with an apparent steadiness of purpose, which in a very few days brings the structure to completion. The outer portions of the nests are composed of large sticks, ranging in diameter from 1 inch to 1½ inches, and from 2 to 4 feet in length, packed on top of each other to a height of nearly 4 feet.

Not long ago a fish-hawk was seen flying from the shores of Tiverton across Mount Hope Bay with an almost new hat in its claws. It proved to be one which had been blown off a passenger's head on one of the Fall River boats, and drifting ashore had been picked up by the hawk for nest material. This year a pair of birds began to build a nest in a large tree near the Kickemuit River. I saw the female carrying a short rope in its claws to the perch beside the nest. It was a piece of manila rope. Leisurely the hawk picked strand and yarn to pieces, reducing it with beak and talons to the substance of oakum. This was used to line the nest. It was a slow job, but was accomplished as efficiently as a sailor could do it. Next day a rope 20 feet in length was carried to the nest from Fall River.

The genius displayed by fish-hawks in nest-building time is often wonderful, leading persons to suspect that the mechanical calculations of the bird are equal to those of the average human being. The hawks frequent forests and groves fringing the waters of Narragansett Bay to obtain material for building new nests, and repairing old ones. Rotten limbs of trees high over one's head are heard snapping and cracking.

This snapping of sticks is caused by fish-hawks. Mechanically they examine and break off the limbs by sheer force, something that is unique in the character of birds. A hawk flying about wheels short on its wings, having selected a decayed stick that is suitable, on some oak tree. Something after the fashion of tent-pegging the hawk charges past and just above the bough. Just as he is passing the limb, with great dexterity he hooks his claws upon it, and without stopping in his flight, and with wings flapping furiously enough, bang goes the report of the breaking of the rotten limb, and triumphantly the feathered wonder carries to the nest the stick, sometimes 4 inches in diameter and 4½ feet long. Although as a rule the birds break off the limbs at the first attempt, they have been seen to try the operation on the same stick two and three times before being successful. In case the stick is not broken off the first time, they do not lose their hold, but unceasingly flap their broad wings in the air, exhausting every measure toward accomplishing their purpose.

Ordinarily their bodies are not so heavy as to cause one to suspect that they could break off such stout pieces of boughs, but the momentum carried in their flight as they hook on to the limb without stopping almost invariably causes their efforts to be crowned with success. The loud snapping noise of the breaking of tree branches by the hawks would lead a person not accustomed to their habits to suppose that an elephant was running amuck through the forest.

Of about 4 feet in width and of a very compact structure the nests can withstand the fury of severe storms. The fabric is so woven and bound crisscross fashion that cases have been known of the nests remaining intact even after the wind felled the tree or pole and threw the nest violently to the ground. A severe storm blew down a fish hawk's nest at Warren a year ago, leaving the nest bottom up. It was discovered several days later with three young dead birds inside. Being imprisoned, they had died of hunger.

The inner edges of the nests are woven with light sticks, cornstalks, pieces of cloth and dried seaweed.

The fish-hawk lives to a good age. On one of the

eastern Rhode Island headlands a Mr. Anthony tells of an incident that happened twenty years ago near his home. A male fishhawk was brought to the ground by a gun in the hands of a boy. Mr. Anthony cared for the wounded bird in his barn, picking out grains of shot and stopping the flow of blood. All the time the hawk fought him with its uninjured wing. In a month's time the wound had completely healed and the bird had become quite tame. It would not eat anything but fish, however. The wounded wing was stiff when the bird was given its freedom, and the peculiarity of this stiff wing is noted every season by Mr. Anthony in a bird that locates near his home. He is confident that it is the bird that was wounded near his home twenty years ago.

People often wonder why fish-hawks do not increase in numbers more than they do. There are from three to five young in the nests each season, yet only the same number of hawks hatch year after year. The laying of the eggs begins about the latter part of April or the first of May. The period of incubation is a month. The male then is on almost constant watch about the nest. The female sometimes goes to the water to catch fish during this period. While incubation is going on the nest of the hawk is never without the presence of either male or female, and if a bird of another species of any size appears the fish-hawk becomes excited and utters shrill piercing cries until the stranger disappears. To all appearances the fish-hawks regard the crow as a common robber. Long familiarity with the bird of sable plumes has taught them to be on guard continuously during the period of hatching. Woe betide the eggs of the unwary hawk that leaves its nest without a watcher. The common crow will quickly discover the oversight, and when the hawk returns to its nest it is only to find a few pieces of broken egg shells, the crows having made a meal on the contents.

The watchfulness of the fish-hawks over their nests before the young leave the shell is a great boon to other smaller birds. A singular trait in the character of the osprey is its toleration of sparrows, crow-blackbirds and grackles to build their nests in among the outer sticks of which its own nest is constructed. Like vassals to a chief, these smaller birds lay eggs and hatch them in perfect security, and in mutual harmony with the larger feathered creatures. Often there are from twenty to thirty nests of small birds in the rounded outer sides of the fish-hawk's nest. From long acquaintance with the fish-hawk the sparrows and crow-blackbirds have no fear of them, and they have learned that as the fish-hawk during incubation constantly is on guard, their nests are doubly secure from feathered intruders and from the inroads of the common crow, the bird that they most fear when their nests contain eggs.

When the young fish-hawks come forth from the shell the constant guard of the nest by male and female is gradually relaxed. The female leaves the nest at intervals in quest of food, soon flying back with a fish caught in harbor or bay. A noticeable feature about the mother hawk is her mode of feeding the young. Returning with a shad or porgie when the young are only a few days old, the mother bird tears the fish in pieces with her claws and bill, giving a strip to each young bird. When the birds become a week old or about that age and thereafter during the season a whole fish is given to each young fish-hawk by its mother. It is interesting to watch the young hawks when they are fed. They will cry for food when hungry, but, unlike the progeny of all other feathered tribes and land animals they will not fight for food. The mother bird selects the young one to which she will give a fish. The rest of them remain sitting beside their more fortunate companion in the nest, but beyond uttering plaintive cries make no effort to get part of the fish for themselves, simply waiting in patience until their turn comes, which circumstances may prolong for quite a length of time. The young birds catch no fish the first year of their lives. Their food is procured by the parents. As soon as the young brood become a few weeks old the mother throws off quite a piece of the top of the nest to the ground. This enables the young to see their surroundings, and less obstacles are in the way when they first make attempt to fly.

The young birds do not take readily to flight. They are fully feathered and yet make no attempt to leave the nest. Generally their initial attempts to rise on wing are begun about July 10. Flying up from the nest, they fall back upon it again from a height of about 5 feet. They make attempts in turn, with like results. The young hawks are very timid about flying away from the nests, and it devolves upon the parents to drive the young forcibly off in order that they can fly. Great is the screeching and loud are the cries of the birds on such occasions. At last one of the young hawks will make an attempt to reach an object 50 yards away from the nest. These efforts are generally awkward, and it is not uncommon to see the fledgling tumble in somersaults earthward. The mother hawk, ever on the alert, rushes to its rescue, and shooting under the young bird catches it on its back and wings before it tumbles to the ground.

Nearly everywhere on the waters of Narragansett Bay in the summer season the osprey or fish-hawk can be seen seeking its prey. An industrious fisher, it commands the attention of fishermen in various ways. Rising from its roost, it sallies forth toward the water with a keen eye to business, and soaring above the waters of bay and harbor until it is directly over a locality where fish are plenty, it circles about with wings in easy motion at a height of from 100 to 125 feet. Occasionally it makes a sharp turn and retraces its course with legs at an angle of 45 degrees down from the body. Its eyes are constantly reconnoitering the waters below. This peculiarity of the bird is essentially the same as is adopted by men engaged in the menhaden fishery all along the Atlantic coast. It is a well-known fact that the presence of fish can be discovered near the surface of the water quicker at a height of say 35 feet than they can be from the deck of a fishing vessel on an average of only 5 and 6 feet above the water's edge. In a crew of a menhaden or porgie catcher two of the number, usually the skipper and the mate, go aloft on the mast, and taking position at the cross-trees peer out over the water in quest of fish. This gives them a better opportunity to discover a school of fish at their lofty post than if they were much nearer the water. In like manner the fish-hawk has an advantageous position. Soaring about on easy wing, he suddenly checks his progress, and

like a good fisherman surveys with interest the surface of the water. The fixed gaze on an object is accompanied by a rapid flapping of his wings in order that he may hold the desired position, and not be shifted from it by the wind. Suddenly the wings are folded close to the body, and he shoots downward at lightning speed, eyes still fixed on his prey. Sometimes his wings are suddenly opened out in the downward rush, checking progress, because of the disappearance of the fish he is seeking. Up again he mounts into space in quest of another fish. Soon the bird again closes wings and down he goes from his aerial height like a cannon ball, and plunging into the water with a roaring sound, dashing the spray aside in torrents and kicking up small waves, he fastens his claws in the back of the fish. In a minute or so he emerges from his self-made vortex, rising gradually on wing with a struggling and flapping fish clutched in his formidable claws. He invariably catches a fish head on—that is, pointed in the same direction as his own. Sometimes in his forays upon the finny tribe he "misses fire." Fishermen in Narragansett Bay call it a "stab." When he triumphantly carries off his prey the fishermen appear to be more satisfied, remarking, "He has taken that which he came after," and is "sailing home." There is more substance in this latter remark than actually appears on the surface. The hawk adapts itself to all circumstances as regards wind and weather in catching and carrying off fish. If the wind is fair for the fish-hawk in its course to its haunts on the land with a flapping fish so far so good; but if it is blowing a strong breeze from dead ahead it is interesting to watch the bird's maneuver. He adopts the tactics of a sailor, and instead of flying directly home on the land in the wind's eye "beats to windward" usually by even "legs," but sometimes by alternative "long and short legs." His form and wings are shaped in a measure to meet these contingencies. With a heavy fish he can make comparatively easy work in this manner.

As a rule, when seeking his prey he works up against the wind until he fastens to a fish, and then, loaded with the prey, he has a fair wind on the flight to the roost.

There have been occasions when a fish wriggled itself loose from the claws of the hawk and dropped to the ground. The bird never deigns an attempt to recover it from the ground, but sets out for another fish. I have seen a fish drop from the bird's claws, but by its dexterity on the wing the bird caught the fish again before it could touch earth or water.

There have been instances in Narragansett Bay where the fish-hawk overrated its strength—has fastened to a fish that has pulled it under water. In such instances the hawk would withdraw its talons and rise out of the water, appearing somewhat exhausted. The usual prey in Narragansett Bay, however, consists of flounders, porgies, scup, weakfish, and sometimes bluefish and shad. A fish weighing from 4 to 5 pounds is the average weight captured.

Another trait of the fish-hawk when seeking prey is to take position on the top of one of the wooden stakes surrounding a fish pond or heart net, many of which are maintained in the east and west branches of Narragansett Bay. Here they are perched patiently, often for 20 hour without moving, waiting for a fish to appear near the surface, when they dive and fasten to it with their claws.

The base of a tree or pole in which is located a fish-hawk's nest is a rendezvous for house cats, small wild animals and birds, all flocking there to pick up particles of fish dropped by the hawks. The backbone is always thrown out of the nest and drops to the ground, with particles clinging to it.

The tree or pole on which is a nest is the family headquarters until the birds take their departure. This is usually about Sept. 10. People residing near a family of fish-hawks know when they are about to take their departure south. On the morning of the day the parents bring to the nest quite a quantity of fish. The old feed the young, and there is a grand feast all round. All the time this is going on the birds keep up an unusual screeching and chattering noise. The old birds examine the nest, and with fresh sticks repair it, so that it can withstand the storms of winter. At a signal given by the male bird, usually in the afternoon of the day of departure, the birds rise in the air, and issuing their peculiar noise head a course for southern latitudes. They rise to a height of between 200 and 300 feet in the air, and usually follow the coast line in their passage to a warmer climate.

The laws of Rhode Island are to the effect that if any person or persons are caught disturbing fish-hawks' nests, or having been convicted of shooting a fish-hawk, the fine shall be \$20 and costs, or imprisonment. One-half the fine is paid to the owner of the land where the damage is done. Every one keeps a sharp watch to see that fish-hawks are unmolested.

Not more than two years ago a Providence sportsman gunning near the mouth of Kickemuit River climbed to a fish-hawk's nest and removed the eggs. He had previously fired at the mother hawk, but missed. When he came down from the tree he was confronted by the owner of the land and no other than Bird Commissioner Thayer. From what the sporting man said, it was evident that he was ignorant as to the law regarding fish-hawks. He was arrested and fined heavily.

A year ago some two men came over the line from Massachusetts, and unwittingly shot and killed a female fish-hawk on the same farm. They were arrested, and the man who killed the bird acknowledging it was fined \$20 and costs. It was evident that they were totally unaware of the penalty for such depredations. Singular enough the male bird, mate of the one that was shot, went away, and was not seen for two days. He appeared with a new mate that set to work feeding the young and tending to them as though she was their natural mother, until they departed for the south in the autumn. People who watched this interesting proceeding say that the young hawks were well cared for.

One Sunday afternoon nearly about the same time it appeared that three young men were seen robbing a fish-hawk's nest in Bristol, but near the boundary of Warren. The police were called, and assisted by several enraged citizens in carriages the chase led through Warren, four miles distant, and there the trail was lost. It proved afterward that the nest robbers landed in a sailboat on the shores of Warren and hurriedly departed from the same place in their boat. The above is a list of disturbances

to fish-hawks in eastern Rhode Island covering a period of many years.

On the first appearance of the fish-hawk in Rhode Island in the spring it has bright and dapper plumage, the legs, feet and claws are perfect in form, looking neat to the eye. But as the season advances the color of the feathers is not so bright and clear, while the feet and claws are marred. This change in appearance is due to the rough work in fishing and caring for the young.

Sometimes the hawks indulge in singular antics at a great height in the air, describing all manner of angles and curves, in a flock, one of them occasionally dropping through the air several hundred feet with a rapid rush. All the time they keep up a peculiar shrieking noise, which is almost impossible to imitate. Fishermen regard these antics as an indication that there is soon to be a change in the weather.

The fish-hawk is 22 inches in length, and the female is 2 inches longer than the male. The bill is a deep black, and the upper as well as the lower cere, and also the sides of the mouth from the nostrils backward, are light blue. The crest and back of the head are nearly pure white. The breast is white, with streaks of light brown, giving it the appearance of a silver color from a short distance away. The wings and part of the neck are deep brown, although the edges of the feathers are lighter. The tail is slightly rounded, and is of a paler brown than the wings, crossed with alternate bars of dark brown. When the wings are shut they extend an inch or two beyond the tail. The lower parts are white. The thighs are covered with short plumage, with a pale brown color in front. The legs and feet are very strong, and remarkably large, and of a light blue color. They are covered with flat scales strong and thick, suggesting a coarse rasp, particularly on the soles of the feet, enabling the bird with more security to seize and hold its slippery prey. The claws are large for a bird of the size of the fish-hawk. The claws describe semicircular curves, finely formed and as sharp-pointed as a new fish-hook. The toes are exceedingly strong and warty, and the hind claw is fully an inch and a quarter in diameter. The outer toe is capable of being turned either way, which is a great aid in grasping.

—OBSERVER.

Voices of the Gathering Night.

Prospect Park.

It is the hour "when daylight dies," and the park is deserted save for an occasional belated workman, who plods his weary way homeward. The woods are in the full flush of spring, massed in voluptuous beauty on all sides, and the grass is of that fresh green vivid aspect which possesses one with a sense of perennial youth. Looking about one can imagine that he is buried in the depths of the country—not a house visible and all the harsh noises of the city hushed. At first, indeed, it seems that the stillness is absolute and the lines of Gray's immortal elegy come into memory:

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds.

But gradually as we become accustomed to our new environment (the transition to which has been so abrupt) we begin to hear sounds of birds and other animal life, the which, however, harmonize so perfectly with the rural peace that instead of disturbing they seem to accentuate it. Here as we walk down the Long Meadow a sharp succession of cries like "Tchick! Tchick! Tchick!" (how impossible to render bird notes in type!) comes from the woods on our left. It is the robin calling to his mate. See, there he flies, with another sharp succession of cries, like "Szee! Szee! Szee!" from the flowering chestnut to the dense thicket yonder. In that thicket more than probably is his newly constructed nest, and there he will be joined by madame. *Merula migratoria* is a very noisy bird about bedtime, but sometimes in the midst of his strident "Tchick! Tchick! Tchick!" he will break into a soft warble, which is more soothing to the ear than "the lisp of leaves and the ripple of rain." There is a strong resemblance, by the way, between the song of the English thrush and that of the American robin, so called, which shows their relationship, though the former song is much more powerful and sustained than the latter.

Well, here we've reached Swan Lake, with its little peninsula covered with bushes, where the blue-birds love to build. And, hark! There is one of them mewling anxiously like a kitten. "What, I anxious?" says *Sylvia sialis*, as if divining our thought, and straightway begins to fill the air with rippling, joyous melody. But what villainous discord is that? It is the screech or the squawk or the mingling of both of the peacock, Juno's lovely bird. How nature balances herself! To one bird—the nightingale—she gives a mean drab exterior and a voice to enchant; to another—the peacock—she gives an exterior the most resplendent and a voice to shatter the nerves.

This is the Glen, where the overarching trees make a twilight at midday and a Cimmerian gloom at night, and where later on the owls will flit and utter their ghostly intonations. Now it echoes with the lay of America's songster par excellence—the little speckled wood thrush. He is perched where none can see him in the deep recesses of the woods, and all unconscious or careless whether any one hears him, except his mate. Proud and happy mate to excite such melody! I have heard the song of the nightingale, and, of course, that is incomparable, but after that I would be disposed to place the song of the American wood thrush in order of merit, coupling with it the song of the English lark. There is no resemblance of form, however, implied by this comparison; but as the one song charms by its verve, its sincerity and soulfulness, so does the other. He who can listen to the wood thrush and remain uncharmed or untouched must be. I will not say with Shakespeare, "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils," but fit, at least, to be sincerely pitied. How the notes echo through the glen and the leafy aisles of the woods, rising and falling, between little interludes of silence, with all the calm of true art, with all the liquid purity of tone, with all—but, psaw! Wherefore attempt to describe them? There are some things

which cannot be described, and among them is the song of the wood thrush.

Suddenly the song ceases and we start as if from a spell, and move on through the glen, which now is plunged in a somber silence—but no, for an occasional sad little note, uttered away up among the tree tops and with a prolonged cadence, falls upon the ear: "Phœbe!" It fills the place with a sense of loneliness and brooding sorrow, as it were, so we hasten on through the gathering gloom and are glad when we stand in the open meadow by the lake.

Here a flock of sheep with their lambs are browsing. Mark! Was that a shepherd tuning his pipe? "Tyrolee!" protest it sounded not unlike it, as I have often fancied, at least, when reading of the good old days when romance was interwoven with the pastoral life. We stop again and recognize the cry of the red-winged blackbird. "Tyrolee!" It comes from an island in the lake where he builds his nest year after year. Casting our eyes about, we see the shepherd, not tuning his pipe, but drowsing in the shade after the manner of these degenerate days. Anon he starts up, and evidently deeming it time to fold his charges, he sends his dogs about. Soon the sheep are gathered and we watch them being driven slowly over the hill, the while the air is filled with their bleating, mingled with the barking of the honest collies.

Resuming our walk, we reach the fir-covered ridge to the west of the flower garden. What strange notes are these that fall upon the ear like the creaking of rusty hinges? They are the music (?) of one of the genus *racula*, commonly called the crow blackbird. But despite the grating quality of this bird's voice, he is welcome to our woodlands, for he is among the first of the harbingers of spring, and has a graceful bearing and a most beautiful shining coat of purplish black.

In the garden the bees are droning softly among the flowers, but every now and then we cease to hear them for the shrill piping of *Rana ocellata*, which comes from the reedy margins of the lake. Is it because of its prominence that we associate this note with the spring—above all others? It were pleasant to linger here, in its delicious atmosphere, but we must hurry on, for night is nigh and our richest experience is yet to beaped.

Making a detour through mysterious woods, whose lender of form is suggestive of a primeval forest, we reach the famous Vale of Cashmere. Memories of "Lalla Rookh," how they crowd upon us! Can some Persian knight have visited this spot and made it what it is? Go where we will, we will find nothing more exquisite, nothing more pervading in its charm, than the realm of nature, especially now, when green leaves and blossoms revel all around. The birds seem to know this, for here they congregate more thickly than elsewhere. The air is rich with the melodies of song thrush, bluebird, oriole, robin, yellow warbler, song sparrow, *et id genus omne*. We sit down to gaze and to listen and realize the wisdom of that old poet who advised mankind, soured and racked with sordid cares, to go to nature! While light lasts the feathered choristers continue to sing, and even after it is night and they no longer can be seen. But at length they cease and a profound quiet falls upon the scene. A cricket begins its labors and nature sinks to repose.

FRANK MOONAN.

That Famous Foundling.

FAMOUS because it has twice occupied a place in FOREST AND STREAM, filling nearly a page altogether. (May 9, 1896, Jan. 22, 1898.)

And now we have to announce that the Foundling is widower. This may sound funny, but in reality is very pathetic. His Loulou, who has also appeared in these pages, was an exceptionally lovable sparrow, and an unusually clever one, too. She proved to be a better singer than Dick himself, and would sing when requested—if in the right mood. Unlike some exasperating grandchildren of special abilities, the Loulou was particularly pleased to show off before company, and astonished many visitors with her self-possessed ways and dulcet notes. This lamented friend was the embodiment of gayety and contentment, a living example that made one realize how wise it is to insist upon appearing and if possible being happy, this condition being very contagious, and often becoming a reality through being simulated.

Our feathered friends decided upon bringing up a family, and with this end in view, for four consecutive seasons industriously prepared appropriate quarters, but unhappily all the intended chicks were shell-less. No, the very first set—they always came in threes, one each—came in good shape, but Dick, apparently moved by jealousy, destroyed that batch of eggs; and the rest were all incomplete.

This year the usual failure was observed, and some lamentable result took place within the patient, for she ceased to eat and drink, and in two or three days died of her sleep.

It must be confessed that we had learned to love this Loulou exceedingly, for her many little graces, her sweet voice and her intelligent response to every attention paid her; all visitors declared her to be a very uncommon sparrow. Therefore when she was dead there was general lamentation.

Dick, the Foundling, manifested such poignant grief that we could not stand it; so we removed him from the cage wherein the pair had kept house, and again placed him in a smaller one he had occupied while a young bachelor. This was all very well, it changed the current of the widower's thoughts for a while, but every now and then he remembered, and started once more on his grieving note, which is something quite distinct from the rest of his vocabulary. We offered what consolation our voices could convey to his mind, but then he pleaded with us, singing his sweetest notes, evidently under the impression that as we had always given him all that he desired, we could also restore to him his mate. At the morning's light, and we hasten to place his cage in a window, where other sparrows come to keep him company; but in spite of all this he returns to his lament from time to time. We discover little difference between sparrows and human beings.

We have frequently had occasion to note that sparrows and other birds have good memories. More than once Dick's memory has proved itself good for a whole year. But now we are doing our best to make him forget.

Forget! Forget! So brief thy day—
Fill not the hour with plaintive woe;
Thy mate was just a singing ray
Of God's own light—'tis all we know.

Dear little friend of somber wing,
The unshed tears are in thine eyes;
No more for thee will Loulou sing
Beneath these azure summer skies.

Thy wings appeal with tremulous grief;
Thy pleading cry by us is heard;
Would that we might bring sweet relief
With thee we mourn our Loulou bird.

ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

Bringing Up Hummingbirds on the Bottle.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., June 22.—This is the first summer in fifteen years that scarcely a hummingbird has been seen about our place, and whether they have been nearly exterminated to gratify female vanity, or what it means, I do not know. An old bird has been seen three or four times this summer, and about the middle of June two young birds appeared together, and in one day I had them both feeding from my hand. The old verse has it, "Birds in their little nests agree," but when those little chaps get out of the nest they do fighting enough to make up for lost time.

In this case, when one would be feeding at the bottle the other was always near at hand to fight him off; but at last, as is always the case, one was compelled to yield, and now the other, believing in the democratic doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils," has the field entirely to himself. I carry a very small bottle in my pocket, and whenever he sees me outside the door I'm compelled to uncork the bottle and treat.

About the middle of June the young birds leave the nest in this latitude, and I have no doubt that both these are from the same nest. They seemed to have no feeling of timidity, and I regret that I could not have kept them both, as it would have been much more interesting.

DIDYMUS.

Woods Folk in Town.

TOMS RIVER, N. J., June 24.—There are two properties in the heart of this village with a probable area of three acres—closely cropped lawns and not much shrubbery—which include among their attractions to a lover of nature one woodcock, three gray squirrels and a bee tree. The woodcock and one squirrel summered here last year; the bird is very tame. Two grays have accompanied the one to its former home, but that "solitary bird" returned alone.

H. C. M.

Game Bag and Gun.

Down in Maine.

AFTER much thought and planning and changing of dates my friend P. S. and myself finally left Boston on the night train early last October bound for a canoeing, tenting and hunting trip in Maine. This was his first trip of the kind, but I had been every year on a similar one lasting from three to five weeks for a number of years.

In due time next morning we left the train, got breakfast at the hotel, and after a drive of about twenty-five miles were landed, with all our provisions, cooking utensils, tent, sleeping bags, etc., on the shore of the lake, where I had arranged to meet our guide. He, however, was not in evidence. We dismissed our team, and after waiting some time in hopes the guide would appear, concluded to go after my canoe, which I had left the year before in charge of a camp which was located about two miles away on another lake and across a three-quarter mile carry. We were just launching my canoe, when the guide showed up in his canoe, he having been delayed by a strong head wind. By the time we had got back to the duffle across the carry with the two canoes we de-



"DOWN IN MAINE."
Photo by T. C. Phelps.

cided, as it was then late in the afternoon, to camp for the night on the opposite shore of that lake. After locating a camp site, it was but the work of a short time to cut the poles for the tent and sleeping bags to support the latter from the ground, giving the effect of a cot bed, to erect the tent, adjust the sleeping bags and get a fire started.

By dark our supper was ready, and although we did full justice to it we remarked that a heart and live of venison of most any description would not come amiss, and speculated upon who would be the fortunate one to draw first blood and supply the larder, and when.

After a night of comfort and sleep, with no knowledge of the stumps that ordinarily insist upon becoming

familiar with one's anatomy when passing the night in a tent, we arose a little after daylight and got breakfast.

As big game was no novelty to me, it was decided that P. S. and the guide should take a canoe, go to the outlet of the lake and bring back the deer that we were looking for, although not lost by us. As one deer would supply us with more meat than we could use before it spoiled, I was not anxious to hunt, knowing that if they had luck they would bring back what they were in search of.

Some time after they had started I took "Old Reliable" under my arm and started for a little exploring trip on the ridge back of the tent. I was in no hurry (it is bad to be in a hurry when still-hunting), and moved along very slowly and as noiselessly as possible. I had been away from the tent perhaps half an hour, covering a distance of not half a mile, when I distinctly heard at some distance away an animal running in the leaves. I stood perfectly still and listened, and concluded that the sound was coming in my direction. It came closer and closer, but as there were a number of small spruce bushes all around me the sound passed without my seeing its cause.

Disgusted with my luck, I was about to approach and look for tracks, when I became conscious of the fact that there was some living thing behind a certain spruce bush, although I had neither seen nor heard nothing there. Thinking it might be a hunter following the track of the animal just passed, I was undecided what to do, fearing that if I moved I might get shot if it were a hunter, and that I would startle the deer if it were a deer. At last I decided to whistle, believing it to be a safe proceeding in either case. After two or three shrill blasts a pair of antlers moved from behind that bush to behind another, there being less than a foot of clear space between. As soon as I saw these, up went "Old Reliable," and when enough fur had as near as I could judge passed by the opening to bring his shoulder in line with the sights I fired. This buck proved to be the largest, with one exception, that I ever saw in our part of Maine, and must have weighed considerably over 250 pounds. The exception was one shot in the same region last year, which by actual weight weighed 280 pounds after the removal of his intestines.

P. S. and the guide duly returned to camp, and were highly delighted with my luck. They had seen nothing but tracks.

Less than half the saddle of this buck lasted us for ten days' camp eating, the last of it spoiling on our hands. The remainder of the buck we gave away soon after it was shot. The antlers now adorn my wall, accompanying another large head obtained in the same region two years previously.

This region (Washington county) seems to run to size and not to quantity of deer. In fact, usually a hunter well earns all the deer he gets there.

The accompanying photograph shows our camp after being out about ten days. The leg of venison hanging to the left was from the big buck.

P. S. left for home after a two weeks' trip, but I remained two weeks longer with the guide. Toward the last of my stay I did my best to get a deer to bring home, but was unsuccessful, they seemingly being very scarce.

T. C. PHELPS.

BOSTON, MASS.

The Pennsylvania Commission.

HARRISBURG, Pa., June 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 23d inst. I noticed an article entitled "Deer Hounds in Pennsylvania." The scene of this particular outrage is laid near Philipsburg, in Centre county, and the writer, E. H. K., says this is but one of the many wrongs of a like nature happening in that neighborhood. He further states that "the sportsmen here are thoroughly aroused and will from now on make it very hot for any hounds found in the mountains." This latter statement is music to the ears of the Game Commission; and we would suggest that two-legged violators be looked after as well as those with four legs.

For an example of what can be done in the line of game protection I would refer the gentleman to the noble work being done in his adjoining county of Clearfield by the Hon. Frank G. Harris and his associates in that neighborhood. These gentlemen have prosecuted more than a dozen violators of the game law during the past year and have secured convictions in every case prosecuted. Mr. Harris, having been a member of the last Legislature, fully understands that the Game Commission is without funds whereby they could prosecute. He knows that whatever expense they incur must be paid out of their own pockets; that when the president of the Commission, Mr. Kennedy, comes from his home in Pittsburg to attend a meeting of the Commission he pays in cold cash, as does every other member of the board, the necessary expenses of the trip. He knows that every member of the Game Commission is doing all in his power to protect the game of our State; that they are giving of their time and their money, as very few in the State are giving; and he is willing to do what he can for the good cause. When the sportsmen of the State come to the help of the game protectors of the State, as they can and should do, when the farmers realize that the game laws as they now stand in Pennsylvania mean more good to them than to any other class of people in the State; when they realize that because of these laws they are freed from the raids of irresponsible hunters (who destroy their crops, tear down their fences, shoot their stock and poultry, and commit other depredations) for the entire year excepting sixty days; when they realize that by the keeping of these people out of the fields and woods for this time, thousands and tens of thousands of their best friends in the shape of song and insectivorous birds are preserved to them, and are willing to help the Game Commission as they can and should do, then will the time of peace and rest be come to the birds, and the farmers' crops be correspondingly increased.

The Game Commission of Pennsylvania is trying "to make as good brick without straw" as is possible, and we ask the help and support of all classes who are interested in the preservation of our game, our song, and our insectivorous birds. For the present, while the Game Commission is hampered as it is, let every individual do his duty, and the cause is bound to prosper.

JOSEPH KALBFUS, Sec'y Game Commission.

Definitions of Game Birds.

From a report on "Legislation for the Protection of Birds Other Than Game," prepared by Dr. T. S. Palmer, Asst. Chief of the Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture, Washington.

From the standpoint of the sportsman, birds are either game birds or non-game birds, but from the legislative standpoint they may be roughly divided into three groups: (1) Species which should be protected at all times, as thrushes; (2) species which may be killed at certain seasons for food or sport, as quail; (3) species which are injurious and therefore excluded from protection, as the English sparrow. The first group is usually called "insectivorous" or "song" birds, the second "game" and the third "injurious" birds; but these groups are necessarily arbitrary, and their limits are by no means certain. About 1,125 species and subspecies of birds inhabit North America north of Mexico, and of these only about 200 (18 per cent.) can properly be considered game.

As the wording of modern protective laws turns largely on the definition of "game birds," it may be well to note some of the different interpretations which have been applied to this term. A game bird, according to the Century Dictionary is "a bird ordinarily pursued for sport or profit, or which is or may be the subject of a game law." Bouvier's Law Dictionary defines game in general as "birds and beasts of a wild nature obtained by fowling and hunting." In different State laws the term is defined in various ways without special regard for uniformity.

the passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*), now almost exterminated; the band-tailed pigeon (*Columba fasciata*), found from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific coast, and the common, mourning, turtle, or Carolina dove (*Zenaidura macroura*), distributed more or less generally throughout the United States. The wild pigeon is now rarely seen except in two or three of the States about the Great Lakes, where it is rigidly protected. Although it was formerly one of the most important game birds of the country, its numbers have been so diminished during the last thirty or forty years that it can no longer be considered as belonging in the game list. The band-tailed pigeon is an important game bird in only half a dozen States, and Colorado seems to be the only one which provides an open season (July 15 to Sept. 30). The common dove is protected in some States throughout the year, in others only during the breeding season, while in still others it is not mentioned in the laws, and hence may be killed at any season. Where it is abundant, as in southern California and some parts of the Southwest, it is perhaps in no immediate danger of extermination if the slaughter is kept within reasonable bounds. There is, however, a wide diversity in the open seasons in different States.

Doves feed largely on seeds, and an examination of a considerable number of stomachs has shown that these include seeds of noxious weeds, such as pokeweed and several species of the genera *Lithospermum*, *Oxalis* and *Euphorbia*. In certain parts of California the habit of

each autumn to feed on the seeds of wild rice before taking their departure for the rice fields of the South and their winter haunts in South America have given rise to the sport of reedbird shooting, a sport scarcely known in other sections of the country. The bobolink, which is rigidly protected during its stay on its breeding grounds in the Northern States, receives the name of reedbird as soon as it enters the Middle States in autumn dress, and is considered legitimate game. Open seasons are legalized in the Middle States as follows: Delaware, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; District of Columbia, Aug. 21 to Feb. 1 (Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only); Maryland, Sept. 1 to Nov. 1; New Jersey, Aug. 25 to Jan. 1; Pennsylvania, Sept. 1 to Nov. 30. For a few weeks it is killed in enormous numbers for market, and when it reaches the Carolinas, further south, where it is known as the rice-bird, the slaughter is increased, not for sport, but as protection against its ravages in the rice fields. Here it becomes a veritable pest, and may be killed lawfully at any season. To many persons it is a delicious morsel, although its diminutive body furnishes little more than a taste of meat. There would be no objection to utilizing the bird for food were it not for the abuse to which this custom of killing it for market has given rise. Not only are other birds killed for reedbirds, but in States in which reedbirds do not occur marketmen try to make up the deficiency by furnishing various small birds under that name. In the markets of San Francisco horned larks (*Otocoris*), red-winged blackbirds (*Agelaius*), Brewer's



PHOTOGRAPHS OF WILD DEER.

By Mr. Geo. Dan. Seib. From "Woodcraft Magazine."

Thus Maine fixes an annual close season for "game birds," and enumerates under this head the wood duck, dusky duck (commonly called black duck), teal, gray duck, ruffed grouse (commonly called partridge), woodcock, quail, plover, snipe and sandpiper. In the Michigan law the term "game bird" is construed to mean all birds named or referred to except certain insectivorous species. According to the Code of Mississippi, "the term 'game' includes all kinds of animals and birds found in the state of nature, and commonly so called." Nova Scotia declares: "'Game' shall mean and include * * * Canada and ruffed grouse (commonly called partridge), pheasants, blackcock, capercaillie, ptarmigan, sharp-tailed grouse, woodcock, snipe, bluewinged ducks, teal, and wood ducks." British Columbia decrees that a game bird "shall mean a bird protected by the provisions of this act," and New Brunswick "any bird mentioned in this act, or of a species or class similar thereto."

The plan of enumerating each species, as in some of these laws, is not clear or concise. It also lacks uniformity because of the confusion existing in the common names of certain game birds and the presence of species in one State which do not occur in another.

In order to overcome this difficulty, the Committee on Protection of Birds of the American Ornithologists' Union has suggested using the larger groups called orders and families, into which birds are commonly divided, instead of species, which gives at once a simple and concise definition. "The following only shall be considered game birds: The *Anatidae*, commonly known as swans, geese, brant, river and sea ducks; the *Rallidae*, commonly known as rails, coots, mudhens and gallinules; the *Limicolæ*, commonly known as shore birds, plovers, surf birds, snipe, woodcock, sandpipers, tattlers and curlews; the *Gallinæ*, commonly known as wild turkeys, grouse, prairie chickens, pheasants, partridges and quail." These four groups, the *Anatidae*, *Rallidae*, *Limicolæ* and *Gallinæ*, include all the species which are commonly hunted for sport or for food in the United States, with the exception of cranes, wild pigeons, doves, flickers, meadowlarks, reedbirds, blackbirds and robins. Cranes, pigeons and doves are ordinarily considered legitimate game, but are now so rare in most States that it has become necessary to remove them from the game list. Flickers, meadowlarks, blackbirds, reedbirds and robins being insectivorous are more valuable for other purposes than for food, and merit special attention.

PIGEONS AND DOVES.—The order *Columbæ*, comprising wild pigeons and doves, is represented in the United States by fifteen species and subspecies. Of these, only three have any practical importance as game birds, viz,

feeding on the seeds of turkey mullein (*Eremocarpus setigerus*) is so well known that a botanist, on inquiring how he could collect some seeds of this plant, was advised to shoot a few doves and open their crops. Under some circumstances enormous quantities of weed seeds are devoured, as shown by the crop of a dove killed in a rye field at Warner, Tenn., which contained no less than 7,500 seeds of *Oxalis stricta*. As a weed destroyer, the dove more than compensates for the grain which it occasionally consumes, and the value of its services is certainly greater than the few cents which its body brings in market.

FLICKERS.—Of the woodpeckers, the flickers or pigeon woodpeckers, represented in the East by the yellow-shafted flicker (*Colaptes auratus*) and in the West by the red-shafted flicker (*C. cafer*), are the only ones which are killed to any extent for food.* They are still regarded as legitimate game in some sections, but apparently are so treated by law only in Nevada, which fixes an open season from Sept. 15 to March 15. Like other woodpeckers, the flicker is mainly insectivorous. An examination of 230 stomachs of the yellow-shafted flicker showed the presence of 5 per cent. mineral, 39 per cent. vegetable and 56 per cent. animal matter. The mineral element was mainly sand, probably picked up accidentally along with other food. The vegetable matter consisted of the seeds of a number of weeds and berries of several native shrubs, and occasionally a small amount of grain, but too little to be of much consequence. Flickers are more terrestrial than other woodpeckers, and a large part of their animal food consists of ants, which constitute nearly half the food of the year. Several stomachs contained little else, and at least two contained more than 3,000 each of these insects. Beetles stand next to ants in importance, forming about 10 per cent. of the food, and including chiefly May beetles, a few snapping beetles and carabids, or predacious ground beetles. Grasshoppers also are eaten at certain times, as shown by several stomachs (collected in June, 1865, in Dixon county, Neb.), which contained from fifteen to forty-eight grasshoppers each. A bird with such a record is far too valuable to be killed for food, and is entitled to all the protection ordinarily accorded insectivorous species.

BOBOLINKS OR REEDBIRDS.—Comparatively few passerine birds are treated as game. Among these few, bobolinks (reedbirds), blackbirds, meadowlarks and robins are the most important. The enormous numbers of bobolinks (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*) which flock to the Atlantic coast

blackbirds (*Scolecophagus*), white-crowned and golden-crowned sparrows (*Zonotrichia*), song sparrows (*Melospiza*), savanna sparrows (*Ammodramus*), house finches (*Carpodacus*), and even goldfinches (*Astragalinus*), have all been sold as reedbirds. Such conditions serve only to defeat the object of protective laws, and for this reason, if for no other, reedbirds should be taken off the game list, except in the few States in which they are known to be abundant; and even here their sale should be carefully regulated to prevent the slaughter of robins, larks and other birds, which are almost certain to be killed by market-hunters.

MEADOWLARKS.—Like the flicker, the meadowlark (*Sturnella magna*) is considered game by many persons, mainly on account of the character of its meat, which in some respects resembles that of quail. A few States provide an open season for lark shooting, as follows: Mississippi, Sept. 15 to March 1; Missouri, Aug. 1 to Jan. 1; North Carolina, Oct. 15 to April 1; British Columbia, Sept. 1 to March 1; Georgia apparently allows the bird to be killed at any season. Its importance to sportsmen is small in comparison with its value to farmers. Professor Beal in speaking of its food habits says: "It is one of the most useful allies to agriculture, standing almost without a peer as a destroyer of noxious insects. * * * In summing up the record of the meadowlark, two points should be especially noted: (1) The bird is most emphatically an insect eater, evidently preferring insects above all other food; and (2) in default of its favorite food it can subsist on a vegetable diet."

Professor Beal made an examination of 238 stomachs, and reported that the contents comprised about 27 per cent. vegetable matter and 73 per cent. animal matter. In other words, nearly three-fourths of the food of the meadowlark for the year, including the winter months, consists of insects. The vegetable food comprises mainly seeds of weeds, grasses and a little grain, but the grain, chiefly corn, amounted to only 14 per cent. No sprouting corn was found in any stomach, and no grain of any kind was found in stomachs taken in summer; the largest quantity was eaten in January, when other food was scarce. Among the insects taken at various times during the year, grasshoppers, locusts and crickets are by far the most important, since they averaged 29 per cent. of the food. Of the 238 stomachs examined, 178 contained grasshoppers, and 37 of these insects were found in a single stomach. In August stomachs they constituted 69 per cent. of the food. Beetles, which stand next in importance to grasshoppers, included chiefly May beetles (*Scarabæidae*), snout-beetles or weevils (*Rhynchophora*), and leaf-beetles (*Chrysomelidae*). Caterpillars formed an im-

*In some parts of the South the pileated woodpecker (*Ceophlaeus pileatus*) is sold as game, and a few specimens can be found occasionally in the markets of Washington, D. C.

portant element of the food, and ants a small, but fairly constant item, about 3 per cent. for the year.

BLACKBIRDS.—In the District of Columbia red-winged, or marsh, blackbird (*Agelaius phoeniceus*) are treated as game birds and an open season for shooting them is set apart. The argument is made that on account of the damage they do to grainfields, particularly in the spring and autumn, blackbirds may be kept from becoming too abundant by treating them as game. But it may well be questioned whether this would reduce their numbers as effectually as if they were excluded entirely from protection in localities where they are injurious. Game birds are necessarily protected for a longer or shorter time during the breeding season, while species excepted from protection may be killed at any season. A full account of the food habits of the various blackbirds may be found in Bulletin No. 13 of the Biological Survey.

ROBINS.—In some sections of the South, particularly in New Orleans, all kinds of small birds, even thrushes, are considered legitimate game, and are offered for sale in the markets. According to Prof. H. Nehrling, "one main cause of the fearful decrease of our small migratory birds must be looked for in our Southern States. There, millions of all kinds of birds, are killed to satisfy the palate of the gourmand. * * * There is scarcely a hotel in New Orleans where small birds do not form an item on the bill of fare. At certain seasons the robin, wood thrush, thrasher, olive-backed thrush, hermit thrush, chickadee, flicker and many of our beautiful sparrows form the

Two Weeks in the Maine Woods.

OUR party consisted of four. This being our second season in the woods together, we have organized ourselves into a club, which we call the "Big Indian Gun Club," taken from the location of our camp in the fall of '98, which was on Big Indian Pond. We left civilization the morning of Nov. 8, and met at White River Junction, Vt. From there we went to Lenoxville, P. Q., where we took the Canadian Pacific R. R. through to Lowelltown, Me., leaving the train at Skinner's Station, where we arrived about 2:30 A. M. Nov. 9 with Mr. Frink and party from Montpelier, Vt., who were out for a two weeks' hunt. Mr. Skinner was soon up and arranging sleeping accommodations for us. We got a few hours' rest, and after having breakfast at Hotel De Skinner finished our plans for getting into camp, which we decided to make at a logging camp on Dead Stream, about two and a half miles from Skinner's Station. I was left at the station to get our provisions together. Mr. Skinner has a store here well stocked with everything one could wish for. A post office has recently been established here and is located in one corner of the store. The rest of the party started for camp with a part of our outfit, and were coming back for dinner, when we were all to go in for good.

After I had all our provisions together, had mailed a letter home, and everything was ready for camp, I had

idea where we were, but started in the direction that we thought camp was, and soon were on familiar ground and not far from where we had started on his trail. If it had all been in a straight course we would have been obliged to lay out that night.

We took the trail the next morning, and followed it until nearly noon, when we left it on the edge of the burnt land, where he had found another deer and gone off in company. We hung up one more this day. It is needless to say that we were enjoying every moment of our outing. We had some hard tramps, but generally we found the days not long enough.

A Frenchman came into our camp one day bewailing his misfortune. It seems he was employed by the railroad company; had obtained permission to be off duty for the day, and had borrowed an old gun and started out in expectation of taking home a deer for family use. He said, "I met with one big misfortune, too bad, too bad!" Joe was alone in camp, and he thought the man had shot some one, and asked him what was the trouble. "Oh, he big fellow; awful big one—too bad. I loose him. Don't see how I could miss him; very bad misfortune," and so on. Joe went out with him, and found the tracks of a doe and a big buck close by the camp. The Frenchman had shot at them both and missed; no signs of blood could be found. He had an old gun, which had not been shot for a long time; it would have been a chance shot if he had brought one of them down. This was a case that is often repeated of parties going into the woods with



PHOTOGRAPHS OF WILD DEER.

By Mr. Geo. Dan. Seib, From "Woodcraft Magazine."

bulk of these victims; but catbirds, cardinals and almost all small birds, even swallows, can be found in the markets." Mr. Andrew Allison, of New Orleans, gives similar testimony: "In the fall migrations, when all the migrants are literal butterballs, appalling numbers of catbirds, wood thrushes, rey-eyed vireos, king birds, tanagers and in fact any easily shot birds are killed * * * near the coast towns. Wood thrushes and catbirds are more persecuted than any other, under the name of *grasse*, and many are sent to the markets here in September and October."

Robins (*Merula migratoria*) are perhaps more generally killed than any of the other thrushes, and in some States their killing is legalized at certain seasons—for example, in North Carolina, from Oct. 15 to April 1. A few years ago large numbers of robins were shipped to the markets of Washington, D. C., from various points in Virginia and North Carolina. In the spring of 1897 no less than 2,700 were received in one lot. These birds were killed near roosts just before the northward migration set in; fortunately their sale could be stopped in the District of Columbia, but their killing at this season was lawful in North Carolina.

It seems hardly necessary to call attention to the insectivorous habits of robins; but a few details may add emphasis. In an examination of 330 stomachs, 42 per cent. of the food was found to consist of animal matter, chiefly insects, while the remainder was made up largely of small fruits or berries. Grasshoppers, caterpillars and beetles composed the principal part of the insect food, grasshoppers forming nearly 30 per cent. of the total food in the month of August. The vegetable element, 58 per cent., was largely composed of wild fruits, which had been eaten in nearly every month. Cultivated fruit was found in small amounts, chiefly in stomachs collected in June and July, but the depredations of the birds seemed to be confined mainly to smaller and earlier fruits, and as Professor Beal has shown, the damage thus done may be obviated by planting wild fruits, which the birds prefer to cultivated varieties.

There is a rule in the Gazette office to shut up shop on holidays. The paper is very thin on Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Christmas and Thanksgiving. If the subscribers don't like it they can just naturally lump it, and if that is hard, they can stop it. When the owner of the Gazette was working on a salary for other men, he swore a mighty oath that the holidays of his employees should be respected.—Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

one hour before dinner. I loaded my Winchester and started out for a walk. I had not been out over thirty minutes, and was not over half a mile from the store on a branch of the Moose River, when I shot my first buck. I bled him, and as I did not have any hatchet with me I decided to let him lie and wait until the boys came back before hanging him up, and get points from Joe, who, by the way, was our guide, and one of the best hunters in the Maine woods. I had considerable sport "jolly" them, and got them in nearly to where the deer lay before telling them I had shot one. They had sport with me later to pay for this. After dressing and hanging up the buck under Joe's directions, we went to the mill and got our dinner; then started for camp, where we arrived just before dusk.

The next day it rained nearly all day. We passed the time gathering wood and repairing camp. Two of the boys went out and brought in two partridges, which, with the heart and liver of the buck, which we brought in with us, made quite an addition to our bill of fare. They also reported a big buck with a fine pair of antlers as the result of the afternoon's hunt. This big buck, however, proved to be the smallest buck fawn, but I did not discover the joke until after I had made a trip out to the mill and told them all about the big buck we had hung up in the woods. This was to pay for my fun with them a few days before. We had no snow until Sunday, Nov. 12, when it snowed all day. The hunting was good after that.

George and myself started out one morning for a day's hunt in the burnt land. We separated, and soon after I saw a buck about 125 yards from me walking slowly. He stopped a moment near an old top. I fired, and he started on the run in the direction of a swamp, and I after him. I had not followed far, when I saw a drop of blood. I shouted to George to come on; then the chase began.

I came up to him once, and had just time to give him a parting shot as he went over the brow of a hill. He had been lying down, but we did not give him a chance to do so again. We were now well warmed up, and pressed him hard. He soon knew we were on his trail, and began playing fox with us through the swamps and lily-wags. He would jump off to one side, and then come back again and circle around us, and do his best to throw us off the trail. We kept this up as late as we dared to, then held a council of war to determine where we were. The signs of blood had disappeared, so we decided he was not wounded seriously, but we would take up the trail in the morning and follow him up. We had not much

strange guns, and oftentimes with the sights out of order. We had five hung up the first week, and during the second week we spent more time exploring the country and gathering gum. Two weeks of camp life in these woods is worth more than the services of a physician for a whole year. We dread to think of the day when our time is up and we have to break camp and start for home. We have all the partridges we can eat. They sit still just long enough to lose their heads by a rifle ball. There are some mink and otter around us. Joe is making figure 4 traps for them. A white weasel has been holding high carnival in our camp; he carries off our meat and anything he can get hold of, and keeps us awake nights chasing the little deer mice over the camp. He got out of our trap twice, and finally George got a bead on him with the shotgun outside of camp. We now have his pelt for a souvenir. A red squirrel got into the cabin one morning. We were all suddenly awakened by his trill. On opening our eyes, there he was on the opposite side of the camp clinging to a log looking at us, as much as to say, "It is time you were up."

Our time was growing rapidly short. Monday morning we broke camp. Saturday we brought in our largest buck, which had been hung up about two miles from camp. We strapped him to a pole and carried him out of the burnt land; then we tied a long rope to his horns; and one with the rope over his shoulders and under the arms acted as leader, while two more took hold of the horns—one on each side. In this manner we dragged him to camp over the snow. We had seven deer at this time. One more would give us two apiece, all the law allows; but it looked doubtful if we would get it. However, there were five hours left before dark, and we might get a shot on our way out Monday morning. Saturday at 8:30 P. M. we had all been hunting hard since noon except Joe, who stayed in camp until late, when a feeling suddenly came over him that if he went out he could shoot a deer. He took his rifle down and started, and in a short time brought down the finest buck we have seen since coming into the woods. It would weigh nearly 200 lbs. I came into camp soon after Joe had started out. In about thirty minutes I heard some one coming, and then, George shouted, "Hurry, and come out here; man hurt!" I started, thoroughly frightened, thinking some one was injured. It was growing quite dark, but I could see them coming dragging something between them, which proved to be Joe's big buck. Now we had as fine a string of game as you often see.

The next day found us on our journey home. The Big Indian Gun Club voted a first-class outing at Camp

W. F. Hunt and all promised to meet again next fall if possible for a two weeks' hunt in the Maine woods.

F. E. B.

FITCHBURG, Mass.

Famine in the Forest.

From the Asian.

THE present famine in India has a great effect, not only upon the human inhabitants of the country and their domestic animals, but to a large extent also upon the wild beasts and birds that inhabit the forests, hills and plains. To the casual observer this is not perhaps so apparent as is human suffering. The starving natives, with hollow fleshless cheeks and protruding bones, over which the dusky skin is tightly stretched, obtrude themselves upon our notice, and may be seen everywhere in some parts of the country. The human remains lying by the wayside, at times in the shape of a skeleton with scattered bones picked clean by the vultures and jackals, with the wretched rags that once clothed the living being strewn around it, thrust themselves into notice, an unmistakable evidence of famine, like a ghastly warning of the hand of fate. The cattle, mere skins full of bones, whose sharp points and edges are bursting through their scanty covering, can be seen dragging themselves about in the vain search for fodder and water, or gasping out their last breath in the pitiless burning sunshine in the fields that now bear the appearance of a shadeless desert. To them, moreover, comes relief, and man can draw water from the wells for himself and his belongings.

But the misery and sufferings of the wild creatures, their vain search for food, and their unsatisfied craving for water, are as a rule hidden from human observation; for wild life is given to concealment, and suffers and dies in hidden places, even though it may issue forth more often into the light of day in time of trouble, when driven by stress of famine or thirst to forgetfulness of its natural dread of man.

But to the sportsman the effect of the dearth of food and water upon the fauna of the country is very obvious, and its signs are everywhere visible. He marks the growing scarcity of game, and its absence from its usual haunts. He observes the unwonted assemblage of wild creatures in close proximity to human habitations, where there still remains in some of the wells that water which is now almost entirely absent from the surface of the earth. Here, at least, the gasping birds and beasts may chance upon a little water, be it only in a cattle trough dug out of a hollowed tree trunk, or in a narrow irrigation channel that runs from the well, whence it is drawn by patient laborious bullocks into the green ricefields or millet crops which are now but seldom seen.

Around such places the wild inhabitants of the fields and the jungles collect at morning and evening to quench their thirst. At night the prowling panther visits such spots, where he may find a victim from among the herd of gazelles which troop down during the hours of darkness from the neighboring stony hill, or perhaps may pick up a stray goat or dog belonging to the hamlet, or a calf that is perishing of want. All that passes during the nights, all the comings and goings of the beasts of the fields, may be read from the book of nature that lies open to the observant eye. There is a beaten track of many dainty little pointed feet—the marks of the gazelle and the larger spoor of the antelope. The pugs of the panther may be looked for upon any of the paths that approach the trough or channel of water. All animals prefer to keep to a beaten track, and their wanderings are thus more easily followed. The porcupines, most nocturnal of creatures, have come down from their cave dwellings in the banks of the dry ravines and in the hillsides, and one has dropped a quill on the margin of the tiny rivulet. Jackals, wildcats, foxes, hares, peafowl, partridges—all these and many others have been down to the life-giving fluid, and have left unmistakable impress of their presence. At one point the panther has crouched, and crept toward some animal, stalking his prey. Then he has made a rush, but his victim has escaped him. There is such a mingling of footmarks here that it is impossible to tell what was the spotted one's quarry, only a buck gazelle has galloped off from the place, and may have been the object of the chase. All this—and much else—can be read upon the dusty path, and on the surface of the soft earth of the field that lies crumbled into powder under the heat of the sun.

"I was out hunting a few days ago, and evidences of famine were plainly visible on every side," writes a correspondent. "We passed a human skeleton, evidently but lately dead, picked clean by foul beasts during the night that was just over, and now lying grim and ghastly in the light of the rising sun. A small pool of water, the only one in all that arid desert, lay in an adjacent nullah, toward which the bony arms were stretched as though in mute appeal. A wretched rag that had formed the clothing of this image of God lay beside the sad remains. The wayfarer's staff was lying near. Perhaps his tottering steps had failed at the margin of the water, for which he was making. Who can tell? There he had gasped out his life. The eyes that once glowed in those now empty sockets had been plucked out by the vultures. The heart that once beat beneath those gleaming ribs had been torn out and rent by jackals which had stolen away from the scene of the tragedy at the dawn of day.

"Further on a fox was seen and chased, and soon caught by the greyhounds. The poor little creature could not run far; he was too exhausted by famine, and soon gave in. It is noticeable that the foxes seem to be suffering severely; many have been found dead, and those that we have chased are so enfeebled that there is little sport in hunting them. A hare that sprang from his form beneath a bush gave better sport, and I was glad to see him escape from his pursuers after a long run, which finished the morning's hunt. The hares seem reduced in numbers, while the cover now is so scarce and scanty that when shooting it is difficult to get a shot at them, for they see one coming and generally get up a long way off. They also must find it hard to obtain food and drink, while the little cover that still remains offers them scarcely any protection from birds and beasts of prey. Only the other day one was heard crying like a child in a compound in the station, and was found to have been attacked by a large hawk which had torn open its side. The hawk

flew away on being approached, and the poor wounded little beast ran off, but was caught and put out of its misery by a fox terrier. Many must fall an easy prey in a similar manner to the kites and falcons that infest the country."

The little bush quail seem to have entirely disappeared. During the earlier part of the year, when the water famine was only beginning to make its advent, these little brown birds could constantly be seen congregating under water pipes and at the issues of bath rooms, and about the bungalows, where some of them were frequently found dead. Perhaps they are more delicate than other birds, and suffer more from want of food and water; for none have been visible for many weeks, and it is feared that they must nearly all have perished. The peafowl, too, must suffer greatly. They above all land birds require a plentiful supply of water, and are never found in localities where it is absent. Now it may be observed that these generally somewhat shy birds have in many places taken up their abode near villages, where they can obtain water from the wells, and from the troughs placed for the few surviving cattle. They seem less wary than usual, and may be seen picking up a precarious livelihood in the vicinity of the villages soon after dawn and in the evenings. The drought and scarcity will also greatly affect breeding operations among birds, which are going on from February all through the hot weather, and doubtless many eggs will be destroyed by and many young ones fall victims to predaceous creatures.

Of the larger animals that inhabit the great forests, we cannot at present speak, but shall be in a position to do so later on. We have heard that wild pigs in some parts of the country have become so bold that, driven by hunger, they enter the cultivated inclosures in the precincts of villages in search of food and water, where they have attacked and in some cases killed people who have tried to drive them off. Will there be a general exodus of wild beasts from their native wilds? Will tigers wander over the country, seeking whom they may devour? Doubtless many strange and unwonted sights will be visible in the vicinity and in the haunts of the denizens of the jungle. The deer will assemble in the neighborhood of water, and will there fall victims both to man and to beasts of prey, for Kipling's "Jungle Law" does not exist outside story books. The great carnivora cannot live far from water, and will follow the deer, and so will be easily brought to bag by sportsmen who will find them confined to limited tracts in the vicinity of water.

In fact, it is to be feared that game of all kinds will suffer severely during the present year; the famine and drought are as yet at an early stage, and will in all probability produce a considerable diminution among the fauna of the country. There are still some of the worst weeks before us, and their effect will be great, for the sun will become more blistering and pitiless than ever, while water and food will become scarcer as time goes on. It can only be hoped that sportsmen will be merciful, and will not slaughter a large quantity of game, but will content themselves with shooting a reasonable number of animals as long as there is famine in the land.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Warning Posters.

Acting with the officers of the Illinois Audubon Society, State Game Commissioner Loveday has sent out to the postmasters of this State a large wall poster, in which the laws of the State regarding the killing of game and song birds are printed in plain type, so that all who care may post themselves thoroughly in regard to the terms of the law.

The Appalachian National Park Association.

Dr. C. P. Ambler, secretary of the Appalachian National Park Association, writes entertainingly regarding the progress of the movement for the establishment of the Appalachian National Park, which has been mentioned at different times in these columns. It is very pleasant to record success in this movement, and this success must be a matter of much congratulation to the gentlemen interested. The appointment of the Commission is no doubt equivalent to the securing of the park, and we of the Northwest wish only that we were as far along with our own park measure. Dr. Ambler writes:

"The promoters of the Appalachian National Park have been in the field now something over a year. That their work has been well done, that energy and push have been applied to the same is now apparent from the fact that the bill which they had introduced at the hands of Senator Pritchard has passed the last session of Congress and becomes a law on July 1 next.

"The bill as presented by the Appalachian National Park Association was for an appropriation 'not to exceed \$5,000, in the discretion of the Secretary of Agriculture, to be used to investigate the forest conditions in the Southern Appalachian Mountain region of western North Carolina and adjacent States.' The commission will be appointed by the President, and it is expected that this commission will make a report to the next session of Congress.

"While we sympathize with the promoters of the Minnesota National Park in not obtaining recognition at this session of Congress, we nevertheless congratulate them upon the fact that the timber which they are now trying to protect is situated on Indian lands, and that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs has given them assurance that no further cutting of timber would be allowed until the Minnesota Park question was settled by Congress. In our western North Carolina mountains the case is entirely different. Here we have probably the largest and finest standing growth of hardwood timber of any place on the Western Continent. It is nothing uncommon to find stretches of unbroken standing forest for twenty or thirty miles without sign of habitation. During the past five years the largest lumber corporations in the country have been securing control of different tracts in this section, while many local lumber operators are pushing their saw mills deeper in the unbroken wilderness.

"Some of the largest tanneries in the country have been built along the line of the Western North Carolina Railroad during the past three years, and they have to-day notices posted all over our mountain section, '100,000

cords of tan bark wanted.' For this tan bark they are paying from \$4 to \$6 per cord, with the result that every small land owner who has a piece of woodland is tempted to cut the same and sell the bark, even if he has to allow the logs to lie on the ground and rot. We have no public lands, with the exception of the Cherokee Indian Reservation in western North Carolina, and if anything is to be done to stop the wholesale destruction and devastation which is to-day going on, we must be up and doing. We must not wait for the establishment of the Minnesota Park; we must not wait for our neighbors to assist us; we must not look to friends; we must put our shoulders to the wheel on our own account, and wishing all success to any man or association to-day attempting to preserve the forests of America we intend to go on as we have commenced.

"We appreciate the necessity of the Minnesota Park as the destruction of our own forests tells us what must be going on there, but they should not, while trying to preserve their own, either expect or ask us to desist in trying to save what is dear and near to us. There is to-day a feeling in the minds of the public toward the preservation of our forests, and surely if this enthusiasm which has now been aroused, can be kept up, what is good for the one will be good for the other. It will take work, it will take work, and plenty of work—yes, more work than any one realizes—to see either the Minnesota National Park or the Appalachian National Park established. So let us keep at it. It is energy which has won for us thus far, and it is energy and push, and everlasting energy and push only, which will win in the end."

Wonderland.

Mr. Olin D. Wheeler, of the Northern Pacific Railway, each year writes a book, which is handsomely produced under the name of "Wonderland," and which is devoted to the region traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad. These books go beyond the customary grade of railroad advertising, and they are entitled to be called good literature. "Wonderland" for 1900 is the ablest and most beautiful of his productions which Mr. Wheeler has brought out, and it is as worthy of review as any book on western topics of the year. It is prefaced by a full page in colors reproducing one of C. M. Russell's paintings called "Lewis and Clark meeting the Mandan Indians." The color work is beautiful, as are the hundreds of good engravings and the unique covers, engraved from clay modeled work.

It is, however, the text of Mr. Wheeler's book which deserves especially complimentary mention. He takes up the story of that wonderful transcontinental journey of Lewis and Clark, and tells the story of the Louisiana Purchase, in style so fascinating that his book is one hard to lay down when one has once begun to read it. The text of this story is accompanied with complete maps, on which the trail of this Homeric expedition is marked out from stage to stage, so that one may mentally reproduce the whole of the journey from St. Louis to the mouth of the Columbia. There is much profit in following out this trail—or at least there was in my own case, for I found that I really knew very little about how the explorers got across the Continental Divide. I did not know or had forgotten that they had to back out from their attempt to go down the Salmon River, and that then they had to go north into the Bitter Root Valley. They then finally went across the famous Lolo trail over the Bitter Root Mountains. It is a pleasure to trace out these historic points on the map, and to check them up with points where one himself has been in the West. Thus I find that on the return voyage of Lewis and Clark, after the separation of the two leaders, and while Lewis was far north of the Yellowstone, he and his little party had the only trouble with the Indians which was met in their whole trip. These were Blackfeet, and it was up in the Blackfoot country, near the Two Medicine River and the Cut Bank Creek, where they had the fight in which two Blackfeet were killed. The white men made a run of 100 miles the next day. I had read this before and forgotten it, but when I reflect that the Two Medicine and the Cut Bank were streams which Mr. McClesney and I discovered for ourselves only a little while ago, the exploit of Capt. Lewis, nearly a hundred years ago, gains added interest. There have been some changes up in that country since then, but those changes are slighter and less to be noticed than those in this part of the country, where the white men have changed the whole face of the earth. There are still bears and sheep in the Two Medicine and Cut Bank country; the Bitter Roots are still as high and ragged as the Three Forks of the Missouri still as wild and beautiful as they were 100 years ago. Over all this wonderful and fascinating Rocky Mountain region, this wonderland of America, there hangs still the veil of mystery from under which beckons the compelling hand of a romantic fascination. May it be many a year before this region ceases to interest us and ceases to be a real land of wonders.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

How the Mountain Lion Carries Game.

George F. Newton has solved a mystery—one that has puzzled him during all the many years he has been a dweller in the wildest districts of the Rock Mountains. He made this announcement to Deputy Game Commissioner Holland yesterday. Mr. Newton is superintendent of Glen Beulah Park, a game preserve of 900 acres, situated in Mesa county, about eighteen miles northwest of De Beque, which is leased from the State by the Glen Beulah Park Association, in which are several Denver sportsmen.

"For years I have been bothered to know how a mountain lion carried the carcass of a deer after it had killed its prey. But I learned all about it just a day or two before I left home. I had been up on the trail leading to the flat tops; you know the trail, Holland. When I was up near Rim Rock, near the end of our fence, I saw a mountain lion in the trail in front of me, and what do you think? The lion was carrying a fine young buck slung over his shoulders. He held to the back of the deer with his jaws, turning his head to one side, like that." Mr. Newton turned his own head in imitation of the attitude of the lion.

"As he trotted along the feet of the deer treaked in the snow forming the queer tracks that have so long puzzled me. I knew always what the tracks were, but I could never make out how the deer was carried so that more of it did not trail on the ground. When the lion caught sight of me it dropped the deer and slunk off into the sage brush—they are cowardly whelps.

"During last summer I discovered no less than thirty carcasses of deer that had been killed by lions and bears. These brutes have a way of getting into the park that would surprise you. The south end of the park, you know, is fenced purposely to keep them out, and they can't get in over the flat tops, where the granite walls are precipitate for 50 to 75 feet in places. But the wolverine wire fence was built through a thickly wooded part, and in places large trees were taken advantage of as posts. The lions and bears climb one side of the tree until they are above the fence, then let themselves down on the other side."—Denver Republican.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."



Old Style

Forest and Stream, Vol. I., No. 1, Aug. 14, 1873.

INFANT TYRO—"Father, they say fish bite pretty well now."

PARENTAL BOSS COBBLER—"Umph! Umph! You stick to your work and they won't bite you."

New Style.

Forest and Stream, Vol. LV., No. 1, July 7, 1900.

INFANT TYRO—"Father, they say fish bite pretty well now."

SYMPATHETIC DAD—"Good! Sonny. Let's take a day off and get some."

What Might Have Been.

A LETTER from Anglesea, N. J., this week, telling of a great run of fish, and promise of snipe and rail in plenty, reminds me of a boyish experience while snipe shooting on Seven-Mile Beach, across the inlet from Anglesea. We started out in the Emily G. for a try at the bluefish at the mouth of the inlet. Mal de mer being always in order with me, the rest of the party was prevailed upon to drop me on the point of the beach near the ocean front. I had my little 14-bore, with some charges of No. 4s—rather large for the work, but effective. After walking a few rods a good flock of plover showed up, skating around in the sandhills at the rise of the beach. I got up within 40 yards, and there being no other cover close enough to the flock I cautiously rose for a pot shot. Before I could pull the trigger the whole flock got up and sailed off to the vain salute of two charges of No. 4s. As I shot, to my surprise right off in the direction of my second barrel, about 100 yards, there loomed the figure of a man. As he caught sight of me he started toward me limping painfully. When he got to a point about 70 yards from where I was standing he raised his gun and fired point blank in my direction. I instinctively raised my arm to protect my eyes. It flashed over my mind that some of my No. 4s had winged him and he was going to pay me back. I slipped two more shells in the gun and waited. He limped up till he was about 50 yards distant, raised his gun, took deliberate aim and fired one barrel, then the other. I covered my face as before. Still, to my surprise, no shot struck me. I raised my gun part way to my shoulder, resolving to fire the next time he fired. He reloaded his gun and walked up to a point where the beached combed almost perpendicularly and picked up a yellowleg snipe that I had winged. He was slightly lame. He had been chasing it along the combing, and my imagination had done the rest. He gave me the snipe, and when I told him of his narrow escape he laughed heartily.

It was a laughing matter, still there was an element of seriousness in the whole thing which almost forbids the mentioning of it. Had he not killed the snipe at that last shot and had raised his gun again I surely would have fired, and No. 4s at 40 yards—well, let it go at that.

C. G. BLANDFORD.

Back of the Score.]

THE members had been doing a lot of figuring on the cost of loading shells, but how to save anything on the dealer's price or beat the combine was still on unsolved problem. Last Saturday the chief mathematician came to the grounds with an extra cheerful smile.

"I've got it, boys! I can load shells for 25 per cent. less than we have been paying."

"Good for you! How?" from all the crowd.

"Leave out the powder?"

Jos.

New Publications.

OUR NATIVE TREES AND HOW TO IDENTIFY THEM. A popular study of their habits and their peculiarities. By Harriet L. Keeler. With 178 illustrations from photographs, and with 162 illustrations from drawings. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2. The field covered includes all the trees indigenous to the region extending from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains, and from Canada to the northern boundaries of the Southern States.

The method employed with each tree is to an explanation of the meaning of its name, a description of general appearance of the tree, and the nature of the places where found, a detailed description of bark, wood, winter buds, leaves, flower and fruit; and then a chatty paragraph or page or two of its peculiarities of growth, its uses and whatever of poetry, romance or folk-lore may attach to it. In a word, the treatment of each individual tree is such as to give one an adequate knowledge of it and to awaken and stimulate an interest in it. A copy of "Our Native Trees" should be in the camp outfit of every outer who goes to the woods.

The text in each case is supplemented with an admirable half-tone illustration direct from a photograph of the leaf, or the leaf and fruit. This gives identification almost as ready and certain as if the actual pressed leaf were laid in the book.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fixtures.

July 18, 19, 20.—Meeting of the American Fisheries Society at Woods Holl, Mass.

Cruising and Fishing in Florida.

"COME, Parson, get your traps ready and let us be off while the wind is favorable." The speaker had organized a little fishing trip for a visiting friend, and at the last moment had decided to take the preacher along as "mascot." The preacher was not only a very enthusiastic fisherman, but was really a jovial, good fellow on an outing, very handy about camp, and whose usual explanation for his lack of success in fishing had grown into a stereotyped phrase, "Oh, I only fish for big fish!"

At last the hurry and scurry of getting things ready was over, and three men seated themselves in a boat. The day was one of Florida's perfect ones, the air like elixir, the sunshine dazzling, and the breeze just right to carry the little craft lightly over Tohopekeliga's sparkling waters, the objective point being the fishing ground of the strawberry bass in Lake Cypress, about twenty-five miles south. Neither the preacher nor the visitor was accustomed to boating, and if ever two men were afraid of water these two were. On the broad expanse of lake, as the breeze freshened and the whitecaps began to play, with an occasional spray dashing in their faces, they grew very nervous. The craft was small and heavily laden, leaving only a few inches of freeboard, and they frequently wished they were on solid land. Reaching the canal, they recovered their equilibrium, forgot that there ever was a Jonah or a whale, got ready their trolls and were soon pulling in fish from the waters of the canal. When the Parson pulled in a 6-pound bass, he laid aside the last vestige of his ministerial garb, and the excitement ran high. Once, as the eye of the preacher was intent on some ducks in the canal ahead of the boat, the sailor quietly gave the Parson's line a severe jerk, when he was instantly transformed from a duck hunter to an energetic fisherman, as he pulled in his line with the remark, "Now I have the biggest fish in the canal." His intent look soon relaxed, however. All along the canal fish took the trolls, until at last the Northern man, who had done little talking, but a great deal of fishing, hooked what proved to be a 11-pound beauty. As this superb fish broke the water 30 feet from the rear of the boat and with open mouth leaped into the air the Parson was for the moment vanquished, but soon insisted he would yet catch a larger one. On reaching the end of the canal the waves were busily lapping the near shore, vividly recalling the late experience in the other lake, and by a vote of 2 to 1 it was decided to camp for the night at this point.

Soon the tent was pitched and supper ready, after which the Northern man went to fishing for "cats," or horned trout, he chose to call them. As night approached the great flocks of ducks and coots in the shallow bays nearby kept up such a quacking and splashing in the water that the Parson could scarcely sleep for thinking of the onslaught he would make in the early morning, but, alas! with the coming of the dawn they were frightened away by the white tent.

The morning opened calm and serene, which to the sailor had a very discouraging outlook, as it meant an ash breeze with a pair of 9-foot oars, but as he seated himself to his task the placid look on the faces of his friends was like balm to his tired arms as he bravely pulled toward the other shore. Their serene countenances soon took on a questioning look as the lake began to show ripples, and a good stiff breeze sprang up from dead ahead. The breeze increased to a hard blow, and a squall was imminent. The sailor really grew alarmed, as he well knew the treacherous nature of this shallow lake. The white faces of the two men, as they held on to the sides of the boat, appealed strongly to him, and the boat was turned on her starboard tack to the nearest shore. Running the boat aground, the sailor got out in the breakers and carried the two men ashore on his back.

The two men, once more feeling the charms of safety, now walked around a distance of several miles to the fishing grounds, the sailor taking the boat across with sails under reef. At the mouth of a little creek a safe harbor was found for the boat and a grassy mound selected as a tent site. At this point the bed of the lake is of muck and is visited at certain seasons by thousands of strawberry bass, or speckled perch, a beautiful fish, and when taking the hook affords good sport, some of them being quite gamy. In weight they vary from a half pound to a pound and a half. This fish runs in schools and bites eagerly at small minnows.

The fishing ground was already occupied by a man fishing for the market, which fact quickly eased the conscience of the Northern man, for he was now assured he could catch all the fish he wished without having to answer for the sin of ruthlessly destroying the fish. Soon the two boats, with a fisherman in the bow and stern of each, were carefully running around, searching for where the fish were "bedding." When the favored spot was found the anchor was cast overboard, and the sport began. At the end of the hour the minnows were exhausted, and the party returned to camp with a good catch, which was turned over to the market-fisherman for shipment. In answer to the visitors' query regarding the bedding, the man said that it is the habit of these fish to bite furiously in one spot, while probably not two feet away in the same depth and with the same kind of lake bottom not a fish would strike the hook. This same characteristic of the fish the Northern man tested the next morning, to his entire satisfaction. After finishing supper and enjoying the pipes the Parson remarked he now thought he would catch a big trout he had seen striking near some lily-pads a short distance away, and speaking of fishing reminded the visitor that he, too, might catch a few "cats" for a change, which the sailor assured him was the best fish that swims, as he would prove to him the next morning for breakfast. The sailor, who was host of the party, wishing to show that he had not lost all interest in the fishing, baited his hook with cut bait and threw it into the mouth of the creek, with the pole lying on the bank, while he sat down to read the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM by the fading twilight.

The Parson soon returned, disgusted, with a small trout in lieu of the "big one." The voice of the cat fisherman was soon heard calling out that something was "carrying away one of the poles." By means of the boat the pole was secured, and to the joy of the sailor he found a 20-pound soft-shell turtle hooked. The moon rose late and the night was dark and cloudy. From across the lake came the deep bellowing of a large alligator, and the suggestion that the day's sport might be completed by the capture of a 'gator was quickly followed by preparations for same. Armed with gun and bullseye lantern, the party were soon quietly paddling around the creek. The presence of two small red stars on the opposite bank was quickly followed by a report from the shotgun and a floundering in the water was proof that the 'gator had been hit. He was quickly headed for, and while only a small alligator completely topped the day's outing.

The next morning dawned and fishing had all the excitement that could be wished. The host insisted upon remaining in camp in order that he might have time to serve up a Delmonico dinner, while the two men, armed with a fresh bucket of minnows, with all the ardor of youth, started for the "strawberry beds." "The eating is the best part of the trip," said the sailor to himself, as he proceeded to take two round white muscles out of the 'gator's tail, just back of his hind legs, smiling to himself as he pictured the aesthetic Northern friend, as well as the preacher, dining on 'gator steak, catfish tails, turtle soup and broiled "strawberries." The fishermen returned well bronzed, tired of the sameness of fishing and with a couple hundred fish to their credit. They were ready for dinner, which they ate, praising the various dishes, all unconscious of the one Florida dish—alligator steak—which, on learning later its true name, threatened to cause a disruption of the whole.

The fish had bitten so rapidly and constantly that but for the thought of returning home over the treacherous lakes the party would have been ready to start home that afternoon, but the memory of the down trip was still fresh and they decided to wait for the steamboat that would pass the island the latter part of the week, insisting they would walk home, a distance of about thirty miles, sooner than venture into the little boat on a large lake again. With provisions growing short, a cold north wind blowing, surfeited for once with catching fish, the whistle of the Roseada was greeted with joy, and the party returned to live over again the pleasure and excitement of the trip, as they rehearsed it to friends at home, of which the foregoing is a faithful account.

MINNIE MOORE-WILLSON.

KISSIMEE, Fla.

The Eyes and Vision of Fishes.

BY R. J. PHILLIPS.

Two hundred and forty years ago Izaak Walton, in his "Compleat Angler," exclaimed: "Is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? A trout that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high mettled merlin is bold?" Seventy years ago Cuvier ("Histoire Naturelle des Poissons") wrote: "From the general structure of fishes' eyes, the almost complete sphericity of their lens, the immobility of their pupils, the difficulty of changing the length of axis, one cannot doubt that their vision is very imperfect. The images are painted confusedly on their retina and it is, in consequence, little probable that they are susceptible of having very distinct perceptions of the forms of objects."

This clash of ancient opinions would not be worth quoting were it not that it illustrates very well the opposite views still held by the field observers on the one hand and the anatomists on the other, as to the vision possessed by fishes. The observers, in this case, are particularly the anglers, an intelligent body of men, whose proverbial patience has been sorely tried by the insinuation that their favorite game is a purblind creature, unable to detect the cheat in a clumsy lure. It would now be difficult, however, to find any outdoor naturalist who would deny that fishes have accurate sight at ordinary distances. Dr. C. C. Abbott ("Waste Land Wanderings") claims for sunfish vision and watchfulness almost as acute as Walton claimed for trout, and the whole body of observed facts tends to establish the claim of sharp sight for fishes in general. On the other hand, later anatomists, though they have pushed their researches along lines not open in Cuvier's time, have only been able to confirm his conclusion that, in structure, the eyes of fishes are myopic, or "near-sighted." Plateau, who was the first to rationally experiment on this subject ("Sur la Vision des Poissons et des Amphibies") by placing a ground-glass window in the back of fish eyes and focusing objects thereon, was able to conclude that fish are highly myopic, and can see accurately but a few inches.

Hirshberg first measured the refraction of the eyes of a living fish. He used the ordinary ophthalmoscope which the oculist uses in measuring the human eye, and found two pike which he examined to be slightly myopic in the water and highly myopic in the air.

Ichthyological writers, whom one might expect to umpire this question, have been unable to do more than present unsustained theories to account for the seeming contradiction of the known facts in the case. They know that there is in nature no development of an organ aside from the exercise of its function, and the eyes of fishes are highly developed. On the other hand, these writers are sufficiently allied to the anatomists to appreciate the force of the latter's reasoning. It is clearly a case where new facts were wanted and these have at length been supplied.

Dr. Theodor Beer has published (Archiven fuer Physiologie, November, 1894) the results of his studies at the Naples Biological Station, on the eyes of living fishes. While they confirm the fact that fishes, contrary to all other vertebrates, have eyes which are naturally myopic, they demonstrate beyond doubt that these eyes are furnished with an apparatus, new to physiology, for overcoming the difficulty. Thus, both parties to our ancient controversy are shown to have been right. The present writer has drawn freely from Beer's communication, and would, in fact, have preferred giving a translation of it did its length and technical character permit.

The opinion that fish have poor sight is based entirely on the anatomy of the eyes in those animals. No one has claimed that their eyes contain, as a rule, diseased or im-

perfect tissues, or are lacking in transparency or development. The contention is that the physical proportions of the fish's eye are such that it must, of necessity, be myopic, or near-sighted.

The perfectly formed human eye is a sphere, complete except at the front, where the cornea represents the segment of a smaller sphere superimposed on the first. Fig. 1 is a diagram of a section of such an eye, in which *c* represents the cornea, and *a* and *b* two parallel rays of light entering the eye; *l* is the lens, which has somewhat the shape of a disk, but thicker in the center than at the edges—in short, the shape of the ordinary magnifying lens so familiar in spectacles, cameras and other optical instruments.

The eye of the fish is, roughly speaking, also made up of the segments of two spheres. Its shape, however, is, in general, quite different from the human eye, being much shallower, and the cornea relatively much larger, as shown in Fig. 2, where *c* represents the cornea. The whole eye has, in fact, a disk-like shape well suited to the narrow heads of fishes, in which the two eyes, flat as they are, usually occupy almost the entire diameter of the head.

The lens of the fish's eye is peculiar. Instead of being flattened, or disk-like in shape, it is a perfect sphere, as represented at *l*. Any one who will take the trouble to cut open such an eye will come at once upon the lens. It is impossible to mistake it for any other structure; a perfect little ball of crystal, brilliant as a jewel. The eye of the fish contains, furthermore, a peculiar structure first described by Haller, and named by him the *campanula*. It is a muscular body whose function was long in doubt, but which has now been demonstrated by Beer to act in such a manner as to draw the lens deeper into the eye—that is, toward the median plane of the fish, and at the same time, somewhat backward toward the tail of the fish. The purpose of this movement of the lens will presently be explained.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the eye and the photographic camera take advantage of the same optical principles; that the eye is, in fact, a camera, into which the rays of light pass through the pupil and are gathered to a focus on the retina, or sensitive membrane which lines the back of the eyeball. At this focus is formed a little picture of the object on view, precisely as at the back of the photographer's camera. Referring again to Fig. 1, we have *a* and *b* representing two parallel rays of light entering the eye. They first reach the cornea *c*, which, being curved in shape, and more dense than the air in which the rays had previously traveled, bends these rays so that they approach each other. They next encounter the lens, which, being still more dense, bends the rays yet more toward each other, so that by the time they reach the retina, *r, r*, they have met and formed a focus at *f*.

The point at which the rays are brought to a focus is not the same, however, for all distances. The nearer the object, the further back in the camera the picture is formed. It is, therefore, necessary for every working camera to have some method of adjustment for different distances, otherwise a clear picture will be formed only when the object is at a certain fixed distance. In the manner of securing this adjustment the eye and the photographic camera are not alike. In the latter the bellows-like arrangement of the sides enables the operator to lengthen or shorten the camera, so as to place the sensitized plate at the focus, wherever that may be. In the human eye, however, the walls are of fixed dimensions, but the lens is elastic, permitting it, by means of a muscular apparatus, which it is here unnecessary to describe, to be made stronger or weaker as the case may require. In Fig. 1 has already been traced at *a, f*, and *b, f*, the course of parallel rays such as come from a distant point. The dotted lines proceeding from *d* represent divergent rays, such as come from a point near at hand. If such rays were bent only as much as *a* and *b* were bent, they obviously would not meet at *f*, but would be yet some distance apart when the retina, *r, r*, was reached. To prevent this the elastic lens, *l*, almost automatically becomes more convex, as indicated by the dotted curve, so as to bend the rays more toward each other, and thereafter they travel on the same lines as did *a* and *b*, to the focus at *f*.

Such is, in brief, the method of adjustment of the human eye, technically called the accommodation. Its perfection depends entirely on the elasticity of the lens, and therefore its limits coincide with the limits of that elasticity. To illustrate, if the printed page of this paper be brought gradually closer to the eye, the lens within the latter will become gradually more convex and the letters still be clearly seen, because the focus still falls on the retina; but soon a point is reached, say at about 6 inches, within which the letters are blurred, because the lens is there at its greatest possible convexity. The limit of its elasticity has been reached, and within that point it is unable to bend the rays sufficiently to bring them to a focus on the retina.

The other limit to the elasticity of the lens, which is, of course, its point of least convexity, can be best illustrated by examining the myopic eye, of which Fig. 3 is a diagram. The myopic eye is faulty in its proportions. It is not a true sphere, the diameter from the cornea, *c*, to the retina, *r, r*, being too great. Therefore, when the parallel rays of light, *a* and *b*, enter the eye and receive the same bendings toward each other that were traced in Fig. 1, they come to a focus at *f*, Fig. 3, where the retina ought to be situated, but which is really in advance of the position of that membrane. Optically speaking, therefore, a myopic eye is one in which the focus is in front of the retina. If the lens, *l*, could be made less convex the focus of the rays, *a* and *b*, could be carried backward to the retina, but the lens is already at its point of least convexity. The only way for such an eye to focus the rays on the retina and hence to see clearly is to bring the object close to the eye, say to the point *d*, whence the rays diverge strongly on entering the eye, and tend to a focus further back, namely, at *f* on the retina. Hence, the propriety of calling such an eye "near-sighted," the point *d* representing its furthest point of distinct vision.

One other fact concerning the elasticity of the lens is of interest in comparing the fish's eye with our own. The elasticity of the human lens diminishes with age. At fifty or fifty-five years of age it has almost disappeared, and the lens has become rigid. With the elasticity of the lens departs, of course, the accommodation, so that in age the normal human eye can see only distant objects

clearly. For near objects a glass must be worn which takes the place of the lost adjusting power.

In the fish's eye the course of the rays of light may be followed by reference to Fig. 2. The parallel rays *a* and *b* passing through the water first encounter the cornea, *c*. Here, it might be anticipated, they would be bent toward each other, as was the case in the human eye in its natural element, the air. But corneal tissue is of practically the same density as water, and when the two are in contact, as in the case of the fish, the rays of light pass from one to the other without change, and arrive at the lens, *l*, which, as previously noted, is of a spherical shape. The surface of such a small sphere is of necessity strongly curved, and bends the rays sharply toward each other—so sharply, in fact, that they meet close behind the lens and before they reach the retina, *r, r*. This formation of the focus in front of the retina was precisely what took place in the myopic human eye, Fig. 3, and is, in-

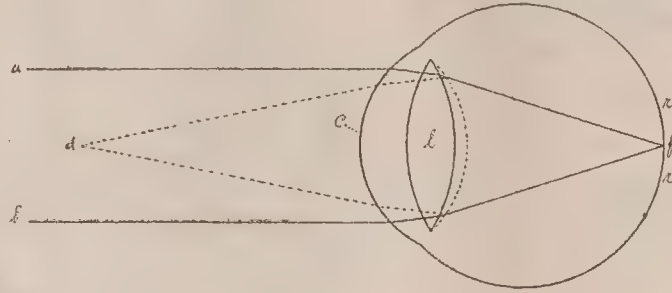


FIG. 1.

deed, the essential characteristic of myopia. Therefore, the fish's eye is properly classed as myopic, notwithstanding its general shape is widely different from the myopic human eye.

In the method of adjustment for different distances, however, the fish's eye differs entirely from the human eye and the eyes of all the higher vertebrates. The function of the *campanula* of Haller has been already referred to. Through the action of this muscle, the lens, *l*, Fig. 2, is carried to the position *l'*, and the focus of a distant object to the position *f'*, which is on the retina. Near

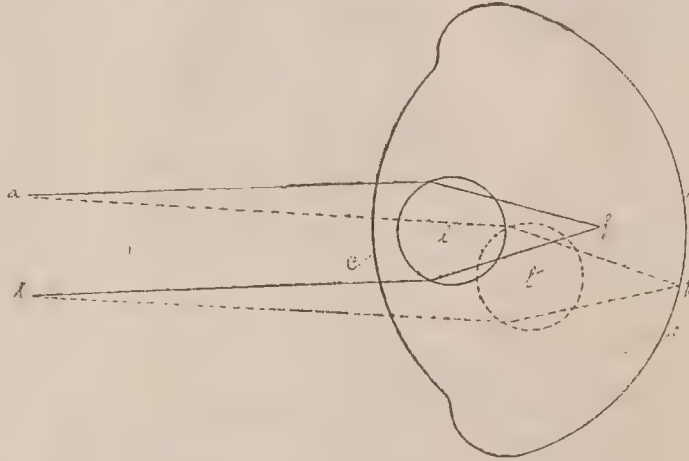


FIG. 2.

objects, of course, are in focus when the eye is at rest and the lens in its first position. There remain no grounds for denying that a fish may focus his eye for any point from infinity up to a point a few inches in front of his cornea. The supports of Cuvier's opinion, which are enumerated on our first page, all fail when it is proven that the lens can be made to approach and recede from the retina. That the myopic eyes of fishes do, in general, possess this power can no longer be doubted. Beer's experiments in electrical stimulation embraced sixty-eight species, from twenty-two families, and representing all

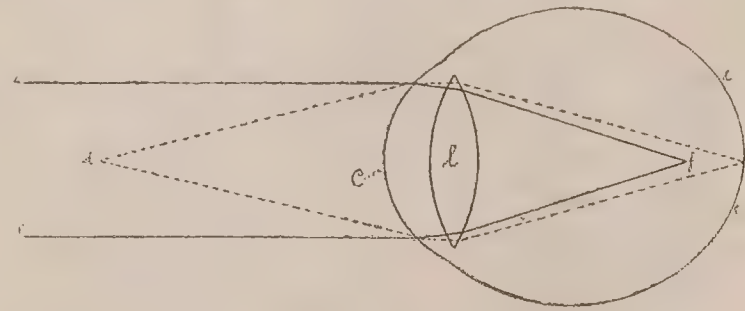


FIG. 3.

the orders of the teleosts. In all the experiments the movement of the lens was demonstrated; indeed, the act may be directly observed in aquarium fish by watching the eye intently from above, whence a portion of the spherical lens may be seen projecting through the pupil.

The sum of the comparison between the types of eyes which we have here considered is as follows:

1. All the higher vertebrates, including birds, have eyes adjusted naturally for distant objects, but contain an elastic lens capable of adjustment for near points. In such eyes myopia is a deformity, incompatible with good sight at any but short ranges.
2. Fishes have eyes adjusted naturally for a near point, but furnished with a movable lens capable of adjusting them for distant points. With such eyes myopia is no longer synonymous with "near sight."

Accepting as proven that fish eyes are optically perfect for all distances, some interesting speculations are allowable as to what they really can see under varying conditions. Their sight, like our own, is subject, of course, to the limitation imposed by the size of the object relative to its distance, and is dependent on the clearness of the water, as is ours on the clearness of the air. It is probable that fishes, like ourselves, cannot see an object clearly when it is brought extremely close to the eye, since it is likely that their accommodation, like our own, does not cover that territory. In one particular the peculiar principle on which their eyes are constructed gives them an advantage over their fellow vertebrates—namely, their sight is not affected by age. It has been already noted that the accommodative power in the human eye is totally lost at about fifty-five years of age by reason of the rigidity of the lens. An equal loss would be a greater catastrophe to a fish, because it would leave him with an eye adapted only for near vision, and because many fishes live far beyond the age of fifty-five years. The fish is neatly saved, however, from a long age of

myopic decrepitude by the fact his accommodation never depended on the elasticity of his lens, but is accomplished by changing the location of the latter. He never becomes "old-sighted," and can, presumably, detect the angler's cheats as readily at a hundred years as he did when a fingerling.

The ease with which a fish in the water can see an object in the air, or with which a man above the water can see an object under it, depends on the evenness of the surface and the arrangement of the light. The difference in density of the two media, provided they are equally clear and free from foreign matter, can only change the apparent location of the object in one medium to the observer in the other; it does not affect the clearness of vision. The slightest ruffling of the surface, however, by dispersing the rays of light, is rapidly destructive of distinct vision in either direction. We are perfectly secure in asserting that the fish in the water can see a man on the bank much better than the man can see the fish, since the latter has the advantage of the light, the size of the object looked at, and in the probable color contrasts.

When, however, we consider the vision of the fish in the air, or compare it with the vision of the man under water, the whole aspect of the problem is changed in a very interesting manner. As long as the fish remained under water, its cornea, as stated previously, being of practically the same density as the water, took no part in bending the rays of light, and, therefore, could be totally disregarded in Fig. 2 and the references thereto. Being much more dense than the air, however, the fish's cornea comes into play when it is taken from the water, and by greatly increasing the bending of the rays of light, it makes the fish many times as myopic as it was before—in fact, far beyond the power of its accommodative apparatus to overcome, so that its theoretical point of clear vision is almost in contact with the eye.

In the case of the man under water, the circumstances are exactly reversed. So long as he remained in his natural element his cornea performed a great portion of the bending of the light rays necessary to his clear vision. When his eye is placed in contact with water, the effect is optically the same as though his cornea were removed, as its action on the rays is abolished because of its not differing in density from the water surrounding it. In his turn, by entering an unnatural medium, he has his accommodative apparatus taxed far beyond its power, and clear vision becomes impossible. We may reckon, however, that the departure from a normal standard is from two to four times as great in the case of the fish as in that of the man, so that, as far as may be judged, the human eye is better fitted for vision under water than is the fish's eye for vision in the air. In point of fact, a diver, unarmed with any instrument which protects his eyes from contact with the water, though he sees nothing distinctly, is able to make out the general form and color of quite small objects, and we may estimate that the fish out of water sees half or one-fourth as well.

Boston Anglers.

BOSTON, June 30.—Mr. Seth G. Moore died at his home in Brookline on Tuesday at the age of eighty years. Mr. Moore had always taken great delight in angling, and many is the spring trip he had made with his son, Harry B. Moore, to Moosehead and other Maine waters. Even this spring he had planned for a trip to Moosehead with his son, but the latter, noting that his father was not in his usual health and vigor, discouraged him. But his love of angling never waned, and his many years and excellent health he was in the habit of attributing to his outings with rod and reel. Only three or four years ago he was upset from a canoe at Moosehead, but he clung to the frail craft till picked up by other boats, as well as did either Harry or the guide, and was none the worse for the ducking in the almost ice-cold water. When the affair was all over Harry had to nearly laugh his sides off as he saw his father's pipe still lighted and going. The overturn had not sufficiently alarmed the old gentleman to cause him to drop his pipe, and he still clung to his rod with one hand.

The trout fishing has taken on all of its usual hot weather dullness, and the summer boarders are now at the fishing resorts in considerable numbers. Not so the real angler, for he is off for the salmon waters or is fitting out. Capt. John Bryant, well known in yachting circles, is off for the Tobique, with his three boys, for salmon fishing. Mr. D. H. Blanchard, with his friend, Mr. Winsor, of Philadelphia, has gone to his salmon river, the Northwest Branch of the St. Marguerite. Mr. Blanchard has visited this river, which he owns, with his family and invited guests, for many seasons. The late Mr. Keeler, of Boston, was his beloved fishing friend for many seasons. His river is peculiar from the fact that it is at the foot of tremendous boulders in a rocky gorge, up over which the salmon do not go. Mr. H. K. Peaver, of Boston, has gone up the Saguenay salmon fishing. Mr. Henry R. Reed, of Boston, who has fished the Ristigouche for several seasons, with Senator Aldrich, will have Senator W. P. Frye for his salmon fishing companion this season, for the good reason that Senator Aldrich has gone to Europe. Senator Frye did not find the trout fishing at the Rangeleys all that he could wish, and doubtless is willing to try for something larger in the river that has been fished by no less personages than Henry Ward Beecher, Chester A. Arthur, Chief Justice Gray, and last, but not least, that editor of the Albany Evening News for many years, who wrote the charming book, "The Pleasures of Angling." The Hon. George Von L. Meyer, a Boston member of the Ristigouche Club, has gone to that river. Mr. A. N. Parlin, of Boston, is fishing good salmon waters on the St. John. Mr. E. C. Fitch, of Waltham, has gone to his salmon river, the Romaine. Mr. J. T. Spaulding, with Mr. Henry P. King, has gone to upper Ristigouche waters for salmon. It is generally agreed among salmon fishermen that so far only a very few fish have been taken, but they count that it is early yet. The old salmon pool at Calais, Me., however, is reported to be turning out some good salmon. Dr. F. M. Johnson, of Boston, has taken two handsome salmon there recently. Those interested say that the salmon fishing is likely to hold out all the season there, as it did last year, after several years of poor fishing. The Bangor, Me., salmon pool has amounted to almost

nothing since the first two or three fish were taken early in the season.

July 2.—The latest terror to the Moosehead sportsman and camp and hotel owners is that the lumber people seem determined to raise that lake, in order that a greater storage of water may be saved for the mills below. The mill men contend that the annual period of low water may be avoided by raising the dam at the outlet. The Kennebec Water Power Company contends that it has the right to a flowage that will furnish a supply of water through the season, but the camp owners and lovers of scenery, aware of what flowage has done for the Rangeleys, will fight against the raising of the dam, even to carrying the matter to the next Legislature, where there promises to be a bitter fight. It is said that if the proposed flowage is allowed, some of the camps and hotels will be in the water, unless moved back. Even a few feet more of water will do great damage.

Considerable trouble is being experienced in several sections in Maine from dogs running deer. Shepherd or sheep dogs seem to be giving the most trouble, and that too near the settlements, rather than in the forests. There are a great many deer near the farms, and even near to the villages, and the shepherd dogs seem to have taken to worrying them. In the vicinity of Dixfield two or three dogs have had to be put out of the way. In the neighborhood of Rome and Smithfield, and even down to Belgrade, Game Warden Clark is reported to be having much trouble in keeping the dogs out of the woods. They seem to be determined to worry the deer, if not to kill them. A number of dogs have been destroyed by the warden, and parties are to be brought into court for allowing their dogs to run at large, after being requested to keep them in by the warden. In one instance a deerhound is reported to have been brought into the vicinity of Smithfield and Belgrade by a young sportsman from New York. He has been warned not to allow his dog to run at large in the woods, but has declined to comply with the request of the warden. The warden will shoot the dog if caught under suspicion of running deer, and the young man threatens the man who dares to shoot his dog. The outcome is being watched by citizens and other sportsmen. Another guide has got into trouble and been arrested by Game Warden G. M. Estey, of Rangeley. He is a resident of Lang Plantation, and has persisted in guiding without a license, although warned not to do so.

The open season on white perch in Maine began July 1. To the trout fisherman this is not an important item, but to the farmer's boy and the summer boarder it means a good deal. It is barely possible that about as many persons engage in white perch fishing on the lakes and ponds in Maine as belong to the guild of regular trout fishermen. Women and children delight in the sport, especially at the summer resorts. A Middle Dam report says that a trout of 7 pounds has been taken there on the fly. A. F. Willard, of North Stratford, Vt., was the captor. Fly-fishing at Moosehead is reported much better, and will be likely to last for several weeks. Over two tons of trout and togue have been recorded at the various Moosehead resorts for the season, Kineo holding by far the highest record. Black flies and midges have been making the life of the sportsman miserable for the past two weeks, at most of the Maine and New Hampshire fishing resorts, but it is sure that the worst is over, and the woods will be free from black flies in a few days, while mosquitoes trouble but little in the woods of northern Maine after the middle of July. Mr. H. W. Clark, of Boston, has returned from his twenty-sixth season at the Mountain View House, Rangeley Lake. His record was forty-six salmon, all over 3 pounds, with many trout. His largest weighed 7½ pounds. Streams in the White Mountain region are now being fished by the guests of the hotels. The Amonoosuc River is one of the best of the trout streams rising from Mount Washington. Mr. Frank Wilder, a guest at the Fabyan House, is reported to have just taken a trout from that river weighing 5 pounds within a few rods of the hotel. SPECIAL.

Little Robbie Shaw and the Tarpon

OUT on the north jetty, at Capt. Bettison's, at 4 P. M., Friday, reports the Galveston (Tex.) News of June 25, there was a fierce fight between a very small boy and a very big fish. Here is what one of the spectators writes:

The little man, with a light lancewood rod and 200 yards of line, stood out on the platform, making unsuccessful casts for mackerel, but got catfish for his pains; but the game changed. A huge tarpon took his bait, and his reel sung out as the line singed its way through the guides. Surely the little man in Knickerbockers had a big fish and an army contract on hand. There was the usual rush of volunteers to take the lad's rod from him, and the same avalanche of advice as to how to play him, what to do and what not to do. But up spoke an old sportsman: "Let the kid alone. It's his fish and his fight! Let him win or lose, but let him alone, and make your bets as you please, but this is to be a fair fight between the boy and the fish." And it was.

The fish was well hooked. That was much. Down from the platform came the boy, and over the slippery rocks, his rod bending double at every plunge of the fish. Capt. Bettison got into an open boat, and the boy followed him, taking a seat in the stern—and the battle was on.

A camera would have shown you a little eighth-grade scholar, with clear cut features—the face of a thoroughbred, with a fighting chin. He was as silent as the fish, but all the sunshine had left the lad's features. His lips were set, his teeth hard against his lips. There was nothing in the face but determination, and it gave forth only one expression: "It is my head or thine." And so Rob, wise far beyond his years in the wiles of fish and the way to take them, was battling with a tarpon.

Five or six times the huge fish leaped his length into the air, and all the line the reel had gathered went out in another bolt. Here the boy's reel got in trouble; the crank bent back so that the handle showed only about a quarter of an inch between it and the end; it was practically jammed. He could only gain line by turning the reel with thumb and finger, the handle being out of the fight. Still, with bleeding fingers and the same set look and the same little thoroughbred face, saying "It is my head or thine," the fight went on.

For every move of the fish the boy had an answer, and

it came swift. The fish towed the light skiff as if it were a cork, making some swift dashes far under the boat. This was nicely thwarted by the boy with the rod and Bettison's skillful oars. The fight had lasted nearly an hour. The boy and fish were still at it. Finally the silver king, gathering himself for a final effort, made a dash for the freedom of the open sea. He failed, and finally, after a few dying and despairing struggles, the huge and vanquished thing turned its large and silvery scales up to the setting sun, which flooded them over with a golden sheen as they towed him to the club house and landed him. Time one hour and three minutes. The fish measured 5 feet 6 inches.

The anglers at Capt. Bettison's gave the game boy an ovation as he came up the steps. The sunshine had got back in his face. It was pale, but triumphant. He made no complaint of being tired nor of his arms being out of their sockets.

Said a man from Illinois, who brought fancy tackle a long way to catch a tarpon: "Kid, let me swap names with you for twenty-four hours." Said another: "I would have given \$500 to have landed that fish."

So Rob gets a free ride on Capt. Bettison's boat. He gets a new reel from his father, who witnessed the fight. He gets a new title from "Slim," who says "Rob is a sure dead game sport," whatever that means.

American Fisheries Society.

DETROIT, Mich., July 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The American Fisheries Society will hold its annual meeting at the U. S. Fish Commission Station, Woods Holl, Mass., July 18, 19 and 20. The society will be called to order at 10 o'clock A. M., July 18.

The opportunities for advancing the objects of the society were never better than at the present time, and the place of meeting presents unusual facilities for observing the practical work of marine fishculture and scientific inquiry.

U. S. Fish Commissioner Bowers writes: "It will afford me pleasure to extend such courtesies as are possible to the members of the society by placing at their disposal for one or two days the steamer Fish Hawk and the schooner Grampus, besides the launches and sailboats attached to the station."

The Rhode Island Commission of Inland Fisheries cordially invites the society to visit the oyster beds in Narragansett Bay, and to be the guests of the Commission at a Rhode Island clam bake.

If opportunity is offered without conflicting with the reading and discussion of papers, a visit to one of the commercial trout hatcheries not far distant from Woods Holl will be arranged.

Many papers have already been promised: to give an idea of what may be expected a partial list of the names of those who will present papers is given below:

John G. Ruge, Florida—Sponges.
J. A. Henshall, Montana—Subject to be named later.
E. A. Birge, Wisconsin—Subject to be named later.
J. Gunckel, Ohio—The Benefit of Fish Exhibits at Expositions.
A. C. Babbitt, Michigan—The Michigan Grayling.
S. W. Downing, Oregon—Propagation of the Pacific Salmon.
Frank N. Clark, Michigan—Subject to be named later.
J. J. Stranhan, Georgia—Subject to be named later.
J. C. Parker, Michigan—Subject to be named later.
Fred J. Adams, Michigan—The Value of Brook Trout Planting in Public Waters.
J. H. Steere, Michigan—Subject to be named later.
S. P. Bartlett, Illinois—The Value of the Carp as a Food Product of Illinois waters.
Jacob Reighard, Michigan—The Breeding Habits of Fishes.
Livingston Stone, New York—The Spawning Habits of the Sturgeon.
H. C. Bumpus, Rhode Island—Progress in Lobster Culture.
C. C. Wood, Massachusetts—The Breeding Habits and Growth of the Clam.
W. T. Thompson, New Hampshire—Brook Trout Fry: A Résumé of Methods.
Bushrod W. James, Pennsylvania—The Value of the Closed Season for Fishes and Game.

Woods Holl enjoys special advantages, being the terminal of the Woods Holl branch of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., from Boston, and the stopping place of the numerous steamboats plying between New Bedford, West Chop, Cottage City and Nantucket, and connecting with the boats of the Maine S. S. Co., plying between New York and Cottage City. Round trip tickets from Boston to Woods Holl and return to Boston can be purchased.

Persons interested in the work of the society are invited to become members.

JOHN W. TITCOMB, Pres.,
St. Johnsbury, Vt.
SEYMOUR BOWER, Sec'y,
Detroit, Mich.

How Shall He Protect His Screens?

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can any of your readers tell the most practical method of protecting screens on a trout pond dam from freshets, driftwood, and especially from ice coming down on freshets? My trout pond is a dammed up brook flowing through five miles of such a hilly country that February is liable to bring big freshets. I have made arrangements to extend the screens so as to take off all the water I think that will come. But skeptical natives say the ice, driftwood and leaves will clog things up and carry away my whole lay-out. I have been told that in Canadian rivers they protect wheels, etc., in rivers by putting two overlapping booms in the river, one on each side, to rise and fall with the water, and inclined at a sharp angle with the current, and that this arrangement takes care of the heavy stuff and leaves too. But an engineer tells me that this will never protect my screen, as the heavy stuff would push under and over a 12-inch square boom. Has anybody made a study of this subject? Also, what size trout will get through a winter screen made of ½-inch iron rods placed vertically ½ inch apart? C. D. L.

A Pennsylvania Brook Trout.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., June 27.—The largest brook trout caught this season in Adams county was taken from Conococheague Creek, near Graeffenburg, Saturday, June 23, by Elmer D. Stover, of Cashtown. It measured 16½ inches in length, and weighed 26½ ounces.

F. MARK BREAM.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Slow Fishing.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 30.—We have had such an extraordinarily hot spell of weather out here for the past week or ten days that the fishing has been a trifle below par in most of our better known waters. I mentioned the departure for the Manitowish country of some of the members of the Wishininne Club, Messrs. Graham H. Harris, president of the Board of Education; Mr. J. V. Clark, of the Hibernian Bank; Mr. George E. Cole, president of the Municipal League, and Mr. Charles Dennis, of the crockery trade. These gentlemen started out something over a week ago with the full determination of having the best time that ever happened. They concluded to extend the term of their trip, and figuring that they would need more supplies telegraphed for additional outfit by the time they had got as far north as Milwaukee. They made a camping trip, going in on that pretty body of water known as Pappoose Lake, part of the Manitowish chain. They found that the dam was up and the water raised so much that the fishing was spoiled. At any rate, and for whatever reason, the fish would not rise. Even the wall-eyed pike were dull. Of course the party got all the fish they needed to eat, and really more, for they brought home about 50 pounds or so with them; but they had no sport of consequence. They caught some small muscullunge, but no good ones, a little boy, son of Mr. Hawkey, of a camping party nearby, making the record, a 20-pound fish, which broke his rod and came near pulling him into the lake. Mr. Harris, who stuck to the fly-rod, caught one muscullunge on the fly, and at one cast took two small-mouth bass, whose combined weight was over 6 pounds. The weather came off very hot and the woods were on fire all about the lake. The thermometer was 98 degrees, whereas it was cool and pleasant in Chicago. Under these circumstances the party ignominiously broke camp and came home, where they were greeted this week with derision by their fellow men of the Wishininne Club. It was said of Mr. Harris that as he presented a very touching appearance when seen about the camp-fire at night, broiling a salt mackerel, the only fish the party had been able to take one day.

The above experience has been pretty much that of everybody who has gone out this week after muscullunge, and there seems little reason to doubt that the dull season for that fish has now set in. Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Mussey and Mr. John Haskell, who came back this week from a long trip in Minnesota, appear to have had but poor success with muscullunge, 17 pounds being the heaviest for Mr. Mussey's boat, in regard to which fish the qualifying remark should be made that it got away just before it was to be taken into the boat. The 17 pounds is therefore to be considered strictly live weight and on the hoof. The bass fishing was good—very good. Mr. and Mrs. Mussey caught 178 bass in one day, all of which were returned to the water. This is the best bass fishing of which I have heard this summer, though some good catches have been made in the lakes in the pine woods of Wisconsin.

Some Better Luck.

Messrs. Jack Wiggins, Fred Wiggins, Clarence Gillette, Harry Stanton, George Franklin and J. D. Decker, all of this city, returned this week from a trip across the lake to a point which seems to be new in our sporting category here. They went to Hamlin Lake, about eight miles from Ludington, where they stopped with Mr. Gatke and had good accommodation and good fishing. Hamlin Lake appears to be one of those sand hill lakes of the Michigan west shore which are connected by short rivers with Lake Michigan. There was fair bass fishing here, the best take being about thirty bass a day to three rods. The pickerel fishing was fast and furious, and one rod caught twenty-five pickerel one morning. The heaviest pickerel taken weighed 12½ pounds. The party was gone about a week, and in a couple of weeks more will go over there again, as they are all much pleased with the sport they had.

Dr. McCann and Mr. Dickson, of Pittsburg, were mentioned at the time they passed through Chicago en route for the Fifield chain. They passed through Chicago on their way home this week and brought to their friend, Pop Hirth, of Spalding's, a muscullunge or so, each of which, according to Pop, weighed over 20 pounds. They report splendid fishing, the bass fishing being such as they had never before seen. Mr. Hirth says that the largest fish taken by this party weighed 29 pounds. The proper discounts on Pop's estimate will no doubt leave some very fair weights for the muscullunge which these gentlemen took.

Mr. H. E. Goble and party, of this city, have returned from their trip at State Line, Wis. They did not try for any muscullunge fishing, but got all the bass they wanted. Their biggest bass weighed 4¾ pounds, and regarding it Mr. Goble tells an interesting story. It seems that two of the party were using a canvas boat at the time they caught this big bass, and they tied the bass by a string to the gunwale of the boat when they pulled it up on the beach to eat lunch. Imagine their surprise a few moments later to find that the bass had pulled the boat off the beach and towed it out in the lake among the bulrushes! Thither they followed their craft, and at length rescued it and secured the fish.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Bissell, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Beidler, all of this city, are just back from a trip to Lake Geneva, where they were guests of Mr. Beidler. They found the bass fishing very poor, but had great sport with the rock bass, of which there were thousands. This lake has been extensively planted with these accommodating little fishes, and the angling for them is very good.

Back from the Cascapedia.

Mr. W. B. Mershon is back from his summer salmon trip to his own leased waters on the Grand Cascapedia River, Quebec. Mr. Mershon took with him as his guest this year his friend Mr. Thomas Harvey, of Saginaw, who had never before done any salmon fishing. They left on June 5, and for the first twelve days after their arrival on the stream they drew a blank daily, the water being

too high at that time, and the season apparently late, since on June 10 there was still to be found some snow in the gullies. Then the fish came up, and for the next week the two rods had magnificent sport, Mr. Merston killing thirteen fish and Mr. Harvey twelve, not counting kelt, and not counting any fish not actually brought to gaff. Mr. Harvey had three fish, each of which weighed over 30 pounds, and Mr. Merston killed one which weighed 38 pounds. It was bitter hard to leave such fishing at its best, as they found it necessary to do. On Saturday, June 23, fishing for two and a half hours, all the time they had left before leaving time, they landed three nice fish. Mr. Merston promises fuller particulars regarding this some time. The Cascapedia seems to be keeping up its record for big fish.

Ohio River Muscallunge.

Some time ago I reported the capture in Tygart Creek, Ky., of a very large fish, over 20 pounds, which was taken by the Dupuy brothers, of Ironton, O. They had of this fish was brought here, and was eventually sent to the FOREST AND STREAM office East for investigation, and is was determined to be the head of the genuine muscallunge. This week I met here in Chicago Mr. W. R. Dobbins, of Huntington, W. Va., who has fished all that country along the Ohio, and who says he has had grand sport there, fishing for these big "pike." He had never fished for muscallunge in the North, but said that these "jumping pike" had been described to him by others as muscallunge. He once caught in this same Tygart Creek three "pike," whose weights were respectively 16, 12 and 9 pounds. He says that April and October are the best times to catch these big fellows, and he always fished for them with a big white sucker for bait. He describes a fish which appears to be almost identical in habits with our Northern muscallunge.

The Au Sable.

Mr. J. Edmund Strong and Mr. E. F. Selz, of this city, have just started for a canoeing and fishing trip of a week or more. They go to Eau Claire, Wis., and will run the Chippewa River, thence to the Mississippi, and the Mississippi River as far down as Prairie du Chien. They should have a very pleasant trip, and if they care to fish ought to have some very good sport.

These are the two gentlemen whom I mentioned earlier as having gone to the Au Sable River, of Michigan. They found it undesirable to attempt to run that stream, on account of its being full of logs, and so went in for a fishing trip, going into camp about twelve or fifteen miles below Grayling. By the kind assistance of that thorough-going sportsman, Mr. George R. Alexander, of Grayling, their arrangements for guides had been made beforehand, and they were lucky enough to have Archie Babbitt to take them in. They had what was called a very poor fishing, but what they thought was very good fishing. Some of their takes of trout were 56, 44, 26, etc., for a day, and it seemed to them that the fishing was good enough for anybody, though Archie Babbitt said it was getting so poor that he was going to pull up and make camp further down stream.

Going.

Mr. Charles Antoine, of Von Lengerke & Antoine, of this city, purposes taking a good long trout trip next month. He will probably take the advice of Mr. Marble, of Gladstone, Mich., and will make a boating trip on the Escanaba River, going in at Swanzy, running the stream around the big bend and coming down some thirty or forty miles south of Swanzy. In this way he will have nearly a week's work ahead of him, and will get into a part of the river which runs through a very wild country at some distance from the railroad, and difficult of access. This should produce some good fish. His informant says that 16 and 20 pound fish are not rare on the Escanaba, which is one of the best wild streams of the State.

Mr. W. L. Wells, head artist of the Chicago Tribune, and his friend, Mr. Graham H. Harris, of the Board of Education, will start the second week in July for a try at the small-mouth bass fishing on the Mississippi River above La Crosse. I am to try to have a day with these gentlemen, and shall enjoy watching them if I go. Mr. Wells has never fished for bass with the fly. Mr. Harris has had a big experience in that line, and is perhaps just a little skeptical regarding my stories about the excellence of that fly-fishing for bass out there. I am not in the least uneasy as to his ultimate verdict, for I have fished bass a few myself, and I never saw such fighters on any water in the country.

Last week Mr. Harry Miner and Mr. J. A. Gammans went in for their regular trip to the lakes above Burlington, Wis. Mr. Gammans took fifty-three bass and Mr. Miner thirty-six. I think these catches were made in Tishagon Lake, or Wabasssee, mentioned last week as being little fished and very excellent bass waters. To-day Mr. Miner and his friend Mr. La Parle start for the same territory for their regular weekly trip. These gentlemen have been having the best bass fishing in there which has been found anywhere near Chicago this season. This is the best tip I have for bass fishing, and it seems to be one well worth pasting in one's hat.

Mr. C. S. Lawrence, of this city, goes to-day for a trip to Tishagon Lake, and unless the hot weather has put the fish down he ought to get his share.

Mr. A. H. Newkirk, of this city, has left for a bass fishing trip over in Michigan, though he does not tell what lake he intends to visit.

Mr. H. L. Field, of this city, has left for Glen Lake, Mich., where he will have a try after the bass.

Mr. P. J. Burrows, of this city, has gone to Lake Minnetonka, Minn., and will spend some days exploring the waters of that big and beautiful inland sea.

Mr. F. R. Barnheisel, of this city, has left for a couple of weeks at North Manitou Islands. Mr. Barnheisel is manager of the H. H. Kohlsaat rapid-fire lunch system in this city.

Mr. Lawrence H. Smith, of this city, has left for Lake George, New York. He may catch some sunfish there, for I can testify that I have seen sunfish in that lake.

Mr. William C. Hook, of Leavenworth, Kan., and Mr. H. F. Lang, of Kansas City, passed through Chicago this week en route to Plum Lake, Wis., where they will have a go at the muscallunge if fortune favors them.

Mr. Felix Castle, of St. Louis, outfitted here this week for a trip to Trout Lake, Wis.

Mr. F. Brennerman, Chicago, left this week for Woodruff, Wis., where he goes for a fishing trip on adjacent waters.

Mr. Charles Storebraker, of Philadelphia, stopped in Chicago this week on his way for a little trip to Delavan Lake, Wis. There have been some few bass caught at Delavan this week, and perhaps the visitor may get a little fishing.

Mr. Howard Atkinson, of Wabash, Ind., outfitted here this week for a trip to Wisconsin, going in at Rhineland.

Mr. C. W. Halderman, of Marion, Ind., goes to the same point also.

Mr. E. D. Belknap, of Chicago, has gone for a few days to Eagle Lake, Wis.

Gov. John R. Tanner, of Illinois, left yesterday for Denver, where he will be gone ten days. He is accompanied by John T. Peters, Secretary of the State Board of Charities. They are outfitted for a fishing trip and will make the most of their stay in the mountains. The daily dispatches say that they are going after "big game," but the daily dispatches are probably wrong. There is a faint recollection of an earlier big game experience of Gov. Tanner in Colorado, on a game preserve.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club holds a practice meet to-day at Garfield Park, north lagoon. These practice meets of the club are being very well attended this summer, and have resulted in several new additions to the club membership. The platforms on the north lagoon are in use not only on Saturdays but on nearly every evening throughout the week. It is only about six weeks now before the time of the big tournament of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, and the boys are getting on a good edge for the competitions of that event, which will be of great interest in every way.

Corner on Frogs.

A curious and somewhat amusing commercial situation exists in Chicago to-day. We have all sorts of corners here in Chicago—corners on wheat, corners on pork, corners on corn—but this time it is a corner on frogs. There is a regular industry in one or two of the sporting goods houses here in supplying live bait frogs to the bass fishermen who go out each week from the city. These frogs are bought wholesale from a man in the southern part of the city, who has boys out all over the country catching them for him. This general merchant sells the frogs to the retail stores, who put them out in nice baskets at 25 or 30 cents a dozen for the angler. There is one good retail house here which sells most of these frogs, but perhaps under the circumstances I might as well not mention the name. There is also one department store which runs a tackle counter, and which supplies frogs. A rival of this concern is still another big department store, and these two have lately waged a merry war in the frog market. Both have at times advertised live bait frogs at 3 cents a dozen. Of course, no retail store can meet any such price as that, and of course no one can sell, buy or catch frogs at 3 cents a dozen. The store which started the cut on frogs got itself disliked by the others who handled that commodity. The big frog merchant and his corps of catchers supplied all of these concerns with their frogs. Now is where the corner came in. Neither the retail store, the first department store nor the wholesale frog merchant liked to see the price of frogs cut down so low, yet what could the frog merchant do when he was offered his price by the competing concerns? He had to sell the concern, or at least offer to sell them. This latter department store, as usual, has to-day put out a big advertisement in the daily papers offering frogs at 3 cents a dozen, doing this on the strength of their contract with the frog merchant to bring in his frogs on Saturday, as he usually does. In some curious way, which it is not necessary to understand, the frog merchant this morning failed to deliver the goods, and the department store which advertised frogs at 3 cents a dozen is up in the air, with its flanks resting on nothing in particular. There is only one wholesale frog merchant doing business in bait frogs around here, and methinks it would tax the resources of even a big department store to send out and catch a thousand frogs at 3 cents a dozen between now and night time. There are to-day just 5,000 frogs for sale in Chicago, and they are controlled by the retail store above mentioned and the first department store also above mentioned, which did not see any fun in selling frogs at 3 cents. There is a good deal of quiet laughter going on among the boys over this situation. The corner, however, is not to be used to raise the regular price of bait frogs, but only to raise the price above 3 cents, which even the closest purchaser must admit is a trifle low.

From the East.

The Dominie, of Newark, N. J., which his real name is Beveridge, and the same is a shooter, is in Chicago to-day, and is getting acquainted with the shooters, fishers and other sportsmen of the city.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Rangeley Lake Fishing.

RANGELEY, Me., June 28.—Never before at this time of year has Rangeley Lake, Rangeley, Me., seen such excellent fishing. On Tuesday, June 26, over 75 pounds of salmon weighing from 3½ to 9 pounds were landed. Francis Wells, of Windsor, Conn., captured the 9-pounder. Thursday morning Horace Porter, of the Laurel-in-the-Pines, Lakewood, N. J., one of the most enthusiastic fishermen in the region, set out at 8 o'clock and returned in less than one hour with a handsome landlocked salmon just 29 inches long, 13¼ inches girth and weighing exactly 10 pounds. Mr. Porter tussled just forty minutes with his prize, and has sent it to a taxidermist for mounting.

Don't Have To.

IN CAMP SIXTEEN MILES FROM NOWHERE.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: There is one advantage we have here away from mails (I'm sending this by a returning guide) and magazines—we don't have to read Barrie's Tommy and Drivel. And that's something.

REFUGEE.

Canadian Angling Notes.

THE excessively dry weather of the past spring and early summer has now given way to equally excessive rains, and the result will be a further postponement of the best of the fishing season here, and at least one Quebec sportsman, Mr. Veasey Boswell, has found this to his cost, his river, the Moisie, having been found to be 9 feet higher than ever before, and several of the camps were flooded. The fishing in consequence was ruined. Mr. Boswell had Mr. Biddell, of Philadelphia, for his guest.

Messrs. David Blanchard, of Boston, and W. D. Windsor, of Philadelphia, have left to try their luck on the Marguerite.

However, from some of the south shore salmon river very fair reports have been received. On the Bonaventure River, for instance, Messrs. J. E. Liveruois and J. W. Larue have had the best fishing in their experience, making a splendid catch, far above the average. They sent up to their families many fish over 30 pounds in weight.

Mrs. William Foster, of Boston, and her son, Mr. Wm. H. Foster, have left for Lake St. John, where two American gentlemen, Messrs. Fred. C. Loeb and Fred C. Young, of the American Brewing Company, Rochester, N. Y., had had some very fine luck. They took twenty-eight ouananiche in one day, many of them weighing 4 and 4½ pounds, and the best were recently exhibited in the windows of the V. & B. Sporting Goods Company's store.

Messrs. Coates, Haldreth and Sternes, of Springfield, have returned from a very pleasant visit to the Kiskissink Club and the Grande Décharge, where they had extraordinary ouananiche fishing.

Mr. J. J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, has left for his salmon river, the St. John, of the north shore, for which he pays a rental of \$3,500 a year to the local Government. He is accompanied by his two sons, L. W. Hill, vice-president and general manager of the Eastern Railway, Minnesota, and Walter J. Hill, and Dr. C. E. Smith. They came by rail to Quebec, and here met their yacht, the Wacouta, upon which they leave for their river.

Mr. Adams, of Utica, who made a fine catch of ouananiche the other day in the Grande Décharge, reports that one fish of 4¼ pounds that he killed on a very light rod gave him forty minutes of splendid sport.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, June 30.

The Seven Ages of the Salmon.

From the London Field.

'Neath sheltering gravel laid,

The EGG four wintry months securely rests;
Then, wriggling thro' th' incumbent mass,
The FRY (a store of food, in pouch, provided
By kindly nature) lurks beneath the stones,
Till, all consumed and stronger grown, the PARR,
Striped like the pard, in pools and shallows sports
For twelve long months, till genial May arrive,
When, clothed in coat of silvery scales,
Hiding the finger markings of the parr,
And moved by instinctive yearning for th' unknown,
The SMOLT floats downward till he finds,
And revels in, the stores of bounteous ocean.
Returning thence a beauteous, lusty GRILSE,
Breasting the rapids, leaping o'er the weirs,
He seeks the well-remembered scenes of youth.

One journey downward more,

Another sojourn in the sea, and then, at last,
The SALMON, glorious fish, swims slowly up
To gravelly spawning beds, from whence,
Leaving ten thousand eggs, a pale and sickly KELT
Floats sadly downward to the renovating wave.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 21.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Third annual field trials of the Iowa Field Trials Association. M. Bruce, Sec'y, Des Moines, Ia.
Aug. 28.—Sioux Falls, S. D.—Inaugural field trials of the South Dakota Field Trials Association. Olav Haugtro, Sec'y, Sioux Falls, S. D.
Sept. 3-4.—La Salle, Manitoba, Can.—Western Canada Kennel Club's annual field trials. A. Lake, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
Sept. 6-7.—Brandon, Manitoba, Can.—Third annual field trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. J. Elliott, Sec'y.
Sept. 11.—Manitoba, Can.—Fourteenth annual field trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
Oct. 30.—Senecaville, O.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's sixth annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 7-8.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 20.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.
Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.
Nov. 20.—Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 22.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. Barret Gibson, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

A Dog's Three-Hundred-Mile Return.

FORT WORTH, Texas, June 23.—I am a reader of your paper, and read a great deal about dogs. As you will see from this slip of our newspaper, I have a bird dog that I prize very highly. He is a large pointer, white and liver color. He has just made a wonderful trip. Some weeks ago I took him to the Territory to enjoy a hunt

with some friends. When I had concluded my sport I left the dog with friends, who proposed to put him through a course of training. A day or so ago, jaded and footsore, the faithful dog showed up at my home in this city, having made his way from the Territory in just forty-eight hours. The distance covered by the dog was nearly 300 miles.

HUGH H. LEWIS.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

4. Larchmont, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Columbia, annual, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Boston City, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. California, special, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
4. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
4. Hartford, annual.
4. Newport, annual, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
4. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
4. Penatquit Corinthian, club, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
4. Jamaica Bay, annual, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
4. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
4. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Atlantic, oyster boats and yachts, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
4. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
4. American, cruise, Newburyport.
4. East Gloucester, club and evening races.
4. Quannapowitt, Gloucester.
4. Portsmouth, club, Portsmouth, N. H.
5. South Boston, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
5. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
6. Harlem, special, City Island, Long Island Sound.
6. South Boston yachting carnival, Mosquito Fleet and South Boston, open race.
6. Quincy, ladies' day, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
7. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
7. South Boston, open, hand and sailing dinghies, City Point, Boston Harbor.
7. South Boston yachting carnival, open handicap.
7. South Boston, sailing dinghies, City Point, Boston Harbor.
7. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
7. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
7. American, club, Newburyport.
7. Quannapowitt, commodore's cup.
7. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
7. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 17ft. and dinghy classes, Valois, Lake St. Louis.
7. Riverside, annual, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
7. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
7. Queen City, Smith cup, 16ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
- 7-14. Atlantic, annual cruise, Long Island Sound.
11. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
12. Newport, ladies' day, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
12. American, ladies' sail, Newburyport.
- 12-13-14. New York, Newport series, Newport, off Brenton's Reef.
14. Sea Cliff, annual, Glen Cove, Long Island Sound.
14. Bridgeport, annual, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
14. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 20ft., 17ft. and dinghy classes, Beaufort, Lake St. Louis.
14. Queen City, Tupper cup, 22ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
14. Haverhill, fishing trip, Haverhill, Mass.
14. Penatquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
14. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
14. Savin Hill, handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
14. Quannapowitt.
14. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
14. Beverly, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
14. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
14. Seawanhaka Cor., Roosevelt cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 14-15. California, annual cruise, Sacramento River.
- 16 and alternate following days, Newport Y. R. A. 70ft. series, Newport, off Brenton's Reef.
- 16-17-18. Quincy, challenge cup, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
21. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
21. Queen City, World cup, 17ft. special class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
21. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
21. Canarsie, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
21. Stamford Corinthian, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
21. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
21. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
21. Penatquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
21. Jamaica Bay, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
21. Kingston, club, Kingston, Lake Ontario.
21. Winthrop, swimming and rowing races, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
21. American, club, Newburyport, Mass.
21. South Boston, handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
21. Columbia, championship, Boston, Boston Harbor.
21. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
21. Quannapowitt, commodore's cup.
21. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 21-23-24. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup trials, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
- 21-28. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
22. California, return from Sacramento River.
22. Haverhill, race and chowder, Haverhill, Mass.
23. Manchester, championship, Manchester, Mass.
25. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
26. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
27. Manchester, Crownhurst, cup, Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Royal St. Lawrence, 22 and 17ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
28. Jubilee, open, Beverly, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
28. Queen City, skiff classes, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
28. Haverhill, second championship, Haverhill, Mass.
28. Penatquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
28. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
28. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
28. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, Buzzards Bay.
28. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Savin Hill, handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
28. Quannapowitt, club.
28. Seawanhaka Cor., Leland cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
30. Manchester, championship, Manchester, Mass.
- 28-Aug. 4. Corinthian, Philadelphia, annual cruise, L. I. Sound.

THE weather of the past month both in New York and Boston has been divided between the two extremes of calms and gales. Some of the big races, including those of the New York and Atlantic clubs, have been tedious drifts, while others, such as the Seawanhaka, New Rochelle and Eastern, have found the weather so heavy as to prevent yachts from reaching the rendezvous, while those which started were disabled. Last Saturday brought a westerly wind that was almost a gale along the coast from New York to Boston, and many events were postponed. The prospects for the Fourth of July are for cool weather and moderate breezes.

It is rumored that the Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. is investigating the incident at the start of the Glen Cove race of June 19 and will in time give a decision in the case. The circumstances were such, the whole occurrence being close beside the committee boat and the violation of the rules so palpable, that in the interest of good sport a decision might and should have been made almost on the moment. The case seems to be unusually free from doubt both as to the meaning of the various rules involved and the actual facts.

THE new 80-footer Yankee has had several trials under sail, one or two in company with Virginia, these being magnified into races by some imaginative daily papers. The first real racing of the new boat will be in the New York Y. C. series off Newport, on July 12, 13, 14. These races will be for all classes, including the 30-footers, in racing trim, the courses being about thirty miles, naut., and triangular or windward and leeward. The starts will be made off Brenton's Reef at 11 A. M.

ISOLDE, cutter, recently purchased by Com. F. M. Hoyt, arrived at City Island on June 30.

ON account of the annual regatta of the Stamford and American yacht clubs, scheduled for July 2 and 3, having been declared off, the regatta committee of the Indian Harbor Y. C. has decided to offer prizes for the following classes, in addition to those that are already announced for the race on Thursday, July 5: Thirty-foot class of cabin catboats, 25ft. classes of cabin and open catboats in one class, 25ft. classes of cabin and open sloops in one class, 21ft. classes of open sloops and open catboats in one class, 18ft. classes of open sloops and open catboats in one class, and Seawanhaka knockabout class.

The race will be started at 12 o'clock noon. Entries will be received up to Tuesday, July 2, at No. 29 Broadway, New York, or at the club house up to 10 o'clock of the day of the race.

MAYFLOWER, steam yacht, now owned by the Government, sailed from New York for Porto Rico on June 22. This yacht, one of the largest and most costly private yachts ever built, has been assigned to the use of the Governor of Porto Rico, Charles H. Allen, and has been refitted at a cost of about \$35,000 for this special service. She will bring Gov. Allen to this country on a short visit for private business. Her equipment includes a fine new electric launch, built to order by the Electric Launch Co.

Two of the clubs of the Sound Y. R. A., the Stamford and the American, have abandoned their races scheduled for July 2-3, thus making breaks in the regular circuit. The four new 80-footers were looked for in the Sound races of the week, but they will sail some special races at Newport instead. All have been at Bristol for overhauling and alterations to sails. Owing to the death of a member of the owner's family, Amorita will not start in the week's races.

Western Yachts.

Columbia Fourth of July Regatta at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 28.—The entries for the big Fourth of July regatta of Columbia Y. C., Chicago, were closed yesterday. The total list is one surprisingly large and certainly very gratifying, and it will assure the largest start ever made in a regatta here. There are ninety-four boats in all, coming from all over this part of the Great Lakes. Green Bay, Wis.; Spring Lake, Mich.; Marinette, Wis.; Menominee, Mich.; Manitowoc, Wis.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Peoria, Ill.; Grand Rapids, Mich.; Sheboygan, Mich.; Escanaba, Mich.; Kenosha, Wis.; Waukegan, Ill.; Macatawa, Mich.; Fox Lake, Ill.; Delavan Lake, Wis.; Oconomowoc, Wis., all have representatives entered. The Chicago clubs, Columbia Y. C., Chicago Y. C., Jackson Park Y. C., Saddle and Cycle Club, of course have a good proportion of the entry. There are fourteen classes to start, and the following is the complete entry, which includes the best craft available in this part of the country:

Class 1, Schooners Over 50ft.—Hawthorne, John McConnell, Chicago Y. C.; Alice, Horace J. Conley, Green Bay, Wis.; Sallie, George P. Savidge, Spring Lake, Mich.

Class 2, Schooners Under 50ft.—Nomad, Ed Band, Columbia Y. C.; Tartar, Messrs. Payne & Ruck, Jackson Park Y. C.; Glad Tidings, C. K. Creiger, Columbia Y. C.; Marion, A. N. Drew, Jackson Park Y. C.; Idle Hour, Francis A. Brown, Marinette, Wis.; Oneida, H. J. Conley, Green Bay, Wis.; Cruiser, Dr. Webber, Jackson Park Y. C.; Fairy, A. Auld, Columbia Y. C.

Class A3, Sloops Over 45ft.—Siren, George R. Peare, Columbia Y. C.; Neva, George A. Black, Columbia Y. C. Class B4, Sloops Over 45ft.—Hatty Bradwell, C. C. Wells, Menominee, Mich.; Phantom, R. B. Schuette, Manitowoc, Wis.; Jeanette, C. J. Williams, Milwaukee, Wis.; Charlotte R., F. N. Price, Chicago Y. C.

Class A5, Sloops 21 to 45ft.—Prairie, F. A. Tuft, Chicago Y. C.; Josephine, B. H. Whitely, Chicago Y. C.; Valiant, W. A. Stickney, Columbia Y. C.; Beatrice, B. V. Nordberg, Milwaukee, Wis.; Blade, C. H. Thorne, Chicago Y. C.

Class B6, Sloops 31 to 45ft.—Wizard, H. Aronson, Columbia Y. C.; Peri, Dr. F. H. Skinner, Columbia Y. C.; Pinta, Ole Amundson, Columbia Y. C.; Genevieve, H. Hayes, Jackson Park Y. C.; Zaza, George E. Watkins, Green Bay Y. C.; Viola, A. A. Hathaway, Milwaukee, Wis.; Chetopa, C. H. Fox, Chicago Y. C.; Hattie B., G. B. McCullough, Columbia Y. C.; Pearl, A. G. Boardman, Columbia Y. C.

Class 7, Sloops 25 to 31ft.—Zephyrus, H. A. Hooker, Jackson Park Y. C.; Nymph, Henry Davies, Columbia Y. C.; Gloria, W. L. Hazen, Jackson Park Y. C.; Unnamed, Robert Carroll, Jackson Park Y. C.; Widsith, W. W. Weightman, Jackson Park Y. C.

Class 7½, Sloops 22 to 25ft.—Mona, Messrs. Noble & Carlisle, Columbia Y. C.; Spray, W. Avery, Chicago Y. C.; Ethel V., H. C. Post, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Saint, Thomas Webb, Peoria, Ill.; Old Abe, Lincoln Conley, Sheboygan, Wis.; Infanta, H. J. Conley, Greer Bay, Wis.; May B., W. H. Dunton, Chicago Y. C.

Class 8, Sloops 22 to 31ft.—Martha, Dr. E. C. Knight, Columbia Y. C.; Florence, Dr. F. H. Holmes, Columbia Y. C.; Vixen, F. D. Porter, Columbia Y. C.; Imp. C. E. Soule, Columbia Y. C.; America, E. L. Springle, Jackson Park Y. C.; Uno, O. Hansen, Milwaukee, Wis.; Algonquin, A. C. Nielle, Green Bay, Wis.; Alca, H. A. Hooker, Jackson Park Y. C.; Edna II., George L. Hannaford, Jackson Park Y. C.; Undine, George Bell, Jackson Park Y. C.; Wahnita, A. W. Weise, Green Bay, Wis.; Atlanta,

Robert Young, Columbia Y. C.; Arrow, Robert Young, Columbia Y. C.; Vanity, C. R. Mack, Columbia Y. C.

Class A9, Sloops Under 22ft.—Satyr, George R. Faragher, Columbia Y. C.; Query, G. W. Baker, Columbia Y. C.; Gironda, L. T. Braun, Columbia Y. C.; Loon, E. C. Webster, Columbia Y. C.; Willit, F. C. Porter, Columbia Y. C.; Albatross, W. K. Bruce, Columbia Y. C.; Blackbird, Reni Hilbert, Milwaukee, Wis.; Ozone, J. Wilder, Milwaukee, Wis.; Coquette, Joseph H. Vaill, Escanaba, Mich.

Class B10, Sloops Under 22ft.—Peep II., McCulloch & Ott, Jackson Park Y. C.; Alva, C. T. Worst, Columbia Y. C.; Weazel, H. J. McCormick, Columbia Y. C.; Atlantic, W. H. Reeves, Columbia Y. C.; Dot, G. W. Baker, Columbia Y. C.; Fox, J. C. Fox, Columbia Y. C.; Deer, Clarence Rojke, Columbia Y. C.; Syndicate, C. M. Boyden, Jackson Park Y. C.; Louise, H. D. Ford, Fox Lake Y. C.; Dauntless, A. J. Ford, Kenosha, Wis.; Mate, W. W. Gilson, Waukegan, Ill.; Athlete, J. Strawbinger, Milwaukee, Wis.; Iola, S. B. Cullman, Jackson Park Y. C.; Surprise, Jackson Park Y. C.; Volita, Jackson Park Y. C.

Twenty-foot Racers.—Sakita, S. G. Shepherd, Saddle and Cycle Club; Raven, C. Skates, Macatawa Bay Y. C.; Ruth, Dr. E. R. Kellogg, Delavan Lake Y. C.; Harriet H., H. L. Hertz, Fox Lake Y. C.; Bald Eagle, J. H. Adams, Columbia Y. C.; Avis, W. H. Thompson, Oconomowoc, Wis.

Seventeen-foot Class.—Triton, Scudder & Galt, Saddle and Cycle Club; Neola, George Pyncheon, Saddle and Cycle Club.

Naval Reserve Cutters—Twenty-four-footer, D. Delafontaine; 28-footer, D. R. T. Collins; 28-tooter, B. R. T. Collins; 30-footer, D. Delafontaine.

Officials for the race will be named and the final arrangements for the regatta made to-morrow. Mayor Harrison and Gen. Joseph Wheeler will be invited to serve as judges.

Around Oconomowoc.

Mr. Walter H. Dupee has bought another Amundson boat, a 1-rater, which he will sail this summer in the various cup events around Oconomowoc. The first contest for the Luedke cup will be sailed on Pine Lake, June 30, also the first in the season series for the local championship. Other races will be sailed July 14, for the Pfister cup, on July 28 for the Smith cup, on Aug. 25 the fourth contest for the Robert Nunemacher cup for 18-footers, as well as the third contest for the 21-footers in the same competition. There will be a special meeting of Oconomowoc Y. C. June 30, called by Vice-Com. William Hale Thompson. Ariel, formerly owned by Mr. Dupee, this week was sent to Lake Geneva for her new owner, Mr. Moore.

At Delavan Lake.

A spirited competition took place last summer between Dr. E. R. Kellogg, of Chicago, and the Davis brothers, of Austin, who had several trials on Delavan Lake with fast, imported boats. It is stated that the Davis brothers have gone up to Lake Winnebago and bought the famous local boat, Argo. This new boat will be thoroughly tried out, and should she win will represent Lake Delavan at Lake Geneva next August in the Interlake regatta.

Fox Lake Y. C.

Mr. Charles Balcolm, of Columbia Y. C., Chicago, sailed the Bald Eagle against Louise in the race for the Browning King cup at Fox Lake, June 24, but Frank Hansel brought Louise home winner, time 1.10. Com. Hertz's Pistakee won the weekly regatta June 23, over the seven-mile course, time 1.06.40.

Eastern Yacht Comes West.

President J. J. Hill, of the Great Northern road, has purchased of Mrs. James W. Martinez-Cardeza the steam yacht Eleanor, and the boat has started on its way to the Great Lakes, where she will be used as the pleasure craft of the great railroad magnate, sailing under the new name of Wacouta. Eleanor is 32ft. over all, 208ft. waterline, 32ft. breadth and 14ft. draft. She will be the most elaborate private craft now on the Great Lakes.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Keystone Y. C.

TACONY—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, June 23.

THE Keystone Y. C., of Tacony, Pa., sailed its second annual regatta on June 23, the times being:

Second Class Duckers—Start, 11:52.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Effie D., W. Collom.....	1 15 00	1 23 00
Martha, J. Apster.....	1 15 30	1 23 30
Little Harry, J. Hirst.....	1 19 30	1 27 30
Anna V., Samuel Freas.....	1 19 32	1 27 32
Edith M., W. Millington.....	1 20 00	1 28 00
Skiffs—Start, 12:09.		
F. Riley, W. Wagner.....	1 28 00	1 19 00
Glucy, H. Vaughan.....	1 28 02	1 19 02
Alberta, J. Millington.....	1 28 30	1 19 30
W. Glosser, T. Eavis.....	1 34 00	1 25 00
Jibo, W. Hascher.....	1 35 00	1 26 00
First Class Duckers—Start, 12:20.		
Bertie S., W. Clauson.....	1 26 00	1 06 00
McGinty, George L. Sage.....	1 29 00	1 09 00
Albert S., C. Shallcross.....	1 30 00	1 10 00
George B., O. Pass.....	1 30 15	1 10 15
J. Hirst, J. Brener.....	1 32 00	1 12 00
Bessie, S. Y. Dingee.....	Capsized.	

The judges were Thomas McKane and H. D. Long.

Jamaica Bay Y. C. Dory Class.

CANARSIE—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, June 30.

THE Jamaica Bay Y. C. sailed the first of its series of dory races on June 30 in a fresh N.W. wind, start 3:40, the times being:

	Finished.	Elapsed.
Dory O., F. S. La Fond.....	4 14 38	0 34 38
Dory 43, W. G. Gallagher.....	4 19 55	0 39 55
Dory B., Dr. C. J. Pfing.....	4 25 00	0 45 00

Rhode Island Y. C. Annual Regatta.

PAWTUCKET—PROVIDENCE RIVER.

Friday, June 22.

THE Rhode Island Y. C. celebrated its fourteenth anniversary on June 22 with the annual spring regatta and 'ladies' day. The courses were:

For all classes over 21ft. sailing length: Start between judges' boat and signal off club house, around gas buoy No. 4, about one-half mile southeast of Warwick Light, leaving same on port and return to starting point, seven-tenths miles. Channel course sailed in all classes, and all buoys, beacons and lighthouses passed on the channel side.

Courses for all other classes: Start between judges' boat and signal off club house, passing from north to south; thence around black spar buoy off the club house, leaving the same on starboard; thence around black spar buoy off Green's Island, leaving same on starboard; thence around black spar buoy off the club house, leaving the same on port; thence around black spar buoy off Green's Island, leaving same on starboard and return to starting point, twelve miles.

There was a strong southerly wind at the start, and some of the yachts were reefed, but it finally died out after various shifts and changes. One of the starting guns missed fire, and Elizabeth, making a very late start after the rest of her class, was mistaken by the committee as starting too soon for the next class, and was recalled. Victor was protested by Mildred for crossing before her proper gun. Astrea claimed a new measurement after the race, and Argol sailed the wrong course. The official times were:

FIRST DIVISION.

35ft. Sloop Class—Start, 1:44.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nelma, Myrick J. Bryant.....	4 18 06	4 18 06
Astrea, C. O. Black.....	6 07 04	4 19 03

21ft. Sloop Class—Start, 1:46.

Burget, Almy Bros.....	2 16 50	2 16 50
Breeze, W. G. Roelker.....	2 24 52	2 19 29

SECOND DIVISION.

30ft. Yawl Class—Start, 1:54.

Reginald, H. W. Ostby.....	3 46 12	---
Rava, N. J. Tattersall.....	4 41 58	---

THIRD DIVISION.

30ft. Cat Class—Start 2:00.

Emeline, Frank White.....	3 20 07	3 18 51
Emblem, G. E. Darling.....	3 26 32	3 23 24
Gismonda, H. A. Capron.....	3 34 57	3 32 36
Louise, Samuel Brown.....	Withdrew.	---

25ft. Cat Class—Start, 2:02.

Victor, E. V. Bowen.....	3 57 49	---
Mildred, B. H. Smith.....	4 00 03	---
Glide, G. L. Robinson.....	Withdrew.	---
Rustler, N. Horton.....	Disabled.	---
Tartar, A. T. Scattergood.....	Mistook course.	---

21ft. Cat Class—Start, 2:04.

Marguerite, J. D. Peck.....	2 05 25	2 05 25
Caroline, A. S. Brownell.....	2 09 43	2 09 12
Rival, N. C. Arnold.....	2 13 19	2 09 30
Pet, W. H. Spencer.....	2 13 43	2 11 24
Elizabeth, D. Wood.....	2 22 41	2 20 08

One-Design Class—Start, 2:10.

Rascal, M. E. Barlow.....	2 38 00	---
The Kid, W. E. Thurber.....	2 51 20	---
Redskin, A. M. Potter.....	3 24 50	---
Sprint, Vigneron Bros.....	3 41 33	---

Nelma wins first prize subject to remeasurement of Astrea; Burget wins first; Reginald wins first; Emeline wins the \$100 cup in her class, and Emblem wins second; Victor wins first and Mildred second, subject to decision on protest; Marguerite wins first and Caroline second; Rascal wins first and Kid second. While the race was in progress, lunch was served at the club house, followed by dancing, and in the evening there was a display of fireworks and an illumination of the fleet.

On June 23 the first race of the first series for the club one-design class was sailed in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

R. I. Y. C. One-Design Class—Start, 3:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rascal, H. E. Barlow.....	5 30 12	1 55 12
The Kid, W. H. Thurber.....	5 30 35	1 55 35
Redskin, A. M. Potter.....	5 35 07	1 59 07
Sprint, Vigneron Bros.....	5 37 12	2 02 12
Earl, E. L. Fuller.....	5 42 17	2 07 17

Detroit Y. C. Annual Regatta.

DETROIT—LAKE ST. CLAIR.

Saturday, June 16.

THE Detroit Y. C. sailed a very successful annual regatta on June 16, the course being five miles to windward and return, in a moderate wind, E. by N. There was a good fleet of starters, and some close racing in most of the classes. The official times were:

45ft. Class—Start, 2:15.

City of Straits, Groesbeck.....	6 18 55	4 03 55
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40ft. Class—Start, 2:15.

Gertrude, Lichtenberg.....	6 05 27	3 50 27
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35ft. Class—Start, 2:15.

Nordica, Bennett.....	6 05 30	3 50 30
Nardie S., Hermiss.....	5 57 18	3 42 18
Dolphin, Barthel.....	Withdrew.	---

30ft. Class—Start, 2:15.

White Cap, Gannon.....	6 07 39	3 52 39
Frances A., McLeod.....	5 31 59	3 16 59
Oweene, Major.....	5 34 02	3 19 02
Cricket, Wilds.....	5 30 51	3 15 51

25ft. Class—Start, 2:25.

Question, Brennan.....	5 48 31	3 23 31
Two Step, Wendell.....	5 31 51	3 06 51
Scatter, T. Schweikart.....	5 04 22	3 39 22
Taifu, Hodges.....	5 11 20	2 46 20
Alien, Chivers.....	5 07 30	2 42 30

20ft. Class—Start, 2:25.

Advance, Malcomson.....	5 13 38	2 48 38
Concordia, W. Schweikart.....	5 35 08	3 10 08
Myrta, Philips.....	5 35 10	3 10 10
Golden Rod, Grasser.....	5 35 07	3 10 07

Time figured from 2:15 flat.

Judges: Dr. R. J. Farmer, George Beck, Col. J. H. Beattie. Timers: E. H. Broadwell and E. H. Broadwell. Frances protested Oweene for failing to give room on the line at the start.

The club will give a race for power boats on July 7, open to all without entrance fee. There will be classes as follows: All over 40ft. l.w.l.; 30 to 40ft.; 25 to 30ft.; 20 to 25ft., and under 20ft. The start will be made in two divisions, all over 25ft. at 3:00 preparatory, and 3:10 for the start; all 25ft. and under at 4:00 preparatory, and 4:10 for the start. Detroit Y. C. championship flags will be given in each class.

The club has scheduled the following events for the season: July 7, power race; 14, club regatta, all classes; Aug. 18, club regatta, all classes; Sept. 10, annual fall sweepstakes; 11, special 25ft. class; 12, free for all sweepstakes, yawls; 13-14, club cruise.

The conditions of the fall sweepstakes are as follows: Prizes.—1st, \$200 gold, champion flag, possession of Hotel Ste. Claire cup for one year; 2d, \$100 gold; 3d, \$50 gold; 4th, \$25 gold.

Prizes will be increased \$25 for each yacht over eleven entered.

In addition to cup, cash prizes and flag, there will be a time prize for 45 and 40 footers, and one for 35 and 30 footers.

Entrance fee, \$25.

All yachts must enter and receive sailing numbers from the Regatta Committee at the club house before 6 P. M. Sunday, Sept. 8. Each entry to be accompanied by a measurer's certificate from the home club.

Yacht Racing Union rules govern, with exception of paragraph 3, section XIV. Crews, struck out.

All boats under 30ft. racing length must accept 30ft. racing measurement.

Each yacht while sailing in the race must carry the number assigned her by the Regatta Committee at the peak on both port and starboard.

Mr. Mark W. Allen, 118 William street, Detroit, is the Secretary of the Regatta Committee.

New Rochelle Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 30.

THE New Rochelle Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on June 30 in the hardest blow of the year, a strong and puffy N.W. wind that parted halyards and bobstays and snapped off masts and bowsprits. There was an entry list of sixty-two yachts, and as the whole Sound fleet is now ready for the mid-summer racing, most of these would have started in ordinary weather, but as it was, the list was cut just in half. The regular club courses were sailed, starting off Echo Bay, across the Sound to the Gangway Buoy and then to the second mark, down the Sound, and home. The incidents of the day were numerous and varied. Nirvana parted her halyards near the line. Raider was disabled and Vivette lost her mast on the line; Penguin dragged ashore, Sultan carried away her mizzen mast, Tosto tore her mainsail, Empronzi parted her bobstay, Ondawa broke her steering gear, Maraquita parted her peak halyards, Sakana lost her bowsprit, Freya parted her peak halyards, Awa parted her peak halyards, Eurybia carried away her bowsprit, Oiseau carried away her bowsprit and mast, and Persimmon carried away her bowsprit. The times were:

51ft. Class—Start, 12:20.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Maraquita, H. B. Shaen.....	46.83	3 36 33	3 36 33
Awa, T. L. Arnold.....	46.43	3 26 14	3 25 44
Ondawa, F. J. Robert.....	46.93	Disabled.	---

Cutters and Yawls—43ft. Class—Start, 12:25.

Eurybia, Charles Pryer.....	40.02	Disabled.	---
Fleetwing, C. M. Fletcher.....	40.00	2 36 37	2 36 37
Albicare, yawl, S. J. Hyde.....	41.00	2 20 56	2 19 53

Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 12:30.

Escape, George J. Mathews.....	30.42	2 28 48	2 21 03
Freya, George J. Bradish.....	36.00	Disabled.	---
Possum, W. N. Bavier.....	36.90	2 36 37	2 36 37

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:40.

Empronzi, Alfred Peats.....	30.00	Disabled.	---
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	28.30	2 55 02	2 22 11
Kit, T. H. Macdonald.....	30.00	2 32 45	2 32 45
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.....	30.00	Disabled.	---

Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 12:50.

Edwina III, J. N. Gould.....	25.00	2 25 30	2 25 30
Emyzo, A. Tissot.....	25.00	2 22 05	2 22 05
Rochelle, Edward Kelly.....	25.00	1 57 55	1 57 55
Kenosha, C. W. Voltz.....	25.00	2 15 50	2 15 50

Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 12:55.

Ox, Robert Bavier.....	21.00	1 39 40	1 39 40
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Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 1:00.

Nora, Lewis Iselin.....	18.00	1 47 20	1 47 20
Vivette, J. H. Esser.....	15.00	Disabled.	---

Raceabouts—Start, 12:45.

Snapper, H. L. Maxwell.....	21.00	2 07 32	2 07 32
Scamp, Johnson De Forest.....	21.00	2 07 16	2 07 16
Colleen, L. R. Alberger.....	21.00	2 11 17	2 11 17
Persimmon, H. D. V. Warner.....	21.00	Disabled.	---

Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 12:40.

Dot, C. T. Pierce.....	30.00	2 33 46	2 33 46
Leisure, F. B. Myrick.....	27.96	3 22 13	3 18 51
Alice, C. E. Young.....	26.06	Not timed.	---

Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 12:55.

Mongoose II, Simeon Ford.....	21.00	1 29 06	1 29 06
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill.....	21.00	1 31 29	1 31 29

Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 12:50.

Thelga, A. P. Thayer.....	21.00	2 21 01	2 21 01
Tosto, L. M. Scott.....	21.00	Disabled.	---

The Regatta Committee included Messrs. J. D. Sparkman, C. P. Tower, O. H. Chellborg, W. E. Moore and Harry Stevenson.

Beverly Y. C.

WING'S NECK—BUZZARDS BAY.

Saturday, June 30.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed a race on June 30 in a gale from the west, a dozen of the yachts getting over the course successfully. The times were:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....	2 05 53
Ulula, W. H. Winship.....	2 11 46
Nokomis, Alfred Winsor.....	2 17 43
Eina, John Parkinson.....	Disabled.

21ft. Class.

Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	1 31 30
Amanita, L. Bacon.....	1 32 01
Edith, C. M. Baker.....	1 34 00
Cyrella, R. W. Emmons.....	1 35 01
Sylvia, S. D. Warren.....	1 41 21
Kestrel, F. L. Dabney.....	1 41 50
Bohemia, R. L. Barstow, Jr.....	Withdrew.

Fourth Class—Cats.

Hod.....	1 50 50
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15ft. One-Design Class.

Flickamaroo, W. B. Emmons.....	0 43 45
Uarda, John Parkinson, Jr.....	Disabled.
Teaser, R. W. Emmons 2d.....	Disabled.

Judge, E. N. Farnsworth.

Uarda and Teaser were in collision, and later Teaser swamped and was beached.

Niagara II, Howard Gould, arrived at Antwerp on June 26.

Eastern Y. C. Annual Regatta.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, June 30.

THE Eastern Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on June 30 in half a gale from W.N.W. and a lively sea, only half a dozen yachts starting. The two big schooners Constellation and Hildegarde were matched, but the latter parted her jib sheets before the start and withdrew. The 70ft. l.w.l. centerboard cutter Athene, just from the Bristol yard, where she had two tons of lead bolted under the keel and two new sails made, went in against Constellation for the Puritan cup.

Gloriana and the new 51-footer Shark were in the harbor, but Shark would not start with reefed sails. The course was out around the E. Y. C. mark, then around the Graves Whistling Buoy and return over the same course. Athene sailed with topmast on deck and full lower sail. Constellation ran away from Athene off the wind, but in beating out to the Graves the cutter took the lead. On the third leg, off the wind, Constellation regained the lead, but on the beat home she carried away the jaws of her main gaff and Athene won by a large margin. The times were:

Puritan Cup.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Athene, W. O. Gay.....	4 30 00	4 22 14
Constellation, F. Skinner, Jr.....	4 46 55	4 46 55

Schooners, 46ft. Class.

Barbara, D. O. Earle.....	4 14 39	4 14 39
Rondira, D. C. Percival, Jr.....	4 21 31	4 18 23

Cutters—35ft. Class.

Halaia, J. P. and C. E. Loud.....	4 30 25	4 30 25
Siren, Robert Saltonstall.....	Disabled.	---

Athene wins the Puritan cup for the year; Barbara wins \$75; Halaia wins \$50. The steamer Gov. Andrews carried the members and guests over the course, to the serious discomfiture of some of the ladies.

The judges were H. H. Buck, H. D. Bennett, Henry Howard, F. O. North and O. B. Roberts.

Squantum Y. C.

SQUANTUM, MASS.

Saturday, June 30.

THE Squantum Y. C. was favored with a westerly gale for its open regatta on June 30, but a number of boats were out under four reefs. The race was attended by various mishaps; Lobster capsized and her crew was taken off by her rival, Zoe. Coquette was driven ashore. The times were:

Class D.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	1 12 15	---

Class S.

Ursona, E. E. Prior.....	1 26 15	---
Coquette, B. D. Amsden.....	Stranded.	---

Class T.

Zoe, J. McCarthy.....	Not timed.	---
Lobster, C. Hendrie.....	Disabled.	---

Handicap Class.

Kiuna, F. N. Learned.....	1 15 30	1 13 30
Acme, H. Patten.....	1 22 10	1 16 10
Snowhous, Sargent & Drew.....	1 29 40	1 25 40

The winners were Early Dawn, Ursona, Zoe and Kiuna.

Royal Canadian Y. C.

TORONTO—TORONTO BAY.

Saturday, June 23.

THE Royal Canadian Y. C. sailed a race on June 23 for the first, 30ft., 16ft. and dinghy classes. In the first class Merrythought won, with Clorita second. The wind was light, but Merrythought led from the start. In the 30ft. class Sylvia beat Wona. The times were:

16ft. Class—Start, 3:30.

	Finish.
Merlin.....	4 44 00
Caprice.....	4 45 30
Hustler.....	4 45 45
Cake Walk.....	4 46 25
Dodo.....	4 46 30
Sigma.....	4 55 15

Dinghy Class—Start, 3:35.

B Jarvis.....	4 28 30
C Sweatman.....	4 31 00
George Gooderham, Jr.....	4 34 00
F Smith.....	4 37 00

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, June 30.

THE Columbia Y. C. sailed a race, the third of the series, for the smaller yachts on June 30. The times were:

Class 9.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Query	2 32 40	3 16 40	0 44 00	0 41 42
Satyr	2 31 25	3 18 10	0 46 45	0 46 45
Albatross	2 31 50	3 21 30	0 49 40	0 41 26
Gironda	2 31 30	Swamped.		
Loon	2 30 33	3 20 25	0 50 02	0 42 19
Willit	2 30 20	3 22 49	0 52 29	0 43 46

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

A match was sailed on June 24 between the tuckups Freda K. and Catherine C., over a course from Market street wharf, Philadelphia, to Kaign's Point, Howell's Point and return. The times were, start, 2:00:

	Finish.
Freda K., Charles Dunlay.....	4 10 00
Catherine C., Harry Quinn.....	4 15 00

The weekly knockabout races of the Corinthian Y. C. at Essington on June 23 resulted as follows, start 3:15:

	Finish.
Kid	4 33 03
Fareeda	4 34 08
Grisle	4 33 25

Laurus, auxiliary schooner, designed by Cary Smith & Barbey for Dr. J. C. Ayer, left Poillon's yard on her trial trip on June 30. Brynlis, schooner, recently purchased by James Roosevelt and fitted with a 16-H. P. gasoline motor, also left the yard on the same day for a trial.

Vela, sloop, has been sold by J. E. Cowdin to George D. Provost, of New York. The yacht was designed by Cary Smith & Barbey, and built at Poillon's in 1897, and has since been on the Great South Bay.

Charles S. Ames, son of Leonard Ames, Jr., a wealthy iron manufacturer of Oswego, was drowned in Lake Ontario, near Oswego, late in the night of June 24. With a party of friends Mr. Ames was out in his yacht Bohemian, and while standing on the deck a momentary change of wind shifted the sail, which struck and threw him into the water. Attempts at rescue were unavailing. The body has not been recovered. Mr. Ames was one of the most skillful and best-known yachtsmen on Lake Ontario.

Lookout, the racing Skow designed by A. H. Higginson to challenge for the Quincy cup, was launched at Fenton's yard, Manchester, on June 20.

Eleanor, steam yacht, has been sold by Mrs. J. W. M. Cardeza to J. J. Hill, who has changed her name to Wacouta.

On June 28 a schooner yacht 60ft. over all and 20ft. beam was launched at Bay Shore, L. I., where she was built by Capt. W. C. Rogers for Regis H. Post, who designed her. The new yacht is named Shawondasee.

Sentinel, steam yacht, E. D. Thayer, Jr., arrived at New York from Newport News on June 24, and Capt. Pressey reported that "on Sunday morning at 9 o'clock Cape Henlopen, bearing N.N.W., distance fifteen miles, the steam yacht Sentinel picked up a 16ft. centerboard boat painted white, with bright gunwales and brass rowlocks, and containing one oar."

The second race of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. Center Island cup series was sailed on June 30, the times being, start, 3:08:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wyntje, F. S. Hastings.....	4 38 03	1 30 03
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart.....	4 40 58	1 32 55
Bee, A. C. Jacquelin.....	4 41 58	1 33 58

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. Fred Wolters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Harry Ford, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.

Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM..

Fixtures.

July.

7. Toronto, club annual.
14. Toronto, paddling and sailing races.
21. Toronto, races and hop.

August.

3-17. A. C. A. meet, Muskoka.

September.

1-2. Toronto, club cruise.
8. Toronto, fall regatta.
15. Toronto, sailing races.

A. C. A. Membership.

Atlantic Division—Chas. E. Losee, Brooklyn, N. Y., N. Y. C. C.; Selden G. Wickett, Brooklyn, N. Y., N. Y. C. C.

The Atlantic Division Meet.

DELEWARE RIVER.

May 26-30.

THE Division meet of the Atlantic Division, including a cruise and camp, was successful to a degree that surprised the old hands who have by long experience learned the difference between mid-winter enthusiasm in canoeing and the lukewarmness which comes with the opening of the season. There is nothing easier after a good dinner on a cold winter night than to pledge every one present to attend a cruise or a meet in the coming summer; they can hardly wait until the time comes; but after the camp is opened and more or less elaborate preparations made for the expected multitude, they modestly remain invisible. This meet was an exception. Seventy-five men were present at the dinner of the Atlantic Division in New York last winter, about all of them promising the Vice-Commodore and officers that they would take part in the meet in May. The camp register on May 31 showed seventy-six names. Whether every man kept his promise, and if so, who the odd man was, we do not know, but both gatherings showed a representative set of canoeists from the Division.

The arrangements for the meet were not only carefully planned, but much trouble was taken in making them known to the members, and it is probably due to this, backed by the reputation of the executive, which induced so many to make the trip. The circular prepared and sent out by Vice-Com. Allen and Purser Wood, with a detailed programme, a chart of the Delaware and full instructions as to rendezvous, etc., made it an easy matter to prepare properly for the trip.

Following the programme, the party met in the afternoon of May 25 at the United States Hotel, Easton, Pa., and spent a pleasant evening together after dinner. The muster showed thirty-five men and twenty-one canoes, and as practically all were old friends, the reunion was in every way pleasant. The start was made early on Saturday, and at 8 A. M. all were well under way for Oak Island. Three members of the Brooklyn C. C. were out for their annual camping cruise down the river, so left the main party here, or rather remained behind at the start, falling in again near the end of the cruise. The start was made at an easy pace, most of the men having had little practice this spring. A rapid just above Raubsville made a pleasant diversion, and at about 9:30 the party landed at that place—a good hotel with a comfortable porch, tempting to an hour's rest. After starting again, a short run brought them to Reigelsville too early for dinner. While waiting, the Brooklyn party passed down the river.

The host, Carty, produced a good substantial dinner and they pulled out about 2 o'clock. The wind thus far had failed, and many regretted that they had not planned for a longer run on the first day, but after dinner it was blowing quite hard up stream, so that there were no complaints as to the short distance scheduled.

The old dam at Durham Furnace gave a very lively little run, and was, of course, enjoyed. There was nothing further worthy of notice during the remainder of the afternoon, and about 5 o'clock all pulled into Frenchtown, where they were greeted by five more men and four more canoes, thus making the party twenty-five canoes and forty men, and this fleet, when in single file, as in running rapids or when spread across the river as they occasionally did in the smooth, quiet stretches, presented a beautiful sight, and one that perhaps it will not be the lot of any of the participants to again behold. A very pleasant night was passed at Frenchtown, and all did justice to the bountiful repast spread by friend Apgar.

On Sunday morning a fair early start was made, and all were soon enjoying the beautiful stretch of river below Frenchtown and the pretty run through the group of islands at Stover's. Tumble Falls, just below the railroad station of that name, was the most lively of any rapid encountered thus far, and the excitement of shooting the rapids was well enjoyed. A few miles further came the dam of Bull's Island. The sluice of the dam is of a good width, and very clean, with a large number of big foamers at the bottom. After giving it a hasty inspection the party laid by for running. When about half had gotten through safely (although the majority found it necessary to go to shore to dump out the water which in most cases was some 2 and 3 in. deep inside of the canoe) two of the New York men came through tandem, kneeling, in a low, open canoe with single blades. The result was, the first large wave took exception to their style and swamped the canoe. It was soon turned bottom upward, and the men floated through the remaining half-mile of rapids, reaching the shore at the bottom, where they rearranged their duffle and adjusted their clothing. The weather being warm, they thoroughly appreciated the bath, and by the time Lambertville was reached their clothing was dry enough to go to the hotel for dinner.

The Bull's Island shoot, as heretofore has been the experience in short trips, was probably the most pleasant of any run. At this point the Brooklyn men rejoined the party, and continued with it until the end of the cruise. Lambertville was reached in good time for dinner, after which a good examination of Well's Falls was made. The channel through the middle is impracticable for an open canoe, particularly tandem. Nearly all of the party were in open canoes, and the majority tandem, so that channel was disposed of with little consideration and an examination was made of the channel down close to the Jersey shore. The water there, along this side, was very shallow, with rocks projecting everywhere. It was therefore decided that as the superintendent of the Delaware & Raritan Canal had so kindly given to the party the use of the canal, and instructed the lock-keeper to open the lock for it, it would be advisable for those who were cruising tandem to enter the canal and paddle down it until near the foot of the falls, where there was an easy slide down the canal bank into the river. This course was adopted by a majority, and those who were alone in their canoes proceeded down the Jersey shore, but not without some bad bumping, and in one or two cases a hang up. Furman, of Park Island, who had his deck covers with him, ran the center of the falls down over the big foamers, and several times was lost entirely to sight in the big waves. The pleasure of shooting the center is great, but should be attempted only in covered canoes.

There was now a long and quiet stretch before the dam at Scudder's was reached, about 5 o'clock. Part of the wing wall of the dam had given away, making a rather crooked but good channel. Through this the canoes picked their way, and all voted it a success as a producer of exhilaration. From there to Park Island the canoes lined up across the river, covering, when paddling, the river from shore to shore. The island was reached about 6 o'clock, and the Camp Site Committee soon provided the necessary quarters for the visitors, after which, with an appetite sharpened to a razor edge, all fell to and hastily disposed of the articles produced by Caterer Hudson.

Besides those who made the cruise, others, who were less fortunate in the matter of time, came to Park Island for the camp and races, the camp register showing seventy-six members of the Division. The work of enlarging the Park Island club house was delayed far beyond the appointed time, so that it was still in an unfinished condition, and the kitchen was not in shape to provide for such a large party, but the diligence of the caterer made up for this deficiency, and there was no lack of good food. The tents of the Park Island men, all in position for the season, offered ample accommodation for all visitors.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday were spent very pleasantly, with a little racing at times on each day, and a good deal of loafing between, while at night there was the usual camp-fire. Among those present were Seavey, Peebles, Berry, Smythe, Murray, Park, Fennimore, Kreamer, Hogan, Wilkin, Dunnell, Dater, Hewitt and Stephens. The annual meeting of the Division was held on Monday, the following officers being elected.

The races resulted as follows:

Novice, one man, double blades:

1. T. R. Davis, Lakanoo C. C.
2. W. H. Rickey, Park Island C. A.
Fred Furman, Park Island C. A.
H. A. Hill, Park Island C. A.
W. S. Hewitt, Lakanoo C. C.

Novice, tandem, single blade:

1. T. W. Cooke—W. H. Rickey, Park Island C. A.
2. H. A. Hill—Fred Furman, Park Island C. A.
3. W. S. Hewitt—T. R. Davis, Lakanoo C. C.

Novice, tandem, double blades:

1. T. R. Davis—W. S. Hewitt, Lakanoo C. C.
2. T. W. Cooke—W. A. Furman, Park Island C. A.

Tandem, double blades:

1. Chas. Eastmond—H. C. Allen, Brooklyn and Park Island.

2. T. R. Davis—W. S. Hewitt, Lakanoo C. C.

3. T. W. Cooke—W. A. Furman, Park Island C. A.

Tandem, single blades.

1. T. R. Davis—T. W. Cooke.

2. W. A. Furman—Chas. Eastmond.

Tail-end race:

1. T. W. Cooke, Park Island C. A.
2. W. A. Furman, Park Island C. A.
3. H. C. Allen, Park Island C. A.
H. A. Hill, Park Island C. A.
T. R. Davis, Lakanoo C. C.

Novice, single blade:

1. Chas. Eastmond, Brooklyn C. C.
2. E. W. Crittenden, Red Dragon C. C.
W. A. Furman, Park Island C. A.

Hand paddling:

1. E. D. Anderson, Park Island C. A.
2. M. D. Wilt, Red Dragon C. C.
W. A. Furman, Park Island C. A.
E. W. Crittenden, Red Dragon C. C.
E. D. Hemingway.

Swimming race:

1. J. M. Lovett, Park Island C. A.
2. Fred Furman, Park Island C. A.
Miller Heidweiler, Park Island C. A.

Single blade paddling:

1. Chas. Eastmond, Brooklyn C. C.
2. T. W. Cooke, Park Island C. A.
M. D. Wilt, Red Dragon C. C.
W. A. Furman, Park Island C. A.

Double blade paddling:

1. T. R. Davis, Lakanoo C. C.
2. Chas. Eastmond, Brooklyn C. C.
M. D. Wilt, Red Dragon C. C.
W. A. Furman, Park Island C. A.
E. W. Crittenden, Red Dragon C. C.

Tournament, first heat:

1. H. C. Allen—Chas. Eastmond.
2. M. D. Wilt—E. W. Crittenden.

Second heat:

1. E. D. Hemingway—H. E. Davis.
2. W. A. Furman—Fred Furman.

Third heat:

1. E. D. Hemingway—H. E. Davis.
2. H. C. Allen—Chas. Eastmond.

Tandem overboard race:

1. M. D. Wilt—E. W. Crittenden.
2. E. D. Hemingway—H. E. Davis.
3. H. C. Allen—Chas. Eastmond.
4. W. A. Furman—Fred Furman.

The successful meet was due mainly to the work of Vice-Com. Allen and Purser Wood, aided by the members of the Park Island C. A., who did everything possible to entertain the visitors and to aid them in the handling and shipping of canoes.

Brooklyn C. C.

THE Brooklyn C. C. held its annual June regatta on the 16th, off its new station, Gravesend Bay, the wind being fresh from the east with rough water. The events were: Upset Paddling Race, Scratch—Won by P. F. Hogan, with S. J. Bennett as crew. Time, 2m. 23s.

50yd. Scratch Swimming Race (Club Championship)—Won by H. M. Dater, Com. Frank L. Dunnell, second; S. J. Bennett, third; M. M. Davis, fourth. Time, 1m. 5s.

Half-Mile Straightaway Paddling Competition (Decked Canoes)—Won by Eclipse, Frank L. Dunnell; Rattler, H. M. Dater, second; Eastern Star, Morton V. Brokaw, third. Time, 2m. 35s.

Annual Challenge Match for the Buddington Trophy (Three Miles, Triangular)—Won by Eclipse, Frank L. Dunnell, defender. Time, 4:15:20. Clover, M. M. Davis, challenger, second. Time, 4:20:20.

Down the Raisin.—II.

Boxing the Compass by Canoe—An Aquatic Journey Through Lower Michigan—The Cruise of the Little Pilgrim.

It was said in the previous part of this narrative that the upper portion of the River Raisin bore no traces of traffic or commercialism. There was, as we* discovered, most excellent reason for this, since in many a bend beside the one in which the Little Pilgrim had come to grief, nature had written in sprawling but unmistakable characters, "No Thoroughfare." Frequently all that day and the next we came upon these protests against our passage, the foundations huge logs of driftwood and the trunks of trees that lay on the spot where they had fallen, the superstructures closely woven from their dismembered branches and all sorts of miscellaneous flotsam. Through some of these there might be found on careful scrutiny a narrow and uncertain opening, barely wide enough for the Little Pilgrim, and it was one of the pleasures of the voyage to essay these successive barriers in all their variety and originality (for no two of them were alike), and thus to thwart the purpose of the old dame who would fain have shut us out from her secrets. But the most of these were navigable only for finny travelers or the predatory mink that occasionally stole along the shores. At these it was necessary to land the canoe and to "lift in" and "lift out" with all the loading and unloading usually incident to more serious portages. The man who attempted to follow the river in a skiff or a "john boat," the two best known methods of navigation on the waters of the inland lakes, might have got out of sight of his own farm, but the probabilities are that he would have ended his voyage ere it had fairly begun. But this was evidently a matter of supreme indifference to the farmer along our river, who wasted no time or money in building boats or in cutting away these impromptu dams. All that the farmer cared for the river was to use a few square yards of it for the purpose of watering his cattle and washing his sheep. These services accomplished, it might run away as it pleased into the regions of the unknown. Yet all these interruptions were only sauce piquante to the Little Pilgrim, which had set out to accompany the river to its home in the great lake, and which was not to be daunted by such show of apparent inhospitality.

All that long, placid summer afternoon the little craft floated down the river, now in the shadow of a group of forest trees, which had as yet escaped the axe of the woodman, now sweeping through the broad sunlight that flooded the meadows, now rushing down some miniature rapid where the stream seemed suddenly impressed with the idea of making up for lost time, but that thought abandoned, drifting more leisurely over still reaches where the hurry was entirely forgotten; always and forever winding and turning and curving backward with the most good-natured and persistent determination of going nowhere in particular and taking the longest possible time in which to accomplish its purpose. First on one side of the valley and then on the other our river sauntered, backward and forward as if bent on furnishing the greatest amount of scenery in the least lineal distance, and heedless of any apprehension that the long June day would ever come to an end. Meantime we had left the railroad and the "early settlement" far behind, and were steadily going onward—toward what and where? Less than little did the crew and captain know, and absolutely less than nothing did they care. For it was a matter of slight consequence (they thought) where the river went, so that it kept always going, and in the progress of time arrived once more in the vicinity of railroads and telegraphs, of graveled highways and the abode of man. Mayhap if they had known then what they afterward learned, they might have felt differently, but that is not at present material. It was such a delightfully novel sensation to be going, going, without the remotest knowledge of one's destination.

But as the afternoon wore on and the lights softened and the shadows lengthened, the Little Pilgrim sometimes grew half vexed with the river's consistent delay, and now and then hastened her pace for a few hundred yards, as who should say, "We ought certainly to be coming out somewhere soon." Not that it made any difference, though there are times when a change is welcome, if it is only an evidence of recurring civilization. For the Pilgrim furnished, in addition to a well-stocked larder and an accomplished cook, all the other facilities of a first-class hotel, and had it proved convenient (as it afterward did) to spend the night on the banks of the Raisin, not all the mosquitoes in Michigan could have kept the captain from sleeping the sleep of the man who carries a clear conscience and a good digestion.

It seems very likely that all the Pilgrim's hotel accommodations would have been called into requisition that night had it not been that not long after the sun had stepped behind the most convenient range of hills and the s'ow June twilight settled in the valley the Little Pilgrim came upon a bridge. Fancy the effect upon the boat and the captain of this modern paraphrase of Crusoe's solitary footprint on the sands! A bridge is indubitable evidence of a road; a road logically presupposes the existence of a class of beings of sufficient intelligence to construct it, and (when reasonably sober) to travel on it after it is constructed; and since these beings cannot always be traveling, like our rivers, they must, in all probability, erect some kind of structures along this channel of communication in which they might cook their food in the day time and do their sleeping at night. Thence it would naturally follow that a wayfaring man might—

Before this line of argument could be extended to its proper conclusion we had passed down some distance below the bridge, and for the first time in the day heard the sound of human voices. They seemed at the beginning to be in some indefinite locality beyond, and their tones came through the air like the sound of men in hiding, so difficult was it to determine their where—

*"We," as it is used in these chronicles, is not that misleading form of the first personal pronoun employed by the editor and others who wish to divide the weight of their heavy responsibility with people unknown. It is simply meant to include the Little Pilgrim and her crew.

abouts. In a few minutes the voices sounded nearer, and when they were hailed they proved to be close enough to answer questions intelligently. After one or two inquiries, which related principally to matters of distance, the canoe resumed her journey, and on rounding a bend which was a trifle more crooked than usual, suddenly encountered a swimming party on the bank of the river.

The answers to my various questions carried the information that it was still five or six miles to the nearest house (river measure), and that as it stood some distance from the water's edge we might easily run by it in the gathering darkness; that an unknown number of parangs further down the river stood the classic city of Palmyra (pronounced "Palmiry"), and lastly that some of the party lived only a mile back from the river on the adjacent hills. By this time the skies were lowering, and somehow during the colloquy I had received an invitation to go up and stay over night, which was of course entirely unexpected. The Little Pilgrim having been put snugly to bed in the bushes, the rest of the party retraced their steps up stream and crossed the prehistoric bridge on the way to the farmhouse.

Does the man who has spent all his life in the city realize what he has lost in missing the experience of boyhood on the farm? The country boy often removes into the city, in his mature years, for the brain and brawn of every municipality is largely drawn from the rural districts; but, however far away from the soil fortune and fate may lead him, the farmer boy never entirely sunders the mystic cords that bind him to his earlier existence, never wholly loses the subtle touch that keeps him always in sympathy with the great realm of animate and inanimate nature, which lies outside the lines of any human corporation. And when he comes into that realm again, perhaps after an absence of many years, he resumes at once his wonted converse as if it were interrupted but yesterday, and reads, as if in an open book, the records that to those untaught are only blind hieroglyphics. For the boy on the farm lives the transitions of the revolving year, sharing to the full its varying phases and entering with unabated zest into all the experiences which it brings. He is, in and of himself, a part of each recurring season, merging his personality in each as it in turn enfolds the earth, taking on the changing hues of nature, like the fabled chameleon, glad when she is mild and bright, graver when her face is shadowed with cloud and storm, touched with an unconscious melancholy in the ripening of the year. God bless the country, to all its boys now and always the most delightful region in all the round earth in the seasons for nutting, for swimming, for fishing, and hunting; but alas! sometimes scarcely so alluring in the times for hoeing potatoes and husking corn.

And so it was that the country boy from the city speedily established the most friendly relations with his farmer host, and together they discussed all the varying conditions of the weather and the crops, with incidental references to the far-off conflict in Cuba and the Philippines. Much to the guest's surprise, the family seemed to be quite familiar with the existence of Toledo as a city on the banks of the Maumee, and indeed the sister of our farmer's wife had a son who had some time previously gone to that metropolis to build up his incipient fortune, and the farmer himself, not so very long before, had been in Toledo for a day and had listened to some tales in which both Chicago and Duluth were clearly set forth as back numbers. All this was perhaps not so very remarkable when it is remembered that the farm was only a trifle more than a two hours' journey from the Maumee by rail.

The next morning opened none too propitiously, since, paradoxically speaking, the skies seemed to contain altogether too much water for an aquatic journey. But they held it back very considerably till the Little Pilgrim was fairly on the way again—and then it rained. The farmhouse and its kindly occupants had been left far behind; there was not a shingle in sight anywhere, but by this time we were passing through a bit of woods, and by the most satisfactory coincidence came upon a tangle of fallen trees just at the point where the rain became serious. Here, with her bow resting on a convenient trunk, which was upheld by its fellows at just the proper height from the ground, the canoe was transformed into a hotel, with all her supplies and other movables closely stowed away in the basement. Then and not till then were brought forth the pipe and the bon bouche of the voyage—carefully treasured for just such an occasion as this—the current and hitherto unopened number of *FOREST AND STREAM*. What could have been more delightful than that unreckoned hour, when, snug and dry, under the shelter of their own roof tree and a hundred miles from anywhere (by river), the crew of the Little Pilgrim called up the choicest comrades from all quarters of the globe, and held congenial converse with kindred souls! But the journal and the shower were finished at about the same time, and as the sun looked out again the hotel disappeared like a palace in the "Arabian Nights," the Little Pilgrim was once more afloat, and we sped peacefully away on our journey.

JAY BEEBE.

†The mink not only has an inveterate habit of stealing along the shore, but of stealing everywhere else that he may happen to be. He has, in fact, the reputation of being the greatest known thief in the localities which he inhabits.

A Hard Road to Travel.

QUEBEC, June, 1900.—I had some little business at the lake and invited some others, two of them young women, to drive up with me. So, with our driver, we were five, in a big sleigh drawn by two good horses, tandem. The drive up was nice, the roads being very good, and our intended stay was pleasant, as stays at Lac Clair usually are. But just at the time fixed for our homeward start there came up the storm of March 1 and 2. We stayed it out without impatience, but when it was over we wanted to get home.

This it was certain would not be easy, two travelers who came up on snowshoes giving us alarming reports of the state of the roads, which reports, from the violence of the storm, we could well believe. But we wanted to go, and I engaged these men to go along with us and shovel out our way. Besides them, we had two men with a horse, who having finished their work also wanted to go

home, and the two regular guardians of the camp, making rather a strong force.

We started out five of these men with a horse in the morning to break and shovel a road for the rest of us. We waited a while, and then set out. On the wind-swept surface of the lake, to cross which was the first stage of our journey, we got on very well, but when we came to the islands we began to get a taste of what was before us. There we found drifts! The men and the single horse with no load had struggled through them, but our heavier horses and heavily loaded sleigh were another matter. In places the horses went nearly to their bellies, and could get on but a few yards without stopping, while the sleigh plowed a complete canal from one to two feet deep. Still, we kept on till we came near the mainland. There we found trouble. The whole force of men had only been able to dig us a road for a few yards through a drift 10 or 15 feet deep, with as much further to go—that is, there was a bank of it piled up on our road which we could not avoid. After that, there were 3 feet of snow for two and a half miles through the woods, and beyond that again a couple of miles of clearing, river banks, gullies and hills, where the road would inevitably be blocked to an unknown extent. It was clear that there was no thoroughfare for us. Horses would be tired out, and some of the passengers might perish before any shelter could be reached. We could do nothing else but return to the camp and wait. The robes and blankets we threw on the snow, the passengers got out and stood on them, the horses were unhitched and compelled to flounder around and get out the best way they could. All the men were called together, and by their united exertions they turned the sleigh about also, and the camp was regained without difficulty.

The question arose what was to be done next. That heavy and cumbersome sleigh could not be got over that road for some days to come. The leader of the expedition, like Hans Breitmann, "retired into himself a little viles," and devised a plan. He got out one of the oldest, best and strongest of our canvas canoes, and by means of ropes harnessed the horses into it. It was found to go very well, and the men and the young ladies had great larks with it. The day was so far advanced that nothing else could be done, but the next morning we started the men out to shovel the road as before. Their horse could not draw their empty vehicle, so they turned him loose, and he and the men made a single track wide enough for our horses to follow. All passengers embarked in the canoe, well wrapped up with blankets and robes, and away we went. The canoe was sometimes tilted to some very uncomfortable angles, and at times took in a good deal of snow, but it was never actually upset. We could see that the horses had hard work to go along, but by the laughing of the passengers it was evident they did not sympathize much, and was merely the best we could do. It was nearly nightfall before we got through the bush and to the nearest house, having been obliged to stop and favor the horses a good deal. From there to our destination the road was open, and there were farmhouses all the way along. The men and boys of the families all seemed to be occupied chopping wood at their door, but when they saw this uncommon conveyance they dropped their axes, went into their home and called the family to come out and look. It has been said that they dropped on their knees, crossed themselves and said their prayers, thinking this to be the famous "Chasse Galerie" of Canadian legend, which, although flying through the air and clouds in summer, might be supposed to be drawn over the snow in winter by horses. The roads being well broken we drove fast, and arrived at our destination before dark. Our uncommon mode of locomotion was the subject of discussion for a week.

G. DE MONTAUBAN.

New York C. C.

BATH BEACH—GRAVESEND BAY.

Saturday, June 16.

THE New York C. C. sailed a special invitation race for the Marine and Field Club's new one-design class on June 16, the course being a triangle from off the club house around a buoy off the Atlantic Y. C. station at Sea Gate and a second mark off the Marine and Field Club, the rounds, making nine miles, naut. Five boats started at 3:27, Quinque winning. The times were:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Quinque, L. H. Smith.....	4 14 10	5 02 47	5 56 05	2 29 05
Stinger, A. Clapp.....	4 13 43	5 05 14	6 03 42	2 36 42
Kelpie, J. Brown.....	4 26 43	5 14 41	6 08 58	2 41 58
Esperance, F. L. Dunell.....	4 18 17	5 13 32	6 10 21	2 43 21
Vixen, J. J. Mahoney.....	4 16 36	5 12 13	6 12 02	2 45 02

The prize was a handsome claret pitcher of cut glass and silver. After the race the visitors were entertained at dinner. Mr. Vaux in presenting the cup recalled to the visitors the obligation of the New York C. C. to the Marine and Field Club at the time of the last international canoe race, when the club had no house nor station, and was given all the privileges of the Marine and Field Club station.

Saturday, June 23.

On June 23 a race was sailed for N. Y. C. C. boats, over the same course, starting at 3:29. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Broncho, F. C. Moore.....	5 36 55	2 07 55
Wraith, B. Fredericks.....	5 36 30	2 07 30
Spots, R. de F. Bailey.....	5 48 05	2 19 05
Eileen, C. B. Vaux.....	5 42 43	2 13 43
Pebble, R. M. Speer.....	5 44 40	2 15 40
Minx, C. V. Schuyler.....	5 46 51	2 17 51

Buffalo C. C.

THE Buffalo C. C. opened its new club house on Saturday, June 9, with a full attendance. The house contains thirty sleeping rooms, a fine billiard room and a dining room, which will accommodate 110; shower bath, locker room, servants' quarters, and one of the most complete kitchens possible. The club now has a full active membership of 150, and 20 life members.

Canadian Canoe Association.

THE newly organized Canadian Canoe Association has selected Aug. 4 and 6 as the dates for its first annual meet, at Brockville, on the St. Lawrence River. The events will include war canoe, fours, tandem and other paddling races, and a four-oared rowing race.

A Lifiable Underbody Rudder.

UNDER the present rules of the Royal C. C. it is no longer necessary that rudders be hung on the sternpost, as in all the older canoes, but the underbody rudder such as is used on fin-keel yachts is permitted. The question of disposing of such a rudder when hauling up the canoe or even on entering shoal water is a serious one, as any contact with the ground with the rudder down will probably result in injury to it if not to the case as well. The rudder here illustrated is a new invention of Mr. Warrington Baden-Powell. We are indebted to the Field for the cut and description.

The rudder here given has been evolved from the experience gained from trial of several patterns almost similar, and it is anticipated that all the material defects of a lifting rudder have now been overcome. The idea of a self-lifting rudder—that is, one which would lift automatically on striking ground when going ahead—has also been amply tested, and it was found seriously faulty in other respects and was abandoned. Such action required the pivot point A² to be at the forward point of the case, consequently the rudder stem E was brought to the after end; a lift, on striking the ground, soon brought the blade G up to the keel; any further lift necessitated the rudder being turned completely round fore and aft for lifting into the case; hence the necessity of unshipping the tiller, and yet at the same time the getting of a fore and

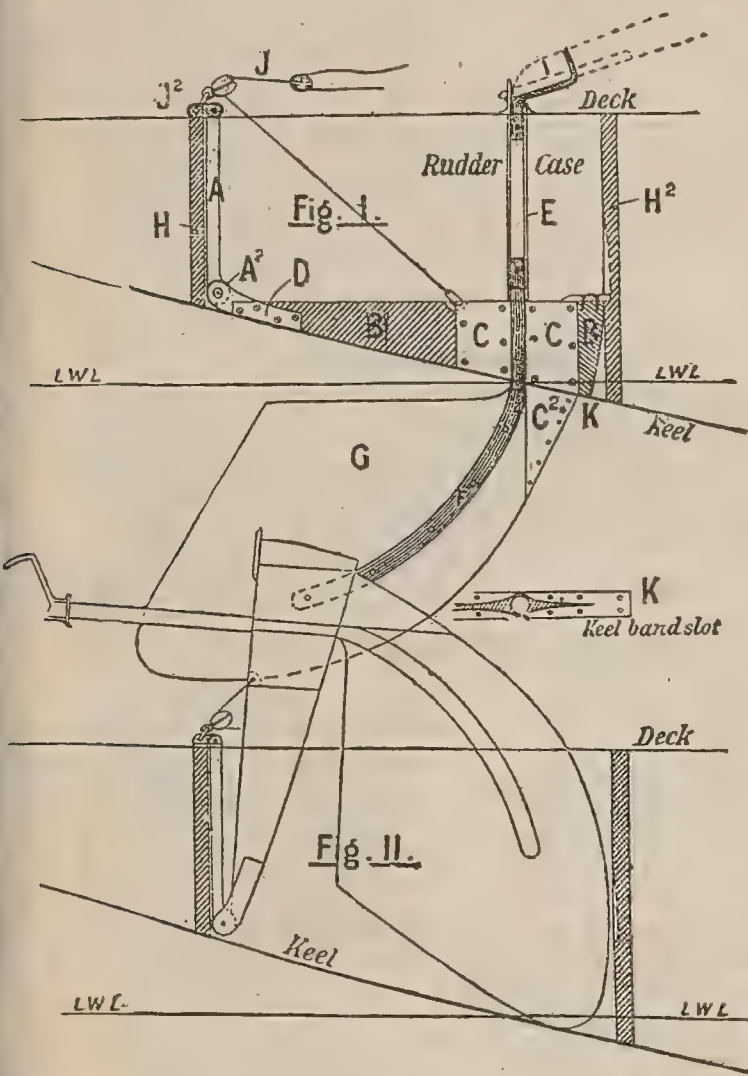


Fig. I. shows the longitudinal view of the rudder when down in sailing position in the rudder case; Fig. II. shows the rudder lifted completely by its tackle through the rudder case, as it would be for housing or for beaching the canoe.

The rudder is composed entirely, in this case, of metal, but another one is being built for trial in which the blade is of wood. The blade is slipped between the main neck pieces F and riveted. The neck F, a solid rod 3/8 in. diameter, passes up through the two center boards BB, which are lamp tightly to it by the side plates of brass CC, and then into the tube piece E, and is through riveted to this tube. The tube E projects above the deck and holds the end I, which is wrought into the form shown to take and old the tiller; the back part of the tube E above deck as a hole through which the tiller point is poked, while the horn of plate I passes upward through a central hole in the tiller and tiller plate, as shown in broken lines.

The brass plates CC, which are one complete side plate on each side of the rudder neck and encases the woods BB, are carried down as C² to form a sharp fore-edged keel guard, behind which the rudder turns. A keel band, fitted as shown at K, is screwed on under the keel, and consequently as the rudder and centerboard, including C², are lifted, the slot edges of K scrape all weeds or ranches or ropes clear off the rudder blade and the rudder can again be dropped into working position immediately.

The lifting action is obtained by the pivot joint at A², which is formed by two small plates D slack riveted to the angle hanger arm A, which in turn is shackled by a flat tackle to an eye plate on the deck above the case end H.

The pennant and tackle J give the power for lifting, and the suspension is taken, when the rudder is down, at the several points, viz., by the hanger A, by the flanged head collar at I on the deck, by the stop bolt traveling to the bottom of the cut in H², and completely by B sitting on the inside of the keel band and the tube E resting on the side plates C. The whole rudder is immediately liftable out of the case on unshackling at J² from the deck plate.

The case slot required for this rudder is 7/8 in., but it is being made exceptionally strong. The rudders in last year's Nautilus and in the 1898 canoe were much narrower in the tube and neck pieces, but they were often bent by striking ground, and it is deemed well to have a reliable rudder even at some ounces extra weight, especially when a pound or two, or even ten, is not grudged by the owner in other parts of the boat's structure.

This A. C. A. Camp

Is the Opportunity of Your Life.

THE writer and family started Friday, June 22, for the A. C. A. camp at 11:30 A. M. on the Muskoka Express for Muskoka Wharf, arriving there about 2:30, after a most enjoyable trip through this rugged Northern scenery.

Three large well-equipped steamers waited the arrival of our train. We went on board the largest, called the Medora, which takes the Lake Joseph route, calling at the A. C. A. camp. Some time was spent in loading several carloads of miscellaneous freight into every available corner of the boat, until the lower deck was so packed that to reach the purser's office I had to crawl on my hands and knees under a large 20ft. boat which was turned on its edge against his cabin. No extra charge was made for this knee drill or for a view of a handsome stallion that occupied the only vacant space after the gang-plank was pulled in.

Just before we left the wharf the dinner bell rang, and as our appetites had not been checked through to Birch Point with our baggage, we went below to appease them. We did this most completely on soup, roast beef, potatoes, corn, peas, pudding, pie, tea and strawberries—at least that is what I tucked under my vest in exchange for the half-dollar which I had to pay to the good-looking girl who handled the meal checks.

While we were thus engaged, the steamer had turned her nose up Lake Muskoka on the way to Port Carling, twenty-one miles from the dock. Right here let me remark that to members who have never been through this lake, and who think that Muskoka is too far away for them to attend, the scenery passed on this twenty-one-mile trip is worth traveling days to see. We made the trip in about one and one-half hours.

The stallion gave some of us a lively few minutes en route; his quarters were not unlike those in Noah's Ark, somewhat cramped; the baggage truck was in close proximity to his side, and a slight lurch of the boat caused it to roll and hit the horse, who promptly jumped forward, upsetting two plate glass mirrors in a crate. They fell under his front feet. The lusty shouts of his groom blending with the cracking glass as the horse danced on the mirrors, breaking them in a fresh spot at every step, startled the passengers on the deck above. Knowing that the business heels of the animal were right against the narrow stair leading to the lower deck, I hesitated about going down to see what the row was about, but the groom kept shouting for a man to come and help him, and as men seemed scarce, I cautiously got down past the animal's heels and lifted the truck and the mirrors, or what was left of them, out of the way, and was rewarded by being allowed to pet and rub the nose of the handsomest horse I ever saw.

But to return to our trip. After passing through the single lock at Port Carling, the steamed headed for Birch Point, now the A. C. A. camp, which is only one and one-half miles from the Port, and in a few minutes was tied up alongside the large wharf, and while our baggage was unloaded we took possession of the house and spent the evening unpacking duffle.

On Saturday morning I hoisted the A. C. A. flag on a 50ft. pole at the dock, and was rewarded by a call from two old A. C. A. members.

To-day being Sunday, we have walked all over the Point, and I just want to say to members that in my experience we have never had a camp ground that will compare with the present one for a general A. C. A. camp. Every tent on the Point will have a view of as charming an outlook as one could wish to gaze upon, and I can confidently say to every A. C. A. member, "Come to Muskoka if you possibly can by hook or by crook," and you will never regret it. I had never seen Muskoka in summer, but the two days I have spent at camp makes me feel that one is missing the opportunity of a lifetime not to come and see it, and I think my feelings are but an index of what other members will enjoy when they come. The Squaw Point is simply a grand spot for the ladies' camp. It is close to main dock and yet secluded; is perfectly shaded and yet every tent will overlook the water and the picturesque islands half a mile away.

I wish I had sufficient command of language to adequately describe the site and the views that can be had from camp, which is in the center of the prettiest of the three famous lakes. As I am sure it would bring every A. C. A. member who was not ill a-bed up to camp, then we would be so short of room that we would have to put some of them up the trees to roost.

W. G. MACKENDRICK, Commodore.

A. G. A. CAMP, June 24.

P. S.—Any member who has not yet received his year book should write to Sec'y-Treas. H. Begg, 24 King street, W., Toronto. They were all mailed by June 20.

The Ottawa C. C., of Ottawa, Canada, has issued a third year book, quite a large and interesting pamphlet, well illustrated, and giving a full history of the club's work through the year. The club has now a large and handsome house and a membership of 270. It has now five members with the army in South Africa—Treas. Lt. R. G. Stewart, E. C. Woolsey, Major Cartwright, Major W. G. Hurdman and E. D. Currier.

Central Division Meet.

IRONDEQUOIT BAY.

June 9-11.

WHEN Vice-Com. Jack Wright sent out a circular letter stating that he and Purser Fred Wolters would "try their hand" at holding a three days' meet of the Central Division at Irondequoit Bay, we all knew that it would be a success, and now that it is all over but the shouting, we are sure that it was, and that it marked an epoch in the annals of the Division. The Camp Site Committee—John S. Wright, H. M. Stewart and C. B. Wolters—had the main camp, which was located at Stony Point Cove, all in complete order by Saturday morning, tents all up, cots and blankets ready, dock built and everything ready to commence business. Squaw Camp was located at the I. C. C. house, the members giving up their rooms to the guests from a distance. The mess was at the Newport House across the bay, and was a great success.

There is no crowd just like an A. C. A. crowd, and this means that every one had a good time. There was more real canoeing done in the three days than one often sees at the big camp.

On Saturday afternoon the Regatta Committee pulled off the single and tandem paddle races over a short course. John Ely, R. C. C., won the first; Percy Jarvis, Buffalo, second. In the tandem, Ely and Baller, R. C. C., first; Ford and Wayland, Buffalo, second.

Saturday evening at the club house Vice-Com. Wright gave one of his fine stereopticon entertainments, showing some great pictures taken on this spring's cruises. Later we had a camp-fire at the main camp, Charlie Wolters (Alkali Ike) officiating as chief stoker—consequently, a hot time.

On Sunday morning at about 10 o'clock we started for a short cruise down the bay to Lake Ontario, through the outlet and down the shore for a mile or so, landing for lunch on the beach. Early in the afternoon we pulled our canoes over into the bay and started for camp.

The meeting of the Central Division members was held during the afternoon, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Vice-Com.—Chas. P. Forbush, Sr., Buffalo, N. Y.
Purser—Lyman P. Hubbell, Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Com.—Dr. C. R. Henry, Perry, N. Y.
Executive Committee—John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.; Frederic G. Mather, Albany, N. Y.; Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.

Board of Governors—Wm. G. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
The sentiment of the members present was strongly in favor of holding the meet again next year, either at or near Buffalo, or at Silver Lake.

Monday gave us another pleasant day; the sailing race for Central Division trophy was started with nine entries over the course of the I. C. I., four and one-half miles, Hiram Hay winning, with Fred Smith a close second and C. P. Forbush third; wind very uneven and blowing all around the compass. Owing to the fact that at the present time there are only three or four decked sailing canoes in the Division, it was decided to sail for the cup hereafter in open canoes.

Vice-Com. and Mrs. Harry Allen, of the Atlantic Division, and H. C. Morse, of the Western Division, were at camp. Total attendance, seventy-five. Every one present looking forward to Muskoka in August.

Fred Wolters, of R. C. C., has just completed a new 35-footer, which he placed at the disposal of the camp, and her running gear did not get a chance to kick up.

A new club has been organized at Perry, N. Y.—the Silver Lake C. C.—with fifteen members, all enthusiastic and ready to get into line.

Red Dragon C. C.

WISSINOMING—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, June 16.

THE Red Dragon C. C., of Philadelphia, held its summer regatta on the Delaware in front of the club house, Wissinoming, Pa., June 16. The various events were well contested, although the list of entries was not as large as it should have been, considering the many handsome prizes offered. The affair passed off pleasantly, with nice weather and favorable conditions.

The races were interesting because of the struggle between the stronger men and the extreme closeness of some of the finishes. The results follow:

- No. 1. One-man Double Blades—Hemingway 1st, Silliman 2d, Davis 3d, Cook 4th.
- No. 2. Tail-End Single Blades—Crittenden 1st, Davis 2d, Wilt Cook and Hemingway did not finish.
- No. 3. Tandem hand-paddling race was won by Crittenden and Cook. Wilt and Hemingway second.
- No. 4. Tandem, Double Blades—Hemingway and Crittenden 1st, Wilt and Davis 2d.
- No. 5. Tournament—Hemingway and Davis 1st, Wilt and Crittenden 2d.
- No. 6. Tandem Overboard, Single Blades—Crittenden and Cook 1st, Wilt and Hemingway 2d.
- No. 7. Swimming race won by Hemingway.

W. K. P.

Grand Trunk Boating Club.

THE Grand Trunk Boating Club held its spring regatta on June 16 at its station, Verdun, on the St. Lawrence River, near Montreal, the following events being run off:

- Single canoe:
- | | |
|---------------------|---|
| C. McLean..... | 1 |
| C. N. Marshall..... | 2 |
| A. Marshall..... | 3 |
| B. Disney..... | 4 |
| A. Veary..... | 5 |
- Tandem canoe:
- | | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| C. N. Marshall—A. L. Marshall..... | 1 |
| C. McLean—A. Veary..... | 2 |
- Four-oared race:
- | | |
|--|---|
| A. May, J. Bows, G. Richards, F. Auburn, stroke.... | 1 |
| G. Swan, J. Riddle, G. White, O. Harwood, stroke.... | 2 |
- Four-in-canoe:
- | | |
|--|---|
| C. N. Marshall, A. L. Marshall, A. Marshall and P. Marshall..... | 1 |
| C. McLean, A. Veary, A. May and A. Disney..... | 2 |

A daily press dispatch states that "the finals in the pigeon shooting contests at the Cercle du Bois de Boulogne, for the Exposition Grand Prix, which began at Paris Monday, June 25, were finished June 27, the competition having narrowed down to thirty-six. The results were as follows: Leon De Lunden, 21 out of 21, first; Maurice Faure, 20 out of 21, second; D. McIntosh and C. Robinson, each 18 out of 19, tied for third. M. De Lunden is a well-known Belgian shot. In the first round A. G. Spalding was among those who missed. Tod Sloane and Messrs. Wadsworth and Rogers dropped out in the next two rounds, when only four competitors were left. Mr. Robinson, a Californian, proposed dividing the whole stake of 30,400 francs, to which the others agreed. The match has been concluded."

In addition to the parlor car service in effect between New York and points on the New York & Long Branch R. R., parlor smoking cars will be run after June 30 on the trains leaving New York at 2:55, 3:25 and 4:10 P. M., returning from Point Pleasant on trains arriving at New York 9, 9:30 and 10 A. M.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The Carry is called two miles, but this is the estimate of somebody who had nothing to lug. I had a headache and all my baggage which, with a traveler's instinct, I had brought with me. My estimate of the distance is eighteen thousand six hundred and seventy-four miles and three-quarters—the fraction being the part left to be traveled after one of my companions most kindly insisted on relieving me of my heaviest bag.

—James Russell Lowell.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

THE fire which destroyed the North German Lloyd piers and steamships at Hoboken, opposite New York city, entailing a loss of \$6,000,000 and an unknown number of human lives, is supposed to have been caused by a match or lighted cigar or cigarette thrown into cotton stored on one of the piers. The conflagration of the Standard Oil Company oil tanks, across New York Bay, with a loss of \$2,000,000 and more, was caused by a stroke of lightning.

We cannot control the lightning nor avert its flash; but we can avoid throwing matches and cigarettes into cotton.

There is not so much of the wilderness remaining in this country that we can afford to burn any of it up by letting our camp-fires get beyond control. Out of every hundred campers there will always be a proportion—say fifty—of those who are careless with their fires; and because of these creatures and their folly, there must be with each recurring season, as certain as doom, a vast destruction of the forest and the prairie. We might as well attempt to control the thunder storms and the lightning of the sky as to reform these fatuous idiots who set fire to the woods. But we may see to it, each one for himself, that we are not ourselves numbered with the fire-setting fools.

With the coming of the camping season and the building of camp-fires throughout the land, it is not untimely to repeat certain cautionary rules given before in these columns as a code of conduct with respect to the camp-fire:

Never build a fire where its flame can communicate to grass or brush or branches of trees.

Never build a fire where the sparks can be carried to brush or trees, or leaves or grass.

Never build a fire without first noting the lay of the land with respect to controlling it after it is kindled.

Never leave camp for the day with the fire to burn unattended. Extinguish it thoroughly.

Under no circumstances, when moving camp, leave the fire to burn or smoulder. Put it out.

To extinguish a fire built upon the ground where there is turf, the roots of trees or other vegetable matter in the soil, pour water upon it until the ground is thoroughly soaked; then dig around about and well outside the circumference, throwing the earth in toward the center, and then wet it down again.

The Treasury Department has issued a circular to collectors and other customs officers, instructing them that under the provisions of the Lacey law foreign wild animals or wild birds from any part of the world may be admitted to the country only upon the showing of a permit for their importation given by the Department of Agriculture. The instructions are very explicit, and the only way in which they might be circumvented would appear to be by adopting the expedient of Thomas Woodcock, who was the first to bring English skylarks and other birds from Great Britain into this country in the forties. He had come as far as the lower bay of New York harbor, when, getting into a dispute with the captain of the ship about the birds, he broke open their cages and liberated them to fly ashore.

A NEW ELEMENT.

We commend to the particular attention of game wardens the gangs of Italians who are engaged in such works as railroad building, reservoir construction and other enterprises where, as a rule, the men live in tents or shanties and roam the neighborhood when they are not working week days and Sundays. No one would begrudge them this simple pleasure, were they not possessed of the characteristic small-bird killing proclivities which are common to the Latin races of Europe. They are here, as at home, industrious hunters of song and insectivorous birds. Every feathered creature is game to them; and as there are tens of thousands of them scattered here and there throughout the land, the magnitude of their depredations is such as to demand consideration and repression.

As we have pointed out before, it is this foreign element which in New England and elsewhere in the neighborhood of factory towns scours the fields on Sundays in pursuit of the small birds. Americans with generations of small bird protectors behind them cannot realize the way in which these foreigners regard the same birds. The FOREST AND STREAM is not in infrequent receipt of leaflets and circulars distributed by well-meaning women, which depict the sportsman as killing the songsters, and hold him up to a popular reprobation which would be well deserved if the picture drawn by him were not fanciful. The sportsman in America does not kill the small birds save only in the fevered imagination of the leaflet writers; he confines himself to legitimate game—the birds which, if we may consider the adaptation of means to an end in the scheme of nature, were created specially to be hunted by man. The impulse, training and practice of the American sportsman as we know him and as he is, give the lie to the leaflets which represent him as a wanton killer of little birds. In some of the European countries different sentiments, conditions and practices prevail. In Italy everything is game that flies. In northern Italy "bird murder is epidemic," wrote our consul, James T. Du Bois, from St. Gall, Switzerland, the other day; "the willow wren, hedge sparrow, blackcap, swallow, nightingale, and little singers of all kinds are victims of the trap, the net and the gun." They are taken by wholesale in the migrating periods:

As the seasons come and go the Swiss birds make their pilgrimage south, and in going and returning across the land of northern Italy and the Swiss Canton of Tessin they are mercilessly pursued by hunters of all ages and all classes. On Lake Maggiore it is estimated that at least 60,000 of the feathered songsters are trapped or killed every year, and in the region round about Bergamo, Verona, Chiavenna, and Brescia, many millions are indiscriminately slaughtered to satisfy the demand of the tables and of the millinery establishments of the world.

One of the schemes is to cover the limbs of trees, the rocks, and even the telegraph wires along the line of the bird migrations with a certain paste of such adhesive qualities that whenever the birds stop in their flight for rest or food they are held helpless captives; hundreds are often captured in a very small space by this simple means.

We read this with curiosity, because it is so foreign to our own ways; but we shall do well to remember that tens of thousands of immigrants are dispersing over this country, bringing with them small-bird killing proclivities, and some attention must be given to them in making provision for the protection of the birds.

PROCK AND GOPHERS.

THE side-hill gopher mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM the other day, whose legs on one side are shorter than those on the other, so that it can navigate a hillside successfully, must be a relative of the "prock," which with the gyascutus were known to our fathers as wandering from time to time through the funny columns of the newspapers. The fabulous creatures appear to have been an invention of a fun-loving Yankee, who got his hint from a description given in all seriousness by Capt. Jonathan Carver, who made a journey to the Rocky Mountains in 1765. In his book of "Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America," published in 1778, he gave these descriptions:

"In the country of the Osnobions (Assinaboines) there is a regular beast, of the bigness of a horse, and having hoofs, whereof two legs on one side are always shorter than the other, by which means it is fitted to graze on the steep slopes of the mountains. It is of amazing swiftness, and to catch it the salvages doe head it off, whereby it cannot run, but falls over and is so taken. I was also told of one which I did not see. This is like to a bear in size,

but covered with shell as is the tortoise, with many horns along its back. It has great claws and teeth, and is exceeding fierce, eating man and beast."

The region referred to by our traveler has been explored by naturalists, but science has yet to solve the mystery of the uneven-legged beasts. Carver may have invented them; but it is much more probable that he was only giving a local habitation to mythical creatures which had place in the folk-lore of this day. For these strange animals of fiction were such as would most certainly appeal to the imagination and find a secure place in that unwritten literature which is handed down from generation to generation and carried across seas and continents, being told about the hearth and the camp-fire, but only seldom finding a place in print. The "sand-hill gopher" of 1900 is the "prock" of 1850, and that was the "regular beast" of Carver in 1765; it has taken on various shapes, but the essential quality of humor remains—this is what has kept it alive and makes it secure for the future. It will live in story after the other game in the country of the Assinaboines shall have been exterminated, just as the hoop snake is found in regions where no other serpents have survived.

SNAP SHOTS.

It is reported that the Messrs. Weisbrod, of Philadelphia, who have a game preserve of 2,800 acres in Pike County, Pa., propose to turn out there a score of wild boars from the Black Forest in Germany, in order that they may have material for the sport of pig-sticking. There have been several importations of wild boars into this country; one lot was brought to the Neversink country in Sullivan county, New York, and another to the Blue Mountain Park, established by Austin Corbin in New Hampshire. We believe that without exception the beasts have proved to be a nuisance and nothing more. They certainly are undesirable as additions to our wild fauna, and might legitimately come under the prohibitive control of the Agricultural Department in the regulations which it is to provide for the importation of foreign species.

It is a suggestive commentary on the wild bird supply of this continent that Chief Game Warden Tinsley, of Ontario, questions if a wild turkey is now to be found within the limits of the Province. If there be any of the birds in their wild state, he suggests that they should be captured and placed in the Rondeau Park, for the purpose of restocking that very suitable locality. The scheme of giving the wild turkey a new start in a protected region such as the Rondeau Park, the parent birds being imported from elsewhere, appears to be a more sensible and hopeful enterprise than the introduction of foreign birds such as the capercaillie or black game. The species which were indigenous to the land, and which the history of the past demonstrates would thrive if not pursued to the death by man, are plainly those which give the best promise of establishing.

For it is not so difficult to restore a wild species if only the opportunity be given it to increase and multiply under natural conditions. An example in point is that of the beaver. In Maine, in Michigan and in the Adirondacks, three districts where the animal was on the point of extinction, absolute protection has been given to it for a number of years, and the result is, as reported from one point and another, that the beaver is coming back to its old haunts and surely increasing.

A New York millinery concern when arranging for the killing of sea gulls on the Maine coast, found at Bar Harbor a local agent in the person of a hotel clerk. It might be thought that an individual possessing the genius to be a summer hotel clerk would have more sense than to promote the killing of gulls in his neighborhood. The fool-killer should take a run down there.

We have received and shall print next week the text of Judge Hanford's recent opinion rendered in the case of a Spokane, Wash., restaurant keeper prosecuted for having sold quail in the close season.

In a communication elsewhere Mr. Wm. Wells predicts the starvation of larger and larger numbers of elk generally, as the winter ranges shall diminish. As he sees it, the game is doomed to retire before the encroachment of civilization.

The Sportsman Tourist.

An Ideal Retreat.

BUT few American friends across the border have any idea of the beauty of our lakes in the Midland counties of Ontario or the facilities for reaching them. Of all localities, perhaps, Salmon Lake, about two miles from St. Ola Station, on the Central Ontario Railway, affords the easiest access for a summer retreat. By leaving Toronto by the evening Canadian Pacific or Grand Trunk train you can reach your camp or cottage by 10 A. M. next morning, and again, by leaving the lake at the same hour, you reach Toronto early in the evening.

The lake is nearly five miles long, and from one to two broad, with deep bays and high, rocky promontories running away back into respectable mountains, while all around the hills rise from the water clothed with primeval forests. Not a settler's house or clearing breaks the charm of wild solitude. To the north, not a settlement for twenty miles; to the east, a wilderness for forty miles or so to the Madawaska, and to the west, almost an unbroken forest clear to the county of Peterborough. Deer abound in all the country about and may be frequently seen standing on the woodland shores trying to make out the passing canoeist, or along the marshy inlets nipping off the bulbs and blossoms of the water lily, standing like statues as your boat approaches them, until they make you out, and then up goes the "white flag," and with graceful bounds they disappear in the adjoining forest. Mink, marten and otter and, until recently, the beaver, emblem of Canadian industry, lurk in the woody dells, while the partridge is heard drumming in the sylvan shade. In the deep crystal waters sport the large lake trout, and on rocky bars the gamiest black bass of all our waters await to contest the angler's skill. The bass average from 2 to 4, and not infrequently one of 5 and even 6 pounds, dark green in color, small mouthed, and so gamy they will jump three and four times out of the water in their endeavor to release the cruel hook, making you anxious for your tackle, and if you land three out of every five hooked you may consider you are doing well.

One consideration of camping on this lake is that you are in easy reach of so many waters. Two miles or so to the southwest is Bass Lake, famous for its fishing. A short mile row or paddle up the channel from the head of the lake places you either on the waters of Dark or of Devil Lake. These two lakes conjoined are nearly as large as Salmon Lake. By following up the channel from Dark Lake you reach Dickinson's Lake, and from here a short walk over the portage brings one to the Blue Lakes, where the bass are plentiful beyond belief, as few anglers visit these waters. Here are three small lakes opening out into one another as blue as a whetstone, which gives them their name—very clear water with beds of marl. Here you are miles from any habitation, lofty pines wave their plumes on the giant hills around you, and the charm of the native wild almost makes you envy the life of the early redman before inevitable fate brought civilization upon them to ruin, to conquer and destroy.

The beauties of this locality and the facilities it afforded for fishing, hunting and trapping were not unknown to the former generation. About thirty-five years or so ago Bob Holland, an Englishman, built a cabin upon a lofty promontory opposite the outlet commanding a view of the whole lake and went into trapping and hunting, which yielded him large returns.

Many of the hunting parties from the front visited these localities in those days. Holland was a genial fellow, and a hunter not to know Bob Holland was put down as a tenderfoot. He had many boon companions, and right royally did he entertain them. Many a story of hunting exploits, of sportsmen's dinners, of midnight song and revel in those days are still told in the settlers' homes or by the glowing camp-fire.

At that time and subsequently a long, tedious journey over only the execrable lumbermen's road had to be undertaken from the village of Madoc, until the building of the Central Ontario Railway connecting with the C. P. R. and the Grand Trunk, and which lands the visitor at St. Ola Station only two miles from the waters of the lake.

In 1886 Col. Lamont, then private secretary for President Cleveland, afterward Secretary of War in Mr. Cleveland's second administration, camped here with a party of friends from New York and Syracuse. Subsequently a few cottages, with ample ice houses, have been built upon the islands and picturesque spots. Boats and all supplies can be obtained at the village, while the best of home-made bread, good butter, milk, cream, vegetables and all kinds of berries galore can be delivered at camp by settlers. You are in receipt of your letters and papers daily, and with such easy access to the front you are enjoying all the comforts of civilization in the invigorating atmosphere and grateful relaxation which our Canadian wilds afford. Here you are about 1,200 feet above the waters of Lake Ontario.

Many people who cannot afford to absent themselves from business for a few weeks find relief in short excursions on our great inland waters, but a large number of those who can do so pass a few weeks in expensive summer resorts and return home with a small stock of health and a large hole in their purse. On the contrary, our Canadian lakes afford that freedom from care, the very life of the lotus eater, so attractive to the imagination. The clear air is redolent with resinous odors from cedar thickets or balsam ridges which line almost every shore and numerous are the sand beaches where the clear water so gently deepens for many, many yards, where even children may learn the art of swimming without danger. In the morning and evening, boating and canoeing; at all times you may try your luck and skill with rod or troll. In the noontide heat, with novel and pipe, you enjoy your hammock in some breezy shade, and so soon as dusk steals over mountain and stream and the great headlands cease to cast their image upon the mirrored water, a glorious camp-fire. Now and then an excursion and picnic to an adjoining lake, with a row home on the moonlit waters, vary the daily experience. Such is camp life.

After four weeks or so of such experience you return to your homes with a stock of health and conscious en-

joyment, and with glowing anticipations of even a happier outing the next season.

Let us hear old Nessmuk sing the praises of his ideal camp if you are skeptical of the enjoyment:

"There is a spot where the plummy pines
O'erhang the sylvan banks of Otter;
Where pigeons feed among the vines
That hang above the limpid water.
There wood-ducks build in hollow trees,
And herons among the matted sedges,
While drifting on the summer breeze
Float satin clouds with silver edges.

"'Tis there the bluejay hides her nest,
In thickest shade of drooping bushes,
The fish-hawk, statue-like in rest,
Stands guard o'er glassy pools and reaches.
The trout beneath the grassy brink
Looks out for shipwrecked flies and midges,
The red deer comes in search of drink
From laurel brake and woodland ridges.

"Beneath a hemlock grim and dark,
Where shrub and vine are intertwining,
Our shanty stands well roofed with bark,
In which a cheerful blaze is shining.
The smoke ascends in spiral wreaths,
With upward curves the sparks are trending,
The coffee kettle sings beneath,
Where smoke and sparks and leaves are blending."

E. B. FRALECK.

BELLEVILLE Ont.

The Forests of Spanish Honduras.

THE Spanish Honduras forests are liberally stored with game. The Currasaw macaw, partridge and pava are among the birds found in those woods, while in the animal line are to be found the pisote, a small animal resembling the raccoon of the Southern States; the peccary or wild hog, and several species of monkeys.

One day last February I started out for a walk of three or four leagues into the forest with a friend, a Mr. John H. Swart, of Porquin De Copan. It was early in the morning when we made the start, carrying with us a machete apiece and a shotgun. Swart's Mossa went with us also, carrying a sharp machete for the purpose of cutting a way through any underbrush which we might encounter.

In traveling, I have passed over many beautiful roads, but never have I feasted my eyes upon such paths of beauty as I that day looked upon as we clambered up and down the sides of small mountains and over or through rippling streams born of the mountains and of the dew. Keats' line is here everywhere appropriate:

"Sleepy paths where shady twilight dreams the summer time away."

About two miles out of the little town in which we were both stopping we came to the Rio Bamayho. This we crossed as all streams are usually crossed in Central America—on the back of the Mossa. For a new beginner in this mode of bridging a stream, the first ride is very exciting, the Mossa stooping until the rider gets well located on his shoulder, and then grasping his legs firmly under the knee he starts slowly into the stream, feeling along with his feet for any sudden "sag" in the river bed. Each step seems to the nervous rider a sure precipitation into the current of the stream, as he sits up, his head and shoulders flapping above the Mossa's head as a flag waves on a windy day.

On all sides of us, and extending into the dark, waxen looking forests as far as the eye can see, were the great palms, which so beautify and typify all tropical landscapes. Along the road that day I noticed ferns growing to the size of large trees and vines, with exquisite flowers on them like morning glories blooming in the broad sunlight, throwing off a most delightful tuberos-like odor.

The smaller streams of Central America are generally bridged with fallen trees, which are thrown across the stream so as to permit of their limbs interlocking and allowing one by skillful climbing to escape across it with seldom more than three wettings. I know of no more pleasing sight to the eye than the vista stretching along the bank of some Central American river. Beautiful trees grow on either side, casting their shadows in the clear waters of the bending stream. The low mountains back from the river, carpeted with green and pinnacled with palms, form a pleasing background to the stream.

About six miles out on this road we began entering by a winding trail or path the palm forests. When once well into the forest we found that the shadows were "perpetual shade," with only an occasional ray of sunshine glimmering here and there upon the palm-lined pathway. The trees found here, other than palms, were almost always weighted down with orchids of great beauty and fragrance. Wherever the palms gave way to trees of other varieties the sunlight would have the effect of drawing quantities of macaws to their branches, feeding on the leaves, bark and nuts. I shot one in one of the trees that measured several feet from tip to tip of wings. They are of beautiful colors, being bright red, green, yellow and blue, with a white face, which gives them an odd appearance. Among the densest palms I saw a small drove of wild hogs or peccary, which scurried away in the gloom of the further forests. The constant chattering of monkeys and different varieties of birds was heard continually through the forest, and evidently from the sound they were high up in the larger trees.

In almost every damp, shady place one will find growing a flower called the wild "plantaino," which bears the most exquisitely shaded and mottled flower I have ever seen. It looks so much like an artificial flower that one will take it in his hand without discovering the deception. The plant is very much like the canna lily, and I imagine would thrive in the Southern United States out doors under very much the same conditions, and perhaps in Northern conservatories, well watered, with plenty of reduced sunlight. Wild caladiums of elephant ears grow everywhere, and it is a common sight to see a barefooted native walking calmly along in a heavy rain storm or in the glaring sunlight under one of these

leaves, using it as an immense umbrella. A tree commonly seen in Central America is the yellow fever tree, which has a graceful drooping habit, and long handsome green leaves. It derives its name from a pod which it bears and which the natives think properly boiled and kept about will conjure yellow fever, as they say, and render it a harmless malady.

The people one meets in a forest ramble are very simple people, and are generally very lightly clad. A bright-colored shawl and a yard or two of fancy ribbon would make ample covering for several large families.

On no country of our earth are the beauties of nature more prodigally lavished. Mighty inland seas, up to the present time mighty solitudes, save for the presence of bird, fish or beast; mountains gorgeously wrapped in green from base to summit; valleys fertile with the fertility of land that has never been tilled by human hands; unsearched and unsearchable forests of mahogany, ebony and dyewoods, and teeming with game, from the small pisote to the Central American tiger and lion; skies touched with all the soft rosy tracery known only to the Master Hand, and air balmy as a Florida April day. To-day an unknown and unfathomed wilderness, but ere long the Mecca of many tourists, who will go there to revivify themselves in the balmy breezes, listening to strange sounds and amusing themselves seeing strange sights nowhere to be equaled for quaintness or queer-ness on the face of the globe.

PAUL WARD.

Stories from the Woods.

Being Notes from Memoranda of Talks with the Guides at the Boston Show.

Beaver Increasing in Maine.

THE Maine guides from various parts of the State report that beaver are increasing in numbers to a marked extent. John Cushman thinks there are seventy-five beaver on Snake Brook, a stream flowing into Third Lake, well up the East Branch of the Penobscot. Ten years ago Joseph Mitchell, of Patten, went to Third Lake with John Francis to look up the beaver, and estimated that there were then thirty-six in that neighborhood.

Cushman says there is a family of beaver within half a mile of his camps on Katahdin Lake, and that last fall one of the guides found a second family two miles away.

Warren Wing, of Flagstaff, says there are a great many beaver in his neighborhood, and that they are causing some damage by flowing low-lying timber lands. Popple and birch, which constitute a large portion of their food, have gained a commercial valuation of late years, and trees up to 14 inches at the butt are cut by the beavers.

The guides are unanimous in saying that the law protecting beaver has been well observed, and that few, if any, beaver skins have been sent out of the State.

Locked Antlers.

Howard H. McAdam, of Calais, Me., exhibited the heads of two buck deer with the antlers locked. These were the property of Henry F. Eaton, of Calais, who secured them from a hunter who came upon the deer while still alive, though very weak. It was supposed that the deer had been locked by their antlers three or four days when found.

Both were large deer. One had a very symmetrical set of antlers, with four points to a side, while the other had eight points on one side and nine on the other. The four-point buck had had decidedly the best of the fight, having put out one of the other deer's eyes before becoming locked, and having also inflicted a number of wounds on the head and neck of the other. His left antler eventually slipped around under the larger deer's throat just behind the jaw, and the tines on the other horn becoming interlaced with those of his opponent, the two bucks were locked so securely that it was impossible to separate them.

Was it murder or suicide, or simply accidental death?

In the second set of locked antlers one of the bucks had driven his antler 2 inches into the eye of the other.

When Bear Cubs Are Born.

Mr. McAdam has mounted some of the tiniest bear cubs that were ever so perpetuated. These cubs were secured by Charles F. Keef, a lumberman, of Vanceboro, Me., about the middle of January. George W. Röss, who represents the New Washington County Railroad, and who is also chief warden for the county, gave the following particulars of the capture:

One of the teamsters at Keef's camp came in and complained to Mr. Trafton, the boss, that there was something near where they were yarding that scared the horses. Trafton went to the place with an axe, and found that a bear had denned under a stump nearby. The bear was persuaded to come part way out, and Trafton hit her on the nose with the axe, but the blow was ineffective and the bear retreated into the den. Mr. Keef was then summoned, and on his arrival with a Winchester the bear was shot and killed. After receiving the first shot and before dying, the bear gave birth to one of the cubs. The other had been born previously, and they were found in the den. An unsuccessful attempt was made to raise the cubs on the bottle. It is added that George H. Boardman, the FOREST AND STREAM correspondent in Calais, denies the truth of the statement relating to the birth of a cub after the bear was shot. The matter is interesting as throwing light upon the time bear cubs are born.

The Horns Without the Head.

The antlers of deer and other game animals are sometimes hit by rifle balls, and not infrequently fine trophies are ruined as a result. To secure a set of antlers with a gun without injuring the animal that carried them is a far different matter, and a feat not likely to be duplicated upon short notice.

A Boston man named Churchill, who was hunting at Will Atkins' Oxbow camp, has succeeded in accomplishing it, however. He was out with a guide by the name of McKinny, from Auburn, Me., on the first snow last November, and started a moose. The trail was followed, and eventually the hunters came up with the moose, standing with its head exposed, but the rest of its body con-

cealed by the forest growth. Churchill was armed with a three-barrel gun, two shot, and one .45-70 rifle barrel underneath. He had ball cartridges in both shot barrels, and as the distance was short, fired at the moose with one of these. The ball, which weighed something more than an ounce, hit the web of one of the moose's antlers, tearing a hole through it large enough to receive a broomstick, and striking with such force that the antler was knocked off the moose's head at the burr.

The hunters followed, and half a mile further on found the other antler where the moose had dropped it in the snow. His head was out of balance, and no doubt the antler had come in contact with a tree. The moose escaped, but the sportsman had a fine pair of antlers with twenty-three points as a result of his shot, and had it been in the old days when all moose were game, it is possible a cow moose scalp might have been made to do duty as a part of a very interesting trophy, even though the moose whose head it was supposed to represent was still roaming the forest. Mr. Churchill, it is only fair to add, two days later downed an eighteen-point bull, whose head he has taken out and had mounted.

Moose Calling Without a Horn.

A Boston man by the name of MacDonald, who exhibited a fine Nova Scotia moose head of his own killing at the Boston Sportsmen's Show, calls moose without the aid of a horn, using his hand as a trumpet to carry the sound and holding his nose with his thumbs meanwhile. MacDonald has the reputation of being an expert caller and a very successful hunter.

Traveling with a Medicine Man.

The Hudson Bay Company's employes have had unusual opportunities to study Indian character in the years gone by. They judged the red man, as was natural, by white men's standards, and sometimes when they thought they knew the Indians as a student knows his book they were surprised by a demonstration of basic savagery they had little expected.

The following story from the lips of one of the oldest factors in the company will serve to illustrate the point:

Back in the '50's the factor was sent to the St. Maurice district, which was then under the supervision of the father-in-law of the present head of the Hudson Bay Company, a capable and respected official. Late in the fall the factor was invited to spend a month at headquarters, at Weymontachingue House. He traveled by canoe, but shortly after his arrival a period of severe weather set in and he sent his man back to his post, determining to wait himself until the lake froze and walking on snowshoes was feasible. The visit was an extremely pleasant break on the monotony of the wilderness life. The lady of the officer in charge at Weymontachingue was a charming hostess and entertainer, and the furlough passed all too quickly.

When the time came to return considerable difficulty was experienced in securing guides to accompany the factor, as the Indians were all off on their hunting grounds. At length, however, an old man and his son were found who consented to go.

The old man had a bad reputation. While visiting the house of one of the servants for a pair of moccasins the night before starting the woman cautioned the factor.

"I think you are very foolish to go with this man," she said. "Him man eater." Then she told the story, which the factor already knew, of the time when this man, near to death from starvation, had killed and eaten his own brother. The woman told it in a way that made more of an impression, however, than when he had first heard the story. The party started at noon, spending the night in an Indian camp at no great distance from the post. The second day was bitter cold, with the thermometer 40 below, and traveling was by no means pleasant. About 4 in the afternoon a very swift stream was reached, which had not yet frozen over, though full of floating ice. The Indians hesitated on the bank, and when asked how the stream was to be crossed shrugged their shoulders and said they didn't know, whereupon the white man took the initiative. Sitting down and taking off his moccasins and metasse, and rolling up his trousers, after which he cut a pole to steady himself, he waded the stream. Arrived on the opposite bank, he took off his blanket coat and with it rubbed his feet dry, and afterward put on his nieps and other footgear and set about locating a camp site for the night. Meanwhile the Indians mustered up courage to follow his example. Supper was soon disposed of, and rolling themselves in their blankets the men prepared to pass the night.

The white man was pretty well through the first sleep, when he was aroused by an awful unearthly noise. The woman's warning flashed upon his mind, and his first impression was that the man-eater was about to murder him. He sprang to his feet and looked about in the spectral light reflected from the stars by the white mantle of snow. He was reassured a little by noting that the boy was lying to all appearances fast asleep nearby. Through the folds of the man-eater's blanket he could detect a humped up, writhing figure, and from this proceeded the sounds which had so wrought upon his nerves.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, the factor seized the blanket and swept it aside, his hand coming in contact as he did so with the long black hair of the man beneath, which was reeking wet, despite the arctic severity of the night. The old Indian thus revealed was crouching and uttering an inarticulate weird incantation and was as a man possessed. He did not notice the interruption, but continued swaying his body and making night hideous with the bestial noise. The factor had never seen anything like it, and he was mad.

"What's all this?" he said, shaking the man and attempting to rouse him. "What are you doing?" The Indian made no reply at first, but after a while he said in his native tongue, speaking as though aroused from sleep: "Too bad! Too bad!"

"What's too bad?" asked the white man.

"You've spoiled my conjuring," said the Indian.

"What do you mean?"

"I was conjuring to-morrow you'd have no more rivers to cross. You pleased me to-day wading the stream, and I was conjuring the evil spirit that he would be favorable and save you from the necessity in future."

"Never you mind me," said the factor; "turn in and go

to sleep and don't let me hear any more of your conjuring."

The white man remained awake the rest of the night, and at half past three roused the Indians, and they proceeded on their journey, arriving at their destination before dark. Conjuring has been an important trade among the Indians in the Hudson Bay territory. The medicine men made a good living, earning an important part of their income as fees given them to bring harm to the enemies of their clients. Their ability to do this was never questioned, and no tangible result was required. It was enough that the enemy had been conjured.

As a result of his experience with the medicine man, the factor came to the conclusion that whatever else, the Indian was honest in his belief in his own supernatural powers. The man might be a rogue, but he was no charlatan. Incidentally, the factor adds, the streams they encountered the last day of their journey were all spanned by ice bridges and no more wading was required.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Down the Raisin.—III.

Boxing the Compass by Canoe—An Aquatic Journey Through Lower Michigan—The Cruise of the Little Pilgrim.

It was not long after the little episode of the summer hotel that we came upon a bit of scenery long to be hoarded as one of the pleasantest recollection of the journey. The river, which was still narrow, had for the first time crept close under a range of wooded hills on the easterly side, while the trees stood thick upon the opposite bank, which made a part of the low and level valley. Overhead the long branches, reaching toward each other in all the luxuriance of their June foliage, formed an almost perfect arch, and underneath the wild grapevines were draped in many a graceful festoon. Through this leafy warp the morning sun, just clearing the further hilltops, wove the most delightful mosaics of light and shade, and flung them lavishly upon shore and water alike. What there was over the hills or beyond the valley we did not know, nor did we care to learn, for here was a charming fragment of unsullied nature which had all the requisites of sun and sky, of wood and water, needed to make a perfect picture. With what a thrill of exultation the Little Pilgrim leaped forward into this enchanted glade, the epitome and embodiment of all the secluded beauty of our river. Here indeed was the realization of the dream of the Little Pilgrim, the tangible yet subtle revealing of hidden loveliness that had been lying perdu for lo, these many years, waiting only till we should come and proclaim ourselves its original discoverers. Here we might have landed (for there was none to prevent) and taken possession of the territory in the name of the United Federation of Good Fellows, but the river was passing on, and we passed on with it.

As the Little Pilgrim continued on her way we became aware that there were other barriers to the passage of the stream beside those which had been thrown up by nature. The artificial ones were those marking the boundaries between the possession of adjoining neighbors, and these intersected the waterway as a hint to the herds grazing in the valleys that they should not trespass in forbidden pastures. The new barriers were notable, not so much for their beauty and picturesque appearance as for their utility, and they seemed to answer "excellent well" the purpose for which they were constructed. One in particular I had occasion to remember. It was a long and slender log, moored with chains at either end to the bank, and floating sufficiently high to make it impossible to force the canoe across it. The action of the water had long since removed all the bark from its surface and left it with a clean, smooth exterior which afforded a footing none the more secure because it was constantly kept wet. In crossing this primitive water gate it was necessary to lay the canoe alongside it and disembark upon the small portion of its surface which stood above the water, next to swing the boat upstream till she stood bow on so that she could be slid lengthwise over the obstruction and finally to lay her alongside again, this time below it, and put the crew aboard once more, all of which was duly accomplished without shipping any water or the loss of anybody's equilibrium. No doubt all this sounds very easy dearly beloved reader, but how would you like to try it?

By this our river and the Little Pilgrim were on such a footing of friendly regard and mutual understanding that they traveled on quite delightfully in each other's society. Each had come to a knowledge of the peculiarities and eccentricities of the other and each deferred to these qualities of his associate which individualized the river and the Pilgrim and made them what they were. And as for the crew and the captain (who was captain only by courtesy) they adapted themselves to the general plan with what grace they might. They were compelled to do so, or be incontinently spilled overboard.

As the summer sun rose higher in the heavens the idea of distributing drinking fountains (properly iced) at convenient intervals along the river suggested itself forcibly to our boat's crew. Yet these provisions for our comfort had by no means been overlooked, and they were to be found by looking for them, irregularly and capriciously placed oftentimes, but always refreshingly acceptable, with their abundant supply of cool, sweet water gushing out from some hidden vein. Indeed, the quest for these natural fountains became one of the serious duties of the day during the expedition, and whether thirsty or not it was always a pleasure to discover them and to sample their sparkling contents, comparing them with those that had been quaffed before. Frequently the only indication of their whereabouts was given by the sound of their trickling waters as they issued from some leafy bank, falling from a slight elevation into the greater current below. Some of them were remote from the river's edge and were piquantly hedged about with spearmint and watercresses, so that it was quite possible for our cook to add a salad to the noonday repast or to enrich the after dinner beverage with the chief ingredient of a julep. Unfortunately we visited these places only in the garish day, and their quiet was undisturbed save by the pinions of some passing bird. Perhaps if we had gone to them in

the shadowy hours between the dusk and the dawn we might have surprised upon their borders some of the nymphs and dryads that are wont to frequent such spots when they are unsexed by mortals of a coarser mould.

As may be imagined, the shores of our river had been undergoing a gradual change, the banks rising higher and higher and approaching more closely to the water's edge. The wide valley had now been left behind, and in many places our river was closely hemmed in by the encroaching land till it seemed to shrink many feet below the surface. One would think that such stern restrictions would have had a tendency to curb its reprehensible habit of wandering, but in truth it was always watching for some inadvertent lapse on the part of its guardians, some open space in their ranks through which it might slip unchecked and sweep outward and onward in its sinuous journey to the sea. Yet it was none the less picturesque, none the less enjoyable because of the changes which it underwent, and there was a constant though quiet pleasure in the placid anticipation of the new scenes and fresh experiences to be developed with each phase of the ever shifting landscape. Almost imperceptibly as we progressed the channel had broadened, the volume of its waters had increased and the facilities for a complete and thorough baptism in case of a capsize were greatly improved.

As the banks grew higher, the natives appeared to become bolder and some of them ventured to build their dwellings in sight of the river. Encountering one of these in our quest for watercress, we queried him incidentally as to the distance to Palmyra, and more directly and vitally as to the fish that frequented the stream. He acknowledged that there were bass (a matter evidently of small moment from his standpoint), but laid much stress upon the assertion that in the spring season many good pickerel were to be taken from the water. And by "pickerel" he meant wall-eyed pike, as I had previous occasion of knowing, and his thought was on the relation of the fish to the frying pan rather than to the fly. His testimony was corroborated at various points along the river by others who seemed to think that the only "truly good" fish were those which did not create too much trouble in the catching. The small-mouth black bass is found in fair numbers in the Raisin, but he is not always to be had for the asking, as the writer knows to his satisfaction.

It was not long after this interview with the native that we passed the mouth of the Adrian branch of the Raisin, that tributary coming up in a northeasterly direction to the main stream. There was little that our river seemed to gain by the accession of its new associate, which had already grown swollen and conceited by the recurring June showers, but the banks good naturedly made way for the added volume of its waters. Further down our expedition encountered what was at first reckoned as a rare bit of good fortune, but which afterward proved to be the root of all our later woes. (Things result that way sometimes in other places in life than our canoeing voyages.) In making a sharp turn around a sandy point the Little Pilgrim came suddenly and unexpectedly between the river and a fine specimen of the soft-shell turtle that frequents the stream, and before our amphibious acquaintance could make up his mind to try a dash for cover he was captured and transferred to the "ship's stores." Thence, with savory anticipations of a turtle dinner, we floated on contentedly toward Lake Erie.

And so without further incident the morning melted into the afternoon, and when the time was ripe for the inevitable shower the crew went ashore and tented under the canoe while the cook prepared a dinner which was none the less enjoyable because the "piece de resistance," the morning's capture, was of necessity held in reserve for another day. It was not too wet to build a fire—it never is if you know how it is done—and the tea bucket, as usual, did excellent service in freshening and restoring our wasted energies. No one who has not tried it can understand what tea is to the voyager, the hunter or the fisherman, nor how much superior it is for an outdoor beverage to coffee and all the other artificial stimulants which are associated with our latter day civilization.

At an appropriate time in the waning of the day the Little Pilgrim drifted into a reach of slack water, and then we knew that Palmyra was not far away. When the dam was reached the obliging miller told us that we might portage the canoe across the narrow tongue of land on which the mill was located, and in this way save a mile of further journeying to reach Palmyra, which stood just across the bridge. But this seemed like taking an unfair advantage of the river, and so we thanked him and went on our way around the great loop. Coming back again to Palmyra, we registered at the leading hotel (a dollar a day) and became an object for the pitying curiosity of the villagers. There was really no good excuse for this lapse into luxury and conventionalism save that Palmyra stood in the way, and we had fondly hoped that we might still discover within herb orders traces of the learning and culture which had made her famous so many centuries ago. The nearest we came to this was in the reply of the man whom we asked as to the character, direction and distances of the river below us, when he answered that "it was all Greek to him." But the sojourn here enabled us to add to our stores a supply of the luscious Michigan strawberries, then in their very prime; and this we did after an early breakfast the next morning had left us eager for the start, lest by some mischance dinner time should come upon us before we could get away. Such berries! Still wet with the dew of the morning, through which the deep rich color glowed and burned like carbuncles, fragrant as a clover meadow, large as the hopes of a fisherman on the opening day of the season, with all the flavors of glorious June subtly blended through their delicious substance, and all for ten cents a quart. With fresh turtle and fresh strawberries in the hold, what cared the crew of the Little Pilgrim for the envious fates that seemed so far off and withal so futile.

From Palmyra to Blissfield is four miles as the crow flies and the Lake Shore road runs in its course between Chicago and Toledo. Our river traverses an additional ten miles of country (fourteen in all) between the two points, in an effort to deceive the public as to its destination. A few miles below Palmyra the Little Pilgrim encountered the last formidable barrier to the passage of

the river, where it seemed as if nature had determined to make a final effort against further intrusion. Here, where the banks on either side rose to a perpendicular height of from 10 to 12 feet, two grand old trees which had stood like opposing sentinals for many a score of years had fallen directly toward each other till their heads touched in midstream, and over and through their tangled trunks and branches innumerable logs and all other forms of driftwood were crowded together in impassable confusion. A careful survey of the situation showed that there was nothing to do but to unload the "stores" on the drift, up-end the canoe against the bank as though it were a ladder, and when the crew had swarmed to the top, draw it up and carry it down stream till a launching point could be again reached—all of which was accordingly done.

It was 11 o'clock of a charming morning when the Little Pilgrim landed at Blissfield, and a beautiful grove opposite the town seemed to offer alluring inducements for a dish of turtle smothered in strawberries. But before abandoning themselves to gastronomic indulgence, and as a matter of the most ordinary prudence, the crew of the Pilgrim decided first to go up into the village and inquire about the further course of the river and the distance to the next town. They did so, only to discover how universal and comprehensive was the ignorance on those points. It was eleven miles by the wagon road to Deerfield, we were told, and presumably about the same distance by the river, which was supposed to be navigable for small boats. Further than this, no deponent could be induced to draw on his imagination.

Eleven miles did not seem to be much of a stage in the afternoon of a long June day, and so we went into camp in the grove and proceeded to hull the strawberries and the turtle. This was to be the dinner of all the voyage, and there was no reason why unseemly haste or careless inattention to details should mar the success of the occasion. After the tea had been made over the carefully built camp-fire and set aside in the spare tin cup, the turtle was tenderly deposited in the tea bucket and given all the time for its cooking that the most fastidious epicure could demand. Such a dinner, with all its entrees and side dishes, should not be passed through in a hurry, and it was not. And for this and other correspondingly good reasons it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when the ashes were knocked out of the skipper's second pipe and the duffle was again stowed below decks for a resumption of our journey. Only eleven miles, and there were nearly four hours of daylight yet in the sky. And if the Little Pilgrim could not make the port of Deerfield in all that time, why then—With the river we skirted the placid boundaries of the little town, portaged around the dam that appeared to have been the occasion of its existence and were once more away on the journey southward.

The river had now begun to run a little more swiftly, as though it had itself some vague doubts about reaching Deerfield in time for supper; but the banks were still sparsely settled and evidently both the turtles and the lovers along the shores were totally unaccustomed to approach from the water side. And so it was that the Little Pilgrim, quite unintentionally and with mute apologies came unawares upon a pair of the latter as in the seclusion of their place of tryst they exchanged confidences, half recumbent in the lush June grass. But the passing stranger was only a fleeting interruption to their happiness, and it will be a satisfaction to those who have doubts about the future of the race to know that "Love finds a way," even in the scarce-trodden wilds of Michigan.

Over many a pleasant stretch of water, over many a shining ripple the buoyant craft had floated when the skipper's watch gave warning to the sun that it was hard upon the hour of 6. The Little Pilgrim was good for three and a half miles an hour without more serious exertion than was appropriate after our aldermanic repast, and we reckoned after a glance at the sun and another at the compass that we ought soon to be within hailing distance of the town of Deerfield. More to fortify ourselves in this conviction than to gain any fresh knowledge an inquiry was addressed to the first denizen along the shores, asking him "How far is it," etc., and we were informed that the distance to Deerfield was in the neighborhood of fifteen miles. This was something of a shock to our carefully drawn calculations, but we consoled ourselves with the reflection that the man upon the bank in all probability did not know any more about the river distances than the inhabitants of Blissfield, and that he was as liable to err on the one side as they on the other. The subsequent decision was largely in favor of the man on the bank.

As the sun sank still lower and the twilight came on apace the impression strengthened in the minds of the crew that the country through which we were passing was growing more wild and desolate. This was probably a not unnatural inference, when all the circumstances were taken into consideration; and when in addition the gathering clouds began to threaten the daily storm, thus far held in abeyance for some unknown reason, it was also natural that a little extra exertion with the paddles should send our craft along at an increased speed. All went well until, passing inadvertently into shallow water, the bottom of the boat struck a sharp stone, and we had a practical illustration of "A wet seat and a flowing sea," or a like quotation. Hastily we landed upon the low, sandy beach adjacent, and as by this time the breeze had died away we were accorded the warmest possible reception by the few hundred thousand mosquitoes which had previously intrenched themselves at that point. But this did not prevent the making of the necessary repairs, and we were soon afloat again, happy that our accident had been no worse.

Even June twilight does not last forever, and in the deepening dusk the river showed black beneath us and the sky lowered darkly overhead. Soon the gathering night fell around us, shutting out the shores from view and veiling the river itself save where a slender thread of reflected light extended onward through the center of the stream, hinting rather than pointing out its further course. Whither were we floating? Into what unknown complications of dilemma and disaster were the hurrying waters bearing us? The paddles were slowed, and the Little Pilgrim moved cautiously, uncertain as to what might be in store for her in the mysterious gloom that shrouded her on all sides. But whether hastening or de-

laying, the current was ever drawing us on, like an unseen siren, intent upon our destruction.

JAY BEEBE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Simple Life.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was journeying north the other day, and as the cars rolled along I was reading FOREST AND STREAM, and at the same time could see in advance two little trout streams where I was to spend the day. Some one spoke to me from the seat behind, and upon turning around I saw two gentlemen somewhat past middle age. One was Superintendent of Schools of Bergen county, N. J., and the other a New York architect. From each one I learned something of the other. The architect told me that the superintendent was greatly interested in Arbor Day, and in instructing the children regarding the advisability of preserving the trees, etc., and of being kind to animals and birds. The superintendent told me that the architect was very much interested in the condition of mankind, and I obtained the inclosed eulogy, which substantiates the superintendent's statement. I thought that it might be interesting to FOREST AND STREAM readers to know what some men are doing in the way of good.

W. W. HASTINGS.

The eulogy which Mr. Hastings sends was spoken by Mr. J. Burrage Reed, and from it we quote these paragraphs of tribute to a simple and lovable character:

"In many respects Abe Van Allen was a king; he was unselfish to his own hurt, a quality almost unknown in our day.

Kindness to animals was a part of his nature; he loved the birds, and delighted to listen to their songs, and his love of flowers amounted to a passion. Many a dooryard in our neighborhood was brightened by flowers of his planting, which will continue to bloom and shed their fragrance as reminders of him.

"There was a peculiar pleasure in meeting him in his quiet home, a sunny spot yonder, with forest-like surroundings, where kittens were always playing around his door, and a thousand flowers of every hue were blooming all the summer time. This little garden was his kingdom, where he reigned supreme. Here all was peace and quiet; here we would find a man simple as a child, showing gladness at our approach, and giving us hearty welcome."

Natural History.

Photographing a Partridge.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having learned that a partridge was sitting on fourteen eggs in one of Greenfield's ravines, I resolved to try a shot at her with my ever reliable camera. The little home was located down in the dry bed of a brook about 20 feet below the traveled road, just at the foot of a tree.

I went down the bank carefully, stopping frequently that I might not frighten the little mother; but when I was about 10 feet from her she left the nest and ran up the bank, crying piteously, with one wing dropped down as if broken. I did not chase her nor pay any attention to her, but set up my camera about 3 feet from the nest.

I had worn a dress as near the color of the ground as possible, and having got my camera exactly as I wanted it I lay down with the rubber bulb in hand. I covered myself with leaves and closing my eyes kept perfectly still. In a few minutes the bird came where she could see me and began to spit and scold; she would come near and then fly away in a fright. Each time she came a little nearer and finally came to my very feet. Being convinced that I was harmless she went up and sat on the nest. By opening my eyes I could see her; and I waited until she was contentedly settled, then opened my shutter and gave the plate the necessary exposure. I changed my plates quickly and carefully, but each time I scared the bird away. She did not go out of sight, however, and as soon as all was quiet she would come back.

I spent about an hour and a half with the lady, then came home well satisfied with my afternoon's trip.

Two mornings later about 5 o'clock the much disturbed mother left the nest with twelve little chicks.

EUGENA W. GAINES.

GREENFIELD, MASS.

Old World Forest Lessons.

AN impressive object lesson, threefold in scope, against our mad destruction of forests comes to us from the Old World. One is in the Indian famine. What causes the famine? Drought. And what causes the drought? The answer is in the dryness of the treeless plains and in the abundant moisture of the forest and jungle. The bewildering increase of population under the benign peace of British rule has increased proportionately the demand for arable land, and to supply that demand forest and jungle have been swept away by thousands of square miles. And now come drought and famine. Another lesson comes from Egypt. The Nile is drying up. Not only does it never even approximate to the height and depth it knew in ancient times, but it is perceptibly dwindling now from year to year. Why? Because in those remote wildernesses toward the sources of the great river forest destruction is proceeding at a rate unrivaled even by our own ostrus goaded tree slayers. And the third is from the Congo, where the seemingly inexhaustible forests have already suffered such ravages that men are now talking of the need of protective measures.

We have only to look at Persia and at the Sahara to see the full fruition of the forest destroying policy. Once Persia was the most fertile land of Asia, well watered and richly wooded. Once the Sahara was the granary of Africa and of Europe. To-day they are barren sands. They are still traversed by rivers, but these flow far be-

neath the surface. Here and there they rise sufficiently to maintain small oases. Elsewhere they are hidden below sands as dry and sterile as a furnace floor, through which, however, if a well be sunk, the subterranean stream is surely tapped. Wherever by artificial irrigation the area of vegetation, and especially of woodland, is extended, nature gladly responds with a return toward her former benign conditions. The French in the Sahara are taking advantage of this fact, and are actually making measurable progress toward reclamation of that desert. It is reasonable to believe that through irrigation and reforesting conditions may be reached in which artificial irrigation will cease to be necessary, for nature will do the work she used to do before her principles of climatic economy were outraged by artificial deforestation.

These lessons, all three of them, are directly applicable to the United States. We have actually known famine in some of the Western States through the malign effects of drought. Some of our streams are dwindling as in the Nile, and threaten to vanish entirely as those of the Sahara have done. And if in the stupendous arboreal wilderness of the Congo it is becoming necessary to devise protective measures, what shall be said of such necessity in a country so recklessly denuded of its woodlands as our own? The laws of nature cannot be violated with impunity. She gave the forests as mediums of natural irrigation. If we destroy the means we lose the end. The law is inexorable. Men now see trickling rills where in their boyhood they saw full brimming streams. And they also see bare, sun-scathed hillsides where then they saw dense, primeval forests. It is cause and effect nothing more. But should not rational men learn the lesson?—New York Tribune.

Some Snake Stories.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A recent article on poisonous snakes prompts me to communicate the experience of a friend in the South. He is a distinguished educator, and his word can be taken without discount.

When a young fellow he one day climbed to the top rail of an old-fashioned fence and sat down. A noise in the briars and small bushes near attracted his attention. Presently he saw a rattlesnake and a blacksnake engaged in deadly conflict. After being bitten the black would go to a water weed growing near, bite that and then return to battle. When this had occurred several times my friend went and pulled up and threw away the water weed and then resumed his former position to watch results. They were soon apparent. The blacksnake went for his antidote, and, unable to find it, soon began to waver, reel as if growing blind, and then straightened out dead. My friend then killed the rattler.

At another time my friend had been prospecting with a geologist among the mountains of Virginia. On the return, and the geologist quite in advance, my friend, in hurrying down a mountain side to overtake his companion, sprang upon a large log. Instantly "Burr-r-r-r" warned him of danger, and looking just where he expected to land, he saw a huge rattler coiled and ready to strike. My friend was under such headway that he could not stop, so gathering all his force he made a leap for life right over the rattler and struck the ground some 20 feet from the log with a startled "O oh!" and rolled on down the mountain side.

Hearing the outcry the geologist came back with "What's the matter?" "Rattlesnake" was sufficient explanation. Then the two went back and found the snake coiled just as he was and killed him. He was 7 feet long, big as a man's arm and had twenty-one rattles. My friend was a champion athlete and it paid him well that day. His son is one of the champion athletes of the South to-day.

JUVENAL.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Phantom Buck.

THE three of us were together again—Jack, Jim and I—and were ready for a good time, and for anything that might turn up in the way of big game.

Old Hogarth had paddled across the lake, with one of his sons, to make us a friendly visit, and place himself and all his belongings at our disposal. Hogarth was the only settler within twenty miles of our camp. He had a small clearing on the opposite side of the lake where he raised a mixed variety of weeds and "garden truck," and enough fodder for his two bony horses and a sad-eyed cow that yielded an uncertain quantity of milk at odd intervals during the year. He also had a large family—large as to size, that is—consisting of the "old woman" and seven strapping sons, like Ishmael, of Biblical fame.

Bill, the eldest son, a big red-haired, red-bearded giant, had come along with his father on this particular occasion. He had greeted us bashfully and then relapsed into a stolid silence that defied all our blandest efforts.

We gathered about the fire and passed around the "little brown bottle," and lighting our pipes, proceeded to enjoy Hogarth.

"How's the hunting around here now?" Jack inquired as an opener.

"Huntin's fust rate," Hogarth drawled in reply. "Couldn't ask fer no better huntin'. When it comes to shootin' somethin', though, that's diffrunt. Ain't had a shot at a deer fer a dog's age, barrin' the phantim buck."

"Barrin' the what?" I asked, puzzled.

"The phantim buck. That's what a feller named him a couple o' years ago, an' the name's sort o' stuck. Guess y'ain't bin 'round these yere parts sence that buck fust made hisself num'rous?"

We said that we had not, and Hogarth continued:

"Waal, it's a derned funny thing when you stop to think 'bout it. That air buck's bin hangin' 'round here fer three whole seasons jest a-laffin' at us. Me nor Bill nor anybody can't make head or tail of it. You b'laze away at the old cuss an' he jest shakes his flag at you, I ke a gal wavin' good-by to her best feller, an' away he goes. An' ef y' go a-huntin' fer him speshul, y' jest naterly git

yerself into trouble, an' that's 'bout all. He don't monkey 'round much durin' the day. Night's the time fer him, specially when thar's a moon. Then's the time he'll make a man feel like a dodgasted idjut. Jest ask me ef y' don't b'lieve it. He's made me cuss more 'n onct."

"Did you ever get a shot at him?" Jim asked.

"Lots an' heaps o' times by moonlight, an' onct, an' only onct, in the day time."

"Did he get the best of you that once?" asked Jack.

"Did he? Waal, I sh'd say he did. Makes me 'shamed o' myself when I think 'bout it. How'd it happen? Why jest like this: I was out with the haounds one day, that's Sooner an' the old gal. The old gal's as fine as they make 'em, but Sooner's naterly a dern fool. He's always in a hurry, an' always doin' things sooner 'n he orte. That's why I calls him Sooner. His wust trick is runnin' on his back track. Time an' ag'in I've seed him come tearin' into camp, givin' tongue at every jump, an' him a-thinkin' all the time that he was followin' a trail. He pulls up foolish like, then, an' goes off somewheres an' lays down an' thinks 'bout it. That's Sooner."

"Waal, this time the old gal 'd struck somethin' an' gone yelpin' off one way, an' Sooner he'd struck somethin' privit an' gone yelpin' off tother way, an' I was a-settin' on a log near a runway wonderin' which dorg was right, 'cause 'casion'ly Sooner makes a mistake an' strikes it right."

"While I was thus a-settin' an' thinkin'—I never kin

I crept softly from my bunk, felt around for my rifle, found it and stepped noiselessly outside the tent. The moonlight shone clear and white in the open space before the tent, making the black shadows of the woods beyond seem all the blacker. As I stood there, straining my eyes to penetrate the darkness, a deer—an enormous buck—stalked forth, like a specter from the dark shadows, and stood full in the light, gazing straight at me.

Now I had shot many deer before then, and buck fever was a thing of the past. I considered myself immune, having passed through all the different stages of that strange malady. But before I could raise my rifle to my shoulder to fire, a suspicious trembling seized every nerve and muscle of my body. Buck fever? Why, the worst attack of buck fever that I had ever suffered from in my most verdant days was simply nothing compared with this "fever and ager" sensation. The end of my rifle described the arcs of many circles, embracing all portions of the buck's anatomy, and portions of the landscape as well, as I took aim after a fashion and pulled the trigger.

At the crack of the rifle, without a sound, without any apparent movement, the buck disappeared, or rather vanished from my sight. It was a case of "now you see him and now you don't."

Jack and Jim came stumbling from the tent only half awake.

"Wasser matter?" demanded Jack, rubbing his eyes and blinking sleepily.

say: "You fellows are all right, but there's a thing or two you don't know that you ought to know. Now just watch me."

Not having anything else to do we watched him. Presently he raised his head, and with a joyful cry that meant, "Come on, boys; I've struck something," off he went.

"Same old story," I said wearily. "Evidently he was aroused again last night."

"I suppose so," said Jack; "shall we follow him up?"

"Might as well," said Jim. "Let's get in the canoe. Maybe he'll take to water. It'll be fun watching Sooner, if nothing else."

So we got our rifles and started. We could hear the dog in the distance, the sound of his baying gradually dying away into faint echoes.

We went down to the lake, entered the canoe and shoved off from shore. There was one chance in a thousand that Sooner would drive the deer to water, but we did not mind the odds. It was a beautiful Indian summer day, and very delightful floating about out there on the water.

Before long we heard Sooner's lovely voice drawing nearer and nearer.

"He's working toward the lake, all right," said Jim.

"Maybe it isn't him (the phantom) after all," said Jack, hopefully. "It's not the right time of day to start him. I hope it isn't, anyway. I'm dead sick of him."



"THE LITTLE MOTHER."



THE NEST.

Photographs of nesting partridge. By Miss Eugena W. Gaines.

tell how it happened—I all to onct found myself lookin' square in the face of the biggest buck I ever seed in my hull life. He was lookin' me over sort o' curious like, waitin' to see what I was goin' to do 'bout it. Where on 'arth he come from the Lord only knows.

"I was that flabbergasted I sort o' jumped back'ards a bit, an' I lost my balance an' over the log I went keritop, an' my gun took it into its head to go off, an' I made a gen'ral mess of the hull bizness. I crawled up an' sort o' collected myself, an' looked 'round jest to see, an' I'll be cussed ef that blame buck warn't a-standin' thar laffin' at me. Yes, sir, that's the gospel truth."

"I was that plum disgusted I jest picked up my gun an' I sez, sez I, 'You go on 'bout your bizness, an' I'll go on 'bout my bizness,' an' I turned away an' left him standin' thar, lookin' at me an' laffin' at me, an' I sneaked home, an' I knowed how Sooner felt after makin' a fool of hisself worse 'n usual."

"That's the phantim buck. Ain't it, Bill?"

"Hit air that," said Bill, solemnly.

"Waal, Bill, guess we'd better be gittin' 'long," the old man added, knocking the ashes from his pipe and slowly rising to his feet. "It's full moon now, an' 'twan't s'prise me ef the phantim buck makes you boys a visit. He's always speshul perlite to strangers."

"Did you find out which dog started the buck that time?" asked Jack.

"Oh, Sooner done it. That goes without sayin'," Hogarth replied. "That buck makes a bigger fool out'n Sooner than he made out'n me, an' that's sayin' a heap. Ef you boys want anythin', jest come after it. We ain't got much, but what we has is yourn fer the askin'. S'long."

We said good night, and after a quiet laugh over Hogarth's reply, turned in to dream of phantom bucks and Sooner and many other things a man dreams about his first night in camp.

The next day we were very busy getting things in shape about the camp, and had no time for hunting.

We sat around the fire late that evening smoking and swapping lies. When we finally turned in for the night, tired as I was, I could not get to sleep, but lay in my bunk wide awake, listening to the different night sounds of the forest. I could hear Brer' Porcupine rumaging around outside, gnawing everything in sight that was gnawable, and the dry snapping of twigs and the rustle of the underbrush as some larger animal prowled about the camp on a tour of inspection.

And then suddenly my ears were greeted with a new sound—the loud snort and whistling sound that a deer gives vent to in expressing its surprise at some unfamiliar object.

"That's a buck," said I to myself. "He don't know what to make of the tents." And immediately the thought flashed through my brain, "Why not have a shot at him?"

"Shot at a deer," I explained.

"The deuce you say," exclaimed Jack. "Where is it?"

"Missed him, I guess," I replied. "You see it was too dark to get a good shot. It was a big buck."

"That's the phantim buck, ain't it, Bill?" said Jack with a grin.

"Hit air that," said Jim, laughing. "Go to bed, Joe, and go to sleep. You've had a bad dream."

I was only too glad to follow Jim's advice and escape any further questioning.

The next morning I was up and dressed before the others were awake. I examined the spot where the buck had stood, and there, sure enough, were his tracks, and from their size the indications were that their owner was a whopping big fellow.

Hogarth happened along the next day, and I told him my experience—or as much of it as I deemed necessary—and showed him the tracks.

"That's him, all right," was his comment. "You've had a call from the phantim buck an' 'tain't likely it'll be the last one. Notice the size of that 'air hoof mark. They ain't another deer in these yere parts makes a track more'n half that size."

I told Jack and Jim about it, and we all became unduly excited over the event, and forthwith planned to lay for that buck.

It would be too long a story to tell of all our doings for the next three weeks, and our many disappointments in our search for the phantom buck. We hunted him by sunlight, and we hunted him by moonlight. We lost sleep over him. Of course we shot other game, but that was all incidental. Even when Jim shot a bear it failed to arouse our enthusiasm to any great extent.

Several times did we "meet up" with the spectral beast, but always when it was least expected, and at the most inopportune times. We also wasted much ammunition on him in our nightly hunts, and we might as well have shot at the moon, for all the good it did us. Furthermore, whenever we set out with the sole purpose and intention of hunting the phantom buck some mishap was sure to overtake us, even as old Hogarth had predicted. Our final experience along these lines brought us to a proper realization of our inability to cope with that uncanny animal. It happened in this wise:

One day Sooner strolled into camp with a sort of "I've-seen-everything" expression on his countenance, and began sizing things up. I haven't mentioned it before, but this was his habitual expression. He was the most blasé looking dog I ever knew. Sometimes his looks belied him.

On this particular occasion he seemed to like the looks of things, and proceeded to give us an exhibition of a few of his accomplishments. He began circling around the camp, in ever widening circles, now and then throwing us a careless glance over his shoulder, as much as to

"Look!" Jim exclaimed, interrupting, and pointing up the lake.

We followed the direction of his finger, and then stared at one another with various emotions depicted on our countenances.

Standing on a small sand spit that ran out into the lake a few rods was the phantom buck. There was no mistaking him. He was not more than a quarter of a mile away. He was looking back in the direction of the hound, whose baying could now be plainly heard, and he seemed in no particular hurry to move. But Sooner was hot on his trail, and coming fast. The buck started for the opposite shore, swimming at a remarkably swift pace. We let him get some little distance from shore and then started after him.

"He's our meat this time," Jack shouted, in his excitement.

The phantom buck heard the voice, wheeled about and headed directly for us. We stopped paddling and gazed at one another, and at the buck in blank surprise.

"Well, I'll be —! What do you think of that?" exclaimed Jim.

"Why don't you shoot?" I shouted at him. "We're in range. Let him have it."

Jim raised his rifle and fired. The shot went wide of the mark. Again I felt myself beginning to tremble, and I noticed that both Jack and Jim were shaking considerably. The three of us began blazing away together, but the phantom buck came steadily on, unscathed, through the shower of bullets.

And then—well, it all happened in a second, and it has never been settled just how, and never will be, for that matter. Each one lays it to the other two. Anyhow, before we knew it, we found ourselves in the water, with the canoe bottom side up and nothing to do but swim for land. Fortunately the distance was not great, as we were weighted down with our rifles, and swimming was rendered difficult.

We reached the shore none the worse for our drenching, and immediately looked about for the phantom buck. Not a sign of him was to be seen. It seemed impossible that he could have reached the shore ahead of us, and yet that was the only plausible explanation. But there was Sooner swimming around in a circle where the buck had last been seen, apparently as much at sea as we were. We gave it up in disgust and went back to camp and took a "three-finger bracer" to calm our feelings. Sooner was ashamed to be seen in our company any longer, and so made for home.

That was our last experience with the phantom buck. He is probably haunting the shores of that northern Wisconsin lake to this day. If you think you would like to "take a fall out of him" ponder well these things which I have here written, and save thyself much needless distress of mind and body.

F. D.

Game Bag and Gun.

Fur and Venison.

BEING a lover of the woods and brooks, I try to enjoy a few weeks of the spring and fall fishing, gunning and trapping.

Last fall, as in the year before, I left my work Oct. 2, picked up my old corduroys, greased up the '38 Winchester, put some fifty traps in order and started for home, a small village in Cumberland county, Me. After spending a few days with my parents chasing the grouse and gray squirrels, I started for Abbot, a little village some eighty miles from Bangor on the Greenville Division of the B. & A. R. R.

After an all-night ride I was met at the station by the smiling face of my guide Hussey, with whom I had made acquaintance in 1898. Loading my traps and other luggage on to a cart drawn by a handsome gray horse, we started for camp, some four miles from the station, reaching camp at noon with excellent appetites for the nice dinner his wife had prepared. In the afternoon I moved into my apartment, which was an addition to the original camp, built expressly for me, and by night had a perfect palace.

The next day was spent in and around camp, cutting a little wood and catching a few minnows for baiting traps. The third day I began putting out traps—some No. 3 Blake for foxes and a few smaller ones for mink. I continued putting out a few every second day until I had out some thirty, visiting those that I had set four times a week and always bringing in something in the fur line.

After getting the line fixed up I took my time getting around to them, sleeping quite late in the morning, then cutting wood, lugging wash water and rowing around the pond just to gain the strength I lose while at work in the city. About 11 o'clock I would start around to the traps, going in one direction one day and the opposite the next. I always intended to get to them all every other day, so as not to lose any game nor hold the neighbors' cats over one day.

I continued in this way for five weeks, bringing in something every time, until I had sixteen foxes, thirteen mink, thirteen skunks and two coons. The sheep I let go, and all skunks with too strong perfume were counted out. All work trapping was done in six days a week, Sunday being spent around camp, fitting wood for the stove, trying out fat from the skunks and visiting neighboring camps.

As my vacation drew near its end I thought I would like to hunt deer for a few days before going home, so making arrangements with Hussey we decided to go to Moosehead. I hustled around and picked up my traps, and Hussey got an extra move on and drove the nails a little faster in the new house he was building, that we might be able to take the Saturday morning train for Greenville, it now being the middle of the week. I packed my clothing, all but my hunting clothes, and had a friend take them to his home in Guilford, where we were to stop on our way back.

Our plans worked to a T, and we were on the way bright and early Saturday. We arrived at Greenville about noon. There we had to wait two hours, so we spent most of the time in Frazer's store, looking at the many specimens of bird, deer and moose and wondering if we would run up against anything as nice as those we saw. At 2:15 we were on the boat Henry M., headed for Lily Bay. The boat was small and was run at about the speed of a country pig race. We got to Lily Bay a little after 4 o'clock and took the buckboard for Roach River House, a distance of seven miles, arriving there about 6:30 frozen, but were soon thawed out by the big open fire.

The next morning we awoke at daybreak to find it snowing. This gave us new courage, and soon after breakfast we were on our way to Roach Shanty (a camp near the foot of big Spencer Mountain), a distance of five miles, made on foot. We got there at noon and found a party just coming out; and a more discouraged lot I have never seen. They had been there some three or four days and hadn't got the first thing. They said the animals were too wild for them and that they were going home and would never go in the woods again so long as God let them live. We tried to persuade them to stay, for we had seen some fifty new tracks coming in, but it was no use.

We spent the afternoon in cleaning camp and getting ready for the morrow. A little later the guide of the former party came in, and being a friend of Hussey's concluded to stay.

The next morning we started to hunt deer, and at 3 P. M. had two beauties. We thought that enough for the first day. The next day brought us a nice buck, and the day following we finished our number by bringing in three nice bucks. All of the deer were taken within a half mile of camp and the smallest one (a doe) weighed when dressed 110 pounds. We gunned only through the warmest part of the day, spending the morning and evening in camp cooking, telling stories and playing a very peculiar trick on some of the birds around the door known as the meat bird. When we were ready for home Hussey went to Roach River for a team, getting back to camp at 11 o'clock. After loading our luggage and deer we ate the remnants of our food and turned our faces toward the river again, leaving a pair of tame birds to keep house.

We got to the Roach River House the middle of the afternoon, and as it rained hard and the snow was most all gone we thought we would not try to make the bay that night, as we would have to shift our load from the sled to the wagon before making the rest of the journey. Upon going into the house we were informed that the boat had been taken out of the pond and there was no connection with the train at Greenville and the mail was brought overland horseback. Our feathers dropped on hearing this, but knowing that a party of five from Lynn had gone to the bay ahead of us, we concluded that they would get through some way, so we decided to start early next day and join them; then if they got through we would be with them. This we did and had the bucks loaded on the big wagon at 7 o'clock. We arrived at

the bay at 9 and found the party straining their eyes up the pond to see if there was anything that looked like a boat.

They told us that they had started a man at 5 o'clock for Greenville and thought they would soon get a boat. At 12:30 a boat rounded the point and a more pleasant look came over our faces. At 1 we had the deer, sixteen in all, and luggage on board ready to put out to sea. The boat was a fine one and made good time, so we got to Greenville in time to get the deer ready for shipping on the afternoon train. As the train pulled in we turned once more to take a farewell look at the beautiful lake and Big Spencer Mountain in the distance.

The ride to Guilford, where I was to stop, passed very quickly, as we could not say enough about our trip; and as the train pulled into the station we said, "Goodby Lynn"; and the answer came back, "Will see you at the Hub." I stayed one day with the editor of the Guilford Recorder and enjoyed it more than I can tell.

In the evening, while walking through the village, I saw a sign reading, "Hair cut and shave while you wait," so I ventured in and had some of the brush combed out of my locks and a shave, so that the kids would not cry "Whiskers" when I came into town.

The next morning I was out early and took the first train for the city, bidding my guide and other friends farewell and hoping to meet them another fall and live the good time over again.

I changed at Dover and came by the way of Newport rather than be chased around Bangor by the man who is sore on the B. & A. for running down moose with engines. I arrived at Portland at noon, where I met my wife and mother and spent a very pleasant afternoon. After having lunch and filling mother's pockets with spruce gum, we left her with a goodby till spring, and making our way to the boat Bay State were soon rocked to sleep by the white-capped waves, being awakened in the morning by the sound of "Hack! Have a hack?"

In addition, a word about Hussey. He is an American and lives in the town of Abbot, on the shore of Piper Pond, three miles from the railroad station on the B. & A. He guides around home; also the Moosehead region; and any party wishing a lot of brook or pond trout or white perch in the spring or deer in the fall will be satisfied with their trip and his prices.

W. A. F.

Boston.

The Future of the Wyoming Elk Herds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the abiding place of the last of the great elk herds of the United States, northwestern Wyoming, which also includes the Yellowstone Park, is a region of considerable interest to sportsmen.

All estimates of the amount of game in any country are, of course, more or less guesswork, but in all likelihood the elk in the section referred to number between 40,000 and 60,000, and as things are now, stand a fair chance to hold their own. The radical game law which Wyoming put in force a year and a half ago, which imposed a license of \$40 on non-resident sportsmen, licenses all guides and devotes the money so obtained to the payment of wardens and protection of the game, is already having its effect. Market and hide hunting is practically stopped, very few Indians leave their reservations to hunt, and what little game is killed by sportsmen and by settlers for food makes no impression on the herds. It is safe to say that at least 10,000 elk calves are raised every year, and were it not for the ravages of coyotes and cougar on the elk, and were the winter range large enough to sustain the herds, which it is not, the increase would be very rapid. It is my opinion that, taking one year with another, 5,000 elk die of starvation each winter, and the coyotes and cougar account for between 2,000 and 3,000 more, these last being mainly calves and weak cows. Very few persons have any idea of the amount of game a cougar will kill. A single cougar will kill an elk, deer or sheep every week on an average, and a she cougar with a litter of cubs will kill every two or three days. So when the cougar are as plentiful as they now are, the amount of game they get away with is enormous.

All decrease of the elk herds in the future will be by starvation in winter and by loss from beasts of prey, and of the two the loss by starvation will increase year by year. Northwestern Wyoming is a country of great elevation. Only a small part of the valleys are under 6,000 feet above sea level, most of them are above 7,000 feet, and the greater part of the country is between 8,000 and 10,000 feet elevation. The first snows fall in October; by Jan. 1 nearly the entire country is under from 2 to 7 feet of snow, which remains until April. Before the settlements began to crowd back into the mountains, the elk came down on to the sage brush deserts and foothills to winter, but that is fast becoming impossible. On all sides the ranches are pushing up the river valleys, and already the grass on the winter ranges is eaten off by stock, leaving nothing for the winter feed of the elk.

Even now it is almost impossible for the outlying ranchmen to keep the starving elk from their haystacks, no fence being high or strong enough to stop a famished herd of elk.

There seems to be no way to prevent the gradual extinction of the elk herds through starvation. The only way would be to extend the Yellowstone and Teton Forest Reserves south for sixty or seventy-five miles, and for the Government to buy out all settlers and prohibit all grazing of stock in the entire reserve. But it is not likely that any consideration, such as preserving the elk, would result in anything of that sort, and perhaps it is not right that it should. The pressure of population is too great for Uncle Sam to indulge in anything so sentimental as to keep a great tract of country a wilderness simply for the sake of preserving a few thousands of wild game. It is like talking about the great crime of killing off the buffalo. The buffalo range was wanted by civilization, and the buffalo had to go. If they had not been killed off they would have starved to death for lack of food, and the result would have been the same. Suppose the buffalo herds could come to life and occupy their old stamping grounds. How long could they exist? And much as we may deplore it, the last of the great elk herds will in a few years follow the buffalo, not by the

bullets of hunters, but simply because, as with the Indians, the white man wants their country, and nothing can keep him out.

Of course, I do not mean to say that the elk will vanish from the face of the earth, or that there will be any great decrease in the next few years. Their extinction will be slow, and for a long time small bands can winter in sheltered valleys high up in the mountains.

But in a few years it will no longer be possible, as it is now, to see the hills moving as the elk come down out of the mountains, or to be able to find the big bulls in every cañon and the cows and calves on every ridge.

WM. WELLS.

With a Surveying Party.

Up a Tree with a Bear.

[Our contributor continues his story of experiences with a surveying party in the Indian Territory.]

ON our return from our fishing trip on the Walnut, as we crossed the Canadian, King called our attention to some immense bear tracks in the wet sand upon the north side of the river, and said, "We'll find him in that canebrake when we want him," pointing to a cane thicket nearly a mile long a short distance from the crossing. The next morning we proceeded to the canebrake, each one armed with his rifle and a long Colts navy revolver and knife attached to his belt, and each one took the station he was assigned by King, I going to the upper end, Cap and the Judge by the side of the brake, while King, with his two mongrel dogs, went to the lower end. Before separating, King told us to keep away from the dogs as long as we heard any signs of fighting, as it would keep the bear from treeing; but when the dogs began howling the bear would be found up a tree, and the first man who then got a shot should have the hide.

Taking the station assigned me, I waited long enough as I believed for the dogs to have hunted over three times the ground covered by the cane, and becoming tired of the suspense I entered the cane and followed a beaten path a short distance, when I came to a grassy opening of about an acre in size, at the upper end of which was a large cottonwood tree. Hearing nothing of the hunt, I placed my rifle against its trunk and climbed up nearly to the top of the tree to look the field over, and had just got nicely fixed in a crotch, when a large black bear and the two dogs came from the cane into the opening, and the battle began. One of the dogs rushed at the bear and bit him on a hind leg, exactly as a Scotch collie dog would catch a cow, and sprang back as the bear turned with a roar and rushed at the dog, when the second dog took his turn at nipping bruin. For a few moments it was so amusing to see the frantic rushes of the bear that I could hardly keep from shouting at the fun, and for the time forgot the position I was placed in. But just then, worn out by the baiting of the dogs, bruin rushed to the foot of my tree and began climbing it. Then I realized that, while the dogs had treed the bear, the bear had treed me, and my Winchester was at the foot of the tree. Badly scared, I forgot I had a revolver, and added my shouts to the barking of the dogs, only to cause bruin to ascend the tree, as if determined to form a closer acquaintance with me. As my shouting would not stop him, I left my crotch and climbed the tree as far as I could, and stopped when I could climb no higher, to find that bruin had stopped in the crotch I had left, and was looking down at the dogs.

After a wait of what seemed to me to be a period of two hours, there came a crashing in the cane, and King and Cap and the Judge burst into the opening, with King in the lead; and as he grasped the situation he roared, "Son and the bear are both treed," and then, as they saw the comic situation I was in, like three idiots they dropped their guns and fell upon the ground rolling and shouting and clapping their hands. Their mirth cured me of my fright, and so maddened me that I at once thought of shooting my revolver over their heads to scare them, and I then recollected that I had my revolver with me, and if I was quick enough "bruin's hide was mine."

Drawing my navy, I pulled back the hammer. At the click of the revolver lock bruin, angrily growling, raised his head as if inclined to come up to me, but taking aim at his left eye, not 10 feet from my hand, I fired, and the bear sunk his claws into the bark of the tree and hung quivering in the crotch. At the report of my revolver King jumped to his feet, and as he looked at the tree he shouted, "Son's killed him," and as Cap and Judge rose to their feet bruin loosed his claws and tumbled lifeless to the ground, where I quickly followed him, to be greeted by the Judge with the question, "If you intended to kill the bear, why did you yell so?" It scared us, and we thought the bear was eating you up, and we nearly killed ourselves rushing through the cane to save your life, only to find you treed by the bear and he treed by the dogs."

My reply was that I was only calling for them to come to see me kill him, so that I would have proof that I killed him with my navy, and King then took a position by the tree, with both hands raised, as if grasping a limb above his head, with feet drawn up and hat off, saying, "This is how you waited," and I had to join in the mirth, while Cap and the Judge again rolled upon the ground and shouted until the tears rolled down their cheeks. When they quieted down I smiled and said, "Boys, you can laugh, but I got the bear, if you did think the bear had got me."

After firing three shots in succession, the signal agreed upon, for a teamster to come for our game, we filled our pipes and watched and slightly helped King as he dressed the bear. When I told how I got treed, and as I described the fight between the bear and the dogs, the Judge said, "King, I give up. Your dogs beat all the hounds I ever saw; but how did you train them?" King said it was done with a young tame cub when the dogs were young, and by this way the dogs learned to keep out of the way of the bear's cuffs and claws.

When our pipes were lighted after supper that night it would be mild to say that "the entire camp roared" as the judge described the situation I was found in, and not much stock was taken in my statement that I was only calling the rest of the hunters for my witnesses to see me kill the bear with a revolver, but the satisfaction of my kill helped me to turn their jokes aside, and all

had to own that if I got treed I came off victorious, and wiped the eyes of the other hunters.

FRANK WINCHESTER.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fixtures.

July 18, 19, 20.—Meeting of the American Fisheries Society at Woods Holl, Mass.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Members of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club have classified as shown by the accompanying tables. The classification in distance was based as follows:

The championship class consists of those members who prior to 1900 had made 115 feet or over, and of those who during the first seven contests in 1900 averaged 102½ feet or over. Under this system of classification the following members of the club were arbitrarily placed in the championship class, to wit: Mansfield, Golcher, Lovett, Brotherton and Everett, all of whom had made 115 feet or over prior to 1900. The only other member of the club who reached the championship class in 1900 is Daverkosen, whose average is 106 42-84. Mansfield did not enter the competition in long distance this year. The championship class in the Saturday contests consists of Lovett, Golcher, Brotherton and Everett, in the order named. The championship class in the Sunday contests consists of Golcher, Lovett, Daverkosen, Brotherton and Everett, in the order named. The race during the coming contests for the championship medal in distance, between Golcher and Lovett will be an interesting one—Lovett leading on Saturday and Golcher on Sunday.

The first class in distance consists of those members who average over 90 and less than 102½ feet. In this class Muller leads his next competitor, Reed, on both Saturday and Sunday by a good margin.

The second class in distance consists of those members who have averaged less than 90 feet. Battu leads the second class on both Saturday and Sunday.

The classification in accuracy is based as follows:

All members averaging 90 per cent. or over are placed in the championship class, and those under 90 per cent. in the first class. Mansfield leads the championship class on both Saturday and Sunday. In the first class Everett and Edwards are almost tied in the Saturday contests, and Haight and Battu are almost tied in the Sunday contests. The competition between these four for the first class medal in accuracy will be very close. Huyck, the winner of the first class medal in accuracy last year, closely follows Haight and Battu in the Sunday contests, and may raise the average to such an extent as to become a candidate for the medal again this year.

The delicacy classification is based as follows:

All members averaging 80 per cent. or over are placed in the championship class, and those under 80 per cent. in the first class. Mansfield leads in the championship class on both Saturday and Sunday. It is interesting to note that on Saturday the class consists of eight members, and on Sunday of nine, which evidences the great improvement which has been made in this event during the past season. In 1899 only three of those who are classified this year reached the championship class on Saturday, and only four on Sunday. The first class in delicacy is led by Skinner on Saturday and Brotherton on Sunday.

In lure casting Lovett leads on both Saturday and Sunday by a margin sufficiently large to assure him the medal in this event.

During the next five contests members will cast in the classes in which they are now placed, the winner in the Saturday class competing in the finals with the winner in the Sunday class. Finals will be cast next September.

CLASSIFICATION AVERAGE—SATURDAY.

Championship Class.

Distance:			
Lovett	116 54-84	Brotherton	107 36-84
Golcher	116 48-84	Everett	97 72-84

Accuracy:			
Mansfield	94 80-84	Reed	90 52-84
Young	91 76-84	Golcher	95
Muller	91 16-84	Lovett	90

Delicacy:			
Mansfield	85 40-84	Everett	81 28-84
Golcher	84 53-84	Reed	81 28-84
Lovett	83 58-84	Edwards	80 33-84
Young	81 70-84	Muller	80 21-84

First Class.

Distance:			
Muller	100 18-84	Young	91 66-84
Reed	94	Brooks	90 48-84

Accuracy:			
Everett	89 36-84	Battu	86 64-84
Edwards	89 32-84	Brooks	80 8-84
Skinner	87 44-84		

Delicacy:			
Skinner	79 4-84	Brooks	71 5-84
Battu	77 17-84		

Second Class.

Distance:			
Battu	88 66-84	Edwards	85 18-84
Skinner	86 24-84		

CLASSIFICATION AVERAGE—SUNDAY.

Championship Class.

Distance:			
Golcher	114 24-84	Brotherton	104 12-84
Lovett	113	Everett	97 78-84
Daverkosen	106 42-84		

Accuracy:			
Mansfield	94	Lovett	92 12-84
Young	92 32-84	Golcher	91 28-84
Reed	92 28-84	Muller	91 4-84
Everett	92 28-84		

Delicacy:			
Mansfield	85 76-84	Reed	81 3-84
Golcher	84 9-84	Everett	80 30-84
Muller	82 80-84	Daverkosen	80 27-84
Lovett	82 57-84	Battu	80 9-84
Young	82 28-84		

First Class.

Distance:			
Muller	98 42-84	Young	92 30-84
Reed	96 12-84	Huyck	91 77-84

Accuracy:			
Haight	85 24-84	Brooks	81 44-84
Battu	88 16-84	Klein	80 80-84
Huyck	87 32-84	Foulks	75 60-84
Daverkosen	83 64-84	Stratton	73 4-84
Brotherton	84 68-84		

Delicacy:			
Brotherton	79 19-84	Klein	73 68-84
Haight	76 70-84	Brooks	71 54-84
Huyck	76 18-84	Foulks	71 50-84
Stratton	74 31-84		

Second Class.

Distance:			
Battu	87 24-84	Foulks	81 60-84
Brooks	84 66-84	Stratton	80
Klein	82 36-84	Haight	76 60-84

LURE CASTING.

Saturday:			
Lovett	89 34-35	Battu	70 33-35
Mansfield	83 19-35	Edwards	67 5-35

Sunday:			
Lovett	88 7-35	Brooks	65 13-35
Mansfield	83 1-35	Battu	60 17-35
Brotherton	82 26-35	Klein	59 27-35
Stratton	65 28-35		

Medal Contests—Series 1900. Saturday, contest No. 8, held at Stow Lake June 23. Wind, southwest; weather, foggy and cold.

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 3, Del. %	Event No. 3, Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
Brooks	95	86.8	86.4	70	78.2
Brotherton	109	89.4	88	72.6	80.3
Edwards	85	91.4	94	71.8	82.10
Everett	101	93	93	82.6	87.9
Golcher	124	92.4	87.8	84.2	85.11
Lovett	121	94.4	90.4	82.6	86.5
Mansfield	95	95	86.8	82.6	84.7
Muller	100	93	83.4	83.4	83.4
Skinner	95	95	90	72.6	81.3
Young	106	93.4	91	76.8	83.10

Sunday, June 24. Wind, southwest; weather perfect.

Battu	94	86.8	93	67.6	80.3	67
Brooks	103	75.4	82.4	59.2	70.9	84
Brotherton	112	84.8	90	76.8	83.4	90.1
Everett	100	91.4	86.4	74.2	80.3	..
Foulks	91	85	86.8	66.8	76.8	..
Golcher	98.6	92	87	79.2	83.1	..
Haight	85	91	83	73.4	80.8	..
Huyck	103	88.4	91	71.8	81.4	..
Lovett	117	94	93	79.2	86.1	86.4
Mansfield	95.8	88.4	77.6	82.11	86.1	..
Muller	90	91	83.4	86.8	85	..
Stratton	83	85	85.8	65.10	75.9	69
Young	99	89.4	86	72.6	79.3	..

Memories Bitter and Sweet.

RAMORA, Kan.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: As the years went by my big brother left the home, and so I must go fishing without him; but when home on a visit some dark still evening I would persuade him to go to the old pond night fishing for bullheads and eels. Digging the unfailing box of worms, with the long pine poles in hand we would start out. Arriving at the pond, the first thing was to start a big fire, partly just to see it burn and partly because we thought the light drew the fish. One branch of the pond was cut across by the causeway, and this in turn by a bridge of perhaps a dozen feet in length; under this bridge the water was deep, and so we fished from the bridge. The pond was almost wholly surrounded by woods, so dry wood was abundant, and a fire would soon be started. Then the hooks would be baited and thrown in and the waiting begun.

As the darkness would settle down all outside the circle of light made by our fire would be invisible, but within the circle of light it was like the noonday. The peeled pine poles, as the fire flashed up, would shine out ghostly against the darkness; even the lines, quivering in each passing breath of air, could be seen, down to where they touched the black water. The moths and other strange winged creatures of the night would come out of the darkness, circle around the fire, and with struggle of singed wings and a sputter of burning bodies, give up their lives to the fascination of the firelight. The whippoorwills would come down on to the hillside, and with plaintive cry tell of that poor boy's punishment. The little frogs would pipe up in full shrill chorus, while occasionally a big patriarch of the tribe would join with deeper, hoarser bass.

It was in the days when I first read the matchless stories of Deerslayer and his companions. The talk of both old and young folks was often of Indian fight and massacre. Our boyish play often took the form of Indian scouts and battle. The great pines, such as Cooper describes, towered in their majesty around the pond. We often found arrowheads, and had in our possession one beautifully formed tomahawk of Iroquois make. And so as the weirdness of the woods and water in the night time took possession of me in fancy I peopled the woods with the old-time enemies of the settlers, until at the rush of the wings of some night bird, the scream of some stricken wild creature, or the splash and gurgle of a struggling frog, I would start in terror, ready to flee to home and safety. But looking up I would see the calm, unimaginative face of my brother; and my fears would vanish in a moment—for with him I would go to the uttermost ends of the earth without fear.

As time passed on the quivering line would betray the presence of a biting fish. If on my tackle eagerly and hastily I would pull in the line, too often only to land my hook bare alike of bait and fish, or perhaps to see my prize at the surface of the water with a splash and struggle disappear. But if on my brother's tackle, the older hands had learned patience, and it was not until the bending pole showed that the fish was hooked that the upward stroke, quick and sure, would be given; and out on to the bridge would usually come a flapping, squeaking bullhead; but sometimes the firelight would show the squirming white and green body of a silver eel. And so the moments would go by until "it was time little folks were abed." Then the lines would be wound up, the firebrands pushed off into the water, and we would set our faces homeward. Up over the little hill, past the great logs piled up for the remorseless saw on one side, on the other solemn whispering pines, that afterward formed the canopy of the Methodist camp ground, past the little houses of the Germans, past the upper orchard, then through the grassland, rich with all the fragrance of a summer night in New England, brightened with the flashing of a thousand fireflies—to our home. Quietly the long poles were set up in the corner formed by the shed and barn, the big dishpan was filled with water, and our fish placed therein, securely covered, so that pussy could not meddle with them—and then to sleep, sweet

and dreamless, such as tired boys know, and to wake to a breakfast of fat things.

Then I counted my happiness and success by the number of fish caught—in memory how little they count! But the remembrance of the rest is bitter-sweet. Sweet to think upon in the midst of a restless, wandering life. Bitter for that, save in memory, I shall know them no more in this present life; but is my faith any the less that among the blessings of the future world I look forward to living again such experiences?

PINE TREE.

It may be asked why I am so sure our Indian relics were left by the Iroquois. After King Philip's power was broken they were the inveterate enemies of the valley settlers. The arrowheads were formed from stone taken from a ledge found nowhere south of the Great Lakes, and were large and shapely, revealing by their very shape the strong and fierce character of the men who made and used them—very different from those found lower down the river at Agawam and vicinity, which were of stone picked up along the river banks, and as compared with the others almost harmless as weapons for war or the hunt.

PINE TREE.

On Maine Waters.

BOSTON, July 7.—Mr. J. Bert Baxter has good accounts of salmon fishing in Nova Scotia. Parker Freeman, a guide at Milton, writes that one day last week nine salmon were hooked and six out of the nine were landed. At one time five boats on the pool each had a salmon hooked. The guide mentions the scene as a very lively one, and particularly interesting to the fishermen. F. P. Magoun and family, of New York, left yesterday for Milton and Liverpool, Queen's county, salmon fishing. A big Boston party is off for the same section, including Messrs. A. E. Leon and Frank Chamberlain. They go first to Greenfield.

Mr. L. Dana Chapman, treasurer of the Megantic Club, has just got back from a short visit to the preserve. He reports the fishing more than good, especially on L. and Northwest ponds. At L. and Big Northwest especially, "two at a cast" was of common occurrence. At Big Island Pond, fishing part of two days, eight salmon were caught, five being taken to the boat, and of these two killed. The largest was caught by Master Lawrence D. Chapman, thirteen years of age, who also landed a trout of 1½ pounds from the same waters. The boy was simply delighted, never having caught a salmon or trout of any size before. He went with his father over the entire preserve, greatly enjoying the trip. At the preserve the fish have run larger this season than ever before, one of 4 pounds, two of 3 pounds and a number of 2 pounds in weight having been taken, all on the fly. The fish that were hatched last winter have been placed in the streams tributary to the waters of the preserve—200,000 divided in the waters of Big Island, L. and Big Northwest ponds. The increase in the fish and in their weight is due largely to the successful operation of the hatchery, which has turned out over 500,000 trout and salmon, and also to the introduction of smelt as trout and salmon food.

Mr. George C. Morton and Mr. Loud, of Boston, have just returned from a successful fishing trip to Rangeley Lake, Me. To Mr. Morton fishing in that part of Maine waters is new sport, and he greatly enjoyed catching trout and salmon from the waters of the lake. But their best sport was at Quimby Pond, a few miles from Rangeley. Here they saw the novel sight of a man casting a fly and catching trout from a boat. Each trout secured, he quietly whipped out a pair of little scales from his pocket and weighed the struggling fish. Then just as quietly he let the trout escape into the water. Sportsmen are learning more and more the pleasure of such fishing. They save what trout are needed for the table they are fishing for, and all the rest are allowed to escape, for the enjoyment of some other fellow.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kingsbery, of Randolph, Mass., with a party of friends, are at Camp Stewart, Richardson Lake, for a couple of weeks fishing. The day they arrived they found the mercury down to 45 and raining. An open wood fire was particularly agreeable. The second day's fishing brought them seventeen trout, besides seeing nine deer. They write that they have seen fifteen deer since they have been in camp. This brings around the old story of deer in the Maine farmers' oats. It is told this year with redoubled energy. The farmers complain that a herd of fifteen or twenty deer will leave nothing of a field of oats. It does no good to drive them away. They simply return as soon as the farmer's back is turned. Threats of dire vengeance are heard and the guns are loaded already for the open season. Possibly a deer or two will disappear before the open season begins. One report says that farmers are fond of venison, even in haying time.

July 9.—Mr. E. C. Stevens, of Boston, has been on a fishing trip to Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vt., and other waters in that section. He fished in company with Mr. E. Thayer, of Brandon, Vt. They caught a great many pickerel from that lake, weighing from 3 to 5 pounds. It will also be remembered that the fishermen get them there much larger. They took four bass from the same lake, with a number of lake trout, running up to 5 pounds weight. They also learned of other parties taking trout there up to 13¾ and 18 pounds. They made two fishing excursions to Fern Lake, in the same State. The first trip they caught twenty-one Oswego bass, from 2 to 4 pounds weight. On the next trip, about a week later, they caught twenty bass, of about the same weight as on their first trip. Reports come of good fishing at the main black bass and white perch ponds. A Bangor report says that the black bass fishing at Pushaw and Chemo ponds is the best for years. The white perch season opened a week ago, July 1, and since that time catches of from twenty to forty perch to the boat on a single trip are of common occurrence. Fly-fishing is reported good at Moosehead. At the Rangeleys they continue to catch many trout and a good number of salmon. A Rangeley report says that a big salmon made a strike for a minnow, hanging over the side of the boat, as Mr. Frederick Skinner, of Boston, was just starting out with his guide. Before either the guide or Mr. Skinner could catch the

line it was overboard, rod and all. The rod promptly sunk, and the fish now has the whole rigging at its disposal. Mr. Skinner is thankful that it left the boat. After a fight of two hours and forty minutes that gentleman landed the king salmon of the season on Tuesday afternoon. It weighed 12 pounds and was 29 inches long.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 7.—Mr. W. W. Hooper, of Leavenworth, Kan., stopped in Chicago this week en route on an outing at Saynor's place on Plum Lake, Wis. Mr. K. M. Landis, of Kansas City, is another one who patronizes Star Lake, Wis., a few miles distant from Plum Lake.

Mr. Peter Johnson, of Chicago, has left for a try after the mysterious bass of Green Lake, Wis. They are said to have a distinct species of bass up there, difficult to get started to biting, and equally difficult to stop after they have begun to fight.

Mr. Max Fritz, of Chicago, has been fishing this past week at Corey's Lake, Three Rivers, Mich., and has had some very good sport with the bass. In six hours' fishing one day he caught twenty-six bass, of which one weighed 5 pounds 8 ounces, one weighed 5 pounds 2 ounces, two weighed 4 pounds 8 ounces each, one weighed 4 pounds 5 ounces and two weighed 3 pounds 2 ounces each. There were five which weighed about 2½ pounds each, the rest running from ¾ to 1½ pounds. This was certainly a very nice day's fishing.

Col. J. S. Cooper, of this city, is spending the summer at the beautiful lake country of Oconomowoc, Mich., only coming down to Chicago when he has some important law suit that demands his presence imperatively. The Colonel would far rather catch a big fish than land a big fee.

Mr. C. S. Lawrence and Mr. F. E. Coyne, both of this city, had good sport the past week at Lake Villa, on the Wisconsin Central line. This point is in the center of one of the oldest and most persistently fished portions of the Fox Lake Chain, and one certainly would not expect so good fishing so close to the railroad; yet in Deep Lake and Cedar Lake, close to the village of Lake Villa, the two caught sixty-four fine bass. They are still up there, and are reported to be having a good time.

Mr. M. E. Wroe and wife, of this city, have been fishing up in Crooked Lake and Wild Cat Lake, in Wisconsin. They had fine sport, and caught 267 bass and 8 muscallunge. They are very well satisfied with their outing.

Mr. H. English, of Von Lengerke & Antoine, this city, goes with his wife to-day to Lake Vieux Desert, Wis., via State Line. Mr. English will be away about a week, and will come back loaded with fish stories for the gang.

Mr. E. L. Periston, of Chicago, starts this week for State Line, Wis. He is going at the wrong time for muscallunge, but will no doubt get all the bass he wants.

Mr. W. P. Nelson, of the American Wall Paper Company, this city, is yet another gentleman to leave Chicago to-day for State Line, Wis.

Mr. William Clinton Brown, whose home is on Staten Island, but who travels occasionally in the West, is in Chicago to-day on his way west to St. Paul. Having time for a day's fishing, he asks me where to put in his day, and I have advised him to try the Mississippi River above La Crosse, Wis. Mr. Brown has laid in a supply of the biggest bass flies he can find in Chicago, and will see if he can do some business with the small-mouths of the Mississippi. I hope he may have luck, for if he finds those fish just right, he will have something to tell the folks back East.

Mr. Harry Miner, of this city, has left to-day for his regular weekly trip to Burlington, Wis., after bass. He has been having very good luck all the season, as earlier reported in these columns.

Mr. Aleck Friend, of Chicago, has gone to-day to the great distributing point of our bass fishermen, Lake Villa, Wis. This is the entering point for a large number of good bass waters, which lie at distances of one to eight miles around.

Mr. H. M. Van Hoesen, of this city, has started for Round Lake, Wis., to try conclusions with the big-mouths for a couple of days or so.

Mr. Charles Olk, of Chicago, joins the procession for Lake Villa to-day, and will return, probably with a nice bunch of bass, some time in the earlier part of the week.

Mr. H. Geissman, of Chicago, leaves to-day for Fox Lake and Nippersink Lake, Ill., where he will spend a few days fishing and looking around.

Mr. Harry Greenwood, of Chicago, also goes to Fox Lake this afternoon, returning some time next week. Mr. Belasco, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, is yet another to try this same water this week. All these gentlemen will give good account of themselves.

Dr. F. R. Sherwood, of Chicago, left this week for a trip of some days to Star Lake, Wis., where he goes after bass and muscallunge.

Mr. J. E. Hubbert, of Chicago, has started for De Pauw Camp, at Woodruff, Wis., where he will spend some days with his friends, Mr. De Pauw and family.

Mr. D. B. Corwin, of Dayton, O., outfitted here in Chicago for the pleasantest trip of any of those mentioned. He goes to the mountains, his objective point being Steamboat Springs, Colo. You can't beat the mountains for the summer time.

To-day I met my old friend, Charlie Burton, who used to be one of our most persistent fishermen some years ago. Charlie put in the Fourth of July perch fishing in Lake Michigan. To be called a perch fisher in this city is usually a term of opprobrium, but in perch fishing it is just as it is in everything else. There is room at the top. Charlie and his friend, Mr. Hoyt, did not content themselves with dangling a line from the Government pier. They took a boat and went out on the bars off Fifty-first street, anchoring at the third buoy, and fishing in 20 to 40 feet of water. Here they located the perch—not little perch, but big ones, and lots of them. They used big minnows and got good, big perch, bringing home seventy large ones. The ordinary string of perch seen on the streets here is made up of little fellows not over 5 or 6 inches long. Mr. Burton tells me they had some perch which were 14 inches long, and he described their day as having been a very pleasant one, and by no means to be called devoid of sport. His only regret is that he sunburned his wrist so badly that it is extremely sore and painful even yet.

Remedy for Sunburn.

I told Mr. Burton what to do about his case of sunburn. I think I have earlier mentioned the same thing in these columns. We rather laugh at a man who wants to protect himself against sunburn, but, indeed, the effects of one's first day of summer fishing are sometimes and to certain complexions so painful as to be almost serious. Mr. Burton's case of sunburn is something properly to be called serious, and requiring medical assistance. Some time ago a friend who saw how badly I was after a day of fishing in the glaring sun, told me to get a little bottle of linseed oil and limewater—an ounce of each—half and half, shake together. He said this would at once take out the "fire" of the sunburn. I tried it and found the remedy to be of marvelous quickness and efficiency. When one's face and neck are blistered from the sun, it need not be called undignified or unmanly to resort to this simple and very practical remedy. After using it you can get a night's sleep, and go fishing the next day with impunity. I have tried this and know it to be good.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New Fishing Grounds.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., July 9.—A new fishing bank has been discovered in the ocean between Long Beach and the old Fishing Banks. The discovery was made by Capt. Henry Wright, while out in the auxiliary yacht Inner Beach, having on board the Charles Gardner Fishing Club. It was too foggy to see the landmarks and find the wreck of the Iberia or the old fishing grounds, and the party sailed about after weakfish. During a temporary calm and while jigging for weakfish, sea bass were hooked. Capt. Wright at once anchored, and upon investigation found that he had struck a pocketful of fish. The party caught all they cared to, and after carefully marking the spot returned through the inlet to Queenswater. The new fishing place was named "Queenswater Ridge." It promises to be a favorite spot for local fishermen. The party caught 185 weakfish and a great number of sea bass, etc. The members of the club are: Capt., Chas. Gardner; E. Housman, F. Coulon, F. Girdes, Christ, McCue, F. Griffiths, G. Schilling, G. Dressel, S. Marcus and Frank Doe.

Menhadener's Haul of Weakfish.

PRINCE'S BAY, Staten Island, N. Y.—Tuesday, July 3, the menhaden fishermen made a haul here in Prince's Bay with good results from their point of view. It was a haul of weakfish, and they quickly loaded a small steamer and sent them away, probably to Fulton Market. But the menhaden industry never catches or interferes with the food fish of our waters; we must expel all such thoughts from our mind, because the people that run the business deny it from time to time in the daily papers. "You can fool some of the people all of the time, but you can't," etc.

Weakfish are very plentiful in the bay at present, and are of large size, but don't seem to be biting very good yet. On the Jersey coast opposite our place the farmers are taking wagon loads of weakfish every day to use as fertilizers on their farms, but that's Jersey style. you know.

American Fisheries Society.

THE annual meeting will be held at Wood's Holl, Mass., July 18, 19 and 20. Our issue of last week contained a list of the papers to be read. In addition to that list there will be others: "Spawning Habits of the Large-Mouth Black Bass in the South," by J. Bayard Lamkin, of Georgia, and "Some Original Contrivances as Used at the Nook Hatchery of the Plymouth Rock Trout Company," by C. C. Wood, of Massachusetts. The subject "Breeding Habits and Growth of the Clam," which in the list as published was assigned to Mr. Wood, will be discussed by Dr. A. D. Mead, of Rhode Island. The officers of the Society are Jno. W. Titcomb, President, St. Johnsbury, Vt., and Seymour Bower, Secretary, Detroit, Mich. All persons interested in fishculture and the fisheries are invited to attend the meeting; and membership in the Society (annual dues one dollar) is open to all.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 7.—But little has been the reward of the endeavors of the fraternity during the past week as regards surf fishing. The prevailing west winds and scorching heat have caused the bass to take a leave of absence. Kingfish, too, are quite scarce, although some few are taken each day. A great many New York city fishermen were with us on the Fourth, but the intense heat caused many to forsake the sport and seek the shade, and they had about equal success with those who stuck to their post, as but few fish were taken.

Weakfish are biting well at Barnegat, and running fine in size and condition. Many anglers are now turning their attention to that body of water since the departure of the bass from along the coast. A few hours of easterly winds will again start the sport among the bass, and many an anxious eye is kept to windward each hour of the day and night.

LEONARD HULIT.

Long Island Crabbing.

EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I., July 7.—Small crabs are very plentiful and the boys are having plenty of sport catch them. They run up the creeks on the flood tide to feed and are caught by the ordinary crab net, after being enticed within its reach by a piece of meat attached to a short piece of fish line.

In the hills of Virginia and West Virginia I remember in my boyhood days the little streams that were fed by springs, and favorite swimming holes could be found along them all. They were full of fish, and a source of delight to the young and old. After forty years' absence I revisited some of the same old streams. The trees had been cut from the hillsides. The springs had dried up. The old swimming holes were gravelly and sandy wastes—as dry as Sahara, except where the channels were filled with muddy torrents for a few hours after a big rain.—Hon. John F. Lee, address before American Forestry Association.

Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine.

Contents for July.

The Game and Fish Laws of the United States and Canada.
Locusts and Wild Honey.....Myron W. Reed.
Hatter Billy and the Wolf Pit...Montgomery M. Folsom.
A Japanese Duck Hunt.....Andrew Haggard.
Fishing for Berkshire Bass.....Henry Guy Carleton.
The History of an Old Friend....Charles E. Whitehead.
Blackcock Shooting in the Alps..W. A. Baillie-Grohman.
An Amateur Pearl Fisher.....H. Phelps Whitmarsh.
Evening Harmonies.....Charles Whiting Baker.
Some West-African Folk-Lore:
The Spider and the Bearded Rock.
The Spider and the Leopard.
The Leopard and the Monkey.
How Panthers Catch Monkeys.....Shikari.
The Great Eagle of the Philippines.....C. J. Cornish.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 21.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Third annual field trials of the Iowa Field Trials Association. M. Bruce, Sec'y, Des Moines, Ia.
Aug. 28.—Sioux Falls, S. D.—Inaugural field trials of the South Dakota Field Trials Association. Olav Haugtro, Sec'y, Sioux Falls, S. D.
Sept. 3.—La Salle, Manitoba, Can.—Western Canada Kennel Club's annual field trials. A. Lake, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
Sept. 6-7.—Brandon, Manitoba, Can.—Third annual field trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. J. Elliott, Sec'y.
Sept. 11.—Manitoba, Can.—Fourteenth annual field trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
Oct. 30.—Seneca, O.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's sixth annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 7-8.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 20.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.
Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.
Nov. 20.—Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 22.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. Barret Gibson, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Muzzling of Dogs Abroad.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—At the instance of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia a State Department instruction was sent to certain Consular officers in Europe asking whether dogs are required to be muzzled in foreign cities and if the results have proved satisfactory. In reply, Consul-General Mason writes from Berlin:

In Berlin, Frankfurt, and, so far as I know or can ascertain, in all cities and large towns of Germany, dogs are required to be muzzled whenever they are on the street or public place, and this regulation is enforced in cities even when the dog is led or held in leash by the owner, or is harnessed for working purposes to a cart or other vehicle.

In Berlin every dog is subject to a tax of 20 marks (\$4.76) per annum. When this tax is paid the dog is registered and the owner receives a small brass disk bearing the registered number of the animal, which must thenceforth be worn on its collar. The absence of either number or muzzle subjects the dog, when outside the inclosed premises of its owner, to immediate seizure by the dog police, who are a special branch of the municipal police appointed and qualified for that purpose.

The effect of these regulations has been to practically exterminate stray and useless dogs, to restrict the dogs actually kept (1) to those of fine race owned by people in easy circumstances, (2) to those kept for hunting, and (3) to those used as working animals by milkmen, market men, butchers, peddlers, etc., in or near towns or cities.

The ordinance is enforced with unswerving rigor and impartiality, and as a consequence hydrophobia is practically unknown in Germany.

Consul-General Osborne responds from London that he submitted the questions of the Department to the Board of Agriculture and they sent him copy of the rabies acts and a tabular statement of the number of cases in London during 1897, 1898 and 1899, showing that the operations of the Board, following upon the steps which had been taken by the local authorities of London to eradicate the disease, were attended with such success that no case of rabies has occurred within that area during the past year. The regulations governing the muzzling of dogs are summarized as follows:

Any unmuzzled dog found by the police in a public place, not under the control of any person and not wearing a collar with the name and address of the owner, will be seized by the police, and the owner will be liable to a penalty not exceeding £20 (\$97).

No dog shall be allowed to be in or on any public place unless such dog is muzzled with a strong cage muzzle, so constructed as to render it impossible for the dog to bite, but so as not to prevent it breathing freely or lapping water.

Any dog not muzzled may be seized, and if diseased it shall be slaughtered; if suspected, it shall be detained or dealt with as the council thinks expedient; if it is not diseased or suspected, it shall be detained for three days, and if not then claimed by the owner shall be slaughtered or disposed of as the council deems expedient. In addi-

tion to any penalty the owner may be liable to for a breach of these regulations, all expenses connected with such detention may be recovered from the owner.

The foregoing regulations shall not apply:

(a) To any dog under the control of any person and wearing a collar upon which the name and address of the owner are legibly inscribed.

(b) To sheep dogs with a shepherd and in charge of sheep.

(c) To dogs being taken to or from exhibitions, shows or other places, if confined in boxes, cages or hampers so constructed as to render it impossible for them to bite.

(d) To packs of hounds while being used for sporting purposes or while being exercised under the control of servants of the hunt.

The expression "public place" in these regulations includes any street, thoroughfare, public bridge, park, garden or pleasure ground, uninclosed land or other place to which the public for the time being has access.

Dogs which are not three months old are not to be seized.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.

Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. Fred Wolters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. R. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Harry Ford, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.

Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

Fixtures.

July.

14. Toronto, paddling and sailing races.
21. Toronto, races and hop.

August.

3-17. A. C. A. meet, Muskoka.

September.

1-3. Toronto, club cruise.
8. Toronto, fall regatta.
15. Toronto, sailing races.

THE two drowning accidents reported this week are by no means all that have come to our notice this spring, from canoes and boats. Most of them are clearly traceable to preventable causes, being due to ignorance, recklessness, lack of knowledge of swimming and faulty boats. In the Yonkers accident the canoe was fully capable in size, model and build, and one of the party was a canoeist and swimmer. The cause seems to be the attempt, presumably on the part of a novice, to set a jersey on a paddle by way of a sail, and to his fatal grip on his companion, who tried to save him. In the Toronto case the canoe did not capsize, and the probabilities are that the canoeist, overexerting himself by a bicycle ride, and possibly a hard spurt of paddling, was taken with heart failure and fell from the canoe in a helpless condition.

The danger of canoeing is that of all boating, somewhat lessened by the fact that a well-modeled canoe is as staunch and able a craft as anything of her size afloat, more so than the average rowboat; and, further, that the canoeist sits, or should sit, on the floor, the center of gravity being consequently much lower than when seated on the thwart of a rowboat. One fruitful cause of accidents is the lack of knowledge of swimming—fatal alike to the subject and his companion, who endeavors to save him. Unless a person can swim he has no business in a small pleasure boat, as his helplessness when in the water is usually supplemented by clumsiness and recklessness due to ignorance, while still in the boat. A very large proportion of boat and canoe accidents are due to the attempt to pass and change places or to the fool trick of rocking the boat in order to frighten some one. To move about safely in a small boat and to pass by other persons in going from end to end, is as much a matter of skill as balancing a bicycle or walking a rope; and the results of failure are usually much more serious. As to skylarking of all kinds in small craft, especially with women aboard, it is a criminal performance that is just as deserving of severe punishment as the pointing of weapons in joke.

The overloading of small craft is one common cause of disaster, especially in canoes. There are many canoes which, though small and of poor model, are safe enough for one skilled canoeist under all common conditions, but with a second passenger crowded into the small cockpit

the canoe is loaded beyond a safe limit, and unfit for anything but absolutely smooth water. When the passenger, as is usually the case, is unused to a canoe and unable to swim, there is but one result in the event of a little wind or a tide rip.

OUR mails at the first of the month, immediately following the publication of the Canoeing Number, bring us a number of communications intended for that number, and these must either wait for a month or appear in the second number of each month. THE FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on Tuesday, and it is necessary that all matter should reach the office by the first mail on Tuesday morning, while in the case of long reports and communications, Monday morning is the latest. When Wednesday is a holiday, as in the case of Decoration Day and the Fourth of July this year, we go to press on Monday instead of Tuesday. If correspondents will bear this in mind all important news will appear in the Canoeing Number.

THE Atlantic Division at its annual meeting on May 28 elected the following officers: Vice-Com., Henry M. Dater, Brooklyn C. C.; Rear-Com., H. D. Hewitt, Lakewood C. C.; Burlington, N. J.; Purser, Joseph F. Eastmond, Brooklyn C. C.; ex-Com. L. W. Seavey, Knickerbocker C. C.; H. L. Quick, Yonkers C. C., and M. D. Wilt, Red Dragon C. C.

ON June 30 Joseph C. Gibson, of Toronto, an accountant in the Dominion Bank, was drowned from a canoe in Humber Bay, near Toronto. He had hired a canoe for a paddle on the lake, and in some way he fell out of the canoe about half an hour after he started out without capsizing the canoe. He was seen in the water, but sank before aid could reach him. The body was recovered by grappling, and the doctors who examined it and found no water in the lungs, were of the opinion that death was due to heart failure, which caused the fall from the canoe. Mr. Gibson was thirty-two years old and unmarried.

Eastern Division Meet.

WORCESTER, MASS.—LAKE QUINSIGAMOND.

June 16, 17, 18.

THE Division meet of the Eastern Division, A. C. A., held on Lake Quinsigamond on June 16, 17, 18, was most successful in point of attendance and in the number and interest of the races. A very good representation was present from the entire division, and the interest was by no means local. The camp was pitched on Flagg's Point, a wooded promontory S.E. of the Tatassit C. C. house, opening on Saturday. The first to arrive from a distance was Com. MacKendrick, who in spite of his business engagements came down from Toronto for the meet, staying until Sunday night. It is needless to say that his visit was appreciated by the canoeists of the Eastern Division, many of whom had the pleasure of meeting him for the first time. Vice-Com. Allen, Atlantic Division, was also in camp, with Paul Butler. The total number registered during the three days was 115. The preliminary arrangements were well carried out by Purser Coulson and other local canoeists, and everything possible was done for the comfort of the visitors. Saturday was spent in getting settled and in the evening the visitors were entertained by an impromptu musical entertainment by the amateurs of the Tatassit C. C. The division meeting was held on Sunday morning, the following officers being elected: Vice-Com., Louis A. Hall, Wawbewawa C. C.; Rear-Com., C. M. Lamprey, Lawrence C. C.; Purser, A. F. Kimberly, Lawrence C. C. Executive Committee—A. V. Coulson, Lakeside C. C., Worcester; F. H. French, Quiniboquin C. C., Dedham; C. F. Dodge, Medford C. C. The different clubs and cottagers around the lake extended every hospitality to the canoeists; in particular Mr. J. G. Vaudreuil placed his launch Gertrude at the service of the visitors and runs were made around the lake. In the evening there was a large camp-fire, with music.

The races were set for Monday, the general paddling races in the morning and the war canoe race at 2:30, when the greatest number of visitors was looked for. The Wawbewawa C. C. objected to this on the ground that its war canoe crew would be tired after the members had taken part in all the other events, as they proposed to do, and in no condition to meet a fresh crew. After a discussion it was decided to begin the programme with the war canoe race at 2:30, following with the other races. The long programme was run off promptly and successfully, most of the honors going to the Wawbewawa C. C. a club that is notable in the Association as well as the Division for the individual training and excellent crew work of its racing men. The events were as follows:

War canoe race, distance one mile straightaway—First, Wawbewawa, of Auburndale; second, Tatassit, of Worcester; third, Quiniboquin, of Dedham. Time, 6m. 45s. Won by three lengths. Wawbewawa—Stroke, John B. May; 2. Daniel S. Pratt, Jr.; 3. Daniel A. Johnson; 4. J. A. Nolte; 5. G. C. Scales; 6. Edward Lawrence, Jr.; 7. O. J. West; 8. E. R. Adams; helmsman, L. S. Drake; average weight, 155lbs. Tatassit—Stroke, A. H. Lang; 2. Everett Wood; 3. E. W. Maynard; 4. Frederick Coulson; 5. J. Perley Kilgore; 6. P. W. Southgate; 7. A. D. Windle; 8. Hervev Lamb; helmsman, E. J. Somers; average weight, 152lbs. Quiniboquin—Stroke, H. M. S. Aiken; 2. Edwin Easterbrook; 3. S. L. Capen; 4. R. K. Rodgers; 5. Edward Baker; 6. John Ward; 7. Edgar W. Ward; 8. Fred Notman; helmsman, F. H. French; average weight, 156lbs.

Single canoe, single blade, distance one-half mile—First, F. H. French, Quiniboquin C. C., of Dedham; second, F. T. Hovey, Innitou C. C., of Woburn. Time, 5m. 16 1/5s. Won by ten lengths.

Club fours, single blade, distance one-half mile—First, Wawbewawa, of Auburndale; second, Medford, of Medford; third, Quiniboquin, of Dedham. Time, 3m. 48 1/2s. Won by 5ft. First Quiniboquin and Lawrence fours also started. Wawbewawa—D. S. Pratt, D. A. Johnson, J. A. Nolte, Edward Lawrence, Jr. Medford—J. B. Howard, W. E. Chick, M. M. Holbrook, Arthur G. Mather, Lawrence—A. E. Kimberley, W. L. Valter, F. A. Weiss,

G. M. Littlefield. First Quiniboquin—Fred W. Notman, S. H. Capen, R. K. Rodger, F. H. French. Second Quiniboquin—H. M. Aiken, Edgar W. Ward, Edward S. Baker, Edwin Easterbrook.

Tandems, single blade, distance one-half mile—First, First Wawbewawa, of Auburndale; second, Innitou, of Woburn; third, Second Wawbewawa, of Auburndale. Time, 4m. 12 1/5s. Won by 1ft. Lawrence and Quiniboquin also competed. First Wawbewawa—D. S. Pratt and D. S. Johnson. Innitou—H. V. Dimick and F. W. Fowle. Second Wawbewawa—A. A. Brown and N. C. Billings. Lawrence—L. D. Sherman and H. P. Poore. Quiniboquin—Fred W. Notman and S. H. Capen.

Club fours, double blade, distance one-half mile—First, Wawbewawa, of Auburndale; second, Medford-Innitou combination. Time, 3m. 40s. Won easily. Wawbewawa—L. S. Drake, J. B. May, D. S. Pratt, E. R. Adams. Combination crew—W. E. Chick and M. M. Holbrook, of the Medfords; H. V. Dimick and F. W. Fowle, of the Innitous.

Standing paddling, distance about one-sixth mile—First, F. H. French, Quiniboquin; second, J. B. May, Wawbewawa; third, F. H. Hovey, Innitou. Time, 2m. 10s. Won by a length.

Tandem, double blade, distance about one-sixth mile—First, First Wawbewawa; second, Innitou. Time, 1m. 10s. Won easily. Second Wawbewawa also started. First Wawbewawa—E. R. Adams and J. B. May. Innitou—H. V. Dimick and F. W. Fowle. Second Wawbewawa—W. C. Billings and A. A. Brown.

Single canoe, double paddle, distance about one-sixth mile—First, E. R. Adams, Wawbewawa; second, J. W. Worthington, Quiniboquin. Time, 1m. 38s. Won easily.

Relay race, distance one-half mile, three relays—First, Wawbewawa; second, Innitou; third, Quiniboquin. Time, 6m. 28s. Won by half canoe length. Wawbewawa—E. R. Adams, John B. May, L. S. Drake. Innitou—Fred T. Hovey, F. W. Fowle, H. V. Dimick. Quiniboquin—Fred W. Notman, H. M. S. Aiken, F. H. French.

Man overboard, distance one-sixth mile—First, Quiniboquin; second, Wawbewawa. Time, 2m. 2 1/5s. Won easily. Quiniboquin—E. S. Baker and F. H. French. Wawbewawa—J. B. May and L. S. Drake.

In an exhibition of upsetting his canoe, E. R. Adams tumbled out, turned the canoe around a full turn and clambered in again in four seconds.

Silver cups were presented as individual prizes. A silver shield was given as a crew prize.

The officials of the regatta were: Referee, Howard Frost; clerk of the course and starter, A. V. Coulson; judges and timers, Walter W. Crosby, of Innitou; Francis J. Burrage, of Wawbewawas; Allen W. McAdams, of Newton B. C.

The division regatta committee, having general charge of the races, were: A. V. Coulson, Lakeside B. C.; A. H. Lange, Tatassit C. C.; J. R. Gilfillan, Wish-ton-Wish C. C., of Northampton. Among those present were: W. G. MacKendrick, of Toronto, Ont., commodore of the American Canoe Association; H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J., vice commodore of the Atlantic Division; Paul Butler and Col. Butler Ames, Vesper B. C., of Lowell; Louis A. Hall, Louis Drake, Francis J. Burrage, Clifford Kimball, Edward Lawrence, Jr.; Daniel S. Pratt, Jr.; George C. Scales, John B. May, Daniel A. Johnson, Oscar J. Wert, Ernest R. Adams, Walter C. Billings, Arthur A. Browne, William V. Forsarsh, Wawbewawa C. C., of Auburndale; Frederick Coulson, A. H. Lange, Stephen Sawyer, Jr.; R. C. Cleveland, P. W. Southgate, J. P. Kilgore, Dr. C. A. Lakin, James Thompson, Howard Frost, George A. Goddard, P. H. Hammond, E. W. Maynard, A. F. Pritchard, John E. Bradley, George E. Ryan, George W. Eddy, Arthur O. Knight, Everett Wood and A. D. Windle, Tatassit C. C., of Worcester; Leonard W. Gates, H. H. Ames, A. V. Coulson, W. G. Whiting, F. W. King, I. H. Verry, John E. Washburn, Frank S. Pierce, W. H. Fuller, G. W. Caldwell, George Clark, B. H. Robbins, A. C. Mirick, George N. Hall, James C. Mellor, J. Clarence Headman, F. H. Allen, Lakeside B. C., of Worcester; M. M. Holbrook, A. W. Dodge, Roger D. Mansfield, John B. Howard, Walter E. Chick, Arthur G. Martha, Medford C. C., of Medford; Charles M. Howe, Edward T. Brigham, F. H. Sawyer, F. W. Cramphorn, Fred T. Hovey, W. W. Crosby, H. B. Dimick, W. K. Fowle, G. W. Buchanan, W. M. Robinson, Edward F. Wyer, C. C. Buchanan, Edwin S. Knowlton, Innitou C. C., of Woburn; A. M. McAdams and George S. Brazer, Newton B. C., of Riverside; Stephen W. Dimick and Charles F. Dodge, Puritan C. C., of South Boston; Charles M. Lamprey, A. E. Kimberly, W. L. Votter, F. A. Weiss, G. W. Littlefield, H. P. Poor, L. D. Sherman, Lawrence C. C., of Lawrence; Frederick H. French, Henry M. S. Aiken, John Ward, Edgar Ward, Fred W. Notman, Robert K. Rogers, Samuel H. Capen, Jr.; John W. Worthington, Edward S. Baker, Edwin C. Easterbrook, Quiniboquin C. C., of Dedham; F. G. Smith, H. E. Lamb, George M. Donaldson, Jr.; O. G. Nutting, George W. Freeman, Arthur E. Richardson, Wauntug C. C., of Worcester; R. N. Cutter, Shuh-shuh-gah C. C., of Winchester; Edwin S. Knowlton and F. A. Fowle, Innitou C. C., of Woburn. F. A. Sears, of Worcester; C. P. Newhall, of Worcester, and H. G. Chamberlain, of Chelsea, unattached.

A Fatal Canoe Accident.

ON June 24 a fatal accident occurred on the Hudson River by which two young men, one of them a member of the Yonkers C. C., lost their lives. The following account is from the Statesman, of Yonkers.

Harry P. Bissell and Clifford Longbotham were bookkeepers in the Citizens' National Bank of Yonkers, and they had long been chums. Bissell was about twenty-four years of age, and the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bissell, of North Broadway. Longbotham was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Longbotham, of 285 Warburton avenue, and was about nineteen years old.

Bissell, who had been a member of the Yonkers C. C. for about a year, was a good oarsman and a splendid swimmer, having several times displayed his ability to swim across the Hudson; but Longbotham was not familiar with canoes and could not swim.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

11. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
12. Newport, ladies' day, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
12. American, ladies' sail, Newburyport.
- 12-13-14. New York, Newport series, Newport, off Brenton's Reef.
14. Sea Cliff, annual, Glen Cove, Long Island Sound.
14. Bridgeport, annual, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
14. Royal St. Lawrence, 22ft. cruising, 5-rater, 20ft., 17ft. and dinghy classes, Beaurepaire, Lake St. Louis.
14. Queen City, Tupper cup, 22ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
14. Haverhill, fishing trip, Haverhill, Mass.
14. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
14. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
14. Savin Hill, handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
14. Quannapowitt.
14. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
14. Beverly, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
14. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
14. Seawanhaka Cor., Roosevelt cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 14-15. California, annual cruise, Sacramento River.
- 16 and alternate following days, Newport Y. R. A. 70ft. series, Newport, off Brenton's Reef.
- 16-17-18. Quincy, challenge cup, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
18. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
21. Queen City, World cup, 17ft. special class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
21. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
21. Canarsie, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
21. Stamford Corinthian, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
21. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
21. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
21. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
21. Jamaica Bay, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
21. Kingston, club, Kingston, Lake Ontario.
21. Winthrop, swimming and rowing races, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
21. American, club, Newburyport, Mass.
21. South Boston, handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
21. Columbia, championship, Boston, Boston Harbor.
21. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
21. Quannapowitt, commodore's cup.
21. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.

HESTER, cutter, Rear-Com. C. F. L. Robinson, New York Y. C., was spoken on July 1 in lat. 48-2 north, long. 42-51 west, by the British steamer Lumen, Capt. French, from Dunkirk for Philadelphia. The cutter was then thirty-five days out from Glasgow, bound for Halifax, and both food and fuel were exhausted, the crew having had no food for three days. The yacht reported calms and light weather on the voyage. An offer to tow was declined, but the steamer supplied provisions and fuel.

CAPT. SYCAMORE, the noted English racing skipper, who held the tiller of Valkyrie III. in the races for the America Cup in 1895, sailed from Liverpool for New York on the Servia on July 7. It is not reported whether he is traveling for his health or merely for pleasure.

AN examination of the 80-footer Rainbow on the railway at Bristol has disclosed nothing wrong with the hull, and her poor performance is laid to the sails, which have been badly stretched, presumably from the fact that Capt. Parker is unfamiliar with the new crosscut sails. The canvas has all been recut and the yacht is once more sailing. The quartette will meet in the races off Newport this week.

ONE of the old Cup defenders, the schooner Madeline, John S. Dickerson, the winner of the third match with the Countess of Dufferin in 1876, has been sold for service as a trader in the West Indies. She is now at Greenport, where her centerboard will be removed and a keel substituted by her new owners.

THE reported arrival at City Island of the cutter Isolde was an error, the other 65-footer Astrild being mistaken for her. Isolde arrived at Halifax, N. S., on July 2, after a passage of thirty-two days from the Clyde. Her racing spars arrived before her on the steamer Assyrian. Mr. Hoyt met her at Halifax and will bring her to New York, having sailed from Halifax on July 4.

Columbia Y. C. Regatta.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 4.—The big regatta of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, was sailed to-day under ideal conditions, and proved to be a success fully up to the expectations of all, and to the high standard which the announcements of the club had set for the event. The weather has been hot here for several days, and it was very hot to-day, the thermometer going above 96 degrees. The sky was clear, however, and the wind was exactly right, not too strong, and yet strong enough. The wind was off shore, west-southwest, steady, and increasing in stiffness during the afternoon. There was at no time sea enough to render it risky, and it was just right for the little fellows. At no time was there a calm; so it was a sailing match all the day through, and not a drifting match, for each and every individual of the big fleet that started.

As stated earlier, there were ninety-six entries for the regatta. Of these more than sixty started. Several boats failed to get here in time, including two or three from up the lake, and one which was "becalmed" in the drainage canal. This start is the record for the racing of this city, and the occasion, although big enough to tax the resources of the club, was pulled off with such success that the organization is to be highly congratulated. That there should be some little confusion connected with the handling of so great a fleet of boats is a matter of course and is of no concern. This regatta was like all regattas to some extent, in that the starting of several classes at once is confusing to the lay spectator, who comes to see a yacht race and finds no race visible, but only a mass of canvas clouding the water. None the less, in spite of the heavy entry and the combined starts, there came out two or three of the prettiest yachting duels ever seen in this harbor, and the whole day was replete with exciting incidents.

The Winners.

To get at the gist of the news at once, the winners were as follows:

Class 1, schooners over 50ft.: Two starters; won by Sallie, owned by Savidge brothers, Columbia Y. C., Chicago.

Class 2, schooners under 50ft.: Four starters; won by Myrene, owned by Y. J. Hermann, Columbia Y. C., Chicago.

Class 3, racing sloops and cutters over 45ft.: Class abandoned; Siren alone, owned by George R. Peare, Columbia Y. C., Chicago.

Class 4, cruising sloops and cutters over 45ft.: Two starters; probably won by Charlotte R., owned by F. N. Price, Columbia Y. C., Chicago. A protest is pending against Phantom in this class. Phantom is owned by A. B. Schuette, Manitowoc Y. C., Wisconsin.

Class 5, racing sloops and cutters, 31 to 45ft.: Four starters; won by Prairie, owned by F. A. Tripp, Columbia Y. C., Chicago.

Class 6, cruising sloops and cutters, 31 to 45ft.: Four starters; won by Peri, owned by Com. F. H. Skinner, Columbia Y. C., Chicago.

Class 7, racing sloops and cutters, 25 to 31ft.: Four starters; won by May B., owned by Lewis, Baker & Dutton, Columbia Y. C., Chicago.

Class 7½, racing sloops and cutters, 22 to 25ft.: Four starters; won by Spray, owned by William Avery, Columbia Y. C., Chicago.

Class 8, cruising sloops and cutters 22 to 31ft.: Nine starters; won by Vixen; owned by Com. F. D. Porter, Columbia Y. C., Chicago.

Class 9, racing sloops and cutters 22ft. and under: Won by Query, owned by George W. Baker, Columbia Y. C., Chicago.

Class 10, cruising sloops and cutters 22ft. and under: Nine starters; won by Atlantic, owned by W. H. Reeves, Columbia Y. C., Chicago.

Class 11, 20-footers: Three starters; probably won by Harriett H., owned by Henry L. Hertz, Columbia Y. C., Chicago. Protest is filed by Harriett H., against Bald Eagle for fouling her.

Class 12, 17-footers: Three starters; won by Triton, owned by Dunn, Scudder and Galt, Saddle and Cycle Y. C., Evanston.

Class 13, open boats, Naval Reserve; divided into two sub classes—30ft. cutters, first class; 24ft. cutter whateboat and dinghy, second class: Won by the 24ft. cutter sailed by Coxswain Erich in the second class. This boat won an actual and corrected time. The fourth division cutter, sailed by Boatswain's Mate Davies, won in the first class cutters.

The above announcements pend the action of the judges on protests. The win of Myrene in Class 2 was a hollow thing, because Tartar and Nomad sailed the wrong course by mistake. Tartar and Nomad made a pretty fight of it for the first two legs of the course and made the first turn almost with locked yard arms.

The Course.

All starts were made from the Breakwater Gap, and the first leg was to the four-mile crib; thence to Carter Harrison, or Lake View Crib, thence home, the windward work being done on the last leg. The judging was done by judges posted at the different cribs and by patrol judges, the latter making more or less futile efforts to get the proper positions to watch the race. The long course was that around the Lake View Crib and return.

The Officers.

The following was the personnel, etc., of the management:

Official judges: Geo. W. Rodgers, Walter D. Payne, Richard Summers, David B. Carse, E. G. B. Haymon, Fred Farwell, W. S. Bougher, Geo. Martin, D. L. De-la-Fontain.

Official timers: Joseph Ruff and J. B. Ruff.

Committee of arrangements: F. H. Osborne, St. Mayer, W. H. Quinlan, Wm. Corey, A. J. Rohan.

Press boat, V. C. Seaver's Kid; judges' boat, J. W. Broughton's Thetis; dispatch boat, John B. Carse's Gladys.

The Prizes.

The prize list was a generous one. Especial interest attached to the big cup offered for the little fellows by ex-Com., W. D. Boyce, a very handsome piece of plate indeed, standing more than 2ft. high, on a solid ebony base. This was much coveted by the 20-footers, and it may be imagined that Harriett H. and Bald Eagle were fighting for blood in their exciting finish. The prize list follows below:

Class A1: First prize, Walker silver cup, donated by Hiram Walker & Co.

Class B2: First prize, natural wood finished dinghy, donated by Truscott Boat Mfg. Co., St. Joseph, Mich.

Class A3: One box La Flor de Martinez cigars, donated by Berriman Brothers, Chicago and New York.

Class B4: First prize, Atwood silver water service, donated by F. M. Atwood, Chicago.

Class A5: First prize, Pabst trophy, donated by Capt. Fred Pabst, Milwaukee.

Class B6: First prize, Mayer silver cup, donated by Mr. St. Mayer, Chicago.

Class A7: First prize, Browning, King & Co., silver cup, donated by Browning, King & Co., Chicago.

Class A7½: First prize, Hunt cup, donated by Inspector Nicholas Hunt, Chicago.

Class B8: First prize, one silver-trimmed cut-glass cigar jar, donated by Hyman, Berg & Co., Chicago.

Class A9: First prize, mammoth jardiniere, donated by Robt. E. Young, Chicago.

Class B10: First prize, imported German stein, donated by Albert Pick & Co., Chicago.

Special Classes—Twenty-footers: First prize, the Boyce cup, donated by W. D. Boyce, Chicago.

Seventeen-footers: First prize, one cedar dinghy, natural wood finish and brass-trimmed, donated by Racine Boat Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., and Racine, Wis.

Illinois Naval Reserve cutters: First prize, 6ft. American yacht ensign, donated by the S. McFadden Co., New York.

History of Columbia Y. C.

The Columbia Y. C. was organized June 28, 1892. The promoters and charter members of the club were Richard Summers, Chris. Duggan, Walter D. Payne, George

It seems that the two young men had planned to spend part of the day on the New Jersey shore, Longbotham going as the other's guest. They started from the Yonkers C. C. house at Glenwood at about 10 o'clock, in an 18ft. open Canadian canoe, which holds two persons, and is considered to be a safe boat, on account of its large size. Bissell took his position in the stern seat and handled the paddle. Longbotham sat in the bow seat, and used a paddle as directed by Bissell.

The tide was on the ebb, and a strong southwest wind was blowing, which made the surface of the river very rough, but they crossed in safety. The tide had carried them down some distance below Alpine, and they desired to land further up. In order to make better progress, it seems that Bissell took off his sweater and passed it over to Longbotham for him to use as a sail. According to the statement of those who witnessed the accident, Longbotham adjusted the ends of his paddle inside the sweater and held it up in the wind. In doing this he lost his balance and leaned too far to one side, overturning the canoe, which remained bottomside up.

Both men got hold of the overturned boat and held fast for a minute, and then Longbotham lost his hold. There was a commotion in the water, as though Bissell was endeavoring to save his chum from drowning. The accident happened just below McLean's house, which is the last house south of the Mill Dock, and far enough from the shore to be in deep water. The tide was about half down, and there was a depth of about 10 or 12ft. of water at the point where the upset occurred.

Frederick Peene and F. M. Berry, of the Palisade Boat Club, were rowing, with two young ladies, close to the New Jersey shore, and were about a quarter of a mile away when they saw what happened to the canoeists. They immediately rowed with all their strength toward the men in the water, but in a little more than a minute after the canoe was overturned nothing could be seen of either of the canoeists.

Bissell had been seen to rise to the surface and then disappear suddenly, as though drawn down, and the supposition is that in endeavoring to rescue Longbotham the latter held fast to his legs. When Peene and Berry reached the scene of the drowning, Peene reached out and righted the overturned canoe. They picked up the fatal sweater, the paddles and other articles, which were floating about, and, after taking the ladies to the shore, they went out again in search of the bodies.

They were joined by two small boys from Mr. McLean's house, who witnessed the accident and had put out in a boat as quickly as possible. The catastrophe transpired in so brief a space of time that it was impossible to render assistance to the unfortunate young men.

Joseph Walsh, of 93 Hawthorne avenue, went out next day to the place where the accident occurred and began grappling for the bodies. At about 11 o'clock his grappling irons became fast in some object which yielded as he drew up the line. When near the surface of the water he saw that there were two bodies on the line, and it appeared to him that the arms of one man were clasped about the legs of the other; but before he could get them to the boat, the body which was held by the legs slipped away and sank again. The other body, which was held fast by the grapple, proved to be that of Clifford Longbotham.

Walsh brought the body to Yonkers and informed the police, who notified Coroner Schafmeister, and the body was given in charge of the Yonkers Undertaking Company.

The bodies were found close to the place where they went down. Longbotham's watch was stopped at 11:10. Walsh intended returning to grapple for the body of Bissell.

This was the first drowning of a member of the Yonkers C. C. in the history of the club—sixteen years. A special meeting of the club has been called, to take action in regard to the sad occurrence.

With Apologies to Canoeists.

OF course we all bow to the inscrutable wisdom of the editor, when it comes to making up the paper, but I have been wondering whether he ought not to be asked to apologize to the genuine canoeists of the FOREST AND STREAM for putting the series headed "Down the Raisin" in their department. It is true my cruise was made in a canoe, but it is also a fact that there was a fishing rod concealed inside her, the which, had it been employed more effectively, might have landed the Little Pilgrim in the columns of "The Fishing Tourist."

JAY BEEBE.

A. C. A. Membership.

Atlantic Division—Geo. I. Eddie, Frederick W. Chesbrough, Morgan R. Howe, Englewood, N. J.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

A war canoe race was paddled on July 3 at Brockville between the crews of the Brockville Rowing Club, the Y. M. C. A. Athletic Club and the Bohemian Club. The Bohemians won after a good race, with the Y. M. C. A. second.

Several canoe races were on the programme of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen in the twenty-first annual regatta at Toronto on July 2. In the tandem canoe race, C. McLean, of the Grand Trunk, was first, with Michael—was first, with the Grand Trunk Boat Club second and the No. 1 Toronto crew third. In the single canoe race, C. McLean, of the Grand Trunk, was first, with R. N. Brown, of Toronto, second, and E. McMichael third. In the fours, Toronto No. 3—E. N. Richards, R. A. Brown, J. R. Gay and E. McNichol—was first, with Toronto No. 1 second, Toronto No. 2 third and Grand Trunk fourth. In the war canoe race Toronto No. 1 beat Toronto No. 2.

An Oregon old-timer says the first "poem" ever "indited" in that country was by a Yamhill woman. It reads: "The Willamette Valley is the prettiest place that ever was made. It lies between the coast range and the Cascade. In the spring of the year, just after the rains, there are lots of wild geese and a few blue cranes."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Payne, F. Nicholson, N. Duggan, Frank Daggett, A. Street, L. Belmont, H. Sarchet, W. Schmitt, H. Hyde and Alex. Auld. Mr. W. D. Payne, as secretary, was the only officer elected for the year 1892, and he filled the duties most acceptably.

The club began with a modest little fleet of five yachts, namely, the cabin sloops Sea Shell and Restless, both 25ft. over all; a partly decked sloop of some length named May B.; the skipjack Blade and a smaller sloop, Eileen, only 18ft. over all. The need of a club house was met by the members themselves turning to and constructing a common looking houseboat, which to this day is moored in the northwest corner of the outer yacht harbor.

The season of 1893 witnessed the inauguration of the cruising race across the south end of the lake, which has grown in importance until it has come to be regarded as the greatest yachting event on Lake Michigan, and in which twenty-five yachts sailed last month. In the year of its inauguration the race was, from Michigan City, Ind., to Chicago, but ever since it has been sailed from Chicago to Michigan City. The course is one and a half points south of east, and the distance is thirty-three and a fraction miles.

The annual records in this race have been as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
1893..Peri	No record.		7 19 46
1894..Hattie B.	2 17 19	9 56 34	7 39 15
1895..Phantom	1 04 00	6 56 10	5 52 10
1896..Vanenna	1 12 00	6 07 40	4 55 40
1897..Vanenna	1 10 00	9 15 10	8 10 50
1898..Siren	2 01 25	6 28 00	4 26 35
1899..Siren	12 32 00	4 48 30	4 16 30
1900..Siren	1 02 43	6 54 20	5 51 37

Early in the season of 1899 the Columbian Construction Company was organized with a capital of \$5,000, the stock being subscribed for by members of the Columbia Y. C., the object being to insure funds for erecting the new club house, upon which work was at once commenced. Architect W. S. Burrous, the ranking officer of the year, drew the plans, and exercised a general supervision of the work. In August an attempt was made by process of injunction, to prevent the club from maintaining its home on the lake front site granted by the United States Government, and the construction work ceased before the season ended. But later on Judge Kavanaugh, of the Superior Court, rendered a decision in the club's favor.

At the first regular meeting of 1900 it was proposed to hold on the Fourth of July an open regatta on a scale surpassing anything yet attempted in these waters.

Accidents of the Day.

So large a regatta was not to be run off without a certain number of accidents, though happily nothing came up of a serious nature, and the mishaps were for the most part trivial. Satyr was capsized at the four-mile crib, but no one was the worse for the wetting. Red Bird also met a similar misfortune, but came in under her own sail. Not quite so lucky was Gironde, which lost her steering gear, her rudder post breaking off. She was towed in with a disappointed crew, who regretted the breakdown just when they were doing fine work. Nymph carried away her throat halyards block. Peri, while parting no rigging, had a bit of trouble apparently from a fouled block. Neola lost distance by the parting of a halyard, as above mentioned, and there were the usual number of minor mishaps of unimportant nature.

Protests.

Phantom was protested for fouling Josephine. Harriet H. protested Bald Eagle and Bald Eagle protested Harriet H. for reasons named above.

Starts and Courses.

Classes 1, 3, 4 and 5 sailed the fifteen-mile course. Classes 2, 6, 7, 7½, 8, 9 and 10 and the 20's and 17's sailed the ten-mile course. Naval Reserve cutters sailed to four-mile crib and return. In the afternoon races, 20's and 17's flying starts; no flying starts in the morning races. Time limit, three hours.

The Story of the Racing.

With a fresh breeze and beautiful sky the first start was made at 10 A. M. In a moment the whole lake expanse off the Breakwater Gap was full of canvas. There was, to be sure, a certain amount of confusion incident to so heavy an entry, and only those at the piers or close up with a launch could get a just idea of the sailing. There was nothing close in the questions of fouls at the first turn, though Triton and Nomad jockeyed so close together here that from a little distance astern it surely seemed Nomad had fouled Triton. Such, however, was not the case. As the boats rounded into the second leg the big fellows strung out and left the lesser craft far behind. Sallie and Hawthorne began to show hull down on their way to the Lake View crib. Prairie pressed far up with the leaders, and the new boat May B., built by Cuthbert, this spring, began to show an amazing clean pair of heels. May B. had been fitted with a new spar and with 200 feet of canvas extra the night previous, her owners' men working all night to get this done. This put her up one peg in the classification, but her time table tells the story of her merit compared with other boats above and below her. She was handled well. So too was Peri, winner in Class 6. Spray, winner in Class 7½, made a fine showing, both in seamanship and in actual sailing time. Prairie and Josephine were handled handsomely, and Prairie showed that she could do a thing or two in the fresh breeze which prevailed. The finish of the fleet was close enough to afford interest to the spectators and to keep the judges busy calling time, as the boats came over close bunched in several instances.

The finish in Class 1 attracted great attention. Much to the surprise of every one, the magnificent lead established by Sallie in the first portion of the race was seen to be cut down and indeed lost in the last mile of the course. It could not be said that Sallie was sailed as cleverly as she should have been in the close-hauled work. She fell far out to leeward, and when she began to haul up on to her course it was seen that Hawthorne had gained the weather berth of her. Hawthorne now was handled beautifully and maintained her lead, crossing the line first by a liberal margin, much to the surprise of all,

who thought the old boat would not be in it with her smarter rival. Sallie won, by a narrow thing, on her time allowance, over the course of fifteen nautical miles. This victory carried with it the Hiram Walker cup. Meantime Siren had pleased a great many by her smart work in her walkover alone around the course. The win of Myrene, in Class 2, was by fluke alone, as earlier explained. The other starters of the morning did not turn up anything of so great interest in the way of a nautical duel as that between Sallie and Hawthorne. Indeed, it was reserved for the afternoon to show the most exciting contests of the day, when the little fellows got out together. There were present some fine specimens of the latest little craft, such as Triton, Neola, Peeps II., etc., and these put up a fight of the greatest interest.

The Afternoon.

The small boats of the afternoon regatta were given flying starts, and at about 2:30 o'clock the 20-footers and 17-footers got the gun for their start. As the 20-footers were to race for the Boyce cup, to which a great deal of interest attaches, the pier was lined with spectators and all the big excursion steamers, the private launches, etc., were packed with eager and excited spectators. At the gun Bald Eagle went over the line first, but just behind her came Harriet H., the fast boat from Fox Lake, entered by Mr. Hertz. At once Harriet H. began to close on Bald Eagle, and rapidly passed her to leeward, as though sailing feet to her inches. It was a pretty thing between these two all the way out to the first crib, though at that time it looked easy for Harriet H., she having a minute to the good there. Query, the third entry, a clever little craft three years ago, but hardly up to the latest spoonbills, came pounding along in the rear, but was hopelessly distanced. It looked all Harriett H. until they came to the close-hauled leg, and here in the windward work began the most exciting duel of the whole day. Harriet had gained a full minute on the first leg but only a half minute in the second, though this lead would have seemed to be decisive under ordinary sailing conditions. Bald Eagle, however, was splendidly handled, her crew being Henry Davies, helmsman; E. T. Balcom, Sidney Davies and Thomas Smith. Aply sailed Bald Eagle edged up on Harriet and to the surprise of all showed up in the weather berth less than a mile from the finish. Harriet H. seemed to realize that she had a fight on her hands now, and she went about in a gallant effort to cross Bald Eagle's bow. The latter, however, was too much for her, and for the first time in the course Harriet was headed, being forced to luff and fall back. There were many cheers from the admirers of Bald Eagle at this point. The fight, however, was not over, and although Harriet H. had lost considerable way, she stood on in a long reach and began to show her good sailing qualities. She stood to the weather of Bald Eagle, and shortly after the latter boat attempted the same maneuver in which Harriet had failed. Bald Eagle was able to make good her effort, and crossed Harriet's bows with something to spare. Harriet stood on, and catching a good flaw of wind footed it handsomely. Bald Eagle now went about and set out after her, but seemed not to have the best in this part of the work. Bald Eagle again came in on the port tack and challenged Harriet once more for the lead, which the latter seemed to have gained, this zigzag down to the finish being a most exciting thing. Harriet had the right of way and she was pluckily sailed straight into the apex of the impending angle. With bull dog tenacity Bald Eagle stood on and on, in a desperate fight to cross her bows. It was a toss up which would win, but the Fox Lake craft was now going a good clip and Bald Eagle could not get way enough to head her. This attempt, plucky as it was on the part of Bald Eagle, was fatal to her chances. Bald Eagle tore away the stay on Harriet and also ripped a big hole through her jib. At a distance this accident could not be seen, for the boats swung apart and resumed their duel. They were fighting now on down into the mouth of the gap and one more reach would settle it. Harriet was the better placed, for it was doubtful if Bald Eagle could make the gap without going about. All at once the men on the press boat were horrified to see Harriet's sails flutter as she came up into irons. In a horse race this kind of a finish would have been fit subject for a lynching, and the greatest indignation was expressed at the ruin of a hot finish by such an unseamanlike performance. A little further back Harriet had been accused of a slight case of the rattles, and now it was supposed that her crew had entirely lost their heads. It was not known at that time that there had been a foul. The whole matter was explained when Harriet came in with her ripped jib to take the race under a foul, a most disappointing finish to one of the prettiest boat races we have ever had in this port. Sailing time is not given on these boats on account of the protest. The latter is a double protest, for Mr. Balcom has protested Harriet in turn on the ground that her measurement exceeds 20ft. and that she has violated the rule of the Inland Lakes Yachting Association regarding air-tight bulkheads. This protest is not decided at this writing.

Duel in the 17-Footers.

While the first leg of the course was being sailed in the above event there came into view another little nautical encounter, which was still closer at that stages than the fight between Harriet and Bald Eagle. Neola and Triton were seen sailing as though tied together for nearly two nautical miles, neither seeming to get much advantage of the other. They came down to the first crib in this same fashion, and at this point they picked up Query, which was a humorous third in the 20ft. class, Harriet and Bald Eagle being by this time well out on the second leg. All three of these lesser boats rounded to in a bunch at the four-mile crib, Neola having a shade the advantage at this point. They all cut the crib very closely, much crowded, Neola being in between Triton and Query. As they showed beyond the pier of the crib Triton was in advance with half a length of clear water between her and Neola. Then came on as pretty a piece of jockeying as was seen in the whole regatta. Neola, briskly handled, was put up into the wind and blanketed Triton. The latter thought that two could play at this, and as soon as Neola stood clear she in turn laid into the weather berth and blanketed Neola. Neola once more tried it, but Triton shook out a pace or two and went off with

Neola trailing. At the second crib Triton had a lead of a quarter of a minute. Then began the windward work and there bade fair to be a warm finish here also. Too bad for the sport, Neola carried away her jib halyard. She spliced it twice, but this lost her her place in the race and deprived her of at least a fighting finish, in which anybody's boat might have been the winner. These little fellows certainly showed the merriest kind of work and they were sailed with a skill and dash which brought out the encomiums of every one.

The Record.

The sailing time as reported by the committee at date is given below. It was stated that owing to the crowd of work consequent upon the late arrival of some of the boats the measurements were not completed until after the sailing, this being by consent.

Class 1.					
	Schooners	Over 50ft.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Sallie	9 41 30	12 02 50	2 21 20	2 16 53	
Hawthorne	9 42 18	12 00 56	2 18 38	2 18 38	
Class 2.					
	Schooners—50ft.	Class.			
Myrene	9 58 45	12 23 05	2 24 20	2 10 45	
Nomad	9 51 55	12 33 20	2 41 25	2 40 53	
Tartar	9 53 35	1 05 13	3 11 38	3 11 38	
Glad Tidings.....	9 58 45	12 23 05	3 08 11	3 04 54	
Class 3.					
	Cutters	Over 45ft.—Racing	Trim.		
Siren	10 09 45	12 11 55	2 02 10
Class 4.					
	Cutters	Over 45ft.—Cruising	Trim.		
Charlotte R.....	9 42 19	12 08 31	2 26 12	2 26 12	
Phantom	9 43 05	12 15 01	2 31 56	2 26 16	
Class 5.					
	Cutters—45ft.	Class—Racing	Trim.		
Prairie	9 44 18	12 02 00	2 17 42	2 15 24	
Josephine	9 44 24	12 07 05	2 22 41	2 16 31	
Valiant	9 40 32	12 25 55	2 45 23	2 45 23	
Beatrice	9 43 50	12 52 27	3 08 37
Class 6.					
	Cutters—45ft.	Class—Cruising	Trim.		
Peri	9 51 50	11 43 55	1 52 05	1 51 11	
Pinta	9 54 55	11 57 26	2 02 21	2 01 10	
Hattie B.	9 53 35	11 56 51	2 03 16	2 03 16	
Wizard	9 56 00	12 10 44	2 14 44	2 11 57	
Class 7.					
	Sloops—31ft.	Class—Racing	Trim.		
May B.....	9 52 10	11 42 27	1 50 17	1 43 24	
Widsith	9 55 00	11 46 09	1 51 09	1 49 52	
Nymph	9 51 40	11 44 43	1 53 03	1 52 07	
Zephyrus	9 51 58	12 03 05	2 16 07	2 16 07	
Class 7½.					
	Sloops—25ft.	Class—Racing	Trim.		
Spray	10 00 26	11 50 19	1 49 53	1 49 53	
Old Abe.....	10 01 08	11 54 55	1 53 47	1 50 36	
Ethel III.....	10 02 20	12 01 45	1 59 25	1 58 13	
Mona	10 02 26	12 23 47	2 21 21	2 19 28	
Class 8.					
	Sloops—31ft.	Class—Cruising	Trim.		
Niobe	10 06 28	12 15 10	2 08 42	2 04 16	
Vixen	10 09 08	12 15 12	2 06 04	2 06 04	
Arrow	10 02 10	12 15 00	2 12 50	2 08 09	
Imp	10 10 00	12 26 50	2 16 50	2 11 11	
Florence	10 02 25	12 30 07	2 27 42	2 20 18	
Martha.....	10 03 35	12 34 20	2 30 45	2 23 31	
Alca	10 10 00	12 55 06	2 45 06	2 36 35	
No Number	10 03 05	1 16 30	3 13 25
Algonquin	10 10 00	Withdrew.			
Class 9.					
	Query <th>10 11 35<th>12 15 30<th>2 03 55<th>1 56 11</th></th></th></th>	10 11 35 <th>12 15 30<th>2 03 55<th>1 56 11</th></th></th>	12 15 30 <th>2 03 55<th>1 56 11</th></th>	2 03 55 <th>1 56 11</th>	1 56 11
Albatross	10 12 28	12 28 43	2 16 15	1 56 24	
Blackbird.....	10 10 30	12 15 09	2 04 39	2 01 06	
Willit	10 13 45	12 42 29	2 28 44	2 11 15	
Loon	10 12 15	12 34 50	2 26 35	2 11 58	
Warren Heart	10 20 10	12 42 10	2 22 00
Red Bird	10 11 58	12 53 17	2 41 19
Satyr	10 11 55	Withdrew.			
Gironde	10 15 40	Disabled.			
Class 10.					
	Peeps II..... <th>10 10 31<th>12 30 23<th>2 19 52<th>2 12 23</th></th></th></th>	10 10 31 <th>12 30 23<th>2 19 52<th>2 12 23</th></th></th>	12 30 23 <th>2 19 52<th>2 12 23</th></th>	2 19 52 <th>2 12 23</th>	2 12 23
Syndicate	10 17 14	12 37 05	2 19 51	2 13 34	
Atlantic	10 11 06	12 29 02	2 17 56	2 16 24	
Dauntless	10 10 00	12 40 30	2 30 30	2 23 34	
Dot	10 11 05	12 50 15	2 39 10	2 24 31	
Mate	10 10 00	12 40 11	2 30 11	2 30 11	
Alva	10 11 21	12 59 03	2 47 42	2 42 12	
Sappho	10 04 15	1 01 58	2 57 43	2 47 14	
Oolite	10 12 40	Withdrew.			
Class 13.					
No. 110.....	2 32 50	4 36 35	2 03 45
No. 103.....	2 31 45	4 04 25	1 32 40
No. 104.....	2 35 03	4 20 55	1 55 52
Whaleboat	2 31 22	4 09 38	1 38 16

On July 6 the judges of the Columbia Y. C. brought in their decisions in regard to the protests, measurements, etc., which were pending at the close of the regatta July 4. The handsome Boyce cup, the most coveted trophy of the entire regatta, which was the subject of the hot fight in the 20ft. class between Harriet H. and Bald Eagle, was awarded most justly to Harriet H., the Fox Lake boat, owned by Henry L. Hertz. Bald Eagle was disqualified for fouling Harriet H. The counter protest laid by Bald Eagle against the Fox Lake boat was disallowed.

The protest against Phantom for fouling Josephine, which protest was filed by Fred Price, owner of Charlotte R., was disallowed on the ground that the foul caused no difference in the relative positions of boats in Class 4. Phantom was awarded second prize.

The figuring of corrected time was completed and brought out some surprises. Spray was found to have won in Class 7½. She sailed the course of eight and one-half nautical miles in 1:59:53, thus beating May B., the Class 7 winner, by the close margin of twenty-four seconds. It thus appears that Mr. Avery's boat, Spray, out-sailed the entire fleet, over the short course. The big boat Siren was the fastest over the fifteen-mile course.

Blackbird, of Milwaukee, was thought at first to have won the first prize in Class 9, but it is discovered that blackbird only wins third prize. In the 20ft. class the one which produced the most sensational features of the day, the three-year-old boat Query, which was so far out of the competition with Harriet H. and Bald Eagle, took second prize through the disqualification of Bald Eagle. The same boat wins in Class 9.

Saturday Races.

To-day, July 7, there will be sailed a warm race in this harbor for a number of our larger boats, including Josephine, Prairie, Blade and Valiant. Alice, which arrived too late to start last Wednesday, will also sail in the schooner race. Hawthorne will probably not start. There will be an affair of honor to-day between Bald Eagle and Harriet H., the 20-footers which figured last Wednesday. Triton and Neola, 17-footers, will come together again to-day, and they will be joined by Sakita, which was put out of it by the breaking of her stick in the start last Wednesday.

The Fourth at White Bear.

The usual Fourth of July regatta at White Bear Lake, Minn., was ruined this week by heavy rains, which practically broke up the sport and sent every one to shelter. Minnesota, Saint and Minnezitka started at 1 o'clock. Saint broke down at the half-way point; then the wind fell, and Minnesota could not finish. At 4 o'clock the 17-footers and 15-footers were sent off, but were caught by the storm and somewhat damaged, Atilla being capsized. Leola broke her tiller, but managed to help the crew of the former yacht. The storm prevented the finishing of the race, and indeed spoiled the day.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Larchmont Y. C. Annual Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Wednesday, July 4.

ALL the arrangements for the annual regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. on July 4 were perfect, with the exception of the wind, which was everywhere and nowhere, blowing from N.W. at the start, but falling after a summer squall. The conditions were so unfavorable that the winners were in most classes determined by chance. Apart from the two old schooners, Sachem and Fleur de Lys, the only large yacht was the new cutter Mineola II. The death of Mrs. E. V. G. Brokaw, mother of Messrs. W. G. and C. V. Brokaw, prevented the starting of Amorita and Queen Mab. With no opponent, Quissetta was not present, and Astrild, the new boat of Queen Mab's class, was without a competitor. A special match was made between Mineola II. and Astrild. Among the new boats were Miladi, schooner; the 5ft. cutter Altair, the 43ft. keel sloop Hebe, just in from Boston, and the 36ft. sloop Countess, built at Bristol for Oswald Sander-son, former owner of Pyxie and Anotok.

The starting began at 11:40, and the last boats were sent away at 12:15. The two large cutters Astrild and Mineola were started with a class of small catboats. As Mineola and Astrild were working for the weather berth at the line, a small catboat came by the committee boat right in Mineola's course. To avoid cutting her down, Capt. Wringle took the other risk of fouling Astrild, and the two bumped together, but without serious damage. Later on the cutter Altair, when on port tack, fouled Astrild and took a piece out of her boom. The chief interest was in the 5ft. class, Syce defeating the new Bristol boat after a fairly even race, while the centerboard sloop Hussar II. was over a quarter of an hour astern of the two cutters. The first round was timed:

Sachem	2 00 50	O Shima San	2 34 46
Fleur de Lys	2 27 30	Audax	2 42 25
Katrina	1 51 22	Escape	2 43 19
Latona	1 50 58	Freya	2 48 30
Wayward	2 14 05	Possum	2 48 36
Miladi	2 38 59	Esperanza	2 31 36
Mineola	2 01 27	Alerion	2 32 56
Astrild	2 20 21	Oiseau	2 34 28
Sayonara	2 27 10	Rochelle	1 38 42
Syce	2 18 30	Chingachgook	1 44 14
Altair	2 20 58	Adelaide	1 45 31
Hussar II.	2 30 56	Celia	1 47 16
Lotawana	2 32 29	Scintilla	1 48 29
Awa	2 37 42	Edwina III	1 18 58
Mariquita	2 40 07	Colleen	1 34 12
Mira	2 17 49	Spindrift	1 34 35
Hebe	2 17 38	Snapper	1 34 24
Ashumet	2 32 04	Persimmon	1 34 55
Vinita	2 33 29	Scamp	1 34 59
Countess	2 31 26	Sis	1 35 13
Veda	2 32 10		

The official times were:

Schooners—95ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Start, 11:40.			
	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sachem, Fred T. Adams	50.16	3 22 10	4 11 25
Fleur de Lys, H. R. Walcott		3 51 21	4 11 25
Corrected time, Fleur de Lys, 3.55.12.			
75ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Start, 11:40.			
Katrina, J. S. Ford	73.14	6 32 41	6 52 41
Latona, H. C. Eno	73.00	5 42 44	6 02 44
65ft. Class—Start, 11:40.			
Wayward, Charles Smithers	63.82	3 38 04	3 58 04
Miladi, S. H. Mason	51.38		Withdrew.
Cutters—Special Class—Start, 12:15.			
Mineola, August Belmont	77.50	5 30 26	5 15 26
Astrild, W. and A. Hanan	61.53	6 36 30	6 21 30
Corrected time, Astrild, 6.05.14.			
Cutters—60ft. Class—Start, 11:45.			
Sayonara, C. B. Hendricks	54.06	3 54 09	4 09 09
Cutters 51ft. Class—Start, 11:50.			
Syce, H. S. Redmond	50.86	3 40 49	3 50 49
Altair, Cord Meyer	51.00	3 41 26	3 51 26
Hussar II., James Baird	50.98	3 58 35	4 08 35
Cutters—51ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Start, 11:50.			
	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lotawana, T. O'C. Sloan	46.98	4 32 26	4 42 26
Awa, T. L. Arnold	46.78	4 37 33	4 47 16
Mariquita, H. B. Shaen	46.09	4 51 55	5 01 28
Cutters—43ft. Class—Start, 11:50.			
Mira, C. L. Poor	42.82	3 49 04	3 59 04
Vinita, G. D. Provost	38.44	4 48 57	4 53 57
Ashumet, R. C. Kip	38.90	4 29 52	4 39 52
Hebe, J. R. Maxwell	42.85		Withdrew.
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 11:55.			
O Shima San, J. T. Pratt	35.81	4 41 36	4 46 36
Countess, Oswald Sander-son	36.00	4 29 14	4 34 14
Veda, Robert Bacon	30.33	4 31 41	4 36 41
Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 11:55.			
Possum, W. Bavier	33.00	5 42 48	5 47 48
Escapade, Geo. Matthews	30.42	5 37 00	5 42 00
Audax, H. S. Eaton	30.90	5 29 04	5 34 04
Freya, G. J. Bradish	36.00	5 44 25	5 49 25
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 11:55.			
Alerion, A. H. Alker	29.70	4 46 58	4 51 58
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.	29.73	4 31 43	4 36 43
Empronzi, Alfred Peats	30.00	4 48 40	4 53 40
25ft. Class—Start, 12:00.			
	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rochelle, Ed. Kelly	25.00	2 51 09	2 51 09
Celia, W. S. Gould	22.50	2 58 08	2 58 08
Scintilla, J. R. Hoyt	22.16		Withdrew.
Adelaide, J. Woodbury	22.50	2 59 31	2 59 31
Chingachgook, E. A. Stevens	24.50	2 56 13	2 56 13
Edwina III, J. N. Gould	23.00	3 02 52	3 02 52
Amoma, H. B. Towle	23.60		Withdrew.
Raceabouts—Start, 12:00.			
Colleen, L. R. Alberger	2 50 50	2 50 50	
Spindrift, Pirie Brothers	2 52 18	2 52 18	
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell	2 51 50	2 51 50	
Sis, F. T. Bedford, Jr.	2 50 58	2 50 58	
Persimmon, H. De V. Warner	2 50 38	2 50 38	
Scamp, Johnston De Forest	2 52 10	2 52 10	
Raider, H. M. Crane		Disabled.	
S. C. Y. C. Knockabouts—Start, 12:00.			
Vagrant, E. L. Hill	2 58 52	2 58 52	
Kanosha, C. W. Holtz	2 57 17	2 57 17	
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	2 57 38	2 57 38	
Dipper, A. D. Townsend	3 01 40	3 01 40	

Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 12:05.			
Ox, R. N. Bavier	21.00	2 50 50	2 45 50
18ft. Class—Start, 12:05.			
Nike, Guy Forbes	16.00	3 12 59	3 07 59
Nora, Lewis Iselin	17.27	3 11 24	3 06 24
Sandpiper, August Belmont	15.00		Withdrew.
Eaglet			Withdrew.
Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 12:10.			
Kenwood, A. B. Cornell	20.70		Withdrew.
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.50	3 02 56	2 52 56
Mongoose II., Simeon Ford	21.00	2 56 57	2 46 57
Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 12:10.			
Kildare, T. A. McIntyre	19.98		Withdrew.
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr.	19.40	3 04 56	2 54 56
Vera, A. M. Bradley	20.07	3 10 06	3 00 06
18ft. Class—Start, 12:15.			
Louie Bell, J. M. Williams	15.00		Withdrew.
Rascal, C. A. Tatum			Withdrew.
Wee Win, F. Sherwood	14.08		Withdrew.
Higinks	16.50		Withdrew.
Sailing Dorics.			
Bud, George Cory	3 04 07	2 52 04	
John Dory, Guy Standing	2 53 45	2 38 45	
Rudder, H. Stevenson	2 58 35	2 43 35	
Ketch II., L. C. Ketchum		Not timed.	
Prize, H. H. Van Rennsalaer		Withdrew.	

The winners were Sachem, Latona, Wayward, Mineola, Sayonara, Syce, Lotawana, Mira, Vedu, Andax, Oiseau, Rochelle, Persimmon, Kanosha, Ox, Nora, Mongoose II., Kazaza and John Dory.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, July 5.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C. sailed an open race on July 5 in a variable and fluky wind. Mineola II. was present, with the Belmont fleet, which includes the steam tender Scout and two 18ft. sloops, owned and sailed by Vice-Com. Belmont's sons, August Belmont, Jr., aged seventeen, and Raymond Belmont, aged twelve. A special match was made between Mineola and Altair under the regular allowance, while two small boats started in a class by themselves. Mira, cutter, and Albicore, yawl, made a special match, Mira given double time. Com. E. C. Benedict sailed the knockabout Wyntje in the absence of her owner. A threatening squall, which passed over, caused Mineola to withdraw, as she did not care to wet her mainsail, being now in shape for the class matches off Newport. The courses were on the Sound, starting off Captain's Island. The times were:

Special Race—Start, 1:35.			
	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola, August Belmont	77.50		Withdrew.
Altair, Cord Meyer	51.00	5 09 49	3 34 49
Special Race—Start, 1:50.			
Mira, C. Lane Poor	43.00	5 09 24	3 19 24
Albicore, S. J. Hyde	41.00	5 13 43	3 23 43
Corrected time, Albicore, 3.16.13.			
Cutters—51ft. Class—Start, 1:45.			
Awa, T. L. Arnold	46.43	5 18 06	3 33 06
Mariquita, H. B. Shaen	46.83		Not timed.
Cutters—43ft. Class—Start, 1:50.			
Mira, C. Lane Poor	43.00	5 09 24	3 19 24
Yawls—43ft. Class—Start, 1:50.			
Albicore, S. J. Hyde	41.00	5 13 43	3 23 43
Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 2:25.			
Freya, G. J. Bradish	36.00		Not timed.
Spindrift, G. F. Griffing		5 22 18	2 57 18
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 1:55.			
Empronzi, Alfred Peats	30.00	4 55 06	2 55 06
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.	30.00	4 31 53	2 36 53
Alerion, A. H. Alker	29.70	4 35 15	2 41 15
Sloops—Special 30ft. Class—Start, 1:55.			
Veda, Robert Bacon		4 46 31	2 51 31
Raceabouts—Start, 2:05.			
Scamp, Johnston De Forest	4 54 04	2 49 04	
Spindrift, Pirie Brothers	4 54 51	2 49 51	
Persimmon, H. De V. Warner	5 18 10	3 13 10	
Kanosha, Charles Voltz	5 19 45	3 14 45	
Raider, H. M. Crane	5 20 27	3 15 27	
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell	5 20 43	3 15 43	
S. C. Y. C. Knockabouts—Start, 2:05.			
Wyntje, F. S. Hastings	21.00	5 19 40	3 14 40
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 2:10.			
Rochelle, Ed. Kelly	25.00	5 20 20	3 10 20
Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 1:55.			
Dot, C. T. Pierce	30.00	4 50 17	2 55 17
Windora, John Green	30.00	4 54 19	2 59 19
Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 2:15.			
Vera, A. M. Bradley	20.07	4 16 00	2 01 00
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill	21.00	4 21 14	2 06 14
Mongoose II., Simeon Ford	21.00	4 27 03	2 12 03
Psyche, H. B. Stevens		4 34 21	2 19 21
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 2:20.			
Kingfisher, August Belmont, Jr.	18.00	4 19 40	1 59 40
Sandpiper, R. Belmont	18.00	4 31 44	2 11 44

The winners were Altair, Albicore, Awa, Spindrift, Oiseau, Wyntje, Rochelle, Dot, Vera, Kazaza, Kingfisher.

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE race of the Quincy Y. C. on July 4 was started in a moderate N.W. breeze, which held through the first round, but shifted and fell light on the second. The four new Hanley boats met for the first time, but Little Peter, an old boat, took second place. The times were:

H. O. and Y. R. A. Class.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Hanley, W. F. Bache	2 31 22		
Little Peter, H. Moebis	2 31 45		
Orphan, Edwin Clapp	2 32 34		
Empress, Hayden & Parker	2 33 14		
Al Kyris, J. F. Brown	2 35 39		
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	2 39 10		
Class A—Handicap.			
Eclipse, H. E. Jones	1 35 09	1 34 09	
Chatham, George Carey	1 37 37	1 42 37	
Harbor Light, J. H. Johnson	1 43 52	1 48 52	
Hustler, Whittemore & Robbins	1 47 41	1 52 41	
Yselt, L. O. Crocker	1 46 52	1 53 52	
Goblin, H. Ricker	1 54 10	1 57 10	
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw	1 53 02	1 58 02	
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	1 51 39	2 01 39	
Canacan, J. C. Morse	2 02 47	2 02 45	
Class B—Handicap.			
Eupero, C. H. Alden	2 08 54	2 11 54	
Whisper, E. F. Fitzpatrick	2 10 05	2 11 54	
Tautog, A. A. Lincoln	2 25 08	2 31 08	
21ft. Class.			
Cleopatra, F. H. Crane	1 43 33		
Autocrat, Nightingale	1 44 42		
Omeme, W. P. Barker	1 45 27		
Bolink, Vose	1 51 15		
Little Peter protests Hanley for fouling. This race gives Hanley the Algonquin cup. The judges were Com. Edwin E. Davis, Vice-Com. J. S. Whiting and J. L. Whiton.			

City of Boston Regatta.

BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE annual open regatta of the city of Boston was sailed on the morning of July 4 in a variable and puffy N.W. wind. The times were:

Open 25ft. Class.		Elapsed.
Widgeon, A. J. Horton.....		1 14 27
Romance, Loring Sears.....		1 15 00
25ft. Class.		
Little Peter, J. J. Moebis.....		1 01 08
Flirt, Fabian & McKee.....		1 02 05
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....		1 07 08
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....		Disabled.
21ft. Class.		
Hostess, H. M. Faxon.....		1 02 50
Tacoma, J. F. Ring.....		1 06 00
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane.....		1 20 15
21ft. Cabin Class.		
Coquette, B. D. Amsden.....		1 04 16
Opitsah II., S. H. Foster.....		1 07 45
Harriet, L. T. Harrington.....		1 07 46
Usona, E. E. Prior.....		1 10 05
18ft. Class.		
Dauntless, Benner & Patten.....		1 00 14
Circe II., F. L. Pigeon.....		1 01 03
Zoe, F. J. Stewart.....		1 02 53
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson.....		1 03 42
Joque, Walter Kelly.....		1 13 37
Cathryn, J. R. Young.....		1 13 42
15ft. Class.		
Favorite, G. W. Glover.....		1 07 39
Vitesse, W. J. Coombs.....		1 10 40
Ray, S. A. Freeman.....		1 18 23
Bess, J. W. Horr.....		1 30 33
Skipper, Richard Randall.....		Withdrew.

Royal St. Lawrence Yacht.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

Monday, July 2.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. had a very inviting programme made out for Dominion Day, beginning with a cruise on June 30, starting at 1:30 from Dorval, racing to Lakeside, then another short race to Pointe Claire, and after that a race across to Beauharnois, where a stop would be made for the night. Next morning all were to stop at the Cascades and return by way of Beauport, Pointe Claire and Lakeside by Sunday night. The new club steamer St. Lawrence was to serve as convoy and transport. On Monday—Dominion Day—races were arranged for the morning and afternoon. All went well until Saturday afternoon, when Lake St. Louis was upset by a vicious gale, which made sailing almost impossible, so the cruise was perforce abandoned. A prize has been offered by Mr. John K. L. Ross for a series of twelve races in the cup defense class, the crews to change boats so that each boat will be tried by the four crews. There was a light S.W. wind on Monday morning, dying out about noon. The first race was called off the club station, Dorval, at 11:03, and finished at 11:49:35, the order being:

Glencairn III., G. H. Duggan.....	1
Black Beauty, G. H. Duggan.....	1
Red Coat, Chas. Routh.....	3
White Cap, A. Abbott.....	4

The second race was started at 12:18, Black Beauty crossing promptly, while White Cap was handicapped 1m. 20s. The wind fell so light that only one round was sailed, Black beauty winning easily.

Black Beauty, C. H. Duggan.....	1
Glencairn III., Chas. Routh.....	2
Red Coat, A. Abbott.....	3
White Cap, T. L. Paton.....	4

At 2 P. M. the fleet started in tow of the St. Lawrence and called at Lakeside to pick up some members. In landing, one of the towlines fouled the steamer's rudder and she was delayed for a full hour. The boats sailed up to Pointe Claire, and the first afternoon race was started, the result being:

White Cap, G. H. Duggan.....	1
Glencairn III., A. Abbott.....	2
Black Beauty, Chas. Routh.....	3
Red Coat, T. L. Paton.....	4

Red Coat, G. H. Duggan.....	1
White Cap, Chas. Routh.....	2
Black Beauty, A. Abbott.....	3
Glencairn III., T. L. Paton.....	4

Red Coat, Chas. Routh.....	1
Glencairn III., G. H. Duggan.....	2
White Cap, A. Abbott.....	3
Black Beauty, T. L. Paton.....	4

The third race was the best, the finish being a matter of 4s. between Red Coat and Glencairn III. The 22-footers and the 17-footers also sailed a race, finishing as follows:

Bona Dea, Jas. Paton.....	1
Ivaloo, C. F. Williams.....	2
Koorali, S. A. Finley.....	3

Turtle, Wm. M. Kirkpatrick.....	1
Habitant, D. Hemsley.....	2
Viola, Walter Ewing.....	3
Kittiwake, W. E. Bolton.....	4

Beverly Y. C.

WING'S NECK—BUZZARDS BAY.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE Beverly Y. C. had only a light N.W. wind for its open sweepstakes race of July 4. The times were:

May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....	2 18 23
Uhula, W. H. Winship.....	2 28 38
Eina, J. Parkinson.....	2 35 00
Nokomis, A. Winsor.....	2 35 35

Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	2 28 02
Sylvia, S. D. Warren.....	2 32 11
Cyrilla, R. W. Emmons.....	2 34 43
Amanita, L. Bacon.....	2 41 18
Bohemia, R. L. Barstow.....	2 44 36
Edith, C. M. Baker.....	2 44 55
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney.....	2 47 08

Weazel, W. S. Burgess.....	1 42 29
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	1 51 51
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	1 51 53
Daisy, Howard Stockton.....	1 55 34

Peacock, R. Winsor.....	2 02 48
Go Bye, S. G. King.....	2 02 54
Varda, J. Parkinson.....	2 02 55
Flickamaroo, N. F. Emmons.....	2 11 32

Victoria Y. C. Walker Cup.

HAMILTON—BURLINGTON BAY.

Saturday, June 30.

THE third annual race for the Walker cup for skiffs, presented by Com. Frank E. Walker, of the Victoria Y. C. in 1898, and won in that year by Flight, and last year by Sultana, was sailed on June 30 over a six-mile triangle on Burlington Bay, two rounds. Out of the thirty entries from Toronto and Hamilton, a fleet of eighteen started in a moderate breeze, the times being:

Start, 3:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Flight, J. Humphrey, V. Y. C.....	5 09 00	2 09 00
Caprice, R. Slee, Q. C. Y. C.....	5 09 35	2 09 35
Cake Walk, E. K. N. Wedd, R. C. Y. C.....	5 10 35	2 10 35
Typhoon, S. Griffith, P. S. C.....	5 16 15	2 16 15
Sigma II., R. T. Cuff, R. C. Y. C.....	5 17 20	2 17 20
Hustler, H. C. Strange, R. C. Y. C.....	5 18 50	2 18 50
Sheila, T. H. Brown, R. H. Y. C.....	5 19 00	2 19 00
Sothis, F. E. Walker, V. Y. C.....	5 19 02	2 19 02
Whitecap, A. J. Phillips, Q. C. Y. C.....	5 24 10	2 24 10
Kink, H. C. Birge, V. Y. C.....	5 25 32	2 25 32
Rex, W. Buckingham, V. Y. C.....	5 27 40	2 27 40

Ethel, Solitaire, Atalanta, Vivian, Sappho, Trio, Do Do also started.

Flight, which has thus won twice, was built by Weir Bros., of Hamilton, who also built Sultana. After the race the visitors were entertained by the Victoria Y. C. Arab, owned by Mr. Wardwell, of Toronto, was robbed

of her rigging and other articles during Saturday night, and the Victoria Y. C. offered a reward of \$50 for the detection of the thieves.

Newport Kat Bot Klub.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 1.

Newport, July 1.—The Triple Alliance having withdrawn its protest against the mobilization of the Kat Bot Klub, either here or elsewhere,

and the misunderstanding occasioned by the Czar not having been invited to the last meeting, having at last been satisfactorily explained, our relations with Russia will continue as heretofore, and the Kat Bot Klub will proceed to go into commission.

The kind offer of the Kat Bot Klub to delegate its Chief Steward to visit Peking at his own expense and to make personal observation of the private life of the Boxers, is appreciated, and is still under consideration.

A course of lectures has been arranged by the Klub to be delivered on the days when there are none at the War College. The services of many eminent scientists have been engaged, who will include the following subjects in their addresses:

"In reaching for home at 3 A. M., is dead reckoning or triangulation the safer?"

"Is splicing the main brace at 7 bells, between bells and after each splice, proper on a weather shore with the barometer at 30?"

"Can the Theory of superimposed turrets be applied to the improvement of such superimposed heads as are to be found after each general meeting of the Klub?"

"On or about the first wedding anniversary, what should be done in the event of a sudden squall?"

"What are the acoustic properties of Long Island Sound?"

"Why chickens sleep?"

"How to converse in low tones?"

"Is sea water inferior to Apollinaris for some purposes?"

During the summer several addresses will be delivered by the celebrated Professor, Kantellabigli, who discovered that there are but two bones in the head—the jaw bone and the skull.

These papers will be carefully filed in the Klub stove for future use, as occasion may require.

WALKER SHAW, Executive Officer.

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE race of the Duxbury Y. C. on July 4 started in a fresh westerly breeze, but it died out and the boats drifted over much of the course. The times were:

21ft. Class.	Elapsed.
Halcyon, S. C. Winsor.....	2 09 27
Fanny D., A. E. Walker.....	2 16 00
Scamper, Reed Bros.....	2 37 30
Seconset, H. S. Dennison.....	Withdrew.

Handicap Class.	Elapsed.
Rooster, A. Watson.....	2 12 30
Rainbow, Henry Overman.....	Withdrew.
If, F. B. Norwood.....	Withdrew.
Satone, C. M. Foster.....	Withdrew.
Caprice, H. W. Ottaro.....	Withdrew.
Fedora, Isaac Breed.....	Withdrew.

Knockabout Class.	Elapsed.
Dazzler, Goodspeed Bros.....	3 25 43
Oom Paul, G. P. Cushman.....	3 30 07
Milady, R. Adams.....	3 50 27
Kittawake, H. M. Jones.....	Withdrew.
Spider, J. H. Hunt.....	Withdrew.
Lobster No. —, J. C. Clapp.....	Withdrew.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed a good race on July 4, the wind being fresh from N.W. The times were:

Second Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Khalifa, R. F. Tucker.....	1 19 06	1 19 06
Oivana, R. Boardman.....	1 22 08	1 22 08
Never Did, D. H. Follett.....	1 22 26	1 22 26

Raceabouts.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	1 20 04	1 20 04
Tunipoo, J. L. Bremer.....	1 21 42	1 21 42
Pirate, R. C. Robbins.....	1 24 14	1 24 14

Class A.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Yarico, H. E. Yerxa.....	1 21 26	1 19 26
Lillian, H. E. Whitney.....	1 26 45	1 20 45
Indra, P. P. Sharples.....	1 29 32	1 25 32
Isis, W. O. Mayo.....	1 25 36	1 25 36
Darthea, E. B. Lambert.....	1 25 41	1 25 41

Class B.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Fifi, J. A. Jennings.....	1 22 34	1 21 34
Agnes, D. C. Holer, Jr.....	1 24 36	1 24 36

16ft. Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	0 48 50	0 48 50
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber.....	0 49 58	0 49 58

Beverly City Regatta.

BEVERLY, MASS.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE city of Beverly held its first open regatta on July 4, the wind being fresh N.W. The times were:

First Class.	Elapsed.
Chenoder, W. B. Wharton.....	1 30 07
Addie, Joseph Kennison.....	1 38 00
Gladys, U. C. Heath.....	1 41 34
Ada, John H. Claffin.....	1 50 29
Adina, E. S. Foster.....	Disabled.

Second Class.	Elapsed.
Bo-Peep, Charles Prescott.....	1 32 57
M. L. E., W. L. Maloon.....	1 36 18
Black Cloud, Thomas Gilcott.....	1 39 16
Phyllis, L. E. Morgan.....	1 55 04

Third Class.	Elapsed.
Nixie, S. J. Connolly.....	1 47 24
Priscilla, D. W. Taylor.....	1 48 14
Rikki-Tikki, Loring Brothers.....	1 52 52
Brownie, Williams Brothers.....	1 55 15
Vaga, Pickett Brothers.....	1 58 08
Idle Hours, D. T. Smith.....	Ran aground
Blanche, W. D. Quiner.....	Withdrew.
Trump, Benjamin Chapman.....	Withdrew.

Riverside Y. C. Annual Regatta.

RIVERSIDE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 7.

THE Riverside Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on July 7 in all varieties of wind and weather, from a calm to a thunder storm, two of the latter lending variety to the race. Only Altair and Hussar II. started in the 51ft. class, the former losing topmast and bowsprit in the second squall and giving Hussar II. a prize. The two Belmont 18-footers, one sailed by Mr. Belmont and the other by his older son, August Belmont, Jr., made a very close race. The times were:

Cutters—60ft. Class—Start, 1:20.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan.....	55.00	Not timed.	

Cutters—51ft. Class—Start, 1:25.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Altair, Cord Meyer.....	51.00	Disabled.	
Hussar II., James Baird.....	51.00	5 29 12	5 29 12

Cutters—51ft. Class—Special Match—Start, 1:25.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Uvira, R. P. Doremus.....	47.13	Withdrew.	
Hussar II., James Baird.....	51.00	5 29 12	5 29 12

Cutters—51ft. Class—Special Match—Start, 1:25.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Awa, T. L. Arnold.....	46.43	Withdrew.	
Mariquita, H. B. Shaen.....	46.83	Withdrew.	

Cutters—43ft. Class—Start, 1:30.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hebe, J. R. Maxwell.....	42.85	3 21 03	3 21 03
Mira, C. L. Poor.....	43.00	3 20 46	3 20 46

Yawls—43ft. Class—Start, 1:30.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Albicore, S. J. Hyde.....	41.00	3 41 00	3 41 00

Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 1:35.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Veda, Robert Bacon.....	30.33	3 36 04	3 26 33
Countess, O. Sanderson.....	35.70	3 25 08	3 25 08
Narika, F. T. Cornell.....	30.47	4 25 42	4 16 22

Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 1:35.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Escape, George Matthews.....	30.42	5 02 05	5 02 05
Spindrift, E. S. Griffing.....	30.42	Not timed.	

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 1:45.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell.....	29.93	3 24 19	3 24 19
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	29.70	3 24 59	3 24 59
Empronzi, Alfred Peats.....	30.00	3 24 59	3 24 59
Kit, T. H. Macdonald.....	30.00	Withdrew.	

Yawls—30ft. Class—Start, 1:45.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Brynild, C. W. Gould.....	26.86	Not timed.	
Consuelo, A. W. Cabot.....	29.00	Withdrew.	

Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 1:45.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dot, C. T. Pierce.....	30.00	3 54 51	3 54 51
Windora, John Green.....	30.00	3 59 21	3 59 21

Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:55.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rochelle, Edward Kelly.....	25.00	4 19 49	4 19 49
Chingachgook, E. Stevens.....	25.00	Withdrew.	

Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:55.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby.....	23.50	Withdrew.	
Uarda, H. H. Gordon.....	24.68	4 45 02	4 44 24
Vagabond, W. E. Holah.....	25.00	4 44 44	4 44 44

Raceabouts—Start, 1:50.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Persimmon, D. H. Warner.....	21.00	3 03 41	3 03 41
Colleen, L. R. Alberger.....	21.00	3 05 55	3 05 55
Scamp, J. De Forest.....	21.00	3 05 56	3 05 56
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell.....	21.00	3 14 42	3 14 42
Raider, H. M. Crane.....	21.00	3 48 51	3 48 51
Spindrift, Pirie Brothers.....	21.00	Withdrew.	

Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 2:00.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cicada, P. R. Labouisse.....	21.00	2 21 31	2 21 31

Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 2:00.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mongoose II., Simeon Ford.....	21.00	2 21 53	2 21 53
Vera, A. M. Bradley.....	20.07	Withdrew.	
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill.....	21.00	2 27 26	2 27 26

Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 2:05.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kingfisher, A. Belmont, Jr.....	18.00	2 26 41	2 26 41
Sandpiper, A. Belmont, Sr.....	18.00	2 26 45	2 26 45
Ripple, J. A. Meek.....	18.00	Withdrew.	
Nike, Guy Forbes.....	18.00	Withdrew.	

Raceabouts—Start, 2:05.	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Persimmon, D. H. Warner.....	21.00	3 03 41	3 03 41
Colleen, L. R. Alberger.....	21.00	3 05 55	3 05 55
Scamp, J. De Forest.....	21.00	3 05 56	3 05 56
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell.....	21.00	3 14 42	3 14 42
Raider, H. M. Crane.....	21.00	3 48 51	3 48 51
Spindrift, Pirie Brothers.....	21.00	Withdrew.	

Alerion failed to cross at the finish. The winners were Eclipse, Hussar II., Mira, Albicore, Countess, Escape, Oiseau, Dot, Rochelle, Uarda, Persimmon, Cicada, Mongoose II. and Kingfisher.

Newport Y. C.

NEWPORT—NARRAGANSETT BAY.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE Newport Y. C. sailed its first annual regatta on July 4, the wind being strong at the start, but dying out before the middle of the race. J. A. C. was delayed by carrying away a block on the first round. The times were:

First Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Caroline.....	2 24 30	2 23 54
Pet.....	2 27 30	2 27 30
J. A. C.....	2 31 42	2 30 55

Second Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Niobrara.....	2 28 00	2 28 00

Idler.

THE famous old schooner Idler, so well known about New York a generation ago when she was owned by the late Samuel J. Colgate, came to a tragic end beneath the waters of Lake Erie, carrying down with her a party of six helpless women and children. The details of the disaster are told as follows by the Chicago Tribune:

Cleveland, O., July 7.—The schooner yacht Idler was lost in a terrific storm sixteen miles off this port this afternoon with six persons, all members of the family of James Corrigan, a wealthy vessel owner of this city, aboard. The dead are: Mrs. James Corrigan, wife of the owner of the yacht; Miss Ione Corrigan, aged twenty; Miss Ida May Corrigan, Miss Etta Corrigan, Mrs. Charles Reilly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Corrigan; Baby Reilly, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Corrigan. Mrs. John Corrigan was the only passenger aboard who was saved. C. H. Holmes, the captain; Samuel Biggam, the mate; four sailors, two cooks and the ship carpenter were also saved.

The yacht left Port Huron on July 6 with the family aboard and started for Cleveland. Mr. Corrigan was ill and left by train. The yacht was in tow until she reached Bar Point, when the captain left the tow and turned the yacht for Cleveland. At 2 o'clock the storm came up, and inside of five minutes the yacht sank.

All the women, excepting Mrs. John Corrigan and Miss Etta Corrigan, were in the cabin when the gale came up. They became panic stricken, and refused to leave the place.

The mate implored them to come to the deck, but they refused. Mrs. John Corrigan clung to a cork sofa when the gale came and was saved.

"It was about 2:15 o'clock that the squall hit us," said Samuel Biggam, the mate of the ill-fated yacht. "He was relating his version of the affair to a sympathetic crowd in the office of the Lake Carriers' Association. "The yacht lay down on her beam ends," he continued, "and the water rushed through the dead lights and companionways, and in three minutes she sank."

"Mrs. James Corrigan, Miss Ida Corrigan, Miss Jane Corrigan, Mrs. Charles Reilly and the infant daughter of Mrs. Reilly were all in the saloon below when the storm came on us. Capt. Holmes gave me orders to take in sail, and I transmitted the order to the men. They obeyed quickly. The captain, myself and the crew made efforts to save the women, but without success. We told them the yacht was sinking, but they could not or would not come on deck."

"I waded into the saloon when the water was up to my neck, but Mrs. James Corrigan would not come out. She may have been rendered incapable of action by fear and knowledge of impending doom. An effort was made to take the infant daughter of Mrs. Reilly out, but Mrs. Reilly would not let the child go."

The mate said it was realized that nothing could be done to save those in the cabin and that attention was turned to saving those on deck. The latter, outside of the captain, mate and crew, were Mrs. John Corrigan and her daughter, Miss Etta Corrigan.

"The captain, myself and some of the crew tried to get Mrs. Corrigan and her daughter up on the crosstrees in the rigging, but the heavy sea washed us all overboard."

"For God's sake, Mrs. Corrigan, you and your daughter keep a tight hold on the rigging," we called to them. Even as we yelled the sea swept them and us overboard. Fortunately, Mrs. Corrigan had succeeded in taking hold of a cork lounge. She clung to it and was saved."

According to the testimony of several sailors, the top-sail, mainsail and jib were all set when the storm came up. This is denied by Biggam, the mate, who declares that they were in good condition to face the storm.

Capt. James Corrigan declared to-night that good seamanship could have averted the tragedy. He is almost frenzied with grief.

The survivors of the wreck were picked up by tugs a few minutes after the accident and brought into this port.

When Archie Fisher was Commodore of the Chicago Y. C. over twenty years ago he went to New York for his flagship and bought Idler. She was a wonder on the lakes, and Mr. Fisher was easily a leader among the amateur sailormen. But he tired of Idler, and she was laid up as a too expensive plaything. In 1888 she was fitted out to sail in a match race at Mackinaw against the Canadian schooner Oriole, of Toronto. Chicago yachtsmen always said it was no day for Idler to race, for the wind went down to a drifting match, and Idler was no good unless the wind freshened. She was beaten.

John Cudahy bought the old schooner from Mr. Fisher, as he wanted a yacht to finish out his summer home at Mackinaw Island. In 1890 he had the boat rebuilt in a thorough manner. Afterward Mr. Cudahy tied the yacht up in an Illinois Central slip, and for several years she accumulated coal dirt and dry rot.

In 1896 W. D. Boyce was elected Commodore of the Columbia Y. C., and he chartered Idler for the season for his flagship. That Fourth of July Idler was entered in a race at Milwaukee with the steel schooner Priscilla, of Cleveland. The agreement was that the racing sails would be barred. Idler had a growth of sea grass and sailed like a lumber schooner, so Priscilla, with a cloud of balloon sails set, had no trouble in winning.

The timbers and planking of the old ship were getting mellow by this time, and two years later a party of Chicagoans chartered her for a cruise. They encountered squally weather during the first night out, and by morning the mainmast was rolled out by the pitching of the boat. The captain headed for Chicago again and the party who chartered the boat hustled ashore to sail no more.

Last summer Idler was in service again, being used as a cruiser by the Naval Militia. They put the boat into dock, took out the centerboard, plugged up the slot and adopted other precautionary measure to do away with so much heartbreaking work on the pumps.

In the latter part of the summer A. G. Rumsey, of Cleveland, came to Chicago to buy Idler for Capt. James Corrigan, of Cleveland. When he started the old boat down the lakes he advertised that he would sail the entire distance, but upon closer acquaintance thought better of it and towed behind a steamer.

There is not a yachtsman in Chicago who believed Idler was safe when she left Chicago. Many years of neglect when lying at dock all summer had worked ravages with timbers and planking, and about all that was left of the old craft was her history.

Prior to her fresh-water experiences, Idler had made a name about New York. She was designed by Samuel Pook, and built at New Haven in 1866. In model she was a typical American skimming dish. She was one of the fleet of twenty-three yachts mustered by the New York Y. C. to defeat the first challenger for the America Cup in 1870, finishing second. She sailed many races in her salt-water career, and was very successful.

Wood's Holl Y. C.

WOOD'S HOLL, MASS.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE Wood's Holl Y. C. sailed the first race of the season on July 4 in a light and fluky wind. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emma, A. M. Ferris.....	2 36 48	2 35 23
Spy, E. E. Swift.....	2 38 38	2 37 35
Dude, H. E. Hibbard.....	2 45 03	2 45 03
K. T., W. M. Ferris.....	2 47 43	2 46 10
In It, C. Harding.....	2 48 44	2 48 44
Lizzie, H. Fay.....	2 48 21	2 47 27
Maxine, F. G. Clark.....	2 54 40	2 54 17
Florence, W. L. Howes.....	Disqualified.	
See, C. L. Harding.....	Disqualified.	

The judges were J. P. Swift, Ulric Dahlgren, J. Walsh.

Keystone Y. C.

TACONY—DELAWARE RIVER.

Sunday, July 1.

THE Keystone Y. C. sailed a club race on July 1 in a strong N.W. wind, the times being:

First Class Duckers—Start, 1:07.		
Albert S., C. Shallcross.....	2 09 30	1 02 30
Bertie, S. W. Collom.....	2 09 33	1 02 33
Bessie, S. Y. Dingee.....	2 09 35	1 02 35
George B., Geo. Pass.....	2 19 30	1 17 30
Little Harry, R. Brown.....	2 19 38	1 17 38
Flounder, J. Brown.....	2 27 00	1 20 00
McGinty, W. Clausen.....	Disqualified.	
Skiffs—Start, 4:35.		
Two Jacks, W. Clausen.....	5 25 00	0 50 00
W. A. Moore, C. Shallcross.....	Dismasted.	

Corinthian Y. C.

ESSINGTON—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, June 30.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, sailed a race for the knockabout class on June 30 in a strong N.W. wind, the boats carrying two reefs. Kid, sailed by Mr. and Mrs. W. Barklie Henry, led to the outer mark, but broke her rudder on the way home; she was kept going, however, and steered by the sheets, coming in first. Gavota carried away her jib and tore her mainsail, and Grilse was badly disabled. The times were, start 2:45:

	Lower Buoy.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kid.....	3 41 25	4 22 30	1 37 30
Fareeda.....	3 45 50	4 25 25	1 40 25
Gavota.....	1 22 00	4 30 52	1 45 52
Grilse.....	3 46 30	Disabled.	

Points won: Kid, 4; Fareeda, 3; Gavota, 2; Grilse, 1. Points won to date: Kid, 7; Fareeda, 5; Grilse, 3; Gavota, 2.

Windward Y. C. Annual Regatta.

BROOKLYN—NEW YORK BAY.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE Windward Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on July 4 over courses in the Upper Bay off the club station, Thirty-fourth street, Brooklyn. A heavy thunder squall made trouble for a time. The times were:

Cabin Sloops—Start, 10:43.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vetz, R. W. Jones.....	Walkover.		
Cabin Catboats—Start, 10:46.			
Alva, J. H. Allen.....	1 14 50	2 28 50	2 32 12
Emily B., E. V. Brewster.....	1 20 45	2 34 45	2 34 45
Sunshine, George H. Tice.....	1 22 00	2 36 00	2 36 10
Florence, H. A. Conradt.....	Withdraw.		
Mainsail Boats—Start, 10:49.			
Bonita, J. H. Hepburn.....	1 50 33	3 01 33	3 03 33
Retort, J. H. Myck.....	2 10 15	3 21 15	3 21 15
Etta, C. Myck.....	Withdraw.		
Ne Ne Moosha, T. H. Vermont.....	Dismasted.		
Ada W., E. H. Webb.....	1 49 50	3 00 50	3 08 16
Open Catboats—Start, 10:52.			
Nip, Frank Smedley.....	12 28 22	1 36 22	1 36 22
Ruth, W. H. Remey.....	12 25 05	1 33 05	1 36 05

The winners were Veta, Alva, Bonita and Ruth.

The 30-footers at Newport.

On July 4 the 30-footers Dorothy and Esperanza sailed a private match over the Bishop's Rock and Jamestown course, the times being, start 3:11:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	4 46 28	1 35 28
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....	4 47 47	1 36 47

On July 5 a sweepstakes race was sailed over a course from Brenton's Cove around Half-Way Rock, eight miles to leeward and return, in a fresh south wind, the times being, start 3:24:

	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	4 25 40	5 32 49	2 08 49
Wawa, R. Brooks.....	4 25 47	5 33 17	2 09 17
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....	4 26 20	5 33 31	2 09 31
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	4 27 19	5 34 18	2 10 18

On July 7 a race was sailed, resulting as follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, R. Brooks.....	5 46 24	2 27 24
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 47 36	2 28 36
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....	5 48 09	2 29 09
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	5 52 02	2 33 02

Admiral, steam yacht, J. D. Crimmins, has been sold to an unknown purchaser.

Penataquit Corinthian Y. C.

BAY SHORE—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE Penataquit Cor. Y. C. opened its new club house on Penataquit Point on July 4 at noon, starting a race at 1 P. M. The times were:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 1:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Impatience.....	2 59 00	1 54 00	1 54 00
Curlew.....	3 17 00	2 12 00	2 11 42
Class N—Start, 1:10.			
Pinkie.....	Disqualified.		
Gayety.....	3 22 55	2 12 55	2 12 39
Wee Three.....	3 36 50	2 26 50	2 24 42
Marie.....	Disqualified.		
Viking.....	Disqualified.		
Oscawana.....	3 37 40	2 27 40	2 21 28
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 1:15.			
Oranje Boven.....	3 58 50	2 43 50	2 43 50
Surprise.....	3 52 26	2 37 26	2 25 00
Giggle.....	Withdraw.		
Catboats—Class T—Start, 1:15.			
Oconita.....	3 52 30	2 37 30	2 37 50
Mariam.....	3 45 45	2 30 45	2 25 54
Class V—Start, 1:20.			
Mollie.....	4 00 45	2 40 45	2 40 45
Little Minister.....	3 52 55	2 32 55	2 29 35
Peggy.....	3 59 59	2 39 59	2 34 43
Iris.....	4 02 42	2 42 42	2 35 40
Class W—Start, 1:20.			
Defender.....	3 09 50	1 49 50	1 49 50
Little Lydia.....	3 28 18	2 08 18	2 08 00

The winners were Impatience, Gayety, Surprise, Mariam Little Minister and Defender.

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE race of the Burgess Y. C. on July 4 was sailed in a fresh northerly wind, the times being:

Raceabouts.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	1 29 44	
Pirate, R. C. Robbins.....	1 30 49	
Scapegoat, C. H. W. Foster.....	Withdraw.	
Knockabouts.		
Opeeche, J. C. Grew.....	1 44 24	
Opitsah II., S. H. Foster.....	1 45 39	
25ft. Handicap Class.		
Cartoon, Howard Parker.....	1 01 34	1 01 34
Darthea, E. B. Lambert.....	1 13 00	1 08 04
16-footers.		
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	1 01 32	
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber.....	1 02 15	
Moccasin.....	1 06 14	

Royal Canadian Y. C. Queen's Cup.

TORONTO—LAKE ONTARIO.

Monday, July 2.

THE race of the Royal Canadian Y. C. for the Queen's cup, was sailed on Dominion Day in a light westerly breeze, the course being two rounds of a fifteen-mile triangle. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Merrythought.....	10 16 40	5 16 00	7 01 00
Clorita.....	10 16 23	5 19 35	7 04 35
Vreda.....	10 16 12	5 20 40	7 05 40

The corrected time was not known, but Merrythought is probably the winner. The judges were Messrs. Beverley Jones and Brough Garrett.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

As the result of legal proceedings, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has recovered the launch Leading Wind from R. L. Forrest, whose agents carried her away in taking delivery of the cutter Carmita at Newport. Judge McPherson, in the United States Court, decided that the launch was not an appurtenance of the cutter, and did not go with her under the sale.

Duchess, the Boston 18-footer, designed and successfully raced by C. D. Mower, has been sold to Lt. Cecil H. Dean, of the Royal Artillery, who will race her in Bermuda against the local boats.

Surf, steam yacht, F. D. Lambert, of Leith, arrived at New York on July 4 after leaving London on June 16 and calling at St. Michaels. She is under charter to Mr. Billings, of Chicago. Surf was designed by Cox & King and built by Ramage & Ferguson in 1898. She is 176 b.p., 166.5ft. l.w.l., 24.55ft. breadth and 14.15ft. depth. Her tonnage is 489.

Theresa, steam yacht, G. Sidenberg, has been chartered to G. E. Graff, of New York, during her owner's absence in Europe.

The Buckley patent water tube boilers, made by the Rochester Machine Tool Works, are meeting a ready sale, the output for the past three months being double in number and horse power that of the same time in any previous season. The orders are mostly from those who have seen the boilers in use, and satisfied themselves of the excellent qualities.

The year book of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. shows a total membership of 475, including 444 regular members, 1 associate member, 17 honorary members, 8 navy members and 5 life members. The fleet includes 45 steam yachts, 23 launches, 13 schooners, 102 cutters, sloops and yawls, 28 open yachts and 1 catamaran.

The special regatta of the Harlem Y. C. for 25, 30 and 35ft. classes of sloops, cutters and yawls, scheduled for July 7, was declared off by the Regatta Committee, owing to lack of entries.

The fifth annual open spring regatta of the Morrisania Y. C., postponed from June 17 because of unfavorable weather, will be sailed on July 15 at Casanova.

The annual race of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. for the Alfred Roosevelt Memorial cup, given this year for yachts of 36ft. R. M. and under, with allowance, will be sailed on July 14, starting at 3 P. M.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Swiss Rifle Clubs.

From The Nineteenth Century.

SHOOTING has been a national pastime in Switzerland from time immemorial. The conditions of the country and of the times have favored it so that the proficiency of the Swiss in their arms of defense has become traditional. Associations and societies for matches and prizes have existed for centuries. Many of the present rifle clubs are the survivals of local clubs established for practice with the crossbow long before gun powder was thought of, and preserve in their armories the records, weapons and prizes of successive generations of their members. The Federal Government, recognizing the importance of the proficiency of the population in the national arm of defense, has dovetailed the system of rifle clubs into the military organization on practical lines providing for the convenience of the public and the requirements of the State. The military organization is fully described in the published text books on the subject, and although any detailed statements of the methods are beyond the scope of this article, some few points must be noticed as explaining the connection between the army and the clubs.

It has been said that in Switzerland every man who is not a convict or a cripple has to serve as a soldier; and although the description may not be quite accurate, the system provides for the military training of the mass of the adult population. At the age of nineteen all young men have to present themselves before the recruiting committee of their circle, and are subjected to a physical and educational test, according to the results of which they are drafted into the several branches of the service or put back for a period to develop or permanently "cast" as unfit. Exemptions are few, and do not extend as in some countries to the only sons of widows, and other special bread winners. Certain employees of the posts, telegraphs and railways, although they have to go through the recruits' course, do not serve the further terms, it being considered that to draw upon the trained members of these departments might be to dislocate important organizations which would be fully occupied in public duties in a time of emergency. All those exempted have to pay a military tax, fixed on a sliding scale, according to means. A man who is convicted of criminal offense forfeits the rights of citizenship and the honor of serving in the army. On attaining their twentieth year, recruits go into training for fifty days (the term varying slightly according to the arm of the service to which they have been attached) at the headquarters of the military division in which their commune or parish is included. Near the garrison town is a military rifle range of sufficient extent to admit of volley firing, practice at the long ranges, etc.; and at Wallenstadt and one or two other centers are musketry schools, where officers and non-commissioned officers undergo a more elaborate training in this important branch of their duties. The recruit returns to his village, taking with him his rifle and uniform, and even if he has not learnt something of it earlier, some acquaintance with his weapon. For the next twelve years he has to put in three weeks with his battalion every second year. He then passes into the Landwehr for another term of twelve years, during which he has eight days' duty every four years. At last he reaches the Landsturm, which entails but one day's inspection in the year, and one day's musketry course to keep his hand in. The Swiss military system, although it includes nearly the whole male population in its net, aims at a result causing the least avoidable inconvenience to individuals, and the least disturbance of the industry of the country. It is necessary that the recruit, between the periods he is called upon to leave his work and rejoin his battalion for training, should keep himself in practice with his weapon, and should what we call shoot his musketry course. It is here that the rifle club system comes in. When a man is with his battalion he shoots his course at the military range. But during the periods he is at home he does this at his village, a condition being that he must be a member of the local rifle club. Thus, unless he fails to fulfill the prescribed conditions, he is saved the trouble and expense of leaving home and attending at military headquarters.

For this purpose every commune or parish where a rifle club is established is required by law to provide and maintain a rifle range for the use of the members. Each member of the club who fulfills certain conditions receives a grant from the Confederation, on the scale to be noticed later. In country districts, where the physical conditions are favorable, there is little difficulty in providing ranges; and as the community is interested in the arrangement, and everything is controlled by the popular vote, the matter is promptly carried through. In the neighborhood of towns, where the population is more dense and land valuable, and where the difficulties may be greater, the parishes are authorized when necessary to apply the "expropriation" law of May 1, 1850, which provides for land being taken up for purposes of public utility. That the general feeling and convenience is much in favor of sufficient accommodation being provided, and that the club system is general, the following figures will show:

In the year 1898, the latest for which statistics are available, 3,447 rifle clubs with 210,524 members existed in Switzerland. The total population is just under three millions—the adult male population is not given separately in the statistical returns at hand—but, making allowance for women, old men and children, the figures indicate that a considerable proportion of the available men are included in the clubs.

The latest figures of the rifle ranges, referring to the year 1895, are not complete, as the number inspected only is shown, suggesting that some few may not have been visited, while the past five years have probably seen some additions to the number. The statistics relate to

2,735 places visited. Of these 118 had a range of 300 meters, 1,683 were of 400 meters, 500 of 500 meters, and 434 of 600 meters and upward. These figures do not include the military ranges at divisional headquarters or at the musketry schools. It will be seen that the 400-meter ranges were by far the most numerous, and this is accounted for by the distance fulfilling the requirements of the obligatory military course. Of these 2,735 ranges, 2,080 were what may be termed simple ranges, without butts or mechanical marking apparatus, and were probably lines marked out in front of a convenient hill, thus showing the advantages in this respect provided by the physical features of the country; 361 ranges had sheds and mechanical marking appliances—the vanishing targets familiar at Bisley and elsewhere; 184 had these appliances, but no sheds—buts presumably being unnecessary; while 110 were provided with sheds and ordinary marking arrangements only; 7.9 per cent. of the ranges were pronounced to fulfill all the necessary conditions of safety and convenience—i. e., proximity to the villages, etc. Of the balance 4 per cent. failed in respect to the position of the sites in the latter respect; the balance being nearly equally divided between the insufficiency of the arrangements for the safety of the public or of the markers.

The number of communes or parishes in Switzerland is 3,185, so that the figure 3,447 would give more than one rifle club to each parish, while the 2,735 ranges would seem to leave some 350 parishes unprovided for.

These differences are accounted for as follows: The cities and towns have often more than one rifle club, and sometimes more than one range to meet the requirements of the numerous members; while neighboring small villages may select some convenient point on the boundary as a range sufficient for the residents. The difference in the "installations" at the ranges is also similarly explained. Near a town the arrangements are more elaborate and well appointed, the members being numerous and well to do, while a convenient hill and a couple of targets may suffice for the requirements of a small agricultural community.

The conditions under which the Swiss rifle clubs receive the countenance of and support of the Confederation are contained in the decree of Feb. 15, 1893, subject to slight modifications, relating to the firing exercises, published in the spring of each year in the musketry programme of the military department at Bern.

Each club must number at least ten members. Certain standard rules have to be followed, while the by-laws have to be sanctioned by the musketry officer of the circle—who, with the members of the musketry committee of the territorial battalion to which the parish belongs, controls the work. Registers have to be kept according to prescribed forms, and an annual report of results has to be submitted. The management is in the hands of a committee, with the usual president, secretary and treasurer, to which is added an important officer, in the person of the "Schützenmeister," or musketry captain of the team or club, who is specially charged with instruction and with the military side of the proceedings.

Theoretically, a club may be entirely non-military. The members may be foreigners, like myself, or amateurs, or men exempt from military service, and they may shoot with any rifles and adopt what programme suits them best. In such case the club would earn no grant from the Federation. But as most of the men in the parish have to shoot their military course, the military side of the club is strongly developed. The annual programme is published early in the spring, and by the end of June every man of the Elite and Landwehr who is not called up to the battalion, and some of the armed Landsturm, have to shoot their military musketry course. Obviously it is convenient to do this at the village range close to one's own door, and nearly every one complies. Those who fail are reported, and have to put in three days' duty and shoot their course at military headquarters, bearing all the expense and inconvenience of the journey, and absence from the village and work.

The obligatory course is as follows: Military rifles are used—i. e., the 1897 pattern 7.5 mm. caliber for the Elite and Landwehr; the Vätterli 10.4 mm. for the Landsturm. Firing conditions, military—that is, no rests or cover to be used, etc.

Exercise I.—Five to ten shots kneeling at 300 meters; target 1.80 m. or nearly 6 ft. square.

Exercise II.—Five to ten shots standing at 300 meters, at target as above.

Exercise III.—Five to ten shots prone, at 400 meters, at targets, as above.

Exercise IV.—Five to ten shots kneeling, at 300 meters, target figure of a man, 1.80 by 50 or about 6 ft. by 20 in.

Each man has to fire at least five shots in each exercise. If he makes 12 points with the new rifle, or 10 with the Vätterli, on the 6 ft. target, and three consecutive hits on the figure target he passes out and need not fire more than these obligatory five shots in each exercise. If not, he has to go on to a maximum of ten shots, and thus complete his course. Although the firing of ten shots at each exercise, even without hitting a target, puts a man through his course, his failure to score the necessary points is noted against him in a special column of the register, and if he escapes for the year he is the subject of attention the next time he is called up for service with his battalion. The shooting, however, on the whole is good, and as the failure to score means paying for cartridges out of one's own pocket the man has a direct interest in shooting carefully.

The scoring on the 6 ft. square target is as follows:
Bullseye (25 meters, or nearly 10 inches), 5 points.
Inner (50 meters, or nearly 20 inches), 4 points.
White ring (50 meters, or nearly 20 inches), 3 points.
Blue ring (50 meters, or nearly 20 inches), 2 points.
Corners, 1 point.

Three decent hits, then, with the new rifle, or two bulls-eyes with the Vätterli, will score the necessary points, but the man must still fire the full five shots at each exercise.

Each member who completes these four exercises under the above conditions receives a grant of 1.80 francs. No

ammunition is supplied free, but the Confederation issues it to clubs at 60 francs per 1,000 rounds for the new rifle and at 40 francs for the Vätterli, the cost price, including all charges, being 85 francs and 50 francs per 1,000 respectively. A simple calculation will then show that unless the shooting is fairly good the man or the club can make little out of the grant, as it hardly more than pays for the cartridges required for the obligatory course of the military members; 1.80 francs at the above rates represents, for the bulk of the members, thirty cartridges at 6 centimes each, the Landsturm getting rather more for the money. The best shot must use at least twenty cartridges, leaving him the value of ten cartridges, or 60 centimes in hand. For the others, every cartridge they use over thirty, up to the forty maximum, has to be paid for by them or the club. If the grant hardly does more than provide service ammunition for the course, it prevents waste of ammunition and encourages good shooting; and even if the village rifle range were used only for the obligatory course of the service members it is a convenience and economy to the people and the State, as saving the loss of time which would otherwise be occupied in the member's journey to and fro, and a stay at military headquarters. If the member is in the service the results of the shooting are entered by the secretary of the club in the musketry book, which each soldier has to keep up, and on being verified by the sections chef, or staff-sergeant, of the parish, are again entered in the man's service book, as a certificate that the owner has gone through his course for the year. Those who fail to attend are reported to regimental headquarters and summoned in.

In 1897, 154,000 men went through the exercises and earned the grant under Course I.—that is, the obligatory course for the infantry of the Elite and Landwehr. One cannot say that they fired the obligatory course, as the figures do not distinguish between the members who thus fulfilled their military duty and private members, and others who might have shot the course and earned the grant for the club. The latest available figures show 174,191 men in the Elite, 83,283 in the Landwehr and 271,780 in the Landsturm. Of the first, about one-half are called up annually to their battalions and shoot the course there, while one-quarter of the Landwehr do the same. A portion only of the Landsturm shoot a course, and that with the clubs. The cavalry, engineers and artillery come under different rules. A rough computation indicates that a considerable number of men who are not obliged to do so join the course which is obligatory only for military members of the club.

In addition to the above, a grant of 1 franc (20 cents.) is made to each member who fulfills what is termed the "Facultativ" course, under conditions similar to the above. This course is optional, but no grant is earned unless the member has fulfilled the obligatory course.

Exercise I.; Five shots standing, single shots—300 meters at the 1.80-meter or 6 ft. target.

Five shots kneeling, single shots—300 meters at the 1.80 meter or 6 ft. target.

Ten shots (magazine) in forty seconds—distance and targets as above.

The grant for the above course to each member is 1 franc (20 cents.).

Lastly, the clubs are encouraged to undertake special "tactical exercises," judging distances, firing at unknown distances, skirmishing, etc., for which special subsidies and certificates of honor are granted. The programme of these has to be sanctioned, and the operations superintended and certified to by a member of the musketry committee of the circle.

Ordinarily the sums earned by a member go into the general fund of the club, to which the cost of the cartridges of the course may be debited.

But these sums represent a share only of the expenses of the clubs. Practice and match ammunition are not included, and are purchased by the member on the range. There is a constant charge during the season for markers and other incidental expenses. The sale of the lead collected is some help, and a grant of 23 cents per kilogramme (2.1 lbs.) is made for cartridge cases returned. The balance is met by a subscription from the members. Like that of everything else in Switzerland, the management is thoroughly practical and economical, and the small sum subscribed, generally about 2 francs per member annually, covers all ordinary expenses, while the well-to-do assist by donations to swell the annual prize fund. In many places the subscriptions cover insurance of members and markers against the risk of accidents on the range, the premia being small, experience showing that accidents are exceedingly rare. The average Swiss is remarkably steady, quiet and deliberate, and practice is carried on with admirable system and precaution. Care and economy are exercised in every detail. A low crop is grown on the range, and damage is as far as possible avoided by using perhaps the road for the firing point, and so on, for all damage has to be made good by the parish—that is eventually by the people themselves.

The revolver clubs for officers and non-commissioned officers armed with the revolver work in connection with this scheme, and a revolver target is generally available at all the town ranges. According to the latest returns the number of these clubs in Switzerland was 51, with a total of 486 members. Members who fire 30 rounds at the 6 ft. target at 30 meters distance, and 30 rounds at the same target at 60 meters, receives a grant of 3 francs each. Shooting matches among the officers are popular, and can be easily carried through in most localities, wherever a wall or hill is handy, and much attention is now given to this arm in Switzerland, which is absolutely necessary if this somewhat difficult weapon is to be of any real use.

Lastly, musketry is not overlooked in the boys' schools, the cadet corps going through a course, and being rewarded with grants and prizes. And to compulsory education in the schools is added compulsory gymnastic training, which assists the physical development of the youth of the country and helps them when the time comes to shoot steadily and straight.

The whole of the working of the above arrangements is controlled by committees, a committee of the clubs as already noticed, and a musketry committee of the territorial battalion to which the parish belongs. Detailed rules regarding the filling in of the registers and returns, the inspection of arms, and conditions of the exercises, precautions on the range, etc., are issued by the

¹The arrangement for recruiting, for keeping in touch with the men when they move from place to place while absent from their battalions, for securing their attendance and shooting the course, are all based on an excellent system of registration, which, with a small and well-distributed population, is an undertaking of comparative ease.

²A meter is equal to 3.28 ft., or, roughly, 1.1 yds., so that for purposes of calculation 300 meters may be taken at 330 yds., 500 meters at 550 yds., and so on.

³There is generally a walled stand behind the targets to take the bullet; hardly what can be called a butt.

⁴The meter is 3.28 ft., or, roughly, 1.1 yds.

Government, and are strictly enforced.⁵ The duties of a committeeman in a Swiss village, where everything is managed by committees, are, as may frequently be noticed by a resident, performed with a care and tact deserving of high respect, and there is nowhere to be found the so-called "figurehead" committees which have occasionally caused management by committee to be regarded with some suspicion elsewhere. Notice of the days on which the military course is to be fired has to be given to the battalion committee, composed of officers living in the neighboring town or adjacent village. Although the officers are all busy men, generally merchants or manufacturers, they find time to ride over to the range at the appointed times and to superintend the work on at least one or two days in the season. In addition to this, they check all the local returns, and prepare and submit to the musketry officer of the division, who is on the permanent staff, full returns for the battalion. A leading manufacturer of this neighborhood, who is president of the battalion musketry committee, very good-naturedly left his office recently and showed me at his home the mass of returns which he had to check and compile in addition to his constant work of inspection and other military duty. He cheerily remarked that it would be difficult to keep abreast of the figures without the assistance of his wife. And one could not fail to realize the excellence of the work performed by these officers, and the heavy drafts on their time entailed by military service under the Confederation, which are cheerfully met by them and most other members of the community in the performance of what is recognized as a necessary and national duty.

J. H. RIVETT-CARNAC.

SCHLOSS WILDECK, Switzerland, April, 1900.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

An instance of this came recently under my notice. During a heavy shower of rain, some men who were firing the obligatory course, which should be done in the open, took shelter in the shooting shed of the club, and fired the last few remaining shots under cover from the club stand. This was found out, and the whole grant of the club for the year forfeited.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., July 8.—The following scores were made in regular competition at Four-Mile House, Reading road, to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Payne was declared champion with a score of 89. Thermometer, 84 degrees. Gustly wind from 4 to 8 o'clock. Light good:

Gindele	10	8	10	10	8	8	8	7	9	9	87
	10	7	10	6	9	9	8	10	8	8	85
	7	7	7	9	9	10	8	9	9	9	84
Hasenzahl	9	10	8	7	10	8	7	9	10	10	88
	8	9	9	6	9	8	7	10	9	8	83
	8	8	7	10	8	8	8	9	8	8	82
Topf	7	6	8	9	6	9	8	4	4	4	65
	7	8	6	4	5	6	7	8	4	4	64
	6	4	9	4	7	10	7	6	6	4	63
Nestler	9	9	8	10	9	10	8	9	7	6	85
	9	10	7	9	7	7	7	7	7	10	80
	8	8	9	6	8	8	6	9	7	7	76
Roberts	10	7	9	10	10	10	6	9	9	8	88
	8	7	10	8	8	10	8	9	9	8	85
	9	7	8	7	7	10	8	9	7	10	82
Payne	10	9	8	9	10	8	10	8	7	8	89
	8	9	8	9	10	8	7	10	8	9	86
	9	6	7	10	7	9	10	9	9	7	83
Jonscher	10	9	10	9	8	6	9	8	8	6	83
	8	9	6	7	9	9	6	9	7	9	79
	9	7	5	8	3	5	6	6	9	9	67
Trounstone	10	4	7	9	9	8	8	4	7	8	74
	7	8	7	6	10	8	6	6	6	9	73
	10	6	8	7	6	5	7	6	4	10	69
Uckotter	9	7	5	6	7	4	5	9	7	10	69
	5	5	8	8	7	9	7	5	5	6	65
	6	5	4	9	8	6	7	6	4	8	63
Drube	7	7	9	5	8	7	8	7	5	10	73
	9	6	6	7	6	9	6	2	9	9	69
	8	4	6	6	8	4	9	5	8	7	65
Lux	4	9	6	6	6	5	10	7	4	6	63
	5	5	6	1	3	7	5	3	6	8	49
	6	4	9	4	3	6	6	5	3	3	49

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 1.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club had a crowded range to-day, and the wind came through the Golden Gate with such a rush and race from China's direction that it sent the bullets flying into the 11 and 12 rings. We wondered if it was a forerunner of the wrath of the heathen's gods, and whether we could shoot at them as carefully if their millions were rushing through our gateway like that wind.

Several lady and gentleman visitors were in attendance, among them Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Ricker. Mr. Ricker had his rifle, and showed he could shoot well on a strange range and under unfavorable conditions.

Mrs. G. Mannel beat the ladies' record with pistol, with 49, which was only beaten 2 points during the day by the experts.

Dorrell took the honors with rifle in class and re-entry matches, his 50 being the best score put up on any range here during the day.

Paul Becker did fine work with his .30-30 carbine, using 12grs. L. & R. powder and 152gr. 1 to 12 bullet at 200yds., eight of his ten shots being in the 6in. ring. Capt. Kuhnle pulled his total down to within 2 points of Dorrell on .22 rifle score, and Young got down to 506 with revolver for 10 best scores, which is 3 points away from the record, by Gorman.

Our new members are getting into form. Dr. Hunsaker made 67 on his first class entry with pistol and will evidently be heard from later. Dr. B. H. Freeman, the famous shot, of Ione, Cal., has joined our ranks, and will make us hunt for more centers. The club voted to allow back scores on class medals, and he can come once a year and do us up on some if he can shoot as well as at home. This club has endeavored to be progressive, and has hard work to eliminate some of the small ideas of the shooters. Personally we believe there is little honor in winning a class medal unless every club mate has every one of his twelve scores during the year. The practice here is that absent members lose their score that month on which they are absent. The five best out of twelve count for medals.

Scores to-day, off-hand, on Columbia target. Each shot gives size of ring that is hit in inch-diameters:

Class medals, one entry, members only, rifle, 200yds. Experts:

A B Dorrell..... 4 9 2 4 5 11 5 13 8 3-64

F O Young..... 3 6 6 12 3 5 11 4 9 6-65

Marksmen: F. B. Lake 114, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 127, G. Hoadley 136, Dr. J. F. Twist 136, E. A. Allen 159, J. R. Trego 174.

Pistol, 50yds. Experts: F. O. Young 51, A. B. Dorrell 63, G. Barley 64.

Sharpshooters: G. Hoadley 69, Dr. Twist 70.

Marksmen: Dr. H. W. Hunsaker 67, Mrs. Waltham 78, F. Hassmann 82, E. A. Allen 88, G. Mannel 88.

All comers' re-entry matches, for medals and prizes; rifle, 200yds.:

A B Dorrell..... 3 3 12 2 2 9 4 6 5 4-50

..... 4 1 3 10 9 13 2 12 4 5-63

..... 6 13 9 5 3 8 5 9 1 9-68

F O Young..... 2 5 6 5 7 8 2 4 9 12-70

..... 5 4 8 4 3 11 6 2 8 6-57

Other scores were: G. Mannel 74, 75, 82, 87; J. A. Ricker 80.

Military medal, Creedmoor count; rings Creedmoor:

P Becker..... 9 8 7 17 6 10 1 7 11 8-84 46

..... 10 1 11 10 3 7 6 8 15 18-89 45

..... 4 6 4 6 13 3 26 6 6 2-72 48

Other score being: G. Hoadley 42.

Pistol, 50yds., F. O. Young 47, 50, 57; G. Hoadley 53, 89.

Twist revolver medal: F. O. Young 51, 66; Becker 67, 71; Dr. Twist 78, 83, 91.

.22 and .25 rifle medals, 50yds.:

Capt Fred Kuhnle..... 1 1 2 2 2 3 2 1 5 1-20
3 3 3 2 3 3 1 2 2 2-22
23 25 28 28 30 27

Other scores were: P. Becker 27, 34, 34; G. Mannel 26, 30, 32, 42;

Mrs. Waltham 30, 36; Dr. Twist 32, 45; Mrs. Mannel 36.

Record scores. Pistol: Mrs. G. Mannel 6 3 9 3 9 1 4 5 4 5-49;

G. Barley 63.

.22 rifle: Mrs. Weis 61, 63; P. Morrin 73, 82, 92; E. A. Allen 59.

Revolver: Dr. Hunsaker 85.

Rifle, 200yds.: Allen 150.

The King Powder Company's prizes of semi-smokeless were won during the past six months by Daiss three times, Mannel twice and Washburn once, on best score each month, experts barred.

F. O. Young, Sec'y.

A correspondent informs us that at Walnut Hill, Saturday, June 30, Thos. Anderton fired 100 shots with a Colts new service target revolver at the standard American target, and at a distance of 50yds. he scored 903 points, which is the best known certified amateur record for 100 shots at this distance. The professional record is 914 points.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send to notice like the following:

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.

July 11-12.—Naragansett Pier, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Canonchet Gun Club. Fred C. Serenson, Sec'y.

July 12.—Interstate, Park.—Dewar cup contest and sweepstake at 25 live birds; \$7.50 entrance; handicaps 25 to 31yds.

Aug. 7-8.—Newport, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Newport Gun Club. J. R. Akin, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

July 12.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club. I. F. Padilford, Sec'y.

July 11-12.—Delaware, O.—Delaware Gun Club's tournament. H. D. Leas, Sec'y.

July 17.—Dexter Park, L. I.—Club shoot of the Emerald Gun Club at live birds.

July 19.—Watson's Park, Chicago.—Barto-Graham contest for the Dupont trophy.

July 20.—South Norwalk, Conn.—Summer shoot of the Naromake Gun Club.

July 24.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Annual handicap merchandise target tournament and clam bake of the Hell Gate Gun Club. L. H. Schortemeier, 201 Pearl street, New York, Chairman of Committee.

July 25-27.—Winnipeg, Man.—Manitoba Industrial Exhibition Association's trapshooting tournament. F. W. Heubach, Sec'y.

July 25-27.—Tolchester Beach, Kent County, Md.—Fourth annual midsummer tournament; two days targets; one live birds; added money and merchandise.

Aug. 1.—Wellington, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; open to shooters of New England.

Aug. 7.—Hackensack River Bridge.—Outwater's live-bird handicap. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.

Aug. 8.—Auburn, Me.—Tournament of the Auburn Gun Club.

Aug. 7-8.—Birmingham, Ala.—Amateur tournament given by the Peters Cartridge Co., on the grounds of the Birmingham Gun Club; \$150 added. John H. Mackie, Mgr.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Sept. —.—First week in September. Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sept. 3-4.—North Platte, Neb.—Tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club on Col. Cody's Scout's Rest Ranch; \$250 added. Geo. L. Carter, Mgr.

Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Fifth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club; \$25 added. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Homer, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Triangular Gun Club; one day targets; one day live birds. C. B. Wiggins, Sec'y.

Sept. 14-15.—Platte City, Mo.—Trap shoot of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Oct. 2-4.—Swanton, Vt.—Robin Hood Gun Club's three days' tournament.

Oct. 12-14.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds. Emile Prago, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest, June 20, 1900.

July 12.—Interstate Park.—Challenge contest for the Dewar cup between Dr. A. A. Webber and Mr. R. L. Packard.

July 18.—Interstate Park.—John S. Wright's all-day shoot and contest for Sanders-Storms trophy under his management.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of John Wright's shoot, to be held at Interstate Park, July 18, has twelve events, of which Nos. 4 and 8 are at live birds, 7 and 10 birds respectively, \$5 and \$7.50 entrance. Five are 10 targets, 75 cents entrance; three at 15, \$1 entrance; one at 20, 25 cents, and the Sanders-Storms trophy at 50 targets, \$2 entrance. The following is taken from the programme: "Shooting will commence at 10:30 A. M. sharp, and will continue until every one is tired and the sun has set. The programme has been arranged with a view to making it varied and interesting. There are no grounds where a mixed tournament can be carried out so easily and so successfully as at Interstate Park. Lunch will be ready at 12:30, and will be served in the Casino. Events 6 and 7 at 25 targets each form the competition for the Sanders-Storms trophy, emblematic of the inanimate target championship of Greater New York. To the three men making the three highest totals in the 50 targets shot at in events 9-12, inclusive, the management will donate three special prizes. Shells and guns can be shipped to the park in advance. All shells and guns so shipped should have express charges prepaid, and should be sent in care of Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y. The price of the targets at 2 cents each is included in all the entrance fees. Live birds will be charged for at 25 cents each, and are included in the entrance fees in events 4 and 8. All purses in the target events will be divided under the Rose system. In the 10-target events, three moneys—5, 3 and 2. In the 15 and 20 target events, four moneys—8, 5, 3 and 2. In the optional sweeps in events 6 and 7 the number of moneys will depend on the number of entries. In the live-bird events the purses will be divided class shooting. In the 7-bird event there will be three moneys—50, 30 and 20. In the 10-bird event, four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10. Interstate Association rules to govern."

The following, taken from the Dayton, O., Herald, has legal import of interest to gun clubs in general: "The Miami Gun Club, of which Mr. J. Wells is president, has been temporarily enjoined from shooting toward the property of Mr. Neibert, which

is located in Harrison township, on the Neibert subdivision. On Oct. 1, 1899, the defendants rented a lot adjoining the plaintiff's property and constructed upon it apparatus to be used for gun practice, known as trapshooting. Three traps have been located there, from which are thrown clay birds, the traps being located in a southeasterly direction from the shooting. Neibert complains that in the present position of the traps, those using them are compelled to shoot toward his fields, some of which are planted in corn. On June 20, while attending his crops, the plaintiff claims he was struck in the face with shot, and his horse's head was also struck with shot. It is also said that his oats and corn are being cut and greatly damaged by the shot. He asks that the defendants be permanently enjoined from shooting toward his fields. Judge Brown allowed the temporary restraining order. Bond \$100."

The Naromake Gun Club, of South Norwalk, Conn., advises us as follows: "The second summer shoot of the Naromake Gun Club will be held Friday, July 20, at the club grounds, Dorlon Point road reached via N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. and white trolley cars direct to the grounds. Fifteen events will be shot off. Entries for all \$13.50, targets included, or shooter can shoot for targets only at 2 cents; sweeps optional. Two hundred birds will be thrown from magatrap. Lunch will be served on the grounds, or one of Dorlon's noted shore dinners may be had a few steps from the club house. The June shoot of the Naromakes was so successful, and the club grounds being particularly desirable for summer shoots, they will be held monthly until cool weather sets in. Programmes may be had by addressing Henry Gehrman or Edgar H. Fox."

Mr. J. R. Malone, of Baltimore, writes us under date of July 6 as follows: "Please make the announcement of my fifth annual midsummer shoot, which will take place at Tolchester Beach, Kent county, Md., July 25, 26 and 27; two days targets, one at live birds; added money and merchandise; prizes will be given each day. Tolchester is one of the finest places in this section of the country for holding a tournament. It is easily reached from Baltimore by palace steamers and two hours' sail on Chesapeake Bay. The shooting grounds are located on a high bluff over 30ft. above tide water, with a clear background and always pleasant breeze from the water. Hotel accommodations on the grounds will be first class for those wishing to remain on the grounds during the tournament. Will mail you programme as soon as completed."

The programme of the Kentucky Gun Club's shoot, Oct. 12, 13 and 14, at Louisville, Ky., provides twelve target events on the first day—four at 10 targets, \$1, and eight at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance. The programme on the second day is first at 7 live birds, \$3, birds extra; high guns; second the Kentucky handicap, at 15 live birds, \$10, birds extra; high guns; 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; handicaps 25 to 30yds. Extra events as the shooters may desire. The Kentucky State championship takes place on the third day. It is open only to residents of Kentucky. The conditions are 25 live birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra; class shooting; purses divided 35, 25, 20 and 10 per cent., 10 per cent. to the club. Lunch served on the grounds. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock.

Consul Hughes, of Coburg, writes to the State Department: "An Italian electrician has invented an electric cartridge, which he offers as a substitute for dynamite and smokeless powder in mines, rock blasting, and for heavy ordnance. The composition used in the cartridge is made up of carbonates of potash and chloride of ammonia, the proportion varying according to the use. The discharge is effected by an electric spark, which produces electrolytic effects upon the chemicals. The inventor claims that the cartridges, until subjected to the effect of electricity, are entirely inoffensive and perfectly safe; so that there will be no necessity for isolating the magazines where they are stored."

In Mr. A. W. Walls' communication concerning the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, elsewhere in our columns, he mentions that the distance handicap was employed with much satisfaction to all concerned. He further mentions that it will be employed at the next club shoot, July 14, in the 400-target contest, and that no one is barred. This is as it should be, for the distance handicap, when properly applied, eliminates all questions aside from that of mere nerve and skill. The Worcester Club contemplates holding a shoot on Sept. 12, at which there will be a contest at 100 targets for the championship of New England.

Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, the financial secretary, writes us as follows: "The Emerald Gun Club, of New York, will hold a special live-bird shoot on Tuesday, July 17, at Dexter Park, open to members only. The event will be at 12 live birds per man, club handicap rise; entrance price of birds only; merchandise prizes to the value of \$75; shooting begins at 11 A. M. Entries close at 3 P. M." He states further that "J. H. Outwater will hold his first live-bird handicap on Tuesday, Aug. 7, at Hackensack River Bridge, beginning at 10 A. M., and will add \$10, \$5, \$3 and \$2 to three high guns shooting through regular events. Programmes later." Mr. Schortemeier will manage this shoot.

The programme of the Boston Shooting Association's tournament, to be held on Aug. 1 on its grounds at Wellington, Mass., provides fourteen events, seven of which are open handicaps, and five amateur, the latter classified as 80 per cent. or less in skill. The entrance is \$1.25 and \$1.30. No. 30 is a two-men team race, 25 targets per man, and No. 11 is for the championship of Massachusetts. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. The conditions governing this tournament are novel, and will be found in another column fully set forth under the caption "Boston Shooting Association Tournament."

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, tarried a few hours in New York on Monday, en route to Naragansett Pier, R. I., where he manages the Association shoot there, held for the Canonchet Gun Club, on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. Mr. Shaner was the embodiment of energy and good health, the arduous tournament campaigns of this year apparently being mere exercise incidents.

Under date of July 7 Dr. Spence Redman, Platte City, Mo., writes us: "Kindly announce in your trap fixtures the shoot of the Platte City Gun Club, of Platte City, Mo., Sept. 14 and 15. The night of the 14th we will camp upon the grounds; tents being furnished, and have an old-fashioned 'fish fry' and general good time. Programme later."

The Baltimore American is particularly strong in its French phrases, as they relate to shooting, if the following is a fair sample: "All except A. H. Fox, shooting under the nom de plume of E. C. Leader, were handicapped." Still there may after all be little difference between a pen and a gun, as very pretty scores are betimes made with the pen alone.

Under date of July 7 Mr. J. Lerne Diety, of Myerstown, Pa., writes us: "We have formed the Country Gun Club with officers as follows: President, Jonas Noll; Vice-President, J. Hefflinger; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Lerne Diety. We hope to make a successful club, and will put forth all efforts."

The Dewar cup will be shot for at Interstate, Park, Queens, N. Y., on July 12. The conditions are 25 live birds, \$1.50 entrance, birds extra; handicap event, 26 to 31yds. If twelve entries, four moneys. Shooting commences at 1 P. M.

Mr. Geo. L. Carter, of North Platte, Neb., informs us under date of July 7 that the Buffalo Bill Gun Club will hold a tournament Sept. 3 and 4 on Col. Cody's Scouts' Rest Ranch; \$250 added money.

At the shoot of the Penn. Gun Club at Norristown, Pa., July 4, Mr. T. V. Smith won the club championship, of which a gold badge is the emblem, by breaking 22 out of 25 bluerocks.

In a contest of four teams at Bellows Falls, Vt., on July 4, five men to a team, 25 targets to a man, the Bellows Falls Gun Club's team No. 1 won with 98.

The Jefferson Gun Club, of Jefferson, Ia., contemplates holding a shoot in the latter part of this month.

The Robin Hood Gun Club, of Swanton, Vt., announces a three-days' tournament on Oct. 2, 3 and 4.

The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, changed its title recently to the Chicago Gun Club.

BERNARD WATERS.

The Shooters at Paris.

THE following excerpts are taken from the Paris edition of the New York Herald, concerning the Grand Prix de l'Exposition, which began on June 25 and ended on June 27:

The pigeon shooting season in Paris is now at its zenith, for, punctually on the stroke of midday at the Cercle du Bois de Boulogne yesterday commenced the competition for the Grand Prix de l'Exposition Universelle de 1900, an international contest at 27 meters, with 20,000 francs to the winner, the 10 louis entry being shared by the second, third and fourth. The conditions were that 2 pigeons be shot at yesterday, 2 to-day and the ties to be decided to-morrow; 2 misses and out.

Now 10 louis, even to pigeon shots, is at times a big sum, so instead of having 166 shooters, as on Tuesday last, in the Grand Prix du Centenaire, when only a louis was demanded, there were but fifty-two marksmen who faced the traps on the present occasion. Eighty-five had entered, but those who withdrew were probably good judges, as a strong southwesterly wind was blowing across the ground, and it was an open secret that some rattling birds had been kept for the event.

After the morning's showers the grounds looked their best—flowers everywhere, one of the prettiest "tirs" in the world. There was no sun, so shooters had a nice light in their favor, though with the breeze the birds had a little the advantage.

Name after name was called, and when 2 pigeons each had been shot out of the fifty-two only four had double zeros placed against their names, these being Messrs. Keyser, Denfert-Rochereau, Basile, Vereschagine and the Hon. Fitzroy Erskine.

Those with 1 miss each were Baron A. De Tavernost, Messrs. A. J. Roberts, Comte Vereschagine, Marcel Laurent, Robert Gourgaud, Verdavaine, A. Poizat, L. De Mendeville, De Amézaga, Mouton, Léon Thome, S. Merlin, D. A. Upson, Paul Gotterot, Baron de Heeckeren, Léger, Murphy, Comte Dankelmann and Comte De Chapelle.

The following accounted, on the other hand, for both birds: Messrs. Spalding, L. Drevon, J. Banwell, R. Moncorge, Marcel Avril, Scribot, C. Robinson, D. Mackintosh, J. Demonts, Maurice Faure, Oreste Galetti, J. Pederzoli, Wadsworth Rogers, Baron De Dorlodot, Léon De Lunden, Hans March, H. Journu, Tod Sloan, C. Bethune, Paul Lunden, Maurice Godillot, Marquis De Villaviciosa, Comte Louis D'Havrincourt, Von Pape, Baron De Leonino, Bucquet, De Lostalot, Comte Clary and A. Ginot.

How is that for an international crowd? Among the newcomers were Mr. Banwell, one of England's crack shots, and Tod Sloan, the American jockey, who, although having had a little practice in sweepstakes during the past few days, made his first appearance in France in a "classic event." He grassed both his birds in good style.

M. De Lostalot, in the second round, had wonderful luck, his hard hit "biset" going clean out of bounds, turning with the wind and being driven by the wind toward the members stand, where it fell dead just inside the rails.

Comte Dankelmann, on the other hand, was extremely unfortunate, his pigeon, a marvelous bird, falling dead a few feet on the further side of the fence.

Taken all in all, it was, from a sporting point of view, an unexciting opening, and much greater interest centered in the 5-louis sweepstake, with exquisite little "objets d'art," offered by the committee, added, which followed, and which resulted as follows:

1. M.M. M. A. Poizat, 22 meters, 19 out of 19.
2. Comte Clary, 26½ meters, and M. Léon Thome, 24½ meters, tied, each killing 18 out of 19.

At midday to-day the Grand Prix will be continued, two more pigeons having to be shot at. The public will be admitted on payment of 5 francs to the unreserved inclosure, so here is a chance for visitors to see one of the prettiest pigeon grounds in the world and some of the world's best shots at work.

The second day's shooting in connection with the Grand Prix de l'Exposition at the Cercle du Bois de Boulogne yesterday was by no means fertile in incident—in fact, it was about the most uninteresting "session"—as far as the event in question is concerned—that one could imagine.

The wind was lighter and slightly more northerly than on the previous afternoon, but the light was brighter. The birds, too, were mixed, and in the initial round, the third of the contest, there were 18 successive kills before Baron De Dorlodot missed, and this opened a short sequence of zeros, as Tod Sloan shortly afterward was beaten by a nice bird from the extreme left, the Marquis De Villaviciosa by a high flyer from No. 4, Comte Louis D'Havrincourt by a smart pigeon from No. 1, who just caught the breeze; M. Merlin, who accepted a sitter, who rose like a rocket, and Baron Leonino, who was clean beaten by a fast, dark, snipy "biset." As this was M. Merlin's second miss he had to retire.

In the next essay Messrs. Poizat, Thome and Upson all failed to kill and retired with "double zero" honors. All others remaining in killed, but Mr. Mackintosh, the Australian crack, gave his followers a bit of a fright as he missed a thorough "twister" with his first barrel and waited. It was perhaps but a second, but hearts beat high! Bang went the second barrel and the bird, high in the air, fell stone dead, far within bounds. "What's the matter with you?" said the Australian as he quietly put his gun in the rack and was greeted with "Bravo, Mack!" Mr. Mackintosh does not like applause. It was a rare good kill, however, and few present could have stopped the pigeon in question.

Another good shot worth recording which was made in this round was by Mr. Wadsworth Rogers, who with his first barrel brought down a remarkably "snipy," fast-flying bird. Tod Sloan, by the way, grassed his pigeon in the fourth round in excellent style, for it was not an easy bird.

Of those who on the previous afternoon had one zero marked against their names, the following did not answer the roll call yesterday: Messrs. J. H. Roberts, Comte Vereschagine, Marcel Laurent, Mouton, Edgar Murphy and Comte De La Chapelle.

Those who had killed all their 4 birds at the close of the shooting were Messrs. A. G. Spalding, L. Drevon, J. Banwell, Comte Clary, Messrs. R. Moncorge, Marcel Avril, Scribot, De Bons, C. Robinson, D. Mackintosh, J. Demonts, Maurice Faure, Oreste Galetti, J. Pederzoli, Wadsworth Rogers, Léon De Lunden, Hans March, Henri Journu, C. Bethune, Paul De Lunden, Maurice Godillot, Von Pape, Bucquet and De Lostalot.

The 3-bird men, with only "one life," as they say in pool, are: Baron A. De Tavernost, Messrs. Robert Gourgaud, Verdavaine, Baron De Dorlodot, Messrs. L. De Mendeville, De Amézaga, Tod Sloan, Marquis De Villaviciosa, Comte Louis D'Havrincourt, Paul Gotterot, Baron De Heeckeren, Comte Dankelmann and M. A. Ginot.

At the present moment it would be hard to predict the winner, as so much depends upon luck and the weather. The Anglo-Saxon division is, however, shooting steadily and Messrs. Banwell, Spalding, C. Robinson, D. Mackintosh and Wadsworth Rogers have a great chance of being there or thereabouts at the finish.

According to present scores it will be a long day to-day, but who knows but what Baron Gourgaud, the president of the club, has not kept the best birds until the last?

In any case the sport is sure to prove exciting, and as the admission to the ground for this day only is but 5 francs, there should be a good attendance at the finish.

A great pool of 5 louis, with a souvenir given by the club, 1 pigeon handicap, was shot for in the Bois de Boulogne yesterday and was won by Mr. Wadsworth Rogers, 23½ meters, with 18 consecutive kills. M. Maurice Godillot, 25½ meters, was second with 17 out of 18, while Comte Georges de Montesquieu, 26½ meters, and the Chevalier R. De Knyff, 22 meters, each with 12 out of 13, divided the third money.

The pigeon shooting Grand Prix de l'Exposition is over and M. Léon De Lunden, a well-known Belgian shot, is the winner.

The climatic surroundings at the Cercle du Bois de Boulogne yesterday were perfect—a nice light, and only just enough breeze to move the birds, while the temperature was pleasant, neither too warm nor too chilly.

As on the two previous days the shooting took place "en petit comité," only those directly interested in the contest being present.

Punctually on the stroke of 12 shooting commenced, and during the first round some excellent birds were trapped—too good, in-

deed, for Baron B. De Tavernost, A. Spalding, De Amézaga, Paul Gotterot, R. Moncorge, Marcel Avril and Maurice Godillot, who all missed. In the next two rounds Messrs. Oreste Galetti, A. De Dorlodot, L. De Mendeville, Tod Sloan, Baron De Heeckeren, Count Dankelmann, Robert Gourgaud, Wadsworth Rogers, Demonts and Comte Clary came to grief, the latter having exceedingly bad luck with a hard-hit bird. Messrs. Mackintosh, Robinson, Banwell, Bethune, the two Lunden, and, above all, Maurice Faure, on the other hand, killed in grand form, the latter's second barrel "coups" being remarkable.

In the ninth round Messrs. Drevon, Scribot De Bons, Hans March and Bucquet failed, and then real interest in the contest began, for when the tenth round began only nine competitors were left in, these being Messrs. Banwell, England, C. Robinson, California, D. Mackintosh, Australia; Maurice Faure and C. Bethune, France; Pederzoli, Italy; Léon and Paul De Lunden, Belgium, and Von Pape, Germany. And of these nine Herr Von Pape alone obtained the uncoveted zero.

In the eleventh round all killed, but in the twelfth M. Paul Lunden missed a low flyer from the extreme left. In the thirteenth Mr. Banwell, the Hendon crack shot, was beaten by a not too difficult pigeon. The remainder all accounted for their birds and shot faultlessly through the fourteenth round.

M. Bethune, one of the best shots in the north of France, fell out in the fifteenth round. He had shot in excellent form throughout, rarely relying on his second barrel, but was nonplussed by a good "biset" sent up from No. 2.

At the sixteenth essay Signor J. Pederzoli's chance was extinguished by a rattling bird from No. 2 trap proving his master.

But a quartette was now left in—Messrs. Robinson, Mackintosh, Maurice Faure and Léon Lunden—America, Australia, France and Belgium.

"Why not divide the whole stake?" said Mr. Robinson, the practical Californian. "If Mackintosh is willing," said the others.

Naturally Mr. Mackintosh, just like Barkis of old, was willing and the nice little sum of 30,400 francs, or, with percentages deducted, 29,360 francs, was shared by the quartette, each receiving 7,340 francs.

All interest in the contest was now over, for the shooting was merely for places—a very barren honor, especially as even the medals offered by the Exposition committee to those who had killed 2 and 4 birds were not forthcoming. "They are not finished yet," said Baron Gourgaud, the ever amiable president, to the many who claimed them; "nor," said he, "is the Exposition. Perhaps we shall have a double event. Two finishes!"

The shooting, however, continued, but it was evident that there had been a break, for both Messrs. Robinson and Mackintosh missed their nineteenth "bisets," while Messrs. Maurice Faure and Léon Lunden both killed, and a round later M. Faure had to cry "content," leaving to M. Lunden the honor of winning the Exhibition prize of 1900.

It is unnecessary to state that there were the usual rejoicings—champagne galore!

In a handicap sweepstakes of 5 louis each, with charming little objets d'art offered by the club, the following were successful: 1. M. Journu, 29½ meters, 10 out of 10. 2. M. Verdavaine, 24½ meters, 9 out of 10. 3. M. L. Béharelle, 26½ meters, 8 out of 9.

Thus ends the international meeting of 1900. It has been an out and out success, thanks to the capital management.

Boston Shooting Association Tournament.

THE following circular letter contains much that is novel, and therefore much that is interesting to the shooters at large:

Boston, June 30.—To the Trapshooters of Massachusetts: The Boston Shooting Association will give a tournament, open to all shooters in New England, at its grounds at Wellington, Mass., on Wednesday, Aug. 1, 1900. We appreciate the fact that large tournaments have been scarce in Massachusetts during the past five years. We believe that the reason is that amateurs who shoot from 70 to 80 per cent. are unwilling to compete in sweeps against experts who can break 90 per cent. or more, and we recognize the correctness of the amateurs' position.

A glance at the programme will show you that this shoot is intended mainly for shooters who can break 80 per cent. or less. Every other event is open only to amateurs whose records as fixed by the management are 80 per cent. or less. Alternate events are open to all, but with a distance handicap ranging from 20yds. to 16yds., so that an amateur will also stand an equal chance with the experts if he desires to enter the open events; but he need not enter them at all if he does not wish and may confine himself to the amateur events only, or shoot for the prize of targets. No. 10 is a two-man team race, open only to teams of the following clubs: Leominster, Fitchburg, South Framingham and all the clubs who are members of the Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association.

Any of the above named clubs may enter as many teams as they wish, but no one shall shoot on more than one team.

A prize of \$7 will be given to the winning team and \$5 to the second, in addition to the usual division of the sweep money.

Five dollars will be given to the amateur making the highest average in the amateur events, excluding the team race, and \$3 to the second. Five dollars will be given to the professional or paid expert making the highest average in the open events. Five dollars will be given to the expert amateur or amateur making the highest average in the open events and \$3 to the second.

No. 11 is for the championship of Massachusetts in Class C, open only to amateurs who are classed 80 per cent. or below. A suitable trophy will be given the winner. In the open events all professionals and paid agents stand at 20yds., expert amateurs at 18yds. and amateurs at 16yds. The term "expert amateur" at this shoot means all amateurs who regularly break more than 80 per cent.

Moneys in the open events divided five high guns if more than twelve entries, four high guns on less than twelve entries, on the usual high gun percentages. Moneys in the amateur events divided 40, 30, 20 and 10, class shooting.

Dinner will be served on the grounds. Targets included in entrance at 1½ cents. Any shooter may send to the address below and get his classification before the shoot, so that he may know what events are open to him. The rating given by the management is final.

We cordially invite you all to come and make this handicap tournament a success. If it proves to be such we will guarantee that it shall become an annual event, so that we can hold at least one tournament a year in Massachusetts, where professionals, expert amateurs and amateurs may meet on an equal footing. Any further information will be gladly given by applying to Herbert M. Federhen, Jr., President of the Boston Shooting Association, 23 Court street, Boston, Mass.

Crown Point Gun Club.

CROWN POINT, Ind., June 29.—Herewith find scores of Crown Point Gun Club shoot to-day, which please publish in FOREST AND STREAM. Youche had high average for the day, breaking 77 out of 85 targets, 91 per cent. The weather was cloudy, with small showers. The scores:

Trophy shoot, 15 singles:
G Sherman.....11110111111111—13 F Myrick.....100111100110101—9
J Youche.....11110111111111—13 F Keeney.....100101110011001—8
H Swartz.....11110111111111—13 G Brannon.....10001100110010—7
A Hildebrandt.....10101100111111—13 D Bailey.....10101100110100—7
A Sherman.....01111111111110—12 Hunter.....100101111011001—9

Shoot-off, ties:
G Sherman.....11111—5 H Swartz.....1101—3
J Youche.....11101—4 A Hildebrandt.....10101—3

Twenty-five targets—12 pairs and 1 single: Youche 23, Myrick 16.

Sweepstakes:
Targets: 15 10 15 Targets: 15 10 15
Youche.....14 10 13 Myrick.....9 6 10
Hildebrandt.....11 8 11 G Sherman.....9 12
A Sherman.....11 8 12 Bailey.....8 8 11

SECRETARY.

NAMELESS REMITTERS.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is holding several sums of money which have been sent to it for subscriptions and books by correspondents who have failed to give name and address. If this note comes to the eye of any such nameless remitter we trust to hear from him.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, Queens, July 7.—The shooting began rather late, and a heavy thunder storm forced an early close. In the 25-bird event Morfe killed straight; Banks second with 23. The scores:

Twenty-five live birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra:
Welch, 30.....220222222222222222222222—21
Morfe, 30.....222222222222222222222222—25
Banks, 28.....2102122212211212122212201—23
Dr Casey, 29.....0*222222222222222222222222—22

Event No. 2, 15 birds, \$5:
Welch, 30.....22222222222222—14 Dr Casey, 29.....22222222222222—15
Morfe, 31.....222*220222222222—13 Banks, 28.....02211222212222—14
Woods, 27.....222*10121112212—13

Sweepstakes, targets:
Twenty singles: Dr. Casey 20, Wood 17, Lincoln 22, David 19.
Thirty singles: Banks 27, Dr. Casey 21, Woods 21, Morfe 29, Hamilton 22, Lincoln 25.
Ten pairs doubles: Banks 18, Dr. Casey 11, Wood 9, Morfe 13, Hamilton 7, Lincoln 14.

Medicus Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., July 4.—The shoot of the Medicus Gun Club was fairly well attended to-day at Interstate Park, considering that nearly every club was holding shoots on their own grounds. No. 11, at 50 targets, was the merchandise event, a distance handicap, each man's handicap being given after his name in the scores appended.

The two-men team race at 100 targets had three entries, and of these the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, was an easy winner. Banks, of the Medicus Gun Club, put up the highest individual score, 96 out of 100.

The weather was exceedingly hot, and a dull light prevailed.

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 9 10 12
Targets: 10 15 10 20 15 10 15 50
G Piercy, 19.....10 10 9 18 8 2 14 8 9 38 5
Feigenspan, 29.....8 14 10 18 8 2 14 9 13 13 1
Money, 18.....9 11 10 18 8 7 11 8 15 31 3
Dudley, 18.....6 8 6 15 9 0 12 9 10 35 2
Webber, 18.....9 11 9 16 7 6 12 5 9 35 6
Banks, 19.....10 14 9 18 9 1 13 11 11 32 2
Morfe, 19.....7 12 9 14 6 2 11 11 11 32 2
Lockwood, 15.....3 3 5 13 4 1 9 11 11 27 0
Lincoln, 16.....7 8 7 13 6 0 12 11 11 27 0
L Piercy.....4 7 7 7 2 11 11 11 35 1
Waters, 16.....11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 35 1
Kemble, 17.....11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 42 2
David, 15.....11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 32 0

No. 5 was at 5 pairs. Nos. 6 and 12 were miss-and-outs.

Two-men team race, 100 targets per man:
East Side G. C., Newark. Medicus G. C., Brooklyn.
Feigenspan, 24 22 22 25—93 Banks, 24 24 24—96
Piercy, 21 22 21 24—88—181 Webber, 20 18 22 13—73—169

Boiling Springs G. C., Rutherford.
Dudley, 16 24 22 25—87 Money, 18 18 19 24—79—166

The live-bird events progressed simultaneously with the target shooting much of the time. No. 1 was at 10 birds, \$5. Nos. 2 and 3 were miss-and-outs. No. 4 was at 15 birds, \$5, high guns:

No. 1. No. 2. No. 3.
Money, 30.....1211211122—10 0 0
Piercy, 30.....1222221121—10 0 220
Feigenspan, 30.....0122022222—8 2 222

No. 4:
Money, 29.....2002210212w
Piercy, 29.....2222*020w
Banks, 28.....12*222111211122—14
Morfe, 30.....22222222222222—15
Feigenspan, 29.....222212*22222222—14
Dr. Casey, 30.....22222222222222—15
Lockwood, 27.....22021202222222—13

Fifteen birds.
Morfe.....11111*11111110—13
Lockwood.....021220222211122—13
Miller.....22102111222222—13

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 30.—The Sportsmen's Club held a shoot this afternoon and the principal event was a 100-bird contest for a prize of \$10, which went to the high gun. The entrance was \$2, which was divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. to the next four high guns. There were nine entries in this event, and as it was a distance handicap affair the result was very satisfactory to all of the contestants.

The shooters were all very much handicapped by the wind, which blew almost a gale and sometimes made it utterly impossible for the shooter to make connections with the targets, which amused the spectators exceedingly.

Following are the scores of the 100-bird race:
Burbank, 16.....19 23 21 24—87 Hoyle, 16.....19 19 20 17—76
Leroy, 20.....22 20 23 21—86 Kenerson, 16.....14 21 16 19—70
Whitin, 16.....21 23 22 19—85 Doten, 14.....17 18 15 18—68
Coffin, 14.....21 18 20 22—81 Johnson, 14.....17 16 17 16—66
Walls, 20.....20 17 22 19—78

It is the intention of the club to hold a two days' tournament, probably Aug. 22 and 23, if those dates do not conflict with any shoot in the East, and on one of those dates the 100-bird contest for the championship of New England will be arranged on lines similar to the shoot held by the club Sept. 12, 1899, at which shoot H. M. Federhen won the championship and with it the \$50 given by Mr. A. B. F. Kinney as a prize.

At our next club shoot, July 14, another 100-target contest will be arranged, distance handicap, nobody barred.

A. W. WALLS, Sec'y.

Championship of Maryland.

BALTIMORE, Md.—The July 4 shoot of the Standard Gun Club—its ninth annual—took place at Monumental Shooting Park with a good attendance. There were thirteen contestants in the championship event, which was won by Mr. E. H. Storr with the excellent score of 98 out of 100. Lupus was a close second, with 96. The scores:

Sweepstakes:
Targets: 10 10 10 25 Targets: 10 10 10 25
Lupus.....8 9 10 23 King.....6 8 8 ..
Hawkins.....9 9 10 22 Storr.....8 9 10 ..
New Haven.....9 10 10 25 Martin.....5 5 7 ..
Malone.....10 9 9 24 Jack.....8 7 ..
Dupont.....8 9 9 20 Max.....6 8 9 21
Schultze.....9 10 10 22 Roberts.....5 6 6 ..
Burke.....10 9 8 ..

Championship of Maryland race, 100 targets:
Storr.....25 25 24 24—98 Malone.....21 23 21 22—87
Lupus.....25 24 25 22—96 King.....20 18 19 23—80
New Haven.....21 25 25 23—94 Martin.....18 18 18 21—75
Dupont.....24 24 23 22—93 Jory.....19 19 15 19—71
Hawkins.....24 22 23 22—91 Milton.....14 13 16 22—65
Burke.....21 23 24 21—89 Chase.....17 12 12 15—56
Schultze.....23 23 24 18—88

Baltimore Shooting Association Championship.

BALTIMORE Md.—The sixth weekly shoot of the Baltimore Shooting Association for the championship cup resulted in another victory for Leader (A. H. Fox, who shoots under that name).

This was the third successive time that Leader has led the oyster procession for the cup, although he was the only scratch man and has shot from the scratch—18yds.—throughout the series. The scores follow:

Hdcp. Broke. Hdcp. Broke.
Leader, 18.....0 46 Hazard, 16.....8 23
Malone, 16.....5 40 Robb, 16.....8 37
Hicks, 16.....10 36 Burke, 16.....8 33

Several of the shooters with extra bird allowances did not shoot them, as they could not win if they broke their entire handicap.

A thunder gust made the shooting difficult and kept down the attendance. Fox used Leader shells in Winchester pump gun.

OYSTER.

month, C. E. CONNOR, Treas

WESTERN TRAPS.

Waterloo Annual Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 7.—The annual tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club, of Iowa, June 27 and 28, was a very nice little affair. The attendance of shooters fell off a little bit the second day, as usual, but a good number shot through the programme of both days. The weather was very fine, and everything was handsomely conducted. On the first day Weitnauer was high average, Steege only 1 bird back of him, the two having broken 184 and 183 respectively. There were fourteen events, 15 targets each, the first day; \$80 added money on the two days. The second day's programme was the same as the first, excepting that in the afternoon there was a team shoot, two-men teams, at 50 targets. The high average on two days came out a close thing between Linell, of Marshalltown, and Steege, of Waterloo, the former winning by 1 bird, 361 to 360. The score in the team shoot was as below: Linell and Weitnauer 46, Lane and Howell 39, Steege and Sheldon 46, Rossback and Kehm 40.

The visitors were delighted with the treatment they received at the hands of the Waterloo Gun Club, and all declared their intentions to come again the first opportunity. The following are the programme scores of the two days:

First Day, June 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Broke.
Weitnauer	14	14	13	14	12	13	14	12	12	14	13	12	13	12	184
Rossback	10	13	7	12	12	11	11	10	11	11	12	12	11	7	150
Steege	13	10	11	13	14	14	14	13	13	12	15	13	14	14	183
Hagerman	9	11	11	11	12	14	12	12	11	12	10	8	14	13	160
Linell	8	12	12	13	11	14	15	13	13	15	15	12	11	14	179
Sheldon	14	11	12	13	11	12	9	13	13	11	13	12	14	8	166
Lane	13	11	11	12	12	11	15	11	11	13	12	12	12	14	170
Wallace	14	15	12	14	13	12	10	10	10	10	10	14	11	12	172
Howell	10	9	11	11	9	14	11	13	12	13	7	10	11	10	151
E C	10	4	12	9	10	12	14	9	10	7	11	9	9	9	109
O M F	9	9	10	12	12	13	12	12	13	13	11	10	10	13	125
Walker	11	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	12	13	11	13	15	114
Birdsall	10	10	12	12	13	12	12	13	13	14	10	14	10	10	120
Wise	12	13	12	13	8	11	11	7	9	10	10	10	10	10	87
Dillon	14	14	11	12	11	11	11	11	12	11	11	12	11	12	108
Cannon	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	50
Holden	10	12	12	14	12	14	12	12	11	13	11	15	13	13	161
Kehm	12	12	13	11	11	11	10	12	9	11	11	12	12	8	155
Taylor	13	9	10	8	6	10	6	10	6	10	6	10	9	9	62
Bennett	13	9	10	8	6	10	6	10	6	10	6	10	9	9	62
Wolverton	13	9	10	8	6	10	6	10	6	10	6	10	9	9	62
Hartman	13	9	10	8	6	10	6	10	6	10	6	10	9	9	62
Van Vleck	8	11	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	33
Sheehan	7	13	10	7	7	7	7	7	8	6	9	9	9	9	14
Smith	7	13	10	7	7	7	7	7	8	6	9	9	9	9	55
Kohl	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	23
Blosier	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	14
Martin	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Cummings	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	14
Giest	11	7	7	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	22
Mead	11	7	7	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	43

Second Day, June 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Broke.	Days.
Linell	15	14	15	14	15	14	15	14	14	13	11	12	13	182	361
Steege	14	14	12	14	15	14	14	13	14	14	12	15	12	177	360
Weitnauer	13	14	11	15	15	15	14	14	14	14	10	9	17	171	355
Sheldon	11	12	13	12	14	15	11	14	14	13	13	14	14	163	334
Wallace	7	14	11	13	14	14	12	11	13	12	12	13	13	158	330
Lane	14	13	12	13	11	13	12	11	13	12	10	11	12	157	327
Rossback	11	14	12	12	14	13	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	163	314
Howell	8	12	13	12	13	14	12	12	15	11	10	9	9	150	301
Kehm	11	7	11	13	11	13	13	13	11	14	11	9	9	146	301

Appleton Tournament.

Appleton Gun Club, of Appleton, Wis., will hold a tournament open to all comers, July 15 and 16. The Appleton boys do not do things by halves, and this is well worth putting on the slate.

Some of the Indians.

Yesterday a husky delegation of trapshooters—and by the way, as strong a representation of shooting talent as one could well find standing in four pairs of shoes—called on this office of the FOREST AND STREAM. These were Messrs. Charles Budd, Fred Gilbert, H. C. Hirschey and Tom Marshall. The boys were just in from Freepoint shoot, and they said it was hotter than never mind what at Freepoint. Charley Budd is talking of going to Moberly, Mo., for the shoot there, and is sure that it can't be any hotter there than it was in northern Illinois this week. Fred Gilbert was suffering from a bad attack of hoarseness, being hardly able to make himself understood. This, however, is probably nothing serious. All the boys continue to make a big talk about the coming Indian shoot at Okoboji, Ia., the last week in August. There will be two weeks' shooting at this point, the big Indian shoot being preceded by the amateur shoot. Programmes will be out duly. The Indian shoot is going to be a pleasant affair socially, as well as shootingly, and there will be a great many shooters and shooters' families present. All Western devotees of the trap should surely make their plans to include this tournament.

Dupont Cup.

The Barto-Graham match for the Dupont trophy is set for July 19, at Watson's.

Teams at Chicago.

In a live-bird team shooting contest at Watson's Park yesterday, July 6, H. Odell and Dick Dwyer defeated O. Von Lengerke and Henry Levi. The contest was at 25 live pigeons per man, at 30yds, rise, the latter team being allowed 4 added birds to the score. The score:

H Levi	02221012122220200*200222—17
O Von Lengerke	22222*22*2022*20220202—17—38
R Dwyer	*21101111101211*101021—19
H Odell	2222221202020222202022—21—40

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Gun Club.]

CHICAGO, Ill., July 7.—This was anything but an ideal day to shoot targets, the wind blowing a gale from back of the trap, so that sometimes the targets were broken at the edge of the grass. The light was bad, and high scores were impossible.

At a meeting of the Eureka Gun Club last week the name was changed to the Chicago Gun Club. It is the bad weather and not the change in name that accounts for the small attendance.

The scores in the trophy shoot at 25 targets follow:

Mrs Carson	0011110010111111110110—13
Goodrich	1111101111111111110110—19
Willard	1110111111111111111111—24
Buck	1110101111111111111111—20
Dr Morton	00101111000000111110001—12

Monthly trophy: Mrs. Carson 13, Goodrich 11, Willard 14, Buck 11, Dr. Morton 10.

Practice shoot: Mrs. Carson 13, Goodrich 14, Willard 14, Buck 9.

Handicap shoot:

Mrs Carson	1101001111001111111101001—20
Goodrich	1101100111011111111101101—21
Willard	11101111110110111111011—21
Buck	111011111101101111110001101—20
Dr Morton	1010011001011101001000010001—12

Garfield Gun Club

CHICAGO, Ill., July 5.—The appended scores were made on our grounds, Garfield Gun Club, July 4, on the occasion of our eighth annual picnic and club tournament. The club cup, value \$75, was won by T. P. Hicks, after shooting out F. S. Baird and A. W. Fehrman, who tied him in the cup event.

The pigeons were an extraordinarily fast lot, owing to the strong south wind, which blew directly across the traps.

Shooting began about 9 o'clock, and continued until 7:30. About 700 pigeons were shot, and besides the magatrap was in operation all day. About 300 members and visitors spent the day on the grounds. An elegant dinner was served by the ladies, and the club provided an abundance of ice cream and lemonade for all.

Not a single incident or accident occurred during the day to

mar the pleasure of the day, and all went home happy and satisfied for once with all the shooting they wanted.

Sweepstakes at targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	15	15	15	15	Targets:	15	10	15	15	15	15
Northcott	10	9	13	14	12	14	C Richards	1	10	14	15	12	12
C P Richards	11	7	11	9	12	11	Hicks	10	14	15	12	12	12
A McGowan	9	6	8	13	7	13	P McGowan	6	9	9	7	11	11
R Kuss	14	10	13	13	15	13	Ford	6	13	12	12	12	12
Fehrman	10	9	11	15	14	14	Peck	13	11	11	11	11	11
E S Graham	13	10	12	13	14	14	Stiger	5	11	11	11	11	11
Dorman	13	10	12	13	14	14	Midgley	11	11	11	11	11	11
Barnard	8	4	13	15	14	14	H Richards	3	11	11	11	11	11
Kehl	6	11	11	11	11	11	F Stannard	12	14	14	14	14	14
Mrs Shaw	10	10	10	10	10	10	Pelz	7	11	14	14	14	14
Bowers	8	7	11	11	11	11	Chuslie	6	7	11	14	14	14
Dr Shaw	13	10	15	15	12	15	L Thomas	7	10	11	11	11	11
T Eaton	9	10	10	8	11	11	Royce	12	9	11	11	11	11
Ralph	13	10	10	10	10	10	O Byrne	12	9	11	11	11	11

Nos. 2 and 3 were 10 birds, \$2.50; Nos. 4, 5 and 6, 6 birds, \$2.

No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Hicks, 31	1111111111—10	21111—6
Palmer, 31	1012222121—9	021222122—9
Kuss, 31	202222222—9	222021222—9
Barnard, 30	222021210—7	002012122—7
Keck, 28	101121111—9	1112111—6
Kehl, 26	0021210110—6	00020021*2—4
Russell, 29	0222111112—9	0011211121—8
Midgley, 28	1201112220—8	1201112220—8
Dr Royce, 28	1021002110—6	1021002110—6
Dr Shaw, 31	221212222—10	221212222—10
Dorman, 28	110210221—8	110210221—8
Dr Meek, 31	1112111—6	1112111—6
W A Jones, 28	120101—4	120101—4
Bowers, 30	11111—6	11111—6
T Eaton, 30	10*102—3	*11222—5
E S Graham, 31	221222—6	*22222—5

No. 5.	No. 6.
Kehl, 26	01011*—3
J Wolff, 28	120122—5
F Keck, 28	110011—4
Dr Meek, 31	12122—5
Thomas, 28	220120—4
F Wolff, 27	120120—4
Palmer, 31	120201—4
Dorman, 28	2000*2—2
Northcott, 28	12*20—3
Barnard, 30	212021—5
Dr Royce, 28	011220—4
Russell, 29	21212*—5
P McGowan, 28	11122—5
Dr Shaw, 31	21222—6
Thoman, 30	21222—6
Baker, 28	111010—4
A McGowan, 28	21020*—3
R Kuss, 31	22222—6
Baird, 28	21121—6
Zeigfeld, 26	010121—4
Fehrman, 30	10112—5

No. 7.	No. 8.
Kehl, 26	111010—4
J Wolff, 28	21020*—3
F Keck, 28	22222—6
Dr Meek, 31	21121—6
Thomas, 28	010121—4
F Wolff, 27	10112—5

Club cup, 10 birds; distance handicap only:

T Eaton, 30	12210*11—6	A McGowan, 28	1210120011—7
E S Graham, 31	1221012022—9	R Kuss, 31	220212222—9
C H Kehl, 26	222*012020—6	F S Baird, 28	1211212211—10
C T Keck, 28	12101*2021—7	A W Fehrman, 30	122122222—10
Dr Meek, 31	21*221212—9	Dr Shaw, 31	10222*2222—8
L Thomas, 29	012101202—7	T P Hicks, 31	221111111—10
S Palmer, 31	212122202—8	N H Ford, 28	1221012121—9
A D Dorman, 28	*0210221—7	A S Midgley, 28	222222*22—9
F G Barnard, 30	2220221102—8	C W Stiger, 28	20*2222002—6
Dr Royce, 28	001122202—7	Dr O Byrne, 28	*20011*12—5
D Russell, 29	101121212—9		

Shoot-off:	Hicks
Baird, 28	222*0
Fehrman, 30	20w

July 7.—The appended scores were made on our grounds today on the occasion of our tenth trophy shoot. Class A medal was won by R. Kuss on a score of 23; Class B by W. P. Northcott, also on a score of 23, and Class C by J. D. Pollard on 21.

The shooting was difficult on account of a strong and gusty southwest wind, making the targets beat down very quickly; and the heat was intense, making it altogether an unpleasant day to shoot.

The attendance was small on account of our big shoot on July 4, many of the regular attendants having their shooting appetite appeased for a few days at that time.

Tenth trophy shoot:	W P Northcott	C H Kehl	C P Richards	Dr J W Meek	R Kuss	J D Pollard
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FOREST AND STREAM.

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UNDER THE TREES.

THE trees of the land have now a specially high place in the appreciative consideration of sweltering mankind. The woods still hold good their claim of being the first temples. Hurrying and scurrying from the overheated cities, men, women and children during the heated term are eagerly journeying treeward, seeking the grateful shade which invites them to rest and comfort.

And as to shades, there are none at all comparable with that of the trees. Brick and wooden walls cast shadows, but the true shade is found under the spreading arms of the trees, where the freshest of green colors of nature, spread over the entire landscape, are everywhere to gladden the eyes, and clear sunshine and pure air are ever fresh from nature's founts.

It then is in consonance with man's nature that he seeks the benefits of the country, with its comforting shades, in the season when the woods are at their best, and when they minister most to his health, comfort and happiness. Beautiful always, and adorning nature above all else, in their usefulness to man they hold a first place. There is a universal beneficence at all seasons, but in the glaring light and intense heat of the midsummer days they to him are a special boon. To rich and poor alike they offer wholesome recreation free of price.

Under the trees the camper pitches his tent, and settles to repose and comfort. About him are the rugged trunks which through calm and storm have stood bravely skyward for ages, while overhead are a profusion of branches which form a canopy and shut out the sunlight save such shafts and glintings as steal through the shifting openings left by the swaying branches and fluttering leaves in their playful struggles with the languid breeze. Under the trees, about the camp, the light is soft and the air cool, while outside in the open in the glare of light the heat waves boil tremulously.

The wheelman chooses his midsummer route as much as possible through a wooded country. Along roads by which trees grow in abundance he can ride with more pleasure and comfort. Where the trees are, at every stretch and turn of road, there are always new pictures to gladden his eyes. No section can be so plain nor any nook so ugly but what, if it have trees, it is beautified and a pleasure to gaze upon. Under the trees he speeds along, enjoying the cooling shade and feeling that every moment is one of enjoyment.

To the unfortunate dwellers in the cities who cannot escape to the country, the parks are a boon of inestimable value. Even in those limited and artificial areas there are at least true touches of nature. They are a source of infinite delight to children, who fairly revel in their enjoyment of an outing where the trees grow, and the flowers bloom, and nature reigns even if imperfectly. For such children a picnic in the country, where there are real brooks and song-bird melody and flowers, with trees enough everywhere for every one, is an event to be long talked of and longer remembered. The beauties of architecture and elegance of art may excite admiration, but the profound emotions, the adoration of nature, can be excited only by nature's own handiwork, of which the trees are an important part. They are the natural heritage of all mankind, and therefore are a source of wholesome enjoyment.

But to the sportsman they are specially dear. Under them are his treasures. Under them the deer and moose roam quietly about, and under them is the home of the ruffed grouse, woodcock and quail in their cool sequestered haunts.

While there are thousands in the great cities who are chained to business, there are none whose minds can be chained from roaming in the wildwoods. The deer hunter, in imagination, can see the deer, soft-eyed and timorous, gliding under the trees, where there are cool brooklets and pleasing shade. The wing shot sees, in

his mind's eye, the richly colored game bird in its woodland habitat, and longs to be among the trees even with no thought of killing. The fisherman has day dreams of waters with wooded shores, and their beautiful vistas of festooned vegetation which add a zest to the sport which no mere catching of fish could confer.

Unfortunately, indeed, is he who cannot avail himself of the wholesome recreation of camp, or wheel, or gun, or rod, in the places where the trees grow.

THE ADIRONDACK FOREST.

THE Adirondack Forest Preserve is protected by a clause in the Constitution of the State which forbids absolutely and permanently any cutting of the forest. In 1896, when a proposition to remove this prohibition by amendment came before the people, it was defeated by the greatest majority that ever defeated a repeal proposition in the history of New York. The reason of this was that the people feared the mismanagement and ruin which they believed would inevitably follow if any lumbering whatever were permitted in the Adirondacks.

There was ample justification for the fear. At that period, save for a few isolated cases of private forests conducted on scientific principles, lumbering, as prosecuted on this continent, was a synonym of woodland devastation. Of that scientific forest management which means the utilization of the mature timber and the perpetuation of the forest itself as a component whole we knew nothing. Timber cutting, as evidenced in the Adirondacks, meant vast stretches of blackened wastes and denuded mountain slopes—in short, ruin and desolation. With such warnings before their eyes, the people refused utterly to listen to the specious arguments of those who coveted their forest possessions, and they voted in 1896 as they had before in 1894 that the woodman's axe should be kept out of the public lands in the North Woods for all time.

In the years that have intervened, the interest of economic scientific forestry has made vast strides in America. For one thing, the public has been taught that there are certain well-approved methods of forest exploitation which do not mean the ruin of the woods. As the popular appreciation of this fact has grown, people are beginning to ask themselves if there is not a better way of administering their forest possessions than to clear them in the old fashion or to leave them unmolested in a state of nature. The great forestry enterprise of Mr. Vanderbilt in North Carolina, so well described by one of our correspondents to-day, is only one of many similar undertakings by private owners. And so with public forests. The New York Commissioners some time ago requested the Division of Forestry of the Agricultural Department to examine the Adirondack lands and submit recommendations for the management of the forests. Accordingly the work of investigating the forest conditions in the preserve began in June, and the completed working plans are to be ready for submission to the Legislature by Jan. 1, 1901. The beginning of this investigation marks an epoch in the forest history of the country. For the first time the Division of Forestry will co-operate in practical forest management with one of the State governments. If the final report should lead to the repeal of the forest clause of the 1894 amendment, a large public preserve will for the first time in our history be put under skilled forest management and operated with a view, not only to its permanent preservation, but to the production of a regular revenue.

As announced in a bulletin of the Division from which we draw these facts, the working plans for which the data are now being gathered will amount to a detailed scheme for managing and harvesting the forest crop of an important section in the preserve. They will show whether or not a steady revenue can be drawn from the New York Preserve without diminishing its timber yield in the future; and whether it is necessary or not to prohibit all cutting whatsoever in order to preserve the forest.

Their preparation will involve, first of all, an examination of the forest itself with a view to finding out what timber there is now on the ground, in quantity as well as in kind; and, secondly, a thorough study of the possibilities of lumbering on a sound business basis; or, in other words, an examination of the forest trees from the lumberman's point of view, and of the most profitable methods of marketing the timber; thirdly, it will necessitate a thorough investigation of the fire problem, taking into consideration not only the best means of preventing

fires in the future, but also those of dealing now with lands which have been injured or devastated in the past; fourth, the preparation of forest maps; and lastly, an examination of the forests in their relation to the water supply of the region, and of the importance of preserving them as natural reservoirs, and for other reasons than those involved in the immediate production of revenue. This part of the investigation, to be taken up in collaboration with the Hydrographer of the United States Geological Survey, will dispose effectually of any danger to the water supply from the proposed cutting, and will fix all those areas which must be totally protected, or which will require particularly careful and conservative treatment.

THE WASHINGTON GAME CASE.

WE print elsewhere the text of Judge Hanford's decision in the case of a Spokane, Wash., restaurant keeper who was prosecuted for having sold quail in violation of the Washington law. Judge Hanford's reasoning is far from lucid, but the ground upon which he dismisses the case as unconstitutional appears to be that the Washington statute is held by him to interfere with interstate commerce, the control of which is vested in Congress. His argument in brief is that while a State has the right to control its own game, even to the extent of absolutely forbidding its capture at any time, it has no control over the game of another State which may be imported within its borders. He says: "But the power of a Legislature in this regard only applies to game within the State, which is the property of the people of the State, and no such power to interfere with the private affairs of individuals can affect the right of a citizen to sell or dispose of, as he pleases, game which has become a subject of private ownership by a lawful purchase in another State." This goes squarely in the face of other decisions, notably the Phelps-Racey case in New York, where it was held that quail imported from the West could not be sold in the close season. But these precedents Judge Hanford brushes aside as "not binding as authorities in this court," and not resting on sound principles.

Not only is this Washington decision in the face of the precedents, but it runs directly counter to a principle which prevails almost universally throughout this country where there is any game protection at all. Laws forbidding the sale of game in close season are of almost universal application, and where such statutes prevail no distinction is made, for a portion of the season at least, between game native to the State and that which is imported. All is barred alike. The reason for this is that no other expedient will avail to save the native game. Experience has demonstrated that if there is an open game market for the sale of imported game the State's own game will find its way into that market. The purpose of the anti-sale system is not to save the game elsewhere, but the game of the State. And this is a purpose which is abundantly well worth securing and is so recognized, despite Judge Hanford's sneer at "the interests of a few sportsmen." It is not worth while to discuss here the relative importance of the "few sportsmen" and the "many" who want to eat imported game. The point is that the sale of game native and imported being generally prohibited in the close season throughout the United States, Judge Hanford declares that the system is based on statutes which are unconstitutional and therefore are void; and the relative importance of the interests of sportsmen and close time game consumers can have no bearing on the constitutional aspect of the subject. We are not advised whether this case will be carried up to a higher court, but we trust that it may be, for we believe that such an appeal would result in a complete vindication of the anti-sale of game statutes.

It has been suggested that the point at issue has been settled by the Lacey Act, which provides that when game shall have been brought into a State as an article of interstate commerce it shall therefore become subject to the State law. But as we have pointed out, this is only a statement of an accepted principle. If, on the other hand, the Hanford view shall be upheld, the Lacey Act cannot affect the matter. For if a law prohibiting the sale of imported game is in violation of the Constitution, no simple act of Congress can alter its unconstitutional nature. Congress may not enact that what is unconstitutional shall be constitutional. The one only way in which that can be achieved is by a constitutional amendment.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Down the Raisin.—IV.

EARLIER in the evening, just as the dusk had become distinctly visible, we passed a large and somewhat pretentious house upon the shore, and from its broad windows the evening lamps were already sending out their cheerful rays to brighten the pathway of the wayfarer, while an unseen maiden was singing in a fresh young voice to the accompaniment of the little parlor organ.

"Neath the sycamores the candlelights are gleaming"

was the burden of the refrain, the much-regretted sycamores "On the banks of the Wabash far away." Without all was gloom and darkness, within all warmth and light. Why not stop and claim the hospitality which was no doubt awaiting the travelers? But the impulse was only a temporary one, and the Little Pilgrim had kept steadily on, the inherited stubbornness of the skipper having refused to relinquish the idea of a landing at Deerfield, which seemed to recede further and still further into the night. He thought again with sincere regret of the comfortable farmhouse with its hospitable lights and its (presumably) fair vocalist after it had been left miles in the rear and the night had deepened, but regrets were unavailing. (It is noticeable that regrets are almost invariably unavailing, else they were not regrets.)

In the meantime the clouds that had come up with the sunset grew darker and heavier, and the slender path of light that had run on before the Little Pilgrim became still more narrow. We were now going forward in a dull, mechanical way, hopeless but determined, seeking something, we knew not what, that lay, we knew not where. The keen delight, the exultation of the morning, were gone, and there was no longer any thought of pleasure in the journeying, that now hoped only for shelter and rest. The pace had slackened, and there were no more eager bursts of speed to devour the interminable distance. And so through the sober night and along the strenuous path the Little Pilgrim held the even tenor of her way.

After a time another of the infrequent lights broke through the night, and the skipper hailed it with the usual query. The answer evidently came from a colored man, whose house, but dimly outlined by its own light, seemed rough and forbidding. What he said about the distance to Deerfield is immaterial, save that he told us we could save a few miles by making a short portage just back of the house. But although he was invisible from the canoe, there was so much of the invitation of the spider to the fly in his tone and manner that even the prospect of a shortened voyage seemed in no way desirable, and when he volunteered to walk down the bank for a mile or so abreast of the canoe, alleging that he wanted to look for his own boat, which had that day gone adrift, we determined that we most assuredly would not oblige him by either coming ashore or upsetting. Doubtless we did a grievous wrong to a plain but honest citizen, but appearances were certainly against him, and if the cruise of the Little Pilgrim had ended suddenly and mysteriously, the water would have kept no trail over which she might have been traced.

Some one had warned us in advance of an ugly bend in the river, where the current ran more rapidly than usual, and where the bed of the stream was strewn with half-submerged logs that had failed to make the turn in time to clear their unwieldy lengths. The passage, it was said, was disagreeable enough in the day time, but the man who would undertake to run it at night could be set down as one who had unbounded faith in that Providence which exercises a special care over people of a certain class. But though the locality was strange and the night was dark, we had no difficulty in recognizing it—when the canoe grounded on one of these very logs, and swung around broadside against it in the sweeping rush of waters. Just why the little craft did not upset and send her crew and cargo to swell the wreckage that blocked the river here is more easily asked than answered, but she was soon afloat again, and found a clearer channel further over in midstream.

By this the slender streak of light in which the river had seemed to catch and hold the last faint reflection of the dying day had faded out from under the prow of the canoe, and we were left to grope our way without its friendly aid. And when the paddle blade on either side struck the bottom, we knew that we were drawing too close to the land, and so veered away again into the channel. Now and then some clump of trees upon the shore flung up their blurred and broken shapes in confused outline against the darkened sky, but their presence only served to make the gloom more dense. And now the wind that heralded the rain had begun to rise, and save for the whisper of its fitful gusts the night had grown still and sullen, and the rapids having been passed, the deeper currents underneath us flowed noiselessly but relentlessly on.

Suddenly, like a fierce discord in a melody, a long-drawn, rasping sound broke the hush of the night, and the little boat checked, then stopped and swung round as though an unseen hand had reached upward from the water and caught her by the prow. It needed no flashlight to tell us what had happened. The canoe had struck a snag that projected backward just at the surface of the water, and it had torn a long gash in her and held her still impaled upon its jagged point. Such a gash seemed wide enough to admit the entire river, and as the skipper braced himself for the rush of water that would certainly and instantaneously follow, he imagined that he could already feel the boat sinking under him as she foundered in the gruesome flood. And as he waited, half-instinctively he thrust the 8-foot paddle straight down over the side of the canoe as far as he could reach. It met

with no other resistance than the water, and the current thrust it slowly back again to the surface.

What an infinite multitude of thoughts throng through the tense mind at such a moment! The prospect of finding the crew and all the ship's stores at the bottom of the river was not a very pleasing one to a man who could not swim, and the skipper remembers wondering, in that overweighted ten seconds of suspense, how long it would be before the slow search that would drag its tedious way down the winding river would come at last upon the wreck of the Little Pilgrim, and what would be said when the end of the cruise was known. And then the crew wondered how far it was to Deerfield, and whether, perchance, some of the residents of that mythical town might not, after a time, be the ones to claim the reward which would be offered by friends at home for the missing.

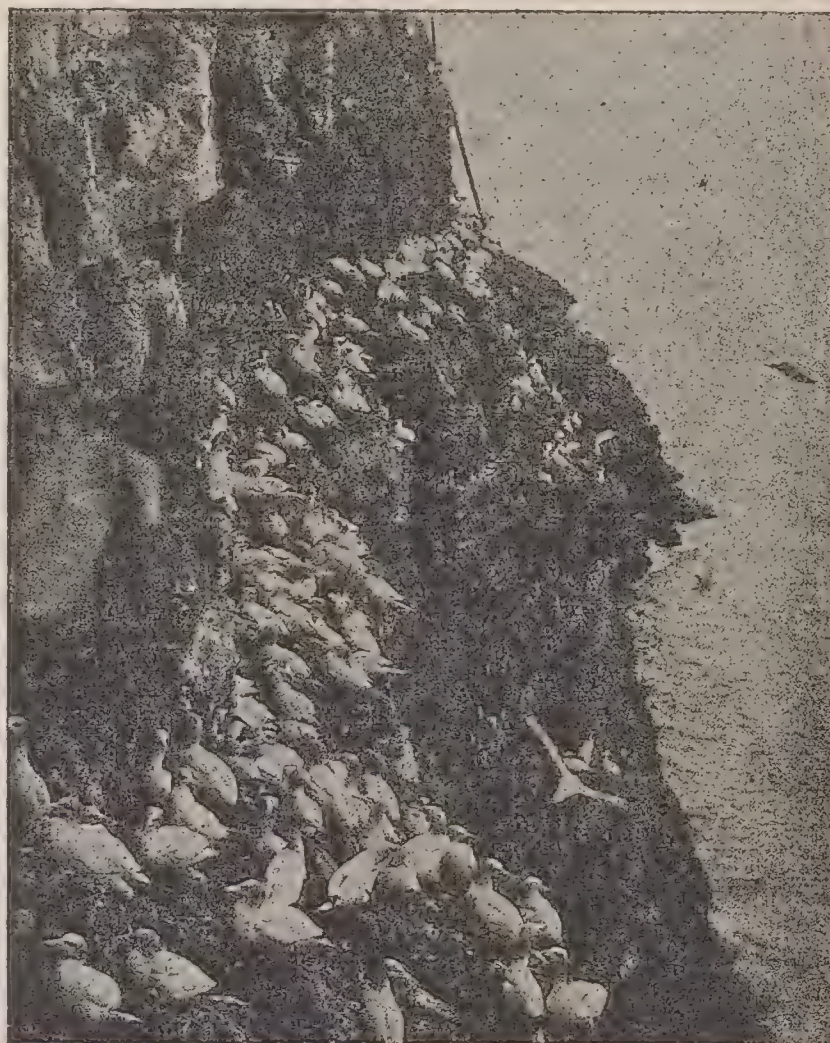
But the water did not come in, and the canoe still



TERN ALIGHTING ON NEST.

From "Bird Studies With a Camera."
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floated. As she listed with the attempt to take soundings, the canoe was in some manner released from the snag and drifted clear of its malignant clutch, and then it was that the captain and the crew unanimously decided to go ashore. It was all well enough to be determined and persevering, and Deerfield might turn out to be in the very next block, but if it were there was no likelihood



GANNETS ON NESTS.

From "Bird Studies With a Camera."
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that it would run away, and the really desirable course just at that time seemed to be across rather than with the current.

When the boat was landed and a light struck, it developed that the snag had cut entirely through the canvas skin for some 12 inches just above the waterline forward. Evidently the cruise and the joke had been carried far enough for that day at least, and all the duffle was unloaded and, with the canoe, carried to the top of the bank. Here there appeared to be "no thoroughfare," and a prospecting trip up and down the shores revealed no trace of human habitation. If there had ever been a road along the river leading to Deerfield or elsewhere, it had long since lost all patience with the river's crooked ways and left it in disgust. It was now hard on midnight, and far off over the wide and misty fields a vague

light glimmered for a space and then disappeared. Perhaps it was only a will-o'-the-wisp beckoning the travelers across some treacherous marsh which was waiting to complete the work the river had failed to accomplish. But the ground was high and solid where we were, and as the rain began to fall, the canoe became a hotel again, and the crew, having supped sumptuously on the remains of the late turtle dinner, were shown to their rooms and soon went comfortably to sleep.

When the captain awoke next morning and came downstairs for a little stroll before breakfast, as was his wont on the cruise, he glanced across the fields, and there, almost close enough to be reached with the canoe paddle, was the missing town of Deerfield. It apparently had come around in the morning for the express purpose of resenting the insinuations which had been made regarding its existence, and it looked as placid and innocent as though it had not been wandering and dodging about all night long to escape capture by the crew of the Little Pilgrim. But although the distance over the luxuriant June meadows seemed so short, it was a long half-hour before we had navigated the great bend of the stream that finally brought us to the town itself.

It was in the night off Deerfield that the cruise of the Little Pilgrim reached, not its close, but its culmination. Every human life has its crisis, but seldom more than one, and this was the case with the Little Pilgrim. From Deerfield (which was scarcely discovered till it was abandoned) we floated peacefully down to Petersburg, the river growing broader and fuller as we journeyed on. It had hardly seemed worth while to waste time in repairing the rent in the canoe, since by shifting the cargo slightly to the opposite side the liability of taking water was happily obviated. The day was bright, and the morning wind, washed cool by the night's rain, blew fresh from the eastward. All the long June hours we voyaged, through a country that had now become more or less tame and commonplace, the experiences of the day being in the main a repetition of the uneventful happenings of the days gone by. And so it came to pass that late in the afternoon of the fourth day of the voyage we drifted quietly into Dundee, and saw once more the iron road over whose tracks the morning train had borne us so bravely to the starting point of our cruise. Here we landed, a trifle battered, not a little worn and wearied, but with a store of adventure and experience that would make and keep these days ever memorable; and happy in the thought that even our mishaps had been fortunate ones. Nothing now remained to be done but to gather up what was left of our supplies and other worldly possessions, to make the final portage from the river to the station and there to await as best we might the coming of the train that was to bear us homeward. The cruise of the Little Pilgrim was ended.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., June, 1900.

Note.—It might be mentioned as a matter of passing interest that the entire expenses of the crew of the Little Pilgrim during this cruise, exclusive of railway fares, but including hotel bills, portage, tips, bar bills, etc., aggregated the sum of \$1.20!

Jack to Jim.

BY SIDNEY EDWARDS.

Dear Jim:

Glad to get your letter and to know of your newest boy—hope he grows up like his daddy to keep clean body and soul, and to shoot and talk straight.

Had an early morning hunt the other day that I thought perhaps you would like to hear about.

In this county, you know, the woodcock season opens on the glorious Fourth, and I want to go on record here as saying that the howl you hear about the iniquity of Fourth of July woodcock hunting here and in New Jersey (of which State we should geographically be a part) is empty—nothing in it.

The law has obtained for three or four years in this county,* and I have hunted each season, never finding a bird that was not strong of wing and willing and able to take jolly good care of himself. These "mother songs" you hear about poor little, fuzzy little woodcocks, that the dogs point and then catch and mangle, or that the game butcher slaughters by the dozens as they flop their half-winged flight through the tree trunks, are way out of harmony with the facts. Some closet naturalists get periodical bugs on the subject, and then they fill up the columns of the good old FOREST AND STREAM with their witlessness. However, I suppose we can't help it. It's like the "Last Moose" squabble or the Adirondack panther tale, or the "How Does the Partridge (sic) Do His Drumming" discussion. I wish somebody'd lay these ghosts—don't you, Jim? If I was the iron-rimmed spectacled editor of the old FOREST AND STREAM I'd make it a condition precedent to the publication of any of these wails that Perdix or Philohela, or whatever he signs himself, should pay \$100, American money, for the possible loss of tired-out subscribers, and drink two quarts of double-quality skunk-cabbage tea—tepid. That would dry the ink on their light-running pens, I'll wager—eh, Jim? "I may be wrong," as the Wizard

of the Nile says, but it is all opinions: that make this world go round, I imagine, and if some Old Subscriber should see this he'd probably write me down a jay, and groan over the mental strabismus of the sporting public generally. When we all get to thinking alike, there will be no woodcock, Jimmy, no FOREST AND STREAM, and no Old Subscriber and no "me" and no "you," and no nothing—boo, hoo! Say, Jimmy, after all, let us pray for long life to these other old fools.

Moralizing, am I? Well, I will get along to my story.

I could not get our old friend Howkins out for an early start, and so I finally persuaded Smith in the office here to go along o' me. We agreed to meet at the old stone

*Richmond county (Staten Island), New York.

house on the corner of the Willow Brook and Watchogue roads at 4:15 A. M. Pretty stiff agreement, but the consideration was probable good sport in the coolth of the early morning. I won't tell you how, in a fruitless endeavor to go off as quietly as a kitty-cat, I got up and roused the whole household, including the missus and the baby. Every man who handles a rod or gun knows how it is, and you know I am particularly un-light-footed.

However, we were on time at the rendezvous, and hustled along to the rose briars back of Roth's, where I know two or three broods were raised, for I have seen the youngsters and the parents. Well, sir, when we got in there it would have broken your heart to see the poor earth agape with the black thirst and looking at the blue heavens above for the savin' moisture (sounds Kiplingish, Jimmy, doesn't it?). Yes, sir; dry as a bone, and we ragged the acres back and forth with my old Laddie and never a whistle nor sign of feather. We knew they'd be feeding, and so we hunted the irrigation drain from end to end, with the same result. It was warm by then, a close, sticky warmth, and we were getting ready to take the usual pledge to refrain from summer hunting now and forevermore. We struck the other brier patches from our calling list, and after executive session put out for the Black Muck Woods across the turnpike. Jimmy, I would like to draw the veil here, for your sake, for I know you've a ball and chain on your ballet-like ankle, and I don't want to be the means of inciting envy, hatred and other uncharitableness in your brave buzzum; but honest truth, Jim, when we set first foot into the woods it seemed as though all the woodcock in the whole county had assembled there in convention—perhaps to establish close and open season on worms. You know, James, I was raised on Sanford and Merton, and I would not tell a lie, and so, James, I hope you will believe me when I say that, as we salaamed through a low barbed-wire fence, the air was full of crescendo and diminuendo whistlings, and what seemed in the half-light, long, dun-colored streaks that twisted in and out among the tree boles like little flying boa constrictors. James, my boy, those streaks were the poor little, fuzzy little, helpless little things that Constant Reader vapors about, with here and there perhaps an old big woodcock to lead the way. Not a shot was fired; not a funeral note. We were getting through the fence, as I said before, and only had a sort of a worm-eye's view of it all. If we'd practiced wing-shooting with head between legs and the gun held upside down, perhaps we'd have had a shot anyway, but as it was, we marked them down best we could and then sent old Black and White ahead—slowly. He hadn't poked around among the skunk cabbage longer than a minute before he drew up, wavered, moved up a degree and "friz." I was nearer, and walked up for the shot. A couple of steps forward and up buzzed the bird. He wasn't any cinch, Jim, I'll tell you, twisting around the tree trunks, but the second barrel got him. He was a full-grown young bird, and, barring his color, looked just as would his daddy at this time of year. Made the sign of the Black Rabbit over his body as he lay (you know we always do that on the first bird of the season), and then picked him up.

Laddie plodded along for a minute or two, when a bird flushed wild in front of Smith. He got him with the first barrel. Two minutes—two birds, and we're in the Greater City—the city of New York, the second of the world's great massing places of men. Get your snipe-like brain to work on that proposition, Jimmy! And still you will live in Hoboken.

The wood is about eighty rods long and half as wide, so Smith and I formed a hollow square and proceeded to walk back and forth across it with Laddie boy waving his old saber tail about 50 feet ahead of us, and doing the real work. Half-way across on the first "leg" and Smith and I fired two shots apiece at the same bird. Smith, who has a head for figures, says that little burst of pleasure cost ten and two-fifths cents, not counting the strain on the gun. No, dear reader, we did not kill the bird. He went away. We went along on the same course toward the barbed-wire fence, and at a point we each scored—two birds flushing. Laddie was as mindful and clever as a trained seal, and it was a pleasure to work with him.

I won't wear you out, Jim, with the details of each kill, but I do want you to hear about the last one, for I kinder covered myself with all kinds of glory making it. I wanted to tell you about it at the beginning of this letter, just as we always ate our dessert first—member, Jim? Well, we'd about shot the place out, we thought, and were going to leave it, when I happened to turn around, and there was old Laddie making one of his dashing-looking, high-headed points. Solid as a rock, too, and I knew he'd a bird nailed. Smith had been getting the rough end of the shooting, so I told him to take the shot. He was about 100 feet from the dog when he started. He walked up at "ready" until he got within 15 feet of Laddie, and then he stopped. Dog solid as the Palisades, and no perceptible motion anywhere, except a big skunk cabbage leaf waving about 2 feet from Laddie's nose.

"Dog has fits in statuesque positions," said Smith.

I deigned no reply, except to sniff contemptuously, but I shoved up the safety on the grip and got ready, in case—Smith took three steps and stopped again. Palisades immovable as ever; cabbage leaf still gently fanning the earth.

"Dog's crazy or has been suddenly smitten with angina pectoris," said Smith, "and has died standing up." Nevertheless he kept his gun at ready and prepared to advance. Two cautious steps ahead—perhaps the breeze blew less gently, and the cabbage leaf fluttered more strongly. But the Palisades never wavered.

A black robber of a crow cawed way up in the sky, and it seemed to deepen the nervous hush.

Smith took one step ahead. "That black and white strain of pointers," he began, "are fools from the beginning—." Whir-r-r-r, and up from underneath the skunk cabbage rose something that hurtled through the air like a bullet. Bang! Bang! from Smith, and through the smokeless-powder haze I saw old Philohela still scudding for safety. I threw the gun to my shoulder and pulled the first barrel, but on he went. I led him 3 feet; 6 inches over, and 2 feet to the right, and pulled the left.

We picked him up just sixty-two and one-half paces away from the firing place, and that is the longest shot I ever made on a woodcock in such a place as the Black

Muck Woods. I was on to his curves, Jimmy, and shot right into a little opening in the trees that it had flashed over me he'd hunt for. It was one of those inspirations a man has once in a while.

My love to the chickabiddies, and my very kindest regards to Mrs. Jim, Sincerely,

JACK.

Pisgah Forest.

RALEIGH, N. C.—There is now a great movement for a national park in the mountains of western North Carolina. This had its origin in George Vanderbilt's two great development ideas, as shown first in his Biltmore estate and next in his Pisgah forest. The latter is a true forest. He was so fortunate as to discover a place where nature had been well nigh unmolested and then to secure this and allow her to work her own sweet will. And it is to be of a pilgrimage to Pisgah that this is to be a story.

There are some 10,000 acres in Biltmore, of which all the world knows. There are 100,000 acres in Pisgah forest, of which few know anything. The latter is about forty miles in length, and takes its name from its dominating peak, Mt. Pisgah, which is a true cone, and which is a landmark even amid all the peaks in that vast, irregular and lofty plateau between the Blue Ridge and the Great Smoky Mountains. East and west this plateau is walled in by the loftiest mountains east of the Rockies.

Going from Raleigh to Asheville, which is the gateway to the glories of the mountain region which the Cherokee Indians in their not unmusical tongue called the Overhills of Ottolay, the train climbs to the Swannanoa Pass, through the Blue Ridge and pierces the crest of the great divide through Swannanoa tunnel, 3,450 feet above sea level. The stream flowing out of the eastern portal of the tunnel runs into the Atlantic Ocean; that out of the western portal into the Gulf of Mexico via the Swannanoa, the French Broad, the Tennessee and the Mississippi. In the tunnel is the source of the Swannanoa, famed in story and song, which at Asheville mingles with the French Broad, loved of the Cherokees, and by them called Tah-kee-os-tee, the "Racing River."

Going by rail from Asheville to Hendersonville, and thence to Davidson's River station on the Hendersonville & Brevard Railway, the pilgrimage to Pisgah begins in earnest. A light wagon, drawn by a pair of small mules, driven by a mountaineer, carries a tent and such provisions as will supplement the mountain fare. The pilgrims, like those of old, walk, and find the twelve miles to Pisgah forest a succession of pictures. Along the clear French Broad River runs the road, then turns along Davidson's River—clearer still—and then leads beside Avery's Creek—as pellucid as a dew drop—to the very source of that stream.

To all the native folk near and far Pisgah forest is "Mr. Vanderbilt's place." A wire fence, merely three strands of barb, outlines it and forms its boundary. Only a quarter of a mile outside this fence is the last house, a tiny cottage nestled in a little cove, its dwellers an aged couple. The old man in his rude but kindly fashion said he liked Mr. Vanderbilt well, and added, "He is a mighty common man; real common." By this homely phrase he meant that the multi-millionaire did not put on airs, but was friendly and sociable.

All the way from the boundary fence to the gap, which opens the way to the valley of the forest, there is the sound of falling water. This is the one sound which is ceaselessly heard all over Pisgah; the rush or the fall of the mountain streams, which most of the time are themselves invisible, perhaps high overhead or in a gorge a thousand feet below. The last two miles of road is very steep, and the sure-footed mules have plenty of work to do, but they fairly bend to it. The driver, who, like the mountaineers in general, is a man of few words, says, "It's mighty good road for mount'n." The plodders on foot have the best of it.

From the top of the gap there is a glorious view over the Vanderbilt domain to the northward, and to the southward a view even into South Carolina. Thus looked at, there is an apparently boundless expanse of virgin forest. But the movement downward is begun, and in a quarter of an hour the pilgrims are in the Pink Beds, the heart of the forest. To Mr. Vanderbilt this is merely part of his great woodland, but to the mountaineer it is the Pink Beds, and under the latter name it appears in the geological maps. It is a sort of table land, between high and nearly parallel ridges, threaded with streams as bright as a looking-glass, all running in beds of solid stone, literally like flights of steps, and which seem like quicksilver as they flash or fall from their lofty sources.

The origin of the name Pink Beds is in dispute, it seems. It most probably is derived from the colors of the rhododendron, which is so profuse as to make the country for miles look in May and June like a conservatory. The bushes on which these rich-hued flowers grow form a continuous tangle, save where the great forest trees crowd them out. One of the mountaineers, when asked for his idea of the origin of the name, said in a most prosaic manner, "I don't rightly know where the name comes from, but I have heard 'em say a man one time had a cow here named Pink and she got bogged up in a ma'shy place and died there."

The Pisgah forest has cost Vanderbilt something like a quarter of a million of dollars, or about \$2.50 an acre. He has bought it in great or small tracts as rapidly as possible, and now his rangers are the only denizens. There are five of them, all picked men of the mountains, of fine physique, good riders and dead shots. One of them comes to meet the pilgrims and looks at their permit, which is a very important piece of paper. This forester, whose name is Kearns, is a type of the rangers, good-humored, tall and strong, well mounted, with repeating rifle slung at his back, saddle bags and poncho. To him these mountain wilds are like an open book, and upon him and his associates a great and incessant responsibility devolves. They must keep open the roads and the trails, see that the boundary fence, 300 miles in length, is all right; keep out poachers; look after the game and the trout, and always be on the alert for timber stealers. The poachers would come from near and far to catch the trout, or rather to kill them by exploding dynamite cartridges in the deep pools where the big fellows lurk; or to kill the deer, the grouse (or pheasants,

as they are known popularly), or the wild turkeys. At an incredible distance the trained ear of the ranger will hear the explosion of dynamite, and he tracks the offender unerringly, even into other counties, and once into Tennessee.

There are 265 miles of trail in this forest, the trails leading alongside each trout stream. There are 70 miles of road, passable for wagon. Trail and road are always kept in readiness against Mr. Vanderbilt's coming. He is, as the rangers say, "liable to come any time." There are miles of shooting paths, the latter 15 feet in width and cut out right and left from the roads. When deer are driven they must cross these paths, and by means of the latter alone can the hunter see them in time to get a shot.

For a century these Pink Beds were a free pasture, and thousands of cattle were driven there for the grazing. The cattle were driven even from South Carolina, and in the spring and in the fall were driven home "seal fat," as the phrase is. In those days forest fires were set alight each spring, to freshen the grass. Eight years ago Mr. Vanderbilt began to buy the land, and now cattle found within his boundary are driven out by the rangers.

The absence of noises other than those made by the streams is one of the most noticed things. Rarely is a note of a bird heard, and seldom still is any feathered thing seen. So perfect and so dense is the cover that a deer can lie unseen only a few feet away. Numerous as the turkeys are, only one was flushed, and only a very few pheasants were seen. The sharp footmarks of the deer are constantly visible in the trails, and alongside the streams are the footprints of the wildcat. High overhead the golden eagle is seen soaring, and Ranger Kearns shows a mounted specimen which he killed with a revolver as it sat in a tree top 80 yards away.

Though Mr. Vanderbilt is not a sportsman, but a student, yet, as stated, all things are kept ready for him. His pleasure is the pleasure of others. On his last visit he only caught one trout, nor did he fire a gun. His wife was with him. She is a good horsewoman, and rode a pony up and down the steepest trails. Under protection native trout are rapidly restocking the streams without artificial propagation. In some of the streams rainbow trout from California have been placed, but these are not so satisfactory a fish. They rapidly lose their rich colors, and have to be quickly eaten to be palatable, while the trout of the locality, properly dressed, keep well. In the old days, before there was protection, there were caught in two days in this very forest 1,650 trout, and most of this needless slaughter was pure waste.

At Biltmore Mr. Vanderbilt has an arboretum, one of the largest in the world, and the pioneer in the United States. This was formerly under the direction of Gifford Pinchot, who is at present head forester of the United States; it is now under the direction of Dr. Schenck, as forester. In this arboretum more than 300,000 trees and shrubs have been planted. Pisgah forest is the complement of the arboretum, and in these wild woods Dr. Schenck has a lodge where he spends much of each summer with his class. In the latter are often youths of wealth and high social position, who wish to study forestry—a study which the United States sorely needs, since so many millions are daily devoting themselves to the task of forest destruction, and so few to conservation.

The grandeur of the trees is a never-ceasing wonder. Enormous tulip trees or poplars, Spanish and red oaks, hemlocks, chestnuts, black walnuts, cucumber trees and pines, rise in size and symmetry, and make the views grand in the extreme. Here the destructive lumberman has never despoiled "the forest primeval." The trees cover all nature.

"For miles on miles their hazy files
Grow nebulously dim."

and there is always, thanks to this great forest, the tender blue which gives the Blue Ridge its name. No matter whether the weather be fair or foul, the color of these mountains is always blue, deeper or lighter as the case may be.

Every rose has its thorn, and in the fairest of earth's places some poison lurks. This Pink Bed region is particularly infested with rattlesnakes. They are of the black variety, and while short in length are very large—3 inches in diameter sometimes. Ranger Kearns looked at his "tally stick" and found that during the season of 1899 he killed twenty-six. His two or three employees said they had killed as many more. A watchful eye is necessary when a pilgrim gets out of a road or trail. The mountaineers say that as a rule a rattlesnake is very peaceable; so much so that when he thinks a person does not see him he lies quiet and does not coil and rattle. The rangers wear extremely thick leather leggings over heavy stockings. Deadly as is the poison of these snakes, few people die from it. Surprisingly few are bitten, and whiskey is instantly taken. The rattlesnake in the eastern part of North Carolina is far larger and in consequence more deadly, owing to the greater size of the fangs and poison bags. The most dangerous because the most vicious snake in the eastern part of the State is the black water moccasin, or cottonmouth, called by the natives the "swamp lion," because of his savageness. These snakes attack men.

The real objective point of the pilgrimage is Pisgah Peak. The Thompson trail is taken for its top, and it is a long nine-mile tramp. This is the steepest because the most direct of all the trails. The immense trees of the Pink Beds are replaced on the long mountain crest by dwarfed trees, very quaint in effect, with blue grass beneath them. It is a natural park in miniature. The trail leads along the crest to Pisgah Lodge. This is a masterpiece of quaintness, all of logs and stone. Its front balcony projects over a chasm almost sheer for 1,000 feet. From this most picturesque standpoint Mr. Vanderbilt's guests shoot at clay pigeons or glass balls, and experts get three or four shots. The furniture is all of mountain woods. The dining hall is a separate building, of the same log construction, and its walls are nearly covered with the dressed skins of the wildcat, fox, deer, skunk, etc. There are more than 200 skins, those of the wildcat predominating. These animals were all shot or trapped in Pisgah forest. There are also immense eagles perched on the beams. The pilgrims dine at the lodge amid these odd surroundings on fried

chicken, then pone cornbread, buttermilk and the pelucid honey which the bees make from the flowers of the sourwood trees, which are so numerous in the forest, and indeed all through the mountain region.

It is two miles from the lodge to the summit of Pisgah. All the way there is a view which embraces scores of miles. There is a trail to the top, which is a very accurately shaped cone. On it there is barely room for four ponies and half a dozen people on foot. It is 5,500 feet above sea level, and so vast is the height that it seems to the pilgrims that they are on top of a tower. To the eastward is Biltmore House, hanging in the middle distance like Aladdin's palace, snowy white and vast, and quite near it is tree-embowered Asheville, twelve miles away. Four counties corner on this peak. To the southward there is the unbroken mass of Pisgah forest; to the east the great and fertile valley of the French Broad. Yet further eastward the cloud-touching wall of the Blue Ridge rises, shutting out the world beyond. To the westward is piled mountain upon mountain, and in that direction the view is finally bounded by the Great Smokies, which tower like a veritable wall of a world. Within the sweep of a glance is the culmination of the great Appalachian system. There are no less than forty-three peaks, with an altitude of more than 6,000 feet, these being in the Smoky, the Balsam and the Black ranges. Mount Mitchell, in the Black, dominates them all, with its 6,711 feet of altitude. In its entirety the view is one of the very noblest which America affords. It is well worth the "pilgrimage to Pisgah."

FRED A. OLDS.

With a Surveying Party.

[Concluded from page 27.]

I WAS out wandering over the park land not very intent on the pursuit of game, but hoping that it would be my good fortune to get a shot at an extra large buck whose wide spreading horns far surpassed any head we had secured, as described by Cap, who had seen him a few times when out with the corps of surveyors.

While standing upon a high point of land carefully examining the landscape with a field glass, I saw a buck enter the high grass of a ravine at the bottom of the high land on which I was standing. As the ravine which the deer had entered was bounded upon the far side by a high rocky wall and nearly surrounded the point of land upon which I was standing, I knew that the buck would give me a good shot as he passed down the ravine behind where I was standing, and I did not change my position, but stood looking down the slope to see if the buck would have any companions, when to my surprise I saw a large panther following the track of the deer, and all designs upon the deer were lost in my intention to take the hide of that panther back to camp with me. The panther is the prince of still-hunters, and it was with close attention that I watched this one as he followed the trail of the deer. He would pass over about 100 yards of the trail, when he would stop, lift up his head and turn as if listening and scenting the breeze for a few seconds, and then he would bound along the trail for another hundred yards, when he would again stop to take observation, and this was repeated until he passed out of my sight in the ravine.

Turning to take a position to head off the panther, I saw that there was a gentle slope from the top to the bottom of the ravine from my feet, covered in places with high grass and small bushes, while there were a few alkali spots where the grass was short buffalo grass of the alkali plains and prairies, with a few scattered oak trees upon the surface of the slope. As I took a new position near the middle of the hillside where I could command the entire slope with my rifle, with pleasure I found a good breeze blowing toward me from up the ravine, so that there was no danger of the game scenting me.

Standing quietly beneath an oak tree, I closely watched the ravine for the first sight of the deer and the panther, and to my great surprise I saw a large razor-back boar step out from a small brushy thicket, and with bristles erect face the wind as if awaiting the advent of the game, about 300 yards from me further up the ravine. I had time to carefully note the warlike appearance of the boar, when the buck came forth from the high grass not 10 yards from the boar, and as the deer suddenly stopped at the right of the boar, the panther jumped upon the buck, striking it to the ground. As the panther fastened to the buck's throat and braced his feet upon the sward, the boar charged like a thunderbolt, and gave an upper side stroke at the panther, just as a struggle of the buck had almost lifted the panther from the ground. The tusk of the boar caught the hind leg of the panther with such force that it threw him a few feet and tore out the buck's throat where the panther's teeth had been fastened. The force of the boar's charge carried him over the body of the buck, and he was upon the panther before he could gather for a spring. As the boar made his charge the panther threw himself upon the ground upon his back, and as the boar was passing over him he fastened his teeth in the boar's jaw, and with strokes of lightning quickness clawed the face of the boar with his front claws, while he raked the boar's belly with his hind ones. By a quick jump sideways, the boar shook the panther loose, and with an upward stroke he threw him at least 15 feet, where the panther, on striking the ground, rolled over a few times, and then, as he struggled to his feet, I saw a long rip from the boar's tusk in the panther's shoulder and one also in the thigh. As the panther was gathering his bleeding legs beneath him for a renewal of the fight, the buck struggled to his feet and made a few bounds with the blood pouring from his torn throat, and then tumbled down lifeless, while the boar, as if suddenly stricken with blindness, charged round in a circle, striking at the trees as he approached them, but unable to see the panther, who, with dauntless courage, was waiting for him. The fight continued for half an hour without serious injury to either combatant, although I could see that the panther was growing weak from the loss of blood from his wounded shoulder and thigh, until in a charge upon the boar he was met with a blow from the boar's tusk which finished him. I then drew near, and taking aim behind the boar's shield, dropped him with a ball from my Winchester.

From a careful examination of the body of the boar I could see that beyond being blinded in the first clinch, the boar had received no serious injury from the panther, while the panther's shoulder and thigh were cut to the bone in gashes 7 or 8 inches long, and his sides had many cuts where he had been struck by the tusks of the boar. Breaking out the tusks of the boar and taking the hide of the panther, after hanging up the body of the deer, I returned to camp with my trophies of the battle in which I had been a mere spectator, and a short time after I had reached the camp, King and the Judge came in, the Judge presenting a sadly demoralized appearance. When I inquired the cause, the Judge said "Wait till I get washed up and have some supper, and then we can both tell our adventures to the whole camp and save telling them over the second time."

When the pipes were all lighted after supper, the Judge said: "Leaving camp after dinner, a short time after Son did, King and I went down in the heavy timber by the river, and separated, he going up the river, while I started down the other way. I guess I had walked about half or three-quarters of a mile without seeing anything, when I came to a tree that had been blown over in a storm, and climbed up on its trunk and carefully looked around for something to shoot at. Seeing nothing from the trunk, I climbed up on the top of the upturned root and had just got straightened up when some root broke and down I went into the hole where the root had been, and went whack right into a nest of young razor-back pigs. Such a squealing as they made started me out of that hole as quick as I could go, and I had just got upon the ground when I saw the old sow coming for me like a she devil, and I opened fire upon her and dropped her at the third shot, and then turned just in time to see an old boar charging for me so close that I jumped up in the air just as he charged under me, and I came down on his back and was sent sprawling, my rifle flying out of my reach, and I ran around that root to climb up on the tree trunk. But before I could get on top of it the boar was so close on me that I went clear over the tree down on the other side, and as the boar reared up on the tree trunk with his forefeet I turned loose on him with my navy, and soon emptied it into his head and throat without stopping him, and then I dove down under the tree and drew my knife, and as his head came under the tree I struck at his throat, and there we had it. Whenever he shoved his snout under the tree I would stab at his throat with my knife. As there was no tree near that I could climb, I had to stay and fight it out with him with my knife. How the battle would have ended I don't know, as I could not kill him with the knife, and he could not hurt me as long as I kept the tree between us. After our battle had lasted three or four hours, as it seemed to me, I heard the crack of a rifle, and as the boar rolled over dead I jumped to my feet and saw King standing near the top of the tree, laughing, but I was so mad at the whole race of hogs that I ran around the root of the tree and jumped down into the nest to cut the throat of every pig, but every last one had run off and hid, and I could not find one of them."

After the laugh was over, King said that he had not been gone from the Judge over half an hour when he heard the three shots from his Winchester, followed soon by the shots from the revolver, and he hurried in the direction of the shots, and guided by the woofing of the boar, he soon arrived at the scene of the conflict, to find the Judge upon his knees on one side of the tree and the boar upon the other, and while the boar's head and throat was covered with froth and blood, he did not look half as mad or dangerous as the Judge did with his bloody knife, waiting for the boar to put his head under the tree, and he waited until he could get a shot behind the boar's shield, when he dropped him at the first shot.

I then described the battle that I had witnessed between the boar and panther, and produced my trophies, and as they were passed from hand to hand, Cap asked me if I was not afraid to tackle a panther alone, and on my saying that I should have done so if the boar had not saved me the trouble, he told a story of a hunt for a lion, as the panther is called in New Mexico, in which the assistant engineer of a surveying party was the hero, while Cap and two others watched him from a neighboring cliff.

The story ran thus: The assistant was alone in camp and saw the mountain lion passing near the camp, when he took a rifle and a double-barreled shotgun and ran to a big rock out in the plain, which the lion would pass. As the lion came within gun shot, the assistant would take up one gun and sight it over the rock at the animal, and then put it down without firing, to take up the other and go through the same motions, until the lion was out of reach. Then turning to his assistant, Cap said, "We were ashamed to let the rest of the party know about it, and said nothing; but will you tell us now why you did not shoot?"

After the laugh was ended, the assistant said: "I never was much of a hunter, nor a very good shot, and took both guns with me; but when that confounded lion was coming closer and closer to me, he kept growing bigger and bigger, until he seemed to me to be as big as an elephant, and I was afraid to shoot at him with the shotgun for fear that I would only wound him, and I did not dare shoot at him with the rifle for fear that I could not kill him with the first shot; and when I saw how big he was I made up my mind to let him alone if he would only let me alone; and I was most mighty glad when he passed on by and did not try to scrape a closer acquaintance." After we had finished laughing, he turned to Cap and said, "Tell us now how you shot the lion the Mexican smoked out for you?"

Cap apologetically said: "When we first went out on the survey in New Mexico, I had just got me a Winchester, then a new gun, and was very anxious to get a shot at a lion, and as one frequently came prowling about our camp, as we could see by his tracks in the dust, I thought I could not be contented until I had killed that lion. I coaxed one of the party, our guide, an old half-breed Mexican hunter, to locate him where I could shoot him. In a day or so he told me he had the lion located in a den in some rocks, and when the wind came right he would smoke him out for me and give me a chance to shoot him.

"A few days afterward we had a high south wind, and

the hunter said, 'Now we'll get that lion.' We went about a mile to an outjutting rocky spur of the mountain, where he stationed me to one side of a hole in the rocks and then went around the end of the spur to start his smoke. When I found myself alone I began thinking I was too close to the hole for safety, and moved off a short distance, and got behind a big rock over the top of which I could rest my gun and get a good aim. I had just got well settled when I saw a white thread of smoke creeping out through the hole. Carefully aiming my gun at the hole I waited the coming of the lion. In a few minutes out he came, coughing, and the maddest thing you ever saw as he stepped out of the smoke upon the rock. I was so scared I forgot that I had a gun, and watched him until he disappeared in a clump of trees, and then I remembered what I had come up there for, and was just thinking how glad I was that I had not shot and wounded him, when the old hunter came around the rocks and asked where the lion was. When I told him, he wanted to know why I had not shot him, and when I tried to explain, he muttered something about a coward and started after the lion alone, while, utterly disgusted and ashamed of my cowardice, I went back to camp. In about two hours the old hunter brought in the lion's skin. While I never wanted to hunt any more lions, yet the old man was so disgusted with me that he would never take me with him in any of his hunts from which he supplied the camp with fresh meat during that survey, and I don't know whether I could bring myself up to the point of shooting at one now or not if I was alone."

After a moment's quiet after Cap had ended his story, King said: "Boys, I run on to another big bear's track down in the bottom just before I heard the Judge's shots this afternoon, and if you want another bear skin, we'll get him to-morrow." "Agreed," said Cap; "and we'll keep together till the dogs tree him, and then by going together we will all have the same chance."

Next morning, King, Cap, the Judge and I, followed by King's dogs, went down to the timber by the river, and King soon found a fresh track in the sand, where the bear had come up from the river, which showed it to be even a larger one than the one that had treed me a few days before. The dogs having started upon the track, silently followed it up among the trees, and King said, "They'll run on to him eating acorns or pecans." We started after the dogs, which had passed from sight in the grass, along a game path which they followed in its windings through the high grass between the trees. After half an hour's rapid walk we heard the short yelping barks of the dogs that told us that they had caught up with the bear, and we hurriedly ran in the direction of the noise, to be met at a short distance by the dogs coming toward us, while the noise of the conflict seemed to grow louder. As we stopped on meeting the dogs, King said, "Boys, the dogs and bear have stirred up an old boar, and if we hurry up we'll see a fight that is a fight," and he then led us on a short distance, until we came in full view of the battle that was being fought as only a gaunt boar and an angry bear of the largest size could fight it. When we first caught sight of the fighters, the bear was standing erect upon his hind feet awaiting a charge of the boar. As the boar rushed at the bear and threw his head up and sideways to strike with his tusks, whack came the paw of the bear against the side of the boar's head, turning it aside, and their bodies came in collision, the bear upon the boar's back, biting and tearing the back and sides of the boar with his sharp teeth and claws, causing the blood to stream, but the boar's immense strength enabled him to throw the bear off, and as the bear rose upon his hind feet, the boar charged again, to be met with a blow from the bear's paw and to have the bear upon his back clawing and biting, to be again shaken off by the boar, this to be followed by another charge, with the same result. As we watched the battle, the bear for a time seemed to be getting far the best of it, and the Judge said, "Boys, that bear will kill that boar and not get hurt," but King said, "The bear's too big and fat; the boar is tiring him out, and will get him yet. I'll bet on the boar," and the words had hardly been spoken when from some cause the bear missed the boar's head with his paw and struck his paw directly upon the boar's tusk, which went through the paw and tore its way out, throwing the bear down, and before he could rise, a tusk of the boar had been driven into the flank of the bear, ripping hide and flesh in a long gash. Completely whipped, the bear rushed to a tree and tried to climb out of reach of the boar, but he was hindered by his wounds, and before he got out of reach the boar again struck him in the lower part of the other flank with a blow from one of his tusks, cutting another hole through the hide and flesh and knocking the bear from the tree and throwing him upon the ground, where he struck him blow after blow with his tusks, until King said, "He'll cut that bear's hide all to pieces if we don't shoot him; take him, Judge." As the boar turned his side toward us, the Judge fired, seemingly without other effect than to increase the anger of the boar at the dying bear, and after the Judge had thrown in a fresh cartridge, he, Cap and I all fired together at the boar, with no other effect than to cause him to leave the body of the bear and look around as if to discover his new enemy and to engage in battle with it, when King fired and dropped him, struggling upon the ground. We then walked up near him, and the Judge killed him with a shot at the back of the head, while Cap fired at the head of the nearly dead bear, quieting him. An examination of the body of the boar showed that the balls fired by the Judge, Cap and me had all passed through his body just behind his ribs, while King's had passed in behind the shield and shoulder, and had given the wound from which he had fallen. The bear's hide and flesh were cut with deep gashes from the boar's tusks during the battle, yet the fat was so thick under the bear's hide that no mortal wound had been given by the boar, as far as we could see, until after the mishap to the bear's paw. By the time we had the bear skinned and disjointed, one of the teamsters was heard approaching, and calling him we soon had the bear on the way to camp. Not being able to start another bear, we soon followed to camp.

In the days that followed, the Judge and I found no larger game than deer, turkey, grouse, prairie chickens and quail, and they were so plenty that we only hunted them whenever we wished a change in the meat supply of

he camp. The few weeks we remained in camp were varied by gathering pecans, chinquapins (which resemble small chestnut) and shellbark hickory nuts. While on nutting excursion the next to the last day we were at that camp, the judge was fortunate enough to kill Cap's prize buck. What a beauty he was, carrying ten points on each of his stately horns, one of the finest deer heads I ever saw. The Judge said, "His head is fine enough to pay me for all the time we have been in camp, even if I had got nothing else." While the Judge had the finest deer's head, I had fine bear and panther skins for my prizes, and Cap and his assistants had been successful in surveying, and had found a suitable railway crossing over the river, nearly five miles west of our camp. It was with feelings of deep regret that we at last bade good-bye to the flowing spring and the beautiful park land wherein we had passed so many pleasant hours. We promised ourselves that we would return again at some future day, a promise that unforeseen circumstances always prevented us from filling. When we gave the parting and to King, Cap and the rest of the party at Arkansas City, it was with a sense of the deep obligations we were under for nearly two months of the most solid enjoyment that ever fell to the lot of two lawyers upon a hunting trip. While we returned to our routine of work in our respective law offices, it was with that hearty strength and perfect health that can only come to the office worker by indulgence in that close association with nature to be found by sports afield or afield.

In conclusion, let me say that if any reader of the FOREST AND STREAM in passing over the line of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Railway in the Indian Territory will cast his eyes to the eastward when near the South Fork of the Canadian River, he can see in the distance upon the north side of the river the rolling woodlands which were the scenes of the adventures we enjoyed while guests of the surveying party, and that every reader of the FOREST AND STREAM may have as good fortune as we enjoyed in sports afield is the parting wish of

FRANK WINCHESTER.

Natural History.

The Rearing of Game Birds.

CRANFORD, N. J., July 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much interest the articles in your paper of late date in regard to the heath hen of Martha's Vineyard, and I must say that I am very much interested in this bird, as also in any rare and disappearing game bird of this country.

I have often thought that it would be a good idea for several States to have a game bird propagating division in connection with the fish hatcheries of the several States that are making a fine and great showing in hatchery and distributing fish. That they have met with such success seems to me to be a good reason for the same officers to undertake the hatching of game birds that have become scarce in this part of the country.

After thinking the matter over very carefully, I have

Therefore, if the young bird can be got to take the food offered, there is a first-class chance of raising them, providing they are kept free from lice, which is an easy matter to do if the hen is properly treated with some powder or insect destroyer. If some one could procure say two pairs of the heath hens, and they were in runs, and properly taken care of and treated kindly, I am sure they would become tame enough in a year or two to commence laying, and I have no doubt but what the hens would be able to hatch their own young, providing they had the right care, by the right party. I think that women do the best in raising pheasants, quail and other birds of the game variety.

I know of one woman who raises quite a number of pheasants each year in her vegetable garden on a plot of ground about 100 by 175, and some of the birds nest and raise their own young here year after year, and the old birds become so cross while the hen is nesting that they will attack any one coming into the yard, and will also drive away any cats that may venture into the yard, and I can tell from experience that it is no laughing matter to have the cock bird strike one on the shins with his spurs.

I also see that one State has started to talk about hatching game birds artificially, and I hope they will do so at once with the heath hen and then the ruffed grouse, so that these grand birds will once again be fairly plentiful.

C. W. JOHNSON.

Bird Studies with a Camera.

OF the many books on nature study which have come from the press within the past few years, very few can equal in interest Mr. Frank M. Chapman's volume on bird photography. It takes the reader to places where few have an opportunity to go, and shows him the birds in their homes, and often occupied with what is the most important business of their lives.

Mr. Chapman is well known for his useful and entertaining volumes on birds published by the Appletons, and we believe this to be one of the most useful of those that he has given us.

In his first chapter he defines bird photography, and tells us of its scientific value and of the pleasure that it may give. He shows too that quite as much skill is required and even more lasting pleasure derived from hunting with a camera than from hunting with a gun. Whether one is the photographer or not, the chapter on the bird photographer's outfit, fully illustrated as it is, can hardly fail to interest the reader, and the methods of the photographer are even more interesting.

All this, however, is introductory, and it is only on page 40 of the book that we are introduced to the birds themselves and have an opportunity to look over the wonderful collection of pictures which begins with the chickadee and goes on with least bittern, night heron, swallows, terns, the sea birds of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and ends with the pelicans of Florida. The book is profusely illustrated, with a cut on almost every page, and the pictures are of singular beauty, while the text has a charm of feeling that fits in well with these beautiful pictures. It is not necessary to say that Mr. Chapman is an ardent bird protector, and it may be imagined that the

July of 1899 Mr. Chapman found between three and four hundred birds, and he succeeded in getting a number of interesting views of the nests and the birds, old and young. "Both the nature of the birds' haunts and the manner in which the members of a colony spread an alarm," he writes, "make it practically impossible to surprise the tern upon its nest. But by lying prone upon the ground one attracts far less attention than when standing. The hovering flock of birds gradually disperses and those which are incubating soon return to the vicinity of their nests, hanging over them and dropping nearer and nearer until at the end of fifteen or twenty minutes they swoop down beside them, raise their wings high over their backs, then fold them gently, then settle upon their eggs."

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is an account of the author's expedition to the famous Bird Rock, an isolated rock which rises from the sea about fifty miles northwest of Cape Breton, and is the home of thousands of sea birds—petrels, gannets, murre, puffins, kittiwakes and others. Among the many views here secured were two of nesting gannets, and the work was done under circumstances which go to show that bird photography as a sport is not without its spice of excitement.

"I took the twin lens, fastened one end of a rope about my waist, and gave the other end to Captain Bourque, in order that, unhampered by thought of fall, I might creep along the slippery ledges where the birds nested."

"The fog had lifted, but the day was gloomy, and only the white plumage of the birds and a wide-open lens yielded successful photographs."

"It was my first visit to the big white birds, who, in spite of persecution, have as yet acquired but little fear of man, and as with hoarse croaks and a dashing of wings they pitched into the narrow ledges near me, their size and boldness, in connection with my somewhat insecure footing, aroused in me a feeling which I had not experienced when surrounded by the smaller murre, auks and puffins. The main nesting ledge was out of reach below, but small groups of birds were nearer, and these I photographed at a distance of about 10 feet."

Florida Curlews.

F. A. HENDRY writes to the Fort Myers Press from Ft. Thompson, Fla., of the curlews which abound there: "Birds of plumage are often seen. The pink curlew and the white curlew of plumage are birds of exquisite beauty. Then we see clouds of the common white curlew along the green marshes and lake margins, reminding us of a luxuriant cotton field all ready for harvest. Those birds fill up a rich chapter in nature's book, one which we delight to read and reread. To see these thousands of white-winged, angel-like fowls gathering to their nesting place at night, covering the cone-shaped willow clusters so common to south Florida, is a sight comparatively few people enjoy; a blending of the deep green with immaculate white fills our souls with both inspiration and admiration. It is a feast indeed to the lovers of the beautiful to see them early in the morning as Old Sol rises in the east, winging their way to their feeding grounds miles away, all in uniform lines, the unbroken perfection of which excels the best drilled regiments the world ever saw, and is a sight no pen can portray. It is here and on this line our thoughts flow apace, and we think and wonder how can man be so cruel and unmindful as to institute a system of slaughter of these fowls, the fancy work of nature's deft fingers. Still, it is a lamentable fact that these birds are going rapidly by the hand of man. Were it for food or for downy pillows to rest the tired and aching head of man they are being sacrificed, then it would be well, but, alas! their feathers and plumes are captured to bedeck the heads of the fanciful and fashionable fair sex. If the fair sex needed these plumes to make them pretty and sweet there would be some excuse, but nothing on earth or in the waters under the earth can make any improvement on a lady when simply and neatly dressed. A cultured mind, accomplished manners, a happy and cheerful disposition, together with all the graces belonging to her sex, is the noblest and most beautiful workmanship of God. No bird plumes are necessary—she is a beauty of nature's own pluming."

At Sight of Flying Geese.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I came upon a note to-day which was received from one of your Boston correspondents last April in Havana, and though the incident belongs to the spring time the touch of nature in it is characteristic and worth preserving, and sharing with others. So I send you two paragraphs:

"I saw from my office chair the other day a flock of wild geese away up in the sky flying in V-shaped plan. I sprang from my chair and watched them as long as I could see a trace of them, and experienced a lot of mental quickenings and vibrations that for the time pictured clearly what awful idiots we are to let ourselves be cheated out of open-air life as we do."

"Then I went back to my desk and asked my stenographer where I left off, and what it was about!"

"That was a grateful reminder when I read it in April; and it is no less grateful to-day. Marvelous what a fascination this sight of a flock of wild geese in the heavens has for all of us."

REFUGEE.

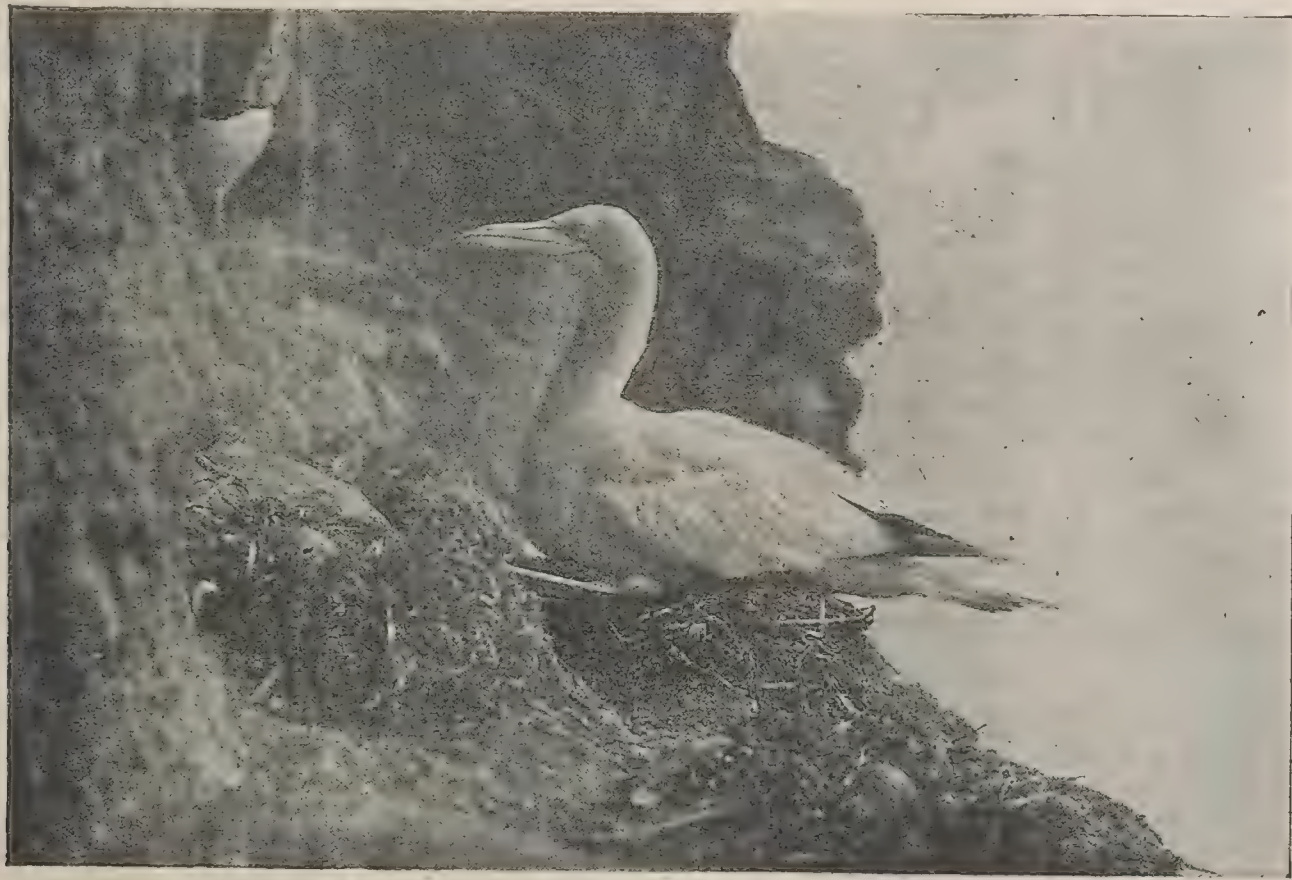
Particulars of Snake Story Wanted.

Boston, July 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Just a postal card to ask Juvenal the name of that "distinguished educator" on whose authority he gives that beautiful and time-honored old snake story, and to remind Juvenal that he forgot to tell us the name of the weed to which the black snake always resorted for cure when bitten by the rattler. This little omission of names is so apt to happen, you know, in snake stories, and especially in the one about the cure for rattlesnake bite! Curious! But it does generally happen so.

C. H. AMES.

Photograph of Nesting Partridge.

THE illustration of a nesting partridge, printed in these columns last week, was from a copyrighted photograph by Mrs. Eugena W. Gaines, of Greenfield, Mass.



GANNET ON NEST. TWO NESTS IN FOREGROUND.

From "Bird Studies With a Camera." Copyright, 1900, by D. Appleton & Co.

ne to the conclusion that it would be an easy matter to nesticate any of the wild birds of our woods so that y will lay in confinement, and then have the eggs ched under bantams and so raise the young birds. or a few years' time, I think the heath hen could be so ught forward to become partly domesticated, and that eggs would be fertile and hatch under the common itam hen. The only difficulty to be encountered would be the food question, as I know from experience that st of the wild birds that are hatched under hens slow- but surely starve to death because of their not having proper food, or by not being taught to take the food red to them, and in every case the fault lies with the ty feeding, and not with the young bird.

For instance, any one trying to breed any variety of d or partly domesticated birds, which have been hatched h a foster mother, must know that the call of the ter mother is altogether different from the wild bird, l that the young hatched bird is sure to run away from foster mother at the first opportunity, simply because young birds do not understand the call of the hen.

lesson of this volume is all for good. He shows in words and in pictures not a few examples of the readiness with which wild birds respond to advances made to them by man, and among others offers us a photograph of a chickadee called down, so that it alighted on his fingers to take food, resting on the palm of his hand.

Naturally, very many of the pictures in the book are those of nests, sometimes with the mother bird sitting on them, or of nests containing young birds, but there are not a few—and some of them the most perfect in the book—which show the bird rocks of the northeast coast covered with resting birds, only a portion of which are engaged in hatching their young.

That Mr. Chapman's little book deserves to reach and to be enjoyed by a wide public is very certain, and we cannot doubt that in these days of interest in natural history it will have a very capital success.

The first of the illustrations which are here reprinted from Mr. Chapman's volume is of a tern lighting on its nest. The photograph was taken on an island in Buzzards Bay near the entrance to Wood's Holl. Here in

Game Bag and Gun.

The Washington Game Case.

In the Circuit Court of the United States, District of Washington Eastern Division.

In re Davenport. Opinion filed June 15, 1906.

Petition for writ of habeas corpus. Case argued and submitted on the petition and return. Petitioner discharged.

Forster & Wakefield for Petitioner.
Mount & Merritt for Respondent.
Hanford, District Judge.

By the record in this case it appears that the petitioner, L. M. Davenport, is a citizen of the State of Washington, and is the keeper of a restaurant in the city of Spokane; upon an information accusing him of violating a statute of this State enacted for the protection of wild game, filed in the Superior Court of the State of Washington for Spokane county, a warrant in due form was issued out of said Superior Court, and the petitioner was arrested by the sheriff and imprisoned, awaiting trial; thereupon he filed his petition in this court, invoking the power of this court to release him from imprisonment by a writ of habeas corpus; a writ was issued and served; the sheriff has made a return setting forth the warrant, together with a copy of the information and an agreed statement of facts upon which the information is founded in the form of a stipulation signed by attorneys in behalf of the State of Washington and by the defendant's attorneys. The material part of said stipulation is as follows:

"That the said L. M. Davenport is a resident of the city of Spokane, Spokane county, State of Washington, and that he is conducting a restaurant in said city, and that on March 1, 1900, he had in his possession in said county and State, and offered for sale and sold therein as a portion of a meal, one quail, and that the said quail was a portion of a box of quail that the said Davenport had purchased in the city of St. Louis, State of Missouri, and caused to be shipped into the State of Washington, and that the said quail when taken in the State of Missouri was lawfully taken under the laws of said State."

The statute upon which the prosecution of the petitioner is founded reads as follows:

"Every person who shall offer for sale or market, or sell or barter, any moose, elk, caribou, killed in this State, antelope, mountain sheep, or goat deer, or the hide or skin of any moose, elk, deer or caribou, or any grouse, pheasant, ptarmigan, partridge, sage hen, prairie chicken or quail, at any time of the year, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished as hereinafter provided." Laws of Wash., 1899, p. 278, Sec. 3.

The grounds upon which the petitioner asks for the protection of the Federal Court are that he is being deprived of his liberty without due process of law, in violation of the fifth and fourteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States, because the act for which he is being prosecuted is not criminal, unless the State law above quoted shall be so construed as to make it a misdemeanor for a restaurant keeper in this State to cook and serve to his customers wild game lawfully captured in another State and lawfully imported into this State, and if thus construed the act is an attempt to restrain interstate commerce, and for that reason void. It is the petitioner's contention that the statute does not apply to sales of game not killed or taken within this State, or if the statute is applicable to the case in hand it is unconstitutional, and in either case he is being imprisoned as if he were a criminal, although the act which is the basis of the charge against him is not malum in se, nor a violation of any valid statute.

At the outset, the respondent questions the propriety of this court taking cognizance of the case. It is insisted that the point to be decided touches the sovereignty of the State; that a statute of the State must be construed and the Supreme Court of the State is the tribunal specially authorized to determine finally all disputed questions as to the true interpretation and meaning of the State laws, and as to their application to particular cases; that it is a misuse of the writ of habeas corpus for a Federal Court, having no appellate or supervisory jurisdiction over proceedings of the State courts, to issue that form of process for the purpose of controlling or defeating prosecutions under the penal laws of the State, and for these reasons the petitioner should be remanded and left to submit all questions as to his rights under the Constitution of the United States to be first determined by the State courts and to apply to the Supreme Court of the United States by writ of error for redress in case any right which he claims under the constitution and laws of the United States should be denied to him by the courts of the State. I can readily assent to the several propositions advanced by counsel for the State of Washington in this part of their defense, as separate and abstract propositions, but to the aggregation as a conclusion applicable to this case I do not assent. It is settled by the decisions of the Supreme Court that in granting or refusing the writ of habeas corpus when applied for by persons accused or convicted of crimes under State laws, the Circuit and District Courts of the United States are required to exercise sound discretion, and these courts are not to assume the burden of deciding whether accused persons are guilty or not guilty of acts which are criminal, nor interfere with the State government in the enforcement of its criminal laws, in any endeavor to control the decision of question of practice, or as to the validity of statutes alleged to be repugnant to the Constitution of the State; and this court has steadfastly refused to consider the petitions of persons convicted of such crimes as murder, rape and embezzlement. In re Friederich, 51 Fed., 747, S. C. 149, U. S. 70-78. In re Moore, 81 Fed., 356. In re Considine, 83 Fed., 157. But there is no moral wrong in the act of which the petitioner in this case is accused, and he is innocent of any offense, unless effect be given to the statute so as to deprive him of the right to import from other States supplies for his restaurant which are not in themselves unwholesome nor deleterious to the health,

morals or manners of the people. As the question of first importance in the case is whether the statute upon which the prosecution is based is repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, the case is a proper one for the Federal Court to deal with in the first instance, for if the State has assumed to enact a law which violates the supreme law of the land it is the business of the Federal Courts within the State to protect individuals from being subjected to prosecutions which amount simply to persecutions and are violative of the rights guaranteed by the National Constitution.

It is unreasonable to presume that the Legislature of the State of Washington intended to enact a law to prevent the slaughter of game in the State of Missouri, and the title of the statute under consideration shows that its object was to restrain the destruction of wild animals and birds within the State of Washington; nevertheless the prosecuting officers of the State, and the attorneys especially employed to prosecute this petitioner, insist that the statute above quoted was intended by the Legislature to be as broad as its words indicate, and that within the letter and spirit of the law it is a misdemeanor to sell within this State birds lawfully bought in another State, where they have been captured and killed, at a time and in a manner sanctioned by the laws of that State, and it is their contention that this statute is valid as a police regulation, the purpose of prohibiting the sale within the State of imported game being to prevent evasions of another section of the statute which prohibits the killing of game within the State, and to make it easier to detect violations of the game laws. It is insisted that the Legislature of this State has assumed to make it a misdemeanor for people within this State to have possession of or sell or use articles of food which are wholesome and entirely harmless, for the mere purpose of making it easier to enforce the game laws, and that this purpose existing, as supposed, in the Legislative mind is potential to validate a statute which but for the particular purpose would be unconstitutional.

This proposition does not appear to me to be sound. In the motive suggested, there is no salt to cure the act of unconstitutionality, for if it is legitimate to protect the interests of a few sportsmen by enacting a law which denies to the many all right to eat imported game, there can be no good reason for denying the power of the State Legislature to foster home industry by making laws to prohibit the sale within this State of imported domestic poultry, or beef, or butter. It would certainly be much easier to enforce our local inspection laws and insure the people against the risk of being defrauded by sale of bad meat or butter if our markets might be closed to importers of these commodities. But the unconstitutionality of all such local laws in restraint of interstate commerce has been definitely pronounced by the Supreme Court. Necessity is declared to be the limit of the power of a State in the enactment of laws of this nature. That is to say, mere rules of convenience which interfere with traffic between States and which are not necessary as means of self-defense, are void, because they enter within the domain of the power committed by the National Constitution of the National Government. In the case of Ry. Co. vs. Husen, 95 U. S., 465-475, the opinion of the court by Mr. Justice Strong contains the following clear statement of the principle applicable to this case. "It may also be admitted that the police powers of a State justify the adoption of precautionary measures against social evils. Under it a State may legislate to prevent the spread of crime, or pauperism, or disturbance of the peace. It may exclude from its limits convicts, paupers, idiots and lunatics, and persons likely to become a public charge, as well as persons afflicted by contagious or infectious diseases; a right founded, as intimated in the Passenger Cases, 7 How., 283, by Mr. Justice Greer, in the sacred law of self-defense. Vide 3 Sawyer, 283. The same principle, it may also be conceded, would justify the exclusion of property dangerous to the property of the citizens of the State; for example, animals having contagious or infectious diseases. All these exertions of power are in immediate connection with the protection of persons and property against noxious acts of other persons, or such a use of property as is injurious to the property of others. They are self-defensive. * * * While we unhesitatingly admit that a State may pass sanitary laws, and laws for the protection of life, liberty, health or property within its borders; while it may prevent persons and animals suffering under contagious or infectious diseases, or convicts, etc., from entering the State; while for the purpose of self-protection it may establish quarantine and reasonable inspection laws, it may not interfere with transportation into or through the State, beyond what is absolutely necessary for its self-protection. It may not, under the cover of exerting its police powers, substantially prohibit or burden either foreign or interstate commerce. Upon this subject the cases in 92 U. S., to which we have referred, are very instructive. In Henderson vs. The Mayor, etc., the statute of New York was defended as a police regulation to protect the State against the influx of foreign paupers; but it was held to be unconstitutional, because its practical result was to impose a burden upon all passengers from foreign countries. And it was laid down that, 'in whatever language a statute may be framed, its purpose must be determined by its natural and reasonable effect.' The reach of the statute was far beyond its professed object, and far into the realm which is within the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress. So in the case of Chy Lung vs. Freeman, where the pretense was the exclusion of lewd women; but as the statute was more far reaching, and affected other immigrants, not of any class which the State could lawfully exclude, we held it unconstitutional."

In their argument, counsel for the State have directed my attention to the following authorities, which to some extent support their theory: Ex parte Maier, 103 Cal., 476, 37 Pac., 402; Phelps vs. Racey, 60 N. Y., 10; State vs. Farrell, 27 Mo. App., 176; State vs. Schuman, 58 Pac., 661; People vs. O'Neal, 68 N. W., 227; Roth vs. State, 57 Ohio St., 209, 37 N. E., 259; Commonwealth vs. Savage, 20 N. E., 468; Geer vs. Connecticut, 161 U. S., 519. I fully assent to the doctrine of these decisions, holding that it is competent for State Legislatures to enact laws for the protection of game, and I do not question the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case last cited, holding that the Legislature of a State has the constitutional power to entirely prohibit the

killing of game within the State for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of the State, for it is true, and it is an elementary principle that the wild game within a State belongs to the people in their collective sovereign capacity. Game is not the subject of private ownership except in so far as the people may elect to make it so; and they may, if they see fit, absolutely prohibit the taking of it, or traffic or commerce in it. But the power of a Legislature in this regard only applies to game within the State, which is the property of the people of the State, and no such power to interfere with the private affairs of individuals can affect the right of a citizen to sell or dispose of, as he pleases, game which has become a subject of private ownership by a lawful purchase in another State. This decision of the Supreme Court does not directly, nor indirectly, support the proposition that the Legislature of one State has the constitutional power to prohibit traffic in game imported from another State, and the other cases cited by counsel which do seem to sustain their contention are not binding as authorities in this court, and as they do not in my opinion rest upon sound principles, I must decline to defer to them.

It is my conclusion that the statute of the State under which the petitioner is being prosecuted, if applicable at all to the facts of his case, is unconstitutional and void, and therefore the petitioner is restrained of his liberty in violation of the constitution of the United States, and it is the duty of this court to set him at liberty.

Petitioner discharged.

C. H. HANFORD, Judge.

Adirondack Moose Stocking.

BOSTON, July 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have for a long time had the idea that it would be possible to restock the Adirondacks—or some portions of them—with moose, and possibly with caribou, and that if it were possible it would be an extremely interesting and desirable thing. The discussions in your columns as to when and where and by whom the last Adirondack moose was killed have had a pathetic interest, but I confess I should find more interest in the question: "When and where and by whom shall the next pair of moose be turned loose in Adirondack forests?"

I came near writing you about all this a week or two ago, and now your editorials on the proposed introduction of the wild turkey into the forests of Ontario and the increase of the beaver in Maine determine me to make my plea for the moose.

We have no great game preserve in Maine, save in so far as the northern half of the State is in some sense still a game preserve, and will continue to be for a little while to come. But it will be but really a very little while even in Maine before people will be discussing who killed the last moose within the borders of the State. It is a very great pity that we haven't a great tract twenty-five miles square, including Katahdin Mountain and a stretch of the wilderness north of it, set apart forever by State or United States action, or both, surrounded by a barbed wire fence a dozen feet high, watched by efficient wardens, and sacred forever to the preservation of the wilderness, and containing within its borders ample room for the unmolested growth and development of all the native life of forest and stream. I have my heart set on such a reservation in Maine, and have advocated it and agitated for it in a private and tentative sort of way for years.

But to return to the Adirondacks. Are there not in that region now reservations and protected tracts of sufficient extent to warrant restocking with moose? I am not personally familiar with many parts of the region but remember the showing it made in FOREST AND STREAM's list of reservations, published some time ago, and feel hopeful that there are several tracts where moose could now be liberated with a fair chance of uninterrupted development.

I have always understood that the moose of the Corbin Park in New Hampshire thrived well and multiplied, and have the impression that, according to estimate, there are now in that park upward of a hundred moose. Perhaps this locality would indeed furnish the needed stock.

If moose can again be liberated in Adirondack reservations I believe there are men living who may yet see the region a surer source of supply of moose than Maine itself, unless indeed we get the "Maine Park" started pretty soon.

As to caribou the problem is a different one, but would advocate making the experiment. It would be most interesting thing to ascertain whether this lawless nomadic, mysterious creature would submit to any kind of territorial restraint.

I don't remember any certain testimony as to the former existence of the caribou in the Adirondacks, but can hardly doubt that it was found there in the early days, and might be made to flourish there again.

By all possible means restore the wild turkey and the beaver to any regions where the thing can be done. I have scarce forgiven myself for killing my one beaver many years ago in Maine, and have delighted in the recent increase of the beaver there. Twice I have visited the colony on Kennebec Stream for the purpose of watching them and studying their wonderful and sagacious work—and vastly interesting it was—and is not the most gratifying thing about it the new feeling on the part of visitors and natives alike of interest in the life and preservation of these creatures rather than in their death? As to wild turkeys, I have always mourned their extinction in New England, and never see the eastern slope of Mt. Tom in the Connecticut valley without wondering if possibly—just possibly—there may not still linger somewhere on its slopes or in its ravines a single pair, cunning and silent now—trained to the repression of every note. And why should not a Mt. Tom Wild Turkey Reservation be at once created, and the noble bird be again installed there? I believe the growth of public sentiment would almost warrant it, and that the bird could be protected and that the valley people would have a thousand times more interest in their mountain than they knew it was again the home of the wild turkey.

But this letter was supposed to be about restocking the Adirondacks with moose! Mr. Editor, am I "barking up the wrong tree" in this matter? C. H. AMES,

Moose Calling in Alaska.

CANYON CITY, Colo.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For twenty-six consecutive years I have had my annual hunt, and don't believe there is a man living who enjoys the camp life in forest and mountains more than myself. While living at Troy, O., at sixteen years of age, I went, in company with some old friends of my father, to the Au Plain forests of Wisconsin to hunt deer. It was the long-time practice of my companions to hunt deer by "taking a stand," which means selecting a good runway (beaten trails of game leading from one feeding ground to another), and there waiting until the most beautiful of our American game unexpectedly approached within range. Well, you know how frequently we were disappointed and how often we were favored with only "freeze out game." I think that it was about the third day out that I was snugly perched in the forks of a leaning tree, which had lodged against another in falling, patiently watching with all eyes and ears for the sight of my first wild deer. My old muzzleloader (forty balls to the pound) was ready (breechloaders were "no good"—oh, no), and my head turned cautiously but slowly to catch the rustle of a disturbed leaf or the unmistakable snap of a twig. I had mounted my "stand" by sun-up, and



DALL'S MOUNTAIN SHEEP.
Photographed in Alaska by Dall De Weese.

as I had walked rapidly to it, it being some two miles from camp, I had soaked my underclothing with perspiration, and by 8 A. M. I was "froze out."

All this while I was debating in my mind that the "sign" indicated the presence of plenty of deer in the country, and as there was snow on the ground, why not walk quietly, stopping often on a favored log or rise in the ground, and see if I could not find the deer that could not or, at least, had not found me. It seemed to appeal to me that I was waiting to murder a poor, beautiful deer, like those that I had seen in the park at the Soldiers' Home near Dayton, O. I slid from my "stand," and after taking bearings with my compass, started cautiously, slowly and all alert. Within the distance of half a mile I stopped, probably eight or ten times in favorable places from three to five minutes at each stop. I had followed no tracks, but kept my course.

I was now standing on a hemlock log—although it is twenty-six years ago, the scene comes as plain before me as it was on that day—large hemlock trees, a few scattering birchwood, some of them dead and the bark curling off their trunks, a brushy thicket some 60 yards on my right and some fallen timber. Back of this brush I heard sounds that riveted me with all anxiety. What was that? I listened. The rattling of the brush increased, and then out stepped a deer. Oh, how grand he looked! Without going into the details of the killing (for that would make another story), I will simply say that his horns are in my collection to-day.

This put an end to my "taking a stand," and killing a moose from the "call" is more unsportsmanlike than killing deer from a stand. Since my first experience I have still-hunted all my game. I "stalked" my deer in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, all through the Rocky Mountain region and even in Arkansas, where they say you must use dogs. I have never yet hunted big game with dogs, and never will. I killed my deer in Arkansas in 1878 by still-hunting, and so can any hunter.

In 1896 I went to New Brunswick to hunt caribou and moose with my friend Jim Turnbull, of Halifax, Nova Scotia. We went to the head of the Miramichi, and near Bald Mountain we killed two specimens of bull caribou—one fell on Oct. 31 and the other Nov. 1. Mr. Arthur Pringle, of Stanley, N. B., the famous hunter of that Province, was with us. He is the best hunter I was ever with. I was anxious to hear him use the birch bark horn, and in this art he is most proficient. I say art, and those of experience, I think, will grant it, for—well, that's another story. Although the calling season had passed, he took me out twice to a nearby favorable place, and I had the pleasure of hearing the most perfect call that it has ever been my fortune to hear, except from the actual cow moose during my last three hunting trips in Alaska.

We did not expect a moose to be lured to us, for, as I have said, the season had passed for calling, and I have a thousand times since been glad that he did not come. I imagine I see many lips curl and hear the expression, "Oh, no; he wouldn't have shot him!" and I say frankly that at that time I would have shot him, or at least have tried to. The last day of our hunt my two companions killed a fine three-year-old moose, but not from the call. They stalked him.

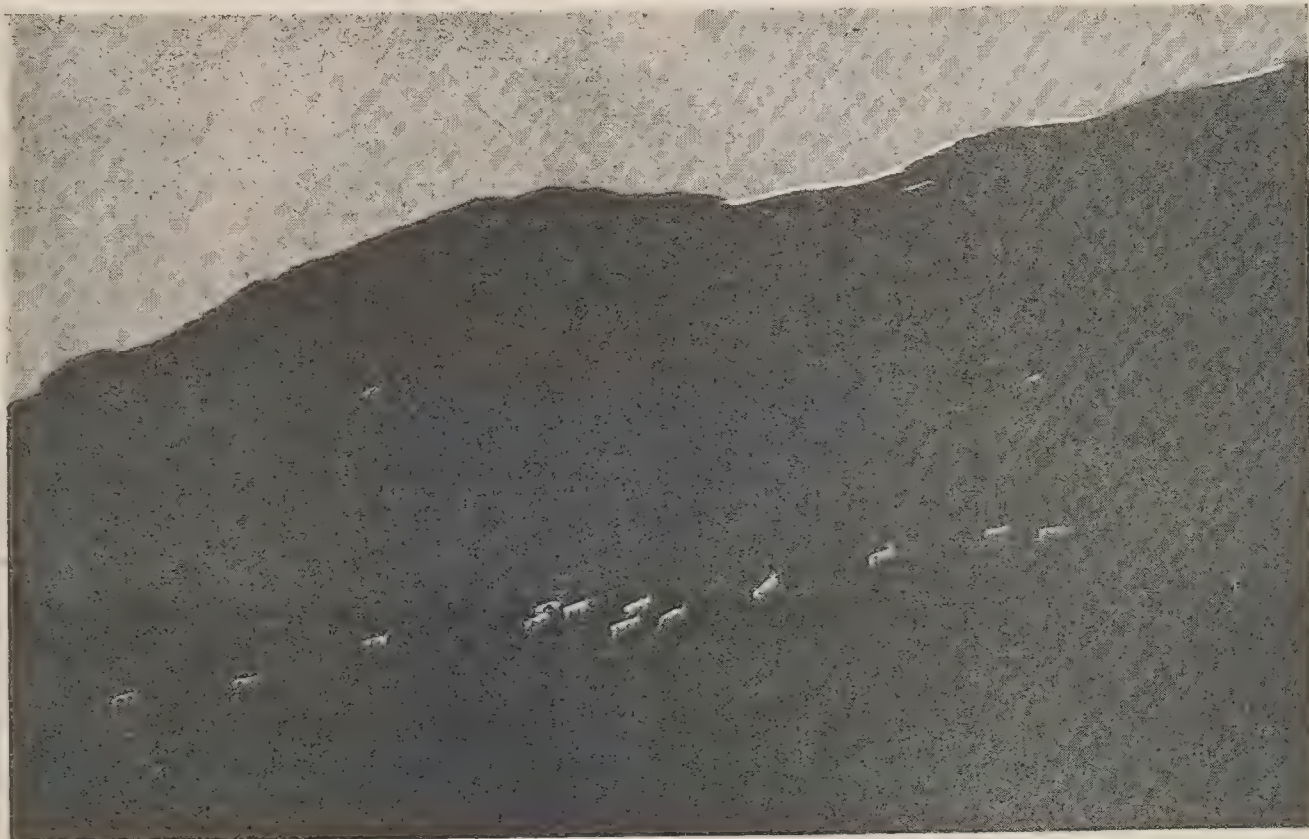
The next season of 1897 I went to Alaska for the sole purpose of hunting bull moose. After some 4,000 miles of travel, I reached the interior of the Kenai country, where I had planned to get my moose specimen. On Sept. 1 I killed my first moose. He was not as good a specimen as I thought I deserved for coming so far, besides I wanted two, so I continued my hunt, and saw six or seven

during the next six days that were not to my liking, as I wanted a moose that would compare with my record elk. Finally, on the morning of Sept. 7, I thought I would try the call, more out of curiosity than anything else. It was about 5:30 A. M. when I got an answer—that glittering grunt. I heard him but twice. Probably my "bugle" was out of tune and I could not lure a moose even in far-off Alaska, where the calling is not known among the natives. At about 8:30 I raised another answer from a different direction. I repeated. He answered. I soon discovered that he was quite near, and from the tone of his voice I thought him to be an old fellow with a good heavy crown. I ventured one more low call. I heard a thump against a log, then the smothered crush of a rotten limb, then the dragging sound made by his antlers as he pushed his way through a clump of alders, and out stepped the moose. As soon as he reached the open he stopped with head slightly drooped and muzzle extended. I could see his dilated nostrils and ears changing position as he swung his great head slowly from side to side, eager to catch the slightest sound in the death-like stillness, as there was no perceptible breeze and it was very cloudy, or to inhale the most delicate scent that might taint the air. With all his wary instincts fully aroused, he made a grand picture as he stood there within 60 feet of where I was crouched in a "blind" that I had hurriedly thrown up from the tops of young birchwood. He was probably six or eight years old, and had antlers of some 45 to 55 inches spread, and did not look as perfect in shape as the specimen I already had, so I stepped out and said, "Hello, John!" and you know the rest. Now had I killed that animal, I would not have killed two hours later my fine specimen, having a spread of antlers of 69 inches. Had I shot the call moose my time would have been taken up in caring for him, and I would never have stalked the large one, and also would not have killed my big brown bear (*Ursus middendorffi*) at 3:30 the same afternoon.

The next year, 1898, I returned to Alaska to get whole specimens of moose for our National Museum. Of the four I killed, I still-hunted them all. Two were large bulls with a spread of antlers over 60 inches. While the moose is a wary animal, I find him just as easily stalked as deer or elk, providing you hunt him in a locality where they are as scarce as moose are where they are hunted.

Anybody can go out with an experienced guide and within a reasonable time can kill a deer, elk or moose by taking the stand or using the call, but stalking them to a finish is different. Yes, I hear some fellow say, "Oh, De Weese, you have got your game and now you call our method of hunting unsportsmanlike." My answer is that I have got every one of my specimens in my collection by fair and open still-hunting with my own gun, and it adds thousands to their value in my eyes and conscience. Now, boys, come, let's be fair with all our game of the land that yet affords us such pleasure, and for the pleasure of the generations to follow. Not that moose are becoming extinct particularly, for there are yet many in every wooded section from the eastern shores of Nova Scotia to the western shores of Alaska and ranging northward into Labrador and swinging northwesterly to the Northwest Territory of British Columbia, where it joins Alaska; yes, almost as far north as the Arctic Circle, does this noble game extend his home.

The advent of the moose in western Alaska has been very recent. During my three hunting trips there I have made such inquiry from the old fur traders and from the natives and Indians. Twenty-five years ago moose were not known on the Kenai Peninsula, nor in the Kuskokwim country, and the first one was seen as far west as Katmi as late as ten years ago. My idea of their migration to this country is that it occurred about the time of the Cascar gold excitement in British Columbia, which was some twenty-eight years ago, when some fifteen to twenty thousand miners and prospectors invaded



DALL'S MOUNTAIN SHEEP.
Photographed in Alaska by Dall De Weese.

that territory. This section was a great moose country at that time, and I believe they migrated down Lake Teslyn, the Hoodalinker, over on the headwaters of the Yukon, down to the White, up over the Divide to the head of the Copper River, Tanana and Sushina, down this stream to the head of Cook's Inlet, where they could neither cross over to the head of the Kuskokwim northwesterly or southwesterly to the Kenick, then finally on the Kenai Peninsula, where in my mind exist the largest moose in the world.

No better feed can be found anywhere, and the climate is just such as to suit the moose. After a moose has age, he must have solitude, proper climate and good feed that will put him in prime condition before he can grow perfect and massive horns. The largest specimen I killed

there, by careful measurement, stood 7 feet 8 inches at the withers, 16 feet 4 inches from tip of nose to rear hoof, girthed 8 feet 9 inches at shoulders and had a spread of antlers that measured 69 inches. You can guess his weight, as I did not happen to be carrying a set of Fairbanks' scales with me.

I always use full metal patch (instead of soft nose) on sheep, elk, bear or moose. They mushroom with more killing effect, besides I am not one of those good shots that "you read about" who kills his game the first shot.

Let us not kill game from stands nor from the call. Let us have a law (and enforce it) that the penalty for shooting a moose by the call, by any man under fifty-five years of age, \$500 fine and one year's imprisonment. You ask why do I think a man past fifty-five should have this privilege? My reason is that any man of that age has "crossed over the range" (meridian of life), and is on the down-hill side. His old "props" are more "rickety" than in his younger days. He don't track as steadily, and somehow he breaks more sticks, and there are hairs in the sight of his gun. If he is a veteran sportsman, and by reason of circumstances has been deprived of a moose hunt, his sporting heart still yearns for a massive set of horns from the monarch of the big woods, and if by having it he would have his collection complete, and if the spark of true sportsmanship is yet aglow when the frosts of September have come and moose antlers are ripe, and he has yet nerve to penetrate the forests to the land of the moose, I say let that man get his one specimen of bull moose from the stalk, the stand or the call. Those of us who are younger can deny ourselves of one, and by not using the call, there will be plenty for all and then some.

I get more real sport nowadays in taking photos of game than in taking its life, and many a long, weary tramp it has given me. Yes, let the man who is below the "summit of the range," who aspires to true sportsmanship, go to the haunts of his quarry, be it deer, elk, caribou or moose, and when his guide has made camp, go out alone, pit his human faculties against the wary instinct of his game and if successful he will feel the keen sense of satisfaction that he is a true sportsman, that he has got his prize, and his conscience will be so much more at ease than if he sits about camp while his worthy guide goes out and kills a fine specimen, which he takes home and is compelled to answer so many times the question, "Did you kill it?"

It must rasp a man's nerves terribly to say yes, when the handsome trophy was really killed by his guide, or bought, yet I know men under these conditions who can look you square in the face and say yes. Why, I know men who have hunted in Alaska and upon their return have written articles telling of the greatest caribou, moose and bear that ever lived (or did not live) and that had fallen to their rifles, and I have since learned that they were killed by their guides or bought. They also write of the most terrible inaccessibility of every part of that country, and you would infer that no common mortal could possibly endure a hunting trip in that country, yet last season I took my wife further into the interior of the hunting country and up the same rivers and over the same mountains that the supposed mighty hunters had gone. She never had a more delightful trip, met with no accident, and was not sick a minute and did not lose a meal. I did not expect her to be able to go with me into the mountains, but she was determined to see the wild white sheep (*Ovis dalli*) in his native home. She did so, and killed two fine specimens with her own gun. True, we experienced some adventure and danger in ascending rapid running rivers, and were nibbled and probed by the frisky mosquitoes and had hard climbs, but all these belong to sport, and are met with on every hunting trip in any country. The old saying was once,

"The fishermen are the biggest liars on earth," but some of the would-be big-game hunters have double discounted their stories and robbed them of their laurels.

Let us have the truth with our story, which is the cornerstone of true sportsmanship, and should be the first impulse in relating our adventures.

CANYON CITY, Colorado.

DALL DE WEESE.

Those two illustrations of Dall's mountain sheep are among the most interesting photographs of American wild game we have ever seen. The remoteness of their haunts, their rarity, and the fact that so few sportsmen have ever seen them in their home, all these combine to give a great interest to the achievement of Mr. De Weese in securing such admirable photos.

Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

1.—A Cave of Robbers.

AN Altoona, Pa., dispatch to the New York Herald the other day told this story: James Gray and James Short, of New York, who have been fishing for bass in the mountains west of this city, were told that Bear Cave, a few miles distant, had never been explored because of the supposed presence of bears.

Gray and Short concluded to explore the cave.

Attaching one end of a ball of twine to a tree at the mouth of the cave they entered with lanterns, unwinding the twine as they proceeded. They soon heard a deep growl. Both fired in the direction of the sound. The shots were answered almost as soon as delivered, and the growls turned into jeers from human lips. Gray had fallen and he whispered to Short that he was shot through the stomach. Short carried his companion outside the cave and gave an alarm.

The wounded young man is thought to be dying. The men of Hillside armed themselves last night and started for the cave, determined to raid it. For years the region has been infested by robbers. The supposed growling of bears was mimicry by the thieves.

2.—A Coffee Pot of Coin.

Abner Wilson, a farmer who resides near Jatan, was sifting for minnows in a little creek which runs through his place, when his net caught on some obstruction in the bottom of the creek. He reached down to remove the obstacle, when his hand came in contact with an old coffee pot. He threw it up on the bank, when it burst open, and a pile of gold scattered itself over the ground. Wilson's eyes bulged out, and for a few moments he imagined he had been dreaming, but when he went out on the bank there was the bright metal, cold and shining. The gold was all in \$5, \$10 and \$20 pieces, and all bore the date of 1857 or prior to that time.

A count showed that there was \$670 in the pot. So far there is no clue as to who is the rightful owner. It is supposed that the gold was sunk in the creek prior to the war, and dates on the coins lend color to the theory. Mr. Wilson says he is willing to give up the property to any one who can show a title to it.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Pennsylvania Game Interests.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF GAME COMMISSIONERS.—Harrisburg, July 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A regular meeting of the Pennsylvania Game Commission was held last week, Mr. Kennedy, of Pittsburg; Mr. Westfall, of Williamsport; Mr. Sober, of Lewisburg, and Mr. Worden, of Harrisburg, being present. Reports on the work of the Commission were received from many parts of the State, showing that while the work of the board was far from perfect, yet much good was being accomplished; that since our last meeting in January, one or more prosecutions had been brought in almost every county, and that certain parties from out of the State had been brought back by requisition and compelled to pay the penalties, thus establishing a precedent that the Commission feel will result in much good to the cause of protection of game as well as other birds in this and other States. Reports show that aside from the prosecution brought by the Commission, many others had been brought throughout the Commonwealth by associations and individuals who were not only interested in game and bird protection, but who see in the provisions of the game law of 1897 a way of protecting themselves, their property and the sanctity of the Sabbath that was never realized before. Several reports of the killing of deer out of season, also the running of deer by dogs, were received. Complaints were read from several sections reporting the robbing of the nests of wild turkey, and other game birds. Some of these offenses have already been punished, and it was resolved to spare no effort to punish each and every violation of the law reported to the Commission. To this end the personal letter of the president of the Board, Mr. Kennedy, to his friends in the western part of the State was adopted as a general appeal of the Game Commission for help to aid them in enforcing the game laws of the Commonwealth. Mr. Kennedy's letter is as follows:

"Dear Sir: If you are interested in the protection of our song, insectivorous and game birds, I would like to present a few facts to you. The Board of Game Commissioners of Pennsylvania succeeded in having a good law passed for the protection of birds, but the State did not allow us one dollar to enforce the law. For the past three years the Board of Game Commissioners have paid all their own expenses and expenses connected with many suits for violation of the game laws out of their own pocket. We have now a great many suits on hand and our board feel that we should receive some assistance from the public. If you feel like making a donation to this work it will be greatly appreciated. Any money collected in this way will form a special fund for the enforcing of the laws for the better protection of our song and insectivorous birds and game birds and game mammals. Money will be received by the writer at the Pennsylvania Title and Trust Co.'s office, 410 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, Pa.—WM. M. KENNEDY, President Board of Game Commissioners."

That you and others who may read this article may fully understand the situation, I desire to say that through some misapprehension of the needs of the Game Commission we were given by the last Legislature an appropriation of but \$800, and that was limited to the payment of postage and express charges. We are not partakers of the very liberal appropriation given the Fish Commission. The work of the Game Commission has been done at the personal expense of each Commissioner. Of the treatment to be accorded us by the coming Legislature we have no doubt. Our solicitude is for the time intervening between now and then; consequently we make this appeal. Our books are open to public inspection. Our report to the Governor will show every dollar received and how expended. Because of the

many letters received by the Game Commission calling their attention to violations of the fish laws, I desire by direction of the Game Commission to say that as a Commission they have nothing whatever to do with the enforcement of the fish laws. As individuals we are interested in fish protection, and will upon information received do in the future, as in the past, what we can to further the work in that direction.

Reports show there are more quail in Pennsylvania today than for many years past. Pheasants are increasing rapidly. Deer are appearing in sections where none have been seen for a long time. Wild turkeys are becoming numerous in sections where two years ago no more than a half dozen could be found in a season's hunting. Song and insectivorous birds are coming back to their old haunts. Protection is beginning to tell. All we want is more of it. The Game Commission does not pretend to claim all the credit for the existing condition. Much credit is due the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, the Audubon Society and individuals who are spending their time and money for the good cause. Much credit is also due the Forestry Department for the way in which they are fighting and compelling the fighting of forest fires, which destroy not only the nests of the birds, but innumerable quantities of young animals as well as birds. We do claim credit for part of the condition, and are proud of our work under the surrounding conditions.

JOSEPH KALBFUS,
Sec'y Game Commission.

Quail in Town.

SAYRE, Pa.—While I was picking field daisies on July 4 the cheery call of "Bob White" fell gently upon my ears from the charming river bottom lands and quite within the corporate limits of Athens. Four years had elapsed since the writer last listened to Bob's summer day ditty as it came soft and clear from the top of a rail fence hard by the beautiful Mt. Hope Cemetery at Lansing, Mich. A very dear friend was being tenderly laid away "under the sod and the dew," and the plaintive cry of the quail as it floated across the green slopes carried with it all the comforting assurances of a benediction.

This remembrance made the flute-like tones of this happy Pennsylvania bird doubly rich in their import, and created a hope that the birds may be spared until they have increased sufficiently in numbers to withstand the hard shooting which the presence of even a puny supply invites.

Some fine bevyies are reported along the river flats in this section, and as conditions have been and still continue favorable the sportsman has every reason to feel correspondingly elated.

Ruffed grouse have experienced a favorable nesting period, and as there was a good supply of old birds remaining in covers from last season, it is reasonable to prophesy at least a normal supply for the approaching season.

The July woodcock shooting which this State obligingly provides is both delusive and elusive. It possesses too many of the tragic elements of the slaughter of the innocents story to be at all satisfactory to the sportsman who loves sport tricked out in robust form and weighted with at least some semblance of dignity. Between the soft, floppy, immature woodcock of July and the boisterous, alder-topping longbill of October there is a great and abounding difference, which the sportsman who loves shooting that tries his mettle and his gun cannot pass idly by. Speed the day when July woodcock shooting shall have been passed into the limbo of an obsolete practice. There are some good covers reported as existing not far distant from Sayre, and later on the writer will take pleasure in designating where they may be found. At present the birds are doing nicely, thank you.

M. CHILL.

Getting Away from Business.

"EVERY business man of common sense knows, whether he chooses to acknowledge it or not, that the further away he gets in the evening from his commercial associations of the day, so that his business associates cannot get at him, the healthier he is, the wiser life he leads; in short, the better off he is in every respect and the abler for the duties of the morrow," writes Edward Bok, of "The American Man and His Country." Now, what does he get in the city in the evening, even if he lives a carefully regulated life? There is no mode of life he can possibly follow which is in any way recuperative to his mental or physical being. He has never been out of hearing of the noises of the city or out of range of its lights. "Chained to business" is his cry. Every night he has slept in the polluted air of the city, and in the morning has looked out on the same gray sidewalks which he sees all day long. What does such a man know of the exhilarating, refreshing and blood-quickenning experience of opening the shutters of his chamber window upon a landscape of space, the birds and insects all doing their best singing as the sun shoots its rays on the coming day? And worse, what do his wife and children know of such a blessing? Yet he deludes himself into the belief that he must live in the city so as to be "in touch with things." If you ask him what those "things" are, you invariably discover that they are of a business nature, either strictly business or some social convention which he feels has a bearing on his business. But it is always business. Now a man living under this pressure rarely does his best work, although he fully believes that he is doing it. But he cannot be giving out the best, because he does not allow the best to get within him.

F. M. B.

GETTYSBURG, Pa.

Yellowleg Snipe on Long Island.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., July 14.—A large flock of small yellowleg snipe were seen in the bay yesterday. This was the first flight of snipe since the season opened, July 1. The weather has been extremely favorable for the incubation of the eggs of bay birds, and there have been few severe storms to destroy the young. A good season's gunning is therefore anticipated. There will be plenty of meadow hens when the open season begins on Aug. 16.

Importation of Birds and Animals.

THE rules adopted by the Department of Agriculture for the protection and importation of birds under the Lacey Act are published in Biological Survey Circular No. 29, under date of July 13. We give the main paragraphs:

The act of May 25, 1900, commonly known as the Lacey Act (1) places the preservation, distribution, introduction and restoration of game and other birds under the Department of Agriculture; (2) regulates the importation of foreign birds and animals prohibiting absolutely the introduction of certain injurious species, and (3) prohibits interstate traffic in birds or game killed in violation of State laws.

The object of placing this work in charge of an executive department of the Federal Government was merely to supplement and not to hamper or replace the work hitherto done by State commissions and organizations; in other words, to co-ordinate and direct individual efforts and thus insure more uniform and more satisfactory results than could otherwise be obtained. Greater uniformity in State legislation and better enforcement of existing laws can be secured only by the most complete co-operation between the various forces now at work in the cause of bird protection.

Propagation and Distribution of Game Birds.

No Provision for Distribution of Birds.—The act authorizes, but does not provide an appropriation for, the purchase and distribution of birds. The Department of Agriculture therefore has no quail, pheasants or other game birds for distribution.

The Department issues no permits for shipping birds from one State to another. In some States, as in California, the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners is authorized to issue permits for shipping birds for propagating purposes, and a few States, such as Michigan and New Jersey, make exceptions in their game laws in the case of birds captured for breeding purposes; but when State forbids the exportation of birds without exception, interstate commerce in birds from that State is in violation of the Lacey Act, whether the birds are captured during open season or whether they are intended for propagation or not.

Importation of Foreign Animals and Birds.

Persons contemplating the importation of live animals or birds from abroad must obtain a special permit from the Secretary of Agriculture, as required by section 2 of the act. The law is mandatory and makes no exceptions besides those noted below. It applies to single mammals, birds or reptiles kept in cages as pets as well as to large consignments intended for propagation in captivity or otherwise.

But in order to avoid unnecessary hardship and annoyance the list of species which may be admitted without permit will be extended at an early date.

Applications for Permits.—Importers are advised to make application for permits in advance, in order to avoid annoyance and delay when shipments reach the custom house. Application blank may be obtained from the Department. Requests for permit may be made in the following form:

To the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.:

Sir: I respectfully request that a permit be issued for the importation of _____, which will probably arrive at the port of _____ from _____, on or about _____ 190 _____, destined for _____. These animals or birds will be [state whether the animals or birds are to be liberated or kept in captivity and whether imported for propagation, exhibition or other purposes]. Very respectfully,

Applications may also be made by telegraph, in which case the message should contain (1) the number and species of birds and animals for which a permit is desired, (2) the port of entry, (3) the country from which imported and (4) the owner's name.

Exceptions.—Permits are not required for domesticated birds such as chickens, ducks, geese, guinea fowl, peafowl, pigeons or canaries; for parrots (including cockatoos, lovebirds, macaws and parakeets); or for natural history specimens for museums or scientific collections. Permits must be obtained for all wild species of pigeons and ducks, and when domesticated as well as wild birds are included in the same shipment all the species should be mentioned in the letter of application, in order to avoid any misunderstanding as to the term "domesticated."

Ruminants.—In the case of ruminants (including deer, elk, moose, antelopes and also camels and llamas), permits will be issued, as heretofore, in the form prescribed for importation of domesticated animals. Such animals will be subject to inspection and quarantine, as required under Order No. 56 of the Bureau of Animal Industry, dated Dec. 28, 1899, entitled "Regulation for the inspection and quarantine of horses, neat cattle, sheep and other ruminants, and swine imported into the United States."

Species Prohibited.—The introduction of the English or European house sparrow, the starling, the fruit bat or flying fox and the mongoose, known also as the ichneumon or Pharaoh's rat, is absolutely prohibited and permits for their importation will not be issued under any circumstances. Importers are cautioned against placing any of these species in cages with other birds or animals. Such action will render the shipment liable to detention at the custom house, as the species named must be exported or destroyed at the expense of the owner or agent.

Permits.—Permits will be issued free of charge upon receipt of applications.

For the convenience of importers special inspectors will be designated at the ports of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, New Orleans and San Francisco, who will examine shipments at the request of the owner or agent or who may be consulted in case of misunderstanding between owner and officers of the customs.

Transportation of Prohibited Species.

Attention is called to the clause in section 3 which makes unlawful for any person or persons to deliver to any common carrier or for any common carrier to transport any foreign animal or birds the importation of which is prohibited by section 2. Of the species prohibited the mongoose and flying fox have not yet gained a foothold in the United States. The European starling (*Sturnus vulgaris*) has been introduced at several points and is now present in the lower Hudson River Valley, N. Y.; at Pittsburg, Pa., and at Portland, Ore. The English sparrow (*Passer domesticus*) has spread to most of the States and Territories, but is present at comparatively few points in Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Oregon, Washington and Wyoming, and apparently has not yet reached Arizona or Nevada. The deliberate shipment of starlings or English sparrows from one State to another is now a violation of law and renders the shipper and carrier liable to the penalties provided in section 4. It may be possible, therefore, to prevent the spread of the English sparrow to States where the bird is now absent, while those States in which it has gained only a slight foothold have an opportunity to rid themselves of the pest by adopting vigorous measures for the destruction of the few sparrows within their limits.

Interstate Traffic in Animals or Birds Killed or Shipped in Violation of State Laws.

The attention of sportsmen, commission merchants, shippers and express agents is especially called to sections 3, 4 and 5, which make it unlawful to ship from one State to another animals or birds which have been killed or captured in violation of local laws, and which require all packages containing animals or birds to be plainly marked so that the name and address of the shipper and the nature of the contents may be ascertained by inspection of the outside of such packages. Common carriers are cautioned to notify their agents to insist that all packages supposed to contain game or other animals or birds must be marked with the shipper's name and the contents. Shipment in any form that tends to conceal or obscure the nature of the contents or the shipper's name and address is plainly an evasion of the act, and the penalty applies to evasions as well as to violations of the law. The act also prohibits interstate commerce in game though killed in open seasons, if the law of the State in which such game is killed prohibits its export.

In referring to these sections, the House Committee on Interstate Commerce reported as follows: "The killing or carrying of game within the limits of a State is a matter wholly within the jurisdiction of the State; but when the fruits of the violation of State law are carried beyond the State, the nation alone has power to forbid the transit and to punish those engaged in the traffic. This bill will give the game wardens the very power that they now lack and which will be the most effective for the purpose of breaking up this commerce. * * * In some of the States the sale of certain game is forbidden at all seasons without regard to the place where the same was killed. The purpose of these laws is to pre-

vent the sale of game shipped into the State from being used as a cloak for the sale of game killed within the State in violation of local laws." Section 5 of the act is intended to meet this difficulty by subjecting imported animals, birds or game, whether introduced in original packages or otherwise, to the laws of the State in which imported.

Preservation and Importation of Birds in Charge of the Biological Survey.

The Division of Biological Survey is hereby placed in charge of all matters relating to the preservation and importation of animals or birds under this act, and until further notice the Assistant Chief of that Division will have immediate charge of the issue of permits for the importation of animals and birds from foreign countries. All inquiries regarding bird protection and all requests for publications on the uses or preservation of birds should be addressed to the Chief of the Biological Survey.

JAMES WILSON, Secretary.

Butchering Meadow Hens.

EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I., July 14.—The awkward meadow hen is having a hard time of it. So-called sportsmen from the city make the open season for bay birds an excuse to roam over the meadows in every direction, shooting everything in sight. About the only birds they find are meadow hens, and it is said that in a number of instances they have deliberately shot the birds while they were sitting on nests full of eggs. The open season for meadow hens does not begin until Aug. 16, but they are shot now by almost every gunner who is after bay birds. If this is continued, there will be very few meadow hens left when the season opens.

Gens des Bois.

CARTHAGE, O., July 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Among the many good things appearing from the pen of Robinson, the lamented Mather, Grinnell and others, the series of "Gens des Bois," by Burnham, are especially interesting to those who, like myself, have toured, hunted, fished and camped all over the Adirondack region and met incidentally the "Men of the Woods" in their capacity of guides and proprietors of sportsmen's hostleries in days gone by. Mr. Burnham is to be congratulated. His articles bring up old memories, and are very enjoyable.

E. S. WHITAKER.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fixtures.

July 18, 19, 20.—Meeting of the American Fisheries Society at Woods Holl, Mass.

Canadian Fishing Licenses.

BOSTON, July 14.—There are many lovers of the rod and reel in Boston and vicinity, whom time and other circumstances will not permit to make long trips to distant waters. These sportsmen have to be satisfied with what nearer waters afford. Occasionally they surprise even those who go to distant waters with what they catch nearer home. Such was the case when, on Monday morning, Mr. W. F. Palmer showed his friends in Faneuil Hall Market three bass. They lay in a shoe box, and nearly covered the material they rested upon. Their united weight was over 12 pounds. They were caught by Mr. Palmer on Saturday, and came to Boston in fine order. It turns out that the Sudbury River furnished the fish, although the fishermen are not particular about giving away the locality. Mr. I. H. Young has also been having some great luck in the same river; he brought back a black bass weighing 5 pounds—a monster for those waters. Several Boston sportsmen are at Belgrade ponds for bass fishing. A letter from one of them says that the weather has been very hot, with poor bass fishing, except at night and in the early morning.

There is always trouble about hunting and fishing licenses for those who attempt to enjoy the sport in Canada. There has for some time been considerable doubt as to whether sportsmen from the States, owning camps and fishing rights on Canadian waters, are subject to the usual fishing license. Mr. John Tottler, Jr., an excellent authority on matters pertaining to Canadian fishing, says that camp and fishing rights owners are subject to the usual fishing license fee, unless their preserves are incorporated. In this way members of Canadian fishing clubs are exempt from the usual license exactions. A couple of Boston camp owners in Nova Scotia have both been fishing at their preserves for several years, and have always supposed that owning their camps and fishing rights and employing Canadian guides and boatmen exempted them from paying for fishing licenses. But this year, as one of them stepped off the Yarmouth steamer, on his return from his spring trip, an officer stepped up and inquired if he was Mr. So and So. Answered in the affirmative, the officer quietly says, "I want you." "What for?" our friend very naturally asked. "For fishing without a license," was the reply. Our friend made no resistance. There was none to make. He admitted that he should have to plead guilty; had always supposed that owning his camps and fishing rights, and employing Canadian guides and boatmen, exempted him from being obliged to obtain licenses. He even cited the officer the clause in the Canadian game and fish laws that especially provides that "foreigners temporarily domiciled in Canada and employing Canadian guides and boatmen are exempt from obtaining permits." But the officer was inexorable. There was nothing for it but for our friend to take out a permit and pay the cost of arrest, etc., in which case the officer agreed to let him depart without any fine. Our other friend, from Boston, also a camp owner, as well as the owner of one or two fishing rivers, was aware of the arrest of the other gentleman, and expected to be arrested himself, as he has fished, with his wife and boys, for several years at his camp in Nova Scotia and had never obtained a license. He was not arrested, however, but on reaching home he finds in a Canadian paper that a warrant is out for his arrest. Both he and our other friend, who was arrested, propose to carry the matter up to Ottawa, and have the question settled finally and fully. I learn also that other parties from Boston this spring have been followed by

"spies"—that is, officers in disguise—but that they have been advised, and the "spotters" told in a most emphatic manner not to trouble the fishermen from the States who were "temporarily domiciled in Canada and employing Canadian guides and boatmen." This matter will be watched with much interest by a host of sportsmen who go to Canadian waters.

Mr. W. J. Follett, of Boston, with Mrs. Follett and their son, have been on a bass fishing trip to Belgrade Mills. They were very handsomely quartered at a hotel at \$3 a day each. This, with a guide at \$3 a day, and a charge for bait and every other item, makes pretty dear bass fishing. But Mr. Follett thinks that it was "pretty tony." He sat leisurely in the boat and landed four or five bass on a fly. His boy "beat him all hollow." Baited with a vile frog, he landed about fifty bass to his father's four or five. The next day Mr. Follett was out with frogs for bait, and took all the bass he cared for. But he says, "I have had enough bass fishing, and have caught enough. I am a trout fisherman. Give me a day of roughing it, with old clothes and a camp."

A few trout caught in that way are worth a hundred bass with a stylish hotel and a dress suit every evening at dinner.

Mr. Harold Dunlop Motter, with a party of friends, is off for Nova Scotia waters salmon fishing. They go first to Yarmouth.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 12.—We are in the middle of the dull season in this part of the world, and it will probably be some weeks before we find the full zest of the oncoming fall season. There have been not very large catches of fish made by our Chicago anglers during the past week, the hot weather having put a stop to the best of the sport. The frog-casters who have diligently followed their art in the different waters of the Fox Lake chain have been turning up about the usual number of big-mouths, though the growing abundance of the natural food of the fish, with the tepid quality of the water, has brought on the time when the bass "strike short," and every one who fishes bass knows what that means. The fish do not show the vim in the strike or the perseverance in the fight which they do in the prime of the season. The angler misses the fun of seeing the bass boil up the instant the frog strikes the water, and must only too often content himself with a lazy strike and a long wait, perhaps only to retrieve his frog a trifle mutilated about his waist band. The trout fishing, of course, has lost its edge, and July is notoriously the bad month for muscalunge. So far as I can learn this has not been a very good muscalunge year. The weight of 38½ pounds set at Sand Lake the first two weeks of the season still remains the record so far as known.

One of the most important parties to leave Chicago this week for a fishing excursion is that which starts for the Nepigon River. Prof. Judson, of the Chicago University, is of this party, and anticipates a delightful experience. Ex-Comptroller of the Treasury G. M. Eckles also goes to the Nepigon, after some of the famous big trout of that section. Yet another member of the Nepigon excursion is Mr. F. I. Carpenter, also of Chicago. August is a good time to strike the Nepigon, and these gentlemen should have the good sport that is customary on that stream.

Dr. Robert M. Hawes, of Chicago, left this week for Mackinac, Mich., and will spend some time fishing in the neighborhood of that cool and delightful locality.

Mr. R. A. Cox, of Chicago, leaves this week for an extended trip in the famous Muskoka Lake district, on the Grand Trunk Railway, in Canada.

Mr. H. M. Best, of this city, leaves this week for a few days' bass fishing in the neighborhood of Lake Villa, Ill.

Mr. A. W. Roth, of this city, leaves this week for a few weeks' fishing trip in the Wabessee Lake country, where he should share in the very fair average of bass fishing which has been going on there.

Mr. C. H. Fitzhugh, of this city, has left for a few days at Channel Lake. This lake has also been producing fully its share of bass this season.

Mr. Graham H. Harris and his friend, Dr. Bodine, of this city, will start at the close of the week for a try at the acrobatic small-mouths of the Mississippi River above La Crosse.

Mr. H. H. Rountree, of Chicago, is still absent on what is for him a very long vacation trip. He is at Lake Harbor, Mich., and has been gone for nearly three weeks, accumulating wisdom in regard to black bass and pickerel.

Minnesota Matters.

Lake Minnetonka, Minn., July 15.—The long drought in this section was broken a few weeks ago by heavy rains, and for some mysterious reason the rains seemed to have improved the bass fishing. For some days very good catches of black bass have been made by bait-casters in different parts of the upper lake. Minnetonka is almost an inland sea, having about 150 miles of shore line, so that the fisherman has his choice of a considerable scope of territory. All such big waters are more capricious in their bass fishing than the smaller lakes where the feeding grounds are more restricted. At this time of the year the bass resort to a certain extent to the reefs which lie out in the wider water, and it requires an expert acquaintance with the lake to know where even a portion of these lying grounds are. Of course, the ordinary method of the bait-caster is to keep pretty well in shore, and to tap the edges of the bars where the bulrushes grow. The bass feed in this shallow water more especially in the early summer, and by this time of year are not customarily to be found there in very great numbers. This year, however, is a very good frog year, and where the frogs are, there the big-mouths are gathered together. Most of the bass which have been taken by the cottagers and summer resort people have been caught at the edges of the bulrush patches, and by casting frogs.

There was taken in Black Lake, which is near Spring Park, on Lake Minnetonka, a big-mouth bass which weighed 6¼ pounds, and this is the largest Minnetonka bass of which I have had word. Black Lake is nearly always good for two or three nice bass of an evening. At the mouth of the cut-off leading into this lake from

Minnetonka I once raised a bass which nearly jumped over the boat in his effort to get at my frog. He was a 4-pounder, and I am going back after him one of these times.

Mr. Harrison Kechtner, a St. Louis gentleman who has been stopping at Spring Park, has been having very uniform luck with the bass during the past few weeks. He has not been fishing very hard, but has usually managed to bring in a half dozen nice bass each evening. He ran across one nice pike which girthed 11 inches, and weighed something over 8 pounds.

I hear of another gentleman who caught thirty bass in one day near Spring Park, but I do not learn the name of this fisherman.

It is now nearly time for the big Minnetonka pickerel to begin their fall campaign. No one knows just how big these pike grow in these waters, but one was taken weighing 22½ pounds last year. As I mentioned once upon a time in these columns, my friend Mr. Phelps and I caught a couple of fine pike in the deep pool just below the draw bridge which leads to Enchanted Island. We are of the belief that there are some more in that same hole, and are minded to catch us some perch for bait and go over there after them some of these days.

By the way, Mr. Phelps, who has lived on this beautiful tract of land on the upper lake for something like twenty years, is pretty well posted on the fishing points. He says that in Halstead's Bay, at the western end of the lake, there is a good long bass reef whose location is not known to very many. He tells me that on this reef, using large perch for bait, he has sometimes had fine bass fishing as late as 10:30 at night.

Mr. W. L. Wells, head artist of the Chicago Tribune, is at present taking his summer vacation with his family, in their cottage at Interlaken, on the Narrows of Lake Minnetonka. There are a great many men spending their summer vacations here on Minnetonka at this writing, but of them all I fancy there is not one who is not having the pleasure and the good of it that Mr. Wells is experiencing. A daily newspaper man is a pretty busy individual, and I happen to know that for the last three years Mr. Wells has been averaging more than twelve hours of work a day, with no vacation at all. The bright, glad smile with which he welcomed the blue waters of Minnetonka was something worth witnessing. Here he is resting, golfing, wheeling and fishing, and so much pleased is he with the prospects that he avows his purpose of chucking up work altogether and devoting the rest of his life to an elegant leisure.

Mr. Wells tells me that he was out fishing a little while the other evening, and succeeded in raising three nice bass, though he failed to fasten any one of the three. He is coming up to Spring Park to-morrow morning, and with Mr. Phelps for guide we are going to see what we can do in the way of getting a few bass.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Pleasant Chester.

THE recent purchase of Big Fish Island in Chester Basin, N. S., for the wife of Admiral Dewey recalls that years ago Chester was one of the pleasant fishing resorts celebrated by Mr. Charles Hallock in his "Fishing Tourist." We quote these paragraphs as happily descriptive of one of the pleasant places of the earth, and also as a happy instance of Mr. Hallock's having spied out the land long before it came to popular appreciation:

"And now we come to Chester Basin, island-gemmed and indented with many a little cove; and far out to sea, looming up in solitary grandeur, is Aspotogon, a mountain headland, said to be the highest land in Nova Scotia. The road follows the shore for many a mile, and then turns abruptly up the beautiful valley of Gold River, the finest of all the salmon streams of this grand locality. In it there are eleven glorious pools, all within two miles of each other, and others for several miles above at longer intervals. Above the first series a canoe should be used. The lower stream affords a succession of unobstructed casts, such as I have never seen for elbow room and sweep of line on any other stream. We halt for a moment where the stage road crosses the bridge, and look wistfully into the vista above, where the black waters come whirling down, cool and delicious, flecked with foam. Just below us there is a splendid pool, and we can see Indian John and his boys beside a boulder at the tail of it, dipping. Upon the grassy bank behind are four dilapidated wigwags of hemlock bark, with quilts suspended across the entrances, serving for doors. It is evident the salmon are running lively, or the Indians would not be here.

"Three pleasant seasons have I spent at Chester. I idolize its very name. Just below my window a lawn slopes down to a little bay with a jetty, where an occasional sloop lands some stores. There is a large tree, under which I have placed some seats; and off the end of the pier the ladies can catch flounders, tomcods and cunners in any quantity. There are beautiful drives in the vicinity, and innumerable islands in the bay, where one can bathe and picnic to heart's content. There are sailing boats for lobster spearing and deep-sea fishing, and rowboats too. From the top of a neighboring hill is a wonderful panorama of forest, stream and cultivated shore, of bays and distant sea, filled with islands of every size and shape. Near by is a marsh, where I flushed fourteen brace of English snipe one day in July. And if one will go to Gold River, he may perchance see, as I have done, caribou quietly feeding on the natural meadows along the upper stream. Beyond Beech Hill is a trackless forest filled with moose, with which two old hunters living near old hold familiar intercourse. They trapped a wildcat last summer, and his stuffed skin is at Chester now."

An Eel on a Bass Line.

MR. J. J. HOPPER, of the New York Life Insurance Company, this city, was fishing for bass off Little Marsh Island, in Greenwood Lake, the other day, casting with a live frog bait, when he hooked, played and landed a 4-foot eel of 9 pounds. The eel took the frog at the surface, and considerably surprised Mr. Hopper. The incident was declared by old Greenwood Lakers to be without a parallel in their experience.

In the Santa Cruz Mountains.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 26.—The writer and a friend, feeling that a couple of days in the mountains would be beneficial, planned a short trip to Boulder Creek, for the purpose of a rest, with a little sport thrown in.

The town of Boulder Creek is in the heart of the Santa Cruz Mountains, and distant from San Francisco eighty miles. Leaving the city on the morning of June 9, after a very pleasant journey of four hours we arrived at our destination and immediately repaired to the Boulder Creek Hotel, an excellent resort for sportsmen, and had lunch.

There are three trout streams within 100 yards of the station—viz., Boulder Creek, Bear Creek and San Lorenzo River. Boulder and Bear creeks empty into the San Lorenzo at this point, and the San Lorenzo empties into the Bay of Santa Cruz, some twelve miles distant.

Having been very successful on previous fishing trips on Boulder Creek, we turned our attention to this stream first, and much to our disgust found it the color of chocolate. A sawmill is situated on its banks some three miles up, and we presumed, as we afterward found out, that the owner had that morning emptied his log pond, hence the discoloration. Our only choice, then, was to fish Bear Creek, or the headwaters of the San Lorenzo River. We chose the latter. A walk of three miles along the railroad track brought us to a lovely spot at the

soaked (by water), a circumstance which happens to all anglers who insist on fishing on this particular branch of the stream.

TREE SPOON.

The Mississippi Headwaters.

Charles Christodoro in the New York Sun.

AN allotment of \$2,250,000 has just been made for the improvement and deepening of the Mississippi River. A further amount of \$8,000,000 is asked from the River and Harbor Commission for rendering this river more navigable at certain shallow places.

Now, at this river's headwaters in the northern part of Minnesota is an Indian reservation already ceded to the Government under the Rice Treaty with the Indians. This reservation is known as the Leech Lake Chippewa Reservation.

In this tract are 830,000 acres, of which 200,000 are water. Within its boundaries are the three great lakes of Leech (with 540 miles of shore line), Winnebigoishish and Cass, besides seventy smaller lakes connecting with the infant Mississippi, making one great checkerboard of forest and water.

It is said that upon this reservation is to-day the greatest body of white and Norway pine to be found in this country. Conservative estimates give 2,000,000,000 feet of

looking upon this great body of standing pine with covetous eyes, have so far been able to block any legislation toward preservation and are working night and day to secure the timber through public sale.

If they succeed they will put perhaps an extra million or two of dollars in their pockets at a future cost to the nation of a hundred million or more by jeopardizing the navigability of one of the greatest water highways on the globe.

The friends of forest preservation take the position that this question of destroying or preserving the timber upon the headwaters of this river is of such widespread national importance that its fate should not be left in the hands of a few legislators from Minnesota.

The proposition is too broad and national in its scope to be controlled or influenced by any self-seeking methods.

The writer had the pleasure of addressing the forestry branch of the Society for the Advancement of Science on Tuesday last at Columbia University on this subject. He received the greatest attention and was assured of the hearty support from the far-thinking, broad-minded men present.

The question of reserving this tract will come up again in December next in Washington, and I trust the publication of this article may arouse some men of national public spirit to help toward the right end when the time comes. It is a question of whether the personal gain of a handful of already wealthy lumbermen should be



FISHING ON THE SAN LORENZO.

head of a gorge, where we found an ideal trout pool. While we were getting our rods together, we were accosted by a woodchopper, who volunteered the remark that if we wanted trout fishing we had better go about four miles further up stream, as this pool was only a "sucker hole," and that he had never seen a trout taken out of it. Disregarding his advice, we commenced fishing, and casting my spoon to the further end of the pool, I immediately had a rise, a strike, and hooked a beauty, having to handle it very carefully to avoid the many sunken logs, tree branches, brush, etc., which I may add are very plentiful in some of our mountain streams in California, and I eventually landed a 1-pound trout. Within the next few casts I hooked and landed his mate, another 1-pounder, and during the balance of the day the sport was grand, creeling twenty-three fish, the smallest measuring 10 inches, and including three 1-pound trout.

My friend in the meantime had wandered off and made some very fine sketches, and on his return he used his camera to good account and procured some very good positions, after which we returned to our hotel with an excellent appetite and much delighted with our afternoon's outing.

The following morning we were out bright and early and wended our way to the San Lorenzo River in the hope of procuring a good day's sport, but were disappointed; the chocolate color of the stream had somewhat cleared, but not sufficient for fishing. We therefore retraced our steps and returned to the upper waters of this stream. We again met our woodchopper friend, but this time he was fishing in the pool he had so recently condemned as a "sucker hole." He had not, however, been successful, and intimated his intention of going up stream, and invited us to go along. Having made up our minds to fish down through the gorge, we parted, after supplying him with a few flies and a spoon, which greatly took his fancy. After considerable difficulty we entered the stream at the head of this gorge and went through. We were well rewarded, creeling thirty fine trout, but got thoroughly

standing pine, exclusive of some hardwoods and jack pine, making altogether a great watershed and filter bed for the Mississippi River.

Some prominent citizens of the Northwest are doing their utmost to have this land reserved as a national forest park by the Government, instead of having it sold to the lumbermen.

Upon this tract are tribes of Chippewa Indians numbering in all 1,500 souls. It is proposed that the Indians be left where they are instead of being driven away to a foreign reservation.

The intelligent, thinking person must realize the effect upon the flow and quantity of water in a river with its timber-covered headwaters denuded. A flood in the early spring and midsummer and low water for the rest of the year is the history of every stream after its headwaters have suffered at the hands of the lumbermen.

The mean depth of the Mississippi would undoubtedly be greatly lowered were the timber to be cut from this great watershed. This being so, to keep the river navigable its entire length from St. Paul to the Gulf would require the expenditure of many millions annually. Instead of a request for eight or ten millions a hundred millions would be asked for. To do that which would lower this great river 2 or 3 feet would prove a catastrophe to the whole Mississippi River Valley with its more than 30,000,000 inhabitants.

For two years the most strenuous efforts have been made by the Federation of Women's Clubs of the State of Minnesota and a number of public spirited citizens to prevent the lumbermen of the State, already rolling in wealth through purchases of timber lands from the Government and State, from acquiring this land. These same lumbermen, oblivious to every other consideration save that of present personal profit, have so far been influential enough with some of Minnesota's Representatives in Washington to prevent any action by Congress to reserve this land for the people.

In other words, a handful of Minnesota lumbermen,

considered when the outcome means so many millions of loss to the nation at large.

Long Island Fishing.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., July 14.—Fishing has perhaps never been better than during the past week. It was estimated that 2,500 pounds of fish was taken to the city on Sunday. It was all caught by hook and line. The new fishing holes have proven to be bonanzas for fishermen. One party caught a barrel of fish—mostly sea bass—in a little over an hour. Weakfish are biting fairly well. One party caught fourteen yesterday. Bluefish have not arrived yet in sufficient numbers to make trolling for them interesting.

MASSAPEQUA, L. I., July 14.—A party of fisherman who went out from the Massapequa Hotel either made what might be called a clerical error, or else their scales need an examination. They reported a catch of eight bluefish weighing 83 pounds. They probably meant to say eighteen fish. This is the first reported catch of bluefish this season. Ten-pound blues are sometimes caught late in the season, but now they are scarcer than hens' teeth. The main point to the report, however, is the fact that bluefish have arrived.

A Tuna in New York.

MR. E. VOM HOFE, of 95 Fulton street, New York city, has on exhibition in his store a 100-pound tuna, caught by Mr. T. S. Manning in Avalon Bay, Cal., on June 1. Mr. Manning was fishing with light tackle for white sea bass when he hooked the tuna, which, though not a large one, made a tremendous fight on the light rod, and was landed only after a seven hours' battle. Mr. Manning holds the record for landing the largest black sea bass, having captured one weighing 370 pounds.

Chicago Fly-Casting Tournament.

CHICAGO, July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Chicago Fly-Casting Club announces its third open tournament to be held on its grounds on North Lagoon in Garfield Park, Aug. 17 and 18. An unusual interest was taken by anglers and others in the tournaments held in the past, and the club looks for an increased interest in the coming event.

Five championship diamond medals valued at \$50 each will be awarded as first prizes in each event. Additional merchandise prizes valued at several hundred dollars will be awarded as second, third, fourth and fifth prizes in each event. The competitions will be as follows:

First Day, Aug. 17.

First Event.—Fixed distance and accuracy fly-casting at rings 30 inches in diameter 50, 55 and 60 feet. Rods not to exceed 8½ ounces. Five casts at each ring. If fly falls inside of ring it shall be scored perfect. For each foot or fraction of a foot from ring a demerit of one shall be scored. Fly striking ring will be scored outside. One minute allowed to extend line.

Second Event.—Bait casting for distance and accuracy combined: Casting on lawn in court 30 feet wide. Five casts with ½ ounce rubber frog furnished by club. Score is made from spot where frog rests. If frog first strikes outside of court, cast is lost. If it first strikes inside court and bounds out, cast is counted. Perfect cast is within 1 foot of tape line. For each additional foot of fraction a demerit of one shall be scored from distance cast.

Third Event.—Dry fly casting for accuracy and delicacy combined: at rings 30 inches in diameter 35, 40 and 45 feet. Rod not to exceed 5¾ ounces. Five casts to each ring; 30 seconds allowed to extend line; thereafter each time fly strikes it will be scored. Not to exceed five dry fly casts allowed between casts.

Second Day, Aug. 18.

Fourth Event.—Long distance fly-casting: No limit to rod or line. Ten minutes allowed to extend fly to greatest possible distance.

Fifth Event.—Accuracy bait-casting: At buoys 60, 70, 80, 90 and 100 feet. Three casts at each buoy with ½-ounce rubber frog. Perfect cast is within 1 foot of buoy. For each additional foot or fraction frog drops from buoy a demerit of one shall be scored.

Sixth Event.—Team contest: A special team of two or more members of Chicago Fly-Casting Club will meet an equal number from any club or clubs in a special contest consisting of long distance fly, accuracy and delicacy fly, and accuracy bait, providing entries for same are made before first event is called. No entrance fee required. Individual prizes will be awarded to the team scoring highest grand average.

Rules Governing the Contest.

Rule 1.—All persons competing for prizes shall pay an entrance fee as follows: One event, \$3; two events, \$5; three events, \$7; all events, \$10. Entries to each event close 30 minutes before contest commences.

Rule 2.—The captain shall be the executive officer of the day, and the secretary-treasurer shall receive all entrance fees and issue cards to contestants designating their number in the order of competition. The timekeeper shall start and close all events. He shall signal the judges with a flag and call time to the contestants.

Rule 3.—Each contest shall be governed by two judges, and a referee. In case of disagreement the referee shall decide.

Rule 4.—All casting shall be done single-handed only.

Rule 5.—Competitors may consult their own wishes in choice in reel and line, but lines must not be knotted or weighted, and bait-casting reels must be free running.

Rule 6.—The leader shall be of single gut, and shall not be less than 6 nor more than 9 feet in length. One fly only shall be used, of a size not smaller than No. 12 or larger than No. 6. Hooks shall be broken off at the head.

Complete official programme, giving detailed information and entry blanks, mailed on application to Geo. A. Murrell, Sec'y-Treas., Room 2, 161 La Salle street, Chicago, Ill.

How Fishing Gut is Made.

MR. NEVILLE ROLFE, the British Consul at Naples, in a recent report to the Foreign Office, says: "Some of the inhabitants of the Island of Procida manufacture very fine gut from silkworms. They call the product 'fili di seta,' or 'silk threads,' their special properties consisting in their strength and flexibility. They are made from the stomachs of silkworms just before they begin to spin their silk and form their cocoons. The following is the process of manufacture: The worm is selected when fully matured—that is to say, at the moment when his nourishment ceases and just before his metamorphosis. He is then cut open, great care being taken not to injure the membrane of the stomach. This is then removed. The stomachs are then put into a pickle, which is the keynote of the whole process, and the secret of which is carefully kept. When the pickling process is over, the work people, who are mostly women, take one end of the stomach in their teeth and draw the other end with their hands. This part of the work requires great dexterity, for the threads are drawn out and the whole value of the product depends upon its length in relation to its thickness, and the strain it will carry. There are two seasons for the production—namely, in spring, when the best gut is produced, and in autumn, when the quality is inferior. There is an important market for this specialty, and the whole production is exported to Northern Italy and abroad. The cost of production is also considerable, as the worms must be bought just at the moment when they are coming into profit for making silk—that is to say, when they are at their dearest. Again, the results are frequently disappointing, many worms being found on dissection not to be suitable, and have to be discarded. The various operations require a good many hands, and though labor is cheap, it runs away with a good deal of money, as skilled hands are alone satisfactory. The gut is used for fishing tackle, brushes, and any purpose where fineness and tenacity are jointly requisite."

Pennsylvania Fishing.

SAYRE, Pa.—Fishing on the Chemung and Susquehanna rivers at this point yields the angler black bass, rock and yellow bass, a few perch, carp and eels. The bass average small in size, but furnish a smart dash of sport with fly-rod. At Harvey's Lake, below Towanda, some of the best fishing hereabouts is obtainable. Black bass and lake trout are reported plentiful, the trout being especially brave fighters.

M. CHILL.

Barnegat Fishing.

BARNEGAT, N. J., July 15.—Lots of weakfish all over the bay and many kingfish are biting; also a few bass around the inlet. Average fifty to the man.

HERB.

Bass in the Delaware.

BLACK bass fishing is good now in the Delaware from Port Jervis to Narrowsburg, and excellent sport has rewarded anglers.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 21.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Third annual field trials of the Iowa Field Trials Association. M. Bruce, Sec'y, Des Moines, Ia.

Aug. 28.—Sioux Falls, S. D.—Inaugural field trials of the South Dakota Field Trials Association. Olav Haugtro, Sec'y, Sioux Falls, S. D.

Sept. 3-4.—La Salle, Manitoba, Can.—Western Canada Kennel Club's annual field trials. A. Lake, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

Sept. 6-7.—Brandon, Manitoba, Can.—Third annual field trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. J. Elliott, Sec'y.

Sept. 11.—Manitoba, Can.—Fourteenth annual field trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

Oct. 30.—Seneca, O.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's sixth annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.

Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.

Nov. 7-8.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

No. 20.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.

Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.

Nov. 20.—Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.

Nov. 22.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. Barret Gibson, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

Nov. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Some More Dog Lore.

SPEAKING about dogs, in reading the letters of the poet Cowper the other day I found under date of June 27, 1788, in a letter to Lady Hesketh, the following incident, which well illustrates the intelligence, affection and good will of the dog:

"I must tell you," he writes, "a feat of my dog Beau. Walking by the river side, I observed some water lilies floating at a little distance from the bank. They are a large white flower, with an orange-colored eye, very beautiful. I had a desire to gather one, and, having your long cane in my hand, by the help of it endeavored to bring one of them within my reach. But the attempt proved vain, and I walked forward. Beau had all the while observed me very attentively. Returning soon after toward the same place, I observed him plunge into the river, while I was about 40 yards distant from him, and when I had nearly reached the spot he swam to land with a lily in his mouth, which he came and laid at my foot."

There have been many fine anecdotes related of the dog; but I doubt if any has been told that more strikingly suggests certain of the nobler qualities of the human mind than this. The incident furnished the poet with a theme for his muse, and he has embalmed it in verse. The closing stanzas of the lines are these:

"Charmed with the sight, the world, I cried,
Shall hear of this thy deed;
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed.
"But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all."

This same dog, his "beautiful little spaniel," as he terms him, was the subject of another poem by Cowper, in which the dog is addressed reprovingly for having killed a young bird; and the dog is supposed to reply at length, justifying his conduct, and at the close asks very pertinently:

"If killing birds be such a crime—
Which I can hardly see—
What think you, sir, of killing time
With verse addressed to me?"

In one of his later letters Cowper acknowledges the receipt of his picture by Hayley, and in commending its likeness to the original, he says: "Beau walked up to it, wagging his tail as he went, and evidently showing that he acknowledged its likeness to his master." Now this is interesting testimony to the intelligence of the dog. We do not know what observations a dog may be making upon his surroundings or what enjoyment he may perceive in regarding a landscape. I recall an incident somewhat in line with that related by Cowper. My father had painted a picture almost life-size on a canvas, representing a man extended upon the ground, and upon his prostrate form a tiger about to tear him to pieces. The picture was made to be placed on the stern of a canal boat, as the boatmen sometimes had their craft thus decorated. The subject of the picture, I remember, was "Pedro Valdai." Now who Pedro Valdai was, or what was the story connected with the picture, I never knew. But when my father brought the picture home, the old dog, Pomp, became so enraged and made such demonstrations toward tackling the beast, that it was necessary to place it on the bureau out of his reach. He had sense enough to recognize the tiger as a dangerous enemy, but he had not sense enough to know that it was only a picture.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

Dog Meat as Food in Germany.

CONSUL-GENERAL GUENTHER writes from Frankfort to the State Department:

"On account of the high price of other meat, not only horse meat but also dog meat is used by people as an article of food in Germany. The new meat inspection bill (called here 'a law to raise the price of meat') does not adequately protect the consumer against bad meat, but excludes many first-class products from the country. According to the statistical year book of German cities, it appears that the consumption of horse meat is on the increase, and in Breslau, Chemnitz, Dresden, Leipzig, Zwickau and other places dogs are slaughtered for food."

The "Mad Dog" Folly.

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

LET us ask, right here and now, for some decent respect and consideration for the dog—some little exhibition of uncommon sense and human sympathy for the animal that comes nearest to man in character and in reasoning power. The customary mad dog scare is on its yearly rounds, and the tale of its victims is mounting day by day in the cities and the villages. Hydrophobia is one of the rarest diseases, and in nine cases out of ten it is imaginary. Take the case which occurred in this city Sunday. A spaniel was slaughtered by a policeman, aided and abetted by a crowd of people. What was the story? On a hot summer day the puppy disported himself in the Calhoun Park pond for the amusement of the children. After a while he wearied of the sport and wanted to be left alone. He got mad, just as a boy would have done if he had been submitted to the same sport after he was tired of it. He made for the children, as the boy would have done. He was pushed back into the water. Finally, the crowd chased him into a field, where his "leading chain"—the poor dog had to drag that "leading chain" in all his pretty exercise—caught on a stump. When the policeman came in view the dog was yelping and jumping, "making frantic efforts to free itself." Why not? What would a boy do—nay, what would a man do—pursued by a rout of fools and unable to get away? The officer, with a brilliant stroke of wisdom, put a basin of water before the dog. He was "madder than ever." Again, why not? Before the officer could shoot him, he bit that basin so that his sharp young teeth went through its thin sides. But he was shot. Poor little spaniel! harried and killed because he got tired of exertion for the amusement of children on a hot day!

There was not the least sign of hydrophobia about this dog, as the account shows. He was sacrificed to the ignorance and the fear of his supposed superiors of the human race. How was it that not a single man or woman in the crowd that persecuted him made any effort to prevent this cruelty? There ought to be some lessons on the dog given to the children in our public schools, so that they shall know the difference between a dog whose temper has been enraged by maltreatment or by mere thoughtlessness—as was probably the case in this instance—and a dog that has hydrophobia. That rare and sullen disease does not manifest itself in any such fashion. And assuredly the police, who are called on for every unpleasant duty, ought to be instructed in the characterizing symptoms of the disease. A wearied, worried and angry dog should be met by a friend in a friendly way, and no difficulty would be found by such a friend in quieting and rescuing him. Humanity is what we lack in dealing with this younger brother of man—one more race, as Robert Louis Stevenson said, developing toward immortality.

Another such case occurred in New York city Sunday. A little black and white mongrel wandered about the streets in the East Side, looking for a cool place for a Sunday nap. He lay down in a doorway; the children saw him panting, cried "Mad dog!" and stones, sticks, tin cans were pelted at the poor creature by a screaming mob. A young man caught him and put a rope around his neck. The dog stood still, feeling that he had found a friend. He followed his friend to a police station. There he was tied to a hydrant, and he began to howl. Consequently a policeman shot him, as a "mad dog." It is a wonder that a cat was not treated likewise that bit her little mistress' thumb to the bone Saturday while she was being conveyed across the ferry from Camden to Philadelphia, where she did not want to go. "Look out for the cat! it's got hydrophobia!" yelled a cheerful idiot. But the cat can hide when the dog can't, and that cat hid, and when her little mistress reached home, the cat was curled up on the lounge in entire happiness, and without the least suspicion that her ebullition of temper would be counted against her. Let us become better acquainted with these humble friends of ours, who owe their existence to us, who depend upon us for their sustenance, and who, in the immense majority of cases, repay the boon by service of one kind or another—if only in their fellowship as creatures of God, placed in our charge.

Charles Heath.

Charles Heath, of Newark, one of the best and best known sportsmen in America, died on July 6, after a long illness. He was eminent in the canine world as the owner of the finest pointers, his kennel being particularly successful in bench show competition. He also was a practical sportsman, and passed many weeks of the open season in Virginia shooting birds over his pointers, in which branch of sport he was eminently skillful and successful. His sterling, gentlemanly qualities made friends of all with whom he became acquainted. In disposition he was frank, amiable, companionable and friendly. He was a gentleman and sportsman in the true sense of the term. There is no one who ever met him but will feel a pang of grief at his passing away.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I received a telegram yesterday stating that my old friend, Charlie Heath, had passed away the evening of July 6 at Wrightsville Beach, near Wilmington, N. C., where he had been located for the past five months endeavoring to recover his lost health. Every one who ever owned a sporting dog knew Mr. Heath, and none knew him but to like him. He was one of the noblest characters I ever knew—a man who didn't know how to do wrong, generous to a fault and the best friend a man ever had. He had a wonderful eye for a pointer, was a fine field shot, a good shot with the rifle, and was altogether a thorough sportsman. I have known him intimately for eighteen years, and when I say he was one of the best men I ever knew, I am but voicing the sentiment of his many friends. I received a letter from him on Friday last, dated July 5, and to show that he did not know death was so near, I will quote from it, for I know it will interest all the pointer men:

"You know the light weight pointer bitch Fay Templeton, which was sold for \$400 after winning first at New York. I have one that can beat her—I think I have two. I have a very good heavy weight bitch that can make any of them look to their laurels. My best heavy weight dog, unfortunately, has half of his tail cut off; he is a great

dog, however. My young dog, about 54 pounds, should he maintain his present form, can beat anything I have seen in years. I think his head the best I have ever seen. I wish I were in a position to send my string of pointers to all the shows and field trials. My nurse says it is time to go out on the porch, and that means it is time to stop." Peace to dear old Charlie's ashes. There will never live a better man. J. H. WINSLOW.

Points and Flushes.

Volume III. of the Canadian Kennel Stud Book contains registrations and winnings for the Stud Book year ending Aug. 31, 1899. It includes registrations from 4666 to 5064.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

18. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
21. Queen City, World cup, 17ft. special class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
21. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
21. Canarsie, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
21. Stamford Corinthian, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
21. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
21. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
21. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
21. Jamaica Bay, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
21. Kingston, club, Kingston, Lake Ontario.
21. Winthrop, swimming and rowing races, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
21. American, club, Newburyport, Mass.
21. South Boston, handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
21. Columbia, championship, Boston, Boston Harbor.
21. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
21. Quannapowitt, commodore's cup.
21. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
21-23-24. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup trials, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
21-28. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
22. California, return from Sacramento River.
22. Haverhill, race and chowder, Haverhill, Mass.
23. Manchester, championship, Manchester, Mass.
25. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
26. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
27. Manchester, Crownhurst, cup, Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Royal St. Lawrence, 22 and 17ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
28. Jubilee, open, Beverly, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
28. Queen City, skiff classes, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
28. Haverhill, second championship, Haverhill, Mass.
28. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
28. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
28. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
28. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, Buzzards Bay.
28. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
28. Savin Hill, handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
28. Quannapowitt, club.
28. Seawanhaka Cor., Leland cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
30. Manchester, championship, Manchester, Mass.
28-Aug. 4. Corinthian, Philadelphia, annual cruise, L. I. Sound.

MAYFLOWER, steam yacht, U. S. N., arrived at New York on July 7 from Porto Rico with Gov.-Gen. C. T. Allen on board. The yacht made the trip from Porto Rico in six days, five hours. She will receive some alterations tending to make her more comfortable before she returns to Porto Rico.

THE decision of the Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. in the case of Mineola and Rainbow, as printed in another column, offers much food for thought to all interested in yacht racing and racing rules. In our opinion the decision is a bad one in every way, and if allowed to stand unquestioned it must work serious harm to the sport.

The decision of such a case as this should accomplish two ends—in the first place, it should do justice to one of the two opposing parties, and in the second it should strengthen and improve the racing rules either by establishing new precedents to fortify a good rule or by demonstrating existing faults in the rule which may be speedily remedied. Incidentally, a prompt, fair and vigorous decision by a regatta committee compels the attention and respect of all who are inclined to treat the rules carelessly.

The facts of the case, as established by the evidence, seem plain enough. Two yachts were approaching a line a few seconds before the gun, both on the wind, and one on starboard, the other on port, tack. The yacht on port tack, by her maneuvers, made it absolutely necessary for the yacht on starboard tack to tack in order to avoid what would have been a disastrous foul. In tacking the yacht was forced to the wrong side of the committee boat and lost nearly a minute in returning and recrossing the line, her opponent going away promptly on the gun and winning the race.

According to the accepted usage of yacht racing and the common understanding of this among yachtsmen, with whom "port tack gives way" is an axiom, the yacht on the port tack fouled the yacht on the starboard tack and was thus disqualified, while under a rule common to all yacht clubs (Rule XVII., Sec. 4, of the New York Y. C.) the regatta committee is compelled to disqualify a yacht which violates the rules without a protest being filed.

If the Regatta Committee after seeing what occurred within a few yards of the committee boat on a clear day had instantly disqualified Mineola, the decision would probably have been accepted by the majority of yachtsmen as eminently just and proper. Instead of doing this, the committee, after several weeks of deliberation, has taken refuge under a technical point and avoided making such a fair and open decision as would give the prize to its proper owner and at least warn the offending parties against similar actions in the future.

The committee has discovered that the word "close-hauled," as used in the rule, is of vague and loose meaning, opinions differing as to just how many points from the wind a vessel may sail and yet be "close-hauled." Without attempting to place a limit, the committee has decided that Rainbow was on the wind, but not close-hauled, and that Mineola was in the wrong. If this latter conclusion is correct, then why is the prize given to Mineola which justly belongs to Rainbow, whether or no her owner filed a protest? The committee practically indorses the recognized usage of yacht racing here and abroad, and the common phraseology by which "close-

hauled" and "on the wind" are considered as synonymous in the application of this particular rule, and further points out that this view is strengthened by Admiralty decisions, and yet it refuses to follow a course that is plainly in accordance with justice and good sport, of disqualifying the yacht which broke the rule and giving the prize to the one which was injured not only nominally but materially.

It is pretty safe to say that if this technical point had not been raised by the committee itself it would have been raised by no one else; and as a matter of propriety it would seem as though the committee would have been more than justified in deciding the case according to accepted usage, that port tack gives way, leaving it to Mineola to raise the technical issue as to the exact meaning of "close-hauled." We have no wish to be unjust to the committee, but its report looks very much like a brief for the defense.

The statement in the report that there was no protest is superfluous and irrelevant; there was no necessity whatever for a protest, as the whole matter was visible to the committee, and generally commented on in the press reports, the initiative clearly resting with the committee to decide the case without a formal protest or even a private request.

If the matter is allowed to stand as it now does on the basis of the committee's report, the rule as to port and starboard tack, the most important one in the book, is a dead letter. Instead of being presumably in the right from the start by virtue of being on the starboard tack, a yacht in the position of Rainbow will in the future be under the onus of proving two things—first, that "close-hauled" means a certain course of not more than three, three and a half, four, or more points from the wind; and second, that as a matter of fact, she was sailing, for instance, four points instead of four and a half points from the wind.

If the Regatta Committee is honest in its belief that the present wording of the rule—so far as we know never before questioned, and backed by innumerable precedents—is open to question, its "plain duty is to present an amendment at the meeting of Thursday next, so that it may be made a law at a second special meeting prior to the cruise.

The practical effect of the decision is to embolden every sea jockey who is inclined to force the letter of the rule and to disregard the spirit.

A VERY interesting case came up in a recent regatta in which a certain yacht, A, fouled another, B, at a mark, being subsequently disqualified by the regatta committee on the protest of B. As it happened, A continued in the race after the foul and finished a few minutes before the time limit, while B finished a few minutes after the time limit. The regatta committee, in deciding the protest, disqualified A and gave the prize to B.

The reason for such action is not apparent. So far as A is concerned, her legal connection with the race ceased when she fouled B; after that she was legally out of the race, and she was not disqualified to make a race for the class by finishing within the time limit. So far as B is concerned, she, the first boat to finish, failed to do so until after the time limit, consequently there was no race in the class and no prize should have been awarded.

SUCH decisions as these two—and they are by no means solitary—are bad enough at best, even when their direct effects are local and merely limited to giving a prize to a yacht which has not won it or depriving a winner of the just reward of her victory. They foster a feeling of distrust in the judgment of committees and of disregard for the rules as something to be juggled with by any shrewd worker. This is bad enough of itself, but the evils due to unchecked evasion, lax construction and weak enforcement of the rules are likely to produce serious results when the great international races are in question. What might pass with a little hostile comment in a club becomes of serious importance when publicly heralded to the yachting world in an international contest. The prosperity and good name of yacht racing depend upon the maintenance of the highest possible standard of fairness and technical accuracy in the racing rules, and there is no club in the country so small and unimportant that the actions of its race committee, bad or good, have not some effect on the sport at large.

THE French yachting journal, *Le Yacht*, announces that it will institute a series of designing competitions in order to promote a thorough study of the new system of measurement which will go into effect on Jan. 1, 1901. Suitable prizes will be given in each series, the first being for small yachts of 2½ to 5 tons, the exact class and conditions to be announced later, and the designs being submitted by Nov. 1, 1900. The plan is an admirable one, and *Le Yacht* has our best wishes for its success.

THE proposed amendment to the racing rules which will be acted on by the New York Y. C. this week, by which the barring of a yacht for the balance of the season is made optional and not compulsory, may be good in itself, but it would be very interesting to know why this amendment is brought forward at this particular time and yet much more important ones are passed unnoticed.

THE following has been cabled to certain American papers; we are under the impression that Lord Dunraven is now in Africa; certainly he is taking no part in the British racing, and he owns no racing yacht. The dispatch has the appearance of a lie out of the whole cloth:

Paris, July 14.—C. Oliver Iselin has declined to have anything to do with the international regattas at Havre next month if Lord Dunraven is allowed to enter. The reason given is that Dunraven cannot be considered a gentlemanly sportsman after his caddish assertions against American yachtsmen.

HESTER, cutter, Rear-Com. C. F. L. Robinson, New York Y. C., arrived at Halifax on the afternoon of July 14 after a voyage of forty-eight days from the Clyde. She was in charge of Capt. Fairweather, who reports an exceptionally hard and stormy passage with heavy gales and mostly unfavorable winds. The yacht had a sufficient store of provisions, but ran out of coal on June 28, part

of her supply having been swept overboard, being in bags on deck. She was supplied by the steamer Luman on July 1. Hester will ship her racing spars at Halifax, where they were sent by steamer, and will sail at once for Newport. The yacht is uninjured in spite of the heavy weather. When off Egg Island, just outside Halifax, she fell in with Gloria, cutter, recently purchased by Mr. H. C. McLeod, of Toronto, and the two came into port together. Gloria left Southampton in charge of Capt. W. L. Ross on June 6, making the passage in thirty-nine days. She met some bad weather, but fared much better than Hester. She will proceed up the St. Lawrence to Toronto.

Atlantic Y. C. Cruise.

LONG ISLAND SOUND.

July 7-12.

THE annual cruise of the Atlantic Y. C. began with a rendezvous at Riverside, Conn., on the afternoon and evening of July 7, the following yachts being present: Waterwitch, Com. David Banks; Uvira, Vice-Com. R. H. Doremus; Swannanoa, Rear-Com. Stephen Loines; Awa, T. L. Arnold; Wayfarer, Richard Mansfield; Ramona, Gen. B. M. Whitlock; Katrina, J. B. Ford; Glendoveer, Malcolm Graham; Mariquita, H. B. Shaen; Penguin, George Brightson; Ondawa, P. J. Roberts; Eidolon, James Weir, Jr.; Kismet, J. Rogers Maxwell; Scionda, A. W. Booth; Bonita, J. G. Meehan; Narika, F. T. Cornell; Astrilda, A. G. and H. W. Hanan; Nirvana, George G. Tyson; Regina, W. A. Hamilton; Eclipse, L. J. Callanan. The squadron lay at anchor over Sunday, divine service being held on board the flagship, and on Monday morning at 11:30 a start was made for Morris Cove (New Haven), thirty-four miles, nautical. The day was clear and warm, with a fresh S.W. wind, and an easy and pleasant sail brought the fleet in early, the times being:

	Schooners.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
	Finish.			
Nirvana	3 53 35	4 43 34
Atlantic	3 44 52	4 19 52
Waterwitch	3 40 32	4 28 32
Vesta	3 45 18	4 27 18
Cutters—70ft. Class.				
Astrild	3 47 10	4 22 10	4 22 10
Cutters—60ft. Class.				
Eclipse	4 25 11	5 00 11	5 00 11
Daphne	4 30 29	5 06 29	5 04 08
Cutters—51ft. Class.				
Uvira	4 05 37	4 40 37	4 40 37
Ondawa	4 07 47	4 42 47	4 42 25
Mariquita	4 29 54	5 04 54	5 04 20
Awa	4 24 12	4 59 12	4 57 52
Como	4 43 30	5 18 40	5 13 43
Cutters, 43ft. Class.				
Eidolon	4 13 45	4 48 45	4 48 45
Vinita	4 31 11	5 06 11	5 06 11
Bonita	4 23 10	4 58 10	4 58 10
Sloops—36ft. Class.				
Bonny Bairn	4 40 19	5 15 19	5 15 19
Akista	4 28 29	5 13 29	5 13 29
Narika	4 38 10	5 13 10	4 55 23

Owing to an error in starting on the port of Waterwitch and Vesta, no corrected times were figured in their class. The 60, 51 and 43ft. classes together, barring the Fife cutter Uvira, which was considered too fast for the others, sailed a race on cumulative time, for the three days' run to New London, for the Loines cup. The Watson cutter Astrild was second in elapsed time to the Schooner Atlantic, of nearly 30ft. more length. The yachtsmen were entertained in the evening by the Pequot Association.

Tuesday was another fair day, with a good west wind for the run of thirty-seven miles across the Sound to Greenport. The start was made at 9 o'clock, Astrild taking the lead and easily distancing the fleet, leading Atlantic by over eleven minutes. The times were:

	Schooners.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
	Finish.			
Vesta, J. F. Ackerman	Withdrew.			
Atlantic, W. Marshall	1 47 25	4 42 25	4 23 13
Waterwitch, D. Banks	1 58 13	4 53 13	4 30 50
Nirvana, G. G. Tyson	2 23 17	5 18 17
Sylph, B. Carpenter	2 16 46	5 11 46	4 42 46
Cutters—70ft. Class.				
Astrild, A. G. and H. W. Hanan	1 36 00	4 31 00	4 31 00
Cutters—60ft. Class.				
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	1 59 10	4 54 10	4 54 10
Isolt, C. Nason	2 00 03	4 55 03
Cutters—51ft. Class.				
Uvira, R. P. Doremus	1 54 43	4 49 43	4 49 43
Ondawa, H. J. Robert	2 08 24	5 03 24	5 03 00
Mariquita, H. B. Shaen	2 21 39	5 16 39	5 16 02
Awa, T. L. Arnold	2 03 30	4 58 30	4 57 03
Como, J. C. Davies	2 39 10	5 34 10	5 28 51
Cutters—43ft. Class.				
Eidolon, J. Weir, Jr.	2 09 23	5 04 23	5 04 23
Vinita, G. C. Provost	2 25 09	5 20 09	5 09 02
Bonita, J. G. Meehan	2 18 21	5 13 21	5 08 40
Zenobia, F. C. Swan	2 18 38	5 13 38	5 01 41
Cutters—36ft. Class.				
Bonnie Bairn, F. H. Davol	2 21 07	5 16 07	5 16 07
Akista, G. Hill	2 16 45	5 11 45	5 11 45
Narika, F. T. Cornell	2 45 56	5 40 56	5 21 22

On Wednesday, with the same fair weather and a good S.W. wind, the fleet ran back across the Sound to New London, the times being:

	Schooners.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
	Start.	Finish.		
Wayfarer	1 07 00	3 11 16	2 04 16	1 53 07
Vesta	1 07 45	3 02 24	1 54 39	1 54 39
Waterwitch	1 10 15	3 04 37	1 54 22	1 44 41
Cutters—60ft. Class—Start, 1:20.				
Finish.				
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	3 36 39	2 16 39	2 16 39
Isolt, C. W. Nason	3 33 51	2 13 51	2 11 24
51ft. Class—Start, 1:20.				
Uvira, R. P. Doremus	3 24 08	2 04 08	2 04 08
Awa, T. L. Arnold	3 28 48	2 08 48	2 08 10
Ondawa, H. J. Robert	3 28 00	2 08 00	2 07 50
Mariquita, H. B. Shaen	3 30 15	2 10 15	2 09 59
Como, J. C. Davies	3 45 55	2 25 55	2 23 36
43ft. Class—Start, 1:20.				
Eidolon, James Weir	3 31 15	2 11 15	2 11 15
Vinita, G. C. Provost	3 46 47	2 26 47	2 21 59
Class M—Start, 1:20.				
Akista, George Hill	3 51 40	2 31 40	2 31 40

The times for the Loines cup were as follow, the allowances being figured for a course of eighty-seven miles, nautical:

	Allowance.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
	Start.	Finish.		
Eclipse	0 35 23	13 00 00	13 00 00
Ondawa	0 35 23	11 54 11	11 18 48
Mariquita	0 35 52	12 31 48	11 55 56
Awa	0 37 51	12 06 30	11 28 39
Como	0 47 01	13 18 05	12 31 04
Eidolon	0 57 21	12 04 23	11 07 02
Vinita	1 23 29	12 58 00	11 35 31

Eidolon wins the Loines cup. At a meeting of the captains in the evening it was decided to disband the squadron, the yachts sailing at will, most of them to Newport for the New York Y. C. matches.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

THE sixth and seventh races for the Ross cup were sailed on the evening of July 6, the order being: Sixth race, Glencairn III., Chas. Routh; Red Coat, Arthur Abbott; White Cap, James Paton, and Black Beauty, G. H. Duggan. Seventh race, White Cap, G. H. Duggan; Black Beauty, Chas. Routh; Red Coat, James Paton, and Glencairn III., Arthur Abbott. The points for the two races were White Cap 6, Red Coat 5, Glencairn III. 5 and Black Beauty 4. The points for the seven races were: Glencairn III., 19; Red Coat, 18; White Cap, 17; Black Beauty, 16. The points for the helmsmen were: Duggan, 24; Routh, 21; Abbott, 14, and Paton, 10.

On July 7 four races were sailed in the Molson cup series, the wind being strong S.W., and the yachts reefed. In the absence of Mr. Duggan Mr. F. P. Shearwood steered Glencairn III. The races resulted:

Defenders' First Round—Start, 3:48.

	Finish.
Red Coat, Chas. Routh.....	4 17 12
Black Beauty, Jim Paton.....	4 21 39
White Cap, A. Abbott.....	4 24 10
Glencairn III., F. Shearwood.....	4 18 48

The finish of the race was most exciting, only twelve seconds between the first three boats.

Second Round—Start, 4:43.

	Finish.
Black Beauty.....	5 13 53
White Cap.....	5 12 00
Red Coat.....	5 13 06
Glencairn III.....	5 12 28

Third Round—Start, 5:33.

	Finish.
White Cap.....	6 09 10
Red Coat.....	6 10 18
Glencairn III.....	6 10 30
Black Beauty.....	6 14 45

22-Footers' First Round—Start, 3:51.

	Finish.
Iyaloo.....	4 23 45
Koorali.....	4 24 40
Bona Dea.....	4 25 50
Viking.....	4 26 35

17-Footers—Start, 3:54.

	Finish.
Viola.....	4 32 21
Habitant.....	4 31 10
Doris.....	4 33 00
Turtle.....	4 33 20
Kittiwake.....	4 36 05

17-Footers—Second Race—Start, 4:49.

	Finish.
Doris.....	5 30 25
Kittiwake.....	5 31 36
Turtle.....	5 29 52
Habitant.....	5 29 52
Viola.....	5 30 18

22-Footers—Second Race—Start, 4:46.

	Finish.
Koorali.....	5 20 35
Iyaloo.....	5 20 50
Viking.....	5 19 12
Bona Dea.....	5 22 55

22-Footers—Third Race—Start 5:41.

	Finish.
Koorali.....	6 20 10
Iyaloo.....	6 17 32
Bona Dea.....	6 20 04
Viking.....	6 19 48

The following description of the new boats is from the Montreal Star:

As the date of the contest for the possession of the Seawanhaka cup for the ensuing year is approaching, a somewhat more detailed description of the boats built by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. for the defense of the cup will be interesting to yachtsmen everywhere.

As has already been announced, four boats have been built, from which the selection of the defender will be made as soon as their respective merits can be ascertained. These boats were painted different colors, and each was named according to the particular color it was painted. Thus there were the red, the black, the white and the green boats, all built and rigged so much alike that even the builder could hardly distinguish them apart at a short distance, were it not for the different colors.

Apropos of these different colors, it might be well to warn the imaginative public against harboring the delusion that they can attend the trial races and experience no difficulty in distinguishing the boats by their colors throughout the race. The fact is, the boats should all have been named in the comparative degree instead of in the positive—all save the black. The black boat is really black; but the red is only redder than the others, and the green greener, while the white—well, the white isn't white at all; she was hauled out last week and treated to a coat of shellac and now looks like a cross between the redder and the greener.

This year's boats are all of a more serviceable appearance than those built for defenders during the past few years. They look stronger and heavier and more roomy, yet those who should know say that they are the swiftest ever designed on Lake St. Louis. They are somewhat slower in fact, in all probability, but this is accounted for by the fact that their rudders are placed further aft in order to secure greater control.

There has not been much change made in sail plan. The black and the green boats have practically the same canvas as the defenders of the past two years. The red and the white carry longer and lower canvas, more after the style of Glencairn II., with a fore triangle of 100ft., the other two boats having about 30 per cent. more in this respect.

In point of hull design the green and the white bear a close resemblance. Their lines are sharper forward, and they have a draft of about 7in. each, the black and red boats being more of the moderate Skow design, with a draft of about 6in. each.

The green boat has the greatest breadth of any of the defenders yet built. She is 8½ft. breadth and about 35ft. over all, the white boat being a similar length, but only about 8ft. breadth. The black boat is also 8ft., her length over all being about 34ft. and her waterline being 22½ft.

The red boat is the longest and narrowest of the four, being about 37ft. over all and 7ft. 9in. breadth.

This boat is a great favorite with the members of the club, but it is doubtful if she is as highly regarded by the committee. Some prefer the green, and there is an impression that she will be chosen. Others the white, and many regard the black as the best. Even the results of

the actual tests are almost as undecided as the opinions of the members, and all agree that the choosing of the defender will be a most difficult operation. In fact, it appears to be more a question of crew than boat, inasmuch as in an afternoon's racing, with the crews changing from one boat to the other after each race, Duggan successively brought each boat in a winner.

Up to July 9 seven races have been sailed in the Ross series, and the standing of the boats in points is close:

	Points.
Glencairn III.....	19
Red Coat.....	18
White Cap.....	17
Black Beauty.....	16

The score of the different crews is as follows:

	Points.
Glencairn crew.....	24
Red Coat crew.....	21
White Cap crew.....	14
Black Beauty.....	10

From the foregoing it will be seen that Mr. Duggan's crew has the most wins to its credit.

New York Y. C.

THE fourth regular meeting of the New York Y. C. for the year 1900 will be held July 19 at Delmonico's, Beaver street, at 1 P. M. The amendments which were passed at the third stated meeting will be brought up for final action as follows:

RULE I—CLASSIFICATION.

Section 2—In Class G, change 70 to 80; in Class H, change 70 and 60 to 80 and 70, respectively; insert between new Class H and present Class J, "Class I, not over 70ft. and over 60ft. racing length."

Section 4—Limit of draft: In Class G, change 70 to 80; in Class H, change 70 to 80 and 13 to 14-5; insert between new Class H and present Class J, "Class I, not over 70ft. R. L., draft 13ft."

RULE VI.—BOATS AND LIFE BUOYS.

Section 2—Add after H in line 4, "and I."

RULE VIII.—CREW.

In Class H, change 70 and 20 to 80 and 30, respectively; insert between new Class H and present Class J, "Class I, 70ft., R. L., 20 men."

The following amendment to the racing rules will be presented:

RULE XIX.—PENALTIES.

Substitute in line two the word may for shall, when the rule will read: "A yacht which shall be disqualified twice in one season may be debarred from sailing in club races for the remainder of the season."

Beverly Y. C.

WING'S NECK—BUZZARDS BAY.

Saturday, July 14.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 295th race, an open championship, on July 14 in a fresh and variable N.W. wind. The times were:

25ft. Class.	Elapsed.
Ulula, W. H. Winship.....	1 21 41
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....	1 21 49
Nokomis, Alfred Winsor.....	1 21 42
Brunhilda, S. R. Dow.....	1 34 36

21ft. Class.	Elapsed.
Amanita, L. Bacon.....	1 25 37
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	1 26 10
Bohemia, R. L. Barstow, Jr.....	1 32 40
Sylvia, S. D. Warren.....	1 33 20
Cyrilla, R. W. Emmons.....	Withdrew.

Fourth Class Cats.	Elapsed.
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	0 35 40
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	0 38 38
Daisy, Howard Stockton.....	0 38 50

15ft. One-Design Class.	Elapsed.
Uarda, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	0 35 20
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.....	0 38 10
Teaser, R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	0 38 40
Peacock, R. Winsor.....	0 39 57
Flickamaroo, W. B. Emmons.....	0 42 28

The judges were E. M. Farnsworth and C. M. Baker.

East Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Wednesday, July 11.

THE weekly race of the East Gloucester Y. C. was sailed over the inside course on the evening of July 11 in a fresh southwest breeze, single and double reefs being in order. The times were:

First Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Onda, J. B. Greenough.....	0 43 00	0 30 40
Alethea, Smith and Colby.....	0 48 34	0 35 03
Alice and Maud, McCurdy.....	0 49 00	0 36 52
Rambler, Pomeroy Bros.....	Disabled.	

Second Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Circe II, Pigeon.....	0 50 12	0 37 14
Petrel, Lunt.....	0 54 48	0 34 32
Teuton, Nutton.....	0 59 19	0 43 42
Ida B., Merchant.....	1 00 56	0 44 51

Third Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Only One, Perkins.....	0 57 36	0 38 14
Dorothea, Findlay.....	1 01 19	0 41 15

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 7.

The Winthrop Y. C. sailed its regular handicap race on July 7 in a light westerly breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cygnat, J. R. Hodder.....	1 17 24	1 14 24
Thelma, A. K. Tewksbury.....	1 41 12	1 27 12
Don, D. E. Murphy.....	1 42 30	1 28 30
Thetus, R. W. Clark.....	1 34 32	1 28 32
Alert, C. A. Heney.....	1 34 55	1 28 55
Delia, C. H. and W. J. Kelly.....	1 38 17	1 29 11
Alma, John MacConnell, Jr.....	1 36 55	1 30 55
Ruth, A. S. Richards.....	1 50 39	1 33 39
White Crow, A. M. Crowe.....	1 43 45	1 33 45
Zoo, Horace Waite.....	1 55 36	1 37 36
Martha, W. N. Jenkins.....	1 59 04	1 39 04
Ideal, H. B. Whittier.....	1 53 10	1 41 10
Caper, W. W. Colson.....	2 17 30	1 47 30
Gwendoline, Chester Field.....	2 06 36	1 48 36
Bubble, C. A. Goddard.....	2 15 50	1 50 50
Flash, W. H. Myrick.....	Withdrew.	

Detroit Y. C.

DETROIT—LAKE ST. CLAIR.

Saturday, July 7.

THE Detroit Y. C. held a race for small power craft on July 7, and though a storm at noon kept away half of the entries, there was a good race, with fourteen competitors. The course was ten miles. The times were:

First Race—All Boats Over 25ft.	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bob, O. J. Mulford.....	40.0	3 40 40	4 17 00	0 36 20
Neptune, C. B. King.....	30.0	3 40 45	4 22 00	0 41 15
Geneva, M. Sullivan.....	45.0	3 41 04	4 23 00	0 41 56
We Win, J. O. Teagan.....	29.4	3 42 00	Withdrew.	

Second Race—All Boats 25ft. Long and Under.	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Oregon, F. L. Smith.....	18.0	4 18 40	5 13 32	0 54 52
Unnamed, O. J. Mulford.....	25.0	4 17 51	5 13 20	0 55 29
Unnamed, Geo. Cato.....	16.0	4 17 52	5 14 44	0 56 52
Bessie B., Lou Burt.....	17.0	4 18 10	5 16 00	0 57 50
Irene, C. L. Beebe.....	23.6	4 15 40	5 13 45	0 58 05
Anna, P. F. Johnson.....	20.0	4 16 05	5 16 03	0 59 58
Unnamed, Al. Stegmeyer.....	22.0	4 15 30	Withdrew.	
Tender, L. M. Stoddard.....	25.0	4 15 42	Withdrew.	
Romance, Jos. Keena.....	22.0	4 17 50	Withdrew.	
J. C. M., Dr. R. R. Lansing.....	16.0	4 18 43	Withdrew.	

The winners were:

First—Bob won, Geneva second.

Second—Neptune won.

Third—We Win (only starter) did not finish.

Fourth—No. 35 (Mulford's boat) won, Irene second.

Fifth—Oregon won, No. 7 (Cato's boat) second, Bessie B. third, Anna fourth.

After the launch race, the last of the catboat series was sailed, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
No. 1, Charles P. Sieder.....	5 30 00	6 34 45	1 04 45
No. 4, Joe Grasser.....	5 30 20	6 35 38	1 05 18
No. 3, S. S. Weinman.....	5 29 20	6 34 50	1 05 30
No. 2, Charles Keebler.....	5 29 25	6 35 42	1 06 22
No. 5, A. Kramer.....	5 29 55	6 38 00	1 08 05

As the result of the series, Wm. Funke has 19 points, giving him first prize, while Charles Sieder, Frank Shefferly, Joe Grasser, A. B. Illman, Charles Keebler, S. S. Weinman and A. Kramer, each with 15 points, will sail off the second prize.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 14.

THE second championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on July 14 in a fresh N.W. wind. Jolly Roger mistook the course and turned a wrong mark. The times were:

Raceabouts—Start, 2:45.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	4 04 50	1 19 50	1 19 50
Pirate, R. C. Robbins.....	4 09 30	1 24 30	1 24 30
Jolly Roger, B. B. Crowninshield.....	Withdrew.		

Knockabouts—Start, 2:50.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Opeechee, J. C. Grew.....	Withdrew.	

Class A—Start, 2:55.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lillian, H. E. Whitney.....	4 30 30	1 35 30
Isis, G. H. Mayo.....	4 25 00	1 30 00
Yarico, H. E. Yexa.....	4 26 53	1 31 53
Indra, P. P. Sharples.....	4 37 23	1 42 23

Class B—Start, 3:00.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Fifi, J. A. Jennings.....	4 19 00	1 19 00

16ft. Class—Start, 3:05.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber.....	4 00 30	0 55 30
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	4 01 11	0 56 11

The protest of Bander-Log against Sintram for fouling Archers Rock Buoy in the race of July 4 was disallowed by the Regatta Committee.

Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia.

THE fleet of the Corinthian Y. C. will rendezvous for the annual cruise at Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y., on the afternoon of Friday, July 27, 1900. A meeting of captains will be held on board the flagship at 8:30 P. M. The routine and rules contained in the Club Manual will be observed during the cruise.

Prizes have been offered for port to port runs for yachts in cruising trim, and when four or more start a second prize to be awarded. The Commodore has offered a cup to the yacht in each class winning on corrected time the greatest number of runs.

Saturday, July 28—Race from Glen Cove to Oyster Bay.

Sunday, July 29—Fleet to remain at anchor at Oyster Bay.

Monday, July 30—Race from Oyster Bay to Morris Cove.

Tuesday, July 31—Race from Morris Cove to Shelter Island.

Wednesday, Aug. 1—Race from Shelter Island to New London.

Thursday, Aug. 2—Fleet to remain at anchor.

Gig and dinghy races for yachts' crews will be held in the afternoon. Entries to be made to the fleet captain.

Friday, Aug. 3—Race from New London to Newport.

Saturday, Aug. 4—Disband.

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

CANARSIE—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, July 14.

ON July 14 the Jamaica Bay Y. C. sailed a race for open catboats of 25ft. and under, starting at 2:40 in a strong westerly wind. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jupiter, M. P. Holland.....	2 40 28	4 29 36	1 49 08	1 49 08
Lillie S., W. Scheer.....	2 40 31	4 35 07	1 54 25	1 54 25
Arrow, C. J. Nelson.....	2 41 15	4 35 16	1 54 15	1 53 30
Minnehaha, C. Roehr.....	2 43 12	Withdrew.		
Jennie, W. Gallagher.....	2 41 21	Withdrew.		
Mattie, M. Stewart.....	2 40 52	4 43 27	2 02 15	2 02 10
Uneda, F. P. Mapes.....	2 41 12	4 45 08	2 03 53	2 02 18

After the race Jupiter was measured and found to be 27ft. 9in. on the waterline, and therefore was disqualified. Arrow won first, Lillie S. second, Mattie third, Uneda fourth.

South Boston Yachting Carnival.

CITY POINT—BOSTON HARBOR.

July 2, 3, 5, 6, and 7.

THE extensive yachting interests centered about South Boston have this year combined in an experiment which has been sufficiently successful to warrant an effort for its continuance as a permanent institution in Boston yachting. The week about the national holiday was devoted to a series of yacht races, water sports and evening entertainments under the auspices of the different local yacht clubs. A temporary association was formed under the title of the South Boston Carnival Association, charged with the general management, the races being managed by the clubs. The committee was as follows: Ex-Com. Arthur Fuller (S. B. Y. C.), President; Com. Edward J. Powers (C. Y. C.), Com. Charles P. Mooney (M. F. Y. C.), Com. Simon Goldsmith (S. B. Y. C.), Vice-Presidents; James F. Barry (M. F. Y. C.), Secretary; Frank E. Grainger (C. Y. C.), Treasurer. Committee on Events—Com. Charles P. Mooney (M. F. Y. C.), John J. Toomey (M. F. Y. C.), George M. Krey, (S. B. Y. C.), Maurice J. Lee (S. B. Y. C.), C. E. O'Donnell (C. Y. C.), Hiram J. Paterson (C. Y. C.), A. T. Bliss (Y. R. A. of M.), John H. Means (S. B. Y. C. Association). Press Committee—John B. Killeen, Boston Globe; John J. Toomey, Boston Globe; E. P. B. Rankin, Boston Herald; Peter B. Kelley, Boston Journal; J. W. Odlin, Boston Post; James L. Ford, Boston Traveler; C. P. Anderson, South Boston Inquirer; James F. Barry, S. B. Y. C. A. Committee on Illuminations—Sydney C. Higgins, George M. Krey, Charles E. O'Donnell. Committee on Searchlight—James H. Means, Com. Charles P. Mooney. Committee on Water Sports—George T. Cuddihy, James T. Powers, E. B. Walbridge. Committee on Music—Com. Charles P. Mooney, Charles E. O'Donnell, James F. Barry.

The programme was as follows:

Monday, July 2—Mosquito Fleet Y. C. yacht race, water sports and evening illumination.

Tuesday, July 3—Columbia Y. C. yacht race, water sports and evening entertainment and illumination.

Thursday, July 5—South Boston Y. C. yacht race, water sports and illumination.

Friday, July 6—South Boston Y. C. yacht race.

Saturday, July 7—Open regatta.

This programme was carried out with little interruption, one rainy night causing the abandonment of the proposed festivities.

FIRST DAY—MONDAY, JULY 2.

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

Monday was clear and warm, with a light easterly breeze, and a good race was sailed. The principal interest was in the fight between the keel Flirt, designed by Crowninshield, and the centerboard Little Peter, designed by Hanley, the keel boat winning. The times were:

25ft. Class—Cabin.		Elapsed.
Flirt, Fabyan and McKee.....	1 54 49	
Little Peter, H. Moebis.....	1 57 34	
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	1 57 54	
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	2 00 53	
Sappho, S. Hamblin.....	Withdraw.	
21ft. Class—Cabin.		
Usona, Elmer Prior.....	2 05 09	
Coquette, B. D. Amsden.....	2 09 37	
Carrie M., Robinson.....	2 18 42	
Dabster, Keith.....	Withdraw.	
18ft. Class.		
Dauntless, Benner and Patten.....	1 34 03	
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson.....	1 40 20	
Fantasy, W. B. Allerton.....	1 40 43	
Joque, Walter Kelly.....	1 45 11	
Kathryn, J. R. Young.....	1 47 44	
Hector, A. W. Hubbard.....	1 49 35	
Aureolus, R. S. Landers.....	2 01 39	
15ft. Class.		
Vitesse, Coombs.....	1 40 24	
Ray, S. A. Freeman.....	1 48 10	

After the yacht race was started there were swimming races off the club house, a team of girls from the public baths competing, as well as a team of boys, while exhibitions were given by the instructors. A band played through the evening at the club house and the house and fleet were illuminated, a very large number of people being present along the water front.

The judges were Com. Charles P. Mooney, Sidney C. Higgins, James Bertram, W. O. Elliott and James F. Barry.

SECOND DAY, TUESDAY, JULY 3.

Columbia Y. C.

There was more wind on Tuesday—a strong and puffy southwester—the yachts being reefed. Flirt started with one reef, and her opponents in the class carried three, Little Peter sailing without a jib. The times were:

25ft. Class—Cabin.		Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Flirt.....	2 45 00	4 12 08	1 27 08	
Little Peter.....	2 46 36	4 23 00	1 38 00	
Early Dawn.....	2 45 00	4 23 52	1 38 52	
21ft. Class—Cabin.				
Opitsah II.....	2 50 00	4 37 52	4 47 52	
Usona.....	2 50 00	4 41 00	4 51 00	
Carrie R.....	Withdraw.			
18ft. Class—Distance, Eight Miles.				
Circe II.....	3 13 00	4 15 52	1 20 50	
Kathryn.....	3 11 00	4 20 52	1 25 52	

In spite of the weather there were swimming races in the afternoon, but at night the rain prevented the promised illumination, but gave the busy sightseers a chance to rest for the Fourth.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, JULY 5.

South Boston Y. C.

On Thursday morning there was a light S.E. breeze, which made fair sailing for a good part of the race, but finally fell very light, so that there were various flukes. Little Peter and Flirt sailed a very fair and close race over most of the course, the keel boat coming out ahead. The times were:

25ft. Class—Cabin.		Elapsed.
Flirt, Fabyan and McKee.....	1 52 41	
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 54 02	
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	1 55 00	
Little Peter, J. J. Moebis.....	1 55 05	
21ft. Class—Cabin.		
Usona, E. E. Prior.....	1 53 55	
Harriet, L. T. Harrington.....	1 53 32	
Coquette, B. D. Amsden.....	2 04 54	
Carrie M., N. T. Robinson.....	2 06 28	

18ft. Class.		
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton.....	1 44 20	
Dauntless, Benner and Patten.....	1 44 21	
Circe II, F. L. Pigeon.....	1 45 15	
Hector, A. W. Hubbard.....	1 47 05	
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson.....	1 47 08	
15ft. Class.		
Vitesse, W. J. Coombs.....	1 40 17	
Favorite, G. W. Glover.....	1 45 40	
Cricket, A. M. Holmes.....	1 56 41	

There was an unusually large crop of protests: Flirt against Little Peter, Little Peter against Flirt, Early Dawn against Flirt, Early Dawn against Hermes, Coquette against Harriet and Harriet against Usona.

The judges were Arthur Fuller, W. H. Godfrey, J. T. Hurley, D. F. Carew, Thomas Christian, Frank Williams, Morris Livingston and J. H. Corrigan.

The swimming races afforded much sport to the spectators at the club house.

The grand illumination of the week was on Thursday night, bands playing at the Columbia, South Boston and Mosquito Fleet houses, while each was brilliantly illuminated. The fleet off City Point did its share in the display of lights and fireworks. Special entertainments were given at each club house and a very large number of spectators turned out along the shore in addition to the guests of the clubs.

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY, JULY 6.

South Boston Y. C.

On Friday the South Boston Y. C. sailed a second race, the wind being light S.W. Flirt again beat Little Peter. Dauntless, a freak, won in the 21ft. class and was protested by Fantasy as not being a legitimate yacht. The times were:

25ft. Class—Cabin.		Elapsed.
Flirt, Fabyan and McKee.....	2 36 35	
Little Peter, J. J. Moebis.....	2 40 17	
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	2 44 39	
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	2 44 45	
21ft. Class—Cabin.		
Usona, Elmer E. Prior.....	2 43 14	
18ft. Class.		
Dauntless, Benner and Patten.....	1 45 19	
Fantasy, William Allerton.....	1 53 04	
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson.....	2 07 49	
Joque, Walter Kelly.....	2 18 58	
Hector, A. W. Hubbard.....	2 22 45	
15ft. Class.		
Vitesse, Walter J. Coombs.....	1 53 05	
Favorite, G. W. Glover.....	2 24 06	
Cricket, A. M. Holmes.....	Withdraw.	
Dauntless, protested by Fantasy.		

The judges were Sydney C. Higgins, chairman; James Bertram, W. H. Godfrey, Charles H. Heath, John T. Hurley and A. J. Bekkenhuis.

FIFTH DAY—SATURDAY, JULY 7.

The week ended with an open race in a moderate westerly wind, the times being:

25ft. Class—Cabin.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	1 33 43		
Sappho, C. E. O'Donnell.....	1 37 15		
21ft. Class.			
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane.....	1 48 52		
Tacoma, J. F. Ring.....	1 54 07		
Hostess, H. M. Faxon.....	Disabled.		
21ft. Class—Cabin.			
Coquette, B. D. Amsden.....	1 40 38		
Usona, E. E. Prior.....	1 41 28		
18ft. Class.			
Dauntless, Benner and Patten.....	1 03 22		
Circe II, F. L. Pigeon.....	1 04 30		
Zoe, F. J. Stewart.....	1 08 58		
Joque, Walter Kelly.....	1 09 28		
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson.....	1 10 23		
15ft. Class.			
Vitesse, W. J. Coombs.....	1 09 42		
Favorite, G. W. Glover.....	1 11 11		
Cricket, A. M. Holmes.....	1 28 59		
Bess, J. W. Horr.....	1 43 41		
First Handicap Class.			
Eclipse, H. A. Jones.....	1 41 31	1 34 46	
Quissett, F. A. Taylor.....	1 55 07	1 48 02	
Second Handicap Class.			
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton.....	1 44 58	1 44 58	
Hustler, Robbins and Whitmore.....	1 47 37	1 46 28	
Acme, Hiram Patterson.....	1 50 50	1 49 20	
Jungfrau, H. B. Bailey.....	1 52 50	1 50 20	
Carrie M., N. C. Robinson.....	1 56 08	1 53 08	
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy.....	1 55 56	1 53 26	
Annie A., James Leveridge.....	1 58 37	1 54 07	
Widgeon, A. J. Horton.....	1 56 24	1 55 24	
Duster, J. F. Ball.....	59 26	1 56 26	
Bessie, J. T. Lannon.....	07 05	2 01 05	
Winona, C. H. Goddard.....	07 10	2 01 10	
Hector, A. W. Hubbard.....	07 43	2 01 43	
Pepita, A. W. Hawes.....	2 06 48	2 03 18	

Annie A protested all the yachts which finished ahead of her for omitting a mark of the course. Duster protested Fantasy, Acme and Widgeon. The judges were S. C. Higgins, James Bertram, W. H. Godfrey, C. H. Heath, J. T. Hurley and A. J. Bekkenhuis.

During the afternoon a race for dinghies was sailed, the times being: Stickney, 44m. 51s.; French, 46in. 49s.; Dolbeare, 53m. 45c.; Merrill, 53m. 50s.

Rhode Island Y. C. One-Design Class.

PAWTUCKET—PROVIDENCE RIVER.

Friday, July 6.

THE second of the first series of races for the Rhode Island Y. C. one-design class was sailed on July 6 in a moderate southerly breeze, the times being:

R. I. Y. C. One-Design—Start, 4:29.		Finish.	Elapsed.
The Kid, W. H. Thurber.....	6 18 45	1 49 45	
Redskin, Dr. Potter.....	6 18 50	1 49 50	
Rascal, H. E. Barlow.....	6 19 45	1 50 45	
Sprint, Vigneron Bros.....	6 26 45	1 57 45	
Earl, E. L. Fuller.....	6 28 00	1 59 00	

The standing on points is:

The Kid		4 5-9
Rascal	5 3-8	
Redskin	3 4-7	
Sprint	2 4-7	
Earl	1 1-2	

Saturday, July 7.

The third and last race was sailed on July 7, resulting in a tie between Redskin, Rascal and Kid, so that an extra race is necessary. The times were:

R. I. Y. C. One-Design Boats—Start, 3:48.		Finish.	Elapsed.
Redskin, Dr. A. M. Potter.....	5 37 15	1 49 15	
Rascal, H. E. Barlow.....	5 38 27	1 50 27	
The Kid, W. H. Thurber.....	5 40 55	1 52 55	
Sprint, Vigneron Bros.....	5 42 55	1 54 55	

Hartford Y. C.

FOLLY POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 7.

THE Hartford Y. C. celebrated the opening of its new house at Folly Point by a race on July 7, the wind being variable from N.W. to S.W. The times were:

36ft. Class—Ten Miles, Triangular Course—Silver Cup.		Elapsed.
Titania, Childs.....	2 11 35	
30ft. Class—Ten Miles, Triangular Course—First Prize, Silver Cup; Second, Stein.		
Nellie, Plant.....	2 07 40	
Gertrude, Tucker.....	2 24 50	
Ariel, Wilson.....	2 56 00	
25ft. Class—Ten Miles, Triangular Course—First Prize, Wine Set; Second, Cup, and Third, Stein.		
Hoodoo, Smith.....	2 21 03	
Mayflower, May.....	2 26 40	
Why Not, Vaughan.....	2 37 40	
Alpha and Omega, Coulter.....	2 39 20	
Ella, Brewer.....	2 40 31	
Flyer, Buell Brothers.....	2 43 25	
Liz, Griswold.....	2 49 40	
Thistle, Pearce.....	Withdraw.	
Lily, Zarhorst.....	Withdraw.	
21ft. Class—Ten Miles, Triangular Course—First Prize, Cup, Second, Stein.		
Lurene, Mitchell.....	2 32 20	
Crescent, Luther.....	2 39 05	
Lobster, Fisk.....	2 51 00	
Anna, Slocum.....	Not timed.	
Alleta, Smith.....	Not timed.	
Amarilla, Olmsted.....	Withdraw.	
18ft. Class—Ten Miles, Triangular Course—First Prize, Cup; Second, Stein.		
Qui Vive, Phelps.....	3 02 20	
Tyro, Maercklein.....	Withdraw.	
Dories—Three-Mile Course Around Breakwater to River Beacon and Return.		
Gretchen, Deming.....	0 43 50	
Sea Gull, Bulkeley.....	0 45 58	

As the yachts had not been measured, all the winners were not known. The judges were Arthur M. Lane, George S. Hubbard and E. W. Smith.

Riverton Y. C. Annual Regatta.

RIVERTO—DELAWARE RIVER.

Wednesday, July 4.

THE Riverton Y. C. sailed its thirty-sixth annual regatta on July 4 as a part of the general festivities of the town. The races were sailed over the club courses, the times being:

Mosquito Fleet—Start, 10:48.		Finish.
No. 11, Albert G. Cook.....	12 13 15	
No. 2, Charles M. Biddle.....	12 15 47	
No. 7.....	12 18 26	
No. 14, T. Harry Walmut.....	12 20 40	
No. 15, Filson Graff.....	12 20 58	
No. 6, James S. Coale.....	12 21 08	
No. 10, John H. Reese.....	12 21 14	
No. 12, H. McIlvain Biddle.....	12 21 23	
No. 8, John S. Bioren.....	12 23 08	
Raceabouts, Start, 10:53.		
Kaloola, Emmons.....	12 37 11	
Page, Elson.....	12 41 13	
Catboats—Start, 10:43.		
Bull Fly, Marshall.....	12 25 28	
Sea Gull, L. C. Cook.....	12 26 57	
Launches.		
	Handicap.	Finish.
Viva.....	0 08 40	0 23 12
Albatross.....	0 13 50	0 24 25
Ivanough.....	0 16 00	0 27 01
Priscilla.....	0 16 50	0 28 40
Phroso.....	0 00 35	0 29 07
Albia.....	Allows.	31 41
Corry.....	0 16 00	0 34 00

The Regatta Committee included Messrs. Harvey K. Mitchell, Blair Ferguson and J. S. Bioren.

Point o' Woods Y. C.

POINT O' WOODS—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Saturday, July 14.

THE Point o' Woods Y. C. sailed its first race on July 14, starting in a reefing breeze from N.W. and finishing in a light air. The times were, start 2:42:

	Finish.
Meteor.....	4 03 09
Brant.....	4 05 22
E. L. W.....	4 05 22
Blue Point.....	4 12 25
Wanderer.....	4 14 53
Idyl.....	4 13 02
Florence.....	4 13 00
Jeannette.....	4 18 15
Sandpiper.....	4 27 00

The first regular meeting of the club was held on July 13 and officers elected for the ensuing year as follows: Com., H. C. Ferris; Vice-Com., John C. Dempsey; Rear-Com., H. M. Brewster; Sec'y, Grover C. Sumner; Treas., C. A. Willets, Jr.; Fleet Capt., W. R. Robbins, chairman Regatta Committee; Board of Governors, Dr. Charles Townsend, F. G. Wild, W. J. Griffen, W. R. Robbins and E. V. Brewster.

It was decided to formally open the club's new quarters on the bay on the first Saturday in August.

Hempstead Y. C.

FREEPORT—HEMPSTEAD BAY.

Wednesday, July 11.

THE Hempstead Bay Y. C. sailed a race on July 11 as a part of its ladies' day programme, the wind being strong from the south and kicking up a sea. The yachts were all reefed. The times were:

All Sloops as One Class—Start, 11:41.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mabel	1 32 50	1 51 50	1 51 36
Quo Vadis	1 42 40	2 01 40	2 01 40
Fleetwing	Withdraw.		
Catboats—Not Over 25ft.—Start, 11:46.			
Dot	1 59 55	2 13 55	2 13 55
Eva	2 08 40	2 22 40	2 21 42
Ellen	Withdraw.		
Nomad	Withdraw.		
Catboats—20ft. and Under—Start, 11:51.			
Little Minister	1 29 50	2 38 50	1 38 19
Lillie M.	1 33 30	1 42 30	1 40 01
Fellowcraft	1 34 40	1 43 40	1 43 40
Gracie	1 42 30	1 51 30	1 49 51
Bell Brand	Withdraw.		

New York Y. C.—Newport Races.

NEWPORT.

July 12-15.

THE relative importance of Newport as a yacht center compared with New York is increasing each year, many members of the New York Y. C. making their summer homes in the former place, while the close proximity to the open sea, just outside Newport Harbor, and the freedom from traffic, is in marked contrast to the course about New York Bay. This year the New York Y. C., in addition to its cruise races, has arranged a special series of races, open to all classes in the club, to be sailed off Newport under the following conditions:

The start will be at 11 A. M., between Brenton's Reef light vessel and a point on the committee boat indicated by a white flag. If postponed, the preliminary signal will be the yacht ensign at the fore, accompanied by a gun. Should a signal gun miss fire, a prolonged whistle blast will be given.

STARTING SIGNALS.

Preparatory—A gun will be fired and a blue peter set.

The start for single-masted vessels and yawls. Ten minutes later a second gun will be fired, the blue peter lowered and a red ball hoisted.

The start for schooners (handicap time for single-masted vessels and yawls). Five minutes later a third gun will be fired and a second red ball hoisted.

Five minutes later a fourth gun will give the handicap time for schooners, and both balls will drop.

For 30-footers (one gun start). Preparatory—Five minutes later, a red ball will be hoisted.

The start—Five minutes later, a gun will be fired and the ball will drop.

COURSES.

No. 1—Letter C. From starting line, 7 miles southwest, $\frac{1}{4}$ west to and around Point Judith whistle buoy, $\frac{3}{4}$ miles east, to and around a float carrying a red flag with diagonal white stripe, $\frac{6}{4}$ miles northwest to finish. 23 miles.

No. 2—Letter D. The reverse of No. 1.

No. 3—Letter F. Once around No. 1, to and around whistle buoy to finish. 37 miles.

No. 4—Letter G. Once around No. 2, to and around southeast float to finish. 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

On Nos. 1 and 3, leave light vessel, whistle buoy and float to port; on Nos. 2 and 4, leave them to starboard.

Nos. 3 and 4 will be cut off after once around by the display of two red balls, vertically. The recall for yachts that have already turned the light vessel will be the yacht ensign at the fore and two guns.

Attention is called to Sec. 1, R. IV., and Sec. 3, R. IX. S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold, William Butler Duncan, Jr., Regatta Committee.

No time taken after 8 P. M.

The only entries for the races were from the new 80ft. class, the 51ft. class, the special 30ft. class and Astrild, of the 70ft. class, the latter having no competitor. On July 11 the four one-design boats were measured by Mr. Hyslop, the results being: Virginia, 76.74ft.; Mineola, 76.73ft.; Yankee, 76.36ft.; Rainbow, 76.34ft. The sail areas are 7,000ft.

On July 12, the first day, there was a dense fog over Newport and the adjoining waters, so that even with a good breeze from S. by E. a race was not possible.

First Race—Friday, July 13.

Friday morning was clear, with a moderate S.S.W. wind, making the first leg of Course C dead to windward. This course was selected, and after the full triangle of 23 miles had been covered the first leg was sailed, out to the Point Judith mark and back, making 14 miles more, half to windward and half under spinakers. In the absence of Chester Griswold, of the Race Committee, Philip Schuyler acted with Messrs. Kane and Duncan on the tug Edward Luckenback. The start was given at 11:10 for the 80-footers, Mineola, steered by Capt. Wringe, being the first over, followed by Rainbow with Capt. Parker at the wheel. The two started on the starboard or off-shore tack, while Mr. Duryea sent Yankee across on the port tack, headed in for the Narragansett shore, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., at the wheel of Virginia, following. While the two English skippers were having a bout together, making several short tacks, but still keeping out, Yankee held on until well under the shore, and, as is almost always the case on this course with a westerly wind, came out ahead of the fleet. Virginia tried a middle course, but finally abandoned it to follow Yankee, and fell into second place, the first mark being timed:

	First Mark.	Elapsed.
Yankee	12 20 45	1 10 38
Virginia	12 22 19	1 11 56
Mineola	12 30 29	1 20 24
Rainbow	12 32 30	1 22 25

The second leg was run with balloon jibs set, Rainbow trying a spinaker to starboard, which did not help her. The times were:

	Second Mark.	Elapsed.
Yankee	1 24 26	1 03 41
Virginia	1 26 52	1 04 33
Mineola	1 32 36	1 02 07
Rainbow	1 34 26	1 01 56

On the reach home the elapsed times were very even, the round closing:

	Third Mark.	Elapsed.
Yankee	2 04 26	0 40 00
Virginia	2 07 28	0 40 36
Mineola	2 12 50	0 40 10
Rainbow	2 14 44	0 40 18

On the second beat to the Point Judith mark, the others wisely followed Yankee in short tacks under the shore, the result showing when they were timed:

	Fourth Mark.	Elapsed.
Yankee	3 11 08	1 06 42
Virginia	3 14 28	1 07 00
Mineola	3 19 08	1 06 18
Rainbow	3 23 36	1 08 52

They ran home with spinakers to port, the last leg being timed:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yankee	3 48 56	0 37 48
Virginia	3 51 40	0 37 12
Mineola	3 57 24	0 38 16
Rainbow	4 02 22	0 38 46

In the 51ft. class Syce made a poor start, being handicapped over two minutes, and later she broke her bobstay

and withdrew. Hera was unlucky in picking up a lobster pot, which spoiled her chances. The full times were:

Cutters—80ft. Class.			
	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola, August Belmont	76.73	3 57 24	4 47 19
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	76.34	4 02 22	4 52 17
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.	76.74	3 51 40	4 41 17
Yankee, H. B. Duryea and H. P. Whitney	76.36	3 48 50	4 38 49
Cutters—51ft. Class.			
	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Shark, F. L. Ames	51.00	4 49 24	5 33 56
Altair, C. Meyer, Jr.	51.00	4 47 58	5 32 40
Syce, H. S. Redmond	50.86	Withdrew.	
Special—30ft. Class—Start, 11:30.			
	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	30.00	1 58 12	2 28 12
Pollywog, A. H. Paget	30.00	2 02 52	2 23 52
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	30.00	1 59 38	2 29 38
Hera, R. N. Ellis	30.00	Withdrew.	

Second Day—Saturday, July 14.

On Saturday morning the weather was still clear and pleasant and the wind moderate, N.W. by N., so a course was laid off of 15 miles to leeward from Brenton's Reef, the markboat bearing S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. The start for the 80-footers was at 11:10, all going over with second club topsails set. As usual, Mineola was first over, within thirty-six seconds of the gun, but the others took their time, as it was not a one-gun start. All set spinakers to port, running thus for nearly an hour, when they jibed over and reset spinakers. All held closely together, Mineola keeping her lead; Yankee tore the head of her spinaker and took it in for a while to make repairs, her balloon jib top-sail still keeping her up with the others. Rainbow lowered her No. 2 club topsail and set the large one, the wind falling lighter, and after 1 o'clock all but Virginia took in their spinakers. Virginia steered a more easterly course than the others, and when they closed in for the mark it was a question whether she or Yankee, the latter having passed Rainbow and Mineola some time before, would turn first. Yankee was first, but by a very few seconds, the times being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Yankee	1 30 05	2 18 24
Rainbow	1 30 27	2 17 33
Mineola	1 30 49	2 20 13
Virginia	1 35 17	2 23 28

With sheets hardened the work of Yankee, Rainbow and Mineola was interesting, as they were in close company, Mineola being able once to put Yankee about, but she made a tack off shore while Yankee kept to the northward, nearer shore. The wind headed Mineola on this tack and made Yankee's gain even more than it would otherwise have been. The finish was timed:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yankee	3 52 39	2 22 31
Virginia	3 56 57	2 21 20
Mineola	3 58 16	2 27 27
Rainbow	4 00 29	2 30 02

During Friday's race it was discovered that Shark was leaking, and she was towed to Bristol for repairs during the night, being ready next morning. Syce also had her broken bobstay plate repaired. The fleet was increased by Sistae, the old Mabel F. Swift II., of but 46ft. R.M. The class started at 11:15, Shark being first over and Sistae handicapped. In following the large yachts it was impossible to see the fight in this class or the 30ft. Altair won very easily and Sistae beat Shark. The full times were:

Cutters—80ft. Class.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yankee, H. B. Duryea and H. P. Whitney	11 11 41	3 52 39	4 40 58
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.	11 12 09	3 56 57	4 44 48
Mineola, August Belmont	11 10 36	3 58 16	4 47 40
Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt	11 12 54	4 00 29	4 47 35
51ft. Class.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Altair, Cord Meyer, Jr.	11 17 46	4 46 25	5 28 39
Shark, F. Lothrop Ames	11 16 24	4 55 02	5 38 38
Syce, H. S. Redmond	11 19 49	5 20 52	6 00 52
Sistae, John B. Rhodes	11 20 00	4 57 07	5 37 18
Special—30ft. Class—Start, 11:30.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis	11 30 00	2 47 57	3 14 57
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	11 30 00	2 33 07	3 03 07
Wawa, R. Brooks	11 30 00	2 36 09	3 06 09

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 14.

THE annual race for the Alfred Roosevelt Memorial cup of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on July 14, open this year to all yachts of the 36ft. and smaller classes. The knockabouts sailed with the others, the race counting as one for the Center Island cup. There was a strong N.W. wind and several yachts were disabled. The course was 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles. The times were:

Start, 3:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Scamp, J. De Forest Johnston	5 31 35	2 26 35	
Raider, H. M. Crane	5 33 42	2 28 42	
Wyntje, F. S. Hastings	5 45 08	2 40 08	
Bee, D. Le Roy Dresser and H. P. Jacquelin	5 46 20	2 41 20	
Lestrol, J. D. Low	5 48 32	2 43 32	
Bobs, W. W. Stewart	5 50 47	2 45 47	
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell	Disabled.		
O Shima San, J. T. Pratt	Withdrew.		
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	Disabled.		

Scamp wins the Roosevelt cup and Wyntje wins the third leg for the Center Island cup.

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSETT, MASS.

Saturday, July 7.

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed a race on July 7, the raceabouts beginning their second series. The wind was light and fluky from the West. The times were:

Raceabout Class.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Delta, R. B. Williams	1 56 00	1 56 00	
Barracuda, A. C. Burrage	1 56 50	1 56 50	
Nereid, W. R. Sears	1 57 31	1 57 31	
Remora, Tower and Crocker	1 57 55	1 57 55	
Eleanor, F. J. Moors	1 59 20	1 59 20	
Monsoon, J. A. Knowles	2 00 00	2 00 00	
Raven, J. Deane	2 01 26	2 01 26	
15ft. Class.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Swallow, J. Richardson	0 50 20	0 50 20	
Jap, B. Tower	0 50 45	0 50 45	
Knockabout Class.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Fly, C. W. Barron	1 10 35	1 10 35	
Fancy, C. W. Barron	1 14 20	1 14 20	

The seven raceabouts tried to turn the first mark together and nearly every boat filed a protest against others.

Sea Cliff Y. C. Annual Regatta.

SEA CLIFF—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 14.

THE Sea Cliff Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on July 14 in a reefing breeze from N.W. and a sea, two of the Skows capsizing—Rod during the race and Mongoose II. just after finishing. Mongoose II. parted her throat hal-yards twice, but managed to finish. The full times were:

Cutters and Yawls—46ft. Class—Start, 12:05—Course, 15 miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Madcap, T. J. Sheridan	3 46 00	3 41 00	3 41 40
Albicare, Seymour J. Hyde	3 42 40	3 37 40	
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 12:05—Course, 15 miles.			
Courtess, Oswald Sanderson	Disabled.		
Veda, F. S. Connell	3 24 00	3 19 00	
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 12 miles.			
Impudent, C. Silkworth	1 37 30	1 27 30	
Sloops—25ft. Class—Special—Start, 12:10—Course, 12 miles.			
Rochelle, Edward Kelly	1 52 00	1 42 00	
Sloops—22ft. Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 12 miles.			
Chingachgook, E. A. Stevens	Withdrew.		
Adelaide, W. P. Douglas	2 14 40	2 04 40	
Cat Rigged—25ft. Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 12 miles.			
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	2 15 15	2 05 15	2 03 09
Uarda, H. H. Gordon	2 14 40	2 04 40	2 04 40
Special Mixed Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 12 miles.			
Mongoose II., Simeon Ford	2 05 00	1 55 00	
Spindrift, Pirie Brothers	2 06 30	1 51 30	
Open Catboats—18ft. Class—Start, 12:15—Course, 12 miles.			
Ethel B., C. E. Berner	Withdrew.		
Dunlea, Dunning and Leaycraft	2 40 33	2 25 33	2 25 33
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill	2 22 20	2 07 20	2 07 20
Open Cats—15ft. Class—Start, 12:15—Course, 12 miles.			
We Win, F. S. Sherwood	2 45 08	2 30 08	
Scout, Henry Hall	2 43 52	2 28 52	
Old Squaw, Fred Carstein	2 41 10	2 26 10	2 26 10
Bouncer, Archie Tappan	2 44 10	2 29 10	2 29 10
Coot, A. D. Prince	2 42 10	2 27 10	
Sloops—15ft. Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 12 miles.			
Flounder, E. P. Titus	Withdrew.		
Mike, Guy Forbes	2 27 10	2 17 10	2 17 10
Mae, Clinton Crow	2 15 29	2 05 29	
Open Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 12 miles.			
Ox, R. Bavier	2 27 15	2 17 15	2 17 15
Rod, Donald Iselin	Disabled.		
Dory Class—Start, 12:15—Course, 8 miles.			
Fiddler, J. J. Connelly	Withdrew.		
John Dory, Guy Standing	2 08 00	1 53 00	
Rudder, H. F. Stevenson	2 08 40	1 53 40	
Dud, G. A. Corris	2 10 40	1 56 40	

The winners were Albicare, Veda, Impudent, Rochelle, Adelaide, Win or Lose, Mongoose II., Kazaza, Old Squaw, Mae, Ox and John Dory.

Thirty-footers at Newport.

ON July 9 the 30-footers sailed a race over the Dyer's Island course in a strong S.W. wind, the times being, start 3:17:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 33 41	2 16 41
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan	5 34 52	2 17 52
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 36 31	2 19 31
Wawa, R. Brooks	Withdrew.	

On July 10 the conditions were much the same and the same course was sailed, start 3:21:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 31 32	2 00 00
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 31 41	2 10 41
Hera, Ralph N. Ellis	5 32 21	2 11 21
Dorothy, Clarence W. Dolan	5 36 02	2 15 02

On Wednesday there was still more wind from S.W., and a good race resulted, the times being, start 3:16:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 07 19	1 51 19
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan	5 07 39	1 51 39
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 08 52	1 52 52
Pollywog, A. H. Paget	5 10 20	1 54 20
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	Withdrew.	

Esperanza fouled a mark and withdrew. On Thursday a race was started in spite of the fog in the morning, which caused the postponement of the New York Y. C. races. The course was sixteen miles, sailed in a strong S.W. wind, the times being, start 3:16:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 06 31	1 50 31
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 06 32	1 50 32
Esperanza, C. L. F. Robinson	5 07 30	1 51 30
Pollywog, A. H. Paget	5 09 42	1 53 42

Hera fouled the long cable of the stakeboat and the question of her being thereby disqualified is still open. On Friday and Saturday the boats sailed in the New York Y. C. races, as elsewhere reported.

Keystone Y. C.

PHILADELPHIA—DELAWARE RIVER.

Sunday, July 8.

THE Keystone Y. C. sailed a race on July 8 in very variable weather, with a calm and a heavy thunder storm. The times were:

Second Class Duckers.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Martha, George Wheatcroft.....	2 10 35	1 18 35	
Edith M., George Bingham.....	2 10 47	1 18 47	
Effie D., W. Collom.....	2 11 50	1 19 50	
Little Harry, J. Hirst.....	2 13 50	1 21 50	
Anna V., J. Whitehead.....	2 13 52	1 21 52	

Misery Island Club.

MISERY ISLAND—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 7.

The Misery Island Club, a new organization, whose station is on Misery Island, off Beverly Farms and Manchester, held its first yacht race on July 7, using the Eastern Y. C. rules. A very liberal prize list brought out good entries in one class; cups of \$50 and \$30 in the 25ft. raceabout and knockabout class and cups of \$30 and \$15 for the 16ft. restricted class. The course for the larger boats was from off the eastern end of the island around a buoy off Half Way Rock, then around a buoy off Magnolia and home, twelve miles, nautical. The 16ft. class sailed an eight-mile course. The wind was light and varied from S. by E. at the start to S.W. at the finish. The Gardner & Cox fin-keel Cartoon made a good race with the new Crowninshield Jingo, almost a sister boat to Flirt, the keel boat leading at times, though the fin got away on a long reach and finally won by a small margin. The times were:

25ft. Class.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cartoon, Howard Parker.....	5 13 30	1 59 30
Jingo, R. T. Paine, 2d.....	5 14 12	2 00 12
Khalifa, Randolph Tucker.....	5 15 43	2 01 43
Isis, G. F. Mayo.....	5 22 00	2 08 00
Oivana, R. Boardman.....	5 22 25	2 08 25
Onda, John Greenough.....	5 29 50	2 15 30
O I C U, Dr. T. Rotch.....	5 47 00	2 33 00
Never Did, D. H. Follett.....	Withdrew.	
Raceabouts.		
Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	5 24 20	2 05 20
Tunipoo, J. L. Bremer.....	5 28 00	2 09 00
Pirate, R. C. Robbins.....	5 28 20	2 09 20
Knockabouts.		
Opitsah II., S. H. Foster.....	5 40 00	2 16 00
Opechee, H. S. Grew.....	5 42 00	2 18 00
Bonita, Sewall Brothers.....	5 47 10	2 23 10
16ft. Restricted Class.		
Polly, G. Wadsworth.....	4 59 00	1 30 00
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber.....	4 59 10	1 30 10
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	Withdrew.	

Pirate protested Tunipoo for fouling. The winners were: Cartoon, \$50; Jingo, \$30; Sintram, \$50; Tunipoo, \$30, subject to protest; Opitsah II., \$50; Opechee, \$30; Polly, \$30; Cyclone, \$15.

Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 7.

The Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. sailed a race on July 7 in a light westerly wind, freshening to a good sailing breeze and giving fine sport. The times were:

H O Class.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Empress, Hayden and Parker.....	2 22 32	2 22 32
Orphan, Edwin Clapp.....	2 22 45	2 22 45
Al Kyris, J. F. Brown.....	2 23 32	2 23 32
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	2 32 27	2 32 27
25ft. Cabin Class.		
Flirt, Fabyan and McKee.....	2 23 49	2 23 49
Little Peter, H. Moebs.....	2 27 44	2 27 44
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	2 28 48	2 28 48
21ft. Handicap Class.		
Caterpillar, W. P. Keyes.....	2 25 52	2 08 52
Shyessa, Alfred Douglass.....	2 19 42	2 10 42
Squaw, A. M. Blinn.....	2 44 43	2 20 43
18ft. Handicap Class.		
Azara, George E. Hills.....	2 21 04	2 06 04
Goblin, G. W. Canterbury.....	2 24 15	2 07 15
Barbara, A. F. Hayden.....	2 25 08	2 12 08
Zaza, Lauriat and Humphrey.....	2 24 19	2 13 19

The judges were L. M. Clark and L. B. Flint.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 14.

THE Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. sailed a good race on July 14 in a strong N.W. wind, the times being:

H-O Class.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	1 40 48	1 40 48
Al Kyris, J. F. Brown.....	1 41 50	1 41 50
Empress, Hayden and Parker.....	1 42 52	1 42 52
Orphan, Edwin Clapp.....	1 43 02	1 43 02
25ft. Class.		
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 51 05	1 51 05
Little Peter, J. J. Moebs.....	1 52 08	1 52 08
21ft. Handicap Class.		
Shyessa, Alfred Douglass.....	1 40 32	1 30 32
Caterpillar, W. P. Keyes.....	1 49 03	1 33 03
Squaw, A. M. Blinn.....	Withdrew.	
18ft. Handicap Class.		
Zaza, Humphrey and Lauriat.....	1 41 50	1 30 50
Barbara, A. F. Hayden.....	1 41 56	1 30 56
Goblin, G. W. Canterbury.....	1 45 46	1 34 46

The judges were William Avery Carey, Louis M. Clark and Lawrence B. Flint. Al Kyris protested Hanley for fouling off the Strawberry Hill Mark. Flirt broke her rudder head before the start and was towed to Marblehead.

Mineola and Rainbow.

THE following was made public on July 10:

New York Y. C., June 19.—Sir: The Glen Cove cups—June 19, 1900.—Wind E. Course E. by N. Starting line between the committee boat off Matinick Point buoy and a mark two cables' length due north.

During the preparatory period, the Rainbow having worked into a position on the committee boat's starboard quarter and to the westward of a line between that boat and Matinick Point buoy, was approaching the starting line on the starboard tack, with the wind anywhere from two to three points forward of the beam. On the other hand, the Mineola, having been on the port tack for a short period, neared the Rainbow and then luffed, coming up into the wind somewhat sluggishly. The Rainbow also luffed in order to avoid the Mineola, being thereby compelled to yield her starboard tack.

While it is nowhere contended that the Rainbow was close hauled, still she was on the wind on the starboard tack, and so long as she did not alter her helm for the purpose of crowding the Mineola she was entitled to her rights. Thus the committee consider that the Mineola was wrong under section 3, rule 16, since, in their opinion, which is strengthened by its conformity with the Admiralty decisions, "close hauled" should be taken as including "on the wind," or with the wind anywhere forward of the beam.

There was no protest, but both the Mineola and the Rainbow asked for a ruling by the committee.

Since this interpretation of "close hauled," as it appears in the section referred to, has never before been made by the club, the committee will take no further action in this particular case. Respectfully,

S. NICHOLSON KANE,
JOHN F. LOVEJOY (Pro Tem.),
GEORGE A. CORMACK (Pro Tem.).

Mr. William Butler Duncan, Jr., of the regatta committee, but who was not acting on this occasion, approved of this interpretation of "close hauled," as embodied in this report.

"Section 3, Rule 16.—When both yachts are close hauled, or both free, or both have the wind aft, and have the wind on opposite sides, the yacht with the wind on the port side shall keep clear."

Old Mill Y. C.

JAMAICA BAY.

Sunday, July 8.

THE Old Mill Y. C. sailed its first race on July 8 in a fresh N.W. wind that called for reefs. The times were:

Class A—Sloops.				
	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cornelia, D. S. Van Wicklin.....	30.2	3 13 00	4 41 00	1 28 00
Pearless, H. Kelly.....	26.10	3 16 00	Withdrew.	
Pauline, Chas. Terry.....	35	3 16 00	Withdrew.	
Florence, W. Armbruster.....	30	3 12 00	4 40 00	1 28 00
Class C—Open Cats.				
Pauline, B. J. O. Rogers.....	22.8	3 19 00	4 41 00	1 22 10
Furmen, D. Van Wicklin.....	Withdrew.			
Class D—Sharpies.				
Alert, W. Mayer.....	16.8	3 40 00	4 46 00	1 06 00
Diver, H. Walker.....	16.9	3 40 00	4 54 00	1 14 00
Mary B., A. Bortavenhier.....	15.9	3 40 00	Withdrew.	
Viola, J. Hayden.....	15.2	3 40 00	4 15 00	1 11 00
Our Minnie, Chas. Harms.....	20.2	3 40 00	Withdrew.	
Minnie K., Julius Koch.....	15.7	3 40 00	Withdrew.	
Bill Ny, Wm. Kopp.....	16.4	3 40 00	4 45 00	1 05 00
America, E. Boyle.....	3 40 00	Withdrew.		
Dolphin, C. J. Woods.....	3 40 00	4 54 30	1 14 30	
Class E—Schooners.				
Lizzie, Otto Krich.....	27	3 19 00	4 45 00	1 26 00

The judges were Joseph Buchler and William Keenan; Regatta Committee, Joseph Buehler, H. Falkenstein, J. Kopf, W. Francis and William Heenan.

Shelter Island Y. C.

SHELTER ISLAND—GARDINER'S BAY.

Saturday, July 7.

THE Shelter Island Y. C. sailed a special race on July 7, starting in a very light air, followed by a hard squall, which disabled several yachts. The times were:

Class M—Sloops—Start, 2:40.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marion, F. M. Smith.....	5 05 00	2 25 00	2 25 00
Martha, Weber and Keim.....	5 08 00	2 28 00	2 28 00
Ottillie, O. E. Lochrike.....	5 09 00	2 27 00	2 27 00
Class P—Sloops—Start, 2:40.			
Evelyn, A. C. Banker.....	5 30 00	2 50 00	2 50 00
W. Sita, K. R. Otis.....	Withdrew.		
Class V—Catboats—Start, 2:50.			
Rattler, W. Henes.....	5 55 00	3 05 00	1 28 00
Mercula, F. W. Jenkins.....	Withdrew.		
Class W—Catboats—Start, 2:44.			
Spooh, J. L. Hutchinson.....	Disabled.		
Surprise, F. M. Smith.....	5 55 00	1 23 00	1 23 00

Royal Canadian Y. C. Murray Cup.

TORONTO—LAKE ONTARIO.

Saturday, July 7.

THE Royal Canadian Y. C. sailed a race for the Murray cup on July 7, the course being from Toronto to Oakville, twenty-two miles, starting with a fresh westerly breeze that fell lighter during the race. The race was a handicap, the allowances being given at the start. The times were:

	Helmsman.	Allowance.	Start.	Finish.
Vreda, Rear-Com. Peuchen.....	0 04 00	2 18 00	6 02 45	
Merrythought, Louis McMurray.....	0 09 14	2 21 46	6 05 30	
Vedette, Mr. Chisholm.....	0 22 00	2 00 00	6 24 00	
Vivia, Mr. McRae.....	0 18 00	2 04 00	6 26 00	
Clorita, G. M. Higginbotham.....	Allows.	2 22 00	6 35 00	

Center Moriches Y. C.

CENTER MORICHES—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Saturday, July 14.

THE Center Moriches Y. C. opened a series of club races on July 14, the first being sailed in a variable N.W. wind, the boats starting with reefs. The times were:

Dodo.....	1 34 33
Melody.....	1 33 30
Sappho.....	1 36 18
Zaza.....	1 39 10
Kylie.....	Withdrew.

As the series is without time allowance, Melody wins the first race.

Interlake Y. A.

THE annual meet of the Interlake Y. A. will be held at Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie, on July 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27. The first day will be devoted to a reception on board the yachts of the fleet, with a smoker in the evening. On Tuesday there will be races for the 45ft., 40ft., 35ft., 30ft., 25ft. and 20ft. classes, and on Wednesday there will be an open race for the Hotel Victory cup, with time allowance, also a special race for power launches and the 16ft. class. Thursday will be given up to general festivities, a squadron sail, chowder party and a ball at the Hotel Victory. On Friday there will be races for all classes, as on Tuesday, but over a windward and leeward course, with a smoker in the evening, at which the prizes will be distributed. All communications should be addressed to F. R. Frey, Chairman Race Committee, Toledo, O. The Association includes the Cleveland Y. C., Detroit Y. C., Detroit Boat Club (yachting department), Erie Y. C., Put-in-Bay Y. C., Sandusky Y. C., Toledo Y. A., Up-River Y. C., of Toledo, and West End Y. C., of Detroit.

Hussar I., sloop, has left New York by way of the Hudson and the canals for Lake Ontario.

Quincy Y. C. Cup.

From the Boston Globe.

ON July 1 at 1 o'clock the first race of the series for possession of the Quincy challenge cup will be started, off the Quincy Y. C. at Houghs Neck.

This will be the third time since the cup has been donated that challengers have come forward to take it to some other district. So far nobody has succeeded. Whether or not it will be done this year is a matter of conjecture. Opinions have been given on each side and reasons given, but the real thing will not develop until the races are sailed.

The first year that the cup was offered it was defended by Recruit. Duchess, one of C. D. Mower's productions, nearly 3ft. shorter than the defender, put up a gamy argument for possession of the cup, but she was outclassed by the larger boat.

Last year Mr. Mower came forward with a new production, Heiress, of which great things were predicted. There were three other challengers besides Heiress—Oogrook, owned by Walter Abbott, of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.; Thelma, owned by F. L. Pigeon, of the Annisquam Y. C., and Pompano, owned by W. E. C. Eustis, of the Beverly Y. C.

During the races preceding the contest for the Quincy cup, Heiress, Thelma and Oogrook met several times, and the Mower boat had no difficulty in getting away with the bunch. The Quincy Y. C. had produced a new defender, Hostess, designed by Arthur Keith, and owned by Henry M. Faxon.

In the City of Boston open race Hostess and Heiress met, and Heiress had an apparently easy time of it. When it came to the cup races another story is told. Heiress was undoubtedly the most likely boat in the bunch of challengers, but she did not even so much as win one race from the defender.

This year there are three challengers—Lookout, owned by E. Henry Higginson and Reginald Boardman, of the Manchester Y. C.; Tashmoo, owned by John S. Lawrence, of the Harvard Y. C., and Pompano, owned by W. E. C. Eustis, of the Beverly Y. C.

Both Lookout and Tashmoo are of the type of Hostess, but with alleged improvements on her extremely radical design. They are both wider and longer on top than Hostess, have 4in. less draft, and will carry 200 square feet more sail. Many opinions have been vouchsafed on the probable performances of these boats. Some have said that they will prove faster in proportion to their additional measurements, while others claim the limit of beam per waterline length has been reached in Hostess, and that the new boats will prove slower rather than faster than the old boat.

Both new boats have been described in these columns. It is sufficient to say that both have gone further into the extreme of flatness of floor and small dead rise than Hostess, with extra power and more sail. They are very nearly alike in model, with the exception that Tashmoo is 14ft. beam, against Lookout's 12ft., and Lookout shows a flare to her sides, while the topsides of Tashmoo are perfectly straight.

Whether or not the owner of Hostess is satisfied that the limit has been reached in last year's defender, certain it is that no new boat will be in evidence to defend the cup this year. Hostess looks much the same to the ordinary observer as she did when she successfully defended the cup in 1899.

It is understood that some radical changes have been made in her, but just what they are neither the owner nor any of his crew are willing to divulge. It has been said that bilge boards were to be substituted for the centerboard, but in the races which she has sailed so far there have been no indications of bilge boards. That is not saying, however, that they are not there.

One boat the reader may perhaps think has been overlooked in the list of challengers and defender. This is not the case. Pompano is the same boat which raced for the cup last year, but this year she comes forward as rather a dark horse.

It will be remembered that last year she was the "flat-iron" boat, with even less about her looks than the rest of the bunch, from a boatman's standpoint, to recommend her. This year, while she bears the same name, she is an entirely different boat in appearance.

Last year she was a fin-keel, and the only midship section worth mentioning was just at her stern. During the winter she was split at the stem and her bow widened, so that now she is of the Skow type. Another departure was introduced by taking off her fin and substituting bilge boards. These boards are set in at an angle with the deck, and are only perpendicular when the boat is well heeled.

She has been sailing through Hull Bay for a few days past, and is said to show up wonderful speed. She will probably be sailed through the races by John Cavanagh, who, with his great knowledge of the tides through Hull Bay, will undoubtedly show up all that there is good in her.

The other day one of the crew of Hostess said, when asked about the old boat's chances with the newer boats of the same type: "It has been said that the limit of beam in boats of our type has been reached in Hostess, and I am rather of the opinion that such is the case. I do not mean to say that the new boats will not be fast. I think they will be. I think that in a heavy blow they will have a good chance of beating Hostess, but in ordinary or light weather I think Hostess will win."

Perhaps this will prove true, perhaps it won't, and perhaps the remodeled boat from the Cape, which has not been seriously considered, may upset all calculations by walking away from the bunch. In any case, the cup is there to be won by somebody, and the Quincy boys are perfectly willing that any one who produces a faster boat than Hostess should take it away. They have been modest victors, and will prove good losers if beaten; and if the cup is taken away they will go after it with the same determination and system with which they have defended it.

Commencing Monday at 1 P. M., the races will be sailed daily, except Tuesday, July 17, Monday, July 23, and Sundays, until the races are finished. The times for the start will be as follows: July 16, 1 P. M.; July 18, 2 P. M.; July 19, 2:30 P. M.; July 20, 3 P. M.; July 21, 3:30 P. M.; July 24, 9 A. M.; July 25, 10 A. M.; July 26, 10 A. M.

Genesee and the Lake Yachts.

THE following dispatch has been sent out through the press agencies:

Rochester, July 12.—The Rochester Y. C. will be represented at Cobourg during the meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association by some of the fastest small boats in its fleet, but it was decided last night that the champion Genesee will not be sent. Mr. Van Voorhis, her owner, says it would be foolish to take the Genesee to Cobourg and sail her against the combined fleets of the Canadian yacht clubs. He will consider and would like to receive a challenge from any of the Canadian yachts, and has from \$1,000 to \$5,000 to place on his boat.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

On July 10 at 4 A. M. as the sloop Sea King, Henry E. Baker, was coming up New York Bay and just off Sea Gate, she was fouled by a working schooner bound out, and cut down almost to the waterline, her rigging also being badly damaged. With Mr. Baker were three friends—Andrew Welling, of No. 127 Columbus avenue; Howard Carroll, of No. 212 East 110th street, and George Edwards, of No. 327 Sterling place, Brooklyn. Capt. Isaac Van Clief was in charge of the yacht. Capt. Van Clief's nose was fractured and his right shoulder dislocated. Mr. Welling received internal injuries and his left foot was crushed. Mr. Sterling had three fingers broken and his right shoulder dislocated. Mr. Edwards was cut about the head and face. All boarded the dinghy, which was towing astern, and rowed to Bensonhurst. The schooner proceeded to sea without making an effort to aid the yacht.

Aphrodite, steam yacht, Col. O. H. Payne, sailed from New York on July 10 for a long cruise in British and northern waters. Col. Payne was accompanied by a party of friends.

The Department of State has presented a magnificent silver vase to Emmanuel F. Marguerite, owner of the French yacht Ophelie, for his humane conduct in saving the Captain, his family, and the crew of the American bark Rebecca Crowell, of Bath, Me. The Crowell was dismasted, unmanageable and sinking in the Mediterranean when overhauled by the Ophelie. The captain of the latter vessel lowered a boat, in charge of Paul Sabatier, his guest, and with great difficulty and in great peril a line was passed to the bark and she was towed to a safe place. The State Department has also awarded a gold medal to Mr. Sabatier and \$20 to each member of the crew of the boat, in recognition of their heroic conduct.

Three bodies from the ill-fated yacht Idler, which foundered ten miles from Cleveland during a squall last Saturday, were recovered. They were those of Mrs. Corrigan, wife of Capt. James Corrigan, owner of the yacht; Mrs. Charles Riley, wife of Charles Riley, of New Brunswick, N. J., and daughter of James Corrigan, and Miss Etta Corrigan, daughter of Capt. Corrigan. The bodies of the other three victims of the disaster, Miss Ida Corrigan, Miss Jane Corrigan, and baby Riley, have not been recovered.

Norna, schr., is reported as sold to E. Geher, of Sydney, N. S. W., for \$800, to be used as a trader. The whereabouts of her former owner "Commodore" Weaver, are unknown.

Isolde, cutter, Com. F. M. Hoyt, arrived at Greenport from Halifax on July 12 and was at once hauled out on the railway. She will ship her racing rig at once.

A number of New York business men living at Hackensack and Hasbrouck Heights have organized the Bergen County Y. C., with the following officers: Com., William B. Collins; Pres., Louis Mangin; Treas., C. M. A. Roehrig; Sec'y., A. G. Rossig; Trustees, F. W. Whitaker and B. W. Levitan. Plans for a club house have been drawn up. The site is on the Outwater property at Little Ferry, on the Hackensack River.

The 35ft. cutter building at Bristol for F. M. Smith, of New York, will be named Effort.

After postponing its race of July 4 for lack of wind, the Canarsie Y. C. was again disappointed on July 7, a two-reef breeze developing into quite a fair imitation of a cyclone before the start, with a pour of rain and heavy wind. A race was out of the question, and the yachts were lucky in getting off with some minor mishaps. The race was postponed to July 21.

The Jamaica Bay Y. C. was obliged to postpone its races of July 4 and July 7 on account of the unfavorable weather.

Countess, sloop, built at Bristol for Oswald Sanderson, of the Larchmont Y. C., arrived at Larchmont on July 5. She is a fin-keel, 52ft. 3in. over all, 32ft. l.w.l., 11ft. 3in. breadth and 8ft. draft.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.

Aug. 7-8.—Newport, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Newport Gun Club. J. R. Akin, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

July 19.—Watson's Park, Chicago.—Barto-Graham contest for the Dupont trophy.

July 20.—South Norwalk, Conn.—Summer shoot of the Naromake Gun Club.

July 24.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Annual handicap merchandise target tournament and clam bake of the Hell Gate Gun Club. L. H. Schortemeier, 201 Pearl street, New York, Chairman of Committee.

July 25-27.—Winnipeg, Man.—Manitoba Industrial Exhibition Association's trapshooting tournament. F. W. Heubach, Sec'y.

July 25-27.—Tolchester Beach, Kent County, Md.—Fourth annual midsummer tournament; two days targets; one live birds; added money and merchandise.

Aug. 1.—Wellington, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; open to shooters of New England.

Aug. 3-4.—St. Paul, Minn.—Tournament of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club; \$240 in cash or more added. A. E. Perry, Sec'y.

Aug. 7.—Hackensack River Bridge.—Outwater's live-bird handicap. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.

Aug. 8.—Auburn, Me.—Tournament of the Auburn Gun Club.

Aug. 7-8.—Birmingham, Ala.—Amateur tournament given by the Peters Cartridge Co., on the grounds of the Birmingham Gun Club; \$150 added. John H. Mackie, Mgr.

III. A. Marshall, Sec'y.

Aug. 28-30.—Arundel's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—The Indian tournament.

Sept. 1.—First week in September. Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sept. 3-4.—North Platte, Neb.—Tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club on Col. Cody's Scout's Rest Ranch; \$250 added. Geo. L. Carter, Mgr.

Sept. 3.—Muncie, Ind.—One-day tournament of the Magic City Gun Club. Chas. E. Adamson, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Fifth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club; \$25 added. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Homer, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Triangular Gun Club; one day targets; one day live birds. C. B. Wiggins, Sec'y.

Sept. 14-15.—Platte City, Mo.—Trap shoot of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Oct. 2-4.—Swanton, Vt.—Robin Hood Gun Club's three days' tournament.

Oct. 12-14.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

July 18.—Interstate Park.—John S. Wright's all-day shoot and contest for Sanders-Storms trophy under his management.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest, June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail address matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 345 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the fifth annual midsummer tournament, to be held July 25, 26 and 27, is now ready for distribution. The programme provides two days at targets and one day at live birds. On the first day there are eleven events, of which nine are at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance; one at 10 pairs, \$1.50, and a three-men team race, at 25 targets, entrance \$6 per team. No. 11 event is from 30yds., use of both barrels. There are seven events at live birds on the second day, and of these five are miss-and-outs, \$2, one of which is from the 26yd. mark, use of one barrel. No. 4 is at 7 birds, 28yds., use of one barrel; \$5 entrance, birds included; three high guns. No. 7 is a 10-bird handicap, 25 to 31yds.; \$7, birds included; three high guns. There are ten target events on the third day; eight at 15, one at 10 pairs, and a merchandise event at 50 targets; ten high guns; entrance \$1.50, the price of the targets in this event. The prizes in this event are a sole leather gun case, a 10lb. drum of smokeless powder, 200 loaded shells, two bags of shot, 5lbs. smokeless powder, 100 loaded shells, a box of cigars, a fine steel fishing rod, a cleaning rod, a pocket knife and a hand protector. Concerning the tournament, the programme further presents the following: The tournament will be held at Tolchester Beach, Kent county, Md., which is about two hours' sail from Baltimore, on fine steamers, which leave Pier 16, Light street wharf, at 8:30 A. M. and 2 P. M. daily. First-class hotel accommodations will be found on the grounds for those wishing to remain during the tournament. No finer place could be selected in the country for holding a summer tournament, as the shooting grounds are located on a high bluff over 30ft. above tidewater, where a cool breeze from the broad Chesapeake Bay is always to be had. This tournament will be under the management of J. R. Malone, assisted by Mr. H. Waters, Mr. J. C. Hicks and Dr. Lupus, who will act as handicap committee and endeavor to give every one an equal chance. It is open to all, and everything will be done to make this a pleasant affair and have those who attend enjoy a few days' outing. Those wishing to bring their families or their lady friends will find this a very pleasant place, as no intoxication or disorder is allowed on the grounds. All the amusements found at the seashore, such as bathing, boating, fishing, dancing, etc., can be had at this beautiful resort. Shooting will commence each day at 10:30 A. M. All shooters will be handicapped by distances from 14 to 20yds., according to their ability. The management reserves the right to change handicaps any time during the tournament. The Sergeant system will be used—targets thrown from known trap, but unknown angles. The division of money will be by the Rose system, with ratio of 5, 3 and 2, as that system seems to give the best satisfaction wherever used. In the merchandise event no entrance will be charged, except price of targets, which will be 3 cents each in this event. The team race is open to any three men from any one State, city or gun club. Each team will be handicapped by distance, so as to give all an equal chance. Targets will be charged for at 2 cents each, included in all events, except the merchandise event. Live birds 25 cents each. Ship your shells to J. R. Malone, care Tolchester Steamboat Co., Pier 16, Light street wharf, Baltimore, who will see they are delivered on the grounds. The Tolchester Co. has arranged an excursion for July 26 from Philadelphia, Wilmington and other points along the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad to Tolchester Beach, which will be an opportunity for those wishing to attend the tournament. Plenty of first-class loaded shells can be had on the grounds.

At the Michigan State Trapshooters' League tournament, he'd at Flint, Mich., June 5, 6 and 7, the Detroit team, composed of Messrs. Parker, Cox and Wood, won the team championship of the State. Parker tied for first average of the members of the League on the first day, and made high average on live birds on live-bird day, missing but one bird, the last in the medal race. It was one of the impossible kind. Scott, of Grass Lake, also won the semi-expert trophy, all shooting King's Smokeless in Peters Cartridge Co.'s new Ideal shells. Ralph Trimble made high average on targets both days, but not being a member of the league he could shoot for targets only. He did not shoot in the live-bird event. W. M. Thompson, of Jackson, won the live-bird trophy. He and Shearer, of Bay City, tied on 10 straight, and shot miss-and-out. In the tie both lost their third birds dead out of bounds. Thompson won on twentieth round. S. A. Crowell, of Hastings, Mich., won the expert target trophy, score 24 out of 25, and A. H. Springborn, of Detroit, won the amateur trophy, score 24 out of 25. He was tied by Powers, of Hastings, but won in the shoot-off, breaking 23. The shoot was managed by John Parker, and was a success.

Mr. F. T. Sherwood, of Bedford, Ind., under date of July 13 writes us as follows: "Will you kindly mention in your 'Fixture' column that the Magic City Gun Club, of Muncie, Ind., Chas. E. Adamson, secretary, will hold a one-day tournament under sanction of the Trapshooters' League of Indiana, on Monday, Sept. 3, Labor Day? This club is a large and energetic one, and its shoot deserves and doubtless will have a large attendance."

The Newburgh, N. Y., Press states that on July 9 "Mr. Frank White, of Middletown, while at a clay pigeon trap contest, was struck on the nose by one of the 'birds,' which made an ugly cut. Dr. Purdy took several stitches." This kind of accident rarely occurs.

Commenting on the matter of handicapping, the Philadelphia papers, interested in sport, have published the following: "That this style of shooting may have a thorough trial in this city, an all-day target tournament will be held on the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club, at Wissinoming, on Saturday, July 21. The main feature of the tournament will be a 100-target, distance-handicap match, handicaps ranging from 10 to 20yds. The entrance fee in this event is small, and the trophy is a fine one. The Florists' grounds are especially adapted for this kind of shooting, being clear and level for a great distance back of the traps, and should there be a large entry two sets of traps may be used, both having a clear background. While the two sets of traps are being used for the handicap match, a third set will be reserved for sweepstake shooting. This feature will overcome a great difficulty, as many of the shooters find it hard work killing time between shots where only one set of traps is in use. The handicap match will begin on the arrival of the 12:07 train from Broad street, and entries will close with the arrival of the 1:50 train. Sweepstake shooting will begin on the arrival of the 9:53 train. Shooters who expect to enter should notify Secretary J. K. Starr, P. O. Box 295, some time before the shoot, that they may be placed at the proper distance without delay." Handicappers should keep in mind that there is a certain point at which it is a disadvantage to be too close.

The programme of the Interstate tournament, given for the Newport Gun Club, Newport, Vt., Aug. 7 and 8, may be obtained of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, or of Mr. John R. Akin, secretary of the Newport Gun Club, Newport, Vt. The programme for each day is alike, namely: Ten events, of which seven are at 15 targets, three at 20; entrance \$1.50 and \$2 respectively. Shooting commences each day at 9:30. All purses will be divided according to the Rose system, four moneys, ratios 8, 5, 3 and 2. Guns and ammunition forwarded to Messrs. True & Blanchard Co., Main street, Newport, will be delivered on the shooting grounds free of charge. Targets, at 1½ cents each, included in all entrances. Lunch will be served on the grounds each day. The headquarters will be at Hotel Memphremagog. The town is situated on Lake Memphremagog, and the latter is described as abounding in pickerel, bass, and some trout and whitefish. To the shooter who breaks targets with such monotonous regularity and certainty that when a miss comes its rarity is a cause of wonderment, a rod and reel may steady his nerves and refresh his being to such a degree that he will never miss at all.

A dispatch to a Philadelphia paper, under date of July 10, states as follows: "Gus Zimmerman, the well-known sharpshooter of this city, has been victorious in the first of the rifle shooting contests in which he participated. The thirteenth festival of the Federation of Riflemen at Dresden, Saxony, began on Sunday last and the tournament of sharpshooters began to-day. Zimmerman won the first prize on the 200yd. target. He received a decided advantage by reason of his quick-firing ability. Zimmerman's son, George, who seems to have inherited his father's shooting ability, also took part in the contest and won the second prize. At the opening of the festival on Sunday there was a large parade, at the head of which Zimmerman and his son rode in a carriage. The Americans also carried off the two leading prizes of the Endingen Shooting Society during a match at Endingen, Germany, where Zimmerman was born. Zimmerman and his son will take part in the international rifle shooting competition in conjunction with the Paris Exposition, which begins on July 19."

It would seem that the brethren of the Pacific coast can on occasion cut some nimble capers with the scatter gun. Mr. C. C. Nauman's victory at San Francisco over C. A. Haight, the former scoring 93, is good work, and would rate well among the good performances of the best men in the darkest East from the 30yd. mark. A match was the outcome of this victory. Mr. P. J. Walsh, a gentleman of skill and renown, challenged Mr. Nauman, the conditions being 100 birds each, \$50 a side, loser to pay for the birds. The race took place on July 6 and resulted in a victory for Mr. Nauman by a score of 97 to Mr. Walsh's 86. The merit of the performance was somewhat marred by shooting from the 28yd. mark instead of 30yds.

We have received a letter from Mr. Ansley H. Fox, of Baltimore, taking exception to the conclusion of the following "Driver and Twister," which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM last week: "The Baltimore American is particularly strong in its French phrases, as they relate to shooting, if the following is a fair sample: 'All except A. H. Fox, shooting under the nom de plume of E. C. Leader, were handicapped.' Still there may after all be little difference between a pen and a gun, as very pretty scores are betimes made with the pen alone." The Baltimore American's French phrase was the subject of the foregoing and not Mr. Fox; therefore it in no way applies to him.

Under date of July 13 the Sun presents the following: "A novel live-pigeon shoot was pulled off to-day at Dupont Park. The contestants were Dr. J. W. Smith and Alec D. Mermod, between whom a friendly rivalry has long existed. The shoot was at 10 live birds, with .22cal. repeating rifles, each man to have as many shots as he could pull, standing at 26yds. All birds were sprung from a No. 1 trap. The score: Smith 6, Mermod 4. The fewest number of shots required to bag a bird was two, and the largest 15. With the exception of three, all the birds were brought down with a rifle bullet, and some hits were remarkable. The men will shoot again."

The following clipping sets forth that Frank C. Riehl, of Alton, Ill., did some gilt-edged shooting at the Sunnyside range: "He shot at 150 bluerocks thrown at unknown angles from traps placed at the regulation distance from the shooting mark, and broke 148, losing but 1 in the first 100, and making a run of 82 straight kills. He is rapidly coming to the front as one of the foremost professional marksmen in the middle West. In the last seven shoots in which he has participated he has been high man four times, second once and third twice. He was up at Pekin last Saturday and shot with the Pekin Club, making an average of over 90 per cent., and defeating Connors, the crack Pekin sportsman, in a special match at 55 birds, Mr. Riehl killing 52."

The affable manager of the Interstate Association, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, bore the contented look which only comes from either a heart at peace with all men or a woodshed full of coupons. He said that the Interstate at Narragansett Pier was a success and ran as smoothly as an automobile. In that tournament Mr. John S. Fanning took high average during the two days, Mr. Edward Banks took second, while third was won by Leroy. Our excellent report in another column tells the story in full.

The tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, held last week at Fort Smith, Ark., was the most successful shoot ever held in the State. The famous trap shot, Mr. Frank Parmelee, killed 52 birds straight from the 32yd. mark, the run being unfinished.

The E C cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, was held by F. E. Sinnock, in the challenge contest with Mr. L. W. Colquitt, of Orange, N. J., on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., on Saturday of last week. The scores were 43 to 38.

Mr. H. H. Stevens, of New Brunswick, N. J., has challenged Mr. F. E. Sinnock to contest for the E C cup, and the holder, Mr. F. E. Sinnock, has accepted, and has named Aug. 4 and the grounds of the South Side Gun Club as the time and place for the contest.

In the contest for the Dewar cup at Interstate Park, L. I., on July 12, the conditions being 25 birds, \$7.50 entrance, Mr. T. W. Morley killed 25 straight, standing at the 31yd. mark.

At the Kingsville, Ont., shoot, July 4, Messrs. John Parker, E. J. Cady and P. C. Woods, of Detroit, won first, second, and third averages respectively, all shooting Peters new Ideal loads.

The secretary-treasurer, Mr. A. E. Perry, writes us that the St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club will hold a tournament on Aug. 3 and 4, and that the club will add \$240 or more in cash.

At Mahanoy City, Pa., on July 13, for a trophy, the Mahanoy City Gun Club and Shamokin Gun Club shot a team race, with victory to the former. The scores were: Mahanoy City Gun Club—F. Cooper 23, Stitzer 13, Bricker 15, Leitenberger 13, William Krause 15, F. Bernet 15, G. Griffith 18, M. Coper 17, W. Haldeman 20, T. Martin 13, J. Anstock 12, C. Burke 12, Hugh Stride 13, P. Kressler 9, Dr. Seligman 14, W. Reynolds 22; total 244. Shamokin Gun Club—W. Shipman 13, B. Boughner 10, D. O. Chamberlain 13, G. Tovey 16, Dr. Longshore 13, B. Trometter 20, B. B. Smith 14, B. F. Adams 12, T. G. Seiler 9, B. Mattis 16, S. C. Yocum 16, E. Nause 14, J. E. Herrold 12, H. McCloy 5, D. G. Seiler 14, W. Jackson, 9; total 206.

In a match at 50 live birds, at Yardville, N. J., on July 11, Mr. George Page defeated Mr. J. R. Farlee by the score of 45 to 43. In a match at 25 live birds, same day and place, F. Hendrickson, of Davis Station, defeated J. Doble, of Pittsfield, by a score of 25 to 24.

In the monthly live-bird shoot of the Erie Gun Club at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, on Wednesday of last week, there were eight contestants in the club event at 7 birds, and of these B. H. Plate killed straight from the 27yd. mark.

On July 6, in the club shoot of the Washington Heights Gun Club, at Throgg's Neck, Mr. Gus Nowak was the only one to kill straight, in a field of sixteen contestants, in the club event at 10 birds.

Handicapping by distance, from 12 to 20yds., was tried last week at the shoot of the Clearview Gun Club at Philadelphia with perfect success. It is the only equitable system of handicapping.

We are informed that the Indian tournament at Arnold's Park, Lake Okoboji, Ia., Aug. 28 to 31, will have \$700 added money. Mr. Thos. A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill., is secretary.

In the main event of the Walsrode Gun Club's shoot at Trenton on Wednesday of last week, Dr. George N. Thomas scored a win in the gold badge event.

BERNARD WATERS.

City Park Gun Club.

NEW ORLEANS, La., July 9.—Members of the City Park Gun Club as follows: Messrs. McKay, Kaufman, Sinnott and Benedict, left on the Louisville & Nashville train Saturday evening to become the guests of the Mobile Yacht and Gun Club over Sunday, Mr. Saucier having arrived in Mobile previously. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour of arrival, they were met by a delegation of the Mobile Club, and from that moment to their departure nothing was left undone to make the trip one of the most pleasant they have ever taken, and not the least must be mentioned the fine dinner on the club house gallery.

The members of the respective teams indulged in both live bird and target shooting, in the former of which Mr. Fowler was successful, closely followed by Messrs. McKay and Vass. In the team shoot at 25 clay birds the New Orleans team won by 9 points. Mr. Benedict, of the local club, made the best average for the day. The scores and averages below tell the story plainly to those initiated in trapshooting:

Ten live birds:
McKay 222222222—9 C E 0121210120—7
Fowler 122122221—10 Kaufman 0102122200—6
Vass 1220211112—9 Goodbrad 0111221022—8
Huntsville 1210212221—9 Saucier 1111001121—8

Shoot-off of tie on 9:
McKay 222222222—10 Vass 121222222—10
Huntsville 212121220—9

Team shoot, 25 bluerocks:
City Park Gun Club: McKay 20, Benedict 22, Saucier 17, Kaufman 24; total 83.
Mobile Gun Club: Ladd 20, Vass 20, Cook 16, Goodbrad 18; total 74.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	20	25	10	15	20	25
McKay	9	12	17	20	10	11	15	22
Benedict	9	15	17	22	9	13	16	22
Saucier	10	10	14	17	7	6	15	10
Kaufman	7	13	14	24	7	12	13	15
Ladd	9	14	14	20	8			
Vass	10	12	12	20	9	11	18	20
Cook				16	16	7	8	13
Goodbrad	8	13	14	18	8	13	12	19
C E	7	9	14					15
Hanlein	8	9						
Fowler	3	12						10
Bangle	7	11	19					10
Huntsville	6	12						7

Florists' Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, July 11.—Two main events engaged the efforts of the contestants, the first being that of a series of four for club prizes. The second was for the club championship. The conditions of the first were at 25 known and 25 unknown angles, with handicaps added to the score. The scores:

Bell 51, Smith 51, Parsons 51, Harris 50, Haywood 49, Webster 48, Westcott 45, Wolstencroft 43, McKarher 46, Dorp 45, Hause 44, Anderson 43, Park 41, Whitaker 40, Redifer 43, George 43, Reed 28.

Points won: Bell, Smith, Parsons and Harris, 3; Haywood, 2; Webster, Westcott and Wolstencroft, 1.

Club championship match: Wolstencroft 46, Anderson 40, Smith 39, Park 38, Parsons 37, Bell 37, Haywood 36, Harris 36, Dorp 32, McKarher 31, Webster 28, Westcott 28, Whitaker 25, Hause 25.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, Me., July 15.—The Auburn Gun Club held its usual Saturday afternoon shoot with about the usual attendance and that same cool breeze we always have. It is quite a nice little afternoon shoot when we throw between eight and nine hundred targets. Yesterday there was some little fun over the badge. By one of those accidents which will happen to the poorest shot the badge was held the two previous weeks by the same shooter and he fell over himself again to-day so far as to get in the tie for the badge. Then the boys called him hog and such pet names, but after the usual good natured jokes allowed him to keep it for another week, with no other regret than fear that it might make him walk one-sided or have to buy a larger hat.

C. E. C.

Country Gun Club.

MYERSTOWN, Pa., July 14.—With a strong wind the following scores were made on our grounds. This being our first shoot only a few were in attendance. We hope the attendance will increase the next time. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	10	10	15	Targets:	10	10	15
Shanahan	5	5	6	Hefflinger	1		
Risser	7	3	4	J. L. Dietz	5	6	13
Noll	5	7	10	W. G. Dietz	4	3	10

J. LERUE DIETZ, Sec'y.

In the Matter of Flinching.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va.—Editor Forest and Stream: Can you or any of your readers tell me a cure for "flinching" when trapshooting?

W. O. WATSON.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Trap at Interstate Park.

The Dewar Cup.

INTERSTATE PARK, July 12.—There were nine contestants in the competition for the Dewar cup, the restrictions concerning the professionals having been somewhat modified since the last contest for it. Morfe, standing at 31yds., killed his 25 straight. The conditions were 25 birds, \$7.50 entrance, handicap. The scores:

Morfe, 31	222222122221222222222222—25
Branch, 25	121021*122221*2222*122122—21
Armstrong, 30	122112222221*212222122112—24
Money, 29	222222212120201202121121—22
Lockwood, 26	2022212102*221211200000—16
Webber, 30	222222222222*2222222222—24
Meyers, 28	02*0212122210*21112212122—20
Sanders, 26	210120111221102222*110210—19
Steffens, 28	02*22101210112210121011—19

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Morfe, 31	22222—5	22222—5	22222—4	22222—5
Branch, 25	11022—4	12221—5	12220—4	22011—4
Armstrong, 30	12222—5	2222*—4	11220—4	21110—4
Money, 29	12101—4	10*12—3	02220—3	20001—2
Webber, 30	22222—5	22222—5	22222—4	
Lockwood, 27	222*2—4	21112—5	22101—4	20w
Myers, 28			21*2*—3	21222—5

New Utrecht Gun Club.

INTERSTATE PARK, July 14.—There were six contestants in the club event, and of these Morfe was put back to 32yds. Welch and Webber were next furthest back, standing at 30yds. The former killed his 15 straight, Morfe finishing with 14, he losing his fifth. In a warming-up event at 15 birds the scores were: Morfe, 32yds., 14; Welch, 30yds., withdrew at his eleventh bird with 9 kills; Money, 29yds., 14.

Club shoot, handicap:
Morfe, 32..... 2222*22222222—14 Hagedorn, 28..... 01201212122101—12
Welch, 30..... 22222112221122—15 Webber, 30..... 02022222222222—12
Money, 29..... 02012221121221—13 Lockwood, 28..... 111222*22*2200—11

Sweepstakes, 15 birds:
Morfe, 32..... 022212222202w Hagedorn, 28..... 11111100122121—13
Welch, 30..... 221222222222121—15 Lockwood, 28..... 0021012122020w
Money, 29..... 1111121220020w

Miss-and-out, \$2:
Morfe, 31..... 2222222222* Money, 29..... 12*
Welch, 30 21222211112 Webber, 30..... *

Matches and sweepstakes:
Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets: 25 25 25 25 25 20 Targets: 25 25 25 25 25 20
Money 16 20 20 22 21 12 Webber 15 22 13 14
Lincoln 15 18 Hagedorn 22 21 14
Welch 15 Morfe 18 13 13
No. 6 was at 10 pairs.

IN NEW JERSEY.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., July 14.—The allowances in events 7 and 12 follow the names of the contestants. No. 7 was the first merchandise shoot, and Nos. 8, 9 and 10 were respectively the first, second and third ties. No. 12 was the second merchandise event, and Nos. 13, 14 and 15 were the ties:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Feigenspan, 0, 0	9	8	7	10	9	10	25	10	9	10	25	9			
Capt Bunk, 0, 1	8	9	9	10	10	8	22								
Terrill, 6, 7	5	10	4	9	10	23									
Dawson, 8, 9	5	3	5	8	9	6	23								
Day, 2, 1						7	9	25	10	9	10	8			
Colquitt, 3, 4						7	6	8					25	10	8
Sinnock, 0, 1						8	10								
Heinrich, 8, 9						9	10	8	7	24					
Yeomans, 1, 1						10	9	10	25	9					
Hassinger, 3, 4						7	7	7	10	23					
Waller, 7, 6						7	10	8	25	40					
Stanton, 4, 6							7	8	22						
McDowell, 3, 1							9	25	10	9	10				
Jack Pattern, 5, 8								19							

Championship of New Jersey.

Mr. Feigenspan acted as judge for Mr. Sinnock; Mr. Yeomans for Mr. Colquitt. Mr. H. H. Stevens was referee.

E C cup, 50 targets, unknown angles:
F E Sinnock..... 0110111111111111111111—22
L W Colquitt..... 1111011111111111111111—21—43
101111111111111111111111111111—18
111101011010101111111111—20—38

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 14.—The fifty-two 25-target events of the Audubon Gun Club badge shooting season is closed, and the prizes were awarded as follows:

For the greatest number of wins in Classes A and B, a badge or trophy to the winners, choice, valued at \$20 each, and to the second largest number of wins a prize valued at \$15. An average prize was given in each of the two classes for the best average in any twenty-six of the season's events, valued at \$15. To the shooter in each class a prize of \$10 value was given for the greatest number of broken targets in the whole season, and also a prize valued at \$20 for the greatest number of straight scores. Dr. E. S. Carroll won first Class A prize, the average prize and the straight score prize. Jacob P. Fisher was equally fortunate in Class B, winning the first Class B, the average and the greatest number of broken target prizes. E. Burkhardt and Edward Reinecke tied on the second Class A prize, and each will receive a reminder of his shooting to the value of \$7.50. E. N. McCahey won the prize for the greatest number of breaks for the season by a large majority. A list of the leaders in each class is as follows:

Class A wins and averages: Dr. E. S. Carroll, 12 wins, average .832; E. Reinecke, 10, .812; E. C. Burkhardt, 10, .812; E. F. Hammond 7 wins, and Simon, 6 wins.

Class B wins and averages: J. P. Fisher, 15 wins, average .6962; E. N. McCahey, 7, .692; W. R. Eaton, 6; J. J. Reid, 6; J. E. Lodge, 5 wins.

Only three straight scores were made during the season. Of these Dr. Carroll has two to his credit, and H. D. Kirkover, Jr., has one. The average for the season is 2 per cent. lower than the last season's record, which is partly blamable to the severe winter. Eight of the twelve monthly cup shoots for club trophies have been held to date. The winners were E. S. Carroll, Simon, E. Reinecke, E. C. Burkhardt, E. F. Hammond, F. B. Walker, E. C. Burkhardt and E. F. Hammond.

At the annual meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. J. Reid, President; John A. Kennedy, Vice-President; C. S. Burkhardt, Secretary; George P. McArthur, Treasurer; E. P. Reynolds, James Lodge and W. R. Eaton, Directors. The badge shoot prizes for the coming season were left to a committee of three, who will announce the same later. The treasurer's report showed the club's finances in very good shape. The membership of the club is 100, all in excellent standing. In the last year death has claimed four of its most enthusiastic members in R. H. Hebard, Charles Oehmig, Capt. G. Reed Wilson and Philip G. Myers. It was decided to hold the regular club shoot on the first and third Saturdays of each month instead of each Saturday.

The following shows the guns and ammunition used by the badge winners: Dr. E. S. Carroll, L. C. Smith gun, 3drs. E. C. powder, 1½oz. No. 7 shot. E. Reinecke, Parker gun, 3½drs. Dupont, 1½oz. No. 7 shot. E. C. Burkhardt, Francotte gun, 3½drs. Hazard, 1½oz. No. 7 shot. J. P. Fisher, Parker gun, 3drs. Dupont, 1½oz. No. 7 shot. E. N. McCahey, Parker gun, 3½drs. Dupont, 1½oz. No. 7 shot. Simon, L. C. Smith gun, 3drs. Dupont, 1½oz. No. 7 shot.

Not a Manufacturer's Agent.

NEW YORK, July 14.—In answer to your criticism of my letter in your issue of the 14th inst., under the caption "Wolf or Lamb, Which?" allow me to say that I never was agent for any manufacturer of guns, powders, or shells. I have had gun powder and shells sent me for trial, but not as part payment to me to shoot them.

Allow me to say, Mr. Editor, that this is no rumor, but fact.

C. W. FLOYD.

Bellows Falls Gun Club.

BELLOWS FALLS, Vt., July 12.—The Concord, N. H., Gun Club sent ten men to shoot the Bellows Falls Gun Club a match for \$50 a side, but owing to a little misunderstanding on the part of the Concord team that all shooters should be actual members of the club and residents of the place which the club represented, the match was declared off, and the time was spent in shooting sweepstakes. The letters B. F. after the name show Bellows Falls men, and C. Concord. Below is the score. All events unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	15	5p	10	10	10	10
Norwood, B. F.	9	6	13	6	10	7	7	7
Gibson, B. F.	8	10	14	8	8	10	8	10
Shepardson, B. F.	7	7	12			9	9	8
Knight, B. F.					10		10	8
Capron, B. F.	6	7	11			9	6	8
Morrison, B. F.				13		7	8	9
Ray, B. F.	6				5	8		
Russell, B. F.				4				
Stark, C.	8	8	13	7	7	8	7	6
Morris, C.		6		7	7	3	6	5
Haynes, C.	7	3	13	9	6	9	7	4
Nardinia, C.	5	5	10	7	6	8	9	9
Martin, C.	5	6		9	8	4	7	7
King, C.	9	6	13	6	6	9	7	9
Chadwick, C.					6		6	9
Woodruff					4	6		6
Rowe, C.	6		12	9	10	8		

Event No. 9 was miss-and-out. Below is the score:
Morrison, B. F. 1111111111111111—20
Gibson, B. F. 1111111111111111—19
Shepardson, B. F. 111111111111—11
Nardinia, C. 11111111—8
Capron, B. F. 111110—5
Martin, C. 11110—4
Haynes, C. 1110—3
Rowe, C. 110—2
King, C. 110—2
Morris, C. 10—1
C. H. GIBSON, Sec'y.

Staunton Gun Club.

STAUNTON, Va., July 13.—Herewith find scores made at the regular shoots of the Staunton Gun Club this week. The feature of to-day's shoot was the fine shooting of Mr. Sillings, who, after missing his first bird, ran 49 straight. It was a very fine performance, in view of the fact that the wind was blowing almost a gale across the traps, which made it very difficult to connect with the targets. In sending in my report of last week's shoot I made a

The Interstate Association.

At Narragansett Pier.

Just about one year ago the Interstate Association held a target tournament at Providence, R. I., under the auspices of the gun club of that city. The Providence boys had a lot of vim, and went to work and aroused the whole of New England, bringing together one of the largest crowds ever seen at an Interstate tournament and establishing a record for target throwing—over 17,000 in two days from one set of five expert traps—a record that will be hard to beat. The Providence shoot was a good one, and Rhode Island had reason to be proud of the efforts of its leading gun club.

Emboldened by the success that attended the Providence shoot, the Canonchet Gun Club, of Narragansett Pier, R. I., whispered something in the ear of S. A. Tucker just before he left for New York some time last winter. The result was that Mr. Tucker put his oar in when the time came for the Interstate Association to select places for holding target tournaments in 1900, and Narragansett Pier was one of the chosen few. The dates suggested for holding the shoot were satisfactory; hence the tournament was held July 11-12, Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

The Shoot a Thorough Success.

The shoot was a thorough success from start to finish. The usual preliminary work on the day before the tournament brought out about fifteen shooters, and a full programme of events was shot through before the boys decided to go back to the Pier and watch the moon rise from the piazza of the Atlantic Hotel. Jack Fanning was the big bug in the preliminary work, but some of the others chased him pretty well down the line.

Visitors dropped in fast during the later hours of Tuesday, and before Manager Shaner went to bed, which he always does at an early hour, he had figured out that some thirty-odd shooters were on the ground ready to start in the morning. A review of the number of entries in the first day's events shows that there was an average of almost forty-five in all ten events; a single additional entry in any one event would have made the average exactly forty-five, which is good—decidedly good—these days. On the second day one event had fifty entries, but toward the close the entries dropped off, several shooters having to leave early, as "The Pier" is not an easy place to get home from, the 4:15 P. M. train being much sought after. Altogether a total of 14,550 targets were thrown in the two days in the programme events alone. On the first day proceedings were brought to a close with an event at 25 targets, expert rules, which caused another 400 targets to be added to the list, there being sixteen entries in that event.

Some Features of Narragansett.

Trapshooters do not as a rule frequent places like Narragansett; I may therefore be pardoned for referring briefly to some of the special features of that place. The programme for the tournament states in its introductory that "the main portion of Narragansett Pier lies along the shore from the bathing beach on the north to the south pier, and consists of about a score of large hotels, a hundred or more cottages, four churches, the post office, a few stores, and last, but not least, the Casino." It also states that "the chief attraction at the Pier is the bathing beach."

All the above is perfectly correct, but the scribe who wrote that description left out a couple of features distinctly Narragansettian. These were the "police station" and Narragansett's one policeman. Taking the police station first, it is a frame building, dark with age, and with spiders making free with its wide open windows and doors. Paint has never soiled it, and one cannot believe that it ever boasted a "blotter." Jack Hallowell graphically described it thus: "The calaboose is a peach!"

I have also referred to Narragansett's "one policeman" as a feature of interest. I did so because I never saw him in any place save on the corner near the Rockingham Hotel, cat-cornered from the post office, from which vantage post he could scan all his beat, from the drug store to the Sea View R. R., possibly 250 yds., all told. His costume was strictly negligee—a straw hat, tunic fastened by two buttons at the throat, a "billy" twirled by a leather thong in true Tenderloin fashion. Everybody admired his pose. He is just as much a feature of Narragansett as the Casino. (There may have been more than one cop, but the boys said not—and they generally know.)

How We Got to the Grounds.

There were several ways to get to the grounds. Admiral Courtney and the rest of the dudes drove out by way of the driveways through Gov. Sprague's beautiful grounds direct to the club house. Some of us walked all the way, as it was not quite a mile all told. Others walked about half a mile to the terminus of the Sea View R. R., and then waited for a trolley car that ran once every hour. The trolley ride lasted just three minutes, covered one-third of a mile that lay between the terminus of the road and the entrance to the shooting grounds, and was negotiated for the small sum of 5 cents. (N. B.—That ride, soda water and "hot dogs" at the refreshment tent were the only 5-cent purchases obtainable in Narragansett; everything else cost money—and lots of it.)

Once at the grounds, the view was very beautiful, and the cool breezes that blew all the time most refreshing. The club house of the Canonchet Gun Club is small, but served its purposes very well. The large tent of the Interstate Association, Elmer E. Shaner's pride, afforded shade to the contestants and spectators, and was duly appreciated.

The background, while it added much to the picturesqueness of the landscape, also added many ciphers to the scores. In the first place the ground beyond the traps sloped away to patches of woodland that were just about as dark as they could be. The slope of the ground was deceptive, and more targets were lost by being overshot than by any other error of judgment. Then again there was always a strong wind blowing from the score to the traps; this wind was so strong at times that even Jack Fanning lost several targets, causing him to pucker up his lips and whistle cheerlessly. It was good, hard shooting, but extremely interesting; any one was liable to lose a target when least expected.

The trap house was a capital one, apparently modeled after that of the Providence Gun Club. The trappers had plenty of room to work in, and had no trouble in handling the targets that were piled up behind them on a broad shelf that contained on Tuesday morning just 25,000 targets, the contents of fifty barrels. One set of five expert traps was used, and none of the traps gave much trouble at any period of the shoot. All in all, the Canonchet Gun Club is to be congratulated on its club house, trap house, etc.

A Boss Cashier.

The Canonchet Gun Club is also to be congratulated on its choice of a cashier for the shoot. The cashier in question was Bob Root, of Providence, irreverently nicknamed "Broot," who is certainly one of the daddies at running a cashier's office. Mr. Root was the whole office; he made up the squad pads, wrote down all the names, took entries, entered up the scores on the sheets kept for the use of the press, figured out the moneys, and had a system of his own which enabled him to ascertain in an instant just what a man had coming to him at any period during the shoot. Within a minute or two after the last gun had been fired Bob was yelling to the boys to "Come and get your money and let me go home." In addition to doing all the above, this New England wonder found time to make several rude remarks about a certain party who shall be nameless, to crack many jokes and to hand out cigars and sustenance free of charge to all who were in sore need of the same. Considering what he did and how he did it, Mr. B. Root must be possessed of a great head and a good temper. This is what Elmer Shaner thinks of him as a cashier: "I've never met McConaughy, of Cincinnati, but I've heard a lot about him. If he can beat Bob Root he's fit to have wings right away!"

All the other help at this shoot was built somewhat after the same order as the cashier. Messrs. George Briggs (who is, I believe, president of the club), G. H. Cook and J. C. Tucker, Jr., acted as referees, relieving one another frequently. Considering how hard the background was, the decisions were given well and promptly. The puller was Rube Burdick, who was evidently no novice at the game, for even the speed of squad No. 1 did not feaze him in the least. Frank Laughlin was blackboard scorer, and Amos Tripp the party who penciled down the scores on the pads; the latter was far the more experienced of the two scorers.

"Manufacturers' Agents."

The list of manufacturers' agents is a long one, there being sixteen in all on the ground, though not all of them shot through the programme. The list consists of the following: J. S. Fanning, Laffin & Rand Powder Co.; J. J. Hallowell, U. M. C. Co.; W. F. Parker, L. J. Gaines, S. A. Tucker and O. R. Dickey, all of Parker Brothers; W. L. Colville and B. Leroy Woodard, of the

Dupont Powder Co.; Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Remington Arms Co.; Edward Banks, of the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co.; J. H. Cameron and C. E. Roberts, of the W. R. A. Co.; B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co., and Messrs. Howard Marlin, Geo. E. Bartlett and Miss Clinton, of the Marlin Fire Arms Co.

Amateurs.

Among the amateurs were some who came from quite a distance. For instance, there was the "Waterville squad," referred to later. This squad was composed of S. A. Greene, D. P. Foster, S. L. Preble and Dr. M. K. Dwinell, all of Waterville, Me., and W. L. "Johnson," of Portland, Me. L. H. Schortemeier came from New York city, and "Capt. Bunk" from New Brunswick, N. J. H. L. Amos, of Willimantic, was the sole representative of the Nutmeg State's amateurs. (Where was M. H. Clark, of New Haven?) A. B. Cartledge came all the way from Philadelphia, and notwithstanding the fact that he was sadly out of form shot through the whole programme, and never made a whimper.

Massachusetts sent six representatives on the first day: F. B. Whitin, of Whitins; Tom Howe, of Hingham; J. D. Jordan, of Springfield; E. B. Wadsworth (Puck), of Boston, and A. H. Baker and A. F. Leonard, of Brockton.

Rhode Island had seventeen representatives outside of those who came from the home club: H. W. Bain, H. B. Rust, C. H. Powell, Senator N. F. Reiner, G. Norton and C. H. Budlong came from Providence; E. C. Griffith, W. F. Slade, F. Inman and C. H. Phettipiece from Pascoag; C. H. Getchell, F. Mills, A. Seagraves and E. R. Darling from Woonsocket, and F. Barber, W. Metcalf and E. Brown from Carolina.

The home club was represented by George Briggs, Jas. McArdle, C. H. Tucker, J. C. Tucker, Jr., G. H. Cook, R. Gavitt, Jas. Arnold, and last, but not least, F. C. Serenson, secretary of the Canonchet Gun Club, a first-class shot and a good hustler, who worked hard enough to knock him out in the shooting line.

The Manager Hustled Things.

The shoot was run on strictly American principles. When delivering his usual speech to the shooters before the first gun was fired, Manager Shaner stated that as there were so many entries each squad must be ready to step into the place of the one that had just shot if the shooters wished to get through in time for dinner. The consequence was that as fast as one squad got through in any event its place was taken by the next in order. Seldom, if ever, was a man missing when his name was called. Manager Shaner acted as squad hustler, and "bustled us about" (as the English shooters said of Paul North when he ran their annual tournament last June), keeping things moving like clockwork. The result of his efforts is well shown in the number of targets thrown each day. The trappers worked well and faithfully, and added in no small degree to the success of the shoot.

Taken all in all, I have never attended a more pleasantly conducted shoot; I have been at some just as good, but never at one that was superior to this one, and it should do a good deal toward booming trapshooting in Rhode Island.

First Day, July 11.

This was a bright, clear day, with a strong southwest wind that made the shooting very hard at times, the targets being forced down by the breeze, that blew directly from the score over the traps.

The attendance was very good, fifty-five shooters taking part in the ten programme events, the total entry list being only one short of an average of forty-five for all events. Shooting commenced promptly at 9:30, and including an interval of half an hour for lunch the programme was completed by 5:45, 7,635 targets having been thrown from the five traps in exactly seven hours and three-quarters by the clock!

Several of the boys thought it was too early to go back to their hotels when the programme was shot out, so started an extra event at 25 targets, expert rules, one man up, \$2 entrance. Fanning won first alone on 23, Leroy being one of two to cut up second money on 22. As the event had sixteen entries, this made an additional 400 targets thrown during the day.

The race for the first three or four places was quite interesting. S. A. Tucker and Fanning each scored 95 out of their first 100 shot at. Griffith, of Pascoag, the holder of the Rhode Island inanimate target championship, was high among the amateurs, with Preble, of Waterville, Me., 4 targets behind him. Thirty-six shooters in all shot through the programme. Below are the scores made:

Scores of July 11.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot
Angles:	K	U	K	U	K	U	K	U	K	U	at.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	Broke.
J S Fanning.....	15	14	20	13	19	14	14	20	12	19	170
S A Tucker.....	14	15	19	13	19	15	11	19	13	18	170
E Banks.....	12	12	20	14	20	14	14	17	14	18	170
O R Dickey.....	12	14	19	13	18	12	14	16	15	19	170
E C Griffith.....	13	14	18	12	17	14	13	20	12	18	170
S Preble.....	13	12	18	13	15	13	16	13	19	19	170
A H Baker.....	10	14	17	14	19	14	13	16	10	18	170
F Inman.....	13	15	16	13	17	12	13	18	13	15	170
S Greene.....	12	11	18	12	16	14	13	15	14	19	170
B Leroy.....	14	9	19	12	16	12	13	19	11	18	170
F B Whitin.....	12	13	18	13	16	12	12	17	13	17	170
W F Parker.....	13	13	19	12	17	15	11	16	13	13	170
T Howe.....	14	11	18	13	18	11	13	16	12	15	170
Capt Bunk.....	14	11	14	15	14	12	12	16	15	18	170
Dr Bill.....	12	11	16	13	16	13	12	15	13	17	170
C H Getchell.....	12	9	16	13	16	15	14	16	13	14	170
F C Serenson.....	13	12	15	14	13	15	12	16	13	14	170
H L Amos.....	13	11	17	12	16	12	11	18	10	15	170
J J Hallowell.....	12	14	14	13	14	13	12	16	13	13	170
J D Jordan.....	13	12	13	15	13	9	11	14	14	15	170
G H Cook.....	10	12	13	11	18	11	12	17	12	18	170
H W Bain.....	11	11	14	12	18	10	13	17	11	16	170
Puck.....	13	14	16	11	16	11	10	15	12	14	170
Col A G Courtney.....	11	17	13	17	13	9	11	11	16	17	170
D P Foster.....	11	14	16	10	16	10	11	13	11	17	170
F Mills.....	13	10	12	13	18	11	11	17	10	13	170
G E Bartlett.....	10	11	14	11	17	9	13	16	9	18	170
W L Colville.....	10	11	15	14	16	9	11	10	13	10	170
W L Johnson.....	12	9	10	14	12	11	11	11	11	14	170
A B Cartledge.....	10	7	14	11	14	9	10	15	8	12	170
J H Marlin.....	11	7	11	10	15	10	8	11	11	14	170
A Seagraves.....	10	9	11	11	14	11	9	12	9	12	170
W F Slade.....	9	8	11	13	8	11	9	12	9	12	170
H B Rust.....	11	7	10	7	11	9	9	8	9	13	170
Dr Dwinell.....	5	8	13	7	5	10	10	17	3	9	170
C H Powell.....	6	6	11	8	6	8	6	12	6	11	170
J H Cameron.....	8	9	5	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	170
B H Norton.....	5	11	17	9	11	9	9	9	9	9	170
W Metcalf.....	9	6	10	10	15	13	13	9	9	9	170
E R Darling.....	9	12	14	12	14	12	9	9	9	9	170
L J Gaines.....	9	7	17	17	12	12	13	10	9	9	170
C Leonard.....	13	14	16	10	14	9	9	9	9	9	170
N F Reiner.....	10	9	11	9	16	8	13	15	8	9	170
J McArdle.....	12	12	12	12	15	11	16	14	14	14	170
C H Tucker.....	12	15	9	9	9	11	9	9	9	9	170
Miss Clinton.....	7	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	170
C E Roberts.....	8	7	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	170
F Barber.....	12	12	12	12	10	9	9	9	9	9	170
R Gavitt.....	12	12	12	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	170
J Arnold.....	12	14	6	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	170
G Norton.....	6	7	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	170
C H Budlong.....	6	6	7	8	6	6	6	6	6	6	170
E Brown.....	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	170
C Phettipiece.....	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	170
Geo Briggs.....	18	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	170
No. of entries:	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	Average, 44.9
Total number of targets thrown, 7,635.											

Second Day, July 12.

The weather conditions to-day were quite different from what they were on the previous one. A southeaster blew up a lot of fog from the bay, and the sun was not visible all day. This made the shooting harder than ordinarily, as the light was very poor, and varied much at times. This, added to the dark background and the strong wind, made the boys attend strictly to business when at the score.

Some shooters who took part yesterday were absent to-day, but others came to take their places. In fact the score sheet shows a list of fifty-six names as against fifty-five for yesterday. Among the new comers were: W. Allison, of South Weymouth, Mass.; J. "Olney," of Pascoag, R. I.; M. W. Coffin, of Whitins, Mass.; Dr. "Greener," of Providence; H. W. Moore, of Wickford, R. I., and C. B. Snell, of Worcester, Mass.

As was only to be expected, Fanning again headed the list with

159 breaks, as against 160 yesterday. Leroy shot in his old form for the first 100 targets, breaking 95 of them and leading Fanning at that stage of the game by 2 targets for the day's average. He fell off after lunch and finished in third place, 6 targets behind Fanning. Preble again shot very well, and deservedly won first honors among the amateurs. A pleasant feature of the day that was not on the programme was due to the thoughtfulness of Jack Hallowell, who felt that the "Waterville squad" merited some special mention on the part of the shooters, since they had come so far from home and shot all through the programme. He accordingly quietly suggested that the manager, Elmer Shaner, propose three cheers for the Waterville squad when the last man of that squad had shot at his last target. This was done, and three hearty cheers were given for the boys from Maine. The squad was made up as follows: S. A. Greene, D. P. Foster, Dr. M. Dwinell and S. L. Preble, all of Waterville, and W. L. "Johnson," of Portland, Me. Maine carried off the schuetzen koenig honors of the tournament so far as the amateurs were concerned, Mr. Preble pocketing them quite easily.

Below are the scores, together with the averages of the twenty-seven who shot through the programme:

Scores of July 12.										
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Angles:	K	U	K	U	K	U	K	U	K	U
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
I S Fanning.....	14	15	19	13	19	13	12	20	14	20
E Banks.....	14	13	20	12	16	14	14	19	15	17
B Leroy.....	15	14	19	14	18	15	12	16	15	15
S Preble.....	14	10	19	13	18	14	14	18	12	20
O R Dickey.....	14	13	18	10	20	13	14	17	11	19
S Greene.....	12	14	19	14	14	12	17	14	19	17
S A Tucker.....	14	12	18	12	16	12	15	17	15	17
C H Getchell.....	13	14	15	12	18	11	15	20	12	18
Capt Bunk.....	11	12	17	14	17	12	15	17	13	17
Dr Bill.....	14	10	19	13	18	10	15	18	13	15
W F Parker.....	13	12	15	13	17	12	14	17	13	15
G E Bartlett.....	11	14	16	12	15	12	12	17	13	18
J D Jordan.....	14	13	16	13	16	9	11	15	13	18
F C Serenson.....	11	12	17	11	14	13	12	18	12	18
F B Whitin.....	12	15	18	14	12	12	12	16	11	15
W Allison.....	11	12	15	12	13	13	12	17	13	14
G H Cook.....	11	13	15	11	14	13	14	16	13	16
Puck.....	13	12	15	12	17	14	10	15	11	16
A H Baker.....	10	12	15	12	20	9	11	19	14	12
T Howe.....	12	13	17	13	12	13	10	14	11	19
J J Hollowell.....	9	9	19	8	17	11	12	18	11	16
D P Foster.....	11	10	14	10	17	12	13	17	11	15
Col A G Courtney.....	11	10	17	10	10	13	12	15	13	17
M W Coffin.....	1	8	16	10	18	9	13	18	11	14
W L Johnson.....	12	11	17	10	14	10	5	18	8	14
A B Cartledge.....	11	10	12	11	11	7	9	12	11	12
Dr Dwinell.....	9	11	10	10	12	7	7	8	8	10
W L Colville.....	12	11	13	12	16
E C Griffith.....	14	12	19	14	18	9	12	14	12	..
F Inman.....	12	12	18	14	14
H L Amos.....	15	11	17	10	16	12	12	17	14	..
J H Cameron.....	8	8	13	5	10
B H Norton.....	12	13	13	14	13	12	12	10	12	..
L J Gaines.....	7	12	12
Geo Briggs.....	11	7	13	10	15
J McArdle.....	8	9	14	9	13	11	10	14
H W Bain.....	13	13	16	13	16	11	11	15	11	..
C Phettiplace.....	13	12	17	9	15	8	9
W F Slade.....	12	12	17	10	12	13	11
N F Reiner.....	7	11	10
J H Marlin.....	12	14	16	13	14
C E Roberts.....	7	8	11	7	5
J Olney.....	9	9	13	9
G Norton.....	7	6	6
Miss Clinton.....	6	..	8	..	10	..	10
Dr Greener.....	11	13	10	13	15	12	14
C H Tucker.....	..	15	10	17
H H Moore.....	..	18	13	12
J C Tucker.....	..	13	..	13	5	9	16	14	11	..
R C Smith.....	..	15	..	10	10	7
D Lewis.....	..	15
A Eggers.....	14	10
C B Snell.....	11	9
J Arnold.....	8
Burns.....	9	7
Dr Inman.....	12
No. of entries:	45	45	50	45	45	40	40	36	34	23
Total number of targets thrown.	6,915.									
Average, 40.										

Jack Fanning has been dropping so few targets lately that he can't yet quite make out how he managed to let 21 get away from him in the two days of the tournament. But I don't believe he'd like to go back and bet that he could better his average of over 93 per cent. for the 340 targets shot at, if the same weather conditions were to prevail.

Wilbur F. Parker has taken up golf, and let shooting take a back seat. That's the reason why his scores did not show up as well as usual. Both he and Gaines issued cordial invitations to "Come up and take in our sheep bake on Labor Day." The Meriden Gun Club's sheep bakes are always worthy of attention.

The smallest trapper in the pit was the lunchman's best customer on Tuesday. He is about fifteen years old, stands 3ft. nothing, but got away with 65 cents' worth during the half hour devoted to lunch. Yet the lobsters were only 15 cents each, and pie 5 cents a cut!

Why should Elmer Shaner christen No. 1 squad the "Rowdies"? It was composed as follows: Fanning No. 1, Hallowell No. 2, Parker No. 3, Leroy No. 4, and Banks No. 5. Neither trappers, referees, puller nor scorers had time to loaf when that squad was at work in some of the known angle events.

Leroy's trigger for his right barrel was too light on the first day, and caused him several premature discharges and lost targets. He fixed the pulloff that night and started in like a racehorse on the morning of the second day, shooting like his old self and scoring 95 out of his first 100.

O. R. Dickey was shooting in something like his old-time form, but had an occasional bad ten minutes like everybody else, and pulled his average down by bunching his misses.

C. W. Dimick, of the U. S. Cartridge Co., was a spectator on the morning of the second day, and watched the shooting with much interest.

Miss Clinton, the famous lady rifle shot, tried her hand with the shotgun, but showed lack of practice with the scattergun after her six weeks' devotion to the small caliber weapon she uses. She has a graceful pose at the score, and handles her gun in a very taking way. With more practice she should make a name for herself at the traps.

Elmer Shaner has returned to the bosom of his family with a cranium that glows nobly—the work of a hot sun while he was bathing in the cool waters of Narragansett Bay.

George Briggs, James McArdle and E. C. Serenson were a trio of shooters from the home club who did their work at the traps, whether refereeing or shooting, in a manner that helped the manager considerably. R. Gavitt, sometimes known as "the Hoodoo," also did not miss many targets—sometimes.

When Parker Brothers start their museum three very interesting additions to the exhibits would be a certain well-known pair of shoes, Tucker's shooting jacket and Wilbur Parker's old hat.

W. Allison, of South Weymouth, Mass., was missing on the first day. He arrived on time on the second day, saying he was bound to be on hand, even if he lost his job. He did not miss many targets either, and was not in it for the booby prize.

Dr. "Greener," of Providence, received a warm greeting when he arrived on the second day. Shaner and a bed slat were portions of the reception committee.

Puck is quite a sprinter, and might catch his man if he would not persist in falling down just when his prey is within his reach. Everybody missed Tom Keller.

Fifteen thousand targets in two days is not bad work for one set of five expert traps.

C. P. Shattuck, representing the Providence Journal, is one of the very few reporters of shooting events that belong to the daily press. Mr. Shattuck got his work out in excellent style, and wrote up the tournament in a manner that could be understood and appreciated by those who shoot at the trap.

EDWARD BANKS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., July 14.—Mr. Ed Steck was the only contestant to break 25 straight in the trophy event. Mr. Herman Paul, of Waterloo, Ia., was a visitor. In a practice event, 25 targets, the scores were: Paul 12, Bowles 9, Buck 16, Adams 19, Milliken 4, Walters 9, Sprague 13, Horn 13, Steck 18.

Trophy shoot:
Paul 001111110010111110001111-17
Bowles 1001000110100010101111-13
O. J. Buck 1100111111110111101010-19
Milliken 0000001010100000101111-9
A. W. Adams 110101111111011110111011-19
Walters 110010011111011110111011-19
W. Sprague 010001101011000001001000-8
Ed Steck 1111111111111111111111-25
Horn 001010100100000010100101-9
Goodrich 101111111111111110111111-23

Monthly trophy:
Paul 010000001111000-5
Bowles 010011101000101-7
Buck 11110100110111-11
Adams 11111111001011-11
Milliken 10100101011010-7
Ford 010001000000000-1
Walters 001100010011011-7
Sprague 111111000110111-11

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, July 14.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of our eleventh trophy shoot of the season.

R. Kuss won Class A medal on a straight score of 25. Dr. J. W. Meek, W. P. Northcott and A. Hellman tied for B medal on a score of 20. J. D. Pollard won Class C medal on a score of 23.

Other events were 10 and 15 target sweepstakes. R. Kuss easily carried off high honors of the day, breaking 132 out of 135 targets shot at.

The day was hot and rather windy, and altogether rather an uncomfortable one for target shooting. The attendance was not up to our average, but was fair considering the fact that many of our members are away on their vacations. The scores:

Eleventh trophy shoot, 25 targets:

Northcott 1101111011111011011101-20
Kehl 00100111010110111110001-15
Kehl 00001000111001010110000-9
Dr. J. W. Meek 1111101111110110011011-20
Pollard 1101111101111111111111-23
A. McGowan 11000011110001010101001-13
P. McGowan 0100011010100001000101-11
R. Kuss 1111111111111111111111-25
W. A. Stuchlik 111000110001010110110-15
E. Bingham 0111111111111111111111-22
J. Wolff 1101101101010101001111-17
F. Wolff 00101001110111011010001-14
C. P. Richards 1111010001111101011111-19
T. Eaton 11111010010101001001100-14
M. Bowers 1011111111111111111111-21
A. D. Dorman 1011101111111111111111-22
H. N. Delano 01110010000001110100111-13
Bumiller 00000000000000010000010-3
L. Wolff 01100100011011010001110-13
A. Hellman 10111011011111110001111-20
T. P. Hicks 1111101011111111111111-23
Dr. C. H. Graves 01000010101011111001101-14

Sweepstakes:
Events: 1 2 4 5 6 7
Targets: 15 10 15 10 15 10
Northcott 14 10
Kehl 9 5
Kehl 7 2 9 5 7
Dr. Meek 8
Pollard 12 8 11 7
A. McGowan 2 7 11 7
P. McGowan 9 6 10 7 8
R. Kuss 14 10 15 10 14 10
Stuchlik 6 4 10
Bingham 14 10 14
J. Wolff 12 4 8
F. Wolff 4 8

Garden City Gun Club.

Chicago, July 14.—J. B. Barto and Tramp Irwin tied for first honors in the Garden City Gun Club's shoot to-day at Watson's Park, while Abe Kleinman won the trophy for the greatest number of consecutive kills. All stood at 30yds, though some had extra birds to shoot at. The scores:

Dewey 100212222111120-12
Kimball 200101222102111-13
Amberg 1212222102111102-14

Card 122**0202210010121-11
Adams 122202212100212-12
O'Brien 211021110101222-13
Levi 120002121220222-13
Day 211121221010120-14
Palmer 220*21**2021112-11
Barto *2222222221112-15
Knickerbocker 11002002111*200112-12
Young 012111201***1*0w-14
Kleinman 22212111212102-14
Gillis 011220020111111-12
Irwin 222222211012211-15
Goldsmith 1122012201121011-13
Seven-bird sweep, entrance \$2.50, three moneys: Dewey, Amberg and Kleinman, 7 each; Barto, Willis, Goldsmith, Knickerbocker, Irwin, Levi and O'Brien, 6 each; S. Palmer, 5.
RAVELRIGG.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

THE Peoria Gun Club held its monthly meet and medal shoot on July 8. The weather was fine, but a very stiff wind blowing across the range made the targets erratic and affected scores severely. Gus Portman won the Class A medal with his new Parker gun, Riehl and Leisy coming in close second and third. Billy Bordeaux got the Class B medal after a shoot-off with Wantling, while Frank had an easy lead for the Class C trophy. Following the main contest a 10-bird sweep was shot, and then Tom Scott gave the boys an hour's entertainment over a coop full of swift summer birds in a \$1 (birds extra) miss-and-out. In this latter event Riehl and Scholes divided the money, and in conclusion Connor, Burnside and Riehl shot a 55-target contest.

Peoria now has two thriving gun clubs of large membership and not a few smaller shooting organizations and is one of the shooting centers of the middle West. Peoria is a live, wide-awake and thrifty city and there is no reason why the noble art of trapshooting ought not to continue to thrive and grow in that vicinity. The scores follow:

Class A.
G. Portman 11011011111011110011111-20
Riehl 101111111111111111111-24-44
J. Huff 111111111111111111111-23
Leisy 111111111111111111111-20-43
Simmons 111011111111111111111-21
Baker 110111111111111111111-19-38
Mills 111111111111111111111-22
Burnside 011110010110011111111-19-41
Bartson 111010111111111111111-21
Heilman 111101011111111111111-20-41
W. Huff 011110010111111111111-19-39
C. Portman 011111111111111111111-19-38
Connor 111111111111111111111-17-36
Class B.
Bordeaux 001111111111111111111-17
Wantling 111111111111111111111-20-37
Scott 111111111111111111111-18
G. Webber 111111111111111111111-19-37
Walters 100010110110111111111-17
Frank 111101111111111111111-16
Bradley 111101111111111111111-16-31
Johnson 011101111111111111111-18-30
Gough 01101010000101000000011-8
Whiffin 001000001011101111111-14
Garver 1011000101010100010111-13-22
McClagge 010010011001001000010-10
Schlehnoer 0001001000100011110000-9-19
Miss-and out; \$1:
Connor 02222
Burnside 20222
Riehl 2222
Portman 1210
Bordeaux 01111
Special race, 55 targets: Burnside 45, Connor 43, Riehl 52.

The Piasa Gun Club held its regular shoot this week, interest being added to the occasion by the fact of several challenges from members to Mr. Lane for the W. C. Co. medal. He graciously accepted them "all in a bunch," and Mr. A. J. Howell won out in the third stage of the race. The scores:

1st. 2d. 3d.
Howell, 36..... 31 18 10
Lane, 36..... 30 18 8
Schies, 36..... 26 ..
Beall, 36..... 30 16 ..
Gaddis, 41..... 30 18 9
Schweppe, 41..... 30 18 9
Phinney, 42..... 22 ..
Cole, 52..... 14 ..
Doterding, 52..... 21 ..
Leach, 52..... 16 ..
F. C. RIEHL.

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., July 8.—If a tournament had been in progress on Saturday afternoon it couldn't have sounded more business-like. Three squads lined up for the fray, and before the smoke cleared away 1,300 targets had been shot, and some of them hit.

Misses Oglesby, Black and Fishback came out to see the sport, and also Mr. Eugene Henderson and family, the latter watching the game from their carriage.

Already some of the shooters are beginning to show up, Mr. Paul Litzke, secretary of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, being now quartered at the Hotel Main.

Monday will be preliminary day of the Arkansas tenth annual, and Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday will all be devoted to inanimate targets. On Friday a live-bird handicap sweep will be run off in which such cracks as Parmelee, Taylor and Parker—of Omaha, St. Louis and Detroit respectively—will be seen.

A nominal entrance of 10 cents will be charged at the gate, and the entrance to the shooting ground is half a block north of the end of the Little Rock avenue car line.

In the medal shoot Saturday evening Mr. Waller Boyd surprised his many friends by winning the medal after an exciting contest with the best shots in the club, and as this is the first time in the history of the club that this gentleman has succeeded in winning this much-coveted trophy he was heartily congratulated on his splendid shooting. No more popular win could be recorded.

Following are the scores in the medal race:

A. W. Boyd 011111111111111111111-21
Kimmons 111101110011111111111-21
Matthews 111101111111111111111-20
Leach 011111111111111111111-19
Durden 011001101111111111111-19
Baptiste 001101111111111111111-18
Payne 010111110110100111111-17
R. Speer 010111111010010101111-17
Coffey 011111001111111111111-16
Hartwell 111100011111111111111-15
C. Boyd 110100011111111111111-15
F. G. Speer 000001011011010100111-12
Clarkson 010000000111111111111-10
Oglesby 10100110101010000010100-10
Williams 001000010011011001101100-10
J. Reynolds 10000101101101100110111-14

Shoot-off off for tie for the medal:
Boyd 0111101011-7
Kimmons 1001111000-5
Several sweeps were run off after the medal shoot, in which the honors were about equally divided.

LEACH.

Great Falls Rod and Gun Club.

GREAT FALLS, Mont., July 9.—The recent tournament under the auspices of the Great Falls Rod and Gun Club was the most successful yet held. There were participants from Belt, Choteau, Stockett and other outside points, and several belonging to the local club, while there were many spectators.

The weather was perfect, and the scores are believed to have been the best ever made at any tournament ever held in this State. In several events the winner got every bluerock.

One of the best performers was C. S. McDonald, of Choteau, a member of the local club, who had not shot here for a year. Although the grounds were strange to him, he won two events, and his percentage for the day was very high.

In the contest for the Cascade county medal there were six contestants. The shoot was at 40 angles, and the scores were as follows: J. M. Gaunt 37, Gus Frazier 35, Matt Richardson 32, Geo. Bickett 30, P. B. Gallagher 35, Alex Irvine 33.

In the shoot for the Cascade county medal J. M. Gaunt broke 37 out of 40, and is now the owner of the medal.

In the shoot for the Gallagher-Benner cup at 25 singles there were thirteen contestants, who scored as follows: Gallagher 25, Frazier 22, Gaunt 22, F. Fillian 18, C. S. McDonald 24, M. Richardson 19, Dr. C. J. B. Stephens 21, Richard Wilson 11, Bickett 18, P. Pogreba 17, C. W. Cooper 10, Irvine 19, H. E. Benner 18.

The percentages made in the sweepstakes were as follows: Benner .90, Gaunt .829, Bennett .853, Stephens .829, Bickett .829, Richardson .842, Irvine .95, Frazier .878, McDonald .90, Flynn .92, Fillian .75, Burris .91, Gallagher .91.

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets: 20 15 10 15 10 10
C. McDonald 20 14 7 11 8 10
Bennett 19 13 ..
Irvine 19 ..
Richardson 18 13 .. 9 9 ..
Belt 18 ..
Gaunt 17 12 5 ..
Bennett 17 ..
Stephens 16 13 5 ..
Bickett 16 13 3 13 10 6
No. 3 was at 5 pairs.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, July 11.—A little more windy than usual was this afternoon, the second last in the Boston Gun Club's current prize series. Though most of the regular devotees of the trap are away off summer vacations, a nice little company of ten faced the music, which was nothing less than a howling gale. One of the special visitors of the day, Tyler, led off the prize match with 22 out of a possible 25—a very fine score under existing conditions.

To-day was the last time we are to have Mr. Andres with us, he leaving for Egypt permanently on the next B. G. C. day, and many were the regrets heard, as he has been a regular attendant, and these we dislike to lose. Following are the scores:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13
Lane 6 3 2 2 3 5 2 5 ..
Andres 5 7 7 8 8 9 8 6 8 5 6 ..
Tyler 7 4 7 5 8 13 9 4 7 8 4 ..
Shepard 8 7 6 6 4 5 4 4 1 7 5 ..
Wood 6 3 6 7 4 4 ..
Spencer 2 5 6 4 1 3 6 5 ..
Poor 2 3 2 5 3 6 6 ..
Williams 7 5 6 5 7 6 8 7 6 6 2 ..
H. J. K. 5 .. 5 .. 4 .. 1 4 0 ..
Henry 5 ..

Events 4 and 9, 5 pairs; events 3 and 12, infielders; all others unknown angles over magautrap.

Match scores, 25 bluerocks, unknown angles; distance handicapped.

Tyler, 16..... 1011011111111111111111-22
Andres, 16..... 0011011000111111111111-17
Williams, 16..... 0011011001010110001111-15
Spencer, 18..... 000100101001111110000001-10
Shepard, 16..... 1000000010001111100101000-9
Wood, 16..... 10000110001010000001010-9
Lane, 16..... 0001000010000001011000101-7
Poor, 16..... 00110000010000010000010-5

Brockton Gun Club.

BROCKTON, Mass., July 4.—The scores made in the fifth prize shoot are appended:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Targets: 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
Hepner 9 10 9 9 9 10 8 8 ..
Wood 10 8 8 8 6 8 ..
Bartlett 7 7 8 10 ..
Worthing 9 9 8 ..
Leonard 10 8 8 9 8 ..
Harlow 5 3 ..
Porter 3 7 8 3 7 6 3 6 7 ..
Maxwell 4 4 5 5 ..
Prize shoot:

Hepner 7 10 10 8 10-45
Wood 9 8 8 9 8-42
Bartlett 9 10 8 9 9-45
Worthing 8 9 8 7 8-40
Leonard 10 9 8 8 7-42
Taylor 10 8 9 9 10-46
Harlow 9 9 7 8 7-40

New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association.

A SPECIAL meeting of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association was held in Newark on July 9, at which James L. Smith represented the Hackettstown Gun Club; I. H. Terrill, the South Side Gun Club; H. H. Stevens, the Brunswick Gun Club; C. N. Thomas, the Walsrode Gun Club; M. Herrington, the Boiling Springs Gun Club, and W. R. Hobart, the East Side Gun Club. President Thomas was in the chair, and in the absence of Secretary Feigenspan, W. R. Hobart was appointed secretary pro tem. There was considerable discussion in regard to the manner in which the interests of the Association might be advanced, and the opinion prevailed that trapshooting could be enlivened in the State by the Association extending its aid to clubs in holding tournaments. Mr. H. H. Stevens was requested to interview Mr. E. E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, in regard to the method adopted by that body in accomplishing the same object. A resolution was then passed empowering the executive committee to take action upon Mr. Stevens' report, and to purchase such articles as might be necessary to carry out any plan of action if in the opinion of the committee such was feasible. Also to obtain by purchase or otherwise merchandise prizes to be competed for.

W. R. HOBART, Sec'y pro tem.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Pennsylvania Chautauqua.

REDUCED RATES TO MT. GRENA VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

For the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, to be held at Mt. Gretna, Pa., July 2 to Aug. 8, 1900, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special excursion tickets to Mt. Gretna from New York, Washington, Baltimore, Frederick, Md., Canandaigua, and intermediate points, including all stations on its line in the State of Pennsylvania.

Tickets will be sold June 25 to Aug. 8, inclusive, and will be good to return until Aug. 13, inclusive.—Adv.

NAMELESS REMITTERS.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is holding several sums of money which have been sent to it for subscriptions and books by correspondents who have failed to give name and address. If this note comes to the eye of any such nameless remitter we trust to hear from him.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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If I were to live my life over again I would go fishing three days in the week.

—Peter Cooper.

BOYS' SUMMER CAMPS.

THE boys' summer camps have come to be an institution. Here and there in the mountains, on the lake shore and by the river bank their white tents are pitched and the flag flies to the breeze. It is a sensible and profitable mode of summering for young folks, and deserves to grow in popularity as it shall become better known.

While the camp system may be varied in details to adapt particular camps to particular circumstances, the general plan provides for camping out by a party of boys under the control of an older person. Here is an outline of one camp as described by the Baltimore Sun in the Alleghanies near Alderson, W. Va. The site is on a bluff overlooking the Greenbrier River, where the tents are pitched in the shade of noble oaks. Two large sleeping tents are provided with cot beds simply but comfortably equipped, and a dining tent is well furnished and is under the charge of a colored waiter. In the kitchen tent is a cook stove presided over by a trained hotel cook. The grounds are laid out for baseball, lawn tennis and trapshooting at artificial targets, and an abandoned race course conveniently near serves for equestrian exercises; and the river affords a famous swimming pool. There is abundant provision for athletic games and exercises—quoits, putting the shot, throwing the heavy hammer and rowing. The Greenbrier affords bass fishing.

The camp is in charge of a post-graduate student of Johns Hopkins University and the daily routine is a well thought out combination of work and play, with a strong leaning to play, as is due in vacation time. Two hours of the morning are devoted to study. Thereafter the day is given up to recreation. The several sports to be indulged in are assigned daily by the director. One day it is baseball or tennis in the forenoon and bass fishing in the afternoon; another day it is trapshooting and boating or athletics; and so the routine varies from day to day and with different members of the camp. Then there are long tramps to points of interest in the vicinity, to the mouth of the river twenty-five miles distant, to the tops of the mountains or to some of the springs for which the West Virginia country is famous. All this, it may readily be understood, fills the days, and the weeks glide by all too quickly. Here are some of the camp rules, not more rigid, it will be observed, than such as obtain in all well regulated camps of old boys who have no mentor to control them:

"Breakfast will be announced ten minutes before being served and again when on the table. Three minutes will be allowed after the second announcement."

"No articles of clothing must be left on the floors of the tents."

"No boy may come to the breakfast table without trousers, shirt or sweater. Hands and face must be washed and hair brushed."

Obviously that is an admirable system of outing which combines a proper restraint and the guiding control of an older head with the largest sense of freedom on the part of the young campers.

We have not the figures to show the cost of such summer camping, but it need not be made expensive if the enterprise is conducted on co-operative principles. While everything requisite for comfort should be provided, the outfit need not be elaborate or expensive. As it is developing with experience, the summer camp is in large measure answering the question of how our boys shall spend their summer vacations. It affords a welcome alternative to the unsystematic and unprofitable time-killing which in so many instances consumes the months between school terms.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S BEAR RECORD.

WE have been treated in years past to newspaper comments, in censure or commendation as colored by political bias, of President Cleveland as a fisherman, President Harrison as a duck shooter and Mr. Bryan as an angler. And now it is of Theodore Roosevelt as a bear hunter. Some years ago Mr. Roosevelt was moved to write to the FOREST AND STREAM some sharp comments upon the practice of shooting trapped grizzlies, a proceeding which he denounced as in the highest degree unsportsmanlike. It is with this very thing that the papers are now charging Governor Roosevelt himself. The story appears to have grown out of a yarn given currency in 1895 by a Chicago man of the name of A. L. Trude, shortly after the publication of some magazine articles in which Mr. Roosevelt had related his hunting experience in the Rockies. Trude claimed to have been on a ranch in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountain experiences related in the magazine articles, and his assertion was that Mr. Roosevelt had not killed the game in the way described; but as to the bears, that "he had given a mountaineer who had trapped a bear \$5 to let him take a pot shot at the beast, and Ted killed Bruin deadlier than a door nail."

When this story appeared in 1895, Governor (then Commissioner) Roosevelt wrote to the FOREST AND STREAM a categorical reply to it which left in the mind of the reader no room for doubt as to his intention of making his denial complete, unreserved and unanswerable. As to the bear hunting part of the Trude story, Mr. Roosevelt said: "Mr. A. L. Trude, of Chicago, has recently given to the public several statements about myself which contain such reckless falsehoods that I at first thought Mr. Trude himself must be an invention of some of the newspapers. I am informed, however, that he is a real person. One of his statements contains a long account of my shooting a trapped bear. I never shot a trapped bear in my life; I never but once saw a bear in a trap. * * * I challenge Mr. Trude to give the date and place where a single one of the incidents which he recites occurred. They are all false from beginning to end, in every particular. Whether he has invented this falsehood himself, or whether he has been imposed upon by a couple of scoundrels whom I never saw, and has recklessly repeated their lies, I do not care. In either case, he is equally to blame. A liar is sufficiently contemptible, but a liar who slanders others in wantonness is even worse."

Now that the Trude trapped bear story has been brought out again and furbished up for campaign purposes, we may look for its renewed life and currency until November at least. We do not imagine that the ethical considerations involved in the bear hunting exploits of a Presidential candidate can have a very important bearing on a political campaign, but a sportsman of such high principles and consistent practice as Governor Roosevelt is known to be might well enough resent now in 1900 as he did in 1895 aspersions on his record in the field.

SNAP SHOTS.

Now comes Dr. Samuel N. McClean, of Cleveland with a new firearm that is to revolutionize gunnery. It is constructed on the principle of those arms which utilize the waste gases generated by the powder to reload and fire the successive shots. It differs from the Maxim and other guns of this character in taking the gases from the muzzle of the gun in a way which obviates recoil; indeed, it is asserted that when a McClean gun is "started firing while lying on a table it will discharge its entire magazine without moving a fraction of an inch from the position in which it was placed, and that at times, as the bullets poured from its muzzle, it has been noticed to creep slowly in the direction in which it was firing." The gun is a magazine arm, with five chambers, but may be arranged to be fed from an endless belt of cartridges, which it will discharge at the rate of 700 per minute. Having no recoil, it may be so aimed as to deliver its shots one after another into precisely the same spot, and it will do this at an effective range of two and one-half miles. From this brief description, as given in the press, it might appear that here at last was the arm for the man who wants all the game that is left and wants it right away; and if a few thousand trusty McCleans were to find their way into the hands of American sportsmen we might well shudder in anticipation of the sudden wind-

ing up of the game supply. It is a relief, then, to be assured that this new arm of precision is, for the present at least, intended for military purposes only—although the sportsman's relief that a deadly weapon is to be employed to destroy human beings instead of wild beasts is something we must leave the philosophers to account for.

The organization of Ohio sportsmen in a protective association is a step which has been made necessary by the unreasonable restrictions the law puts upon shooting. The movement is described in a letter elsewhere from Mr. Paul North, of the Executive Committee. It should have the support of a representation so large and powerful as to compel recognition at Columbus when the Legislature shall meet again. We note that Mr. North construes the law as permitting duck shooting at certain times, but according to the actual text of the statute "No person shall kill any wild duck on Sunday or Monday of any week, or on any of the reservoirs belonging to the State of Ohio, or upon the waters of Lake Erie and the estuaries and bays thereof, or on the rivers, creeks, ponds or other waters or bodies of water in this State." That appears to do away with all water shooting, at least; the only way the Ohio ducker may lawfully get his duck is by catching it on land. But there should be found in Ohio ability to frame a sane and sensible game law, and if the new association started by the Cleveland sportsmen shall be successful in infusing sanity and a sweet reasonableness into the Ohio game code, its promotion will not have been in vain.

One of the old-time Adirondack guides was Elijah Cowles, of Lake Pleasant, in Hamilton county. Cowles stood six feet seven in his stockings, and was of powerful build. When he was not moose hunting or bear hunting or guiding, he was keeper of the county jail at Lake Pleasant; and the county allowed him fifty cents a week board for each man. This meant careful planning and not extremely luxurious living at the best; so Cowles, being a fellow of resource, used to take his prisoners off moose hunting, that they might earn their board. It is related of one victim that after having been out for ten days, on the trail with the strapping guide, he begged piteously to be allowed to go back to jail; but the inexorable Cowles compelled him to "keep up with the procession" until the venison had been captured.

The Province of Quebec is waking up to the fact that it is high time to put a check upon the export of game fish to United States markets. The traffic in speckled trout, black bass, muscalonge and pickerel has been developed until now it has assumed proportions which seriously threaten the supply of well-known inland waters. Ontario has an effective non-export law, and the promise is that such a system will be adopted by Quebec at the next session of the Legislature. The Canadians have never shown any want of appreciation of the commercial value of game fish or lures to American anglers; and once their attention is directed to the fact that the marketing of game fish is likely to decrease Canada's attractions for visitors from the United States, they may be depended upon to act.

Something novel in the way of official proclamations has been put out by Mayor Archambault, of St. Gabriel de Brandon, a village on Lake Maskinonge, in the Province of Quebec. Bigger fish are believed to lurk in the lake than have ever been caught out of it; and Mayor Archambault's announcement is that St. Gabriel welcomes all reputable strangers to its fishing; it desires especially to attract Montreal anglers, and to that end the town council offers four prizes of \$20, \$15, \$10 and \$5 to the citizens of Montreal who shall capture the largest maskinonge in the season of 1900.

Izaak Walton's tomb is in Winchester Cathedral. Nearby in the deanery garden is a stream where he was accustomed to angle. The neighborhood is associated with his life and death. Now it is proposed by the anglers of Great Britain to provide a memorial window of Walton in the chapels of the Cathedral. Its cost will be about \$2,000.

A woodcock found its way into Henry street, Brooklyn, one day last week, not far from the Brooklyn Bridge. As the boring for worms through the asphalt pavement was an unprofitable enterprise, the bird passed on, none the worse for its adventure in the heart of a great city.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Reminiscences.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

MUCH talking of old times is one of the signs of old age, as common an accompaniment of it as gray hairs, toothless jaws, dimmed eyes and stiffened joints, though a far pleasanter one. The weary mind clings more tenaciously to pleasant memories of youth than to fleeting, trivial incidents of yesterday. The old man longs to live them over again in story, and his tongue would fain be wagging. To that end he must have an audience. Young folks will serve if interested to hear of the days when the woods were populous with game, and the clear, shaded streams swarmed with fish that were not always lost. Better by far is some old comrade, a good listener, yet breaking in now and then with a reminder of some half-forgotten incident of the happy, care-free days. An old friend, an old pipe and an open fire—happy combination to bring out talk of old times.

"Do you remember the spring we went to Burton's Pond?" a familiar voice asks out of the cloud of tobacco smoke. Yes, and how we were enticed there by the marvelous tales told of swarms of muskrats, told us by one without regard for truth, when we were looking about for trapping grounds. We could trap up Little Otter as far as it would float our boat, and then carry them over to the pond, make a camp there, and trap for a week, and then come home to enjoy our fortunes at leisure. Besides the money that was in it, there would be lots of fun, and so, having gained parental consent and parental aid in the shape of provisions—for, though grown-up, we were not of age—we three set forth on our expedition in two boats.

We embarked a little above the second falls, Joe and I in his boat, and By in his, paddling and poling at a leisurely rate, setting a trap at every likely sign, whether burrow, feed bed or nightly haunted log or tussock, and so on, as far as could be properly gone over next day. On the way up each boat kept its allotted side, never intruding on the other, but on the down stream course it was "go as you please," as fast as current and paddle would bear us, with an eye out for a chance shot at a swimming rat. The trapping here, when water rose and fell several inches in the course of the day and night, was very different from that in the marshy lower creek, where there was little variation in the rise and fall of the sluggish current, and a trap remained nearly at the same depth at which it was set.

Next morning we voyaged up stream again, taking up traps and catch till we reached the end of yesterday's voyage, where we began setting until we came to rapids so swift and rough that we had all we could do to make headway. Then slack water and "sign" for a few more traps up to the torn water of Dover Rapids, the busy scene of many manufactures in old times, all deserted now and silent but for the rush of the rapids and the roar of the cataract, no vestige left but a rusted shaft, a broken wheel, a grass-grown embankment—memorials of departed industries and dead hopes.

We lugged and dragged our boats and cargoes around the falls and launched them again in slack water, reaching in lazy loops to the site of the old Boston Iron Company's forges. A little below it we rounded a long bend half encircling the Old Indian Garden, where they say was an Indian cornfield. There was a more authentic memorial of times almost as old in the venerable tree, living and standing with a deep notch cut in it with the plain marks of a beaver's teeth. An old man, a son of the first settler at this place, told me that the last trout of Little Otter were caught here, and were plenty enough in his father's day, but I never found any one old enough to remember seeing a beaver. Hard by on the flats of Mud Creek was a great haunt of these animals, long ago trapped to extermination by Iroquois and Waubunakee and adventurous white fur hunters. The levels were flooded by dams that can still be traced, and ditching the alluvial soil brings to light a pavement of peeled sticks, the tooth-marks as distinct as when first made, but crumbling to pieces after brief exposure.

Here, where the old company's throbbing hammers incessantly shook the forest sixty years ago, a roaring rapid compelled another toilsome carry, happily the last awaiting us in these waters. Now it was easy navigating the slow current. The meadows on a level with our eyes were growing green in the pleasant April weather that touched us with the comfortable indolence of spring fever, as it seemed to touch the crow lazily hunting grubs on the broad intervals, and the blackbirds oozing a gurgle of melody and discord from the elms above us.

A woodchuck waddling along the bank prospecting for the earliest clover fools us into stalking him for a muskrat until he takes alarm and scurries into his burrow with a derisive whistle. We came head to head above the banks of a bend with a great blue heron that sprang to flight with a startled croak, and frightened a pair of dusky ducks, startling us in turn with sudden splash and flutter, and taking new fright at the sight of our boats. Doubtless the pair were in quest of a secluded summer home where they might rear their annual brood of ducklings in peace, and we hoped our brief intrusion might not change their plans, which gave promise of sport the coming fall. When the well-named hillock, Hedgehog Hill, bristled far behind us the creek narrowed to a channel that barely gave passage to our boats, and our voyage came to an end where a short bridge spanned it.

A team met us, and loading our boats on to the wagon went lumbering and bumping over the rough-dried clay highway toward our destination. Happily escaping shipwreck on this dried sea of mud, we came to a bright little torrent of cascades and rapids, which we rightly guessed to be the outlet of our pond, then saw the gable of sawmill peeping over the top of the hill, and then came to its hospitable door, the whole open side gaping a welcome to customers and their logs, and explaining the stale old comment on such as forget to shut doors behind them, "Guess you was raised in a sawmill, where the hain't no doors!" Even so long ago the old-fashioned "up-and-down" sawmill had been almost entirely superseded by the modern circular saw, and we lingered a little while

to refresh our earliest recollections with watching the automatic movements of this relic of old times. It was as interesting to us, grown up, if not so wonderful to us, as when callow urchins, to see the keen saw gnawing its gradual way steadily through the log, tossing up jets of sawdust till the carriage tripped the gate lever, and the machinery creaked to a slow halt; then, in obedience to the push of a lever, the carriage trundled the log back to its first position, the leaping saw attacked it, and again gnawed through it. What a wonder it must have been when it came to push aside the clumsy old pit saw and its two attendants, the name of one of whom, the pitman, was fitly appropriated by one of its parts.

We were not looking at the mill all this while without more than half an eye to the pond, nor without some disappointment. There it lay, clear and bright in the April sun, but sorely disfigured by the dead, drowned trees that stood around and knee-deep in it, and among which its upper end was lost, for it was an artificial pond, made by throwing a dam across a wooded dell, and so of course killing all the flooded trees. Some were evergreens and some deciduous, and all were ugly in dead nakedness. Beyond, we could hear the brook brawling its way down the mountain, a stream once populous with trout and not yet quite fishless, so a kingfisher proclaimed, mapping an aerial tracing of its course, with continuous clatter. Some bunches of driftweed lodged among tree trunks that might be debris of ruined muskrat houses, and a modest display of sign on a floating log gave evidence of the presence of muskrats. A clumsy scow with a broken trap and a tally stick lying in the bottom, grounded on the bank near the bulkhead of the flume, showed a rival at hand.

Pulling our boats into the water, we began exploring the pond, keeping an eye out for a good place for a camp. The shores were low and damp, and we could not see anywhere from the water a place at all to our liking. We found promising places for a few traps, and having set them became aware that it was time to search in earnest for a night's lodging. The sawyer gave us a flat refusal when we asked for a chance to spread our buffalo skins on the kitchen floor. Evidently he did not look kindly upon our invasion of his domain, though we had been told that no one trapped here and the rats were going to waste, dying of old age. However, he afterward came to be on trading terms, furnishing us with some articles that we found ourselves in need of. Among them I remember some dipcandles which were the most remarkable triumphs of the chandler's art we had ever seen. We called them self-supporting wicks, for it was a marvel how a limp, loosely twisted cotton cord could stand with such a thin casing of tallow. But they fitted our kind of scone—a split stick—much better than larger ones would have done. We were making up our minds to be thankful for tramps' quarters if we could find a hospitable haymow; but just then we fell in with a cousin of By's, whose family lived in the neighborhood, and having heard of our presence there had sent him in search of us to invite us home. It was all right for By to accept the proffered hospitality of his relatives, but Joe and I were strangers, and it was rather awkward to crowd ourselves in. But hunger and weariness overcame our scruples, and our hospitable entertainers soon made us forget we were strangers wearing mud-stained clothes. In the course of the evening chat around the kitchen stove we were told of a tenantless log house in the neighborhood of the pond that might serve our purpose as a camp if we could get the consent of its owner.

Accordingly, the next morning I was delegated to interview him. I found him at work in an adjacent field, a man with a pleasant face that promised a favorable answer, which was cheerfully given when he was assured that we had no evil designs on the community. The old house had one room, doorless and windowless, and without a fireplace, though there was a chimney built from the chamber floor with a pipe hole in the bottom for the accommodation of a stove. We set to work to make the most of this by building a primitive fireplace, consisting of a quantity of clay mud spread directly beneath the chimney and covered with flat stones embedded in it to bring them to an even surface. Upon this we could make enough fire to do a little very plain cooking, afford a little warmth and a great deal of smoke, some of which crawled up the chimney after the room was completely filled. During the smokiest progress of building the fire we lay prone upon the floor, breathing a little and weeping much until the worst was over and we could crouch around our hearthstones to frizzle a slice of salt pork or warm ourselves.

We had the luck to find a 2-inch plank on the premises, which we set edgewise in a corner at a proper distance from one wall, then filled the space with straw purchased of the sawyer, and spreading the buffalo skins on top we were furnished with a luxurious bed. The door being gone, we boarded up its place permanently, using the window hole for ingress and egress, tacking up some boards to keep out the weather when we were in for the night.

Our arrangements for beginning housekeeping being completed, we made the first round of our traps. The result was not encouraging; the water had risen with the shutting down of the mill gate, covering almost every trap so deep that they were untouched. We made allowance for this rise when resetting, and had better luck, but were at no time overburdened with skinning and stretching skins, for the place was not overstocked with rats, and we had convincing proof that toll was regularly taken out of our light catch. The navigation was a continual vexation by reason of stumps just under water, on which a boat would snag itself with a graceful ease that was the poetry of motion, and pivot thereon in exasperating response to our futile efforts to get her off with the bottom out of sounding by paddle or oar, and nothing within reach to push against.

When we got there, there was pleasant seclusion at the upper end of the pond, paled in by the ragged gray trees, where the shallow water was fretted by the ripples of the incoming brook, whose silvery babble came from the mountain dell along with the boisterous cackle of a logcock. Some tiny minnows, which it pleased us to believe were trout, flashed to and fro across the golden-barred bottom, as the basking frogs cut short their lazy croaking and splashed into the water at our approach.

There was no resisting the spell of the indolent atmosphere that the April sun distilled, and stepping ashore we went back out of the desolation of drowned

trees to living woods and loafed our fill on moss-cushioned logs. When the day and what we called its work were done, and the long shadows widened into twilight, we climbed in at our window, nailed up the boards behind us, illuminated our quarters with a couple of the sawyer's dips, "one to see the other by," Joe said, and lighted a fire on the hearth. After enduring a half-hour of smoky torment, we were rewarded with a bed of coals, over which we roasted some choice quarters of the most carefully dressed muskrats, or frizzled slices of salt pork, and if inclined to extreme luxury, toasted our brown bread. With sharp-set appetites and raw onions for sauce, we would not have exchanged our supper for the President's.

After it the pipes and quiet enjoyment of smoke that was not torment, and a recapitulation of the day's fun and vexations, of which the first formed the greater part, and then yawning to bed and sound sleep—always but once.

A warm south wind blew a thick covering of clouds over the sky, that grew thicker and more lowering and portentous of a long rain storm. The threatening weather sent us to our quarters early, for our poor facilities for drying wet clothes made us dread a wetting. We were scarcely housed before the first drops fell in an intermittent patter, quickly increasing to a wind-blown downpour that made us thankful for the sound roof over us. From end to end of the eaves a broad cataract fell and ran in a noisy, rushing brook to join another larger one in the highway ditch.

I could imagine the women of former households sallying forth on such occasions to put in order the always-declayed corner barrel to catch water for an infrequent washing, then scurrying in bedraggled and dripping, while the lazy men folk unconcernedly smoked by the greasy stove.

One could tell by the looks of the place, though so long uninhabited, that such was the class of its tenants. The marks of shiftlessness and discomfort were indelibly set upon it. Not even a stunted cherry tree nor sprawling unpruned currant bush grew near; no dry stalks of chance-sown poppy, pink or four-o'clock betokened the former presence of a posy bed; and what was once by courtesy called a garden was a waste of dry weed stalks, pitted with scars of old potato hills.

As we peeped out across it through the crannies of the logs, we saw the columns of scud sweeping across the blank gray background from south to north, then change the direction of their march to the east until we heard the slanted drift of rain beating against the western gable. The air began to have a creeping chilliness upon which our smoky fire made as little impression as the glow of our pipes, and it grew more creepy and benumbing when the rain beat on the northern slant of the roof and then subsided to the slushy splash of wet snow. At last we were driven to the poverty-stricken extremity of going to bed to keep warm, when Joe declared that his back "felt as if he was list'nin' to a good scarey panther story when the critter's jest goin' to jump," and I am sure mine was as if the panther was in the chamber.

For awhile we dozed in a half-comfortable state, but the cold increased beyond the capacity of our buffaloes and straw to ward off, while the north wind shrieked with a keener blast after every lull. We spent the dreary night in turning over and over, giving one side a chance to thaw a little while the other slowly froze. We needed no alarm to get us up in the morning, but were up when the first level rays of the sun shining from a clear sky came through the crevices of the logs. It shone upon a tranquil, frozen world. The windless woods and crisp, dun herbage, just sprinkled with snow of the storm's finale, glittered as if set with innumerable gems.

We crawled out into the sunlight and tried to absorb some of it, apparently with less success than a brave little song sparrow that sang his cheery lay from the top of a fence stake. We were not quite in the mood of singing, though we managed to crack some jokes over the night's misery, and counted it a part of the fun of our trip.

It was dismal work going the rounds of the traps, breaking ice to get to some, resetting in the icy water and getting little for our trouble, as the night's flood raised the water beyond our ordinary calculations.

A few days later the catch became so light that we decided to leave, and so engaging a team to transport our boats to the head of navigation, we bade farewell to our humble abode and Burton's Pond—a long farewell, for I never saw either again, and both have long since departed this world. We were probably the last tenants of the old house, which not long after went to the wood pile and the sawmill, and when the mill had devoured all the available woods in its neighborhood it was abandoned, the dam went to ruin and the pond ran away. Where it was a little brook crawls among new alder thickets, and if a muskrat dwells there, it is only some solitary hermit who has wandered far from his fellows in search of a safer and quieter retreat.

I have heard of the place two or three times in connection with enormous blacksnakes which were seen there by people passing on the highway. A friend of mine killed one which measured 8 feet in length. I do not know whether these snakes were the common water snake which is common to all our waters, though rarely so large, or the blacksnake common enough south of us, but almost unknown here. Fortunately for our peace of mind, Burton's Pond had not gained a snake reputation at the time of our brief sojourn, in which case it might have been briefer.

Getting our boats afloat at the place of our previous debarkation, with nothing to detain us, we voyaged merrily down the narrow stream, now with newly turned-out kine staring at the strange apparition of bodiless human heads gliding past, now disturbing again our old acquaintances—the heron, the ducks and the woodchucks—and so after a little to the head of the long rapids above the old forge of the Boston Company. Joe and I ran our boat ashore without a thought of running the rapids, for though they were smooth enough at the head, white water showed below and there was an ominous roar that threatened danger. By came dashing past, answering to our earnest remonstrances that "He'd risk it," and shot into the swift, smooth water like an arrow.

I watched him a moment, and then, as he seemed to be getting through safely, went about setting a mink trap in what looked to be a likely place in the base of a hollow tree. When not long so engaged, I was startled by a loud outcry of distress, "Rowlan! Come quick! Come quick!" and tearing along the bank at the best pace my long legs would compass, I presently discovered our too

adventurous comrade perched on top of a big boulder in the middle of the roaring current, holding aloft in one hand his dinner pail, in the other his precious bundle of furs, while just below lay his capsized boat, jammed fast against a rock, and gun, traps and hatchet somewhere at the bottom. Joe arrived directly, and on finding that our friend was unhurt and no great harm done, we could not withhold a hearty laugh at the funny figure he cut with his carefully preserved treasures. We helped him ashore with them, and soon fished up the gun, traps and other cargo, but our united efforts could not budge the boat an inch, nor could it be done until the creek had fallen considerably.

As there was no telling when a team would come for boats and traps, we insured the safety of the latter by caching them with a skill that would do no discredit to a Rocky Mountain trapper. We removed a circular sod and excavated the earth to a sufficient depth, carrying away the loose dirt and throwing it in the creek, so that when the pit was done its precincts were as neat as a chipmunk's dooryard. Then the traps were closely packed in it, the sod adjusted in its original place so nicely that nothing but the searchlight of a thunderbolt could have revealed what was hidden there.

I once saw where a lightning stroke unearthed a log chain that had lain buried at the foot of a tree for unknown years, the electric current furrowing the turf and laying bare every contortion of the chain from end to end, just as it had been dropped from some careless hand.

Our traps were buried, our trapping ended, to little purpose save living very close to nature and primitive life, sometimes almost to the verge of discomfort, though scarcely counted so by us. We fed on the coarsest fare with the zest of healthy appetites, slept soundly on the rudest beds, were sun-tanned and smoke-tanned to the color and odor of Indian-tanned buckskin, were unkempt and begrimed to the wonder and disgust of the good home folk who could not understand what we could find that was pleasant in such a life. We knew, if we could not tell them.

Good souls, they never thought of their ancestors living far harder lives but yesterday in the world's age, only the hardest surviving and preserving the vigor to perpetuate their race, nor did the good souls ever think the race would be none the worse now for a judicious infusion of old leaven of rough living. Some wisely do so; some foolishly play at it, because it is the fashion. I never could see what good or satisfaction there can be in camping out in an elegantly furnished house, where you are expected to dress for the luxuriously served dinner of several courses, and gossip, lawn tennis and golf the chief recreations; or perchance a young lady catches a fish or fires a rifle in the direction of a target, she celebrates the unique event with a pretty squeal. There is nothing of the wholesomeness of true camp life in it all, none of its freedom from conventionalities, of the invention of makeshifts, no living close to the heart of nature.

Well, there are no more of the happy, care-free days of camping out for us three comrades—one sleeping his long sleep under the sumacs in the old burying ground; one other is a man of affairs, too busy to go camping; and the other bed-ridden, shut in from the bright and beautiful world by a wall of perpetual night. What wonder that he loves to babble of the days when the joy of beholding the beauty of the world was his. For him is only the inward sight to read the pages of memory whereon the record of things seen long ago is written in the story of youth.

AWAHSSOOSE.

The Knight Mystery.

BOSTON, July 21.—Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will well remember the mysterious disappearance of young Richard M. Knight, who went out from Bemis, Me., deer hunting on the morning of Oct. 24 last year, and since that time has never been heard from. About his disappearance a mystery has hung amounting to veritable tragedy. Just now a most singular chapter has been added to this sad history.

A week or two ago there came a person to Bemis claiming to be a Sioux Indian—one of the Indian boys educated by the Government at Hampton. At Bemis he apparently first made the acquaintance of Buckskin Sam, a guide of rather eccentric habits who lives in a cabin there. From Sam Capt. Fred C. Barker soon learned that the Indian was "a solver of mysteries" and proposed to hunt for the body of young Knight. Last Sunday morning the Indian announced to Buckskin Sam that he had found the skull of the lost hunter, and together they visited the spot and viewed it, so Buckskin Sam claims. Without communicating with Capt. Barker or any one else, Sam immediately telegraphed young Knight's father, J. Edward Knight, of Boothbay Harbor, that the remains of his son had been found. Mr. and Mrs. Knight immediately started for Bemis, taking with them Dr. Blake, their family physician. Indeed, they came very near to ordering an undertaker to meet them at the wharf on their return with the remains of their only son. At Rumford Falls, however, Mr. Knight was advised not to put too much confidence in the telegram of Buckskin Sam. Arrived at Bemis he was met by Capt. Barker, who also cast doubt upon the authenticity of the find; but Mr. Knight, with Capt. Barker, Dr. Blake, Prof. J. F. Moody, of Auburn, Me., and the writer, were soon off for the location of what had been found. We went up the mountain, about east from Bemis, by way of French's logging road, about a mile and a half. Here were the logging camps. Capt. Barker knocked on the door of the office camp, which was closed. It took a third rap to bring the Indian to the door. He came forth, a little surprised, but still fluent of speech, explaining that he was a "solver of mysteries; had been directed to that spot to find the body of the lost hunter; had an 'investment' which had directed him. He had found the skull of the lost man, and the 'investment' would direct him to find the rest of the remains." He consented to conduct the party to the find. Capt. Barker had already been there. On our way the Indian claimed to also be engaged in hunting for ginseng for the Government and said he was obliged to report to the Government once a week or month. He also claimed to have a knowledge of botany or herb doctoring. But

questioned by Prof. Moody as to the names of some of the more common plants, he made some very bad breaks—in fact not calling a single plant by its common or botanical name.

Arrived at the very upper end of the logging road, about three miles from Bemis, and over the "cant" toward Rangeley Lake, the Indian turned out of the track into the woods by a trail freshly spotted. The spotting is very curious, to say the least, evidently made by some one going into the woods, since all the blazes are on the side of the trees facing the logging road. Just then a most violent thunder storm set in as if to add to the dramatic nature of the scene. The heavens were black, except from the vivid lightning. The rain fell in torrents. We were all drenched to the skin. The Indian proceeded a few rods into the woods. Suddenly he stopped and pointed forward. The writer asked him why he did not go on. "I cannot," he replied. "Such things have a strange effect on me." The rest of the party went a few feet further. There in a little hollow lay a human skull. Dr. Blake picked it up and examined it closely. It was decidedly old and had clay or mud in the cavities that was not like the leaf mold into which it had been pressed. One side was diseased, part of the bone being destroyed. Dr. Blake suggested that doubtless the owner of the skull had died of some disease of the face that had destroyed the cheek bone. The jaw teeth were intact with a single exception and all very sound. Young Knight's jaw teeth were bad and filled in many places. Three of the front teeth were gone, but the bicuspid were there, sound and perfect. Young Knight's bicuspid were filled with gold. The front teeth left set at a sharp angle and must have protruded almost to a deformity in life. Young Knight had even front teeth. Mr. Knight at once pronounced it not the skull of his son. The teeth left no manner of doubt in his mind. The skull was carried to the Bemis camps, where it remains in possession of Capt. Barker. Mrs. Knight saw the skull after it had been washed and immediately declared that it could not have belonged to her son. The teeth never were his.

The question is, Whose skull was it? How came it up in the Bemis woods, not far from where his friend Arthur Wilson parted from young Knight the last time he was ever seen? No one but the Indian can answer and he says that his "investment" has led him to the skull and that he will find more of the bones. Mr. Knight has told him that if he finds a positive identification of the body of his son he will be handsomely rewarded. But to Mr. and Mrs. Knight, who have apparently been cruelly played upon, identification means some thing more than a few old bones. Some of his clothing his gun, his watch and little trinkets sacred to his mother must be produced. They have left the matter in the hands of Capt. Barker and will not again hurry to Bemis to get the body of their son on a mere telegram from Buckskin Sam.

SPECIAL.

With the Southern Sea Lions.

ON a chart of South America the Chincha Islands are represented by three little dots, opposite Pisco Bay, about half-way between the Equator and the Tropic of Capricorn. Dots they are in reality—bare, precipitous rocks rising in some places perpendicularly from the sea for a hundred feet or more, the only beach being a little patch of sand on the North Island, whereon we were nearly capsized one fine afternoon while engaged in getting a load of sand. But, insignificant though they may be in point of size, these few acres of rock were once worth the price of many a square mile of fair and fertile land, for in days gone by they were covered deep with the best oil pay dirt in the shape of the richest and most valuable deposit of guano known, and, if not a gold mine in fact, they were a veritable mine of wealth for Peru. No less than 7,000,000 tons of guano, worth in round numbers something like \$420,000,000, were shipped from these little islets to various points of the globe, the slow accumulation of untold centuries being dispersed in a score of years. On the North Island the deposit was about a hundred feet in thickness, while in a valley on the Middle Island it attained a depth of no less than 200 feet, being sufficiently extensive to warrant the construction of a good-sized wharf to aid in its removal. The guano was dug by Chinamen, drawn to the chutes in mule cars over regular tramways, and there emptied into lighters holding eight or ten tons, these in turn being laboriously rowed to the ships, sometimes a mile away. The main feature of a chute is a huge canvas pipe, like an overgrown hose, reaching from the summit of the rock almost to the water, and there securely held by heavy chains and anchors. It may readily be imagined that it was not always an easy matter to hook tackles into the big ring provided for the purpose and bring an unwieldy lighter into a proper position beneath the pipe for loading, and in fact some of the more exposed chutes were only accessible during the forenoon, when the water was smooth.

It was not my fortune to see the Chinchas in the height of their glory, when more than a hundred sails were crowded in between the islands, when the Cape Horn, Hell-fire and other famous chutes with equally euphonious names were in full operation, and when, after weeks of weary waiting, a ship was loaded in a few days at the big chute on the Middle Island. At the time of my visit in 1870 all that was left, nearly 7,000,000 tons of guano had been removed, and scarce a score of vessels lay at their moorings. Since then the islets have been practically swept clean, the town on the North Island pulled down, and the very graveyard, where the dogs used to scratch down to the rough pine boxes, has been denuded of its precious soil.

For two months—ninety days was the allotted time for loading—we had been lying at anchor, and my leisure moments had been passed in fishing, shooting and making into skins specimens of various sea birds, to be, as I imagined, eventually admired by friends at home. In this, however, I was disappointed. Shipped at London for Boston, the vessel that bore them was burned at sea, and the labor of many days vanished into smoke.

The height of my ambition, however, was a sea lion; but although sea lions were common enough and might be seen any day sporting among the vessels, fishing near the islands or basking on the rocks, so far my endeavors, aided and abetted by my friends Lowe and Gilbert, had

come to naught. The truth was that the creatures were "educated," knew the range of a gun or the distance to which a harpoon could be hurled, and when they basked in the sun slept with one eye open.

The Southern sea lion (*Otaria jubata*) is very similar to his cousin, *Eumetopias*, of the North Pacific, though with less of a bump of reverence,, owing to his somewhat flatter head. The males are about four times the bulk of the females, a discrepancy that caused me in my innocence to look upon the two sexes as two distinct species. This blunder ceased to grieve me when in later years I found that so good a naturalist as Steller considered the fur seal bachelors as a species apart from the breeding seals.

Now the Chinchas abound in sea worn caves, and in their gloomy depths, protected from intrusion by surf and sunken rocks, the big old "bulls" were particularly fond of dozing away their afternoons, usually taking the precaution to select a cave with more than one entrance, that in the event of an unwelcome visitor entering by the front door they might slip quietly out by a side passage. It was into such a cave that we one day backed our heavy, sloop-rigged boat and discovered three sea lions calmly slumbering among the rocks.

We frequently realize the truth of the saying that it is always the unexpected that happens. A deer jumps up when one is hunting partridges; the ducks fly over the decoys when we are not looking, and after fishing for an hour without a bite a big bass snaps the tip and runs away with the leader while we are engaged in investigating something at the other end of the boat. And this was one of those occasions. Lowe had not brought his gun, and but one barrel of my heavy muzzleloader was charged with buckshot, the other containing a light "collecting" charge. The one available load was promptly fired at the most exposed individual, and he with equal promptness sprang up, together with his companions. There they stood, motionless and silent, glowering at us through the gloom, while the empty barrel was being reloaded and the small shot replaced by heavier. There they still stood until the very caps were in my fingers, and then splashed into the water and disappeared through a side entrance. On another quiet afternoon we took the dinghy into a low-mouthed cave, whose somber recesses seemed doubly dark by contrast with the bright sunlight without. It was just the place for a siesta, and yet it seemed quite empty; so after a careful look around us and a shout or two that echoed dully from the overhanging rock we were about to leave when a sound as of grating pebbles attracted our attention. Another movement directed us to a rocky niche close by, and there, within 15 yards, our eyes, grown accustomed to the dim light, made out the black and bulky forms of two huge sea lions, which, but for an unlucky slip, would have escaped detection. Bang! bang! Two reports rang through the cave, and with a bound the two lions were at the water's edge. Another shot right in the face and eyes of the nearest and our guns were empty and our little boat between the lions and liberty. There was a moment of anxious suspense. The wounded beast threw up his head with a harsh barking roar, sprang into the water, and, much to our relief, dove and swam out, followed by his comrade, passing so near that we could have touched them with an oar.

Despite his great size and formidable appearance, the sea lion is pre-eminently a lover of peace, and although a big male could readily have overturned the 12-foot dinghy we sometimes used, not one actually attacked us, and only once or twice did one even threaten to do so. Not that the chase of the sea lion was at all lacking in excitement; aside from the sunken rocks, on which we more than once narrowly escaped coming to grief, the blind breakers that came at frequent and irregular intervals called for continual watchfulness, and barred the entrance to many a promising cave. A blind breaker is simply a wave or swell a little larger than ordinary, and this may come alone or more often in company with one or two of its fellows. The uproar produced by one of these waves dashing into a little cave is prodigious; and if, as generally happens, the backward rush and swirl of one wave is met by the advancing crest of a second the effect produced upon a boat that is in the immediate vicinity is prodigious also. It was one of these treacherous waves that one afternoon let our big boat down upon a rock with a most appalling crack, keeling her over until the mast almost touched the water, and sending us sprawling in the bottom on the ballast bags. Fortunately the next sea lifted us off and set us right side up again, but little the worse for the accident. While reflecting upon these past mishaps, one fine afternoon, being at the same time engaged in melting up the last available lead to make buckshot, there came from alongside the sound of a familiar voice calling, "Get your swinging bureau; we're off for the Ballistas." The voice was Gilbert's; the piece of furniture alluded to, my pet ammunition box; the Ballistas, three at that time unfrequented islands, seven miles to the southward, presumably the haunt of numberless sea lions. Since then these islets have been exploited for guano with great success.

Ten minutes later we were off, standing in toward the mainland on our first tack, dashing merrily along as we heeled well over to the breeze. On we sped, the wind increasing as we went, and when an hour later we came about it was thought best to close-reef, for on the outward tack we would encounter the full sweep of wind and sea. On we went again, the wind freshening, the sea rising all the time, until it became an even question whether it would be worse to keep on or run back. Small as was our sail, there was still "too much bush for canoe," and we staggered along, climbing up one side of a big wave and sliding down the other just as its curling crest seemed about to break over us. As we all sat to windward, drenched with flying spray, Gilbert cheerfully explained the proper method of righting a capsized boat, while now and then, as a heavier puff than usual sent the lee rail under, it seemed as though he would soon have an opportunity of putting his theories to a practical test. I thought of the sharks that occasionally swam about the ships; of the big skates, whose phosphorescent forms could be seen at night gliding uncannily along deep beneath our keel, and the water seemed very black, the boat very small and the Ballistas a long way off. Still, remembering Cromwell's advice, we kept the ammunition well under cover, and as we at last neared the islands emptied the water from our pockets and began to look about for

caves, sea lions and landing places. Landing on the first island was quite out of the question. Its sides rose precipitously from the water, and even to leeward the wash of the swell was dangerous, while on the exposed side the seas came roaring in over sunken rocks, foaming against the cliffs, and sending showers of gleaming spray high in the air. The second island was more promising, but even here it did not seem best to risk the boat, so taking in sail we rowed slowly toward the third and sternmost island, which not only offered a good lee, but was pierced by numerous caves. Making a short cut directly through the island, which terminates in a natural arch some 50 feet in height, we found ourselves temporarily in smooth water, and stopped to rest at the mouth of a little cave. Two cormorants, perched above the entrance through which the water gurgled in and out, as the swell rose and fell along the wall of rock, and a sea lion rising high in the water to gaze at us as he passed by out of range, were the only signs of life, and our rough trip seemed to have been made to little purpose.

Looking backward, we could just make out the Chinchas, enveloped in a dun-colored cloud of guano dust, on the southern horizon the steep sides of distant San Gallan rose sheer from the sea, and close at hand was the southernmost point of our island, above which sheets of spray leaped into the sunlight.

Proceeding onward once more, a few strokes brought us around a corner of the cliff and in full view of a goodly host of sea lions. There they were at last! The stony floor of a lofty cave that opened in the face of the cliff was fairly black with them, while nearer by on a shelving rock at least a dozen burly bulls lay sprawling in the sun. Oh, if they would only wait a little! But no—as we gradually drew near, slowly forcing our heavy boat through the choppy seas, first one, then another, slid into the water and disappeared, until only two, the boldest or the laziest, remained. Another moment, and they too would be gone, but before that moment passed Lowe cried, "Let them have it!" And let them have it we did with such good effect that both dropped at once. At last success was ours! One huge beast lay quite motionless, while the other, whose life blood dripped from his mouth and trickled down his side, required but another shot to make him ours. Even while pressing trigger I wondered how we would manage to get the huge brutes off the rock, around whose base amid the swirls of foam we now and then caught a glimpse of sharp fangs of stone, eager to crunch into the sides of our boat. The "how" was soon decided. One lion raised his head, lunged heavily to his feet, swayed aimlessly to and fro a moment and then plunged headlong into the water. The second followed, his huge bulk disappearing beneath the water, leaving naught but a small dark stain on the rock to bear witness against us. There was small time to mourn our loss, for the sea lions, but a minute before slumbering quietly in the cave, aroused by our shots, came scrambling down the strip of shingle, and splashing into the sea swam boldly toward us, furnishing the life for a picture not easily forgotten. The scene indeed was of the kind oftener found in books than beheld in nature, and while the actual danger was slight enough, it might to an imaginative observer have seemed very real.

Fully 200 feet above our heads hung a projecting shelf of rock, so thin and fissured that it seemed ready at a touch to fall upon us. Beneath our boat lay tossing on the swell that rushed foaming into the cave whence the sea lions issued by scores, tossing their heads and uttering harsh, barking cries. The breakers crashed upon the point near by, the pent-up air boomed from a subterranean passage, and the wind whistled over the island, the combined din being perfectly indescribable. As the lions came onward, showing their teeth, and rearing their heads defiantly, it seemed as if, emboldened by numbers, they had thrown aside their customary timidity and were going to attack us. The odds were certainly in their favor, but a shot at the nearest changed the aspect of affairs, for at the report of a gun a hundred pairs of flippers flashed in the air, and every animal disappeared as if by magic. A moment later all were up again, only to be dispersed anew by another shot. Then, one by one all save a few sought shelter in the cave or retreated to some locality equally safe from our pursuit, while the remainder kept well out of gunshot.

The chase was at an end. There was nothing to do but to wait for wind and waves to subside a little and then return, as usual, empty-handed. A little before sunset we ventured out, and although the sea still ran high, set all sail and ran for home, "seeking the shelter of the hollow ships."

In the tropics darkness follows short upon the setting of the sun, and ere long we were tearing through the gloom over a sea whose black hollows were succeeded by sparkling crests of foam, while our wake was marked by a dancing train of phosphorescent sparks. Soon one after another the twinkling lights of the vessels at anchor came into sight, and a few minutes later we were making the customary explanations for not having secured our game.

F. A. LUCAS.

'The Eel's Keen Scent.

THE eel is one of the most inveterate salmon egg and salmon fry poachers that exist. We have taken fifty fry of about 1 inch long and from eight to ten weeks old out of the gullet and stomach of a 12-ounce eel, which appeared among the fry as they were being turned into the river out of the hatchery, and all these were gobbled in the seven minutes or so it took us to fetch a landing net to capture it. So intent was it on the feed that its capture was easily effected, but not before it had accounted for half a hundred salmon fry.

The eel hunts with its snout down over every inch of ground and works more by smell than sight. He bores into the sand even to half his body when he comes upon a redd covered up. We have again and again proved that he hunts by the smell. A burn mouth is a famous spot for the eel. It was our sport of an evening to hang a tassel of lob worms over a wooden bridge fully 60 yards or so above the mouth of a burn, and watch the eels as they gradually began to move when the first taint of the current brought them up from the bottom and out from the sides on the hunt for the worms; and then a good dish would be killed in due course, when wanted, or as many of the "brutes" destroyed as would attach themselves to the worms or other tackle in order to rid the river as much as possible of the pest.—G. M. in London Fishing Gazette.

Has Read It for Over Twenty Years.

WYNCOPE, Pa.—I am going there for black bass and may stay five or six weeks, and I just can't do without my paper, that I have been reading for over twenty years. I am over sixty-eight years old, but still hold my own pretty well with the younger sportsmen.

W. R. H.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Animal Prospectors.

It was at one of the select meetings where theoretical and applied science get together and read papers. To the merely casual person who is somewhat in doubt as to where to draw the line between theoretical and science at best, it might appear that the be-all and end-all of these meetings is to read a paper. As a matter of fact, the best lies in the discussions which follow under more social conditions. Then the whole range of science may be covered conversationally without the necessity of sticking to any text in particular. Sometimes it is beyond the power of the listeners to discuss the subject on which the paper has been read. That was so on this evening. The title of the paper was "On the Attunement of Certain Harmonies in the Physical Constants," and there were only two men who knew what it was about—the author of the paper and a professor over in Germany. Under such circumstances any following conversation must be general.

"It is with the greatest pleasure," said the Professor, "that I have found since our last meeting a very positive piece of evidence going to prove a contention which I have for a long time been inclined to make, namely, that despite the impediment of general education and much printing, the myth-making tendency remains still racial. Take the sun myth for an instance. You can trace it from the childhood of our Indo-Germanic race through all antiquity and the Middle Ages. And from the latter period of great fertility in finally shaping many of our stories we get it among other guises in the fable of the goose that laid the golden egg. Now I find a charming proof that the same tendency is in continuous operation. It is contained in this small clipping from one of the newspapers of recent date. It is to the effect that a housewife discovered a nugget of gold in the craw of the bird she was dressing for the table—a hen, I believe. The report continues that the butcher from whom she bought the hen is making a great effort to trace its prior history in the hope of finding the gold deposit. This was somewhere out in the Rocky Mountains, which is a country that I have heard some of our geological members describe as quite rich in auriferous strata. Now this trifling domestic incident is little in itself, but to a mind trained to watch for such things it is a beautiful demonstration of the vivid force even at the present day of the solar myth. It is my purpose some day to elaborate this theme in a memoir which I shall present to the National Academy of Sciences."

"Can I say a word on the subject?" asked the Guest, a mining engineer who had been introduced by one of the School of Mines members. "Because I just want to say that while the Professor's sun myth explanation may be the correct one, and I don't doubt it is, the facts upon which he bases his argument have all been published long ago. You may not know it, but it's true just the same, that when we get out into the mining country the mine superintendents who have graduated from the pick and shovel and pan rather affect to slur those of us who have graduated from the polytechnics—I'm a Freiburg man myself. Well, there was one of these self-made superintendents who was hunting about for some way of hinting his disapproval of my methods of mining research—you know they are of decidedly direct and positive speech—and he assured me that he had 'an old hen that could locate a better gold claim than any tenderfoot engineer.' That was my first introduction to these ornithological prospectors that the Professor here explains as a sunburst or some such thing. I've been interested in them more or less ever since, and I've kept tabs on the different stories as they have come out."

"How very interesting," said the Professor. "I had no idea when I mentioned the subject that it would possess any interest for any present. Perhaps there are others who share my desire that the mining gentleman supply us with a few more instances of this nature of phenomenon."

"Why, certainly, gentlemen," replied the Guest from the mining country. "I had no desire to intrude in your social discussions, but seeing you're all interested, I can give a few more instances. The Professor here calls it a phenomenon. Well, it is certainly a phenomenal something, but what that is I must leave you to determine for yourselves or else wait until the Professor writes that memoir for the National Academy. Now for some other instances. I've got the more recent ones jotted down in my pocket book, and they're all arranged according to the natural system according to the particular animal. Let's see—the Professor began the subject with a hen. I've got that same hen in my book. Cost the woman \$1.25 for the hen at the butcher shop in Denver. Nugget weighed \$1.15. Balance in favor of the hen, 10 cents. That's your hen, Professor, ain't it? I thought so. At any rate there hasn't been a hen for some time back. A little odd that we should both have become interested in the subject through the same kind of a bird."

"Now, there's the turkey. That's a bird that's worked pretty hard at this kind of prospecting. The freshest one I have on the turkey comes from Tucson. A poor prospector out on Carrizo Creek almost starving and entirely penniless knocks over a wild turkey with a club—most men can't get close enough to those wise Arizona bronze wings to knock them over with a Mauser—and finds three nuggets in the craw weighing, all told, \$2.86. The chump finds he cannot eat his turkey without two loaves of stale bread and sage and onions and a whole lot of chicken fixin's to stuff it with, so he goes to town with his gold, tanks up a little, I guess, gives the snap away, the whole camp swarms up the Carrizo, and by the time the man gets back to stuff his bird the creek is so completely located that he can't find a square foot to build his fire on to cook the animal with."

"Remarkable, remarkable!" said the Professor. "Only to think of the unthinking action of one of our wild fowl being the means of bringing prosperity to a whole community. It is wonderful indeed!"

"Prosperity to what whole community?" ejaculated the Freiburg man who was the Guest. "Oh, I see. You're

just gathering material for that sun myth memoir. Do you know, I thought at first you really meant it.

"So much for the turkey bird. Now let's tackle the goose. You see I'm not attempting to be complete, I just want to run over the different animals that are engaged in this industry. Ah, this is pretty good for a goose! It is credited to Idaho, and the human agent in this case is set down as a farmer. That shows the absurdity of it. Do you think any sane man would take any Idaho man for a farmer? Well, this farmer away out in Idaho saw one day that something was wrong with his pet gander—the old bird that led the docile flock. When he first noticed it the gander had a most haughty air—neck curved back and generally like the swan. But at every attempt to move the bird simply slumped forward and dug his bill into the ground. Why, even to hiss, and that, you know, is the only delight in goose life, this gander had to build up a falsework of rocks and chips under his breastbone to hold him up. When the farmer came to investigate the difficulty he found that the gander's center of gravity had been brought unduly forward owing to a heavy lump in his craw, and that it was sufficient to overbalance him. The usual cause, but with a conditioning difference appropriate to the nature of the bird. Instead of nuggets, the gander's craw was filled with flour gold. Being a water fowl, he had discovered a placer."

"Then here's one in which ducks took a part. The San Joaquin marshes in California are all cut up into game preserves, and although there's any quantity of duck and teal in the proper season, it's about as much as your life is worth to get a shot. But at some point in their migrations, and it may be thousands of miles away, the ducks of the flight spend some time on a gold outcrop, just enough to accommodate them with a few pieces in their digestive organs. So, some bright chaps managed to poach on one of these preserves up the San Joaquin and got a few dozen birds. Then they got a qualified assay office to certify that the ducks ran on the milling average in gold a 'bit' to the bird—that's twelve and a half cents, you know, in that country. Armed with this certificate they entered up locations for mineral claims all over the sloughs. Of course title to mineral land is away ahead of any marsh land title, and it busted up the close preserves and gave everybody a chance at the birds."

"My dear sir," commented the Professor, "that is a very valuable instance as showing that these cases of the finding of gold in birds are not sporadic, but may under proper conditions become of regular occurrence. It is most remarkable."

"Well, yes," said the Guest who had been introduced by the School of Mines man, "you're quite right; in some respects that is rather remarkable. But we may expect much more remarkable data from South Africa when the characteristic bird of those parts begins to develop his possibilities in that line. Just stop and think of the magnificent possibilities when the ostrich begins toting gold specimens about. If a simple ordinary Colorado hen can assay \$1.15 in gold, any medium-sized ostrich ought to be worth in the neighborhood of \$500 easily. It would be worth while to train a flock of ostriches to go prospecting. There must be more in it than there is in grub stakes."

"May I ask," said the Professor, who saw his great memoir right within his grasp, "I should really like to know if you have formed any theory as to why the avifauna of the United States has become so selective of the precious metals and as to why the ostrich does not share that selectivity?"

"Oh, I guess my theory's about the right one. The reason is that the intelligence of the inhabitants of South Africa, both Boers and British, is not exactly as sprightly as that of the very ingenious men out West who have mines to sell. That will abundantly account for it. And it's not restricted to birds either. There was one story, Lyin' Jim Beckwourth used to tell about a grizzly."

"How much we do miss, to be sure," interrupted the Professor, "in our formal societies. It's mister, or at most professor or doctor, with us; but out West they retain the right to call a man by something personal. There was an instance in our friend's narrative. 'Lion Jim' Beckwourth, he said. Does that not recall to you some man of valor as unshaken as the noble beast whose name is linked with his by his appreciative companions? Pray excuse my interruption; I could not help it."

"Don't mention it. While Lyin' Jim wasn't named exactly for the reason you suggest, the epithet was well earned and freely given by all who knew him. Well, he had a story about a big silver-tip grizzly that he'd hunted, a long time in vain. They were pretty well matched, the pair of them, and if there were any tricks of grizzlies, Jim knew those tricks, and if there were any tricks of men your Uncle Ephraim was onto them. That was what made it interesting between the two of them, and it was going to be a pretty big feather in the cap of whichever one it was that downed the other. Now one morning there was everything to show that the bear had been in Jim's corral, and Jim got warm again and swore it was time for one or the other of them two to get out of that region of the high Sierras. So he out after the bear, and the trail being so fresh, was very easy to follow. After some miles the trail was lost, but that never bothered Lyin' Jim. He picked it up all right as much as three miles further on, but it was different—there was a blood mark that there had not been before in the right hind paw, and it could be seen that old silver-tip was favoring that paw. Pretty soon Jim caught up with Uncle Ephraim, looking mighty sick and making only slow time hop and go fetch it. That was bigger luck than had ever happened to Jim before in connection with his king bear, and he lost no time in getting in the shot that finished him for good and all. Come to skin the bear, Lyin' Jim says that he found imbedded in the pad of the lame foot a hunk of quartz with as pretty a specimen of flaky gold as he ever saw. Somewhere in the gap of the trail the bear had jumped down on this piece of float and lamed himself. Now, some men would have kept a thing like that to themselves, but that was not the sort of man Lyin' Jim was. He was no hog; he didn't want the whole thing; he was willing to let as many as possible have a chance at a fortune if only they'd put up at his house while they were hunting for it, and he didn't charge them more for their board than was reasonable."

"I don't know, Professor, if that story of the bear and Lyin' Jim Beckwourth is exactly what you want for

your memoir. But I have a note here under the word "deer" which ought to suit. This was in Colorado. My friend here from the School of Mines has undoubtedly posted you as to what is known as the cyanide process of gold extraction. Out in Colorado there are a great many rich ores that present the gold in certain chemical combinations which nothing but cyanide will break down and liberate the elemental gold. Under such conditions the prospector has to be somewhat more of a mineralogist than when his search is confined to placer, quartz and gravel gold. In at the back of Pike's Peak there was a camp of half a dozen prospectors, for they had found a good line of country rock and were working out in all directions. I regret to say that very many of these adventurous miners are very heavy drinkers, and the men in this camp were no exception. What is worse, they had an abundant supply of the stuff, and every night after their exhausting labors above the line of 10,000 feet of altitude they gave a very close imitation of a debauch. All this time they were feeding on bacon and salt pork, and canned goods once in a while just by way of variety. But one day a member of the party sighted a herd of deer, and the next day he took a day off with his rifle, saying it was about time the camp had some real meat—some of the fresh kind. Well, he brought back a deer that day, and they cooked it and had it ready for dinner when the others got back. That venison went just to the right spot, and the camp unanimously agreed to this man's being authorized to keep them supplied with fresh meat. After dinner they brought out the demijohn and filled up all around. It was no difficult thing for that crowd to pour the stuff down—the trouble came immediately afterward. One gagged; another choked until the tears streamed from his eyes—all were in difficulties. "Who's been monkeying with this whisky?" said one as soon as he could get his voice.

"First time I ever knew whisky to go back on me," said another.

"They decided to give it another trial, but it was no go. When they got it to their lips they couldn't get it any further. They not only did not want it, but they had an aversion to it. This went on for several days, getting worse every day, and they were getting so beastly sober that it was like making new acquaintances all around. At last they decided to send one of the party in to Colorado Springs to consult a doctor. The way they figured it out was that as they were all afflicted in the same way, one patient would be just as good as the bunch, and when the doctor had found out what was the matter with him and given him a prescription, all he would have to do would be to buy six times as much as was ordered and then there would be enough to go around. Just to be sociable, this fellow packed in one of the deer that they had been living on. Well, he came back without much satisfaction, but plenty of medicine of one sort or another—at any rate the druggist told him it was a good deal better. In a few days who should come chasing up to their camp but the doctor. The upshot of the whole matter was that the doctor had found himself affected the same way, but as he was an Eastern man it didn't so much matter in his case. He did some chemistry on the venison that was left him and he found the meat crammed full of gold chlorides. That made everything plain. Instead of venison they had been eating a regular jag cure, and now they couldn't drink. But the medicine man had plenty of savey—a heap more than the prospectors. Under his direction they trailed up the runway of the deer and finally found the place where they had their licks, for you know deer must have something salt to lick. The prospectors had been looking for sylvanite and the tellurides; they had no idea what gold chlorides looked like, and they had passed this place over a dozen times as not worth so much as the tap of a hammer. The deer had been steadily licking the outcrop until they were fairly charged with the gold in its chemical combination, which passed into the men who fed upon the venison. To-day, I am glad to say, that is one of the best propositions north of Cripple Creek."

"This is the most interesting yet," said the Professor. "But did I understand you that there had been an organized effort to collect such data?"

"It is so," replied the Guest. "The Sazerac Society or Club has devoted much attention to this subject."

"And the Sazerac Society is—"

"The Sazerac Society is an association of those who seek to make daily and practical use of flights of fancy."

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

3.

A. McKing, W. M. Franklin, John Franklin and Judge King, of Fort Valley, Ga., went to the river on a camp fishing, says the Macon Telegraph. They caught 100 pounds of fish, but the fun came next morning. W. M. Franklin found a bee tree, and all decided to cut it down, and in thirty minutes after the tree was found it was on the ground. McKing was elected to take a wad of rag and stop the hole in the tree to keep the bees in. He ran up on the log to perform his duty, followed by W. M. Franklin, and when he got to the place where the bees were a large number of bees were out of the hole, and he threw down the rag and ran off in the canebrake. Judge King ran up to the tree and stuck the rag in the hole and held it with his foot, and fought the bees for dear life with both hands. He yelled to the boys to come help him quick. W. M. Franklin told him to run out or they would sting him to death, and he obeyed orders very quickly and came dashing through the canebrake like a bear, yelling for some one to take the bees off of him. McKing went to help him, but Judge outran him and came by where John Franklin was hid in the cane. John told him to run into a lake that was near, and into the lake Judge went, just like old Sut Lovingood did when the hornets were after him. He made the water splash in every direction, and soon got rid of the bees. He asked for some tobacco to put on the stings, and when McKing ran to him with the tobacco the bees following after, Judge said: "For God's sake, don't come here with

them bees, for I am nearly stung to death already," and off he dashed through the canebrake at a wild gait. Judge says that he has got enough of cutting bee trees. His eyes are very much swollen yet, but no serious damage is expected. The fishing party filled six buckets and the frying pan with honey taken from the tree. The only way they managed to get the honey was to take a sack and slip it over W. M. Franklin's head, tie up his hands and cut into the honey. As soon as the honey was broken into the bees got quiet and all hands went to work and took the honey.

4.

In Yazoo county, Miss., a party of hunters killed a deer that had a human skull impaled on a prong of his horn, supposed to be that of a negro. The prong had entered the cavity occupied in life by the eye, and had grown up around the bone, showing the skull had not been put on recently. There are various conjectures as to how it got there, but the most prevalent opinion is that the animal was wounded and brought to bay by the negro, and had killed the latter in the conflict which ensued, the prong entering the eye and piercing the brain. The body of the deer showed signs of wounds. He was about as large as a two-year-old calf.

5.

WHILE Alexander Lewis and his two sons were hunting in the vicinity of Temple, Ind., the dogs treed something in a hollow tree. The hunters came up, got their guns ready, and found the unknown animal to be an infant but two or three days old, and still alive. The child had evidently been abandoned to its fate. Mr. Lewis carried the little one to his home, and there is every prospect that it will be successfully reared.

Natural History.

A Pair of Red-Shouldered Hawks.

In the spring of 1884 I first found the nest of *Buteo lineatus*. It happened in this way: My cousin and I were rambling through a thick piece of woods in Farmington, Me., late in May, and hearing the cry of this hawk, we soon located the nest high up in an old growth of yellow birch. We had no climbers, so went to his home and got an axe and returned to the site and cut a small maple, felling it over into the first forks of the birch, and climbed up to the nest on this maple. It contained three young hawks, covered with yellowish, fuzzy down. They were quarreling and trying to pitch each other out of the nest. We took them and I carried them home with me and fed them. They made very interesting pets. When I fed them bits of meat or earth worms one would grab one end of the food, and before he could get it swallowed another would commence to swallow the other end and a general "mix-up" then took place. When they were about half grown I had to be away from home all day, and they would take food only from me. Other members of the family offered them food, but they would not touch it. When I returned they were so weak they could not eat the bits of mice I offered them and soon died.

How little did the old hawks mistrust that I was destined to be the plague of their lives! On May 6, '85, I went to the nest, and as I cautiously crept up to the tree the female left the nest with a cry of despair, joined the male and each circled high in air over the nest uttering their shrill "Kae, kae, kea," or "Ke-he, ke-he, ke-he" while I ascended to the nest. There were two eggs, which I placed in my soft felt hat, took the hat between my teeth and worked my way back to terra firma.

In a few days they went to a patch of woods across the Willson's Stream from the old nest and reared their young unmolested, as I had no boat then in which to cross the stream.

April 28, '86, they had completed a nest in a large sugar maple in the further end of the same woods containing the last year's nest, and had laid three eggs. From the side hill above the woods I had watched them working on the nest, and until I thought they had the set completed, and on the above date I went to that part of the woods with climbers and a box to carry on my belt, to bring the eggs down in. Finding the tree rather hard to climb, I decided to get a long pole and fix a net on the end of it, climb with it to a fork in a poplar that stood about 15 feet from the maple. This I did, and dragging the pole up the poplar I rested in the fork and scooped the three eggs from the nest, placed them in my box and slid to the ground again. In a few days, not discouraged, the pair went to an old nest up the stream about two miles, and lining it with a few twigs of green hemlock boughs and a few bits of dead birch bark, laid two eggs and hatched them unmolested, as I did not wish to drive them away entirely. Having been away to school in the spring of '87, I did not have opportunity to watch them nest building, but on April 29 I paid them a visit and found them nesting in a large beech in a piece of woods up on the side hill overlooking the old site, which they so much liked to occupy. With a pole and net I climbed a maple beside the beech and scooped the three eggs which the nest contained. This nest was an old crows' nest relined with live hemlock twigs and bits of bark. The pair then went down the stream about two miles and repaired an old nest and hatched their two young undisturbed. In the spring of '88 they rebuilt the nest in the sugar maple occupied in '86, and on May 3 I took with a net, as before, the three eggs and put in their place three dirty hen's eggs and hid behind the upturned roots of a fallen tree to watch the female's return. She was very cautious coming back to the nest. Both birds circled about overhead, looking over every inch of ground before the female would go near the nest. She lit on a tree some distance from the nest and stayed a long time, then flew to a tree nearer and stayed a shorter time, and so on until she came to the nest, using up over an hour before settling down to the nest. She acted strange when she looked at the eggs and made a great deal of fuss before she settled down on them. But I suppose she thought she would have to put up with most everything while that fellow with the long pole was "on her tracks."

Returning to the nest about three weeks later, I found egg shells on the ground beneath the nest and one dead chicken that had been pitched from the nest as soon as it had hatched, and the old birds had left the ill-fated locality and were seen no more along the valley of the stream that season; but in '89 they returned April 10 and soon repaired the nest two miles down the stream that was occupied successfully in the spring of '87. With a net I climbed a tree near and scooped the three eggs. They then went to the woods across the stream and occupied an old nest, probably the one used in '85, and reared their two young.

The succeeding three years they returned to some one of the old nests and were relieved of a first set and allowed to rebuild and to hatch the second set. But in '93 I took a set of three on April 25 and a set of two on May 12 and a third set of one egg on May 29. That year they did not rear any young; but they returned as usual in '94 and the same experience was theirs—to lose the first set and to rear the second successfully. They have returned each succeeding year and I have taken their first set while on my vacation. They have come to know me at sight pretty well, even my footstep heard about their nest locality, and they will return to it no more, so certain are they that I am after them. Each spring as I return to their locality, as I come in sight of them they leave the woods in which they are nesting with a cry of despair and go to some other of their old nests to breed undisturbed. The spring of 1900 was no exception, as I was taken sick and was ordered by my doctor away from my work up into the country to get rested up and to regain my health. The old hawks came April 10 and had their nest relined.

On May 1 I took a set of two eggs and May 20 they had an old crows' nest relined in the upper end of the same woods ready to lay the second set, but I miscalculated the time and went to the nest before the eggs were laid. They then went across the stream and were left to breed unmolested. In the past seventeen years they have occupied eleven different nests, all being relined with live twigs of hemlock and small bits of birch bark.

How much longer I shall be able to disturb their first attempt at nesting I am not able to say, but for seventeen successive seasons I have been on hand and taken their first set. That this is the same pair of hawks there is little doubt. They are very much attached to their old breeding grounds. It would be interesting to know how many years they had bred along that valley previous to '84, and also how many years they will continue to return and be persecuted. In looking over and comparing the sets taken in all this time, the eggs bear a striking "family resemblance." None of them are heavily marked. The first set, taken in '85, are somewhat smaller than those taken the last few years. Some of the later sets are a bit more heavily marked than the earlier sets. I am looking forward to my vacation next spring and to meeting my old friends the buteos, and I presume they will be expecting me too.

J. MERTON SWAIN.

PORTLAND, Me.

Squirrels as Pets.

A MORE entertaining and interesting pet than a squirrel it would be hard to find, and a less troublesome and prettier pet in the animal kingdom there is not. Contrary to general opinion, the squirrel is the least expensive of all pets. To a coarse-grained individual there may be pleasure in keeping a squirrel in one of those little prison cages where they are pestered with fleas, cannot breed and generally end up by becoming paralyzed in their hind quarters; but not so with persons who are sensitive. Pleasure comes only to them through seeing their pets enjoy existence and not in the mere possession of them.

That the large black, fox and silver gray squirrels can be kept around the house and grounds in much the same manner as a pigeon I have proved to my entire satisfaction. This can be managed in the following way: (1) Have your squirrels paired properly—male and female that are not related. To be sure of this, never rely upon a dealer's word, but buy one animal from one dealer and the other from another. This is most important, for animals will not breed that are out of the same nest, and are very likely to leave, hunting for a mate. (2) Procure a box, say about 3 cubic feet, place a smaller box inside of this, in which is some Manila for bedding. (3) Close the box up with boards, all but a small opening in which you can just put your hand. (4) Place a very liberal supply of mixed nuts and sunflower seeds, but no roasted peanuts. (5) Hoist the whole affair into some lofty tree or the corner of the barn. If the barn is of brick, then a wooden pole or two must lead to it. Secure firmly. (6) Place your squirrels and some water vessel in the opening and cover with inch mesh wire netting. Water daily. (7) After a few days, say three or four, you can take off the netting and allow out an hour or two before sundown. Sprinkle the ground immediately beneath the nest with nuts and place the water in a position where cats cannot molest them. (8) From this on, never disturb the nest. Every time the squirrels are frightened they will run to their nest; let them be at peace there. Dogs are not cunning enough to catch a squirrel, and the large varieties are not molested by cats. You will observe your pets will leave their box very cautiously at first, the tree will be thoroughly explored and the least noise will send them rushing back to their retreat.

Squirrels mate in the fall of the year when the hickory nut shells. They have their young in the early part of March. These are born naked and blind, and number from one to five, according to the amount of food on hand. The period of gestation is, I think, four weeks. Squirrels never hibernate in the true sense of the word, for they will come out on the coldest day in the year and eat some snow—in fact, they are out 365 days a year. Even the chipmunk and the flying squirrels will not hibernate as the ground hog does, but pop their little noses out for a breath of air and a bite of snow.

In buying squirrels always examine their teeth and see that they are not curved into tusks; also see that their coat is glossy and be sure that they are not suffering from partial paralysis. A squirrel is one of the most active creatures in the world, and if it cannot run up and down

a tree four times while a cat is going up once, then there is something wrong with its system. Extremely violent movements while in a cage are generally an indication of good health. To ship a squirrel a long distance successfully, always place in with it the hardest nuts procurable for food, such as extra thick-shelled black walnuts or butternuts, together with some moist food such as artichokes. Provide straw and not hay to hide in, and line the inside of the box with 1-inch mesh wire netting. If going a very long distance, such as to England, then place a water bottle in place of the artichokes, with a notice on the outside of the box, "Give us a drink."

North America is the home of the squirrel, although there is a single variety in Great Britain. The British representative is a common small animal not nearly so interesting as our little red squirrel. It extends throughout Europe and is the same variety that is found in such immense numbers in India. There is another variety in the vicinity of Lapland—quite a handsome animal with tufted ears and bushy tail. This animal is migratory, and in migrations will often cover an acre of water, swimming across small lakes and rivers in its efforts to get to a good nut-bearing district. As a fur-bearing animal, there are few skins so handsome as that of the Russian gray squirrel. This fur is as beautiful as the ermine, and resembles it with the exception that it has a narrow strip of gray down the center of the back. I should think that with a little trouble, or rather pleasure, it could be bred pure white. As far as I know, there are no varieties of squirrels in Africa or Australasia or even in South America, and with the exception of the above varieties the rest are confined to North America.

For the benefit of your readers who have not studied the matter, I will give the size, color, habits and location of some of the best known varieties: Black squirrel (*Sciurus niger*)—It is glossy jet black all over, having a body 13 inches long and a very bushy tail of the same length. It is a native of Ontario, but is not to be found north of Muskoka. It is one of the hardest squirrels to tame, being very shy in its nature. I have possessed one that would run all over a person in search of nuts and play with the cat and kittens under the stove. When I let it out in my barn with a mate, in a day it grew to be as wild as the wildest of them. This is the rule with all of them that I ever experimented with. The male is mute; the female has three distinct cries—one while in the nest, one exactly like the female fox squirrel and then the well-known qua, qua, which denotes that she is with young. After she has her young she becomes ragged looking and is very shy, and, like the Queen's old Scotch servant, must not be disturbed. She will not allow her lord entrance to her nest. The flesh of this squirrel makes splendid soup or pie, and the fur can be made into an excellent hat or boa. This variety has from one to five young at a time, and breeds from April to October, having three litters a year if well fed. Sweet acorns—the nut of the white oak—is their favorite food, although they will eat any nut—even the bitter acorn after it has been buried and has sprouted, thus sweetening it to a certain extent. From the first the young have a very bushy tail. The case is the reverse with the fox squirrel, which come out of their nest with a very thin tail indeed. The mother always accompanies them for the first few weeks after they leave the nest, playing with them and teaching them all kinds of gymnastics. Pure white and black and white freaks of this variety are not uncommon.

The Fox Squirrel, Northern, Western and Southern (*S. capistratus*, *S. sub-aureatus*, *S. sayii*)—The Northern is the largest, having a body 14½ inches long and a tail 15½ inches long. The Western is a little smaller, and the Southern is smaller still. In all the varieties the color is the same, *S. sayii* being a little lighter under color than *S. sub-aureatus*. The color of the fox squirrel is a mixture of black and cream colored hairs, with a solid red throat, belly, under parts of legs and tail. The fox and the black squirrel are not the same squirrel by any means, as some would have us believe. The black squirrel, in order to protect itself, lately has got into the habit of breeding freaks of color, such as cinnamon, all black with a brown tail, gray and black mixed, cream color, etc. But in five years' experiment I have never got them even to mate, much less breed. The head of the fox is very much broader than that of the black, the ears are much smaller, the neck is thicker and the tail is flat at the bottom and rounded along its top length, whereas the tail of the black is round and bushy. The fox squirrel is a very bold animal, is readily tamed and remains tame. Mine delight to tease the dogs; they will hang head down just out of reach of their bounds, chattering at them and thoroughly enjoying their rage at getting so near and yet so far. In defending their nests, a pair of fox squirrels will thrash a small dog or a cat. Their bite for the size of the animal is terrific. The bull dog tenacity with which they attack will never be forgotten if you once experience it as I have. There is another peculiarity about the fox squirrel; there is probably not another animal that can stand so much punishment and come to after it is over; not even the possum can stand the same beating that the fox squirrel can. The female makes a noise exactly like the female black, with more bark and less qua. The male makes a low chattering like the little red squirrels, without the r-r-r-ru-ru ending. Besides this, he will whistle when he is beaten by another fox squirrel. Fox squirrels breed only once a year, in the early part of March, and have from five to seven young in the nest at a time. The fox squirrel is extremely fond of its home, and never emigrates except when starved into doing so. Like the Northern gray, it is not a great treetop squirrel, but stays more on the ground. This squirrel is getting rapidly cleaned out of Michigan, and, in fact, all the States with the exception of Kansas and Missouri. In this Province it has been entirely exterminated. The last one I saw in this Province was in Muskoka; there were about twenty red squirrels chattering around it, but, boy-like, I thought of squirrel soup and fired, killing eleven reds; but the fox carried off whatever shot struck him. That was about eighteen years ago.

Northern or Migratory Gray Squirrel (*S. migratorius*)—It is a solid steel gray all over, and has a bushy tail. Its body is 12½ inches long, tail 14 inches. In all these measurements I do not pick out the smallest specimen I know of. As a pet, this variety is unreliable, being apt to pick up and travel. It will cross with the black squirrel, half the young being one color and half the other. The powers of this squirrel for locating are

marvelous, finding a nut it has buried through 2 feet of snow. This I have often witnessed. This squirrel is a great weather and crop prophet, foretelling the future crop of a distant section by migrating to it a season ahead of time.

The silver or Virginia gray (*S. carolina*) is smaller than the Northern gray. The forehead and forelegs and sides are reddish brown; the throat, belly and under parts are white; the tail is silver-tipped and edged, and the body and back are gray. The tail is flat and about the same length as the body. It makes a good pet, lays up a store of nuts and will stay at home. I have some specimens that are seven years old, and have never tried to get away yet. The female will chatter and scold very hard those who molest her nest, but otherwise makes no noise. On the other hand, the male is a constant barker. It is very pleasant to hear them in my back yard; it makes me dream of the "Dismal Swamp," where they are very plentiful. This is the only variety I have that will come out of a moonlight night and wander quietly around. Unfortunately, I had a number of them smothered by smoke. The stable next door to mine was set on fire by fire crackers on the night of the celebration of the capture of Pretoria. A brick wall separated the two stables, and thus prevented a scorching, but admitted the smoke. After the fire was out Deputy Chief Noble and I went up with a lantern and discovered the floor covered with dead, or apparently dead, squirrels. We opened the doors and let out the smoke, the result being that all the fox came to, as did nearly all the black, but exactly half the silver grays were dead, and stayed dead.

The California gray (*S. fessor*) is the largest of all the squirrel family; it is a blue gray with white underparts. The tail is longer than the body by ½ inch.

The Texas black (*S. auduboni*) is a large blackish brown squirrel; 12 and 12 is its size, although there may be larger specimens. It is a native of Texas, Louisiana and Mexico. This is a much larger animal than the Tennessee black, which has a white nose.

The weasel-like squirrel of California pine woods (*S. mustelinus*) has a 10½-inch body and a 13½-inch tail. Men may live all their life time beside this squirrel and never know of its existence, so quick and quiet is it. It lives on pine nuts, and passes its time amid the thick, lofty pine trees. Its hair grows rather thin on the body, or the two specimens I saw stuffed were summer animals.

The common red squirrel (*S. hudsoni*) is to be found from Alaska to Labrador. I have seen them on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence so thick that in half an hour with a catapult I gathered enough to make a good soup. They are small—the body 7 inches and the tail 6 inches. The body is reddish brown and the underparts a dirty white. Chickaree, the name he gives himself, is the quickest piece of impudence alive. They are a constant annoyance to the black bucks, pursuing up one tree and down another, until they can grab them in a tender spot. The butternut reds are much more vicious than their pine tree brothers—in fact, it is impossible to carry two or more in a cage that is darkened, for when you have arrived at your destination and removed the cover you discover that they have killed each other. In carrying red squirrels from one place to another, always do so in an open cage and avoid jolting. You will observe that the pine squirrel has a rounder head than the butternut squirrel, and they are much more tractable, not snapping and biting at each other and every one who approaches them. Feed the pine squirrel on sunflower seeds and the butternut squirrel on bitter acorns and butternuts. The woods of Canada are alive with these squirrels, as their old enemies, the lynxes and the pine martins, are not present in sufficient numbers to keep them down. This species will bring out young as early as the month of February.

As pets the chipmunk and flying squirrels are failures, as they are eaten up by cats as soon as they are liberated. The flying squirrel is a night animal; its chief food is the jitter acorn; its chief enemy is the owl. The further north you go the larger the flying squirrel. Those up in Parry Sound are twice as large as those in Missouri. The chipmunk's favorite food is the hazel nut. It, as well as the flying squirrel, will readily breed in captivity.

There is only one tufted-eared squirrel in America. It is a large squirrel, and has its home in Colorado. It is brownish black in color, and as far as I can find out is very rare. Let us hear about it through FOREST AND STREAM.

The following variety of squirrels are very rare, or extinct. I would like to hear of them: Cat (*Sciurus cinereus*); Eastern and Middle States; formerly was very common; excellent eating. It was a large ground squirrel; stumpy in build, about the size of the Northern gray. Color, brown, red and black, with white nose. Downy (*S. lanuginosus*). Long-haired or wooly (*S. lanigerus*). Soft-haired (*S. mollipilosus*). Hare (*S. leporinus*). Little Carolina red (*S. douglassii*); the belly of this squirrel is red as distinguished from the common red or pine squirrel. Red-tailed (*S. rubicaudatus*). Red-bellied squirrel (*S. ferruginiventris*); Middle States. In its locality it is probably called fox squirrel. There are other varieties mentioned by Audubon, Bachmann and Taylor that I fail to see any trace of now, such as *S. collicii*; *S. fremonti*; *S. fuliginosus*; *S. alberti*. Many of these are Oregon and Pacific Coast squirrels. Let us hear of them.

In placing squirrels in parks, care should be taken to provide retreats for them, for the trees are not large enough nor hollow to secure them from marauding boys. This is the case with our own High Park.

G. H. CORSAN.

TORONTO, Canada.

[Mr. Corsan wrote also of "Black Squirrels in Domestication" in our issue of June 23.]

"Forest and Stream" in Paris.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is on sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris. It is on file in the Herald Reading Room, 61 Avenue de l'Opera; at the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit in the Exposition, and with the American Bicycle Company, 20 and 22 Bis Rue Grande.

The Cornfed Philosopher—"It is hard for me to acknowledge that I do not know it all, but I confess I cannot see why the rock-the-boat idiot is allowed to live until he is strong enough to tip it over."—Indianapolis Press.

Game Bag and Gun.

Toledo and Thereabouts.

The Cedar Point Club—A Prominent Organization—Something About Its Attitude Toward Spring Shooting and Game Protection.

TOLEDO has a shooting club that is never heard of in the newspapers—at least so rarely as to make the exception fortify the statement. Its spacious club house, located on the extreme northeasterly point of Maumee Bay, is almost in sight of the lower wards of the city, and looking northward the daily steamer from Toledo to Put-in-Bay and Cleveland can be clearly traced from the broad porches that shelter its members, while a few miles away to the southward run the iron ways that are constantly bringing Eastern culture and enlightenment to the benighted West. But in their 5,000 acres of middle ground between the navigable waters of Lake Erie and the corn fields of the great State of Ohio the Cedar Point Club has a little realm of its own in which the conditions of primeval nature still remain unfrayed by contact with civilization, and those who are fortunate enough to own a gun locker within its walls are never disappointed in their search for solid content. Let me tell you something about it.

It was somewhere about 1878 that several sportsmen of Toledo—who had even then developed their business interests to a point where they felt themselves justified in taking an occasional Saturday afternoon off—began to give audible expression to their dissatisfaction with the meager accommodations available for those who desired to enjoy the excellent shooting within the environment of the Maumee Bay. Water fowl of all varieties were plentiful along its shores, but it was seriously inconvenient, not to say unpleasant, for the luckless hunter who chanced to be overtaken by night or storm on any of his expeditions to find in miles of the best hunting territory nothing better in the way of shelter than a muskrat house. Three of these gentlemen—Messrs. Peter Berdan, M. D. Carrington and John Cummings—accordingly decided to build a floating camp, which they could take with them into adjacent hunting waters and which would furnish comfortable if not luxurious accommodations for eating and sleeping. When their amphibious structure was completed they had a house boat built on the model of a scow, with bunks for ten men and of a draft light enough to permit of navigating it through and over most of the northwestern Ohio marshes. This answered its purpose admirably for the next two or three years, when it gave way to the next step in the evolution of the Cedar Point Club.

Along the southern shore of Lake Erie to the eastward of Toledo there lay at this time a wide expanse of marsh land which afforded the finest feeding and nesting ground for water fowl. The territory lying between Cedar Point on the west and Crane Creek on the east was appropriated by all this tribe as a favorite resort, and at this time it belonged to the Federal Government, which had never taken the trouble to locate and survey it. Toledo hunters and others found in it some of the finest shooting in the State, and some of the gentlemen who had planned and built the house boat, with their associates, concluded that it would make an admirable location for a shooting box. Somewhere about 1881 a committee consisting of H. M. Hanna (brother of the present Ohio Senator), M. D. Carrington and Emery D. Potter went to Washington and succeeded in obtaining the passage of a bill in Congress authorizing the survey and sale of the tract in question. Five thousand acres, located as already described, was bought under the resulting sale by Mr. H. M. Hanna and by him transferred to the Cedar Point Club, an association incorporated without profit under the general law of Ohio relating to corporations. Upon the dryer portion of the property a club house of sixteen rooms was built, which included besides the spacious dining room, gun rooms, kitchen, etc., a separate room and gun locker for each member. Until recently access to the club house could only be had by water, but a private telephone line connects it with the city. Comfort rather than display has been the motive which has inspired the arrangement and furnishing of the club house, and nothing is lacking which would be calculated to enhance the enjoyment of the members or their guests. The lounging room is warmed and lighted by a mammoth old-fashioned fireplace, and above its heavy leather upholstered furniture hang faithful reproductions, in form and color, of all the game birds of the locality, the work of noted Cleveland and Toledo artists, while in the dining room are a number of the finest specimens, prepared by the deft fingers of the taxidermist. In these rooms on the chill autumnal evenings such veteran story tellers as Hanna and Ellis are wont to recount experiences that have been gathered on the hunting fields of every section of our own and foreign lands; and to their hearers the narration has proved scarcely less pleasurable than the reality.

As originally organized, the Cedar Point Club contemplated a membership of ten only and the list has always been full from the beginning. Of the gentlemen connected with it, those whose names are marked with an asterisk have passed over to the majority. The rolls include Hon. W. C. Whitney, late Secretary of the Navy; Col. D. H. Payne, son of the late Senator Payne, of Ohio; M. D. Carrington,* Peter Berdan,* Warren Corning, H. M. Hanna, Frank H. Ellis, John Cummings, Robert Cummings, Joseph K. Secor,* Henry Card,* W. H. Sage, Arthur Secor and W. T. Carrington. The two last named gentleman, who are worthy descendants of honored sires, have received their shares by inheritance, and it is needless to add are most enthusiastic lovers of the gun and rod. Such other transfers as have been made of the ten shares of the club have been on a valuation of \$5,000 each, and before the new purchaser can be inducted into membership he must have unanimous consent of the other nine.

The marshes of the club are to-day, as they were twenty years ago, the resort of hosts of blue-wing teal (perhaps the most numerous of the duck tribe on these grounds), the green-wing teal, the widgeon, wood duck, mallard, black duck, pintail, red-neck, and canvasback, although

the latter are not found here in such large numbers as are the other varieties named. Still, Mr. H. M. Hanna has a record of sixty-seven canvasbacks in a single day's shooting on the Cedar Point marsh. Another member placed sixty-five woodcock to his credit on one afternoon, and 100 ducks in a day's shooting is by no means an unusual score. It is not, however, the policy of the club to encourage the making of large bags, and these instances are cited not for the purpose of boasting, but merely for the purpose of showing the wonderful resources of these marshes. But it may be said with truth that in the season the water fowl on these marshes are quite as numerous to-day as they were twenty years ago, when the club was first organized. The reason for this condition is one which points a moral in the conservation of the water fowl supply in Ohio, as elsewhere.

From its very beginning the club has been an earnest opponent of all forms of spring shooting. Its territory is carefully guarded by its wardens and no person, member or otherwise, is allowed to take a gun within its limits during the spring monthss on any pretext whatever. In the spring the waters of the club are covered with thousands of swans, geese and ducks on their way northward to their breeding grounds, which stop here for food and rest, and as they are thoroughly protected they naturally become quite tame. But large numbers of the teal, mallard, pintail and wood duck remain here to nest, and it goes without saying that the club is thus enabled to do its own restocking at the minimum cost. Snipe, woodcock and all varieties of plover also breed here.

"One might as well go out to shoot sitting hens as 'brooding ducks' is the way one member of the club puts it. 'Ducks coming up from the South in the spring are usually in a poor condition after their long flight and are consequently unfit for food. Under these circumstances the spring shooter suffers a double disadvantage, in the first instance getting a bird of an inferior quality instead of a much better one a little later, and in the second destroying the stock at the very time that its destruction has the most serious effect on the future supply."

What the Cedar Point Club practices on its own domain it also preaches for the entire State, and it has always been a consistent advocate of such legislation as would make spring shooting in Ohio illegal upon all open and preserved waters alike. But so far all attempts of this kind have proved futile, partly because of the lack of the proper organized and concerted action on the part of the sportsmen of the State, and partly because of the active opposition of the market shooters, who see in the abolition of spring shooting a direct blow at their private and selfish interests. It is greatly hoped that the present movement for concerted action among the sportsmen of the State looking to a reconstruction of the Ohio game laws at the next session of the Legislature, a movement which had its origin among the sportsmen of Cleveland, may result in some much needed improvements in this direction.

There has been very little change in the character and condition of the Cedar Point marshes since their purchase by the club twenty years ago. Owing to the efforts of the club they are more plentifully stocked with celery and wild rice than they were at that time, a condition which the birds fully appreciate. It is the belief of the club members that the waters of Lake Erie are gradually receding and that they are consequently lower than they were ten years ago; but this change is taking place very slowly and with many fluctuations above and below the mean level of the lake when a number of consecutive years are taken into calculation. Indeed, there are good grounds for the theory that there exists a well defined periodicity in the ebb and flow of the lake and that both the maximum and minimum height are reached approximately every seven years. This theory, it may be remarked, does not conflict with, but rather fits into, the statement that the lake level shows a gradual recession when its height is compared for several successive decades.

But the status of this territory a few hundred years ago is quite another matter, and there are evidences to sustain the theory that at some time prior to the occupation of the country by the white race this portion of the shores of the lake was relatively much higher than now, and that either they had been subsequently depressed or the water had risen above the normal level of the past. At the time that the club came into possession of these marshes an Indian mound of considerable size was discovered upon them, and though its base was several feet under water there was every indication that it had once rested upon solid ground. The mound was subsequently opened and was found to be filled with Indian bones and many interesting relics whose existence gave support for the conviction that the region had once been highly prized as a hunting ground by our copper-colored predecessors.

The late Judge Emery D. Potter was a frequent guest of the club, and at a visit on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday celebrated that interesting event by bagging seventy-five ducks, a day's record of which he was always very proud.

The influence of the Cedar Point Club has always been exerted for the protection and increase of the game supply of the State, and both its precept and example have been productive of much good outside its own jurisdiction. What public sentiment on this subject was in its locality when the club was organized may be inferred from the fact that the natives knew no better use for young ducks than to employ them as bait on their cat-fish lines. All that, however, has been changed, and even the punters who live along the shore have come to realize that the game of the marshes can be much better utilized than by converting it into fish bait.

While the list of water fowl given above includes only those which are of ordinary occurrence, the varieties which are of record along the south shore of Lake Erie between Toledo and Sandusky include a wide range of aquatic birds accredited to more northerly or southerly latitudes. The writer is indebted to a gentleman intimately acquainted with the marshes of Cedar Point for a partial list of these. They are:

Dusky or black duck, pintail, gadwall, widgeon, green and blue winged teal, spoonbill shoveler, summer or wood duck, bluebill, greater and lesser blackhead, ring-

necked duck, redhead, canvasback, buffle-head butter ball, long-tailed duck (Sandusky Bay), king eider (Sandusky Bay), American black scoter (Portage River), velvet scoter (Sandusky Bay), ruddy duck, red-headed and hooded merganser, pelican (Sandusky Bay), crested and Florida cormorant, white-winged and great black gull (from north, very rare), herring and ring-billed gull, kittiwake and fork-tailed gull (very rare), Bonaparte gull, gull-billed and roseate tern (rare), common and black tern.

TOLEDO, O., July 18.

The Ohio Sportsmen's Protective Association.

CLEVELAND, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the last hour of the recent session of the Ohio Legislature a game law was passed that is most objectionable to the sportsmen of the State, and also to a large class of farmers who like to hunt themselves, or invite their friends to do so over their lands.

As the law now stands, all shooting in the State is stopped except between Nov. 10 and Dec. 1, and a short time in the spring for ducks.

Farmers are allowed to kill squirrels and rabbits on their own land if they are destroying crops.

Woodcock, snipe and all early ducks have migrated before Nov. 10, and in most years there is little or no shooting at ducks after the opening day.

The law practically confiscates thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of property represented in duck marshes along the lake shore.

The shortening of the quail and grouse season to twenty days is uncalled for, as there never were as many quail in the State as at present.

No State in the Union has game laws that are so unreasonable and unfair and which so poorly represent the wishes of the sportsmen and the majority of the farmers of the State as the present Ohio law.

The Ohio Sportsmen's Protective Association was formed by the leading sportsmen of Cleveland, not for the purpose of fighting the present game law in the courts, but for the purpose of effecting a strong organization that will co-operate with the farmers' granges and obtain laws that will effectively protect the game from the market-hunters, give an open season of reasonable length and at a suitable time of the year for sportsmen that hunt for the sport, and protect the farmer by stringent trespass laws from being overrun by a lot of irresponsible hoodlums that pay no attention to either game laws or property rights.

The Association concedes the right of all land owners to prohibit all shooting on their lands, but does not think that the game laws should be so made that sportsmen, with the permission of other land owners, and other land owners themselves, should be prohibited from shooting during a reasonable and proper open season.

The enforcement of trespass laws is the remedy for this evil, and the Association is in favor of suitable laws that will give the desired results.

The Association asks for the aid and co-operation of all sportsmen and land owners in their efforts to obtain more satisfactory legislation at the next session of the Legislature.

The membership fee is \$1, and membership cards can be obtained by sending the above amount to C. T. Bodfield, Secretary, 24 South Water street, Cleveland, O.

PAUL NORTH, Member Ex. Com. O. S. P. A.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Chicken Prospects.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 21.—According to all available information it is a safe prediction that the coming chicken season will be an unusually good one. From different points in Wisconsin, such as Fox Lake, Babcock, Necedah, etc., reports state that there will be more birds than usual. While in Minneapolis last week I made inquiries which lead me to believe that the Minnesota and Dakota crop will be above the average. I will, in due time, give the names of several places which are stated to me to be safe tips for the coming shooting season.

A Little Bear Story.

Mr. Joseph E. Hinds, of Brooklyn, N. Y., tells a pretty fair bear story in a letter which he writes to his friend Mr. Merston, the latter failing to suppress the letter while it was in his own hands. Mr. Hinds says:

"I have got a man on my place in the country acting as groom who is an old hunter and has scoured the hills around about there for many, many years and has been more or less successful in gathering in game of various kinds. To get a fox or a possum he would spend any number of nights climbing through snow over the mountain sides, and he is a dead game sport right after your own heart. I have regaled him lately with some of our experiences on our trip to the Bad Lands—some of your exploits with the gun and rifle; also the prowess of Joe Crandall on the Rim-Rock, and of how he crawled into a dark cave and brought out a string of mountain lions tied together by the tails, and how he would frequently go out and bring home wagon loads of bob-cats—and my man has listened with open-eyed amazement. To be honest, it was the only way I could shut him up from blowing about his own success as a mighty hunter. He is an everlasting talker, and it is all about hunting. The other day he told me about some old fellow who was being chased by a bear and he had an old-fashioned Kentucky rifle and only one bullet, and while he was running he either cut or bit the bullet in half, put one piece in the rifle, fired at the bear over his shoulder, the flat side of the bullet hit the bear in the forehead and lodged there, and while the bear sat down to make an investigation and find out what had happened the hunter made his escape. This happened forty-two years ago next December and has been told on an average, I suppose, of three times a week since then, but it is just as fresh to-day as the day it started."

Hero of the Split Train.

Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM may recall the

incident of the divided train during the Congressional expedition last October into the proposed Minnesota Park country. Mr. Thomas Shevlin, one of the hosts of the party, and supposedly one of the friends of the movement, was the author and contriver of the divided train. The newspaper men of the party knew at the time that something was wrong and they purposed giving the story for what it was worth, as any newspaper man ought to do at any time. Others of the party besought the newspaper men not to injure the chances of the expedition by saying anything about the incident and all sorts of excuses were made for Mr. Shevlin at the time. Mr. Chas. Cristodoro was one of those who thought the press men were wrong. To-day I am in receipt from the latter of a clipping from the St. Paul Globe which would seem to indicate that perhaps the newspaper men were at the time only too correct in their conclusions. The clipping, given for what it is worth, reads as below, and it shows what may be expected if this park is ever to be secured:

"The true inwardness of the deal that sent Thomas Shevlin to the Philadelphia Convention as a delegate comes out and reveals the power that is exerted in the Republican party by Minneapolis lumbermen. It is said that his selection is decidedly unfavorable to the projected national park scheme, as Mr. Shevlin will doubtless be selected national committeeman to succeed Gen. L. F. Hubbard.

"The lumbermen are interested in seeing that the timber on the reservation is sold and cut, and as it means a vast sum of money it is asserted that Mr. Shevlin's selection will give the park project immediately a black eye. As national Republican committeeman from this State he will wield a power that will be second to none with the Administration in this part of the country at least."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Lacey Act.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In spite of all that you have published in regard to the Lacey Act, recently passed by Congress, there still seems to be doubt in the minds of some persons as to its scope and effect, and as greater range is by some ascribed to that law than is warranted by the facts, there is danger that these misconceptions, if allowed to remain uncorrected, will lull some of the most ardent promoters of game protection into inactivity in the way of securing better State laws on the subject, instead of stimulating effort in that direction.

Permit me, therefore, to add some observations to your already clear and full statements of the law of the case. This method of game protection is a process of education, and the only way to accomplish that end is to keep the question constantly before the people. As soon as they come to a thorough understanding of the question, proper legislation will follow, as a matter of course, and what is more important still, the laws, when enacted, will be obeyed. It is idle to enact or attempt to enforce a law that is not sustained by public sentiment and opinion; and a law not enforced is worse than none.

In the first place it must be understood and constantly borne in mind that there is not, nor can there be, any absolute private ownership in game that is not at all times, whether the game be alive or dead, subject to the absolute control and regulation of the State legislatures. This has been so frequently decided that it seems unnecessary to say more than merely state the proposition, but in order that there may be no possible doubt on the subject, and to give every one an opportunity to read it, I will add here what the Supreme Court of the United States has said on the subject in *Geer vs. Connecticut*, 161 U. S., 534. That was an appeal by defendant from a judgment of the Supreme Court of Connecticut affirming a judgment of conviction against Mr. Edgar M. Geer for violating certain provisions of the game law of that State, said law containing the following provisions:

Section 2530.—Every person who shall buy, sell, expose for sale or have in his possession for the purpose, or who shall hunt, pursue, kill, destroy or attempt to kill any woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse (called partridge) or gray squirrel, between the first day of January and the first day of October; the killing or having in possession of each bird or squirrel to be deemed a separate offense * * * shall be fined not more than \$50.

Section 2546.—No person shall at any time kill any woodcock, ruffed grouse or quail for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of the State, or shall transport or have in possession, with intention to procure the transportation beyond said limits, of any such birds killed within this State. The reception by any person within this State of any such bird or birds for shipment to a point without the State shall be prima facie evidence that said bird or birds were killed within the State for the purpose of carrying the same beyond its limits.

The defendant was convicted on Oct. 19, 1889, of unlawfully receiving and having in his possession, with the wrongful and unlawful intent to procure the transportation beyond the limits of the State, certain woodcock, ruffed grouse and quail killed within the State after Oct. 1, 1889, the game, it will be observed, having been killed at a time when such killing was lawful. The question before the court, therefore, was as follows: "Was it lawful under Sec. 8, Art. 1, of the Constitution of the United States, which provides that Congress shall have power 'to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes,' for the State of Connecticut to allow the killing of birds within the State during a designated open season, to allow such birds when so killed to be used, to be sold, and to be bought for use within the State, and yet to forbid their transportation beyond the State?" Or, to state it otherwise, "Had the State of Connecticut the power to regulate the killing of game within her borders so as to confine its use to the limits of the State and forbid its transmission outside of the State?"

And in answering this question the court took occasion to enter into an elaborate and learned discussion and examination of the law from the earliest period down to the present time in regard to the right of property in game; and among other things said: "From the earliest traditions the right to reduce animals *feræ naturæ* to possession has been subject to the control of the law giving power." And again: "In most of the States laws have been passed for the protection and preservation of game. We have been referred to no case where the power to so legislate has been questioned, although the books contain cases involving controversies as to the meaning of

some of the statutes. * * * There are also cases where the validity of some particular method of enforcement provided in some of the statutes has been drawn in question." (Citing a case from Kansas and one from Idaho, with both of which the court disagrees on the very point involved.) The court says further: "While the fundamental principles upon which the common property in game rests have undergone no change, the development of free institutions has led to the recognition of the fact that the power or control lodged in the State, resulting from this common ownership, is to be exercised like all other powers of government as a trust for the benefit of the people, and not as a prerogative for the advantage of the Government as distinct from the people or for the benefit of private individuals as distinguished from the public good. Therefore, for the purpose of exercising this power, the State, as held by this court in *Martin vs. Waddell*, 41 U. S., 16, Pet. 480, represents its people, and the ownership is that of the people in their united sovereignty. The common ownership, and its resulting responsibility in the State, are thus stated in a well-considered opinion of the Supreme Court of California: 'The wild game within a State belongs to the people in their collective sovereign capacity. It is not the subject of private ownership, except in so far as the people may elect to make it so; and they may, if they see fit, absolutely prohibit the taking of it, or any traffic or commerce in it, if deemed necessary for its protection or preservation or the public good.' Ex parte Maier, supra."

And the court in the same case quotes with approval, and by so doing adopts as its own, the following language from *Magner vs. People*, 97 Ill., 320: "The ownership being in the people of the State, the repository of the sovereign authority, and no individual having any property rights to be affected, it necessarily results that the Legislature, as the representative of the people of the State, may withhold or grant to individuals the right to hunt and kill game, or qualify or restrict, as in the opinion of its members, will but subserve the public welfare—stated in other language, to hunt and kill game—is a boon or privilege granted either expressly or impliedly by the sovereign authority, not as a right inherent in each individual, and consequently nothing is taken away from the individual when he is denied the privilege at stated seasons of hunting and killing game. * * * in any view, the question of individual enjoyment is one of public policy and not of private right."

And the court in that case cites and relies upon the case of *Phelps vs. Racey*, 60 N. Y., 10, and many other cases to the same point.

The point first mentioned is therefore forever settled—that there can be no unqualified, absolute private ownership in game, and that therefore the act in question was a valid law.

The next point, which must also be borne in mind in dealing with this subject, is that game taken subject to such a law cannot be an article of interstate commerce, at least so far as the State enacting the law is concerned, and this is so clearly and logically set forth in the opinion of the Court in the *Geer* case already quoted from that I want to quote it here and urge every person who may see your paper to read and reread the language carefully, for it will give them the best exposition of the game laws as relating to interstate commerce yet announced. Here is what the court says:

"The foregoing analysis of the principles upon which alone rests the right of an individual to acquire a qualified ownership in game, and the power of the State, deduced therefrom, to control such ownership for the common benefit, clearly demonstrates the validity of the statute of the State of Connecticut here in controversy. The sole consequence of the provision forbidding the transportation of game killed within the State, beyond the State, is to confine the use of such game to those who own it—the people of the State. The proposition that the people of the State may not forbid carrying it beyond her limits involves, therefore the contention that a State cannot allow its own people the enjoyment of the benefits of property belonging to them in common, without at the same time permitting the citizens of other States to participate in that which they do not own. It was said in the discussion at the bar, although it be conceded that the State has an absolute right to control and regulate the killing of game as its judgment deems best in the interest of its people, inasmuch as the State has been chosen to allow the people within her borders to take game, to dispose of it, and thus cause it to become an object of State commerce, as a resulting necessity such property has become the subject of interstate commerce, hence controlled by the provisions of U. S. Const., Art. I, Sec. 8. But the errors which this argument involves are manifest. It presupposes that where the killing of game and its sale within the State are allowed, it thereby becomes commerce in the legal meaning of that word. In view of the authority of the State to affix conditions to the killing and sale of game, predicated as is this power on the peculiar nature of such property and its common ownership by all the citizens of the State, it may well be doubted whether commerce is created by an authority given by a State to reduce game within its borders to possession, provided such game be not taken, when killed, without the jurisdiction of the State. The common ownership imparts the right to keep the property if the sovereign so chooses, always within its jurisdiction for every purpose. The qualification which forbids its removal from the State necessarily entered into and formed part of every transaction on the subject, and deprived the mere sale or exchange of these articles of that element of freedom of contract and of full ownership which is an essential attribute of commerce. Passing, however, as we do, the decision of this question, and granting that the dealing in game killed within the State, under the provision in question, created internal State commerce, it does not follow that such internal commerce became necessarily the subject matter of interstate commerce and therefore under the control of the Constitution of the United States. The distinction between internal and external commerce and interstate commerce is marked, and has always been recognized by this court. In *Gibson vs. Ogden*, 22 U. S., 9, Wheat., 194, Mr. Chief Justice Marshall said:

"It is not intended to say that these words comprehend that commerce which is completely internal, which is carried on between man and man in a State, or between

parts of the same State, and which does not extend to or affect other States. Such a power would be inconvenient and is certainly unnecessary. Comprehensive as the word 'among' is, it may very properly be restricted to that commerce which concerns more States than one. The phrase is not one which would probably have been selected to indicate the completely interior traffic of a State, because it is not an apt phrase for that purpose; and the enumeration of the particular classes of commerce to which the power was to be extended would not have been made, had the intention been to extend the power to every description. The enumeration presupposes something not enumerated; and that something, if in regard to the language or the subject of the sentence, must be the exclusively internal commerce of the State. The genius and character of the whole Government seem to be that its action is to be applied to all the external concerns of the nation, and to those internal concerns which affect the States generally, but not to those which are completely within a particular State, which do not affect other States, and with which it is not necessary to interfere, for the purpose of executing some of the general powers of the Government. The complete internal commerce of a State, then, may be considered as reserved for the State itself."

So again in the *Daniel Ball vs. United States*, 77 U. S., 10 Wall., 564, the court, speaking through Mr. Justice Field, said:

"There is undoubtedly an internal commerce which is subject to the control of the States. The power delegated to Congress is limited to commerce 'among the several States,' with foreign nations, and with the Indian tribes. This limitation necessarily excludes from Federal control all commerce not thus designated, and, of course, that commerce which is carried on entirely within the limits of a State and does not extend to or affect other States."

"The fact that internal commerce may be distinct from interstate commerce destroys the whole theory upon which the argument of the plaintiff in error proceeds. The power of the State to control the killing of and ownership in game being admitted, the commerce in game, which the State law permitted, was necessarily only internal commerce, since the restriction that it should not become the subject of external commerce went along with the grant and was part of it. All ownership in game killed within the State came under this condition, which the State had the lawful authority to impose, and no contracts made in relation to such property were exempt from the law of the State consenting that such contracts be made, provided only they were confined to internal and did not extend to external commerce."

A careful reading of this decision will show that one important point in regard to game protection is forever and finally settled, and that is that a State can regulate as it sees fit the taking of game within its borders and may also absolutely prohibit such taking; that in doing so it may permit the killing and dealing in game within the borders of the State and at the same time prohibit the transportation beyond the State of such game lawfully killed or captured therein; and that game reduced to possession under such a law as that in question in that case does not become an article of interstate commerce at all—at least while it is within the borders of the State. The Court does not expressly decide what the status of such game is after it leaves the borders of the State in which it was taken; but what the court says, considered in connection with the well-known principles of law and the comity existing between different States, leaves small reason to doubt what the holding of the Court would be in a case where that point was before it for decision. I am clearly of the opinion that the decision would be, as to such game, that it never could become an article of interstate commerce at all; and that while the laws of one State have no force or effect beyond the borders of the State enacting them, still one State might rightfully make it an offense to bring game into its borders or to have the same in possession, if brought from another State, and especially if brought there in violation of a law of another State. Certain it is that the States, generally speaking, can prohibit the sale of game at all within their borders, even, I take it, though such game may have come from another State, if such regulation is deemed necessary for the protection of the game of the State; and of course if the game of a State is not an article of interstate commerce, as it is not in States having laws like those of Connecticut, then it is only necessary for the protection of game for each State to prohibit transportation of its own game beyond its borders and also to prohibit the importation into the State from another State or the possession within the State of game unlawfully transported from another State.

I make the broad assertion that game is not nor can it become under any circumstances an article of interstate commerce, and am satisfied that the Federal Supreme Court will so hold whenever the point comes before it for decision; but I may assume for the purpose of argument only that as soon as game leaves the border of a State, although such transportation is unlawful by the law of that State, it then becomes an article of interstate commerce. This point the Court does not determine, and it is just here that the Lacey Act is important on this one question; for while that act does not undertake to say that game in any case or under any particular circumstances is an article of interstate commerce, because Congress cannot declare that to be an article of interstate commerce which is not so in fact, it only undertakes to prohibit traffic therein between the States if it should be subject to the constitutional provision as to interstate commerce. If it is not so subject, then the law does not apply, and the law of the State where the game is found must apply. As about the sole recourse of the violators of the game laws is in this provision of the Constitution it will be seen that they are driven to the wall, no matter what position they may take, if the States will but enact proper laws. The Lacey bill therefore is only an aid to State legislation; and because of it and of the interest which Congress has taken in the subject it behooves every State to pass such laws as will show that it is the intention to give proper protection to game within its borders.

One other question which the Court referred to but did not decide because it was unnecessary so to do was whether or not the granting by State law of the privilege

of dealing within the State in game killed therein made such game an article of State or internal commerce as contradistinguished from interstate commerce; but practically the Court did decide that it was not even an article of internal commerce under such conditions—at least enough was said to clearly indicate that the Court would so hold whenever it had occasion to pass upon the question. However that may be, it is beyond doubt that if the sale of or dealing in game was absolutely prohibited by the State, as the Legislature has the right to do, in such case game would not be an article of State or internal commerce, because an article the dealing in which is unlawful cannot be an article of commerce at all, and it would be sure to follow from this that under such laws it could never become an article of interstate commerce.

This whole subject of game protection and preservation is one primarily for the States to deal with; and this must never be forgotten if game is to be protected. Congress can aid and supplement such legislation as the States may pass, but it cannot do more.

JOSEPH B. THOMPSON.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Mt. Tom Then and Now.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In your issue of July 21 Mr. C. H. Ames drifts from stocking the Adirondacks with moose to making Mt. Tom in Massachusetts a wild turkey reservation. It is a happy thought. What better place in the New England States could we find? Everything is there now that was there 100 years ago, but of a second growth. At the base of the mountain are the same trout brooks that used to be there; they are not so large, but they would be if the forests were preserved. There are the same old ravines and ledges, the same old meadows and side hill pastures, but the pastures are gradually growing up to brush. The trout brook is the best brook that I ever knew of for trout to grow fast in. About thirty years ago a dam was placed across this brook in a narrow gulch, at a point about one-half mile before the brook entered the Connecticut River. This created a large deep pond of many acres in extent, and in two years' time the pond was alive with trout of from 1 to 3 pounds weight. In the spring and fall ducks, geese and brant made it their stopping place. Wood duck in goodly numbers nested there each year, for there was large timber with lots of hollow trees along the edge of the pond. But all this did not last long. Although the water in the pond did not actually overflow any one's property, it made some of the adjacent property damper than usual in a few places; and that caused law suits, which resulted in nothing. But later, dynamite did, and the dam was blown up. It would be a small expense to put the dam in good condition, and it would not take a large fortune to buy the easterly side of Mt. Tom, then fence it in, put heavers in the lake and turkeys on the mountain. The trout are there yet, and partridges drum and squirrels bark as of yore; and old Mt. Tom stands as a fitting monument of the past. Oftentimes when I take a trip to Hampshire county I make it my business to walk along the side of the mountain through the old paths where I knew I could get a partridge under a certain apple tree when I was a boy; then to go and look in some of the holes in the brook where I used to catch trout; then to go and take a drink out of that ice-cold spring where we used to keep a coconut cup to drink out of. But the cup is not there now, and neither am I.

PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y., July 21.

Game and Fish in the North Woods.

PENN YAN, N. Y., July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have just returned from a few days' trip in the North Woods, from Potsdam through to Childwold, the Jourdon, a portion of the Raquette, Crooked Pond, Church Pond, Round Pond, Killdeer, North Branch of the Grass River. I found the trout fishing all that could be desired (with reason). The game prospects are looking fine. I never before knew them better. I made special efforts to learn to that effect. As far as could be learned from the most reliable sources, I could only learn of one dead deer being found after the deep snow of March. Partridges are more plentiful than ever. I saw more broods than for years past. The season seems to be very favorable for them.

Some illegal shooting has and is being done, but not so much as formerly. There is a growing tendency among the residents and woodsmen to a better observance of the game laws.

For sportsmen going into the North Woods, I think there will be no better country than the region of the Jourdon, Church Pond, Crooked Pond, Foxe's Marsh, Hollywood Still Water of the Raquette or the North Branch of the Grass.

E. P. S.

Virginia Game Conditions.

RICHMOND, Va., July 18.—According to my reports and observations, quail will be more abundant this fall than for many years. We have had a very open winter and a very dry spring, hence few birds died, and the hatching and rearing has been under the most favorable conditions, so much so that I fear it will prevent our securing the necessary reforms in our many county game laws which are so confusing to sportsmen. Deer and grouse (pheasants) should be as plentiful as ever, and all are looking forward to a most pleasant season.

FRANKLIN STEARN'S.

Adirondack Deer.

AM expecting to take my six weeks' outing in the Adirondacks beginning Aug. 20. The shortening of the open season will work hardship to many whose vacations of necessity terminate Sept. 1. Inasmuch as the State preserve belongs to the people, I should wish that the abbreviation might go to the other end of the season, for I am sure, now that hounding and jacking are outlawed, a minimum of danger would accrue to the deer in August by straight still-hunting, much less than for the last fifteen days of the open season in November. But the deed is done.

J.

Sea and River Fishing.

Notes From Dennysville.

WHEN Mr. Hallock writes of the snug corners that he finds one feels that the world is all full of just the right sort of places, but after all a good deal of responsibility remains with the enjoyer. I once coaxed a friend to go away up North with me, telling him incidentally about the goods things that we would have on the camp table—omelet of eider ducks' eggs, caribou roasted on a birch spit, rich posted curlew, boiled pink salmon, sea trout fried in their own fat, beaver baked in a clay oven under ground, tender boiled jewel weed, cloud berries that make the tundra all golden, blueberries as big as cherries—and we would get all of these things without even asking for them, and nobody to pay. I was just as good as my word, and we had every one of the luxuries and more galore. Yet my companion was disappointed because we did not have everything at once. For instance, we would sometimes have nothing much beside curlew for a week; then just cloud berries for a week, and that's the way we lived. If a bear stole the seal tenderloins, we would have to cut up the pectoral muscles for our own dinner, after finding where the bear had hidden our seal, and the table was not just what a preconceived notion would have made it from my most trustworthy description.

Last year Mr. Hallock wrote such a charming letter from Dennysville for *FOREST AND STREAM* that I cut it out and pasted it in my hat. The most beautiful village in Maine. People exceptionally nice. Salmon leaping in the river under the window at night. Trout to be had for the casting. Deer peered into the school house windows, and there were at Dennysville about all of the things that one would really care to see. I will not repeat the entire letter, because it is my policy to plagiarize freely from none but poor authors. Emerson says that plagiarism is proper if one transmutes lead into gold. The fact is that Mr. Hallock was right, but it requires the right men to see straight at his mark. It was like my description of the table up North. When I read the letter I handed it to my wife, and said, "There, now!" So we came to Dennysville.

A beautiful village it is indeed. The main street runs alongside of the cool Dennys River. The banks are lined with a free and inspiring growth of conifers—pine, larch, fir, spruce and white cedar. The village houses on spacious grounds overlooking the river are roomy and comfortable and very neat. Neatness in housekeeping is a characteristic of the good housewives here. The people are so accommodating as to make a city man feel uncomfortable for fear that he may not keep his end up. Deer can be seen in the fields about the village on almost any evening—but the salmon and trout! As a salmon stream the name of the river is Dennys. *Sawmilla fecit.* Until very recently the river was full of salmon. There are half a dozen fine pools within the first two miles, and the salmon took the fly freely. They tell of Mr. Prime and Mr. Brackett taking eight or ten salmon a day. Shad came up the river in June in large schools, and furnished an abundance of toothsome fare for the people. Alewives crowded the ripples, and the poorer people laid up barrels of them against a snowy day. But these things are all spoken of in the past tense, because the lumber company has a sawmill at the head of tide water, and the artificial fishway will not allow breeding fish to pass. The natural fishway, a narrow channel running around the dam, has been closed because it allowed too much mill water to escape. Everything has been turned to utility for a few men, and the rest of the people are most naturally left out. In addition to barring the river against anadromous fish, the mill runs night and day, and fills the river with such a pudding of sawdust and shavings that few fish can even get up to the chief obstructions.

Last Monday I went down to try the pool below the dam before the mill started after its Sunday rest. When the sawdust began to pour in at the beginning of the work day I hurried down to a pool a quarter of a mile below and got there just as the sawdust arrived. It was a sight worth the early morning rising to see the eels come down in distress in the cloud of refuse. So many eels I never saw before—thirty or forty in sight at a time, and all at the top of the water in a peculiar attitude. Their tails were at the surface of the water, and their heads down. They made an effort to keep going at the exact speed of the current, not faster or slower. In all probability they had learned that this was the best way to keep sawdust out of their gills. An eel will stand about as much punishment as any fish on my visiting list, and if eels were driven out by the sawdust like flies ahead of a whisk broom I wonder how the noble salmon meets the indignity, to say nothing of the sensitive alewives and shad.

All of this could be stopped by burning the sawdust and opening the natural fishway. The lumber company could then rent salmon fishing privileges for twice the amount of profit that their lumber brings, the people could have their shad and alewives again, and the eyesore of sawdust and slabs would be removed from the beautiful river that runs alongside the beautiful street.

It is said that the mill and some 20,000 acres of timber land were purchased by the lumber company for \$20,000. I could have sold the same property to four or five fishermen for \$30,000, and would have kept one of the shares myself, before the river was ruined. It would now require four years for restoring the stream to its normal condition. There are big trout in the river above the mill, and restocking from time to time would make it a grand trout stream if salmon fishermen wished to have trout in their waters.

The salmon and shad and alewives still attempt to get past the dam, but in constantly diminishing numbers, and in two or three years more the mill will have accomplished in a free country what is not permitted in any old despotism. Canada, with the effete ideas of European experience, requires mill owners to dispose of mill rubbish in a harmless way, and derives a great income from salmon properties.

Last week I drove over to Calais to try the St. Croix River. On the Canadian side the mills were burning their mill refuse, and on the American side they were dumping it into God's clean waters by the ton. The

salmon pool at Calais is an excellent one, and not much fished, perhaps for the reason that I did not stay, because fishermen like wild surroundings and do not care to fish in town. I made two or three casts, avoiding hooking a railway train on the back cast, and hooked and brought to gaff a lively 10-pound salmon. There were plenty of salmon there, and they were leaping all over the pool. A good fisherman can probably get salmon at Calais at almost any time during the summer, but I did not like to fish within sight of houses, and came away as soon as my salmon was landed. Then I found an Indian and went up river twenty or thirty miles to try for salmon in the woods. The fish had not as yet ascended so far, and I shall go again in a fortnight.

The upper pools are so full of black bass that they are a nuisance to the salmon fisherman, very much like trout in Canadian rivers. I have gone to a lot of trouble to get good trout fishing, and have thought that a 2-pounder was a prize. It was only a careful study of the conditions that gave me many such prizes, and the wind and water and flies and time of day all had to be given consideration. On the other hand, on salmon rivers, where the sharp teeth of the trout destroy the expensive salmon flies, and the quicker fish get there ahead of the salmon, I have had several trout weighing from 1 to 5 pounds apiece rush for the fly at the same instant, and my guide spoke of them in a most disrespectful manner, calling them "cussed critters." On the St. Croix the bass are "cussed critters." I have gone a long way for bass fishing, and, as with trout, it was necessary to have the flies and the weather and the time of day just right. Even then about half of the bass would get off after they were hooked, and a good part of our time was spent in quiet contemplation by the river bank. On the St. Croix, when I did not want bass, they were rising all day long on any kind of a day, and to any sort of fly. They would hook themselves and would not get off, in spite of my giving them slack line and avoiding a strike. I had to catch five big bass out of one small stretch of salmon water before they would let me fish in peace. The bass were all set free again, excepting the few that we wanted for camp use, and I suspect that they will have in future still less respect for the dangling of the artificial fly.

Speaking of bass reminds me of something funny: Two years ago I wanted to take my wife fishing. She had never gone into the woods before, and had never caught a fish. One of the basic principles of her character was the idea that it was wrong to kill anything, bless her heart. She began gently with black flies and mosquitoes, and ended up in a blaze of glory with salmon and bears before we left the woods. That shows how environment modifies our ideas. I took her straight to the best part of one of my best salmon rivers. We stepped out into a wood road, where I showed her something about casting the fly. Then we went down to the river, and she made a fair sort of cast, and promptly hooked a 22-pound salmon, which she brought to gaff in good style in half an hour without help. She caught salmon right along—big ones—and the funny part of it was that for the first few days she persisted in calling them bass. Her idea of fishing was that any one could step up to almost any rise, cast in a fly and hook salmon, and one might as well call them bass as anything else. Now what do you think of that? It simply illustrates the decadence that follows too luxurious living. I can now readily understand the downfall of Rome. Down South, where they have no salmon, they call the pike-perch "salmon." That shows what perseverance will accomplish in the face of obstacles.

Next summer I am going to a big wild salmon river again; one that is the real thing, and all full of silver springers, but this summer I wanted to experiment with United States rivers. The upper Penobscot and St. Croix are certainly magnificent salmon waters, but they need to be studied thoroughly. The Dennys River can be made an excellent salmon stream at a small part of the expense that one would pay for a Quebec river, and it does not need to be studied much. It is a comparatively small river. The St. Croix is not so large as the Penobscot, but it is a very large river nevertheless, and it is surprising to me that its salmon possibilities were not worked out a hundred years ago. It is not a difficult river to manage. To be sure, it is not a smooth-flowing, contented river like the Ohio, nor is it a hell of a diapacon of titanic bombardment like the St. Paul, but it has roaring rapids and thundering falls and long stretches of quiet-looking but determined current. One can make the entire trip from Vanceboro to the sea easily in a canoe without making any long carries, and there are always trout and bass to be had for camp fare and for the sport of fishermen who are not too restless when in the presence of King Salmon.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

DENNYVILLE, Me., July 1.

Canadian Fishing Licenses.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of July 21 a letter signed Special and dated at Boston, July 14, which is headed Canadian Fishing Licenses. Despite the fact that Special gives the residence of the person arrested at Yarmouth as Boston, and although no names are mentioned, I cannot but believe that my own was the arrest to which he refers, inasmuch as I am given to understand that while warrants were issued for other parties, as stated in the letter, my own was the only case in which they proceeded to the length of an actual arrest. I have always intended and still intend, no matter what the outcome of the pending proceedings, to send you a full report of the case, as raising a question of widespread interest to sportsmen in the United States, but inasmuch as my appeal of the matter to the Department at Ottawa is still pending, I deem it premature to presently say anything definite in regard to the subject. In this spirit I ask that all further discussion of the matter be postponed until after the Department of Marine and Fisheries has given final judgment upon my appeal, which is at present being prosecuted. Pray rest assured that I shall at the proper time send you a full statement of the facts, coupled with the decision of the Department, whatsoever that may be, which statement, it is unnecessary to add, shall be over my own signature and not my nom de plume.

WADLEIGH BROOK.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

A Yankee Muscallunge.

THE staging of this sketch is one of the many beautiful spots of New England. Afloat on the placid Connecticut River, with the rocks of the Holyoke range on either hand, to the north stretch the broad, fertile "valley meadows" until their level sweep is broken here by the chimneys of a large manufacturing town, there by the bold bluff of the Sugarloaf Mountain, and on the west by the Berkshire Hills. These all combine to form a picture beautiful to the city-tired eyes of the writer, just beginning his vacation.

The other members of the party are the Veteran, born and reared in a nearby village, but who saw service during and since the Civil War in the Navy, and the Drummer, who goes up and down, seeking whom he may sell brass goods to. All the brass he has, however, is carried in his sample bag, and on this day that is laid away. The shifty bamboo, the shining silk and the spoon hook are our weapons, and the peace of early morning on the water and of good tobacco is ours also.

The morning grows gray, and a breeze comes up. The writer, new at this kind of work, misses two strikes and takes to the oars in disgrace with himself, but full of enjoyment nevertheless. Is he not free from all care for a time? Free to watch the marvelous play of sun, wind and cloud over the landscape. Free to admire the skill of the Veteran, as the pliant rod sends the spoon through the air to light with unerring accuracy on a lily-pad-encircled pool.

The oars plash lazily in the cool water; to and fro spin the glittering spoons; nothing breaks the pleasing monotony except now and then the greater pleasure of a capture. There is a quick wake in the weed-forested water, the rod takes on the curve so beautiful to the angler's eye, there is a short, sharp tussle; the landing net is thrust under the fighting, struggling victim, and a black bass lies in the boat. Or perhaps only a slow heave in the water is seen, and a yellow perch is lifted ignominiously into view. The Veteran will growl, "Don't take the landing net for him; lug him in any old way—nuisance."

Still doing penance with the oars, I sit watching the Drummer in the bow casting and skittering with might and main. He prepares for another cast. As his spoon leaves the water, a huge fin-crowned back comes into momentary view. He almost drops his rod. I have seen it too, and with an exclamation, "What a fish!" check the boat just before it reaches the eddy left by the big fish. That fellow, secure in his kingship, has risen within 10 feet of the boat. Again and again the Drummer casts, with no result. The Veteran tells us to back off and wait ten minutes. Then we silently approach the spot again and send out the glittering lure. What knack of drawing that spoon has the older man acquired? For, within sight the monster pursues the Drummer's spoon, then leaves it and seizes the Veteran's tackle. Lightly hooked in the cartilages of the jaw, he pauses a moment, then moves off with the majesty of an ocean liner leaving her dock. Ten, twenty feet he goes; then, maddened by pain and fury as the Veteran sets the hook, he leaps "full speed ahead." Out he goes, the Veteran growing anxious as he sees the fast-diminishing coils on the reel. Back goes the tip over the shoulder, and as the magnificent fellow feels the added strain; up he goes full length out of the water, shaking his head savagely to dislodge the clinging steel. Foot by foot he comes toward us with wide side dashes. Near us he lies motionless on the water, "sizing up" the strange creatures who torment him so. His large eyes gleam with untamed ferocity, and his olive green sides, relieved with coppery spots, quiver with excitement. Then he goes down straight to the bottom; then with a surge and heavy plunge he starts out for a run. The rod, bent to a semicircle, seems scarcely able to stand the strain. But the notes of the reel—this obligato solo is indescribable. Now a few staccato notes, now a crescendo of rapid motion. It sings of proud endeavor, of almost unbearable effort and of victory. And to the true angler, once heard, "the song will never end." Vain his mad rushes, his wily breaks; "the place thereof shall know him no more!" With his strength exhausted, but his kingly spirit unbroken, he is taken into the boat, and the trap rocks on either side of the river re-echo the Veteran's exultant "hurrah!"

We row to the bank, and laying our prize on the grassy slope guess at his weight. "Eighteen pounds," says the Drummer. "Twenty," says the Veteran, and produces his pocket scales. Down sinks the brass pointer, until almost to the 20-pound mark, and we say "Nineteen pounds, not to be too strict with our good fortune." Three times we lay the foot rule along his burnished side, scoring 38 inches from "tip to tip."

Then we lunch, with many a glance at the gallant fish who had fought for freedom with a courage and dash worthy of old Massachusetts.

C. R. A.

BAYONNE, N. J.

Concerning the identity of C. R. A.'s "muscallunge," Col. Sam'l Webber, who was for years one of the fish commissioners of New Hampshire, writes: There are no muscallunge and never have been in the Connecticut River to the best of my knowledge and belief. The fish referred to was unquestionably a pike simply and purely, misnamed a pickerel in the West and Northwest, and one of the descendants of the stock introduced from Lake Champlain into Plymouth Ponds, Vt., about 1836. These ponds are at the head of Black River, down which they escaped to the Connecticut, and I know of one of 17 pounds caught at Bellows Falls many years ago. I have several times had them brought to identity by fishermen who thought they were muscallunge simply on account of their size and their difference from the common river and pond pickerel, but in all cases they were pure pike.

In one case, which I believe I have noted in *FOREST AND STREAM*, the fish was curiously colored, the light spots being orange, and the belly a bright yellow, probably from living in a hole where an iron spring came into the river.

Fish nomenclature is badly mixed up in northern New Hampshire and Vermont. The great lake trout is a "lunge," evidently an abbreviation of the same name, which was given him in ignorance, solely on account of his size, while in Maine he is a "logue" and in northern New York a "salmon trout," the last being a very mean-

ingless misnomer and only possible of application to the sea trout of the British Provinces, which, like the salmon, winter in salt water.

The Boston Herald a fortnight since spoke of the capture of several large "salmon trout" in Diamond Ponds, where there never was a lake trout and which I can only interpret as referring to the descendants of the "win-ninish" which I planted in those ponds in 1881 and which so far have escaped public notice.

I am trying to find out about it and if it is as I think will advise you. I know my plant of the same species in Connecticut Lake in 1880 has materialized satisfactorily in the last few years.

VON W.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Movements of Western Sportsmen.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 21.—This is naturally the duller time of the year, as has been before remarked, yet notwithstanding bad weather, bad luck and bad prospects a great many of our Chicago anglers are going out, and some of them are coming back with good results to show for their outings. Below will be found notes regarding some of the catches made during the past week and the little trips of others who are now absent or just starting to leave the city.

Mr. E. L. Peniston and Mr. C. C. Haskins have returned from Long Lake, Wis., where they put in a couple of weeks under rather unfortunate circumstances. They got rainy weather for nearly a week of their stay. They caught nine Great Northern pike running in weight from 5 to 15 pounds and fifty-five bass of good size.

Mr. Harry Miner, whose uniformly good scores have been published from week to week throughout the season, leaves again to-day for his regular weekly trip. On his last week's trip he caught in Wind Lake, Wis., twenty-two bass whose average weight was 3 pounds, certainly a very nice catch indeed. Mr. Miner has probably had better bass fishing this summer than any other Chicago angler. Wind Lake is east of Tishagon Lake, in that same country, east of Fox River and northeast of Burlington.

Another good point this year on the Wisconsin Central R. R. is my own old country around Mukwonago. At Eagle Lake the bass fishing has been running extraordinarily good, and I learn that the little creek which J. B. H. and I discovered years ago has this year been turning out some very heavy bass. Peace be with it. I shall never see it again, now that J. B. H. cannot go with me.

Mr. William White has been having good fishing in that Waukesha country and he goes up there again to-day, taking with him Mr. R. B. Organ. They will probably have success.

Mr. Byron E. Veatch, of the Tokalon Vineyard, has returned from his trip to the Flambeau River and the Mason Lake chain. Mr. Veatch made another good trip this year and is pleased down to the ground. He took eighty-five bass, the largest about 4 pounds, seven muskellunge, four wall-eyed pike and one wildcat. What bait he used for the latter I do not know, but the cat was a very big one and his hide is much prized by Mr. Veatch.

Mr. F. E. Schall has returned from Fox Lake, Ill., where in three days he killed twenty-five nice bass and two pike.

Mr. Thomas Ambrose, of this city, had a very pleasant little experience wading the Fox River this week. He killed nine bass and one very large wall-eyed pike, the latter weighing 10 pounds plump. Mr. Ambrose usually fishes with the fly, but I presume was using bait when he took the wall-eye.

Mr. H. English has returned from his trip to State Line. He had a splendid time, but did not get very much fishing, catching only nine bass, seven wall-eyes and five pickerel. He took three days for a trip after muskellunge, and during the three days he got just one strike from a "lunge, which he failed to hook. Mr. English is of the opinion that the people up there know how to take care of themselves. It costs a city angler \$1.50 to walk a mile and a quarter. It costs him \$2.50 to walk four miles and \$3.75 to walk twelve miles. The Lord only knows what it would cost if one rode instead of walking. If you get a team you are not expected to ride, but pay for the privilege of walking behind the wagon. Mr. English is not so much grieved as puzzled over this tariff, but says he will know more about the game next time he goes up there.

In Minnesota.

Out in Minnesota they are not satisfied with catches of bass which would seem pretty large to us Chicago people. I was talking with some Minneapolis anglers while at that city last week and learned of some very good takes made not far from there. Mr. J. C. Jocelyn and Mr. Chas. Lewis fished for six hours one day in Lake Sylvia, and during that time took 108 nice bass. This was last week. A Mr. Melville, fishing at Shady Oak, in a small lake, caught eight bass which are said to have been the best in average seen in that country for a long time. The smallest of these fish weighed 3½ pounds, there were four which weighed 4½ pounds each, one weighed 5 pounds and one 5½ pounds. It should be added that these fish were dressed as soon as caught and were weighed in the city some time after being taken and after they were cleaned. They must have been very big bass.

Mr. S. S. Johnson, of Minneapolis, has not been having much fishing lately, but he told me of the famous sport which used to be had in Lake Martha and Lake Susan, above Minneapolis. Mr. Johnson said that when he first ran across these lakes he was with a camping party. They had no boat, but backed a wagon out into the lake so as to get nearer the deeper water. Mr. Johnson stood in the back of the wagon while the other boys were fixing the tent and getting camp ready, and before they had this done he took forty-six small-mouth bass. To-day we have but little idea of the number of bass which once swarmed in these Minnesota lakes. Continual fishing has cut down the supply in many of these waters. In some parts of the State the Scandinavian farmers use gill nets every fall for catching whitefish,

Naturally these nets do not stop at whitefish, and in some of the farming settlements the lakes are now practically ruined for rod and reel purposes.

Green Lake, near Taylor's Falls, is one of the waters tipped for good bass fishing now. Mr. Matson, of one of the local gun stores, reported some success there during the week just past.

Modest Bullhead Story.

Lake Calhoun, within the city limits of Minneapolis, has certainly been fished pretty hard, but even now it yields occasional very good catches of bass. It was on Lake Calhoun that Mr. John Nilsson, of Minneapolis, the champion performer on skates, once had a singular experience with bullheads. I seem to be continually falling across remarkable bullhead stories, but I will preface this one by stating that it is not a competitor of the Kekoskee bullhead story, though had it been properly nurtured it might have grown up into a good story in a modest way. It seems that when Mr. Nilsson was a mere boy he used to go down to the boat house on Lake Calhoun and play around. He discovered a hole in the floor of the boat house and also discovered that the water below the house was frequented by large numbers of bullheads. Not having with him any fishing tackle, but having discovered a large beefsteak on the table of the club house, he bethought himself of a scheme. Taking a length of good stiff wire which he found near by, he firmly bound the beefsteak to one end of this wire, and breaking off the wire to a length of about 6 feet he attached a stout cross piece at the top for a handle. Carefully inserting the beefsteak into the water, he was surprised to find himself nearly pulled through the hole by the multitude of bullheads which seized upon the beefsteak. Bracing himself strongly he extracted his bullhead machine from the lake and found attached to the beefsteak as many bullheads as there was room for the steak to hold. To make the story short, he repeated this operation until he had the floor of the club house entirely covered to a depth of several feet with bullheads. He only desisted because the steak wore out. It is too bad that he did not have a boarding house article for his operation, in which case he might perhaps have made a bullhead record worthy of comparison, in a humble way, with those of really good bullhead stories.

Minnetonka Pike.

I was stating that Mr. W. L. Wells and myself intended to fish a little on Lake Minnetonka. We did get out for a couple of days with Mr. Carrington Phelps, of Spring Park. We did nothing very startling with the bass, but raised some disturbance among the Minnetonka pike. For some reason or other the pike, or pickerel, as they are locally called, seemed to be very giddy in those waters, and I must say that we had several pretty stiff fights with them. I struck one which weighed 8 or 10 pounds, and which had to be brought up to the boat seven times before Mr. Phelps could get a hold on him strong enough to get him in the boat. This fish had evidently fought once too often and had fought before. One side of its jaw was nearly torn away, from a mix-up with some former spoon hook. I caught this fish on a little Skinner casting spoon about as big as my thumb nail, with a frog on the single hook. It made a rattling good fight and turned out to be the gem of our collection for that day.

Regarding this particular pickerel, I must add a word. Billy Wells had come over to my place that day from his cottage, four miles away, on his wheel, and when he started to go home at the end of the day I told him to take the big pike along, as I could not use so big a fish. The question was how to carry the pike, and in solving this problem Mr. Wells showed the genius of the real outdoor man. He lashed the fish firmly to his rod case with stout twine and then lashed the rod case fast to the frame of his wheel. The old fellow was longer than the rod case and longer than the wheel, and when Mr. Wells started off astride of him through the woods the pike was sticking out fore and aft in a rather remarkable manner. I imagine any one meeting Mr. Wells on the road must have been somewhat surprised. The latter, however, states that he got the fish home safely and it proved very good, baked.

On another day when we went out together Mr. Wells was high hook. We had very heavy wind that day and ought to have caught some bass, but failed to do so. We had to have something to eat for lunch, and so started out to catch some humble sunfish. We must have anchored just above the original sunfish tabernacle, for we began to catch them, great big fellows, too, about as fast as we could drop worms down to them. We caught a minnow pail full and had to stop. After lunch we resumed our trolling, and this time it was Mr. Wells who had all the luck. He took several pike—his largest about 6 or 7 pounds, and I think this fish was the handsomest pike I ever saw. It was thick, fat, and nicely colored, and it put up a fight as good as any muskellunge of the same weight. It sprang clear of the water once, quite like the muskellunge, and it needed a great deal of care in handling to get it into the boat at all. We regretted very much that we had not caught this fish before lunch instead of after, so that Mr. Phelps might once more perform his famous act of broiling cutlets of pike over ironwood coals. This feast we had had the day before, and found it mighty good. Mr. Wells and I fished together for a little while one rainy day in Black Lake, and though we had ten strikes, we succeeded only in landing three small pike. I got one nice fellow up by the side of the boat, but he stood up on his tail, shook his head and threw the spoon more than the length of the boat away from him. We concluded that the pike was not such a slow fish after all.

The bass fishing is not good in Minnetonka now for the average man. The bass have left the shallows and are lying on the reefs in deep water. Unless one knows the location of the bars he is not apt to get very many bass. Minnows are better now than frogs. A few parties of whom I heard had been taking twenty or thirty bass a day, still-fishing on the bars.

A Boat Trip on the Father of Waters.

Mr. J. Edmund Strong, whom I have mentioned as starting for the north on a canoe trip with his friend, Mr.

Selz, writes me very pleasantly regarding their experience in this the latest of their joint boating trips:

"Mr. Selz and I returned home on Monday night of last week," he says, "after a canoeing cruise of ten days on the Chippewa and Mississippi rivers from Eau Claire to North McGregor. We had an exceedingly pleasant trip, but were disappointed in our fishing, having practically none. It was our impression when we embarked at Eau Claire that we had a distance of something less than 150 miles to paddle, but we soon found that the distance was nearer 250 miles. We therefore made up our minds that we would 'plug' for the first three days or so and do our fishing and loafing on the latter part of the trip. Tuesday night, however—the night before the Fourth—we had some tremendous thunder storms, followed later in the night by a wind storm that was almost a hurricane. These stirred up the Mississippi and made it very muddy, and the continued rains and winds we had more or less for the ensuing several days kept it so all the way down, so that it was wholly impossible for us to fish. Had the river been in good condition we would undoubtedly have had some very nice fishing, as we passed a great deal of very good fishing ground.

"The Chippewa River we found most delightful; the Mississippi less so. From Reed's Landing down to Winona the stream and surroundings were interesting, but from Winona to La Crosse it was monotonous and tiresome, the stream being very broad, full of bars, channel very crooked, and we had a great deal of fierce head wind, with heavy seas. From La Crosse down to North McGregor we found the river more pleasant than any other portion of it we traveled over, the channel being narrower and we being closer to the bluffs either on one side or the other all the way down.

"We took with us from here our Peterboro canoe, tents, rubber beds, blankets and part of our commissary, completing the latter at Eau Claire. We had previously hired at Eau Claire, through the very kind assistance of Mr. Geo. F. Winslow, of that city, a cook and a boatman, also a large skiff for the transportation of our two men and our outfit. Both the cook and the boatman proved most excellent men, and the frequency of towns all along the Mississippi enabled us to keep our commissary in good shape. All in all, we enjoyed the trip exceedingly, but the conclusion we reached after our trip over the Mississippi was that the smaller tributary streams are much more pleasurable for canoeing."

Wants Bigger Trout.

Judge J. M. Kenyon, of Toledo, O., under date of July 20, writes regarding trout fishing on the Au Sable and elsewhere. Judge Kenyon wants to find a place where he will get fewer trout and bigger ones, and he goes on to say:

"I was much interested in your letter, 'A Michigan Fishing Trip,' as I had spent the first thirteen days of May on the Au Sable, a little account of which appears in the same issue as an interview with my friend, J. Beebe.

"I found the fishing excellent as to numbers, but small in size—at least two-thirds of the fish over 6 inches were under 8 inches—and while these small ones are delicious to the palate, and afford pretty good sport where one can only catch a few of them, they become a nuisance when they are so plentiful and one wants to get some larger fish. When I go fishing it is for out-door life and exercise, and I like to put in 6 or 8 hours each day whipping the water, at least, and don't care to do it when I catch so many fish under 8 inches. For that reason I am looking for 'new pasture.' For that reason I write to ask if you can give me any information as to the Jourdan, Pere Marquette or Manistee, where to strike the stream or who to write to. I want to put in about ten days the latter part of August. Will probably go alone."

I have advised Judge Kenyon to try the Pere Marquette, and I hope Mr. John Waddell, of Grand Rapids, will post him on localities. Can any other good-hearted Michigan angler help Judge Kenyon with suggestions?

Some of the Saginaw Crowd.

My industrious friend, Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, seems to be still extracting a little fun out of life as he goes along. This week he thinks of starting with the private car of the Saginaw Crowd for a fishing trip in Quebec. There will be only four gentlemen of the "Crowd" along, all taking their wives. They surely do know how to live in Saginaw.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

R. HOUGH.

In the Louisiana Lowlands.

A SKETCH of plantation life, fishing and camping just after the Civil War, and other tales, by Fred Mather. Three hundred and twenty-one pages, with author's portrait. Price, \$1.50. Forest and Stream Publishing Co. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

This new volume from the press of Forest and Stream Publishing Co. takes its title from the series of Louisiana Lowland chapters contributed by Mr. Mather to the FOREST AND STREAM.

To the paper have come many requests for the story in book form. Here it is. As "Men I Have Fished With" and in fact whatever came from Mr. Mather's pen deserves a more permanent form than the ephemeral vogue of current literature, to the "Louisiana Lowlands" have been added others: "On the Tangipahoa," "Fishing with Bow and Arrow," "On Bistineau," "Gadger Pull in Arkansas," "An Arkansas Turkey Shoot," the series around the camp-fire—"Frank's Story," "The Paymaster's Story," "The Major's Story," "Catching an Octopus," "Some Virginia Men and Fish," "Cooking a Trout in Camp." It is a volume which will hold a permanent place in the list of books dear to sportsmen.

A Large Vermont Bass.

POULTNEY, Vt., July 17.—A fine small-mouth black bass weighing over 6 pounds was caught here on Lake St. Catherine, by Mr. Mandeville B. Ladd, of Albany, N. Y. It is reported that this is the largest small-mouth bass ever caught on Lake St. Catherine. J. M. D.

Susquehanna Fishing.

SAYRE, Pa., July 19.—A torrid July night! The clock strikes 10. Pen and pad are slipped into the capacious drawer of the ink-begrimed writing desk and work for the night ceases.

Then from out a chair in the dim corner of the room arises a tall, slim lad of ten with sun-kissed cheeks and the big, dark eyes of a sweet mother now abiding beyond "the valley of the shadow of death," and softly gliding to the back of the desk chair he affectionately rubs a velvety cheek against a four days' growth of beard, and anxiously queries, "Papa, when are you going fishing?"

In soothing tones the father seeks to give the son renewed assurances of the fulfillment of a promise to play angler for a day, and the animated discussion of the matter concludes by father and son adjourning to an upstairs apartment, where the younger of the pair plunges into the depths of the family trunk and brings forth a wonderfully defaced cigar box, from out whose contracted space a wretched snarl of hooks, lines, spoons, bass flies, sinkers, "bobbers," etc., are promiscuously tumbled in historic boy fashion.

Down on the floor with heads dangerously near the puffy kerosene lamp go man and boy, forgetful of the hour, and all weariness absorbed in the enthusiasm that is well nigh universal at this season. The merits and capabilities of each particular utensil belonging to that rickety cigar box are graphically dwelt upon as the clock ticks on past the bed time hour, until the extremes of age are effaced and only the joyous companionship of two angling enthusiasts remains to sign and compact a mutually delightful agreement to go fishing at the first opportunity.

Thus it happens that a chained-to-work citizen of Sayre and a bright young student of FOREST AND STREAM literature are daily inventing original and deadly fashions of flirting the toothsome fly, meanwhile watching alertly for a chance to steal away for a day's outing afloat the lovely Susquehanna.

God bless the boys over whom broods the spirit of the gentle Walton! May they increase in numbers and manliness, and become, if not Presidents, the noble citizens of the first Republic!

Some of the gayest angling of the season is now being had on the Susquehanna, beginning at a point shortly below Athens and continuing well past Wyalusing, Pa.

Two citizens of Athens were on the aforementioned river July 16 and took fifty black bass, avering nice size.

The 18th inst., Geo. Crawford and C. W. Ballard, of Athens, rowed down the river some seven miles, and during a merry day's angling caught twenty-seven black bass averaging from 3/4 to 1 pound. One day last week on the Susquehanna, opposite Wyalusing, Charles E. Courtney, Dr. Brown and one or two other Ithaca anglers took thirty black bass. Wyalusing enjoys more than a merely local reputation as an outfitting point for bass fishing, and it is easily reached on the main line of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Points between Wyalusing and Athens, including Ulster and Towanda, afford excellent bass fishing, and just now, by virtue of a continued drought and a lack of food coming in from tributary streams, the bass are said to be biting voraciously.

On the Chemung and Susquehanna at points abreast of Sayre and Athens, a good many yellow bass, rock bass and not a few black bass are being caught. Some yellow bass running in weight to 10 pounds have been taken. One party, whose name is not at hand, caught a dozen yellow bass one morning recently, the lightest one scoring 4 pounds, the heaviest 10 pounds.

The fishing on both these rivers, in this particular locality, at least, would be greatly benefited if the illegal fishermen, those who use "outlines" or "set lines," nets, etc., were forced to desist. So flagrant and open-handed have these violaters lately become that the Sayre and Athens Evening News last night devoted a scathing article to the practices of this lawless element, and concluded by calling upon the authorities to suppress the law defiers.

To any intending fishermen of the Susquehanna, advice may be tendered to use for bait live minnows, green frogs, helgramites or young bullheads, flies of the approved fashion being, of course, always in order. River fishing, as experienced from the gleam of the picturesque Susquehanna, hath its unsurpassed delights, both in the far reach of the onspeeding waters and the glorious beauty of the bordering country. Variety, such as every new bend in the classic river affords, is enriched with enchantments. Added to this, the promise of delightful sport with a "dead game" member of the finny nation, and you have an inducement that only a patriarch with a torpid liver and a fancy for Chinese fiction can passively resist.

M. CHILL.

July Fishing in Maine.

BOSTON, July 23.—Not only has the interest in angling in New England waters been greater this season than ever before, but it is holding out into the hot weather most remarkably. I was somewhat surprised to find fishermen trolling July 14 on Rangeley waters about as much as in the earlier season, and to find that they are actually taking pretty good strings of trout and salmon. Perhaps the weather and the high water have much to do with their success. In that region it had rained every day for four weeks up to July 17—only showers some days, but a rain nevertheless. The woods were as full of water as in spring time, and the lakes are as full as they ever are in early spring. Good strings are being brought in at Bemis. H. C. Kennedy, of Brooklyn, and Dr. H. M. Wells, of New York, brought in fifty trout one afternoon last week, all taken on the fly. T. B. Stewart, the veteran angler, is taking some good trout and salmon at the Upper Dam. He fishes the Pool nearly every day. Mr. Doane has been fishing there of late. The catch of both these anglers is generally returned to the water.

At Moosehead the same April weather has been experienced as at the Rangeleys, and though it has kept the sportsmen, as well as summer boarders, indoors, it has also greatly improved the fishing, the record being excellent for the past two or three weeks. From Eustis and the Dead River waters come reports of most excellent stream fishing, the rain and high water generally being

favorable. The few anglers who have had the courage to thread the rain-charged forests and wade the somewhat swollen streams have been rewarded with fine creels of trout.

Mr. L. O. Crane, of Boston, is at Big Island Pond, Megantic Preserve, with Mrs. Crane. He writes that the camps are all full there now, a party of sixteen having just come in. Fishing in all the ponds around Big Island is good and improving. In Big Island it has been poor since the hot weather. "It rains about all the time, and has for the last four weeks. There is not much left of the roads, except the rocks. The rains have washed them about all away. I got twenty-five trout in L. Pond one afternoon, and Angie" (Mrs. Crane) "about a dozen. We saved about half of them for the table. Two men got about a hundred in Grant and Northwest ponds the same afternoon. Great improvements have been made in the camps here the present season, but the greatest of all is the big, log dining camp and kitchen. From this point the lakes, woods and mountains are everything in the way of views, fresh air and ozone. It suits us way to the ground. On the way in I saw one of the biggest bucks I have ever seen, across a field a little way from the Shaw House. We also saw two large does and three flocks of partridges. The deer stood together and never moved as we passed by, only about 50 yards away."

Mr. Frank N. Gannong, of the Boston Herald, is still trying the bass and pickerel in Sudbury River, with occasional good success. He got a couple of fine bass last week. He says that the amount of fishing done there is great, boats are moving all the time, and it is a wonder that any fish are left. Mr. John G. Wright, a well-known Boston angler, has started for an extended fishing trip to the north shore of Lake Superior. He promises me a full account of that country on his return. Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley called on me the other day. He is much pleased with the way the fishing is holding out in Maine waters this year. He has made another improvement in his Rangeley spinner, attaching a small, loose hook to the same, just above the other hook, the gut passing through an eye at the end of the hook. He has also changed the coloring of the spoon, decorating the white body with carmine spots and mottles.

At Billy Soule's, Gupsuptic Lake, Mr. Hugh G. Brown, of Boston, has been taking some fine trout and salmon. Mrs. S. J. Knight and Miss Susie Knight are enjoying the fishing. Mr. M. M. Gillam has been enjoying a fishing and outing vacation at Munyon's camps. He has had fine sport on Quimby and other ponds. The camps and cottages at the Rangeleys are fast filling up with summer boarders, who care but little for fishing.

Senator W. P. Frye, of Maine, is just out from salmon fishing at the Ristigouche. His success has been good, as it always is with the gamy fish, and no one enjoys it more. He sent home to Mr. F. H. Briggs, of Auburn, Me., a salmon of 22 pounds weight. This was one of four large ones taken in one day. The fish fought an hour, but Senator Frye was equal to the task in every way, though the capture was a long way down river from the strike. The Senator will pass the rest of the summer at Squirrel Island, going to his camp, Mooselucmagantic Lake, in the early fall, to again try the trout.

SPECIAL.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1900, contest No. 9, held at Stow Lake, July 14. Wind, strong west; weather, good:

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, —————			Event No. 4, Lure Casting%
		Acc. %	Del. %	Net %	
Brooks	107	67	78.4	60.10	69.5
Brotherton	115	84.4	87.8	63.4	75.4
Edwards	105	84.4	87.8	74.2	80.11
Everett	101	91	84	71.8	77.10
Golcher	124	86.4	77.8	79.2	78.5
Lovett	124	91	79.8	79.2	79.5
Mansfield	93.8	91	76.8	83.10	87 3-5
Muller	102	90	85.4	75	80.2
Young	101	89	88	73.4	80.8

Judges, Golcher and Everett; referee, Brotherton; clerk, Smyth.

July 15. Wind, strong west; weather, foggy:

H. Battu	95	89	89	80	81.6	73 4-5
Brooks	106	79.8	83	67.6	75.3	66
Brotherton	121	87.8	91.8	78.4	85	87 1-5
Golcher	126	91	91	75.10	83.5	..
Everett	108	92	90	75.10	82.11	..
Huyck	103.6	83.8	92.4	73.4	82.10	..
Haight	90	91	87.8	78.4	83	..
Lovett	123.6	9.04	90.4	75	82.8	98 4-5
Mansfield	95	89.8	84.2	86.11	85 1-5	..
Roos	74	..	71.4	50	60.8	..
Stratton	99	82.8	86	79.2	82.7	73
Young	109	92.4	91.8	79.2	85.5	..

Judges, Lovett and Battu; referee, Everett; clerk, Smyth.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here is the score of the first contest of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club for this season. The lagoon was in such filthy condition we could not finish the scores:

	Distance and Accuracy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
I. D. Belasco	75	96 4-15
L. H. Bellows	87 1-3	96 14-15
L. J. Blackman	52 1-3	94 7-15
C. B. Brown	86 1-3	88 2-5
H. Greenwood	81 2-3	94 2-5
H. G. Hascall	89 1-3	96 2-5
N. C. Heston	89 2-3	92 2-5
E. R. Letterman	91 1-3	85 8-15
F. N. Peet	92 2-3	95 4-15
G. W. Salter	96
L. G. Stiles	91 1-3	92 14-15
J. Wood	87
H. H. Ainsworth	73 1-3	86 13-15

GEO. A. MURRELL, Sec'y-Treas.

Cayuga Lake Fishing.

WORD comes from Cayuga Lake, N. Y., to the effect that at Union Springs all the witchery of good fishing is now to be had. Union Springs has for some time enjoyed the distinction of being a splendid outfitting point for the best muscallonge, pickerel and bass fishing in central New York. At Canoga Point, across from the Springs, are some noble pickerel and muscallonge grounds. For this fishing, go via Auburn division of the Lehigh Valley Railroad; stop off at Union Springs and outfit at Norm

Carr's supply house. Perch of large dimensions are also to be caught at the above point. At Cayuga village, the extreme north end of the lake, muscallonge, pickerel, Oswego and black bass, perch, and, I am told, pike, may be taken. Mud Lock, two or three miles below Cayuga, furnishes some excellent pickerel fishing. While the muscallonge do not average large in size, they are of high quality, and fighters to the final degree. Oswego bass are taken of goodly weight, and they are of delicious table quality.

Cayuga village is a sequestered hamlet clinging, in part, tenaciously to an unromantic hillside, but there is an ancient flavor and a fine old art look to the place which the true angler cannot resist. So he will be charmed with its setting, fall a victim to its calm, still behavior and proceed to catch fish for the public gaze.

Upon the whole, there are happy days in store for the angler who chooses to pass a brief vacation along Cayuga's waters.

M. CHILL.

American Fisheries Society.

THE American Fisheries Society annual meeting was held at Wood's Holl, Mass., last week, President Jno. W. Titcomb presiding. The attendance was large, all parts of the country being represented. A visit was made to New Bedford and the Wild Wood trout hatchery at East Freetown, the proceedings of the society being continued on the United States Commission steamer Fish Hawk on the way. Another excursion was to Providence and the oyster beds in Narragansett Bay, with an old-fashioned Rhode Island clam bake. The next meeting will be held July 19-21, 1901, at Milwaukee. The new officers are: President, F. B. Dickerson, Michigan; Vice-President, E. Bryant, Wisconsin; Secretary, Seymour Bower, Michigan; Corresponding Secretary, W. DeC. Ravenel; Treasurer, C. W. Miller, Rhode Island; Executive Committee, Alden Solmans (Connecticut), Frank N. Clarke (Michigan), Dr. James (Philadelphia), Mr. Hamilton (New York), Mr. Stranahan (Georgia), Mr. Wentworth (New Hampshire) and Mr. C. O'Malley (Washington).

Fishing and Shooting at Gaspé.

IN response to an inquiry, Com. J. U. Gregory, of Quebec, tells us of Gaspé, which is on the Baie des Chaleurs, or Chaleurs Bay:

Shooting caribou, partridge, duck and snipe begins in September. Fishing is allowed up to October for trout, and salmon can only be fished by permit from lessees of rivers, and hard to be obtained. Sea trout plentiful up the rivers. Sea fishing for cod, mackerel, etc., can be enjoyed. Hotel good, and rates not high—about \$1.50 per day. There are also one or two boarding houses. Taken all in all, Gaspé is a very nice place to spend some time in at very reasonable rates. Carleton, Baie des Chaleurs, is another beautiful place; good fishing and shooting, and cheap. Can go there by rail all the way. This is the cheapest, and, I think, the finest place. Port Daniel is another beautiful spot in Baie des Chaleurs.

Fishing with Kites.

ALLENHURST, N. J., July 21.—Mr. E. I. Horsman has been conducting a series of experiments for catching fish in the ocean by the use of kites. Fishing in this way is unfortunately limited to days when the wind is blowing off shore. A tandem of kites is sent into the air and a small pulley is attached to the main string, through which the fish line is rove, then the kites are let out enough to enable the fisherman to drop his baited hooks into the surf or wherever the fish may be running. At the first trial a big bluefish was caught, but Mr. Horsman had left the reel, and the delay in drawing in the kites caused the loss of the fish. This system of fishing can be used in swiftly running channels, the surf or in rapids where boats could not go with safety.

Barneget Bay.

BARNEGAT CITY, N. J., July 21.—Rod fishing in the surf for channel bass or red drum continues good. Many striped bass have been taken. A new way to reach Barneget City is by the steamer Connetquot, which plies between this point and Barneget Pier. The Pennsylvania Railroad from New York at 12:20 reaches the pier at 3:37 and the steamer brings one there in an hour. In the morning it connects at the pier at 7:16 with the Toms River express, which gets into New York at 9:53. This route is sixty miles shorter than the old one, and saves two hours in time.

July 22.—Mr. E. G. Chandler caught fifty-seven fine striped bass yesterday. This makes 102 for two days' fishing. Fishing is very good. Weakfish are very plentiful and running very large, some of them 4 pounds.

Sea Bass and Fluke by the Barrel.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., July 23.—The new fishing grounds known as Queenswater Ridge are proving a veritable bonanza for local fishermen. It is no uncommon thing for fishing parties to catch two barrels of fish to a boat at one tide. The first bass of the season was caught last week. It weighed 8 pounds.

Fire Island Bluefishing.

SAYVILLE, L. I., July 23.—Reports come of large catches of bluefish off Fire Island Inlet. One captain came in with 300 pounds caught by trolling. Mr. E. Childs and some friends caught thirty-two on Friday weighing from 8 to 14 pounds.

The Belgian Hare.

THE Belgian hare breeding industry has assumed the dimensions of a craze. Starting on the Pacific Coast, it has crossed the Rocky Mountains and is making gigantic strides—or leaps, since we are speaking of hares—eastward toward the Atlantic. Reports are printed of profits of \$40 per year from the produce of one doe, marketed in New York city; and it appears that fancy breeds which boast requisite pedigrees run in value from \$500 to \$1,000. The hare is in many sections a close second to the hen as a revenue bringer.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 21.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Third annual field trials of the Iowa Field Trials Association. M. Bruce, Sec'y, Des Moines, Ia.
 Aug. 28.—Sioux Falls, S. D.—Inaugural field trials of the South Dakota Field Trials Association. Olav Haugtro, Sec'y, Sioux Falls, S. D.
 Sept. 3-4.—La Salle, Manitoba, Can.—Western Canada Kennel Club's annual field trials. A. Lake, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
 Sept. 6-7.—Brandon, Manitoba, Can.—Third annual field trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. J. Elliott, Sec'y.
 Sept. 11.—Manitoba, Can.—Fourteenth annual field trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
 Oct. 30.—Senecaville, O.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's sixth annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
 Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.
 Nov. 7-8.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
 Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
 No. 20.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.
 Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.
 Nov. 20.—Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
 Nov. 22.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. Barret Gibson, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
 Nov. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
 Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Eastern Field Trials Derby.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Following are the entries for the Eastern Field Trial Club's Derby of 1900. Of the forty-nine, thirty-three are setters and sixteen pointers:

Vevary, b., w. and t. setter bitch, March (Tony Boy—Lena Belle), P. Lorillard, Jr.

Tom Boy, b., w. and t. setter bitch, March (Tony Boy—Lena Belle), P. Lorillard, Jr.

Belle Boy, b., w. and t. setter dog, March (Tony Boy—Lena Belle), P. Lorillard, Jr.

Bow Knot, b., w. and t. setter dog, March (Why Not—Binnie B.), P. Lorillard, Jr.

J. C., b. and w. pointer dog, April (Young Jingo—Eva), F. R. Huntington.

Hobson, b., w. and t. setter dog, February (Rodfield—Doll Gladstone), A. N. Davis.

Elba, l. and w. setter bitch, March (Guy—Belle), A. P. Sturges.

St. Helena, b., w. and t. setter bitch, March (Guy—Belle), R. D. Winthrop.

Belle Croxteth, b. and w. pointer bitch, January (Hugo II.—Gyp), P. W. Harris.

Verona Cap, o. and w. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), Mrs. P. H. Hurst.

Verona Diavalo, b., w. and t. setter dog, January (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), Mrs. P. H. Hurst.

Verona Reon, o. and w. setter bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), Mrs. P. H. Hurst.

Verona Wiltheinson, b., w. and t. setter bitch (Count Gladstone—Countess K.), Mrs. P. H. Hurst.

Verona Spice, o. and w. setter bitch (Count Gladstone—Countess K.), Mrs. P. H. Hurst.

Mark Twain, b., w. and t. setter dog, March (Joe Cumming—Miss Osthaus), E. L. Jamison.

Fairview Dream, l. and w. setter bitch, March (Viscount Furness—Fairview Fly), W. Gould Brokaw.

Glad Tidings, b., w. and t. setter bitch, May (Dave Earl—Accellerando), E. A. Meiser.

Lottie Gladstone, b., w. and t. setter bitch, January (Berber—Tory Lit), F. R. Trogdon.

Bit, b., w. and t. setter bitch, March (Count Ladystone—Fary Sport), Arthur Stern.

Davy Crockett, b., w. and t. setter dog, November (Tony Boy—Hoosier Girl), Dr. F. Y. Long.

Joe Howard, b. and w. pointer dog, March (Brighton Joe—Queen), A. M. McLachlan.

Tick's Maid, l. and w. pointer bitch, March (Tick Boy—Fawn), George Crocker.

Tick's Peble, l. and w. pointer dog, March (Tick Boy—Fawn), George Crocker.

Silence, b. and w. setter dog (Sam T.—Belle of Alma), George Crocker.

Black Jack, b. and w. pointer dog, March (Plain Sam—Clip Strideway), E. O. Damon.

Kipling, b., w. and t. setter dog, March (Joe Cumming—Miss Osthaus), E. H. Osthaus.

Cap Scott, b., w. and t. setter dog, March (Joe Cumming—Miss Osthaus), W. W. Titus.

Lalpora, l. and w. pointer bitch, April (Tippo—Toxic), Charlottesville Field Kennels.

Col. Joe, b., w. and t. setter dog, June (Joe Cumming—Della K.), A. H. Nelson.

Billy, l. and w. pointer dog, January (Bob—Con), S. B. Dana.

Celt, l. and w. pointer dog, April (St. Clair—Mabel Telk), C. E. McMurdo.

Ruby's Lady, b., w. and t. setter bitch, July (Dave Earl—Tony's Ruby), J. H. Johnson, agent.

Ruby's Druid, b., w. and t. setter dog, July (Dave Earl—Tony's Ruby), J. H. Johnson, agent.

J. T., b., w. and t. setter dog, July (Dave Earl—Tony's Ruby), James Thomson.

Odd Fellow, l. and w. pointer dog, April (Young Jingo—Eva), Geo. E. Gray.

Gray's Pearl, l. and w. pointer bitch, May (Young Jingo—Gypsy Jess), J. E. Gill.

Eva B., l. and w. pointer bitch, April (Young Jingo—Eva), Dr. J. Spencer Brown.

Ivanhoe, b., w. and t. setter dog, January (Tony Boy—Flush O'Dame), John Meyers.

Jessie Lucifer, b., w. and t. setter bitch, April (Blue Hope—Isabelle Madge), Dr. G. Chisholm.

Doc Light, w. and t. pointer dog, April (Jingo's Light—Gull's Juno), Dr. G. Chisholm.

Jingo's Romp, l. and w. pointer bitch (Jingo—), M. T. De Pauw.

Sport's Solomon, b., w. and t. setter dog, April (Marie's Sport—Isabella Maid), H. B. Ledbetter.

Jennie's Bang, l. and w. pointer dog, July (Donovan—Devonshire Jennie), A. Albaugh.

Sport's Tip, b. and w. setter dog, June (Marie's Sport—Mark's Flirt), A. Albaugh.

Leading Lady, b., w. and t. setter bitch, June (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), G. G. Williamson.

Sam B., l. and w. pointer dog, May (Jingo's Light—Phi), W. C. Banks.

Count Robert Gladstone, l. and w. setter dog (Lady's Count Gladstone—Silkirk Inez), C. W. Mullins.

Lede Windim, l. and w. setter bitch, May (Lady's Count Gladstone—Silkirk Inez), H. S. Bevan.

Molly B. II., setter bitch, February (Tony Gale—Molly B.), Dr. J. Spencer Brown.

SIMON C. BRADLEY, Sec'y-Treas.

Loo.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My Irish setter bitch Loo died last week. She had other friends beside myself, even in the ranks of the English setter and pointer advocates, and they too will be interested. I think she might justly be termed a good field Irish setter. When my fellow members of the Philadelphia Kennel Club were kindly blackguarding me for keeping Irish setters she came to my rescue by winning the Members' Stake in 1895 against their Llewellyns and pointers.

Prof. Osthaus will certainly remember how on that occasion she picked up point after point on birds in the woods. He was judge. Again, a year later, Mr. Frank H. Fleer was asked to run a dog in the Members' Stake of the Eastern Field Trials. He said his dogs were not in condition; then they said get a dog, and he said he would run Dr. Davis' Irish setter bitch Loo and they laughed him to scorn; but next day she went out and won first prize. I was not there, but every one I talked with said she won it fairly. In 1895 she also won first at the Irish Setter Trials. Irish setters have been said to be hard to break, but I took her out absolutely unbroken and shot over her alone for a whole week. The first afternoon she pointed four coveys. Her only fault that needed correction was an occasional breaking shot and in a few days she stopped that.

She was kept down in Newton, N. C., and after the trials were over the judges, Mr. Bradley and Mr. Merri-man, used to take a day's gunning over her and her sister Maud. Several other members of the Eastern Field Trials Club also gunned over her and will miss her as well as I myself.

She was whelped on May 30, 1893, being seven years old. She had been ailing and died after whelping a litter to Dr. Lacock's Fred Elcho. She was by Finglas, out of Currer Bell IV., she by Tim out of Currer Bell III. Her mother divided third in the Irish Trials in 1892 and won first in the Irish Setter Trials of 1893. She too was good. When less than four months of age the man who raised her took her under his arm, carried her a mile and put her down where a covey used. She pointed and he killed three birds over her points and then put the birds in his pocket and the pup under his arm and walked home; and yet Irish setters are said to be lacking in natural field qualities. I trust the day is coming when some man with some brains and a little money will take the breed up for field purposes. I am sure just as good dogs are to be found in its ranks as in those of the more fashionable Llewellyn. It only needs brains and sand to bring them forth.

G. G. DAVIS.

Texas Kennel Club Show.

CHICAGO, July 12.—The Texas Kennel Club has claimed dates Oct. 9-13 to hold its third annual bench show.

GEO. W. CLAYTON, Supt.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

25. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
 26. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
 27. Manchester, Crownhurst, cup, Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
 28. Royal St. Lawrence, 22 and 17 ft. classes, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
 28. Jubilee, open, Beverly, Massachusetts Bay.
 28. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
 28. Queen City, skiff classes, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
 28. Haverhill, second championship, Haverhill, Mass.
 28. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
 28. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
 28. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
 28. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, Buzzards Bay.
 28. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
 28. Savin Hill, handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
 28. Quannapowitt, club.
 28. Seawanhaka Cor., Leland cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
 30. Manchester, championship, Manchester, Mass.
 28-Aug. 4. Corinthian, Philadelphia, annual cruise, L. I. Sound.

THE following, from the European edition of the New York Herald, is probably quite as true as most of the exclusive information published on this side as to the intentions of Sir Thomas Lipton. The political outlook at the present time is by no means favorable to an immediate challenge for the Cup, and with the war not yet ended in Africa and the probability of serious trouble in China, it is quite possible that so shrewd a business man as Sir Thomas Lipton will be in no serious haste to enter on such a costly enterprise, involving the building of one challenger and the rebuilding of another:

London, July 19.—Sir Thomas Lipton, who is now cruising on the Clyde, says there is no foundation whatever for the report that he has sent another challenge for the America Cup, or is having another yacht built.

When Shamrock was beaten he expressed his un-

willingness to accept one defeat as final, and promised to make another attempt soon to lift the Cup, but many things have happened since then, and his plans have undergone some alteration.

His idea of sending another challenge is not abandoned, but there is nothing to gain and everything to lose by undue haste.

It will probably be at least twelve months before anything is done in that direction.

Next year Shamrock will be raced all through the season, and the experience thus gained will be of great assistance when another challenger has to be designed and built.

THE fact that Mr. Iselin has sent orders to Hawkins' Yard to have both Columbia and Defender painted inside and out has served to stir up a ripple of conjecture as to his intentions. There is no racing in which these boats could take part, either on this side or abroad, during the balance of the season, and it is quite plain that there is nothing more to the order than a desire to preserve the boats from corrosion.

Quincy Y. C. Challenge Cup.

Third Annual Match.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

July 16, 19, 21.

THE third series of races for the Quincy Y. C. challenge cup for yachts of 21 ft. l.w.l. began on July 16 off Quincy, with four yachts entered—Hostess, the defender of last year, and the three challengers, Pompano, Lookout and Tashamoo. The four, already described, are Skows, excellent examples of the machine type which is doing so much harm to yachting. Hostess was sailed by H. M. Faxon, who has her in much better shape in her second season by reason of careful working up and continued handling. Pompano, rebuilt from last season, was steered by John T. Cavanagh, owner of Erin and Beatrice, while the two new boats were steered by their owners. The course selected was No. 2, around the Seal Rocks buoy and return, nine miles, sailed twice. The wind at the start was S.W., but very light and variable in force. The start was made at 1:45, all going off before the wind and crossing the line in a bunch. Pompano jibed and kept away from the others, which were in such close company that Tashamoo protested Hostess for fouling. Pompano soon had a clear lead of the fleet. The wind was so light and variable that there was much handling of spinakers, but after a little time Hostess sent up a club topsail, which pulled her up on Pompano, while the breeze came in fresher. The two leaders went well off their course in a luffing match, but still they reached the turn ahead of the others, the times being:

Hostess	2 13 16
Pompano	2 13 28
Lookout	2 13 56
Tashamoo	2 15 18

Hostess chose starboard tack and Pompano port. The latter was doing well, and there was a promise of a close race, when her masthead carried away and she was compelled to withdraw. The wind now came in fresh and Hostess turned in a single reef, a matter of but a few seconds, as she had a special reefing gear. The end of the round was timed:

Hostess	2 47 25
Lookout	2 51 15
Tashama	2 56 43

On the leg down Lookout acted badly, and it was discovered that the canvas with which her bottom is covered outside the planking had been torn and was dragging a part of the bay in a big pocket, so she withdrew. Tashamoo's hollow mast, in the fresh breeze, began to perform some peculiar antics, taking the shape of a corkscrew, so that she had to be nursed home very carefully for fear of serious damage to rigging and sails. The times were, start 1:45:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hostess, Henry M. Faxon	3 50 14	2 05 14
Tashamoo, J. S. Lawrence	4 07 14	2 22 14
Lookout, A. H. Higginson	Disabled.	
Pompano, W. E. C. Eustis	Disabled.	

Hostess' reefing gear stood her in good stead, as she shook out a reef in beginning the second round and took it in again in a very short time for the final windward leg. As the fleet was in need of general repairs after two hours' sailing in a moderate breeze, the second race was postponed to Thursday.

Second Race—Thursday, July 19.

On Thursday morning Pompano came to the line with her mast spliced, while that of Tashamoo was strengthened by trussing. The day was clear with a fluky and variable wind, from W. to N.W., at times very light and then of whole sail strength. Course No. 5 was selected, around the red spar buoy in Hingham Channel and the Quincy Y. C. barrel off the Government Wharf, Peddock's Island, two rounds. The start was made at 3 P. M., down wind, Lookout being first over, with Pompano, Hostess and Tashamoo in order. Hostess carried her club topsail and a spinaker, but did not gain on the two leading boats. The Hingham Buoy was timed:

Lookout	3 22 02	Hostess	3 22 45
Pompano	3 22 10	Tashamoo	3 25 45

On the beat to second mark both Lookout and Hostess picked up the Hull Y. C. barrel in place of the Quincy Y. C. barrel, and sailed some distance to windward of the true mark. Pompano picked up the Q. Y. C. mark as the others were at the other mark, and thus turned first, the times being:

Pompano	3 54 40	Hostess	3 55 50
Lookout	3 55 27	Tashamoo	4 03 30

The last leg was quickly covered and the first round was finished:

Pompano	4 06 05	Hostess	4 07 50
Lookout	4 06 35	Tashamoo	

Pompano tried a spinaker, but it did not help her. The wind was now light and fluky. Lookout took the lead, and at the Hingham mark Pompano was second. There was more wind on the windward leg, and Lookout met with a serious mishap, the jaws of her gaff slipping so that the

fore end slipped by the mast on the starboard side. The disaster could not be remedied, but the yacht was kept going fairly well on the port tack, but being hindered on the starboard tack by the poor set of the mainsail. On the last part of this leg the wind fell light and the boats were becalmed at times. Lookout turned first and Hostess second, and though Pompano was but a little astern, they ran away from her before the finish line was crossed. The elapsed times were:

Lookout	2 19 20	Pompano	2 25 12
Hostess	2 22 11	Tashamoo	Not timed.

Third Race—Friday, July 20.

There was a good easterly breeze at noon on Friday, shifting toward the south. The course was dead to windward, around the red Hingham Buoy, but the shift made a long and short leg of it. On the way down to the start Tashamoo carried away her bowsprit and mast, tore up her deck and lost part of her canvas skin. Her owner presented the wreck to a sailor. The three survivors crossed in company, Lookout a little ahead. Pompano had one reef, Lookout two and Hostess three. Pompano took the lead, but within five minutes of the start she capsized. Shadow, the old sloop, with Capt. Bill Daly at the wheel, went to her aid and righted her.

Lookout was obliged to tack clear of the capsized Pompano and Hostess took first place, leading by about a quarter of a minute at the weather mark. After a hot luffing match down wind Lookout took the lead at the end of the first round. The race to the weather mark was very close, Lookout gaining a few seconds more. On the way home Lookout ran away from Hostess, and the latter, with her topsail set, shook out her reefs, but failed to catch the challenger. The elapsed times were:

Lookout	1 17 37	Pompano	Capsized.
Hostess	1 18 15		

During the race Hostess parted one of her gaff spans, but the peak halyards were set up and the other span held.

Fourth Race—Saturday, July 21.

With a fresh S.W. wind on Saturday, Lookout tied in four reefs and the others five each. The course was the same as on Thursday—No. 5 triangle. The start was made at 3 P. M., Hostess taking the lead soon after the line was crossed, but after losing a little time in shaking off Pompano, Lookout sailed steadily ahead into first place. Pompano also passed Hostess for a time, but the Hingham mark was timed:

Lookout	3 42 53	Pompano	3 44 05
Hostess	3 43 43		

On the close reach of the second leg Lookout continued to gain, and she held it all on the last leg, the round being timed:

Lookout	4 19 32	Pompano	4 24 16
Hostess	4 22 10		

Pompano had shaken out two reefs, but the added sail did not do her any good, and after turning the Hingham Buoy for the second time she again capsized. Lookout sailed the second round easily with Hostess in a hopeless stern chase. The times were:

Lookout	1 38 04	Pompano	Capsized.
Hostess	1 41 04		

The cup now goes to the custody of the Manchester Y. C.

The judges for the three races were Vice-Com. Whiting, Quincy Y. C., chairman; Vice-Com. S. J. Connolly, Jubilee Y. C., representing the Manchester Y. C., and Com. Davis, Quincy Y. C., representing the Harvard Y. C.

Larchmont Race Week.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

July 21-28.

THE race week of the Larchmont Y. C., now an annual institution, was inaugurated on July 21 by an open race for all classes, and will continue to the end of this week. The programme is as follows:

Saturday, July 21—Open regatta for all classes; special race for schooners in one class; first race of series for 80ft. class; first race of series for 21ft. raceabouts.

Monday, July 23—Race for schooners in cruising trim in one class, with time allowance; second race of series for 80ft. class; race for 75ft. and 65ft. classes of schooners, racing trim; race for 70ft. class; race for 51ft. class; second race of series for 21ft. raceabouts.

Tuesday, July 24—Four-oared gig race for "Hen and Chickens Colors," presented by ex-Com. Gillig; two-oared gig race for "Dauntless Colors," presented by H. B. Seeley; dinghy race for "Execution Colors," presented by H. B. Seeley; race for naphtha and alco-vapor launches exceeding 21ft. load waterline; race for naphtha and alco-vapor launches. 21ft. load waterline and under; tub races and water sports.

Wednesday, July 25—Open regatta for all classes; third race of series for 80ft. class; third race of series for 21ft. raceabouts.

Thursday, July 26—Race for 70ft. class; race for 51ft. class; race for 43ft. class; fourth race of series for 21ft. raceabouts; race for cabin cats, all in one class, with time allowance.

Friday, July 27—Race for 95ft., 85ft. and 75ft. classes of schooners, one class, racing trim, actual time allowance; race for 85ft. and 75ft. classes of schooners, one class, cruising trim, actual time allowance; fourth race of series for 80ft. class; race for 70ft. class; race for 51ft. class; race for 36ft. class; special race for yawls under 43ft. racing length, all in one class, actual time allowance; fifth race of series for 21ft. raceabouts.

Saturday, July 28—Open regatta for all classes; fifth race of series for 80ft. racing length; sixth race of series for 21ft. raceabouts.

First Day—Saturday, July 21.

The weather on Saturday was most discouraging, the day being clear and hot, and with light baffling airs from different quarters, making the race a drift for most of the boats. A good fleet started, but the contest was dull and tedious. In the 51ft. class the new Altair and Hussar II. were matched with Syce, Altair winning, while Hussar II. failed to cover the course. The official times were:

Cuttters—51ft. Class—Racing Trim—Start, 1:15.				
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Altair, Cord. Meyer	51.00	2 59 33
Syce, H. S. Redmond	50.86	3 01 35
Hussar II., James Baird	50.98	Withdrew.
Cuttters—51ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Start, 1:15.				
Lotowana, T. O'C. Sloane	46.98	4 21 29
Cuttters—43ft. Class—Start, 1:15.				
Mira, C. L. Poor	42.82	3 22 06
Katonah, D. Williams	42.03	4 31 27
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 1:20.				
Countess, O. Sanderson	35.70	3 57 18	3 57 18	
Veda, Robert Bacon	30.33	4 26 40	4 20 55	
Departure, C. B. Seely	31.01	4 34 39	4 29 43	
O Shima San, J. T. Pratt	35.81	4 31 42	4 31 42	
Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 1:20.				
Audax, H. Eaton	30.90	4 34 42
Freya, George J. Bradish	30.30	5 13 45
Spindrift, E. S. Griffing	30.20	Withdrew.
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 1:20.				
Alerion, A. H. Alker	28.30	3 38 57
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.	29.73	4 18 47
Kittiwake, Earl Dodge	..	Not timed.
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:25.				
Rochelle, Edward Kelly	25.00	3 2 11	3 32 11	
Adelaide, J. Woodbury	22.50	3 45 29	3 43 11	
Anomo, H. S. Towle	23.83	3 32 46	3 32 46	
21ft. Raceabouts—Start, 1:25.				
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Persimmon, De V. H. Werner	..	3 07 07
Spindrift, Pirie Brothers	..	3 09 03
Raider, H. M. Crane	..	3 10 21
Sis, F. T. Bedford	..	3 11 07
Colleen, L. R. Alberger	..	3 13 15
Scamp, J. De Forest	..	3 17 05
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell	..	3 29 20
Seawanhaka Corinthian Knockabouts—Start, 1:25.				
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	..	3 31 54
Dipper, A. Iselin	..	3 34 05
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 1:30.				
Cicada, P. R. Labouisse	20.86	3 22 31
Rod, D. Iselin	18.53	4 14 50
Ox, R. N. Bavie	21.00	4 15 02
Pirate, Arthur Foster	20.00	Withdrew.
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 1:30.				
Sora, W. Hoey, Jr.	17.94	4 06 29	4 06 29	
Moya, Paul Dana	17.27	4 09 52	4 09 52	
Palm, H. Morse	18.00	4 10 47	4 10 47	
Nike, Guy Forbes	15.64	4 15 01	4 11 34	
Kingfisher, August Belmont, Jr.	17.27	4 12 01	4 12 01	
Sandpiper, Raymond Belmont	17.27	4 12 23	4 12 23	
Nora, L. Iselin	17.27	4 12 28	4 12 28	
Sweetheart, E. A. Sumner	17.00	Not timed.
Cats—30ft. Class—Start, 1:35.				
Dot, C. T. Pierce	30.00	3 19 03
Cats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:35.				
Mongoose II., S. Ford	21.00	3 59 47
Vagabond	24.06	4 04 16
Ark, Kane & Preyer	21.00	4 19 43
Cats—20ft. Class—Start, 1:40.				
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr.	19.40	3 57 26
Kildare, T. A. McIntyre	19.98	3 59 24
Cats—15ft. Class—Start, 1:40.				
Sneeke, R. N. Bavie	14.00	4 45 04
Barnacle, R. Manlock	15.00	Withdrew.
One-Design Dories—Start, 1:35.				
Rudder, H. Stevenson	..	4 34 33	4 34 33	
John Dory, Guy Standing	..	4 55 11	4 55 11	
Dud, G. A. Cory	..	4 57 49	4 57 59	
Prize, H. Van Rensselaer	..	Withdrew.

In the evening a musical entertainment was given.

Keystone Y. C.

TACONY—DELAWARE RIVER.

Sunday, July 15.

THE Keystone Y. C. sailed a club race on July 15, the course being up the Delaware River. The times were:

Second Class Duckers.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Martha, Geo. Wheatcroft	12 42 30	1 26 30
Effie D., W. Collom	12 44 30	1 28 30
Edith, M. W. Millington	12 46 30	1 30 30
Little Harry, J. Hirst	12 50 00	1 34 00
Anna V., H. Fisher	1 20 00	1 54 00
Second Class Skiffs.		
Alberta, J. Millington	2 43 00	2 45 00
W. Glosser, George L. Sage	2 53 00	2 55 00
Riley, Wagner	3 30 00	3 32 00
Gluey, H. Vaughan	3 50 00	3 52 00
First Class Skiffs.		
Wm. A. Moore, C. Shallcross	4 59 00	1 23 00
Two Jacks, W. Clausen	Carried away.	..
First Class Duckers.		
Bessie, S. Y. Dingee	7 50 00	1 36 00
Bertie S., W. Collom	7 55 00	1 41 00
McGinty, George Le Sage	7 59 00	1 45 00
Flounder, J. Brewer	7 59 30	1 45 30
George B., J. Pfister	8 01 15	1 47 15
Albert S., C. Shallcross	8 01 25	1 47 25
J. Hirst, R. Brown	8 02 00	1 48 00

The Thirty-Footers at Newport.

ON July 16 three of the 30-footers sailed a race over the Dyer's Island course, starting in a fresh S.W. breeze, which shifted to the west before the finish. The times were, start 3:18:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Pollywog, A. H. Paget	5 32 31	2 14 31
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 33 54	2 15 54
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan	5 34 39	2 16 39

On July 17 the same course was sailed by Wawa and Dorothy, the former winning, though no times were taken. The wind was south.

On July 18 Wawa and Pollywog sailed the same course, in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being, start 3:14:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 18 19	2 04 19
Pollywog, A. H. Paget	5 21 52	2 07 52

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 21.

THE Quincy Y. C. sailed a handicap race on July 21 in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

Class A.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hustler, Whittemore & Robbins	1 15 29	1 23 29
Harbor Light, J. W. Johnson	1 18 27	1 26 27
C. C., G. H. Carey	1 18 36	1 26 36
Canicum, J. C. Morse	1 26 50	1 26 50
Yseult, L. O. Crocker	1 21 58	1 29 58
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	1 23 49	1 33 49
Eclipse, H. A. Jones	..	Broke steering gear.
Class B.		
Tautog, A. A. Lincoln	1 27 39	1 31 39
Whisper, E. F. Fitzpatrick	1 30 16	1 34 16
21ft. Class.		
Omeme, W. P. Parker	1 20 00	1 20 00
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane	1 20 10	1 20 10

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 21.

THE Burgess Y. C. sailed its first championship race on July 21 in a light S.W. wind. A new Purdon raceabout, Runaway Girl, made her debut. The times were:

Raceabout Class—Start, 2:40.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	4 20 47	1 40 47
Jolly Roger, Crowninshield	4 22 50	1 42 50
Pirate, R. C. Robbins	4 22 51	1 42 51
Runaway Girl, H. Tweed	4 25 34	1 45 34
Bander-Log, J. Crane, Jr.	4 29 35	1 49 35
Scapegoat, C. H. W. Foster	4 30 37	1 50 37
Knockabout Class—Start, 2:45.		
Suzanne, F. Brewster	4 36 35	1 56 35
Opitsah II., S. H. Foster	4 45 13	2 00 13
16ft. Class—Start, 2:50.		
Cyclone, F. E. Macomber	3 59 03	1 09 03
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman	4 01 13	1 11 13
Moccasin, A. D. Irving	..	Withdrew.
Special Class—Start, 3:17.		
Raggy Lug, W. H. Brown	4 30 44	1 13 44
Oregon, E. B. Curtis	4 31 22	1 14 22

Pirate protested Sintram for fouling, by hitting Pirate's boom while off the Point on the way out.

The club will give an open race on July 26 for the following classes: H. O. 25-footers, 25ft. cabin, 21ft. cabin, scratch knockabouts, 18-footers, raceabouts, 25ft. handicap knockabouts, restricted 16-footers and a special class for boats under 18ft. l.w.l., handicap. The start will be at 2:30 P. M.

Bayswater Y. C.

FAR ROCKAWAY, L. I.

Thursday, July 19.

THE Bayswater Y. C. sailed a club race on July 19 in a fresh N.W. wind, the times being:

Sloops.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ella A., Mott	2 27 00	2 27 00
Robin, Stark	2 28 10	2 27 25
Truant, Althause	..	Not timed.
First Class Cats.		
Mattie, McNamara	2 14 33	2 11 30
Minnehaha, Roehr	2 17 16	2 17 16
Elsa, Dohse	..	Disabled.
Madelaine, Healy	..	Withdrew.
Second Class Cats.		
Meta, Thornton	2 18 00	2 18 00
Coquette, Major	2 19 52	2 18 37
Sharpies.		
Avocet, Koeniss	1 18 34	1 18 34
Pirate, Norton	1 19 30	1 18 48
Wemadah, Nichols	1 26 18	1 23 40
May, Shuman	1 30 30	1 29 00

The winners were Ella A., Mattie, Meta, and Avocet (protested for fouling a mark).

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

CITY POINT—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 21.

THE Mosquito Fleet Y. C. sailed the first of a series of handicap races on July 21 in a strong south wind, the times being, start 3:35:

First Class—All Over 20ft.		Elapsed
Ustane, C. J. Moriarty.....		1 32 00
Alda, Com. C. P. Mooney.....		1 32 44
Ariel, J. J. Maguire.....		1 32 45
Alcyone, Ft. Capt. J. R. Grose.....		1 32 55
Nonpareil, W. F. Davis.....		1 32 59
Carrie M., N. C. Robinson.....		1 35 00
Diana, C. H. Hewitt.....		1 39 06
Second Class—20ft. and Under.		
Angora, Antoine La Port.....		1 54 58
Seaweed, S. C. Higgins.....		1 59 59
Aureolus, R. S. Landers.....	Withdrew	

Newport Y. R. A. Special Races.

Newport.

THE series of special races for a cup costing \$1,000, offered by the Newport Yacht Racing Association, began on Monday of last week, three races being sailed during the week. The conditions of the series, which is open only to the four new one-design boats—Yankee, Mineola, Rainbow and Virginia—are as follows:

The races will be sailed under the rules of the Association and the special rules adopted by the class and the following racing rules of the New York Y. C., viz.: Rule 9, Sections 1, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9; Rule 13, Rule 15, Rule 17, Sections 1 and 2. Attention is called to Rules Nos. 8, 13 and 14 of the Association.

The yacht scoring the greatest number of points in the series will be the winner. The yacht finishing first in each race will score two points, and when there are four starters the yacht finishing second will score one point.

The Association will add a trophy for the winners of each race, and also to the yacht scoring the greatest number of points in the first five races of the series.

No times will be taken after 7:30 P. M., and only yachts completing the course before that hour will score on that day. If no yacht finishes before 7:30 P. M., the race will be resailed on the following day.

All yachts must display their racing numbers on both sides of mainsail.

The owner or his representative must be on board of each yacht in every race.

SAILING INSTRUCTIONS.

Starting Signals—1. 11 A. M., warning signal, a gun fired or a 15-second blast of the whistle blown, and white rectangular flag hoisted.

2. 11:05 A. M., preparatory signal, a gun fired or a 5-second whistle blown, and the blue peter hoisted.

3. 11:10 A. M., starting signal, a gun fired or a 5-second whistle blown, and a red rectangular flag hoisted.

4. 11:15 A. M., handicap signal, a gun fired or a 5-second whistle blown, and the red flag hauled down, which will be taken as the time of all yachts not having crossed.

Recall Signals—Mineola, letter A; Rainbow, letter B; Virginia, letter C; Yankee, letter D; flag with black letter on white ground.

Code flag B will signal a postponement of the start till later in the day, in which case the warning signal will be given on the hour, or quarter, or half, or three-quarters, past the hour.

Code flag W will signal a postponement of the race till the following day.

In case of a postponement or resailed race, the course will be selected and signaled as for a new race.

The New York Y. C. burgee over code flag will indicate the use of the club code.

Answering pennant will signal "Come within speaking distance."

COURSES.

The abbreviation "L. V." will indicate in all cases where used in these instructions the Brenton's Reef Light Vessel.

All starts and all finishes will be between the committee boat and L. V.

Mark No. 1—A white spar buoy anchored four miles E.S.E. from L. V. (on the range of the Sow and Pigs).

Mark No. 2—A white spar buoy anchored five and a half miles south from L. V.

All marks in all courses to be left to starboard except in courses 2, 6, 9 and 11, in which courses all marks must be left to port.

The courses to be sailed will be signaled by the hoisting of the signal code letters, printed below, respectively, opposite the descriptions of the courses.

Code flag B, when hoisted after the start, will signal the finish of the race in one round.

C—Course No. 1: From starting line E.S.E. four miles to Mark No. 1; thence S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. five and one-half miles to Mark No. 2; thence north five and one-half miles to L. V.; twice around, distance thirty miles.

D—Course No. 2: Reverse of course No. 1.

F—Course No. 3: From starting line to Point Judith whistling buoy and return, twice around, distance twenty-eight miles.

G—Course No. 4: From starting line to Block Island bell buoy and return, distance twenty-eight miles.

H—Course No. 5: From starting line to Mark No. 1; thence to Point Judith whistling buoy; thence to L. V.; twice around, distance forty-one miles.

J—Course No. 6: Reverse of course No. 5.

K—Course No. 7: From starting line to Mark No. 2; thence to Point Judith whistling buoy; thence to L. V.; twice around, distance thirty-six miles.

L—Course No. 8: Reverse of course No. 7.

M—Course No. 9: From starting line to Mark No. 1; thence to Block Island bell buoy; thence to finish line; distance thirty-four and one-half miles.

N—Course No. 10: Reverse of Course No. 9.

Q—Course No. 11: From starting line to Mark No. 2; thence to Block Island bell buoy; thence to finish line; distance thirty-one and one-eighth miles.

R—Course No. 12: Reverse of Course No. 11.

S—Course No. 13: From starting line to Vineyard Sound whistling buoy and return; distance thirty-eight and one-eighth miles. Course S.E. $\frac{3}{4}$ E.

T—Course No. 14: From starting line to Sow and Pigs Lightship and return; distance thirty-five miles.

V—Course No. 15: From starting line to Hen and Chickens Lightship and return; distance thirty-two and three-quarters miles.

The dates assigned for the races were July 17, 19, 21, 23 and 25; Aug. 16, 18, 21, 23 and 25. The Race Committee includes Messrs. Ralph N. Ellis, Woodbury Kane and A. Cass Canfield.

The first race was sailed on July 17 in a fresh S.W. wind, second club topsails being carried. Course No. 1 was chosen. With five minutes for crossing, the start was uninteresting, Rainbow leading over the line at 11:25:40, Mineola following at 11:26:52, Virginia at 11:27:36 and Yankee at 11:29:10. The leader set a balloon jib topsail for the reach to the first mark, but the others carried No. 1 jib topsails. The buoys and flags were too small and the

first buoy capsized, the flag lying in the water, so that Rainbow failed to see the mark and overstood, the others profiting thereby. It was a beat to the second mark, and Rainbow fell into last place, Mineola leading. They reached home and were timed:

	First Round.	Mark.	Elapsed.
Mineola	12 58 30	1 31 38	
Virginia	1 00 50	1 33 14	
Yankee	1 01 15	1 32 01	
Rainbow	1 05 10	1 39 30	

On the first leg of the second round Yankee nearly caught Virginia, but turned a few second astern. Mineola, followed by Yankee, went off on starboard tack, while Rainbow and Virginia headed inshore on port tack. Early on this leg Yankee carried away the strut of her jumper stay on the fore side of the mast, but she held on and made a gain on Mineola. On the reach home Yankee tore her balloon jib topsail and was without the sail for some twelve minutes, but she managed to win by a small margin, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yankee, Duryea & Whitney	11 29 14	2 41 43	3 12 29
Mineola, A. Belmont	11 26 52	2 39 46	3 12 54
Virginia, W. Vanderbilt	11 27 36	2 42 11	3 14 35
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	11 25 40	2 43 16	3 17 36

Yankee went to Bristol on Wednesday for a new strut, and various changes were made to the sails of the other boats.

Thursday was a fine day for racing. The S. W. wind was light in the morning, but freshened to a good club topsail breeze, and there was a lull to the sea. The course was as in the first race, E.S.E. 4 miles; S.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and N. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, two rounds making 30 miles naut. The starting gun was fired at 12:25, Rainbow crossing first, followed by Yankee, Virginia and Mineola. They reached to first mark and were timed:

Rainbow	12 45 30	Mineola	12 47 50
Yankee	12 46 20	Virginia	12 48 55

On the wind to second mark Yankee led, the times being:

Yankee	1 31 43	Rainbow	1 33 09
Mineola	1 32 26	Virginia	1 34 44

They ran off for the line and jibed:

Yankee	1 57 35	Rainbow	1 59 12
Mineola	1 58 17	Virginia	2 01 03

It was a close fight for first place between the leaders, and they turned the first mark almost together:

Yankee	2 17 54	Rainbow	2 18 47
Mineola	2 17 59	Virginia	2 20 41

On the second windward leg Yankee gained a few seconds, the second mark being timed:

Yankee	3 04 00	Rainbow	3 06 04
Mineola	3 04 33	Virginia	3 07 34

While Yankee held her lead over the line, she was beaten by Mineola on elapsed time:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola, A. Belmont	12 27 15	3 31 06	3 03 51
Yankee, Duryea & Whitney	12 26 20	3 30 43	3 04 23
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt	12 28 03	3 34 19	3 06 16
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	12 25 43	3 32 34	3 06 51

On Saturday there was a fresh breeze from the south and a short chop to the sea. The course was the reverse of the previous races, to the south mark first. Rainbow swung her large club topsail, but the others were content with their No. 2 topsails. When the start was given at 12:10, Mineola crossed first, with Rainbow under her lee. Yankee came three minutes later, and Virginia was nearly handicapped. They beat out to the first mark and were timed:

Mineola	1 01 51	Yankee	1 06 46
Rainbow	1 03 40	Virginia	1 08 39

They reached across, Mineola, well in the lead, losing some little time in finding the flag, a small and insignificant mark, while Rainbow and the others profited at her expense. The times were:

Mineola	1 34 08	Yankee	1 38 01
Rainbow	1 34 42	Virginia	1 39 54

The two leaders set balloon staysails for the reach, and Rainbow's big topsail helped her, the end of the round being timed:

Rainbow	1 55 09	Yankee	1 58 51
Mineola	1 55 36	Virginia	2 01 17

Rainbow and Mineola held together for a short time, then Rainbow broke tacks, and when they met again after a few minutes Mineola was ahead. The first mark was timed:

Mineola	2 52 31	Yankee	2 56 09
Rainbow	2 54 27	Virginia	2 58 34

The two leaders set balloon staysails and No. 1 jib topsails, but Yankee set only a balloon jib topsail. The times at the second mark were:

Mineola	3 24 22	Yankee	3 28 02
Rainbow	3 26 17	Virginia	3 31 19

Yankee alone risked a balloon jib topsail on the reach in, and it carried her to victory, as she beat Mineola by fourteen seconds elapsed time.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yankee	12 13 43	3 47 47	3 34 04
Mineola	12 10 10	3 44 28	3 34 18
Rainbow	12 10 16	3 46 01	3 35 45
Virginia	12 14 40	3 50 44	3 36 04

East Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Wednesday, July 18.

THE East Gloucester Y. C. sailed an evening race on July 18 in a strong N.W. breeze, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Onda, Greenough	26.02	0 50 14	0 37 54
Alethea, Colby & Smith	23.06	0 53 46	0 40 15
Alice and Maud, McCurdy	26.08	0 52 32	0 40 24
Second Class.			
Petrel, Lunt	17.01	0 56 06	0 38 50
Ida B., J. Merchant	18.10	0 57 42	0 41 37
Teuton, Nutton	19.02	Withdrew.	
Third Class.			
Only One, J. Perkins	14.06	0 57 02	0 37 36
Dorothea, Finlay	13.09	0 58 54	0 38 50
Spider, Flye	14.01	Withdrew.	

Rhode Island Y. C. Cruise.

PURSUANT to orders, the fleet of the Rhode Island Y. C. sailed from Pawtuxet on the morning of July 14 for Wickford with a fresh N.W. wind, the run being timed:

	36ft. Class.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ramallah	10 06 55	11 26 36	1 25 41	
Rufina	10 00 45	11 28 00	4 27 55	
Amorita	10 00 45	11 31 51	1 31 06	
Rahnee	10 12 46	11 52 48	1 40 02	

Wemallah	10 00 50	11 40 44	1 39 54
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Anow	10 01 20	11 43 53	1 42 33
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Gismonda	10 00 45	11 40 52	1 40 07
Mblem	10 00 50	11 39 14	1 38 24

Algol	10 01 39	11 55 11	1 53 32
Mildred	10 00 55	Withdrew.	

The next day the cruise continued to Block Island, but a calm and head wind marred the racing. The racing division of the fleet was timed:

	36ft. Class.	Start.	Finish.
Ramallah	9 25 35	4 40 00	
Rufina	9 25 13	4 59 44	
Amorita	9 29 34	7 20 00	

Wemallah	9 25 59	7 15 00
Regnild	9 24 42	8 30 00

Mblem	9 23 00	6 15 00
Mildred	9 22 48	6 45 00

Monday was spent in harbor at Block Island, and on Tuesday with a light southerly wind the fleet sailed to Newport, the times being:

	36ft. Class.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rufina	9 18 22	12 03 53	2 45 31	
Ramallah	9 20 35	12 07 45	2 47 10	
Amorita	9 20 11	12 45 19	3 25 08	
Atala	9 22 32	12 37 54	3 15 22	

Regnild	9 21 28	12 29 33	3 08 05
Wemallah	9 21 28	12 50 20	3 28 52

Mblem	9 21 20	12 43 04	3 21 44
Mildred	9 32 06	1 04 46	3 32 40

Ramallah protested Rufina for passing on the wrong side of buoy, but the protest was not sustained.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

Saturday, July 14.

ON July 14 the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. sailed three races for the 25ft. class off Beaurepaire, the St. Lawrence leaving Dorval at 1:30 and Lakeside at 2 o'clock, with a fleet of boats in tow and a party of ladies and racing men on board. The course was a triangle with three-quarter mile sides, and the wind was strong at first from S.W., but moderate by the time of the start. Three races were sailed for the Molson cup:

	First Race.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Red Coat, C. Routh	4 31 21			
Glencairn IIII, G. H. Duggan	4 31 45			
White Cap, Arthur Abbott	4 33 18			
Black Beauty, Tom Paton	4 34 30			

	Second Race.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Glencairn IIII	5 02 20			
Red Coat	5 02 35			
White Cap	5 03 08			
Black Beauty	5 04 05			

	Third Race.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
White Cap	5 36 10			
Red Coat	5 36 14			
Glencairn IIII	5 36 34			
Black Beauty	5 39 15			

The close finishes of the first three boats are remarkable, and there is evidently little to choose between them, while all are well sailed. The three were tied after the last race, each with 14 2-3 points for the cup.

The 22ft. and 17ft. classes each sailed two races, as follows:

	Finish.	1st Race.	2d Race.
Viking	4 41 06	5 15 52	
Koorali	4 42 38	5 17 53	
Bona Dea	4 44 12	5 15 15	
Ivaloo	4 44 25	5 17 30	

	Finish.	1st Race.	2d Race.
Kittiwake	4 49 40	5 28 35	
Viola	4 48 25	5 29 43	
Ivoris	4 49 50	5 31 10	
Iabitant	4 50 48	5 31 40	

Owing to the number of fouls, the committee had determined to enforce the rules rigidly, and the result of these two races depends on the decision of the committee as to several fouls in the 22ft. class.

White Bear Y. C. Seawanhaka Cup.

THE White Bear Y. C. after a series of trial races has decided upon Minnesota, owned by F. M. Douglas, as the challenger which will represent the club in the coming races for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup next month. Minnesota proved her superiority in all weathers to Mr. Ordway's Saint Paul and Mr. Griggs' Minnezitka. The following dimensions of the three yachts built for the challenger's trial races are given:

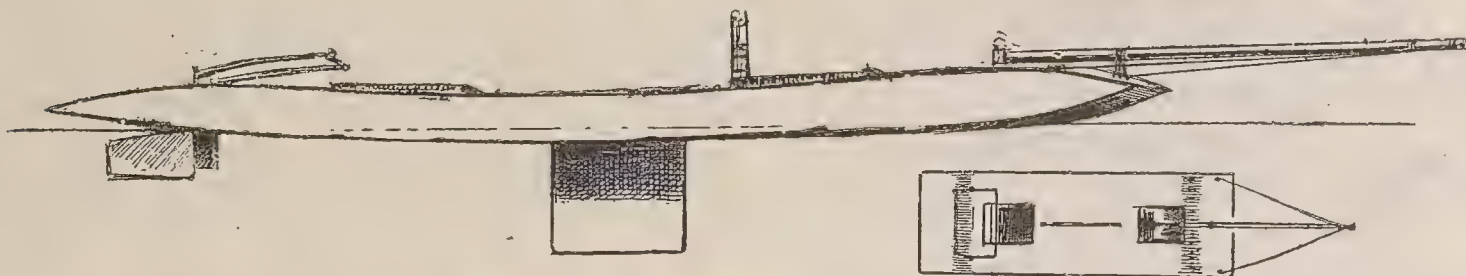
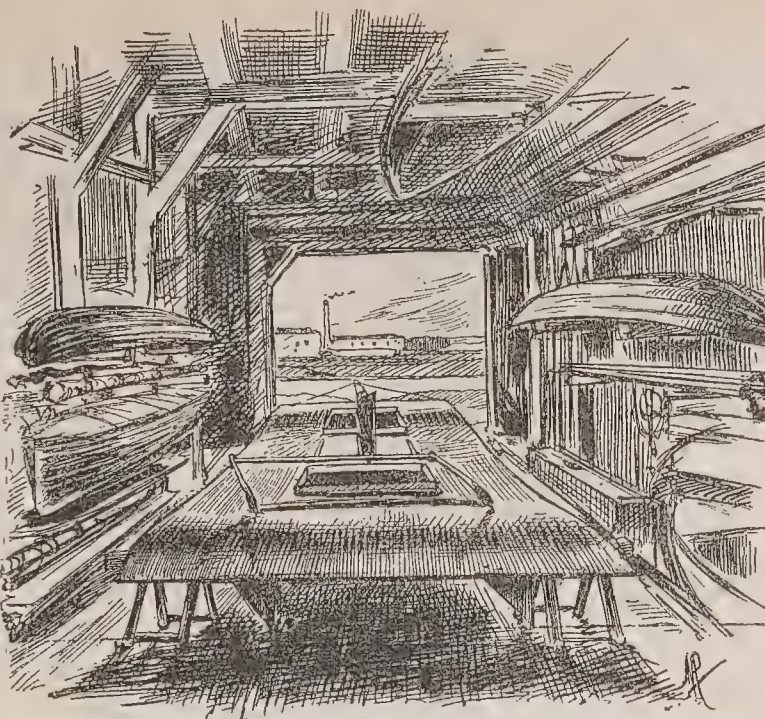
	Minne- zitka.	Saint Paul.	Minne- sota.
Length overall all	36.1	34.10 $\frac{1}{2}$	36.6
Overhang forward	9.1	6.7	7.4
Overhang aft	4.10	3.3	3.7
L.W.L.	22.2	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	25.7
Mainsail	393.9	377.4	388.
Foresail	110.8	123.1	111 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sail area	503.98	500.5	499 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mainsail—			
Boom	24.6	22.4 $\frac{1}{2}$	23.11 $\frac{1}{2}$
Gaff	14.9	15.6	14.0
Hoist	15.4	15.3 $\frac{1}{2}$	16.0
Clew to throat	28.0	25.8	27.11
Leech	33.10	35.1 $\frac{1}{2}$	33.9
Triangle—			
Foot	12.7	12.6	11.6
Hoist	17.6	19.8	19.5
Spinnaker—			
Height of block	24.10	25.5	24.9
Boom	18.3	17.8	18.2

Scamasaxe.

A French Skow.

THE thing here illustrated, by courtesy a yacht, is one of the new boats of the year, designed and built for the defense of the one-ton cup of the Cercle de la Voile de Paris. She was not successful in the trial races, the winner being a less extreme type of Skow, somewhat like Glencairn III., with a very full bow, but still retaining the semblance of a boat.

Scamasaxe was designed by Albert Michelet, one of the crew of Bolouga in the successful defense of the same cup against Vectis last season. She was built by Seyler, at Courbevoie. Her dimensions are: Over all, 26ft. 3in.; l.w.l., 18ft.; breadth, 6ft.; depth of hull, 3in. She has two cockpits, one forward and one aft, and two rudders joined by a single thwartship tiller, after the fashion of the Herreshoff catamarans. There is but one centerboard, located on the middle line, the plate being of steel. She is rigged with a triangular mainsail, a sliding gunter of 420 sq. ft., and a jib of 118 sq. ft. Scamasaxe has recently competed in the races of the Exposition, winning second place in one race.



Bridgeport Y. C. Annual Regatta.

BLACK ROCK—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 14.

THE Bridgeport Y. C. sailed its second annual regatta on July 14 in a strong N.W. wind, which discouraged or disabled a number of the starters. The times were:

Special Class—Over 43ft.—Start, 12:30.				
	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nymph, A. Burr.....	51.00	2 25 53	1 55 53	1 55 53
Whitby, A. McNeil.....	51.00	Withdraw.		

43 to 36ft. Sloops and Yaws—Start, 12:35.				
Spindrift, E. S. Griffing.....	30.2	3 07 19	2 37 19	2 37 19
Titania, W. H. Childs.....	33.66	Withdraw.		

30ft. Sloops and Catboats—Start, 12:40.				
Kit, T. H. Macdonald.....	30.00	3 45 21	3 05 21	3 05 21
Kestral, H. S. Bishop.....	29.4	Withdraw.		
Departure, C. B. Seeley.....	30.00	Withdraw.		
Marguerite, J. F. Dingee.....	30.00	Withdraw.		
Alerion, A. Walker.....	29.7	Withdraw.		

30ft. Cat Class—Start, 12:45.				
Dot, C. T. Pierce.....	30.00	2 54 18	2 09 18	2 09 18
Vagabond, F. H. & B.....	25.00	3 02 03	2 17 03	2 09 32

25ft. and 21ft. Sloops and Catboats—Start, 12:50.				
Sis, F. T. Bedford.....	21.00	2 46 19	1 56 19	1 56 19
Persimmon, D. H. Warner.....	21.00	2 49 46	1 59 46	1 59 46
Ghoorka, J. T. Elton.....	21.00	Withdraw.		
Lurene, K. C. Mitchel.....	21.00	3 14 15	2 24 15	2 24 15
Idea, H. A. Budlong.....	21.00	3 31 10	2 41 10	2 41 10

18ft. Sloops and Catboats—Start, 12:55.				
Fox, G. Hill.....	18.00	3 47 57	2 52 57	2 52 57
Monsoon, H. Fish.....	18.00	Withdraw.		
Bob White, W. Wilmot.....	18.00	Withdraw.		
Dora, G. Catlin.....	18.00	3 58 48	3 03 48	3 03 48
Norma, E. P. Rowland.....	18.00	Withdraw.		

Nymph and Dot turned the wrong mark; Fox was disqualified for failing to show a racing number.

Westhampton Country Club.

WESTHAMPTON—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Saturday, July 21.

THE Westhampton Country Club sailed its first race on July 21 in a fresh southerly breeze, the times being:

First Class—Start, 2:15.			
	Finish.	Corrected.	
Orange Boven	3 42 27	1 27 27	
Idlewild	3 29 26	1 29 26	
Thetis	3 29 42	1 29 42	

Third Class—Start, 2:20.			
	Finish.	Corrected.	
Lady Margaret	3 56 40	1 32 32	
Esperanza	3 55 42	1 33 34	
Iris	3 54 15	1 33 47	
Pauline	3 56 50	1 36 50	
Oolah	4 01 40	1 44 32	

Fourth Class—Start, 2:25.			
	Finish.	Corrected.	
Defender	4 00 41	1 45 25	
Halkyn	4 01 24	1 46 08	
Wyvern	4 00 00	1 46 10	

Canarsie Y. C.

CANARSIE—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, July 21.

THE open championship race of the Canarsie Y. C. postponed from July 7 was sailed on July 21, the starters being those boats originally entered. There was a reefing breeze from S.W. at the start, and Irene, under full sail, lost her mast just after crossing the line. The times were:

First Class.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Irene	3 38 05	Dismasted.		
Spray	3 39 30	6 40 00	3 00 30	3 00 30

Second Class.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Selfish	3 42 06	Withdraw.		
Arrow	3 42 38	6 00 30	2 17 52	2 17 52

Third Class.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ideal	3 47 03	6 36 02	2 48 59	2 48 59
Lochinvar	3 47 07	6 32 00	2 44 53	2 42 38

Marine and Field Club.

BATH BEACH—GRAVESEND BAY.

Saturday, July 21.

THE Marine and Field Club has arranged a series of races for its one-design class, the first being sailed on July 28 in a fresh S.E. wind. The course was a three-mile triangle, sailed three times. Vixen lost a main overboard and withdrew. The times were, start 3:41:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Quinque, Smith & Hilliard.....	5 13 34	1 32 34
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	5 14 54	1 33 54
Flying Fox, Buckman & Cone.....	5 28 20	1 47 20
Vixen, Baylor & Mahoney.....	Withdraw.	

Royal Canadian Y. C. Lansdowne Cup.

TORONTO—LAKE ONTARIO.

Saturday, July 14.

THE Royal Canadian Y. C. sailed a race for different classes on July 14, the larger yachts competing for the Lansdowne cup. The times were:

Start, 3:00.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Merrythought, allows	6 27 45	3 27 45	
Vreda, 43s.	6 37 05	3 37 05	
Vivia, 45s.	6 54 53	3 54 55	

35ft. Class—Start, 2:45.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Beaver	6 42 00	...	
Mineta	6 44 00	...	

Sylvia and Wona started in the 30ft. class, and Hustler, Yara Yara, Cake Walk and Dodo in the 16ft. class, but all failed to finish owing to a calm.

Hamilton to Oakville.

ON July 14 the combined fleets of the Royal Hamilton and the Victoria yacht clubs sailed a cruising race from Hamilton to Oakville, the times being:

First Class—Start, 2:30.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Clytie	4 54 20	2 24 20	

35ft. Class—Start, 2:35.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Hamilton	4 39 00	2 04 00	
Myrtle	4 43 00	2 08 00	

30-25ft. Class—8m. 21s. Allowed the 25-footers—Start, 2:40.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hiawatha	4 58 50	2 18 50	2 18 50
Getaway	5 13 00	2 33 00	2 24 33
Koko	5 13 25	2 33 25	2 25 04
Mona	5 05 10	2 25 10	2 25 10
Hazard	5 11 00	2 31 00	2 31 00
Happy Thought	5 13 20	2 33 20	2 33 20

Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 21.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. sailed the fourth race of the Center Island cup series on July 21, the times being:

	Finish.	Points.
Bee, H. C. B. Jacquelin & D. Le Roy Dresser.....	5 03 07	6
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart.....	5 03 55	5
Wyntje, F. S. Hasting.....	5 04 10	4
Minstrel, E. I. Low.....	5 07 30	3
Center, Daniel Baron.....	5 08 15	2
Heron, Frederic R. Coudert, Jr.....	...	1

Bee wins first prize and six points, and Bobs second prize for the day.

Explosion of a Naphtha Launch.

ON July 23 at about 5 P. M. the naphtha launch Sasco exploded just out Echo Bay, New Rochelle. The owner of the yacht, Alfred E. Crow, a wealthy resident of New Rochelle, was at the wheel, his wife and their son, Harold, thirteen years old, being the only other persons on board. The launch was practically blown to pieces by one violent explosion, Mrs. Crow and her son being instantly killed, while Mr. Crow was dangerously injured. The fragments of the boat were scattered in all directions. The bodies were thrown into the water, and the surface of the water was covered with burning naphtha. Intrepid, steam yacht, was close at hand, with many launches and yachts returning from the Larchmont regatta. Mr. Phoenix was one of the first to the rescue, in his steam launch, picking up the body of the boy, which was laid in the launch and covered with the launch's ensign. Mr. Crow was picked up clinging to a partly burned cushion, by the steam yacht Dixie, J. M. Daggett, and carried in to the New Rochelle Rowing Club house. Southern Star, a launch owned by Robert Cameron, picked up the burned and mangled body of Mrs. Crow. Mr. Crow was restored to consciousness and taken to his home, his right thigh being broken, while he was bruised and also suffering from shock. After a time he became unconscious, and his recovery is doubtful. An older son, Clinton Crow, had been one of the party, but left the yacht at Larchmont and was awaiting her on the club float at New Rochelle, where he witnessed the explosion. He states that a leak was discovered in the naphtha tank early in the morning and his father made some temporary repairs to it, as it was but small.

George Caspar Adams.

AMONG the younger generation of American yachtsmen, few are more widely and favorably known than the "Adams Brothers," Messrs. George Caspar Adams and Charles F. Adams, 3d, of Quincy, Mass. For the past twenty years, from early boyhood, they have been actively interested in yacht racing, and they have owned some of the noted yachts of the day—the keel Papoose, Baboon, Gossoon and the centerboard Harpoon, with a whole fleet of small catboats. George Caspar Adams, who had been ill for some time with Bright's disease, died at his home in Quincy on July 13 at the age of thirty-seven years. Mr. Adams began his racing late in the seventies on Quincy Bay, then the home of many fast catboats, and he made a record at the time in the little cat Dandelion. After racing and cruising in many small yachts, he, with his brother, in 1887, ordered of Mr. Burgess the keel cutter Papoose, of 36ft. l.w.l., but the first yacht of the famous 40ft. class. When the class took definite form in the following year, they sold Papoose and built Baboon, also from Mr. Burgess' designs. In 1889 they spent the yachting season abroad, racing in English and Scotch waters, and in the following year they built Gossoon. When the 46ft. class succeeded the 40ft., they bought the new Burgess centerboard cutter Beatrix, built in 1891, and renamed her Harpoon, to correspond with the series, making a number of alterations in her and in particular testing a weighted centerboard. Harpoon made the best record of all the outside boats against the then invincible Gloriana. In 1893 both the brothers were associated with the syndicate which built the 90ft. fin-keel Pilgrim, and they took an active part, with the late George A. Stewart, in handling her in the trial races. Mr. Adams was a Harvard graduate, and in addition to his love of yachting he was interested in all outdoor sports in general. His genial and kindly nature endeared him to all who were fortunate enough to enjoy his personal acquaintance and many others who never knew him other than by name will learn with regret of the loss to American yachting.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

A regular meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on July 19 at Delmonico's in Beaver street, the following new members being elected: E. P. Morse, Richard C. Fessenden, F. W. Wurster, Lieut.-Com. W. B. Bayley, U. S. N.; Charles Robinson Smith, Thomas G. Field, Robert J. W. Koons, Richard H. Morgan, Edward Sears Gellatly, Durbin Horne, Joseph H. Hoadley, James P. Scott, August R. Meyer, C. Fabyan Monroe, Lieut.-Com. George M. Stoney, U. S. N.; Robert M. Thompson and Lieut. F. W. Kellogg, U. S. N.

The amendments of the racing rules passed at the third general meeting were approved. These are the changes in Classes G and H of single-masted vessels and yawls, making the former for vessels over 80ft. racing length, and the latter not over 80ft. and over 70ft. racing length. Also for the making of Class I not over 70ft. and over 60ft. racing length. The other changes were regarding the limit of draft and the number of men permitted on these yachts during a race.

The following amendment to Rule No. 19 of the racing rules was passed, but must be approved at the next meeting:

"A yacht which shall be disqualified twice in one season may be debarred from sailing in club races for the remainder of the season."

The programme for the cruise was announced as follows: The squadron will rendezvous off Glen Cove, L. I., on Monday, Aug. 6, sailing for the Commodore's cups for schooners and cutters over a triangular course, anchoring in Huntington Harbor. Tuesday, Aug. 7, squadron run to Morris Cove. Wednesday, Aug. 8, squadron run to New London. Thursday, Aug. 9, to Newport. On Friday, Aug. 10, the squadron will proceed to Vineyard Haven. The return to Newport will take place on Saturday, Aug. 11. In all these squadron runs class races will take place. The squadron will remain at anchor in Newport harbor on Sunday, Aug. 12, and on Monday, Aug. 13, the Astor cups will be sailed for, after which the squadron will disband.

Baroness Julia de Rothschild's steam yacht Gitana II. was elected a flag member.

Hebe, the new Crowninshield 36-footer, owned by J. R. Maxwell, has been fitted with a topmast in place of her pole-masted rig at Woods' Yard, City Island.

The Atlantic Y. C. proposes to build a fast passenger steamer for service between the Battery and its station at Sea Gate, to replace the slow boat now in use.

R. Floyd Clarke's schooner yacht Vif, one of the best known of the older cruising yachts, was sunk in the East River, off Ward's Island, on the night of July 16, as the result of a collision with the excursion steamer Crystal Stream.

Only four persons were aboard Vif at the time of the collision, and all were rescued. The yacht, however, went down in nearly roof of water, and is a total loss. Mr. Clarke will make no attempt to have her raised.

Vif, with Capt. S. T. Beckwith, the steward, one sailor and Mrs. Beckwith, aboard, was headed north in the eastern channel past Ward's Island, at dusk Monday, when the Meyers Excursion Company's steamer Crystal Stream, headed south, with a barge in tow on either side, attempted to cross the yacht's bows. The tide swept the yacht ahead, and she was unable to luff out of the course of the steamer, which was not gotten under control until too late to avoid the collision.

The bow of one of the barges caught Vif on her starboard quarter, crushing the yacht's gig and plowing through the hull into her cabin. Water began to pour through the large hole at once, and Mrs. Beckwith was sent aboard the barge.

Capt. Beckwith and the other two men, however, remained aboard, and the yacht began to drift through Hell Gate, gradually filling.

In five minutes it became apparent that she would sink, and the three men put the dinghy overboard and were given a tow line by the tug Municipal, which had come

alongside. The Municipal then made an effort to save the yacht, but her syphons had scarcely been placed in Vif's hold when the yacht turned stern up and dived to the bottom in midstream, between Ward's Island and Little Hell Gate.

Vif was a keel boat, designed and built by J. H. Dyer, at Portland, Me., in 1876. Her over all length was 48ft. 7in., her breadth 14ft. 2in., and her draft 8ft. 3in. She was bought by Mr. Clarke in 1894 from Charles Merrill, of Portland, and was enrolled in the fleets of the New York and Atlantic yacht clubs.—New York Times.

Charles W. Sherland, of Brooklyn, captain of the tug boat Franklin N. Brown, was arrested in New York on July 17 by Detective Welsh, of Yonkers, charged with running down a rowboat containing William Bogart, his wife Lena and her mother, Mrs. Mary Miller, imperilling their lives, and also with fouling two yachts of the Yonkers Corinthian Y. C., all on the night of July 10, when the club held a lantern parade. When the parade was opposite where he was tied up, Sherland cast off and backed out into the river, with the result stated. Com. A. J. Prime, of the New York R. A., obtained the name of the boat and the warrant for the arrest of the captain. Sherland waived examination and was held for the Grand Jury.—New York Herald.

Capt. Edward Sycamore, skipper of Valkyrie II. in 1895, arrived at New York on July 16 on the Servia and was promptly and effectively interviewed. The following is from the New York Times:

When asked regarding his reported commission as Rainbow's sailing master, Capt. Sycamore evaded the question and replied that his visit to America had something to do with negotiations for the sale of the new Watson-designed cutter Distant Shore to an American yachtsman. The name of Distant Shore's possible purchaser he declined to disclose.

In view of the earlier attempts of Cornelius Vanderbilt to secure Capt. Sycamore's services, and the reported dissatisfaction of Rainbow's owner as to the way she has been handled, the appearance of Capt. Sycamore at Rainbow's helm would cause no great surprise.

On other topics Capt. Sycamore was more communicative. Speaking of the rumor that he was to be the skipper of Sir Thomas Lipton's new challenger, the Captain said:

"I do not see how those stories get abroad. I had an interview with Sir Thomas Lipton some time ago, but nothing was said about the matter. We simply talked about taking Shamrock to the Mediterranean to race this winter. Of course, if I were asked to sail the challenger I would not refuse. I have heard the report that Shamrock is to be altered by Fife, but I know nothing about the details. I do know, however, that they are going to do something with her."

When asked whether Watson and Fife would jointly design the next Cup challenger, Capt. Sycamore said: "I do not know who will design the new yacht, but I don't think that both of them will work on her. I believe that she will be the design of one man. Fife certainly has had his chance at building yachts to be brought over here, and some one else ought to have a chance."

The Captain inquired eagerly as to the performance of the 70-footers that have been racing off Newport.

"Well," he said, when told the result, "I expected that Yankee would be the winner, for she is Herreshoff's latest. He is the best designer in the world. In this connection let me say that all agree that the last yacht race was a fair one in every respect, and that all who were over here when Sir Thomas Lipton raced are full of praise for the treatment they received. Columbia is a wonderful boat, and I believe that this country will win as long as that man Herreshoff is alive."

The Yachtsman's Practical Manual.

(Manuel Pratique du Yachtsman par le Docteur G. Bedart, N. A.)

A NEW volume, the third, has just been added to the library of the Union of French Yachts, published by E. Bernard & Co., Paris, under the patronage of the Society of French Yachts. This book, by Dr. G. Bedart, naval architect, is entitled, "The Yachtsman's Practical Manual," and it deserves the name, both in its scope and the method of treatment. The author has evidently aimed at a middle course between the practical work of yachting, as treated by Vanderdecken and other of the older English writers, and the abstract theory of naval architecture. In its exact and definite descriptions of the parts of a yacht and in its detailed instructions it is thoroughly practical, while at the same time the principles are not lost sight of for a moment. The object of the author, as stated in the preface and evident throughout the work, is not merely to teach a certain routine of operations, but to lead the yachtsman to a systematic study of the principles of design, construction, navigation and seamanship, so that he may be able to rely upon his own judgment in further advancing himself in a pursuit in which absolute perfection is never attainable. Throughout the work the practical examples are intimately associated with the theory, so that the reader is taught to reason from cause to effect, or the reverse, in each operation.

The book is divided into twenty-three chapters, and a brief summary of some of the leading heads will serve to show the scope. The first chapter deals with the hull of a vessel, explaining the names and uses of the principal parts, the method of representation by means of the three plans of projection and an explanation of a design. The next subjects are displacement, buoyancy, center of gravity, center of buoyancy, movement of the center of buoyancy, general study of stability, righting couple, moment of the couple, metacenters, curves of stability, study of stability in different types, initial and reserve stability, stability of weight, stability of form, dynamical stability, general principles of sparring and rigging, different rigs, sail making, effect of wind on sails, true and apparent wind, course, rudder and steering, the well-balanced vessel, state of the sea, state of the wind, ropes, resistance of a vessel, surface disturbance, influence of length on speed, difference between large and small vessels, allowance, details of rig, block. This list includes only about

half of the volume, but it is sufficient to show how fully the field is covered. The descriptions and demonstrations are clear and exact, and the strictly theoretical points are handled in a way to make them within the comprehension of any intelligent yachtsman. That portion which may strictly be classed under the head of naval architecture is so simply explained and so closely related to the practical that it neither repels nor discourages a student unacquainted with formulas and strictly scientific methods. There are numerous illustrations in the form of diagrams. The book is not intended for the expert designer, builder or student of naval architecture, and it deals only incidentally with these subjects, but the practical yachtsman will find it a valuable aid.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. Fred Wolters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Harry Ford, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.

Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

Fixtures.

August.

3-17. A. C. A. meet, Muskoka.

September.

1-5. Toronto, club cruise.
8. Toronto, fall regatta.
15. Toronto, sailing races.

American Canoe Association.

Twenty-first Annual Meet.

BIRCH POINT—MUSKOKA.

To A. C. A. Members:

The following supplementary arrangements have been made for the camp in addition to those published on pages 11 to 16 inclusive of the Year Book, which was sent to all members by June 20:

CAMP SITE COMMITTEE.

The following articles can be had at camp if early notice is sent to the chairman, who will try to procure other size tents if required:

Rent of Tent—7 x 9, per week, \$2; 8 x 10, per week, \$2.25; 10 x 12, per week, \$2.50.

Rent of Tent Floor—7 x 9, about \$2.25; 8 x 10, about \$3.50; 10 x 12, about \$4.

Sundries per Week—Camp bed, 50 cents; camp stools, 25 cents; camp chairs (backs), 35 cents; mattress, 75 cents; wire cot and mattress, \$1.50.

Porches—6 x 10, for term, \$2.

If sufficient notice is given, floors can all be built and located and tents put up when members arrive in camp. The choice locations will be given to the earliest applicants. Tents must be located by the Site Committee before their erection.

R. OSLER WADE,

Chairman Camp Site Committee, 34 Victoria Street, Toronto.

CUSTOMS ARRANGEMENTS.

Inward—The Canadian Customs Department have arranged that canoes, tents and outfits may be shipped in bond to Muskoka wharf, upon report inwards, without payment of duty, conditional upon exportation within thirty days, duty to be paid on all articles consumed or which are not exported. The collectors at Niagara Falls and Detroit will deal with outfits accompanying members in baggage car in the same way.

Outward—The Treasury Department, Washington, have advised the collectors of customs at Detroit and Niagara Falls as follows: "Application is made by the Commodore of the A. C. A. for free entry, on return to United States of the canoes and paraphernalia of the members who go from the United States to Canada. In regard thereto, I have to state that as the articles are presumably of domestic origin they may be admitted to free entry on return, under the provisions of paragraph 483 of the Act of July 24, 1897, without requiring compliance with the regulations in such cases. Signed, H. A. Taylor, Assistant Secretary."

TRANSPORTATION.

In all cases tickets should be purchased to Muskoka wharf only, as the special arrangements made with the Muskoka Navigation Company cannot be included in railway tickets.

The Muskoka Navigation Company will carry members, upon presentation of certificate, from Muskoka wharf to the camp and return for one dollar—war canoes, canoes and duffle free.

The Grand Trunk Railway and the Canadian Pacific

Railway will grant return tickets on the usual fare and one-third plan. Members will pay full fare to Muskoka wharf, obtaining from the selling agent certificates which when endorsed and visé at camp will enable the holders thereof to return to the point of starting by continuous passage at one-third of the regular rate. War canoes, canoes and duffle free. Arrangements must be made a day or two ahead for cars for war canoes.

The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company grant fare and one-third rates, and will carry ordinary canoes for single fare, war canoes at regular rates.

The Central Passenger Association, with headquarters in Chicago, will carry members at tourist fares (about one and one-third fare), and lines interested will exercise their discretion about transporting canoes and other impedimenta. Western men requiring further particulars should write F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Trunk Line Association will sell tickets at one and one-third fare to Toronto only. Get certificate. Atlantic Division men will therefore have to purchase tickets from G. T. R. at Toronto for Muskoka wharf, getting a second certificate. Further particulars desired can be had from D. D. Allerton, New York, or H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.

The New England Pass Association will sell at fare and one-third, but whether they would sell through to Muskoka wharf or only to Toronto was not decided when this went to press. Louis A. Hall, 71 Equitable Building, Boston, will be able to give Eastern men further information upon request.

The Grand Trunk fast train which connects with the steamers at Muskoka wharf leaves Buffalo daily except Sunday at 8 A. M., and Toronto at 11 A. M., arriving at Muskoka wharf at 2:30 P. M., where the steamers await its arrival. Inquire at wharf which steamer goes to A. C. A. camp, where you will be landed between 5 and 6 P. M.

CERTIFICATES.

As it takes considerable time for ticket agents to make out certificates, application should be made the day before so as to insure their being ready.

RACE PROGRAMME.

The races will take place from the 13th to 17th. If the Regatta Committee find it will be convenient for war canoe crews they will call war canoe races on Monday, Aug. 13.

MESS ARRANGEMENTS.

Meals can be had at the general mess for \$1 per day. The caterer has had many years' experience at this work, so punch a few extra holes in the long end of your belts.

POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

All mail should be directed to A. C. A. Camp, Birch Point, Port Carling, Muskoka. It will arrive at camp daily between 7 and 9 P. M.

W. G. MACKENDRICK, Com.

A. C. A. Membership.

Atlantic Division—J. Wilber Durbin, Burlington, N. J.; Clarence Mitchell, Burlington, N. J.

Northern Division—E. C. Tyrrel, Toronto C. C., Toronto; Geo. Wilkie, Toronto C. C., Toronto.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Swiss Rifle Clubs.

(Concluded from page 86.)

The above remarks relate chiefly to the military side of the clubs. That the other side is strongly developed will be seen from the following figures of the cartridges issued by the Swiss Government at the favorable rates above noticed. For these figures I am indebted to Col. Kindler, of Zürich, the leading authority on the subject in Switzerland, who has most obligingly rendered me much assistance in supplying the latest statistics and explaining points in the published tables.

The number of cartridges used annually in the military courses above noticed is calculated by Col. Kindler to be 5,000,000. The quantity drawn by the clubs is 16,000,000, thus leaving 11,000,000 for what may be called "civil" shooting. Thus then the civil side may be said to be more than double as strong as the military. Taking the course ammunition as an ordinary charge of the military department and applying figures of cost already quoted, the Government may be said to grant £110,000 annually toward encouraging civil musketry practice, while the Swiss clubs spend annually out of their funds more than a quarter of a million sterling on ammunition. Of the clubs it may be said that some members, when they have fired the obligatory course, do not trouble themselves further, and that an important feature of many of the clubs is that the duty can be performed near home without the trouble of attendance at military headquarters. For all that, the majority of the members take a real interest in rifle shooting, and regularly keep the village range employed on Sundays long after the obligatory course has been completed. This is partly due to the natural fondness for this national sport, and partly perhaps to the fact that, with the exception of gymnastics and bowls, which find some favor, there is little else in the shape of games or sport to temper a holiday. All in the Elite or Landwehr, and some in the Landsturm, have their military rifles with them, and are encouraged to use them at the butts by the issue of ammunition at the favorable rates already noticed. The clubs can also obtain from the Government the loan of military rifles for the use of non-military members.

Competitions are constantly got up between villages. In the towns matters are carried on on a more ambitious scale. Some of the clubs are rich and well supported, and have funds invested; and the ranges, with their pavilions, rows of disappearing targets, electric bells, telephones, and all modern improvements and appliances, leave nothing to the most fastidious to desire. In some places the shield-protected ranges are, I believe, in use, but these have not been visited by me. The town of Zürich has recently spent, as mentioned in Col. Kindler's recent paper, 750,000 francs, or £30,000, in providing a range of 400yds., with 96 6ft. targets and 288 figure tar-

gets. This is used by the clubs, and also by the troops, but is over and above the extensive military ranges to be found at headquarters of divisions. At Zürich there is yet a second range of 400 meters, which, with every convenience for practice, and a large pavilion for functions at the annual fêtes, has cost £32,000. In the smaller towns, as at Lenzburg, within three miles of the old castle from which this is written, one well-appointed range serves several clubs, the days and hours for the practice or prize shooting of each being arranged by the committees in communication.

The town population groups itself into clubs, according to the means of the members, the less well-to-do using their military rifles and contenting themselves with a few off days when the obligatory course has been completed. The richer clubs meet regularly once a week, sometimes oftener, during the season extending from May 1 to Oct. 1. Match rifles with hair triggers are common, and excellent results are shown at 300yds. on the popular 6ft. target divided into 50 rings, each ring having its value according to its proximity to the bulls-eye. The Swiss club shooting is, as a rule, save in the military exercises, limited to 300yds. And nearly all shots are made standing. It is held that if a man can in this position steadily hit a small mark at this distance he will do decently at longer ranges; and that this practice is quite sufficient to keep the eye and hand in training and to insure acquaintance with and confidence in one's weapon.

The range is generally given up on Sundays to the working men's clubs, and the chief club in Lenzburg meets on a Monday. In the villages Sunday, for obvious reasons, is the day for practice and matches. It is not advanced that this arrangement would, as matters now stand, be suited to the conditions and prejudices of our own country; but it exactly fits in with the views and feelings of the population of even this strongly Protestant quarter of Switzerland. In these villages on Sundays there is no afternoon service, but nearly every one, without exception, attends Divine service in the morning, generally at 9:30 o'clock. After service the day is given up to national amusement, in which rifle shooting is included. Those who do not take an afternoon walk with their families through the woods to some favorite view point go down with them to the range and keep in their eyes and hands at the targets, and perhaps have a glass of exceedingly mild local beer, or the equally mild local wine, at the tables under the trees near the firing point. And, as during the whole term of my residence here I have never yet seen a beggar, so also have I never seen any drunkenness or any approach to rowdiness or misconduct at even the most crowded prize meetings. Some of my well-meaning guests have occasionally remarked, when the Sunday rifle practice has come under notice, that, although such amusement is excellent, they would prefer to see the practice carried on "on any other day." The answer is of course that there are no idle men, every one is hard at work at the factory or in the field during week days, holidays are almost unknown, and few have any free time save on Sunday. All will agree that an afternoon at the range is preferable to one spent in the public house, and that exercises carried out soberly and steadily, and which for success demand some self-restraint and denial and careful storage of health and vigor, are deserving of countenance, even when not carried on on week days.

For the reason noticed above, all the great rifle matches and the cantonal and village rifle fêtes are also held on Sundays. They are attended and supported by all classes, and by all the men, women and children of the locality. The encouragement given by the women to rifle shooting is a noticeable feature, and has an excellent influence. They collect money for the prizes, help decorate the villages and towns, and the shooting ranges, and put on all their finery, and all their graces, and do everything in their power to make the meets a success. The parish and cantonal authorities, the local members and all magnates attend at the matches, and all the available bands, banners and bunting are produced for the occasion. And as there are no calls on the purse for cricket and football, golf and other clubs, the rifle meetings are well supported; subscriptions and donations are liberal and help toward encouraging rifle shooting, which, even with cheap cartridges, would otherwise fall somewhat heavily on the poorer members of the clubs.

Nature has provided an efficient stop butt in the shape of a mountain or a hill within easy reach of nearly every Swiss village. The total population of the country is just over 3,000,000, representing about the number that turned out in London to see the Jubilee procession of 1897. The population is well distributed over the country districts, and does not collect in huge urban centers, as with us. The land is in the hands of peasant proprietors or parishes, all interested in the maintenance of the rifle clubs and in providing ranges. Favored by the conditions of the country and the times, interest in the national arm has fortunately been maintained in Switzerland during successive generations, and does not require to be suddenly rekindled. And lastly there is the important fact that the Swiss military system provides not only the rifles and the ammunition, but an organization in every village which renders the management of the clubs a matter of easy arrangement.

As has been already noticed, the non-military side of the clubs, the interest taken in "private" shooting and the sums spent thereon are remarkable, even though partly accounted for by the absence of the rival attractions of the many outdoor games which play so prominent a part in our own country life. Still it must be recognized that the Swiss system of rifle clubs, admirable as it is, is really a part of the military system. Without the Government rifle, which nearly every man has in his home, the ammunition supplied by the State, the facility with which ranges can be acquired, the military training of the members, the obligatory rifle course, and the military organization of the management, the figures of the Swiss rifle clubs might be on a very different scale from that shown above.

Switzerland, surrounded by great foreign States, all armed to the teeth, and having no sea or fleet to safe-

guard its frontiers, has considered it necessary hitherto to arm and train its comparatively small male population in readiness against attack. But even the present measures, conceived with every possible consideration of the economy of money and of time, are found to bear heavily on the pockets and industrial power of the nation. As the population increases the question has presented itself whether the existing military strength is not sufficient, and whether it is necessary that it should keep pace with the increase in the male population, and that all should be obliged to serve in the battalions. It is already proposed to raise both the physical and educational standard for recruits. This would reduce the military budget on one side and increase it on the other by the tax on exemptions, and would set free for industrial purposes many, a part of those whose time would otherwise have to be passed at the depots.

From the Swiss much may unquestionably be learned in many details of their musketry arrangements; in the latest appliances for the safety of the markers and the convenience of the marksmen; in the shield ranges for crowded localities as described and advocated by Mr. Baillie-Grohman; in the universal encouragement and support given to rifle shooting by all classes as a national institution and duty. And it can at least be learned that this practical people have decided, after years of experience and attention, that long ranges are not essential for good shooting, but that convenient ranges—that is, near the men's homes—and a liberal supply of ammunition are of primary importance.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 4.—Members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club celebrated the Fourth shooting pool and practicing at the Harbor View range. Several visitors were present and participated. Paul Becker had one of the six new service Colts target revolvers cleaned to have been made especially for the New York team. It is a .44 and shoots the Russian model cartridge. Six tried their hand at it and every one was unanimous in its praise as "the" target revolver. Here are the scores:

Columbia target, 50yds., Colts new service target revolver; U. M. C. black powder ammunition:	
Paul Becker...	3 5 1 4 4—17
F E Mason...	7 9 3 3 8—30
Ed Hovey....	2 4 5 8 5—24
A B Dorrell...	3 2 14 4 4—27
Ring. Creedmoor.	
F O Young.....	4 3 6 5 7 7 2 4 1 3—42
P Becker.....	5 5 3 11 7 7 5 10 2 6—61
	2 6 10 7 8 3 5 5 7 3—56

Becker and Hoadley were sighting their .30-30 Winchester carbines for their hunting trip. Becker is the first man here to bring out this carbine as an all-around target and hunting rifle. He has spent much money and time and feels well repaid, as it does fine work at 50 and 200yds. at target, using an original, very large copper sight for front and Lyman rear peep sight. He uses L. & R. smokeless powder and 1 to 12 bullet, 152grs., for range and short distances, and soft-nose with full charge for large game. Scores, 50yds., .30-30 carbines: G. Hoadley, 25; Ed Hovey, 25, 25; P. Becker, 25, 26, 29, 27.

.22 rifle:	
A B Dorrell	3 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 3—18
(Consecutive.)	23 21 20 27
F O Young.....	1 2 3 2 1 1 2 4 2 1—19
E Hovey	25
Pistol, 50yds.:	
F O Young.....	1 3 2 4 2 4 8 9 2 6—41
Dr H W Hunsaker.....	5 8 6 4 4 14 5 2 4 4—56

Dr. Hunsaker had a new S. & W. pistol and was well pleased, as his 56 is his second trial at pistol shooting. Deer season opens July 15 and little shooting will be done at the range during the remainder of this month. F. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, July 22. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Hasenzahl was declared champion for the day with a score of 89. Thermometer 86, and humid atmosphere:

Hasenzahl	10 8 10 9 10 8 10 8 9 7—89
	7 10 10 9 10 9 8 8 8 7—86
	9 9 8 7 9 7 8 10 10 7—84
Bruns	8 7 8 8 8 8 8 9 10 10—86
	10 7 9 8 6 9 9 9 6 9—82
	8 8 9 9 8 8 8 10 6 5—79
Nestler	8 9 9 9 7 9 8 9 10 8—86
	9 6 9 6 6 8 10 8 9 10—81
	10 6 10 8 8 8 8 9 7 9—80
Payne	7 9 7 8 9 10 9 9 10 7—85
	10 9 7 10 6 9 8 9 9 7—84
	8 8 9 8 8 8 8 9 8 7—81
Gindele	6 9 10 9 9 9 6 8 9 10—85
	6 10 10 10 10 6 7 8 9 7—83
	8 7 6 8 10 10 8 8 9 9—83
Roberts	8 7 9 10 7 9 10 8 8 7—83
	8 9 6 10 9 7 8 10 8 8—83
	10 8 8 8 10 6 7 8 10 8—81
Trounstone	10 9 9 7 8 10 5 6 7 8—79
	9 8 10 7 8 7 4 7 8 9—77
	7 7 6 10 5 9 7 9 8 6—74
Topf	7 8 9 9 3 7 6 6 8 6—71
	8 5 9 6 8 5 3 9 5 8—66
	10 4 3 7 6 5 10 9 6 3—63
Lux	9 7 5 5 8 5 10 3 7 8—67
	4 7 5 5 8 5 8 9 6 6—63
	7 7 4 4 8 5 7 4 8 3—57

Elite Schuetzen Corps.

At the regular semi-monthly shoot of the Elite Schuetzen Corps, held at Cypress Hills on Saturday, July 7, the following scores were made:

Fred C Ross.....	20 22 21 25 23 24 23 24 21 21—224
	24 20 23 24 23 24 23 24 18 22 23 16—217
	24 23 19 22 22 16 22 21 13 21—205
Chas Engert	20 20 22 22 22 16 21 21 19 24—205
	22 21 24 25 13 16 21 19 16 17—194
	17 19 18 24 20 4 25 24 15—190
John Kaufmann	10 14 22 22 21 23 19 19 15—188
	22 16 20 17 7 12 15 13 24 21—167
	16 23 11 22 16 18 12 21 17 8—164
F A Schlitz, M D.....	6 16 16 10 18 16 21 14 17—152
	13 24 13 11 13 10 6 24 16 20—150
	20 19 17 18 17 19 11 10 12 6—149

CHAS. K. HOEMING.

On July 13, at Bisley, the principal event of the National Rifle Association was the contest for the Elcho challenge shield, and Ireland won, the scores being Ireland 1,537, England 1,518, Scotland 1,505.

NAMELESS REMITTERS.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is holding several sums of money which have been sent to it for subscriptions and books by correspondents who have failed to give name and address. If this note comes to the eye of any such nameless remitter we trust to hear from him.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.

Aug. 7-8.—Newport, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Newport Gun Club. J. R. Akin, Sec'y.
Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

July 25-27.—Winnipeg, Man.—Manitoba Industrial Exhibition Association's trapshooting tournament. F. W. Heubach, Sec'y.
July 25-27.—Tolchester Beach, Kent County, Md.—Fourth annual midsummer tournament; two days targets; one live birds; added money and merchandise.

July 28.—Ilion, N. Y.—Open shoot of the Ilion Gun Club.
Aug. 1.—Wellington, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; open to shooters of New England.

Aug. 3-4.—St. Paul, Minn.—Tournament of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club; \$240 in cash or more added. A. E. Perry, Sec'y-Treas.

Aug. 7.—Hackensack River Bridge.—Outwater's live-bird handicaps. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.

Aug. 8.—Auburn, Me.—Tournament of the Auburn Gun Club.

Aug. 7-8.—Birmingham, Ala.—Amateur tournament given by the Peters Cartridge Co., on the grounds of the Birmingham Gun Club; \$150 added. John H. Mackie, Mgr.

Aug. 14.—Binghamton, N. Y.—All-day target tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club.

Aug. 23-24.—Lafayette, Ind.—Tournament of the Lafayette Gun Club, under sanction of the League. J. Blistian, Sec'y.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—The Indian tournament; \$700 added. T. A. Marshall, Sec'y, Keithsburg, Ill.

Sept. —.—First week in September. Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sept. 3-4.—North Platte, Neb.—Tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club on Col. Cody's Scout's Rest Ranch; \$250 added. Geo. L. Carter, Mgr.

Sept. 3.—Muncie, Ind.—One-day tournament of the Magic City Gun Club. Chas. E. Adamson, Sec'y.

Sept. 3.—Blandon Park, Richmond, Va.—First annual tournament of the Virginia Trapshooting Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. Franklin Stearns, Mgr.

Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Fifth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club; \$25 added. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Homer, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Triangular Gun Club; one day targets; one day live birds. C. B. Wiggins, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Pensacola, Fla.—Two-day shoot of the Dixie Gun Club; bluerocks and live birds. V. J. Vidal, Sec'y.

Sept. 14-15.—Platte City, Mo.—Trap shoot of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 27.—Zanesville, O.—Tournament of the Zanesville Gun Club. L. A. Moore, Sec'y.

Oct. 2-4.—Swanton, Vt.—Robin Hood Gun Club's three days' tournament.

Oct. 12-14.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Aug. 2.—Interstate Park.—Third and last shoot for the championship of Long Island; 25 live birds, 25yds.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The first annual tournament of the Virginia Trapshooting Association, to be held at Blandon Park, Richmond, Va., Sept. 3, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club, has a programme of exceptional attractiveness to the amateur. There are eleven events, and of these four are at 15, five at 20, one at 25, and one at 50 targets, the latter a five-men team race, and none eligible other than teams representing trapshooting clubs of Virginia. The winning team will be the holder of the Virginia Trapshooting Association's team \$50 silver cup until the next contest. The club first winning it three times is entitled to its permanent possession. A suitable souvenir will be given to the shooter making the highest individual score in any competing team. No. 11, at 20 targets, is a consolation event, and the scores in it will be counted in awarding the average prize. Entrance is based on 1 cent per target, but sweepstakes on a 10-cent-per-target basis is optional. Bluerocks, magautrap and one set of expert traps will be used. A suitable prize will be given to the shooter making the highest average of the entire programme. Manufacturers' agents can shoot for targets only. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Mr. Franklin Stearns is manager, P. O. Box 6, Richmond, Va.

The programme of the fourth annual merchandise and sweepstake shoot of the Pleasant Hill Colored Gun Club, of Pleasant Hill, Mo., is fixed to take place on Aug. 3. There are ten events: Six at 15 targets, four at 10 targets, entrance price of targets at 1 cent each. There are merchandise prizes or added money or both in each event. The programme sets forth that the cheap targets and added money will draw the poorer shots to the tournament, and that at the meeting the shooters may agree to put up a challenge trophy, to be competed for by colored men, and to be emblematic of the championship of the United States among colored men. This is a most commendable movement on the part of the colored men, and cannot fail to have wholesome effects which will accrue to their benefit. Anything which adds to their skill and efficiency in one special field must have a general beneficent effect as well.

The programme of the open live-bird handicap given by Mr. J. H. Outwater, Hackensack bridge and Rutherford road, Aug. 7, beginning at 10 o'clock, has four events. The preliminary and No. 1 of the first regular events are each at 7 birds, \$3, birds extra, three moneys, Rose system, ratio 6, 3 and 1. No. 2 is at 10 birds, \$5, birds extra, class shooting, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. No. 3 is at 7 birds, \$3, birds extra, class shooting, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Miss-and-outs if time permits. For three high guns shooting through the three regular events, \$5, \$3 and \$2. Take Rutherford trolley car from Hoboken ferry. Dinner on the grounds. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier will manage this shoot.

Mr. Franklin Stearns, of Richmond, Va., writes us as follows: "Trapshooting in Virginia is on the boom. There are about fifteen clubs in the State, of which seven (including one live-bird and one negro) are in Richmond. A State organization has been effected, and its first annual tournament will be held Sept. 3. To this I send you an invitation." We expect from sixty to seventy-five shooters to face the traps.

The Scranton, Pa., Times, in its issue of the 16th inst., while being alive to news values, recounts an astonishing test of skill and endurance, as follows: "A pigeon shooting match between two local sports, Jack Stiles and Peter Henry, took place on the East Side grounds Saturday afternoon, resulting in favor of the former, who shot 4 out of 5 birds, Henry shooting 3."

Mr. Foxhall Keene, of the Carteret Gun Club, was one of the American tourists who returned on the Lucania last Saturday.

⁹In connection with this point it may be noticed that a change made in 1894 by which a part of the Landsturm was brought into the military musketry course added at once 51,663 members to the rifle clubs.

Events:	2 3	Events:	2 3
Targets:	25 25	Targets:	25 25
Merriken	18 22	Blackburn	8 8
Summerson	20 21	W Wayman	19 19
E F Wayman	15 23	Garber	18 18
Kiracofe	14 22	Hoge	8 8
J T Wayman	20 17	A P Smith	17 17
Sillings	20 20	Hoge	8 8
Willson	5 9	McCoy	13 13
Steinbuck	12 13	McDaniel	17 17
Kennedy	14 16		

F. M. MERRIKEN

On the Pull of the Trigger

THERE is always trouble of one sort or another when a woman meddles with those things which do not concern her sex. Obviously, carbines were none of Miss Mivart's concern. If she felt that she had to play with firearms she should have kept to Flobert rifles. Nothing would do, however, but that she must learn to shoot a carbine, and the result was that the whole post rose up and cut Burton, to a man, so that there was no peace for him any longer in that regiment and he had to seek transfer to another. There were other results, also, but they come further on. Some thought that what Miss Mivart did was done on purpose and some thought that it was a piece of idiotic silliness. The latter based their argument upon the general frivolousness of her ways and upon the innocence of her round, blue eyes. The former held to the belief that Miss Mivart was one of those women favorites of fortune who look greater fools than they are. They said, with a certain show of reason, that Georgia Mivart was a child of the service and not an importation from civil life. She had been born in a garrison and had played with rows of empty, green-rimmed cartridge shells at an age when most little girls play with paper dolls. She had hummed snatches of the bugle calls before she could talk, and the person she had admired the most and obeyed the best for the first dozen years of her life had been Kreutzer, Capt. Mivart's tow-headed striker. A few years of boarding school back East could not have obliterated all of that. Besides, the veriest civilian, who has never come nearer to a carbine than to watch a Fourth of July militia parade, might reasonably be expected to know by intuition that in a target practice competition every trigger has got to pull just so hard, whatever the regulation number or fraction of pounds may be. Otherwise, it is plain that the nearer you come to a hair trigger the better your aim will be. However, whether Miss Mivart was fully aware of what she was doing, nobody ever knows, unless, perhaps, it was Greville—and he, like Zuleika, never told. But Burton had a bad time of it, and all his beautiful score went for worse than nothing at all. That, though, was the end. And the beginning ought to come first. The beginning was when Miss Mivart undertook to learn to shoot a carbine. There was a target practice competition going on at the post—not one which was of any interest to the service, or even to the department at large; just a little local affair, devised to keep up the esprit de corps of the troops and to lighten the monotony of life. There were three contests, one for troops and companies, as such; one for individual privates and one for the officers. This last was to finish off, and then there was to be a big hop. Every one knew from the first, when Burton and Greville shot with their troops, that the officers' competition would lie between them. This made it interesting in more ways than one, because the rivalry was not confined to the target range, but extended to the winning of Miss Mivart's hand and heart, and every one believed that this would settle a matter she did not appear to be able to settle for herself. Not that she was to blame for that. Any one, even a person much more certain of her own mind than Miss Mivart was, would have been put to it to choose. They were both first lieutenants and both cavalrymen and both good to look upon. Burton was fair and Greville was dark, but she had no fixed prejudices regarding that. She had often said so. Also, both were as much in love with her as even she could have wished, and were more than willing that all the world should see it—than which nothing is more pleasant and soothing to a right-minded woman. The rifle contest lasted ten days, during which time the air hummed with the ping and sing of bullets over on the range and with the calls of the markers in the rifle pits. Only scores and records and bets were thought and talked about. Miss Mivart herself had bet, with all the daring wickedness of a kitten teasing a beetle. She even went so far as to bet on both Burton and Greville at once. The adjutant undertook to explain to her that that was called "hedging" and was not looked upon as altogether sporty. Miss Mivart was hurt. Was it really dishonest, he wanted to know. The adjutant felt that he had been unkind. He hastened to assure her that it was not—not dishonest in the least; only that it took away from the excitement of the thing to a certain extent. Miss Mivart smiled and shook her head. No, she didn't think that it did, because, of course, she knew herself which one she wanted to have win. The adjutant admitted that that might possibly be just as interesting for herself and the fortunate man. And which was he, if he might ask? Miss Mivart shook her head and smiled again. No, she didn't think he might ask. As the man himself didn't know, she could hardly tell any one else just yet, could she? She had her own ideas about fair play. "I can shoot a carbine myself," she told the adjutant, with her cleft chin proudly raised, "and my shoulder is all black and blue. Mr. Burton is teaching me." "Oh!" said the adjutant, "and what does Greville think about that?" The adjutant was married, so he was out of the running. "Mr. Greville is teaching me, too," said Georgia, "and here he comes for me now." Burton was safe on the target range, over behind the barracks. Miss Mivart and Greville went in the other direction, by the back of the officers' row, over in the foothills across the creek. Greville nailed the top of a big red pasteboard box to the trunk of a tree, and Miss Mivart hit it once out of sixteen times—when she was aiming at the head of a prairie dog at least 20ft. away to the right. The other fifteen shots were scattered among the foothills. Then her shoulder hurt her so that she was ready to cry. Greville would have liked to have her cry upon his own shoulder, but as she didn't he did some fancy shooting to distract her. He found a mushroom can and threw it into the air and filled it full of holes. She had seen Burton do the same thing that morning with a tomato tin. In fact, from where she sat now, on a lichen-covered rock, she could see the mutilated can glittering in the sun over beyond the arroyo. So she thirsted for fresher sensations. "I'll tell you," she said to Greville, as he held up the mushroom can for her to inspect the eight holes he had made with five shots, "let me toss up your hat and you make a hole through the trade mark in the crown." It was a nice, new straw hat. Greville had sent East for it and it had come by stage the day before. It had cost him, express paid, \$4.75. This, too, at a time when anything he had left after settling his mess and sutler's and tailor's bills went into stick pins and candy and books and music and riding whips for Miss Mivart. But he took off the hat and gave it to her without even a lingering glance at that high-priced trade mark within. And he felt that it was worth four times \$4.75 when she picked up the tattered remains at last and asked if she might have them to hang in her room. Then she looked down at her grimy hand and considered the first finger, crouching it open and shut. "I think it's going to swell," she pouted. "That is a perfectly awful trigger to pull." Greville did what any man might have been expected to do. He caught the hand and kissed it. Miss Mivart looked absolutely unconscious of it. She might have been ten miles away herself. Greville therefore thought that she was angry, and his heart was filled with contrition. Yet he was old and wise enough to be a first lieutenant. He walked beside her back to the post in a state of humble dejection she could not understand. The next morning it was Burton's turn. Greville was over on the range now, vainly trying to bring his record up to where Burton's was. This time Miss Mivart fired at a white pasteboard box cover and hit it three times out of twenty. She was jubilant and so was Burton because she was making such progress under his tuition. "That's an easy carbine to shoot, isn't it?" she asked as they wandered home. "It isn't at all hard to pull the trigger." Burton glanced at her, and she met his eyes innocently. "It's just like any other trigger," he told her. "Yes, of course. And is that the very same carbine you use in the competition—the one you shot with yesterday and will use this afternoon when you finish up?" He told her that it was. "Well," she said, complacently, "I think I'm doing very nicely, don't you? I hit the target three times and my first finger doesn't hurt a bit—this morning." That afternoon the competition came to an end, with Burton a good many points ahead of Greville. And that night there was the big hop. It had been understood from the first that the man who won was to take Miss Mivart to the hop. So she went over with Burton and gave him one-third of her dances. Greville had another third, and the rest were open to the post at large. Greville did not look happy at all. It was not the target record he minded. He never thought about that. It was having to go down the board walk to the hop room behind Burton and to watch Miss Mivart leaning on his arm and looking up into his face from under the white mists of her lace hood. He was not consoled at all when she looked up into his own face even more sweetly at the beginning of the second dance and whispered that she was "so sorry." Now, as the second dance had been Greville's the third was Burton's. That was the way it had been arranged. As the band began the waltz Miss Mivart stood beside Greville in the center of

quite a group. The commanding officer was in the group, so was Burton's captain and so was the adjutant. There were some others as well and also some women. Miss Mivart may have chosen that position or it may simply have happened so. Any way, just as the waltz started, Burton, light hearted and light footed, came slipping and sliding over the candle waxed floor and pushed his way into the midst. "Ours," he said, triumphantly. But Miss Mivart did not heed him at once. She was telling them all how she had learned to shoot a carbine as well as any one, and they, the men, at any rate, were hanging on her words. "Mr. Greville taught me," she said, "and so did Mr. Burton." (This was the first either had known of the other's part in it, and they exchanged a look.) "They taught me with their own carbines, too. The very same ones they used themselves in the competition. But I shoot best with Mr. Burton's carbine. He must have fixed his trigger to pull more easily; it was almost like, what do you call it, a hair trigger?" She looked about for an answer, and saw on their faces a stare of stony horror and surprise. They had moved a little away from Burton, and the commanding officer's steely eyes were on his face. The face had turned white, even with the sunburn, and Burton's voice was just a trifle unsteady as he spoke: "This is our dance, I think, Miss Mivart," he said. The innocent, round, blue orbs looked just a little coldly into his. "No," she told him, "I think you are mistaken. It is Mr. Greville's dance." And she turned and laid her hand on Greville's arm.—Gwendolen Overton in San Francisco Argonaut.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Barto—Graham, for the Dupont Trophy.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 20.—The race yesterday at Watson's Park for the Dupont trophy between J. B. Barto and E. S. Graham turned out something of a surprise. The defender, Mr. Barto, would ordinarily be expected to kill at least over 40 birds in a string of 50. He, however, fell down to 38, and Mr. Graham, shooting a very consistent race, won out with the score of 44. The traps fell in a singular way, Barto not drawing No. 2 trap once in his first 31 birds. Graham made a bad start, missing his first two birds, but he then rallied and killed 19 straight, reaching the half-way turn with 22. Barto missed his 6th and 14th birds, the score being a tie at the latter point, and Graham taking the lead after the 19th bird. From that time on Barto never headed him, and got but 18 birds out of his second 25. Graham gathered well, and shot on out steadily. He lost in his second string his 9th, 13th and 23d birds; but of these two were killed dead out of bounds, as were two out of the first three misses, so that he really killed all his birds but two. Barto lost dead out of bounds 5 birds, but his shooting was not up to his average gait, and not good enough to win in the company he had. Barto drew No. 1 trap eight times; No. 2, nine times; No. 3, eleven times; No. 4, twelve times; No. 5, ten times. Graham drew No. 1 trap, eleven times; No. 2, eight times; No. 3, seven times; No. 4, twelve times; No. 5, twelve times. The birds were good, for the season. Weather conditions good. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1900, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

4 4 4 5 4 4 3 4 1 5 8 5 8 1 5 8 3 1 4 4 3 4 8 5 4	
J B Barto.....	2 2 2 2 1 * 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 0 2 0 2 2 0 2—20
1 4 5 1 1 5 2 5 4 2 8 5 2 2 8 2 2 1 2 3 1 5 2 2	
E S Graham.....	2 0 2 0 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 1 2 * 0 2 2 2—18-38
2 4 4 1 2 1 8 1 3 5 5 3 4 4 3 1 2 4 5 2 4 5 4 8	
E S Graham.....	0 0 2—22
1 5 3 2 2 4 5 2 5 1 1 5 5 4 1 1 1 4 1 5 1 5 8 4 4	
E. HOUGH.	2 2—22-44

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Illinois Gun Club.

Springfield, Ill., July 19.—The scores of the regular weekly club contest are appended. All events were shot over a magautrap. A puffing wind blew in the shooters' faces, making the targets erratic in flight. The sunlight was glaring:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
B Wilson.....	9	10	10	10	9	8	7	8	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
A Wilson.....	6	9	8	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Richardson.....	4	9	8	9	7	7	9	6	8	7	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Workman.....	8	7	9	9	7	7	10	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
E S Scott.....	1	2	5	7	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
A W Butler.....	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Hall.....	8	8	10	9	10	10	9	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Stickie.....	9	7	9	10	10	10	8	8	7	9	7	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Day.....	8	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Little.....	5	5	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Dr Kerr.....	4	8	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Mrs Butler.....	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
C Schuck.....	5	4	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
C Schuck, Jr.....	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Whitney.....	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Smith.....	6	4	9	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

No. 11 was at 10 pairs.

CHAS. T. STICKLE, Sec'y.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., July 21.—The scores made at the shoot of the Chicago Gun Club to-day were as follows. In the first event, at 25 targets, scores were made as follows: Mrs. Carson 11, A. W. Adams 19, O. J. Buck 2, R. B. Mack 14, Veitmyer 18, Dr. Morton 9, Ed Steck 21, F. P. Stannard 24, J. G. Lovell 19, Cornwell 16, Goodrich 21, Pumphrey 15.

Medal shoot, 25 targets:

Mrs Carson.....	001110101101011011011110-16
A W Adams.....	0111100111110011111111-20
O J Buck.....	1111101111110111111111-23
R B Mack.....	0111101110110111111111-19
Veitmyer.....	1101011011011111111111-21
Dr Morton.....	1010101011000110111111-16
Ed Steck.....	1111111111110111111111-24
F P Stannard.....	1101101111111111111111-22
J Lovell.....	1001101001111101011110-17
Mrs Howard.....	0000000100001000010000-3
Cornwell.....	1111110101111111111111-20
Goodrich.....	0110100111111111111111-17
Pumphrey.....	1110111111001111111111-20
A T Whitman.....	1111101011111111111111-22

Handicap cup, 25 targets:

Mrs. Carson, 5.....	00111011101100111011111101-21
A W Adams, 2.....	01111011111111111111110111-23
O J Buck, 3.....	0111110111111111111110001011-22
R B Mack, 3.....	10110101111110111111111111-24
F P Stannard, 0.....	11110101111111111111111111-23
Ed Steck, 0.....	11111111111111111111111111-23
J G Lovell, 5.....	01001010111001110110011101-18
W H Cornwell, 4.....	11011010010111111111110111-23
L H Goodrich, 1.....	1101010011001111111111001111-18
A T Whitman, 3.....	01110101100111111111011111-21
A W Adams.....	11111101101101111111111111-19

Monthly trophy: Mrs. Carson 11, O. J. Buck 10, R. B. Mack 12, Veitmyer 11, Dr. Morton 10, Ed Steck 13, J. G. Lovell 9, W. H. Cornwell 12, Pumphrey 14.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, July 21.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the twelfth trophy shoot of the season.

The day was an ideal one for shooting. The only drawback on our grounds was a heavy smoke bank from the city, making a very deceptive background.

R. Kuss carried off the honors of the day, and incidentally with it Class A medal, by breaking 24 out of 25 in the trophy event.

Dr. J. W. Meek, W. P. Northcott, Thos. Eaton, T. L. Smedes and S. E. Young tied for Class B medal on 22.

J. D. Pollard won Class C medal on 21. Other events were sweetstakes and team shoot:

Dr J W Meek.....	111111111110101111111111-22
C F Keck.....	000100100101010101010101-11
W P Northcott.....	111111111110111111111101-22
L Thomas.....	1111110010111111111100101-19
C H Kehl.....	01110100001001010110001-12

J D Pollard.....	1111001110111101111111-21
J Wolff.....	1111110000111101111111-19
C P Richards.....	1111011111100111111111-22
R Kuss.....	1111011111111111111111-24
Lorenz.....	0000011110011010111111-15
Christie.....	1011101110110110011000-15
F Wolff.....	1111110101111111111111-22
Haggerty.....	1011111111101111111111-22
T L Smedes.....	1011111111101111111111-22
T L Eaton.....	1001010001101100011011-15
A McGowan.....	1111111111110110110011-22
S E Young.....	0111001011000101111010-12
A Hellman.....	1110110110100101101010-17
Brabrook.....	1110110110100101101010-17

Five tied for Class B medal.

The following sweeps were also shot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	10	15	5p	Targets:	15	10	15	5p
Dr J W Meek.....	9	9	9	9	F Wolff.....	5	5	5	5
Keck.....	8	3	7	2	Haggerty.....	4	3	3	3
Northcott.....	14	8	15	8	Smedes.....	13	9	12	8
Kehl.....	7	6	10	6	Eaton.....	13	8	11	6
Thomas.....	11	6	10	6	A McGowan.....	7	8	8	8
Pollard.....	13	7	13	8	Ralph.....	13	8	8	8
J Wolff.....	11	8	12	6	Polly.....	12	5	5	5
Richards.....	14	9	12	7	Young.....	9	12	5	5
Kuss.....	1	4	10	15	Hellman.....	9	11	6	6
Lorenz.....	6	4	4	4	Brabrook.....	12	7	7	7
Christie.....	8	5	5	5	W Kuss.....	9	9	9	9

Team race:

R. Kuss 12, Dr. Meek 13, Smedes 10, Eaton 9, Hellman 13, Brabrook 14, W. Kuss 10, Baker 5; total 86.

Northcott 14, Young 12, Richards 15, Pollard 13, Thomas 12, A. McGowan 10, Kehl 7, Baker 5; total 88.

Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

Trap at Watson's Park.

July 17.—To-day the following events took place:

J. B. Barto vs. J. H. Amberg, 25 birds, for birds:

Barto.....	1122122211221121121111-25
Amberg.....	1122122211221121121122-21

J. R. Graham vs. E. S. Graham:

E S Graham.....	212221221222222122220122-24
J R Graham.....	222222212222222021222222-24

Audubon Club shoot:

J. Crow.....	1211011121*2020-11-4-15
Wells.....	1121112111120-15-1-15

Tie on 15:

Crow.....	11211 11121 Wells.....21111 22220
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Practice event:

Middleton.....	122222120011111*20211110-20
Dr E Doepl.....	*0010111112121
Dr Cubbins.....	100110012222022
Dr Church.....	00001
Dr Van Hook.....	20*121020020
Dr F Doepl.....	20**110011

RAVELRIGG.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

The Pekin Gun Club gave its initial tournament for the year on July 15. This club is a thrifty organization of over fifty members and has nice grounds just across the Illinois River from the city, where the boys gather once a week for a few hours of the keen enjoyment which this pastime affords to its devotees. Giving tournaments is something of a new feature with the Pekin boys, but that they know how to run a tourney as well as to shoot was thoroughly demonstrated on this occasion. White flyers were thrown from three expert traps on the Sergeant system, and although the day was unfavorable, the shooters being often interrupted by rain, and steadily hampered by a strong wind blowing across the range, five contestants landed with a mark of 90 per cent. or better for the day. Money was divided on the old class system of 50, 30 and 20, and Jacob Hoff won the big pot of the day, \$16, for a clean score in the only 20-bird event of the programme. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot	at	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	20	15	10	10	15	15				
Baker	8	15	14	10	12	17	13	9	10	15	14	150	137	913	
Riehl	10	12	14	9	13	18	15	10	10	14	14	150	139	926	
A Connor.....	9	14	13	8	15	17	14	9	9	13	14	150	135	900	
Burnside.....	10	12	14	9	14	17	15	10	10	13	15	150	139	926	
Heilmann.....	9	12	12	6	13	16	12	9	8	14	12	150	123	820	
Tuilton.....	9	10	10	10	15	19	15	9	10	14	14	150	135	900	
W Hoff.....	7	8	9	6	13	18	12	9	10	11	12	150	125	830	
Thompson.....	8	13	13	9	13	17	14	9	9	14	14	135	119	880	
Wilson	9	9	12	15	8	7	8	10	10	12	12	125	98		
J Hoff	11	8	13	20	14	9	10	12	13	12	13	125	110		
Lemm	13	9	10	18	14	8	10	12	15	12	15	125	109		
Burns	6	11	8	12	11	8	10	11	11	11	11	75	55		
Eynatten.....	8	10	8	17	16	6	9	9	12	11	10	110	81		
Ruhack	10	6	15	15	11	8	8	14	11	11	11	95	76		
Dr Frank	11	10	12	14	10	6	6	11	12	11	10	110	85		
Whiffen	7	7	8	10	11	2	4	11	11	11	11	70	41		
H Connor	11	8	11	11	10	8	11	11	12	11	11	80	60		
Portman	14	13	13	11	8	11	14	11	11	11	11	75	67		
Scheffler	6	7	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	40	20		
Phillips	6	7	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	45	23		
Scharf	5	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	30	20		
Leach	8	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	35	25		
Strick	6	10	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	55	36		
Orth	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	20	16		
Jacobs	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	20	17		
Reisinger	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	30	23		
Taylor	2	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	30	14		
D Grant	7	14	13	11	11	9	7	11	11	11	11	65	50		
P Grant	9	10	11	11	11	7	11	11	11	11	11	50	37		
Simmons	8	12	17	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	45	37		
Leisey	8	13	16	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	45	37		
Shoff	9	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	65	45		
Jaeckel	8	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	25	20		
Rath	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	10	8		
Bush	3	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	10	3		
P G Grant.....	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	10	6		
Crammond	1	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	10	1		

Missouri State Amateur Tournamet.

The tenth annual tournament of the Missouri State Amateur Sportsmen's Association was held at Moberly, under the auspices of the Moberly Gun Club, July 18, 19 and 20. The story of this meet is pleasant to write. It was altogether one of the most pleasurable and successful shooting events in the West this year. Drs. C. B. Clapp and E. R. Hickerson, who are the head and working force of the Moberly Gun Club, had everything nicely arranged, and there was not during the three days a hitch of any kind, from the calling of the first squad to the payment of winnings in the last extra event.

The shoot was held on a large common, known as the Wabash Tract, just north of town, and it makes an ideal place for trap work. This was, as the name of the Association implies, an amateur shoot, and that the amateurs appreciated the fact is evident in the scores, showing the number of contestants who stayed through all events. Targets were thrown at 1 cent each, divisions being on the Rose system.

The shoot altogether was voted by the boys a complete success, and will be remembered with pleasure. Among those participating were Dr. E. C. Burnett, D. S. Elliott, C. G. Spencer and J. W. Burroughs, of St. Louis; C. Gottlieb and Chas. Wright, Kansas City; Lil. Scott, Sheffield; W. S. Allen, Raymore; H. Kooler and J. W. Sexton, Leavenworth, Kan.; G. W. Hayden, Paris; Harry Davis, Kansas City; J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.; W. B. Linell, El Dorado, Ia.; L. V. Rossbach, Des Moines, Ia.; J. P. Welch, Robeline, La.; J. W. Hall, Mexico; E. Elbe, Milwaukee, Wis.; L. B. Stevenson, R. L. Lockridge, W. A. Vivion, Columbia, and E. R. Hickerson and C. B. Clapp, Moberly. Those representing the trade and shooting for birds were Frank Parmelee, Omaha; C. W. Budd, Des Moines; Herbert Taylor, St. Louis; W. R. Crosby, O'Fallon, and F. C. Riehl, Alton, Ill.

First Day, July 18.

The weather was most auspicious. After the prolonged rains that had prevailed for a week, the morning broke clear and fine, and not even a breeze stirred the grasses of the plain. The programme consisted of 170 targets, shot in six 15 and four 20 bird races, the even numbers being shot over expert traps arranged on the Sergeant system, and the odd numbers over a magatrap.

W. R. Crosby captured the honors for the day, dropping 6 targets in the programme. Frank Parmelee came second with 7 lost. Chas. Spencer lost 8 and Charlie Budd and Riehl had 12 each down. A feature of the day was the number of men who stayed through the programme. Out of forty entries, thirty-two shot in every event—quite a remarkable percentage.

The programme in detail follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Scott	14	13	20	14	15	17	15	13	19	16	170	156	.918
Allen	12	12	20	11	15	15	14	13	18	18	170	148	.870
Wright	13	12	18	14	14	13	13	10	16	18	170	141	.829
Holmes	14	12	19	9	12	15	12	11	16	16	170	136	.800
Clapp	13	14	17	13	13	18	14	14	19	18	170	153	.900
Burrows	14	14	19	12	14	20	12	9	17	15	170	146	.859
Lewis	9	12	12	6	15	14	10	17	16	17	170	123	.612
H. L. James	10	12	15	9	11	17	12	8	19	17	170	130	.760
Dennis	12	13	18	13	14	18	13	12	19	17	170	149	.871
Rossbach	14	13	19	12	15	15	12	12	18	18	170	148	.870
Jap	15	14	19	14	17	15	15	17	16	16	170	156	.918
Sexton	13	14	18	12	14	17	14	14	20	18	170	154	.906
Talequah	12	13	17	11	13	14	11	12	17	19	170	144	.836
Hayden	15	14	15	12	15	17	15	19	18	17	170	155	.911
Eisenhaur	8	13	11	10	11	16	12	12	20	12	170	125	.660
Welch	12	13	17	12	14	20	15	15	16	19	170	153	.900
Hixon	13	14	17	13	12	11	13	17	16	17	170	139	.817
Hall	10	5	15	10	13	10	13	14	10	10	150	100	.666
Linell	12	13	19	13	18	14	13	20	20	17	170	155	.911
Simms	6	9	14	11	13	17	10	11	11	11	140	91	.642
Spencer	14	14	19	14	14	20	15	19	19	19	170	162	.953
Elliott	10	14	19	14	14	18	13	14	18	18	170	152	.899
Dr. Clark	12	12	17	12	14	13	14	19	14	14	170	141	.830
Elbe	14	13	17	12	15	17	13	10	17	17	170	146	.860
Taylor	13	12	17	13	16	12	11	13	15	15	170	135	.794
Riehl	14	13	20	13	15	20	12	19	19	19	170	158	.930
Budd	14	13	20	13	14	17	14	20	19	19	170	158	.930
Parmelee	14	15	18	14	19	14	14	20	20	19	170	163	.959
Crosby	15	15	20	14	15	20	13	19	19	19	170	164	.964
Hughes	12	15	18	14	15	17	15	14	18	18	170	157	.924
Jay	11	14	19	15	13	18	14	13	18	19	170	154	.906
Threikill	12	11	15	9	10	16	11	13	17	16	170	135	.794
Dickinson	10	10	17	12	12	18	15	15	15	15	150	137	.906
Robinson	15	13	17	13	15	12	11	17	15	15	150	128	.853
Lockridge	14	13	17	13	15	14	11	16	17	17	170	158	.930
Vivion	12	15	18	14	15	17	15	14	18	18	170	157	.924
Stevenson	12	15	18	14	15	17	15	14	18	18	170	157	.924
Douglas	10	10	17	12	12	18	15	15	15	15	150	137	.906
Hill	11	11	19	11	11	19	11	11	19	19	170	158	.930

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Association was held July 18 at the parlors of the Merchants' Hotel, being called to order at 8 P. M. by Dr. C. B. Clapp, president. The minutes of the preceding meeting were read and approved. On call of roll the O. K. and Washington Park gun clubs, of Kansas City; St. Louis Gun Club, Pleasant Hill Gun Club, Moberly Gun Club, were reported present. Columbia, Platt City, Summer and Terminal gun clubs, of St. Louis, were elected to membership. Individual membership was voted to H. W. Kooler, W. H. Hayden, C. G. Spencer, J. W. Burrows, Thos. Hearn, J. W. Sexton and J. L. Head. It was voted to abolish the old plan of holding the winnings in the live-bird championship and Smith cup events over for one year, an amendment being adopted binding the club taking the tournament for 1901 to pledge \$50 to the winner of the live-bird and \$25 to the Smith cup holders from this year's contest, and providing that then and thereafter moneys received in these contests be divided the same as other events—under the Rose system on the ratio of 7, 5, 3, 2.

The Platt City and Columbia gun clubs made bids for the next meeting, but when Dr. Lee Lockridge for the latter gave his personal guarantee that all conditions would be met if his club was elected, the issue was settled, and the choice of Columbia was made unanimous.

Election of officers being in order, Dr. Lockridge was chosen President of the Association; Dr. C. B. Clapp, Vice-President, and W. A. Vivion, Secretary-Treasurer. The president was allowed time for the selection of the executive committee and other assistants, and vote of thanks was extended to the retiring officers for the excellent discharge of their duties, when the meeting adjourned.

Second Day, July 19.

The sky was no less promising than Wednesday, but a very stiff wind blowing from the southeast across the range made the flight of the targets erratic and the shooting difficult, so that averages suffered materially. Crosby and Parmelee continued their good work and made a pretty race for first, the Nebraskan winning out in the end by the narrow margin of one target.

Chas. Spencer did not quite sustain his gait of the first day, but landed third place for the amateurs, with Riehl and Budd 1 and 4 birds behind.

The squad record of the tournament was made by the expert team of Parmelee, Crosby, Budd, Taylor and Riehl, who scored 97 in the ninth event of the second day, shooting in a hard wind. Twenty-three men shot through the programme for the two days, ten making a record of 90 per cent, or better.

The Smith cup event, consisting of teams of two men, 25 targets to the team, was shot in the middle of the programme as a special number, and was won by Walter Allen and Harry Davis, of Kansas City, with a score of 48.

The scores are subjoined:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Scott	11	11	17	13	14	17	15	14	19	20	170	151	.888
Allen	14	11	17	12	13	18	14	12	13	19	170	148	.870
Wright	3	5	17	12	8	17	7	9	16	18	170	123	.723
Holmes	14	10	17	11	13	18	15	9	14	14	150	124	.826
Clapp	14	15	19	13	14	16	14	14	16	19	170	154	.906
Jap	14	14	15	14	15	18	14	12	19	20	170	155	.911
Hayden	14	14	19	9	13	18	13	11	18	19	170	148	.870
Sexton	13	12	20	14	14	17	10	12	19	19	170	150	.882
Day	15	11	17	14	16	13	14	18	20	17	170	152	.894
Talequah	12	15	16	13	12	17	12	13	16	17	170	142	.835
Dennis	14	15	17	11	14	17	12	14	16	19	170	149	.877
Linell	14	12	19	13	13	15	15	15	17	18	170	141	.829
Ross	14	13	19	15	13	14	13	15	16	16	170	145	.852
Hixon	13	14	16	11	13	12	12	13	16	16	170	139	.817
Welch	11	12	16	14	13	14	14	12	16	18	170	141	.829

Hill	14	14	20	15	11	18	12	10	17	16	170	147	.860
Spencer	14	14	18	13	14	17	13	14	19	15	170	151	.888
Elliott	7	12	13	13	14	19	13	12	15	17	170	139	.817
Dr. Clark	13	13	18	12	12	13	11	14	15	12	170	138	.811
Elbe	11	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	30	23	.766
Stevenson	14	10	17	12	11	13	11	11	11	11	100	82	.820
Lockridge	13	12	18	9	14	18	11	11	11	11	100	84	.840
Vivion	13	12	17	14	13	15	11	11	11	11	100	84	.840
Jay	12	12	16	7	12	16	11	14	15	18	170	133	.781
Burrows	13	11	15	13	12	13	14	10	10	10	130	101	.776
Parmelee	15	14	20	12	15	19	15	15	19	19	170	163	.958
Riehl	14	12	19	13	12	19	13	14	20	18	170	151	.906
Budd	13	14	15	14	13	17	14	13	19	19	170	151	.888
Taylor	11	12	17	14	10	16	10	11	19	16	170	136	.800
Crosby	14	15	18	13	15	18	13	15	20	20	170	161	.917
Hughes	13	11	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	13	.866
Hardy	7	12	13	13	14	19	13	12	15	17	170	139	.817
Lemmon	13	13	18	12	12	13	11	14	15	12	170	138	.811

Smith cup event:

Scott	1101111101110111110111	21
Hill	1100110111111111110111	21
Jap	1111101110111111010111	21
Sexton	1111111111111111110111	24
Dennis	1111111111111111111111	25
Day	1011110111011111111111	22
Allen	1111111111111111111111	24
Talequah	1111111111110111111111	24
Clapp	1111111101111111111101	23
Hayden	1101111111111111111111	24
Wright	1111010110011111111111	21
Holmes	1101111111111111111101	23
Taylor	1111110101111111011101	22
Hixon	1111111111011011111111	23
Ross	1111111101111111111101	23
Linell	1111111111011111111111	24
Spencer	1101111111111111111111	24
Elliott	1101111111011111101101	21
Lockridge	1111111111111111101111	24
Vivion	1111110111001000101110	17

Recapitulation.

Shot			Shot		
	at.	Broke. Av.		at.	Broke. Av.
Parmelee	340	326 .958	Allen	340	296 .870
Crosby	340	235 .955	Welch	340	292 .858
Spencer	340	313 .920	Hayden	340	291 .855
Jap	340	311 .914	Rossbach	340	293 .865
Riehl	340	312 .917	Hixon	340	287 .844
Budd	340	309 .908	Jay	340	287 .844
Clapp	340	308 .905	Elliott	340	280 .822
Linell	340	308 .905	Dr Clark	340	278 .819
Scott	340	307 .900	Talequah	340	281 .823
Day	340	307 .900	Taylor	340	271 .800
Sexton	340	304 .890	Wright	340	264 .776
Dennis	340	298 .876			

Third Day, July 20.

This day was devoted to live-bird shooting, and promised to be stormy and unpleasant; but the threatened rain passed around, and events were carried out as scheduled.

The first event was the 15-bird race for the amateur live-bird championship. There were twelve entries, and four of the contestants—Gottlieb, Allen, Davis and Head—finished with straight scores. It was agreed among these interested parties to shoot off the ties in the 25-bird handicap following, the high score in the latter to carry the medal with it. Mr. Head, however, announced his determination to withdraw, stating that as he lives out of the State he felt that it would be to the interest of the Association to keep it in Missouri, supposing that he had an even chance to win. His view of the case was accepted, and the race continued between the remaining three men. Allen and Davis again tied, each losing but one bird, and it was then decided between them to hold the medal jointly. Sillard Scott refereed these matches, and Dave Elliott handled this part of the shoot to perfection.

The scores follow:

Wright	2122101210222
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE SHUT-IN SPORTSMAN.

OF all who are kept indoors by bodily infirmity one might naturally think the confinement would be most irksome to him whose recreations are entirely of the outdoor world; yet actual observation does not furnish proof that he bears the privation with less fortitude than fellow mortals of different proclivities.

What substitute can he find inside four close walls for the exhilaration of the sports of woodland and water? What, compared with those the scholar finds in his books, the artist in his pictures, the romancer in his dreams, or the poet in his fancies? Even the man without these resources may at least stolidly endure, one would think. But strangely enough he who loses least chafes most.

The sportsman has the memory of past pleasures to comfort him, and if he be of the sort who enjoy most keenly, he has imagination and invention to call to his aid.

His well and long used gun, companion of many a day of supreme happiness, brings back vivid recollections of many of them.

Not the least of these was the day when the delicate penciling of the browned barrel was untarnished, the polished stock unmarred by dent or scratch, and the whole shining masterpiece of the gunsmith's art was redolent of the faint oily smell that only the gun diffuses. How proud he was to be its owner, to feel its perfect fit and balance, and to have such faith in his ability to hit his bird every time with such a weapon. He smiles now as he recalls how effectually the overweening conceit was taken out of him. For all that humiliation the forgotten day was full of happiness.

The softly sighing July wind brings in at the open window some subtle reminder of the spicy fragrance of pine and hemlock distilled by a September sun, and he sees again the asters shining in the woodland shade, the yellow of fading wood plants, the red glow of huckleberry leaves among the haze of blue fruit, the feeding partridges, unseen till they burst upward with a roar that quite upset his nerves and caused the waste of two charges. Then after reloading from the brand-new spring-top flask, the lever-charger shot pouch, and the wads, homemade from cardboard, all marvels of celerity in their day, the cautious search for the scattered birds, with the firm resolve to keep steady next time at all hazards. His good resolution was presently rewarded, when a bird that sprang up almost in his face was cut down and killed clean by a shot fired at just the right moment, and so glad was he to have regained mastery of himself that the whole scene is so distinctly imprinted on memory he could go directly to the very spot after all the years of change.

Some slight thing in some quite unlike scene, some sound, some smell, recall other happy days of the past, which he lives over again and again. Some befell where the silver channel winds through countless acres of marsh, now when it is all in the sameness of summer green save where the blooming button bush, thronged with nesting redwings, adorns it with its profusion of white blossoms; now when a tinge of yellow pervades it, varied with splashes of russet, orange and red, and the tangled copses of button bush are islands of green, with here and there a flame of water maple burning like a beacon, and all a-whirl about the passing boat, thick as bees around a hive, and a renewed uproar of thundering wings at the rounding of each bend; or in winter, when the broad level of marsh and water was a white, silent plain, to the eye, lifeless and deserted, though there was a stir of busy inhabitants under the snow-covered thatch of the muskrat houses. Faint and far comes the echo of a hound's voice, and following its direction two dark specks were seen apparently creeping nearer, their speed increasing as they grew and took on

the forms of fox and dog, and the heart beat fast to the swelling music, till at last came the opportunity and the shot, and triumph of success. His nerves thrill again at the memory of it all, and he is glad to have lived in those days, and to remember them.

The boys, who are in the first enthusiasm of sportsmanship, are wild with envy when he tells them of the game there was in all the woodland and marsh when he was a boy, and of the great fish that crowded the waters. As they bewail the fate that brought them into the world so late, he is reminded how he did the same when the old men told him like tales of the big game of their younger days, all gone before his time, and he, too, is a boy—not valuing present blessings, but wishing the past returned or the future reached wherein were all possibilities. Yes, a boy again, with his flintlock musket; and proud of the battered weapon, though it had tricks of sometimes missing fire and flashing in the pan, and always kicked, due to its being breech burnt—so it was said. Though both eyes were shut, he always knew when it went off. When his young visitors tell of a piece of old woodland sacrificed, of some ledge shorn of its trees, of river banks wantonly stripped of shade, he is glad that he cannot see the devastated scenes—it is better to dream of them as he knew them than to awaken to their spoiled reality and the pain of impotent rage against the spoilers.

Can that be only the slow stir of wind-swayed boughs, so like the changing murmur of the swift river fretting on its gravelly bed? So like it that he can fancy himself stealing along the bank behind the fringe of willows, rod in hand, of a fine June morning. The lush intervals grass is dotted with the first buttercups, and the fragrance of wild grape blossoms is in the air; a muskrat swims out from the shore towing a green branch to his burrow; a green heron flaps awkwardly from perch to perch; under a drooping willow a bass snaps a drowning fly with a swirl of the green water, inviting the angler's cast. He is no longer a prisoner of the sick room, but is fishing again in his favorite stream.

So in autumn, when the falling leaves scurry past his window, in spirit he is out in the brown woods, his nostrils almost catching the subtle, indescribable aroma of ripe leaves.

He hears the wood folk astir, the rustle of their feet, their various voices speaking concerning his intrusion, and he hears those weird mysterious voices of the woods that come from no living thing. In the old, old days, when the world was young and people were not so unbelieving, but took their fancies in good faith, these were the voices of wood nymphs and fairies conversing and calling one to another, not the piping of the wind and the chafing of boughs.

The swish of the first snowflakes against the window, a glimpse of snow-covered roofs, bring him visions of the winter woods, muffled and carpeted in white, wherein is written the latest doings of the wood folk, where a fox had made a stealthy scout. Here is recorded what might be taken as the story of the midnight, snowshoe sports of half a dozen of their kind if the tragic finis were not printed in blood and Reynard's fatal leap imprinted on the snow, where there was an end to all the broad pad marks. The partridge has set down in the neatest footprint her devious wandering from her last roosting place to the concluding wing-marks where she took flight upward to a breakfast of buds in a tall poplar. Squirrels have linked so many trees and caches of nuts together; so many woodpeckers, nuthatches and chickadees are seen, that one wonders how woods so populous can be so silent, though snow-muffled and echoless. Nothing is heard but a party of jays clamoring over their latest discovery.

Such clues lead the imprisoned sportsman to the freedom of outdoors.

But there is a key that opens the door to a far wider range, with comrades who take him to the furthest corner of the wide world. One leads him among the familiar scenes of his youth. Another, into the pathless gloom of Northern forests, the home of the moose and caribou, or further to the frozen haunts of the musk-ox, or to the wild Northwest, where only can be seen the last remnant of the wood buffalo, and to Alaska and the Klondike. Another takes him to the Rockies and shows him the elk in wonderful herds, the antelope, the wild sheep, like statues carved out of the rocks whereon they stand, or points out to him white specks moving along the giddy

craggs, which, he tells him, are wild goats. Another shows him the savage grizzly, king of American beasts. At night by the camp-fire he listens to the wail of the panther, the long howl of the wolf, and sleeps the restful sleep of the just. These most genial companions hunt tigers with him in India, elephants and lions in Africa, shoot foxes in New England, ride after them to the hounds in Virginia, catch tarpon in Floridian waters, salmon in Canadian rivers—in short, share with him all his old sports and initiate him into new ones, and do all that brethren of the gun and rod can for one another, for these kind friends who lighten his burden of weariness and pain are the world-wide contributors to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

JOHN GOMEZ.

OLD John Gomez, the centenarian of Panther Key, off the Gulf Coast of Florida, has passed away. His extraordinary life span of 119 years has closed. Death has found him out at last.

Born in 1781, this man was older than the United States of America. He had almost attained his majority in 1800, and one can but indulge the idle reflection that if to his one hundred and nineteen years but a paltry half year could have been added, so passing beyond 1900, he would have had part in three centuries.

For a long time John Gomez has been a character familiar to FOREST AND STREAM readers. One and another of our correspondents have visited him in his home on Panther Key and made report of his continued health and vigor, at which the world marveled. It was only a few months ago that Tarpon sent a grateful contradiction of a rumor of the old man's death. Of the truth of this new report, however, there can be no question. Of the Panther Key phenomenon of longevity we may now speak in the past tense only—John Gomez was.

Gomez was a native of Portugal. From his native land he went in youth to France, where, as he was fond of telling, he saw Napoleon Bonaparte reviewing his troops. Coming to America as cabin boy on a bark, he deserted ship at Charleston, S. C., and made his way to St. Augustine, then under Spanish rule. Thence he passed to Central America, after many years returning to Florida and taking part in the Seminole War. In the 60's he served as pilot for the Navy in blockading operations in Gulf waters. We reprint from one of our 1896 issues some interesting reminiscences of John Gomez in those days from the pen of Capt. Charles H. Rockwell, who is now in command of Admiral Schley's flagship.

The portrait given on the following page is from a photograph made by Tarpon a few years ago.

SNAP SHOTS.

Here is a sporting itinerary with which one may contrast his own month off for a hurried trip to the Rockies or Canada in quest of trophies. It is the record of an expedition undertaken by Count Scheibler, an Italian sportsman, whose enterprise was of a method and magnitude making it worthy of record. Coming first to the United States, Count Scheibler hunted grizzlies and elk in the Rocky Mountains; then he went to British Columbia and secured mountain goat specimens. From San Francisco he sailed for India, in which country he secured tiger, rhinoceros, gnu, wild buffalo and other big game. Then he hunted Gya and Ceylon and thence crossed to Africa and did the game of Somaliland, and afterward penetrated equatorial Africa, adding trophy after trophy representing the wonderful store of game in that country. From Africa he passed to Russia for elk. The experience covered seven years, in which time the Count acquired specimens of a large proportion of the big game of four continents.

Mr. Joseph B. Thompson, of the New York Bar, concludes to-day his consideration of the Lacey bill in a paper which is much wider in scope than the title as an exposition of the principles governing game protection. His lucid presentation of these principles deserves careful reading.

It is one of the important missions of FOREST AND STREAM to discover and proclaim new fields for rod and gun. The very complete description of Mexican tarpon fishing will inevitably be the means of directing American anglers to those well stocked waters.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Death of John Gomez.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* News comes of the death of John Gomez, the veteran of Panther Key. He was found dead near Four Brothers Island on Friday, July 13. He had gone out Thursday fishing, and it is supposed that he fell out of his boat and was drowned. His age is reported at 122 years, but this is an error, for old John always said that he had been born in 1781, so that at the time of his death he was 119.

TARPON.

From Forest and Stream, Sept. 12, 1896.

I have recently seen mention in your paper of John Gomez, a citizen of the world, and more especially of the west coast of Florida. Long years ago, say in the summer of 1863 (that seems a long time, does it not?), I became the proprietor of John Gomez. The Commander-in-Chief of the East Gulf Blockading Squadron (there was war in those days) selected me for the command of the U. S. schooner *Two Sisters*, familiarly called the *Two Shysters*. The lofty vessel was a Baltimore puny of about 40 tons, drawing about 9 feet of water aft and 4 feet forward, as some suggested, so that she could climb hills like a kangaroo. She carried under my command one 12-pounder howitzer, and was manned by twelve seamen, three petty officers, one master's mate and a pilot. When I proceeded on board to take charge of this my first command in the Government service, I found sitting on deck, smoking silently and diligently, his knees near his chin, his back rounded like a bicycle scorchier, his old straw hat covering his head from the nape of the neck to his eyebrows, John Gomez, Pilot, U. S. Navy—a man swarthy, silent, and looking like an Indian, but when once opened up, like an oyster, with considerable meat in him. John was my property actually for about six months, incidentally until the war closed. He ate and drank with me, and slept, when he did sleep, somewhere near at hand. He knew a good many things not generally known, and when he chose to talk he could be very interesting. The duty on which I was employed was of great interest, and frequently very exciting—that of the inshore, shoal water cruising, and blockade of the west coast of Florida. Gomez was in his way a perfect pilot. I think he knew familiarly every shoal, rock, oyster bed, creek, inlet, mud bank, fishing ledge, roosting place for birds, deer track and channel from Key West to Pensacola. It is my impression that most of our living came from his directions about where to find fish, game, shell-fish, etc., and it was a most fascinating species of yachting and hunting combined, where the game was primarily blockade runners and men generally, and secondarily everything edible that waved a wing or wiggled a fin.

John came originally from Central America—Honduras, as I remember now—or had lived there many years. His age was apparently between forty and seventy. Over that range of thirty years you could guess at will. There were no fences on the range. After he had warmed up so as to talk, he related strange stories. He had lived many years in Florida, had an intimate knowledge of the Everglades, and an acquaintance with the Indians resident there. He had apparently made his headquarters at or about Tampa. When the war broke out he was thereabouts, but a time soon came when he found it convenient to cross the line, and also not to be slow about it. So he "took to the bush," and found rest for his wandering feet at Key West. It will be almost impossible for me to reproduce his picturesque language, but, as far as I can, I will tell the story in John's own words. It seems that John had a family in Tampa. I do not know whether it was his own family or one that he had adopted, but it seems that one day a troubadour, returning for a brief season from the wars, had or fancied he had some rights in the case, so he attempted to enter the precincts of the homestead occupied by Mr. Gomez and the family aforesaid. John said, in telling the story:

"I yere talk in town, that man Willums come back. He say he kill me. One day I see Willums come 'long the road. I take my gun. I say, 'Willums, I no wanta you come in here.' He say, 'I come in. I killa you.' I say, 'Willums, don'ta you come in da gate.' Willums, he coma in da gate, I shoota him, an' he staya there. I coma 'way."

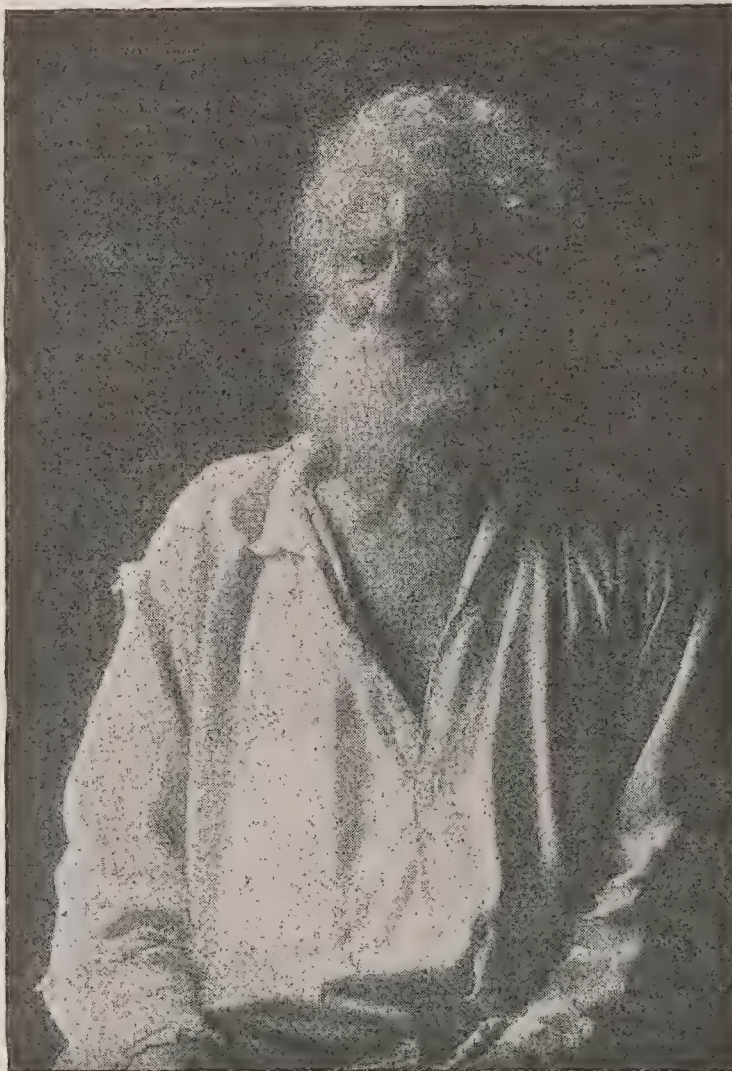
That seemed to me to be good and sufficient cause for John's hegira, and later his family joined him in Key West. He found employment as pilot on Government ships, but he did not like to serve on the steamers or larger ships. Once when employed on one of the fast steamers running up the coast for Tampa, close inshore, the night being very dark, John did not make out how to go slower, as he desired to do, and unaware that he should tell his fears to the officer of the deck, he wandered about until he found the engine room, and said to the engineer on watch: "Mista Engineer, don'ta b'ily your water too hot!" which was his idea of going slower.

To tell of the fish we caught and the game we shot under John's direction and guidance would be "another story." He was a new and unique type to us. He was a compound of Spaniard, Indian, hunter and fisherman all in one. He carried, somewhere about him, a flint and steel and a horn full of tinder, and produced fire from it to light his pipe. He was always perfectly clean and neat, but his clothing was tropical and free; I do not think he liked to wear shoes. Squatted on deck with his old pipe was his usual posture. His language was calm and slow; I rarely saw him vehement. But there was a secret, slumbering force about the man which savored of helpfulness and power, and I have rarely met a man whom I would tie to, for outing or danger, ashore or afloat, with more confidence than I would to John Gomez.

He told me a story once about a deer hunting expedition of his in the Everglades below Punta Rassa which has left a picture in my mind which will never leave it. He was trying to creep up to a spot where he had seen a deer. He was standing for an instant in a flat place, peering cautiously through the bushes in search of his game, when he felt something strike him gently on the inside of each leg. He cautiously looked down, moving as little as possible, and saw an enormous rattlesnake be-

tween his feet, head erect and ready to strike if he moved an inch. He was forced to stand immovable until the snake lowered its head and uncoiled its length, when a great leap took him clear of its attack. At this moment he heard a low laugh and saw an Indian in a tree, who had been an amused spectator of the scene. The rigid John, the wrathful snake and the chuckling Indian would make a picture if they could be painted or drawn. That would have been the chance of a lifetime for the camera fiend.

The last time I was in Key West I inquired for John Gomez, but could not learn his whereabouts. I am glad he is still alive. All true sportsmen would fully appreciate this son of nature. At first sight he would be passed by, but if once one could penetrate beneath the bark there was the rich yield of a life of adventure to gather sap from. The species is fast dying out. Soon there will



JOHN GOMEZ.

be no more. Pioneer, hunter, sailor, fisherman, all in one, the school is closed that made them, the books are out of date from which they were taught, and the railroad shrieks where they hunted, and the bicycle whirled where once the deer paths ran. Good-by, old John; we shall cruise together no more, unless there are happy hunting grounds and smooth seas where we are both bound.

C. H. ROCKWELL, Commander U. S. N.

In a Nova Scotia Camp.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

IN my many outings with rod and gun it has been my great privilege to meet with a large number of sportsmen who were more than ordinarily interesting and companionable. Enthusiasts as they were, they were full of reminiscences, and many a thrilling story of the chase have I listened to by the camp-fire or in the hunting lodge in the wilderness. What a volume those narratives would make if I had been able to record them; but most of them have passed away from me and they cannot be recalled. There is one, however, which I heard in camp with a number of sportsmen not long ago which I will endeavor to put on paper. It was told by one of our party and I will present it here as nearly as possible in the narrator's own words.

The Doctor and I have been close friends for many years [referring to a well-known physician of Boston]. Our tastes are entirely congenial and both of us are enthusiasts in field sports. Every season has found us together on a Canadian salmon stream or in the forests of the North in pursuit of the moose or other large game or upon the shores and marshes of the sea coast where the bay birds and water fowl are wont to congregate. It was during one of these outings—a trip to the wilds of Nova Scotia—that the moose hunt I am going to tell you about occurred.

We had reached the section of country in which we proposed to hunt after a journey which occupied several days. It was made chiefly in our canoes and the route was through a chain of forest lakes which for picturesque beauty could hardly be excelled. The last of the lakes was reached by a portage of about two miles in length, and at its upper end, between two rivers, we made our camp. The locality selected was a wooded point which jutted out a dozen or more rods into the lake.

"It's just the spot," said John Freeman, our guide, "for the breeze will carry our smoke and camp noises out from the shore, and ag'in we're clost between two rivers and we can paddle up either of them for a couple of miles into the best moose kentry in these parts."

It was an ideal spot for a tenting place, the view extending the whole length of the lovely lake, which lay so placidly in the heart of the wilderness. "Ah, this is solid comfort!" exclaimed the Doctor as he lighted his after-supper pipe and stretched himself before the rousing fire of hardwood logs. "We are a good many miles from civilization, but we lack nothing to complete our enjoyment."

"Yes," I assented, "the old savage nature is cropping

out again and showing itself plainly in the pleasure we are deriving from this wild life."

"I don't think there's anything savage about it," said John, lighting his pipe with a brand from the fire. "Lor' bless yeh! everyone likes to git out in the woods on a moose hunt; it's a sort of nat'ral desire."

"Yes," I replied, "a desire that we inherit from our remote savage ancestors."

"You're speaking of savages," replied the guide, "and of course you mean Injuns. Now I don't acknowledge that any of my ancestors was one—not by a jugful. All the Injuns I ever saw was too 'way down for a decent man to own kinship to. I never saw but one of 'em that had a conscience, and I don't actually know if he had one. You remember on the carry yesterday we passed an old Injun named Jim Joseph? He once got in a drunken row with a white man and accidentally, most folks think, struck him a blow that killed him. Nothing was done about it, but the old feller has been a changed man since the accident. At times his mind is all right, but ginerally he is a little off. Some think that the murder weighs on his mind. If old Jim has such a thing as a conscience he is sufferin' from it all right. He likes his whisky all the same, and sometimes gits too much of it."

Those of us who have had much experience with guides know how varied are their characteristics and dispositions. Some are industrious and are constantly doing something about the camp to enhance the comfort of their employers. Others are the reverse and are sometimes lazy to a most exasperating degree. There are sulky guides, cheerful and always singing or whistling guides, jealous guides, honest guides and lying, thieving guides. I have had my outings with them all, and long experience has taught me gratefully to enjoy the virtues which appear and bear philosophically the vices that are almost certain sooner or later to crop out. John was what might be termed a reminiscent guide, and he entertained us for an hour or two with his odd stories and quaint sayings.

"I consider the Injun a putty 'way down kind of critter," he repeated, seating himself and pulling away at his somewhat refractory pipe. "I allers agree with the chap who said that the only good Injun is a dead Injun. I've had lots to do with 'em and allers found 'em as treacherous as snakes. I allers make it a point to keep 'em at a distance from me."

"I think you are too sweeping in your condemnation," said the Doctor quietly. "I have had Indians out with me who were perfectly honest and who were most reliable guides."

"That may be," replied the guide. "It was for their interest to be all right with you; but I never see one that was wuth a string of suckers. I believe in keeping 'em down to their proper place."

"Well, John," said I as he paused to cut up a fresh supply of tobacco, "they're pretty well kept down here in Nova Scotia; there are only a few left, and you ought not to treat them too harshly. Remember, it's not a fair thing to strike a man when he is down."

"That's right, too," he responded; "sock yer boot into him."

"You are perfectly incorrigible, John," exclaimed the Doctor, laughing at the unique idea of fairness that had been expressed.

"Yes, they're a hard lot," continued the guide; "and they treat their best friends mean. Why, there was old Squire Thompson down country, years ago; as good-hearted an old feller as ever lived. He was too good to the Injuns and allers was giving to them when they came around. But Lor', it made no diff'rence; they stole his sheep right and left and even spared Capt. Bents, his neighbor, a man who was too mean to live. Oh, yes; he was a reg'lar vulgar critter; an out-and-outer."

"What on earth do you mean, John?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh, he was always preachin' economy. I've got no use for such people. Yes, he was an ornery cuss. He was a widower, and they say his wife died from his meanness. He took a notion to git married ag'in, and began courtin' a young girl in the settlement. By jingo, he spruced up and tried to look young ag'in. He shaved off his beard and mustache and he was the homeliest lookin' object, for all the world like the grace of God in pursuit of murder." (As will be seen, John's metaphors were often somewhat vague.)

"That mustache," he continued, "had hid the biggest mouth in the country, for I believe if he had wanted to he could have swallowed a 14-pound codfish and never gasped. But the joke of it is the girl married him. Yes, she drove her pigs to a mighty poor market. The idea of marryin' that old feller with seven or eight young ones!"

"Well, the Injuns never touched any of his stock, but stole from old Squire Thompson every chance they got. Yes, the old Squire was a big-hearted man and he loved good whisky; allers took his three good glasses between supper and bed. No, I wasn't fur behind him, neither."

John's hand at this juncture was passed across his mouth as if the memory of the three glasses came back most vividly.

"Yes, the old Squire was a widower too," continued the guide. "He lost his wife in their early married life, and he said sometimes that he thought a life of celebrity had not been altogether in his favor."

"Celebracy," John, I suggested.

"It's all one," he replied nonchalantly. "He was reconciled, however, to such a life and allers said that it was well to remember that the shorn lamb is tempered to the blast."

"You are mixed in your quotation," said the Doctor, who was listening in great amusement to John's narrative.

"May be," he replied; "but you know what he meant. Yes, the old Squire was a great sleeper. Gad! He'd sleep the legs off an iron pot; but when he was awake he was alive and mighty interestin', I can tell ye; far and away ahead of Capt. Bent, who couldn't see a hole in a ladder so far as intellectual thought was concerned. Yes, the old Squire used to say when he felt lonesome that celebracy wasn't the best thing in life, and he often topped off with the idee that these light afflictions sometimes assume a dark disguise."

"The old Squire must have been a very interesting man," observed the Doctor when John has finished his somewhat incoherent account.

"Right you are, Doctor. He was one of the salt of the airth; but he has passed away, and we may be sure there's no Injuns to bother him where he is gone."

"Speaking of Indians," said I, when John had finished his account of old Squire Thompson's peculiarities, "my friend Reed, of Boston, tells two or three capital stories about an old guide he had employed here in Nova Scotia named Peter Glode. Mr. Reed said the old fellow was reticent on shore and in camp, and, as with many other Indians, it took a long time to get into his good graces; but finally the bond of mutual hardship and adventure thawed him out, though even then he would rarely talk much except when in a canoe and at some distance from the shore, for fear something might hear him."

"One day," said Mr. Reed, "Peter and I were paddling across Cegemacongie when he showed me where there had been a fight between his people and a band of Mohawk invaders. As Mr. Francis Parkman and other historians had said that the depredations by the Mohawks had never extended beyond the St. John River in New Brunswick I was naturally much interested at this little bit of information and asked old Peter if he knew of any other occasions when the Mohawks had come into this country."

"Well," he replied, "yas, long time ago, when I was a young feller, 'bout twenty, nineteen years old, there was one Mohawk come down here; but he was dis'gree'ble, no 'count kind er man; people didn't like him, he was so dis'gree'ble, so Uncle Jim he killed him!"

"Mr. Reed tells another story about Peter: 'We were making a carry,' he said, 'and had sat down to rest near a tree, the bark of which had been torn off by a bear. All of us have seen these trees in the woods where bears have sharpened their claws much as a cat does hers on the legs of a chair or table. Some of these scratches, being fresh, attracted our attention, and Peter said that it was bear custom when a bear in the course of his travels came to a tree that had been scratched by another bear for the second one to scratch the same tree and by the comparative height of the marks to judge whether he or the first one was the bigger, and so decide whether it were prudent or not for him to continue in that neighborhood; it would not be safe for him to remain there if the other were the larger. Then Peter began his story:

"'Twas long time ago and a Indian man was making carry—not this carry, but 'nother one, down toward Pebluggige—and he, too, get tired and sit down to rest him right near where was bear tree where bear sharp his claws. Well, the Indian man he sit still 'while and don't make no noise, and putty soon, barmbye, he hear a stick crack and he look up. There was a little bear, oh, a no 'count kind of bear, anyway, and he come nosing 'long and he git up to that bear tree."

"Indian man he sit still, don't say nothin', and that little bear git up on his hind legs and reach up that tree. Well, he don't come nigh top scratch by 2 foot or more. Then he sit down on his hind legs and he scratch his head."

"Then he goes off in the bushes and pooty soon he come back a rollin' a bit of ole log. Indian man he keep still, don't say nothin', and that little bear he roll his log up against the bear tree and then he climb on top of it; then he stan' up on his hind legs and he reach up, oh, 2 foot above the top scratch; and then, my gracious he just tear the bark on that tree jess orfuff! Then he git down, he roll off that ole log and he scratch up leaves over it, cover it all up; then he come back, he sit down on his hind legs and he look at them big scratches and that bark all tore off 'way high up, and he jess hug himself and laff. Injun man he laff, too, and he let him go."

"That's a good bear story," said the Doctor, as he arose from his recumbent position. "I have seen scratches on trees which must have been made by a very long bear or by one that had a log to stand on; but it's growing late, and as we must be moving before daybreak I think we had better turn in."

In a short time I was alone, and as I did not feel sleepy I lighted a fresh pipe, resumed my comfortable position, with a huge log for a pillow, and, gazing into the flames indulged in a dreamy retrospection of the incidents that had been touched on in our conversation.

Old Squire Thompson and his life of "celebracy," the phenomenal mouth of Capt. Bent, old Jim Joseph and the drunken quarrel and fatal fight, Peter Glode and the "dis'gree'ble Injun," the little, no 'count, but cunning bear, all passed before my mental vision.

At last I lay there drowsily listening to the sounds of the night, which to me have a never-ending charm. I listened for a while and then I began to doze. I had not completely fallen asleep when I was aroused by a step near me and then a deep voice uttering the words "How do, Boss." Awakening from my half-sleep, I looked up, and near me beside the fire stood old Jim Joseph. Without moving from my position or showing any surprise at the intrusion, for long training among Indian guides had accustomed me to restraining many natural emotions, I quietly returned his greeting and awaited developments.

The old man sat down, took out his pipe and began searching his pockets for tobacco.

"Huh," he at length uttered; "can't find tobac'. Boss, lend me some."

I quietly took from my pouch enough for several smokes and handed it to him.

"T'ank you," he said, and without further remark he filled his pipe and lighted it. "Boss hunt moose barmby?" he asked.

"Yes, we hope to find one up river here," I replied, pointing in the direction of one of the streams.

"Big moose up tudder river; horns spread orfuff—so big!" he said, extending his arms so that they measured at least 5 feet. "I see him in the water this mornin'."

"In the water!" I exclaimed. "I thought that at this time of the year they kept in the woods and barrens."

"Makes no odds," was the reply; "bull moose move 'bout all the time. Wants to find cow. S'pose he come to river, he stop and drink; p'raps eat some lily root or some grass in the water. Then p'raps he t'ink cow on tudder side; he swim across river easy; bull moose don't mind water; he swim over mighty easy. P'raps get him. Mighty big moose. John, he good caller."

Injun call too. P'raps Injun go 'long and help call. P'raps we get two moose. Boss come maybe from Halifax?"

"No," I replied, somewhat absently.

"From St. John, maybe?" he continued.

"No; we belong in Boston."

"Huh; Boston fine town. I been there sellin' fur and baskits. Big town; big houses; oh, orfuff big! Yes, Boston great town for whisk' [whisky]; lots whisk' ev'rywhere; like St. John 'bout there. I s'pose Boss bring 'long lots good whisk'?"

Here he stopped smoking and wiped his lips with the back of his hand, evidently expecting to have the pleasure of sampling the fire-water which he had no doubt we had brought with us.

"No," I replied very quietly.

"What! no whisk'?"

"No, none."

"Maybe some brand'" (brandy).

"No, none."

"What, no brand'! Maybe some rum?"

"No, none."

"What, no rum!" The voice of the old Micmac rose higher and higher as he enumerated the different kinds of liquor. "Maybe some nice gin?"

"No, none."

"What, no gin!"

"Not a drop."

"What Boss drink, then?"

"Oh, coffee, tea and cold water."

"Huh," he ejaculated; "tea pretty good; cold water all right in summer time, mostly; but in cold night make Injun belly ache."

"Now, Jim Joe!" shouted John from the tent, "you jest want ter dry up hollerin' that a-way about whisky and rum and gin. I want you to understand this is a temperance crowd and I and the Doctor want to go ter sleep. Just dry up, now, consarn ye and let things git a little quiet."

"All right, John," said the Indian, "I keep still. Go to sleep and I wake you time 'nough to start barmby for moose."

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

In the Apache Country.

It matters not whether you cross Arizona on the Santa Fé Pacific, the Southern Pacific or by wagon road, from east to west, north to south, the Territory is a grand success as a desert. The dubious verdure of the rainy season, the flaunting brilliancy of cactus, yucca and mescal, serve to exaggerate rather than modify the characteristic barrenness of the landscape. And yet one or two spots are found where the curse has not had its dire effect and where the sportsman may imagine himself in a more favored portion of the globe. In the larger mountain ranges, such as the Buckskins, San Francisco, Mogollons and Graham, big game is abundant and not nearly so wild as in the regions to which hunters are wont to resort. The Apache reservation not being located in the tops of the mountains, I had imagined was a first-rate preserve for rabbits and coyotes. Hence it proved a most pleasurable surprise in scenery and products, and lucky is the man who can get permission from the Indian agent to pitch his tent and hunt and fish on "the strip," as that portion of the reservation is called which wedges in between Navajo and Graham counties.

One June morning just as daylight was fairly breaking I rode southward from Snowflake toward the Valley of the Gila. For the first eight miles there was nothing to indicate aught but the half-irrigated farm land that surrounds the settlements. Then I noticed to my right a brighter green in the fields and a belt of osiers and dwarf oaks. Presently the valley narrowed into a little cañon, through which ran a stream of water that was actually clear to the sight and pleasant to the taste. There was good grass, and wild roses and grapes covered all the trees. It was a great temptation to me to stop and camp, but 6 A. M. is certainly too early to call a halt for dinner, so I jogged on over a fifteen-mile mesa of sand and cedar, the lower Mogollons gradually assuming a definiteness of outline and color phases that promised a pleasant change for the afternoon.

Noon found me at the three-mile string of log houses and little ranches that the map designates as Show Low. Here the big timber—pine and oak—dotted the landscape. Ten hours of climb and then, at an elevation of 7,000 feet, the plateau became as level as a floor, covered with knee-deep gramma grasses and shaded by as fine timber as can be found in the Blue Ridge or Berkshires. Wild turkeys and quail were much in evidence, but the broods were young and the unwritten code of ethics prevented my securing any. Tracks and signs of larger game were common. This is, I am informed, one of the greatest bear regions in the West. The path through the park was so delightful that I let my horse walk, all regardless of the fact that if I did not reach the agency by nightfall I should be doomed to a bed in saddle blankets.

Coalsy's ranch, on the reservation, afforded as cool spring water as any that I have ever tasted, and here I was met by the welcome news that there were some freight teams only half an hour ahead of me, and I could probably camp with them. As good luck would have it, I had met these freighters only the week before in Holbrook, and it did not take much argument to persuade them to camp early and try the fishing in White River, which paralleled the road and was distant about half a mile from it. I had no faith in the stream as a trout water, but as the boys were provided with hooks and lines, I determined to see what I could do. White River proved as beautiful a stream as could be desired, and with flies great execution could have been done. As it was, we used grasshoppers for bait, and as they were both small and active, it was harder to get bait than trout. The fish were from 8 to 10 inches in length, and as very little fishing is done, save when the officers from the post indulge in a holiday, they are not educated up to the point of being wary.

That night our camp was visited by a large bruin. We did not see him, but the snorting of the horses was enough to make us fire a shot as a bluff, after which the crackling of the bushes told that Eli was making his escape. His track was so large that I did not regret that I had been denied an interview.

The following morning I rode into the agency. The Apaches whom I met along the road were very fine looking and quite sociable. From the agent, Mr. Armstrong, I obtained permission to fish and hunt in the Black River country. The White, Black and Gila rivers unite to form Salt River, and both the White and Black abound in mountain trout. We were too far down the Black for good trout fishing, but we caught plenty of large mullets. The hillsides back from the river seemed to be a great breeding ground for turkeys, but our best sport here was with the deer, of which we secured three.

Another month of hard travel over the worst of roads and where water, even for the animals, is a very costly luxury, brought us near the boundary line of Mexico. Mesquite had long taken the place of the vegetation to which we had been accustomed at the north. On the afternoon of July 12, after crossing the divide between the Barbacombari and the Sonoita, we were surprised by finding a spring of ice-cold water, the source of the latter stream. From that point until we reached Nogales, a distance of thirty miles, we were in constant sight of oak timber. The country reminded me very much of that part of California which lies between San Jose and Gilroy. Spanish was the language of the people, and customs as well as appearance indicated that we were in a strange land. Since that time we have lived on game. The band-tailed pigeon is found in great flocks. This bird is much larger than the domesticated pigeon. It seems attached to particular localities. We locate a tree that is filled with the birds and kill two or three, when they fly away and alight in another tree only a few hundred yards away. When disturbed here they fly back to the first tree. So two hunters, one at each tree, can easily exterminate a flock. The white-winged dove (about the size of the domestic pigeon) is more abundant than the band-tailed pigeon. Chief among our game birds is the Massena partridge, which is as large and as delicious as the ruffed grouse. The young birds are now more than half-grown, and as they are very swift, strong fliers, they afford the finest sport.

NOGALES, SONORA, July 22.

SHOSHONE.

Natural History.

Mosquitos in the South Seas.

THE mosquito of the Pacific islands presents to the white man the same old problem of self-defense, but in a different way. His habits are different, his plan of campaign involves new ideas of strategy, the result is even more painful than the best efforts of the pests which have sung their infamy in America.

The great protection against the ravages of the South Sea mosquito is light—and plenty of it. Rooms well lighted at night are free from the pest, even though unprotected by any screen. But as soon as lights go out the war begins. This mosquito is almost voiceless, and gives no musical warning of its approach. When it lands upon the skin it flattens right out, with four legs extended in front and four behind, and in that position inserts its probe nearly horizontally. In this there is no pain, and the victim becomes conscious of the assault only when the mischief is complete, and the venom puffs the wound into an angry blister, often an inch in width of localized agony. This characteristic of the beast quite precludes any chance of enjoyment such as the broad verandas of the houses of the white people would seem to offer in the cool of the evening. Even in a well-lighted apartment the undefended ankles will pay smarting penalty for sitting at a table unless a lighted candle is set beneath the board to dispel the shade in which the winged poisoner acts.

The new territory of Hawaii has a history in which the mosquito-chapter has just begun to be written. It was blessed above all lands in having not a single mosquito for all the ages of the past. But now it is painfully different. They know and execrate the name of the ship which brought from Mexico the first mosquito within the memory of men yet young. There are parts of the group to which the torment has not yet spread, but it is despairingly recognized that it is only a question of a short time when the winged marauder shall hold sway from Hawaii to Niihau.

Samoa legend tells the story of how not only the mosquito but the fly as well was brought to the five islands. Ages ago, when the world had not long been created, the daughter of the King of Manu'a was walking along the beach of Olosenga gathering flowers for her adornment, as do the Samoan girls to the present day. This one she chose for its fragrance, that one she plucked for its rich color, bedecking herself from nature's store. Then came out of the Eastern sea a canoe with one handsome man aboard. He beached his canoe and hauled it over the sands to the fringe of vines at the mark of highest water. In his right hand he carried a bamboo from which stuck out the end of a plug of twisted sugar cane leaf, and in his left hand was another. When the maiden had greeted the stranger coming from no one knows where he asked her what she was doing on that beach.

"Gathering flowers, my lord," she said; "flowers with which to scent sweet oil of cocoanuts; flowers for my hair and for a necklet."

"Take these two tubes of bamboo," the stranger said to the maid, "for they hold flowers fairer and more fragrant than any that grow on the beach of Olosenga between the sea and the wall of rock."

The maiden drew the plug from one bamboo to see the wonderful flowers, and the air was filled with a swarm of flies buzzing about her ears. She drew the second plug, and out flew a cloud of mosquitoes. The deceitful stranger drew his canoe into the sea and paddled back to the unknown East, but the mischief he did remains to the present day, for thus came flies and mosquitoes to Samoa.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

"Come to stay?" asked the fish. "Oh, no," said the worm; "just dropped in for a bite."—Detroit Free Press.

Snake Poison and the Plantain.

PHILADELPHIA, July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Just a word to enlighten Mr. C. H. Ames in regard to the name of the saving "weed" in answer to his query of "Particulars of Snake Story Wanted." I am sixty-four years old, and remember when a small boy of hearing my father relate, as testimony to the virtues of the common broad-leaved plantain (*Plantago major*) for bites of poisonous insects, etc., that a person once witnessed a conflict between a snake and a toad. On being bitten by the snake the toad would hop to a nearby plantain, eat some of the leaves, and like a little man, await another onset, the toad coming up each time apparently none the worse for the encounter. This becoming monotonous, the person pulled up the plantain and threw it beyond the toad's reach, which again being bitten and not finding the antidote, just went broken-hearted to the grave—and died there. FRANK ROBINSON.

Photographing Maine Moose.

ANDOVER, Me., June 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had a very exciting time getting these pictures. It was the first day of April, 1906; the snow was only 7 feet deep, and it would about half bear him up. If he hurried he would go down in all over, and in that way I soon would have him too, and he was ready for a fight. I did not care to get too near the old bull, for he was a bad looking fellow, but the cow was very easy to get up to. I put my hand on her several times. I could only do that when she was in all over. These were taken near the Rangeley Lakes on the railroad to Bemis.

The bull is the one that is the furthest off, standing in the woods 50 feet away; the rest are of the cow 20 feet away. G. P. THOMAS, Guide.

Game Bag and Gun.

The Lacey Act.

[Concluded from page 62.]

But there is another and equally important principle involved in this class of legislation, and that is that the States in adopting the Federal Constitution retained to themselves all the powers not expressly or by necessary implication granted to the Federal Government by that instrument, among the powers not granted being the right to govern their internal affairs as they might think best, and one of such powers was what is usually called the police power, under which latter head comes the right to pass game laws.

Here again I must quote briefly from the Geer case:

"Aside from the authority of the State, derived from the common ownership of game and the trust for the benefit of its people which the State exercises in relation thereto, there is another view of the power of the State in regard to the property in game, which is equally conclusive. The right to preserve game flows from the undoubted existence in the State of a police power to that end, which may be none the less efficiently called into play because by doing so interstate commerce may be remotely and indirectly affected (citing authorities). Indeed, the source of the police power as to game birds (like those covered by the statute here called in question) flows from the duty of the State to preserve for its people a valuable food supply (citing authorities). The exercise by the State of such power, therefore, comes directly within the principle of *Plumley vs. Massachusetts*, 155 U. S., 461, 473. The power of a State to protect by adequate police regulation its people against the adulteration of articles of food (which was in that case maintained), although in doing so commerce might be remotely affected, necessarily carries with it the existence of a like power to preserve a food supply which belongs in common to all the people of the State, which can only become the subject of ownership in a qualified way, and which can never be the object of commerce except with the consent of the State and subject to the conditions which it may deem best to impose for the public good."

In *Phelps vs. Racey*, 60 N. Y., 10, at page 14, the Court says: "The Legislature may pass many laws the effect of which may be to impair or even destroy the right of property. Private interest must yield to public advantage. All legislative powers not restrained by express or implied provisions of the Constitution may be exercised. The protection and preservation of game has been secured by law in all civilized countries and may be justified on many grounds, one of which is for purposes of food. The measures best adapted to this end are for the Legislature to determine, and courts cannot review its discretion. If the regulations operate in any respect unjustly or oppressively the proper remedy must be applied by that body. Some of the provisions of the act in question might seem to one unversed in the mysteries of the subject to be unnecessarily stringent and severe, but we cannot say that those involved in this action are foreign to the objects sought to be attained or outside the wide discretion vested in the Legislature."

And as was said by the United States Supreme Court in *Canfield vs. United States*, 167 U. S., 518: "The police power is not subject to any definite limitations, but is co-extensive with the necessities of the case and the safeguards of public interest."

And by Justice Stephen J. Field, in *Mobile Co. vs. Kimball*, 102 U. S., 704, that "this Court is not a harbor in which can be found a refuge from ill-advised, unequal and oppressive State legislation"; and by the same judge in another case: "It is hardly necessary to say that hardship, impolicy or injustice of State laws is not necessarily an objection to their constitutional validity."

All this must be read in connection with what is said in *Holden vs. Hardy*, 169 U. S., 391: "While this Court has held, notably in the cases of *Davidson vs. New Orleans*, 96 U. S., 97, and *Yick Wo vs. Hopkins*, 118 U. S., 356, that the police power cannot be put forward as an excuse for oppressive and unjust legislation, it may be lawfully resorted to for the purpose of preserving the public health, safety or morals or the abatement of pub-

lic nuisances, and a large discretion is necessarily vested in the Legislature to determine, not only what the interests of the public require, but what measures are necessary for the protection of such interests. *Lawton vs. Steele*, 152 U. S., 133."

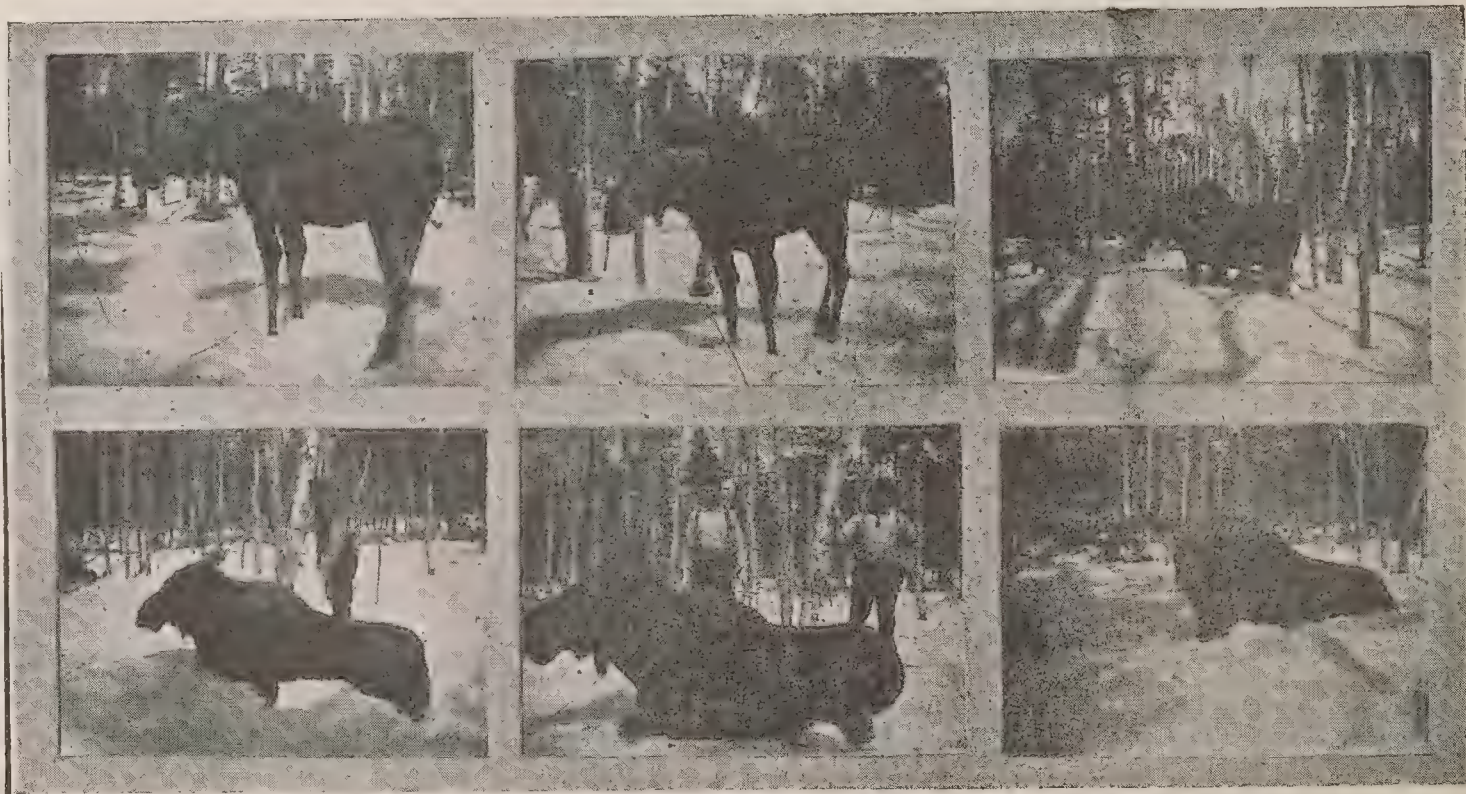
And in *people vs. Haynor*, 149 N. Y., 200: "Subject, however, to the limitation that the real object of the statute must appear upon inspection to have a reasonable connection with the welfare of the public, the exercise of the police power by the Legislature is well established as not in conflict with the Constitution (citing authorities). When thus exercised, even if the effect is to interfere to some extent with the use of property or the prosecution of a lawful pursuit, it is not regarded as an appropriation of property or an encroachment upon liberty, because the preservation of order and the promotion of the general welfare, so essential to organized society, of necessity involves some sacrifice of natural right" (citing *Phelps vs. Racey*, 60 N. Y., 10, and another case).

The United States Supreme Court has quoted with approval the following language of Chief Justice Shaw, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in *Commonwealth vs. Alger*, 7 Cush., 84: "We think it a settled principle, growing out of the nature of well ordered civil society, that every holder of property, however absolute and unqualified may be his title, holds it under the implied liability that his use of it may be so regulated that it shall not be injurious to the equal enjoyment of others having an equal right to the enjoyment of their property, nor injurious to the rights of the community. All property in this Commonwealth, as well that in the interior as that bordering on the tide water, is derived directly or indirectly from the Government and held subject to those general regulations which are necessary to the common good and general welfare. Rights of property, like all other social and conventional rights, are subject to such reasonable limitations in their enjoyment as will prevent them from being injurious, and to such reasonable restraints and regulations established by law as the Legislature, under the governing and controlling power vested in them by the Constitution, may think necessary and expedient." And says further: "This

141: "Laws and ordinances relating to the comfort, health, convenience, good order and general welfare of the inhabitants are comprehensively styled 'police laws and regulations.' It is well settled that laws and regulations of this character, though they may disturb the enjoyment of individual rights, are not unconstitutional, though no provision is made for compensation for such disturbance. They do not appropriate private property for public use, but simply regulate its use and enjoyment by the owner. If he suffers injury it is either *damnum absque injuria*, or, in the theory of the law, he is compensated for it by sharing in the general benefits which the regulations are intended and calculated to secure. The citizen owns his property absolutely; it is true; it cannot be taken from him for any private use whatever without his consent, nor can it be taken for any public use without compensation; still he owns it subject to this restriction, namely, that it must be so used as not unreasonably to injure others, and the sovereign authority may by police regulation so direct the use of it that it shall not prove pernicious to his neighbors, or the citizens generally."

And in commenting on this the Court said: "The learned author in these and accompanying sentences is discussing the rule where legislative action operates directly upon the property of the complainant and where injuries alleged to result are the direct consequence of legislative action. If under such circumstances the individual has no cause of action, *a fortiori* must the same be true when the injuries are not direct, but consequential—when his property is not directly touched by the legislative action, but is affected in only an incidental and consequential way."

The language of the Court in this case and other cases referred to indicates beyond a doubt that the decision of Judge Ross in the Marin county case, commented on in your issue of June 16 last, and of Judge Hanford in re Davenport, would not be sustained by the United States Supreme Court. While in theory the police power of a State is limited, practically there is no limit thereto when exercised in the protection or preservation of game, save by the one rule that the purpose of the regulation must have some relation to the subject to be accom-



SNAP SHOTS ON MAINE MOOSE.

Photos by G. P. Thomas.

power, legitimately exercised, can neither be limited by contract nor bartered away by legislation.

These declarations were made, as may be seen, in cases where questions of natural right and private ownership were involved; and the case must be much stronger in favor of the power of the State Legislatures, in cases involving the right to take game, when, as held in the Geer case and other cases cited, no natural right or private ownership can exist.

A very late case in the United States Supreme Court, decided May 14 of the present year, *L'Hote vs. New Orleans*, advanced sheets, No. 15, page 788, in an opinion by Mr. Justice Brewer, concurred in by the entire Court, this language was used in regard to the exercise of the police power:

"It has been often said that the police power was not by the Federal Constitution transferred to the nation, but was reserved to the States, and that upon them rests the duty of so exercising it as to protect the public health and morals. While of course that power cannot be exercised by the States in any way to infringe upon the powers expressly granted to Congress, yet until there is some invasion of Congressional power or of private rights secured by the Constitution of the United States, the action of the State in this respect is beyond question in the courts of the nation. In *Barbier vs. Connolly*, 112 U. S., 27, 31, it was said: 'But neither the amendment—broad and comprehensive as it is—nor any other amendment was designed to interfere with the police power to prescribe regulations to promote health, peace, morals, education and good order of the people.' * * *

Whatever course of conduct the Legislature may adopt is in a general way conclusive upon all courts, State or Federal. It is no part of the judicial function to determine the wisdom or folly of a regulation by the legislative body in respect to matters of a police nature. * * * But clearly the inquiry as to the reasonableness or propriety of the limits is a matter for legislative consideration, and cannot be the basis of judicial action. * * * The truth is that the exercise of the police power often works pecuniary injury, but the settled rule of this Court is that the mere fact of pecuniary injury does not warrant the overthrow of legislation of a police character."

And the Court cites with approval the following language from *1 Dillon on Municipal Corporations*, section

plished. Questions of expediency, policy or how best to accomplish the end in view are for the legislative authority alone, and with these the courts have nothing to do.

As to the objection to such laws that they deprive a person of his property without due process of law, the same principles apply; but it may be proper to refer to what was said in *Dauphin vs. Key*, *MacArthur Rep.*, 203: "The term 'due process of law,' as employed in the Constitution, applies only to the fundamental rights referred to in that instrument, and are inapplicable to mere privileges of legislative creation. As to these, the law of England furnished no precedent, but the law of this creation determines the terms and conditions of their enjoyment and by what process they shall terminate."

As a person has in reality no property in game not subject at all times to legislative control, there is nothing of which the law can be said to deprive him. These laws have been frequently attacked by those opposing them by invoking that provision of the Constitution of the United States which guarantees to all persons the equal protection of the laws, but in no case involving the validity of game or fish laws (and there are several of these) ever coming before the United States Supreme Court, so far as I can discover, has that court held such laws invalid for that or any other reason. What this phrase means and its application and limitations are but illustrated by what that court said in the late case of *Magoun vs. Ill. Tr. & Sav. Bank*, 170 U. S., 293:

"What satisfies this equality has not been and probably never can be precisely defined. Generally it has been said that it only requires the same means and methods to be applied impartially to all the constituents of each class, so that the law shall operate equally and uniformly upon all persons in similar circumstances. *Kentucky Railroad Tax Laws*, 115 U. S., 321. It does not prohibit legislation which is limited either in the objects to which it is directed or by the territory within which it is to operate. It merely requires that all persons subjected to such legislation shall be treated alike under like circumstances and conditions, both in the privileges conferred and the liabilities imposed. *Hayes vs. Missouri*, 120 U. S., 68. Similar citations could be multiplied. But what is the test of likeness and unlikeness of circumstances and conditions? These references have almost

Lost in the National Park.

THE Livingston, Mont., Post of July 19 gives this account of the experiences of a man lost in the Yellowstone Park:

"Weakened from continued exposure, haggard from his efforts to escape from the creatures of a disordered mind, trembling with fright and pale with fear, having been for five days without food, emaciated from loss of sleep, C. C. H. Smith was found Monday after a force of men had scoured the country for days in search of him. The story of the experience he passed through is one which has been related of few men who lived to bear witness to their hardships and the fearful ordeal through which he passed is one that for awful detail has not been equaled in the history of Montana.

"On the 5th of the present month C. C. H. Smith, accompanied by his mother and Miss Snider, a friend of Mrs. Smith, left Gardiner for a trip through the Park. The tour was completed without incident, and the party returned to Indian Creek, seven miles south of Mammoth Hot Springs, last Thursday. Here they made camp for the night and proceeded to set up their tents and make their last stay in Wonderland, prior to their departure for their home in Tom Miner Basin. While the matters about the camp were being arranged, the horses belonging to the party strayed away, and Mr. Smith left the camp, telling the ladies that he was going to search for the animals and that as soon as he found them he would return. That was the last seen of him by any human being until the following Monday, when he was discovered by a stage driver, nearly dead from exposure and fright. The two ladies waited for some time for the return of the head of the party, and finally Miss Snider went out to see if she could discover some trace of Mr. Smith. In this object she was unsuccessful, but she found the horses, and returned to camp with them, expecting that Mr. Smith had preceded her there. On her arrival at the camp she was surprised to learn that no trace of Smith had been seen, and that he had not returned. Still the ladies were not much alarmed, thinking that on his hunt for the horses Smith had strayed further from the camp than he thought and that he would undoubtedly return shortly. All night long the two women waited, and as the hours came and went they began to worry for fear that all was not right with the missing man, and a horrid fear that he had become lost in the timber began to assert itself. The time dragged along until the early dawn, and still no trace of Smith appeared. The fears of the two ladies grew in intensity, and they became so thoroughly frightened that they gave the alarm to the soldiers at the fort, and a party was made up to search for the missing man. Soldiers and scouts searched the country round about the camp for four days without discovering any trace of the missing man. Sunday they gave up the search, believing that Smith was dead and it were folly to continue the hunt longer. In Gardiner there were many friends of the missing man who did not believe in abandoning the search, and they formed a party to find him. The party was headed by Tom Newcomb, and John Dewing, Clarence Ryerson, Henry Fitzgerald and a man named Brown were the other members. The party left Gardiner at daylight Monday morning, fully determined to continue the search until the mystery of Smith's disappearance was solved. They searched all the day, but were unsuccessful. It remained for a man named L. L. Stratton, who drives a team for the Wylie Camping Company, to solve the mystery. Stratton was driving along the road about a mile south of Indian Creek, and but a short distance from the camp from whence Smith had disappeared, and he came upon the missing man. Smith was off from the road some little distance and was running about in a circle. He saw Stratton just as the latter caught sight of him. A hunted look was in the eyes of Smith, and he started as fast as his enfeebled condition would allow to escape. Stratton followed him and overtook him. He struggled to get away, and his captor was obliged to summon assistance from a couple of men who were driving a beef wagon along the road. The three men put Smith into a wagon and took him to Gardiner. On the way he made several attempts to escape and had to be held in the wagon. He seemed afraid, but did not attempt to injure any one, merely manifesting a desire to get away.

"Arriving at Gardiner, Smith was taken charge of by S. M. Fitzgerald, an old friend, and taken to Cinnabar. Here he began to grow quieter, and he rested somewhat. His mind began to return to him, and he told a disconnected story of his wanderings. The peculiar hallucination of which he was possessed was that he was being pursued by men who were trying to kill him. He avows that he was chased by men, who kept shooting at him every little while. He says that they had a small cannon, and that they would fire at him every few steps he took. He says that his mother sat by a tree writing all the while, and that she was as cool as if nothing were happening. He became convinced that the object of his pursuers was to kill and then rob him, and to frustrate at least one part of their plan he took off his watch and chain and threw them away. The watch he flung one way and the chain he threw another. He had some money on his person, and this he also threw away. He thinks that he traveled a great distance, but in fact he ran about in a small circle, wearing the grass off from the ground until it was perfectly bare. He was absolutely without food of any kind for the entire five days. He says that he did not eat any berries, but that he lived on tobacco. He says that tobacco is a great thing, and is of the opinion that it alone prevented him from starving to death. According to his own statement, he slept five minutes every hour, but from the haggardness of his appearance it is doubtful if he slept at all.

"Monday evening Mr. Smith came to this city with S. M. Fitzgerald. He seemed rational enough then, but was weak from the shock to his nerves. Tuesday morning, after he had rested here during the night, he became more than ever possessed of his scattered faculties, and so far recovered from his nervousness that it was apparent that the recovery of his perfect health was but a matter of a short time. Dr. R. D. Alton examined him, and it is his opinion that Mr. Smith was the victim of extreme nervousness. Mr. Smith will return to his ranch in Tom Miner Basin, and will in all probability re-

cover entirely from his terrible experience. His wonderful vitality asserted itself here, and the change that took place in him was almost miraculous. When he alighted from the Park train Monday evening he trembled and could not walk without staggering. A night's sleep and care changed all this, and Tuesday morning he looked as well as any one. His nerves became settled and he became himself again, apparently none the worse for his experience. His many friends here and elsewhere in this county will be more than pleased to learn that he has recovered from the nervous disorder which affected him, and that he will undoubtedly carry no ill effects as a result of his five days' fast in the Park."

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Where to Go for Prairie Chickens.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 28.—While in Minnesota recently I took pains to make inquiries regarding the prairie chicken crop of this year, and endeavored to obtain the names of localities where the shooting promises to be good this fall. Every year a great many inquiries come into this office for good chicken country, and there are few inquiries more difficult than these to answer satisfactorily. A locality which is good a month before the opening of the season may be shot out by the time the legal date for shooting has arrived. I am aware that in giving the advices below the information comes pretty early in the season, yet it must be early to be of much service to those who plan a chicken trip from a long distance. All such will know that they take their chances in any such trip, and that the information is given only upon what is certainly the safest advice obtainable, and near to the grounds in question.

There is no doubt whatever that this is a good chicken year in Minnesota and the Dakotas. The weather has been extremely favorable. The birds nested very early and they have met with no conditions since spring to keep them from prospering. The legal date of Sept. 1 is going to be a very late one this year, so far as easy chicken shooting is concerned. The birds were plenty strong enough last week to fly in the North Dakota country. By the middle of August they will be prime, and by the first of September they will be big enough to keep out of the way pretty well. Ten days' time makes a heap of difference with a young prairie chicken. South Dakota, which opens the season ten days earlier than Minnesota, will get a large number of shooters from that State and other parts of the country, and one would not be surprised if some of the heaviest bags were reported.

Any one intending going to South Dakota for chickens might do very well to try Ellendale, Webster or Millbank. He should work to the north of Millbank. These towns at this writing are in the center of a rattling good chicken crop.

For North Dakota, Larimore and Pembina are good tips this year. The country west of Grand Forks has a good many birds on it at this writing.

Southern Minnesota still has some birds, but is settling up very fast. Further north in the State there will be birds this fall on country which for two or three years has been reported poor. At this writing there is a grand chicken crop in the country near Bird Island, Hector and Sacred Heart. The slough country near Sleepy Eye is good. Redwood Falls has a good crop this year. The Thief River Falls country, opened up not very long ago, is stated to be good this year. One must expect grouse shooting chiefly in that country. For prairie shooting one will do better to go to Hallock, Ada or St. Vincent.

I get the above advice from a gentleman thoroughly posted on the Northwestern shooting regions, whose home is at Minneapolis. He adds that I may state unqualifiedly that shooters who go out with good dogs this season will get chickens.

My friend Mr. Neal Brown, of Wausau, Wis., last September introduced me to a new chicken country, that near Bagcock, Wis. This is in the marsh country and the pine forest slashings, where a few ragged farms are to be found. Near Babcock and Necedah there will be a great many birds this fall, and if you want to see shooters, just watch the trains of Aug. 31, north of Chicago and Milwaukee. The chicken hunters go out Sept. 1 absolutely in hundreds.

As to the prairie chickens in Illinois, I think the situation is much as it was last year. There are a few birds, usually in country which has been protected. My friend Mr. W. A. Powel has given me a standing invitation to come and shoot chickens with him, and if I get to kill a chicken this year it will probably be in the goodly land near Powelville. I should not feel like advising any one to come from a distance to hunt prairie chickens in Illinois, though without doubt the few first days of the season will see about as big bags made in this State as anywhere in the West.

Seizure of Song Birds.

State Game Commissioner Harry W. Loveday, with Deputies G. R. Ratto and M. H. Edinborough, this week visited all the bird stores and taxidermist places in the central part of Chicago, and seized all the song birds which were there kept in captivity and for sale. The Audubon Society is said to have encouraged this work. Prof. Frank M. Woodruff, of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, accompanied the officers and pointed out the species of birds which are protected under the terms of the Illinois law. The officers seized a number of mockingbirds, redbirds, robins, etc., and these were taken away. Later the birds were returned to their former owners for care pending the progress of the legal battle which will begin next week. The dealers claim the birds are not wild, but tame, and say that most of them are shipped in from the South and not taken in Illinois. There is an attempt made to create some feeling against the officers on the ground that they might as well search private houses and seize pet birds.

Forest Reserve Fires.

Reports from Kalispel, Mont., on July 25, state that a very vicious forest fire was raging at that date in the western part of the Lewis and Clark forest reserve. The Indians are said to have set these fires, over thirty of which are burning at different places up and down the river. The rangers have large crews of men out from

the generality of the principle they are used to expound, and yet they are definite steps to precision and usefulness of definition, when connected with the facts or the cases in which they are employed. With these for illustration it may be safely said that the rule prescribes no rigid equality and permits to the discretion and wisdom of the State a wide latitude so far as interference by this Court is concerned. Nor with the impolicy of a law has it concern. Mr. Justice Field said, in *Mobile County vs. Kimball*, 102 U. S. 704, that this Court is not a harbor in which can be found a refuge from ill-advised, unequal and oppressive State legislation. And he observed in another case: 'It is hardly necessary to say that hardship, impolicy or injustice of State laws is not necessarily an objection to their constitutional validity. The rule therefore is not a substitute for municipal law; it only prescribes that that law have the attribute of equality of operation; and equality of operation does not mean indiscriminate operation on persons merely as such, but on persons according to their relation. In some circumstances it may not tax A more than B, but if A be of a different trade or profession than B it may. And in matters not of taxation, if A be a different kind of corporation than B it may subject A to a different rule of responsibility to servants than B (*Missouri P. Ry. Co. vs. Mackey*, 127 U. S. 205), to a different measure of damages than B (*Minneapolis & St. L. Ry. Co. vs. Beckwith*, 129 U. S. 26); and it permits special legislation in all of its varieties. *Missouri P. Ry. Co. vs. Mackey*, 127 U. S. 205; *Minneapolis & St. L. Ry. Co. vs. Herrick*, 127 U. S. 210; *Duncan vs. Missouri*, 152 U. S. 377.

"In other words the State may distinguish, select and classify objects of legislation, and necessarily this power must have a wide range of discretion."

The United States Supreme Court, as well as nearly all the courts of last resort of the different States where the question has been determined at all, have decided that the constitutional provision in regard to due process of law and equal protection of the law have no application to cases involving the exercise of police power, particularly in regard to the protection of game and fish. The courts of inferior jurisdiction which have held otherwise, notably the United States Circuit Court for the Ninth Circuit, in the District of California, in one case, and in the District of Washington in another, you have already in your columns clearly and ably demonstrated to be in error both on principle and authority.

The decision of Judge Hanford in the Davenport case, which is the one from the District of Washington above referred to, is clearly, I submit, based on false premises. He has assumed, and based his decision on the assumption, that the quail in question were taken in Missouri at a time when by the laws of that State such taking is lawful. And while there seems not to have been any proof on that point, the fact is, as I gather from the law of Missouri, that, while it is permitted to transport beyond the limits of that State game lawfully taken there, yet in this case the quail in question being charged as being in the possession of the defendant at Spokane, Wash., on March 1, 1900, and the closed season for quail in Missouri being from Jan. 1 to Nov. 1, it might have rather been assumed that they were unlawfully taken in Missouri, and that being so their transportation was also unlawful; and that being so the foundation on which the decision rests falls; but if it be admitted that the Court in the absence of proof will not assume that a thing done is unlawful, then proof of the laws of Missouri should have been made; and in the absence of such proof the Court must assume, under another well-known rule of law, that the laws of Missouri on that subject were the same as those of Washington, and under the laws of the latter the offense was clear.

Furthermore, it was for the Legislature, and not the Court, to say whether or not the provision of the law of Washington in question was necessary for the protection of its own game. This has been so often decided, not only by the State, but also by the Federal Courts, that it is beyond question. The very late case of *L'Hote vs. New Orleans*, already referred to by me, is conclusive on this point; but even if the courts can consider this question, which I deny, still that such a law as the one in question is necessary is demonstrated constantly and everywhere, and is a part of the common knowledge on the subject of game protection. This has also been recognized in the rules adopted by the Department of Agriculture for the enforcement of the provisions of the Lacey Act, and was so declared by the House Interstate Commerce Committee in its report on the Lacey bill. While the learned judge was correct in saying that the *Geer* case did not hold specifically, that a State could prohibit the traffic in game lawfully purchased or otherwise lawfully acquired in another State, it is equally true that the Court said enough not only in that case, but in other cases, to convince any unbiased and impartial person that it would so hold when the question came before it, as well as holding that if the game was unlawfully taken or transported the State into which it is brought could make the possession thereof a crime.

These two Western cases are not perhaps of very great importance, but so long as they stand unreversed they furnish aid and encouragement to violators of game laws.

JOSEPH B. THOMPSON.

NEW YORK.

I know something of the camel, having camped for nights with three of the brutes gurgling and groaning within a few feet of my bed, and a spell of close companionship at the edge of the desert has not in any degree increased our mutual respect. The camel certainly has not yet had its fair chance, and should not hastily be judged, for the Arab, its master, makes slaves, not friends, of those who serve him. But I doubt, all the same, whether the camel, even when taken young, has any astringent susceptibility to kindness, and if a trainer can succeed in inducing one to waltz or pirouette on its hind legs I hope I may be present at the first performance. Moreover, conscience might rest fairly comfortable on the point of cruelty, for the camel can survive a good deal of rigor, and I have seen the brutes, after a fearful flogging from their drivers, sidle peacefully away to a fence of prickly pear and remove it to their insides in an incredibly short time.—F. G. Aflalo in *Fortnightly Review*.

See the list of good things in *Woodcraft* in our adv. cols.

Missouri and Kalispel, and are trying to save the white pine and cedar, thousands of acres of which have been burned over already. Some of the fine timber on the Flathead reservation has already been burned. The Indians have been killing the elk and deer started out by the fires which they have set. Fifteen dead deer and one elk were found in one bunch. From all accounts it would seem that a great deal of desolation is going on in what is naturally a very noble mountain country.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Illinois Game Outlook.

ALTON, Ill., July 21.—Illinois sportsmen are much elated over the magnificent prospect for field shooting in the State this fall. This is good news, but of more interest is the knowledge of how and why the condition has been brought about. The season has not been especially propitious; in fact, the weather has been rather too wet for the best progress of young bird broods. The improvement in the game stock is due wholly to the better protection afforded in season and out under the new game law which went into effect one year ago this month. One unacquainted with the facts would hardly suppose that any law, were it ever so good, could have such a noticeable effect in so short a time.

But everything was ripe in Illinois for the enactment of this law. The resident sportsmen had been working for it for years; and as soon as it went on the books it was backed with the moral and active support, both of hunters and of the Illinois Audubon and other societies working for the protection of the native fauna of the State. Governor Tanner, himself an ardent sportsman, was singularly fortunate in his selection of H. W. Love-day as State Game Commissioner. This gentleman had his plans all mapped out and most of his assistants chosen by the time the law became operative, and by the middle of July every pot and market hunter, and the indifferent slaughterer of all birds and beasts in which no neighbor could claim ownership, awoke to the fact that a new era had dawned which necessitated his keeping within the statute or undergoing sundry and considerable inconveniences. As one of the Congressional district wardens, the writer had much to do with the enforcement of the law in certain sections; and he was impressed with the degree of sympathy and support which came from all quarters.

Although the remuneration was practically nothing, it was no trouble to get deputies who could be relied upon, and but few prosecutions followed. When, however, arrests became necessary, the cases were pushed for all they were worth, with the full power of the State behind them, and in every important action, I believe, the law was sustained. The law is lacking in a few particulars yet, notably in its failure to provide an adequate revenue for the payment of deputies' fees and salaries, but this is to be remedied in the next Legislature, if the sportsmen remember to elect only the right kind of men to represent them, and then we shall have in Illinois a game law of which every citizen may well be proud. The fields are musical this summer with the cheery piping of Bob White, where he had been almost unknown for years. Reports from the central counties tell of a goodly supply of prairie chickens, while doves, now for the first time recognized as a game bird, and therefore protected, team on every wheat and oat field in the State. But it is not only the game which is protected. Every bird that builds its nest within the borders of the State, save the crow, blackbird, sparrow and hawk, is protected by the arm of the law, which makes it worth \$5 and costs to any one who shoots at it—if the officer find it out.

This may be an old thing in many Eastern States, but with us it marks what we consider a splendid stride forward, and we cannot help feeling proud of it.

F. C. RIEHL.

New Jersey Shore Birds.

BAYVILLE, N. J., July 28.—Yellowlegs are coming in. Some few willet and curlew are flying. A good season is looked for on birds. A good many fish are being caught.

HERB.

Stray Carrier Pigeon.

ALDER CREEK, N. Y., July 9.—Whose carrier pigeon is this? The bird arrived on the 7th inst. Marks in rubber band inside, No. 2277; outside, 397. Metallic band, M. P. A. 471 86.

F. N. PHELPS.

In the Country.

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring, nor whistles blow,
Nor crooks don't strike, nor gongs sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

Not real stillness, but just the trees'
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees,
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly tangled tones.

Or maybe a cricket or katydid,
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid,
Or just some such sweet sounds as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'twere't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like a city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest,
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue;
And say, now, how does it seem to you?

—Eugene Field.

A dog has no right to brood over its wrongs, and remember in malice. That the injured girl threw sticks and stones at the dog several months before she was bitten furnished no excuse. The only defense available to the dog's master is the doing of an unlawful act, at the time of the attack, by the person injured.—Iowa Supreme Court (Van Bergen vs. Eulberg, 82 N. W. Rep., 483).

Sea and River Fishing.

Winter Fishing at Tampico.

ABOUT the end of last October I left Kansas City for an extended business trip in the Republic of Mexico, but stopped en route at Aransas Pass for my annual outing on tarpon fishing. Unfortunately it was too late in the season, so after ten days of rather poor luck I left for Mexico City and took with me two tarpon rods, two reels, a gaff, one new line and a couple of old ones, about a dozen mounted tarpon hooks, a good supply of smaller hooks and a few other articles of my fishing outfit, sending home by express the larger part thereof.

My object in taking the tackle along was to try for tarpon at Tampico, in case that time could be spared from business; for when I was in Mexico during the spring of '99 I heard a rumor to the effect that there were tarpon at that port, but that nobody ever fished for them. How many times afterward did I club myself for not having brought down my entire outfit! Had it not been that I was greatly overloaded with baggage I would have done so.

After arriving at Mexico City I began making inquiries concerning the fishing cranks, and found that they are very scarce in the republic. Two men only had tried tarpon fishing at Tampico, and these with hand lines. One of them stated that tarpon there will not take a mullet, but will strike well at an artificial bait; and the other remarked, "You cannot land tarpon at Tampico as you do at Aransas, one out of five strikes or even one out of ten; for I had fully sixty strikes there without landing a single fish."

With both of these gentlemen I begged to differ, and whether I was right or not the sequel will show.

Toward the end of November, foreseeing that there



OFF THE WHARF AT LA BARRA.

would be a hiatus of a couple of weeks in my work, I made arrangements for a little fishing party at Tampico, consisting of Dr. H. W. Howe and Dr. José Rojo, both dentists, living in Mexico City. Dr. Howe is a man still on the right side of sixty, notwithstanding the fact that he served in the Federal army all through the American Civil War—a jolly good fellow, who can tell a good story and get up day after day at 5 A. M. and fish till dark. He is a big man, with a big laugh and a big heart, and as good a companion as the most fastidious sportsman could ask for. As I have told him more than once, he has but one serious failing, which is that at heart he is not a true tarpon fisherman, because on the slightest provocation he will quit his legitimate business with the grande écaile and go after sharks, jewfish, sawfish and such like vermin with hand lines as thick as one's finger, hooks strong enough to suspend an ox by, and chains that would hold a good-sized vessel at anchor. In this respect I fear that he is incorrigible; but I may be mistaken, for after having succeeded in catching the silver king on a rod he may be converted to legitimate sport exclusively.

Dr. Rojo, or, as we called him, Don José, is a young man of about five and twenty, who is assistant to Dr. Howe in his business. He is a type of the true Spanish gentleman, being descended mainly from Spanish and French stock, with just enough of the native Mexican blood to give him a good complexion and the privilege of calling himself a real Mexican. He is a most charming young fellow, with polished manners and engaging address. At fishing, however, he is (or, rather, was) a tyro, having never in his life caught a fish large enough to serve as bait for tarpon.

My time being short, and my companions not being ready to start when I was, I left Mexico City by the Mexican Central Railway for Tampico on the morning of Nov. 29. The ride on the branch line between Aguas Calientes and Tampico was well worth the trip. The scenery through the great cañon was splendid, and I could not but admire the fine engineering involved in the location and construction of this part of the railway.

I arrived at Tampico on the evening of the 30th, and proceeded directly to the Hotel Hidalgo, where I hoped to find that all the necessary arrangements for my sport had been made by the proprietor, including the providing of a boat, chair, boatman and a plentiful supply of mullet, according to the special request of Dr. Howe.

In this, however, I was disappointed, as practically nothing had been done; and the proprietor had the coolness to propose that I wait a few days until Dr. Howe's arrival, so that he could show me how to get things ready.

As this suggestion did not meet with my approval, I hustled around after dark, found a boatman who agreed to provide a boat, appropriated from the hotel a hard-bottomed chair, then turned in. Long before daylight I turned out and proceeded to the fish market to buy bait, which proved to be very scarce; but fortunately I made the acquaintance of a Philippino fisherman, who can be found at daybreak every morning at the bridge which crosses the little river that runs through the city.

He agreed to catch me a good supply of small mullet every morning, and to have it ready at 5:30; and during my entire stay he kept his promise fairly well. Returning to the hotel, I made arrangements for a basket lunch daily, and after many trials and tribulations managed to get started about 8 o'clock for La Barra, where the main river empties into the Gulf.

And now, before beginning the record of this fishing experience, I desire to assure my readers on my honor as a gentleman that every statement which I make is strictly true in every particular, and that the story I have to tell is in no way colored for their amusement or edification. In truth, the narrative needs no coloring, for the sport obtained at times surpassed anything of which I have ever heard. As I kept a rough diary during my stay at Tampico, it will be well to quote therefrom somewhat, in order to save the writer's space and the reader's time.

December 1.

Went down the river by skiff some six miles to La Barra, where the jetties begin, trolling all the way, and neither getting a strike nor seeing a fish till we had nearly reached the little wharf, when a tarpon showed up on the surface, much to my relief, as I had begun to think that there were none in the river. A rather stiff breeze was blowing from the north, and as my boatman was a mere boy and very small, it was not safe to go within several hundred yards of the ends of the jetties, so at first we kept under the shelter of the north jetty; then, after the wind had abated in violence somewhat, we passed over to the south jetty.

Within an hour I had a strike from a fish nearly 6 feet long, but it shook off. I was using one of Dr. Howe's new patent reels that he himself had made for me, all but the cog wheels, which he had a Mexican workman manufacture.

After another hour I got a second strike, and hung the fish, which instantly made a big run, that I, according to my usual practice, proceeded to stop as quickly as possible. In trying to reel in the line the miserable cog wheels failed and caused the reel to turn with much friction, so the line became slack and of course the fish got away. Very stupidly, I had left my two old reels at the hotel, so had to continue fishing with the crippled one. During the afternoon I got a third strike. The fish did not jump after the hook was set, showing that it was not a tarpon, but started off for sea in spite of all the pressure brought to bear with the brake, which, by the way, was lacking in rigidity. After 75 yards had run out I stopped the fish, and we began towing it up toward La Barra, about a mile and a half distant. To my dismay, when I tried to reel in some line the reel would not turn at all, but it would revolve the other way under the strain from the fish, consequently the further we towed it the more line it got out, so when we reached the landing place, a piece of sandy beach just above La Barra wharf, there were nearly 150 yards of line out, and the fisherman was in a badly exhausted condition. Springing out on to the beach, I dragged the line a short distance and got my boatman and a bystander to take hold of it with handkerchiefs to avoid cutting their hands; then throwing down the rod I coiled up the slack until the fish neared the beach. Until this time I was uncertain as to what was on the line, for from its action it might have been a stingray, a jewfish or a shark; but when it neared the beach first its large back fin and next its immense mouth proclaimed it a jewfish—much to my gratification. So I grabbed the gaff out of the boat, rushed into the water up to my knees, hooked the fish in the gills and dragged it high and dry on to the sand.

It was smaller than I anticipated from the fight it had made, weighing probably about 125 pounds. Had I had a good reel the fight would have been over in fifteen or twenty minutes.

In spite of the failure of this particular reel, I am firmly convinced from subsequent experience that Dr. Howe's patent brake is the ideal device for holding big fish with ease to the sportsman's hands and safety against the reel overrunning. Dr. Howe is now having a dozen improved reels made; and I anticipate that the one which is to belong to me will be the reel that I shall use exclusively in the future.

But to return to the narrative. The bystander got the jewfish in reward for his services, notwithstanding the fact that it could have been sold in Tampico for ten cents (Mexican) per pound; and I rolled up the line on the outside of the reel and quit fishing for that day.

We left our boat at the wharf, took everything out of it (because the Mexican peons are incurable thieves), and left all of our paraphernalia except the rod and crippled reel at the residence of the Custom House officer, a most kindly and obliging gentleman, who showed us many courtesies during our stay.

Went back to the city by train, put the fishing tackle in order for the next day, and retired early, with the intention of taking the 5:50 A. M. train for La Barra.

December 2.

Arose in good time, but everything seemed against my making an early start—no bait, breakfast not ready, lunch not put up, etc.—so had to wait for the 8:30 train. Started fishing at 9:30, and by 10:30 had beached a tarpon 5 feet 5 inches in length, which made an elegant fight, leaping from the water continually, and not giving up even after the boat was beached, for the awkward little pigmy who did the rowing, instead of setting the gaff into the fish with a vim, tried to hook it in the most tender and gentle manner possible, the result being another hard run, which I had to meet from the shore. Finally I got the fish once more into shallow water, passed the rod to the boatman, took the gaff from him, and with it hauled the fish up to a place of safety.

Our friend, the Custom House officer, took it with many expressions of gratitude, for the Mexicans eat tarpon, although of course preferring more delicate fish.

Before noon I had hooked and beached (this time on the south shore of the river above the inner end of the jetty) a still larger fish, 5 feet 10 inches long, which made a much harder fight than did the first one; consequently after towing it a mile and a half I was so used up that I insisted on the boatman doing the gaffing. The landing place was not a good one, being a little piece of sandy beach about 50 feet long, with the rock

jetty at one end and the remains of an old pile pier at the other. Of course my duffer frightened the fish off by his awkwardness—and more than once. For fear of cutting the line on the rocks or getting it tangled among the piles I had to snub the fish up short and haul it back by brute force. After a long struggle, exhausting not only from the hard, physical work, but also from a failing vocabulary and sore throat, I managed to get the fish ashore. It is lucky that my midget did not understand English, because if he did he might not have felt flattered. Perhaps the tone of voice employed during the excitement gave him an idea of my opinion as to his ability as a tarpon oarsman.

In the afternoon got one strike, but failed to hold. Heavy south wind blowing all day, making the channel rough and waves high. Fished faithfully till nearly dark, then took the 6:20 train for Tampico.

December 3.

Being Sunday, there was no early train, so we did not start fishing until 9:30. Had no more than gotten the line out when I struck a tarpon and landed it in fifteen minutes at the same spot where we had beached the jewfish. One more strike in the forenoon, but no fish. At noon took luncheon on the south shore, where we landed yesterday's big fish. We had with us this day a volunteer boatman, who offered his services gratis at the rowing in order to see the sport. He proved to be of more trouble than assistance.

While at lunch a howling norther came up suddenly. So hard did it blow that it took us at least fifteen minutes to get the boat 50 feet out from the shore, so as to pass the piles of the old pier. By degrees we worked toward the other shore, then turned and fairly flew before the gale in the direction of Tampico, where we arrived early in the afternoon after a rather exciting ride.

The evening train brought my two companions, who were well pleased to learn that I had managed to secure four fish in three days, in spite of the stormy weather.

December 4.

Turned out at the usual time, but did not get away till 8:30, as I had a great deal to do in helping to get ready the tackle of my friends, securing boats and boatmen, etc. Don José decided to ride with me in order to learn the modus operandi of tarpon fishing before starting in on his own account, so he sat directly behind me, and the boatman rowed from the front seat.

This time we concluded to try to fishing at the mouth of a river that flows into the main river at the south side just opposite the city, and not more than a mile from our starting point. The tide was going out, and consequently there was a sharp dividing line between the waters of the two rivers, those from the branch being somewhat muddy, and those of the main river clear and blue. We saw a good many tarpon, and it was not long before I had hung a big one, which fought well, first by jumping and afterward by sounding. It took half an hour to get it into shallow water, during which time I had not only to attend to business, but also delivered a lecture to Don José upon how to handle a heavy fish. He was a most interested and excited pupil, and showed such thorough appreciation of the sport that I consequently enjoyed this catch more than I had ever enjoyed any previous one. It was a most exciting half hour for all concerned, as this was the biggest fish yet, measuring 6 feet 1 inch, and being very heavy and solid. We estimated its weight to be in excess of 150 pounds.

As the landing place was very muddy, and as I did not have on my rubber boots, I did not care to gaff the fish myself, so Dr. Howe rowed up and shot it with his pistol, after which my timid boatman mustered up enough courage to drag it ashore. It seems odd that any one could be afraid of a tarpon—a fish without teeth—but such proved to be the case with most of the boatmen we employed, one only of the four I tried succeeding in becoming a truly good gaffer. Dr. Howe took a photograph of the fish, which proved upon development to be an excellent one, clear and distinct. After taking the photo we left the tarpon on the beach for the buzzards, which swarmed in for the feast before our boats were 100 yards away.

During our struggle Dr. Howe had several strikes, but failed to hold, probably because this was his first experience in handling tarpon with a rod.

I now passed my rod over to Don José, telling him that I hoped his first fish would be a little one; and sure enough it was—not 4 feet long. He held it for a few jumps, and then it shook off, much to my friend's disgust, who feared that he would never be able to catch any. Soon after he got another strike, but this time a single leap did the business, and poor José was bluer than ever. I cheered him with the remark, "Better luck next time," which very nearly proved to be a true saying, as he soon hooked and held a 5-footer. He handled the fish in first-rate shape, doing exactly as I told him for quite a while. We were fighting it out in midstream of the big river, towing backward and forward and heading finally for the north shore or the Tampico side.

Thinking that the fish could be landed in the boat and thus save us a muddy beaching, I told José to reel it up close and within reach of the gaff. He tried several times to do so, but unsuccessfully. Finally he got it up close, with the rod nearly vertical, when suddenly it sounded, and José not easing up on the brake, snapped the line, and the fish was a goner. Poor José's heart was nearly broken, and to cap the climax when he returned to the fray the fish had stopped striking. While all this was going on Dr. Howe had had, all told, seven strikes, but failed to hold, so when the striking stopped he started for La Barra, we following him soon after. We landed on the south bank, near some huts about half a mile from the jetty, and set the hand lines, which are from 150 to 300 yards long. The method of setting is as follows. One end of the coiled line is attached firmly to some solidly bedded object on shore, and the other end with the large hook and bait is placed in a boat, which is rowed toward midstream till all the line is out, when the hook is dropped overboard and the boat returns to shore. The line is hauled in a few feet, so as to have no reverse in its length, and it is passed loosely over and around the top of a short stick forced into the sand. This acts as an alarm, for when the fish gets hooked the stick falls, then all hands grab the line and haul in. While

at lunch we caught a small jewfish, then José and I left the Doctor and tried for tarpon between the jetties, but without success. Upon our return to the Doctor we found that he had caught another jewfish weighing 280 pounds, soon after José on one of the hand lines landed a large pargo mulato of about 75 pounds' weight. This fish looks a little like the jewfish, but has great solid teeth similar to those of a dog, and is colored a dull red beneath and along the sides.

Returned in the boats to Tampico in order to dispose of the big fish, which was given to the negroes who were working on the jetties. On the way back we found the mosquitoes rather troublesome.

December 5.

This morning my little boatman failed to show up, sending word that he was ill. Either he had been paid too much money or else had had enough hard work. Managed to pick up a young fellow, who proved to be lacking in nerve, for he would not go out where the seas were high, and would not go into the water to gaff the fish, his excuse for the latter being that he was afraid of taking cold. His name has escaped my memory, but any tarpon fisherman visiting Tampico can recognize him by his having lost his upper front teeth—probably in a fight.

Went alone to La Barra and landed in the forenoon two tarpon—one of 5 feet 11 inches and one of 5 feet 3 inches. Presented them to some natives.

Early in the afternoon came a rain storm, making things somewhat uncomfortable, and as the fish stopped striking I quit early and returned to Tampico by train, leaving everything at La Barra. The others fished most of the day opposite the city; but, although they had a number of strikes, landed nothing.

December 6.

This morning my boatman did not show up, but sent a friend, Aousencia Ruiz, who proved to be the best of the lot. He had nerve to go out to sea, and did not fear getting his feet wet. He was the only boatman out of the four that I tried whom I succeeded in teaching how to gaff a fish properly. With the exception of a couple of days, when he had other business to attend to in the city, he remained with me till the end of my stay.

Thus far the fishing had been only fair, as I had landed but seven fish in five days—sport enough to satisfy most tarpon fishermen, and good even for Aransas Pass, where an average of one fish per rod per day is considered quite satisfactory; but this day there was to be a change.

For a wonder we managed to make the 5:50 train, the two boats having started down the river about daylight so as to meet us at La Barra wharf. After a meager Mexican breakfast we started fishing at 7:30.

In the forenoon I landed one 6-foot and one 5 foot 11 inch tarpon, also one jackfish of about 20 pounds weight.

José got in the same time one small tarpon and one jackfish, and Dr. Howe took in on his light tackle while waiting unsuccessfully for some monster of the deep to attach itself to one of the hand lines a jackfish and several small fish. I gave away my 6-footer, but took the other to the rendezvous, where the Doctor photographed it with the rest of the entire morning's catch.

Returning to near the outer ends of the jetties, José and I fished unsuccessfully for an hour; then, it being about luncheon time, I hailed him, suggesting that we turn back, to which he agreed, but he did not do so immediately, nor did he show up at the rendezvous for an hour after my arrival. Just as I was about to start out to ascertain whether any ill had befallen him, I saw his boat coming, but noticed that he was not fishing. As he landed I saw that his right hand was bound up in a handkerchief, and that he looked as if he had lost his last friend. On inquiring what was the matter, we learned that he had hooked a big fellow which had proved too much for him, and in trying to brake the reel by the handle the latter had been twisted into a corkscrew and torn out of his hand, skinning his knuckles badly. It was not the injury which made him so blue, but the fact that he had, as he thought, ruined my reel, and that there was no other spare one of any account in the party. During the afternoon he amused himself with light tackle on small fish, of which he caught quite a few, and by watching the Doctor wait for the big fish that would not bite.

Immediately after luncheon I returned to the fray, reaching almost to the end of the jetties, as both wind and sea had moderated somewhat.

It did not take long to tie on to a big fellow, and while overcoming its first struggles a bright idea struck me. There was a large and very seaworthy skiff anchored at midchannel, its occupants fishing for sharks, which they kill in order to extract the liver and from it prepare "cod liver oil."

In my bad Spanish I asked the boatman if he could row over there, board the craft and gaff my fish therefrom. Assenting, he rowed over, got aboard, and after considerable difficulty on my part in getting the fish close enough without fouling the two shark lines, managed to haul it into the boat, where (with my compliments to the boatmen) we left it raising Cain in the bottom of their craft.

In less than fifteen minutes I was fast to another big fellow, so repeated the operation. This time the boatmen did not seem overjoyed at our approach, for they had all the tarpon they wanted, notwithstanding which, being polite fellows, they raised no objection to our coming. Remembering our long struggle in the last case, I suggested to one of the men that he harpoon the fish, which he did by a pretty shot at a distance of about 20 feet. It was a case, though, of "out of the frying pan into the fire," because the fish was not hit in a vital part, so proceeded to raise Cain with the tackle, twisting the harpoon line and mine into a nasty mess. Finally my boatman had to get on board the other boat and gaff the fish to get it landed. After losing some valuable time untangling the lines, we went at it again, joining Dr. Howe, who had given up the sharks in despair and concluded to return to his legitimate business. Pretty soon I had another—and a corker. How the fellow fought and jumped! It was as handsome a fish as I have ever seen, fresh from the Gulf, with scales brighter than burnished silver. Not caring to impose any more on

the good nature of my neighbors, I proceeded to tow the fish toward Tampico against a heavy current; but it was awful work for both the oarsman and myself, for at times the fish would turn our little boat at right angles to our course in spite of the boatman's pulling on one oar only with all his strength. After a while I got it pretty close to the boat, but by no means conquered, and the Doctor coming along at the time I asked for the assistance of his pistol, so as not only to save us a long and troublesome tow, but also to enable me to land another fish before dark and thus break my previous record on tarpon, viz., five of an average length of 5 feet landed in one day at Aransas Pass.

It may seem an easy task to shoot a tarpon from another boat, but it took ten minutes' hard struggle to get it to the top of the water and keep it quiet long enough for the Doctor to shoot. The Doctor took the fish into his boat, as his was larger than mine. Its length proved to be 6 feet 3 inches, and its girth unusually great, so it must have been a pretty heavy fish, but we did not weigh it. On only a few occasions did we weigh any of our catch, because of the trouble and delay involved.

Sure enough, I soon hooked my sixth fish—a fair-sized one—and towed it in to the beach above the wharf landing about dark, just in time to catch the train. During the day I landed also two big jackfish, thus making my catch six tarpon and two jackfish.

Up to this time all the tarpon were large ones, only one being shorter than 5 feet, and that only an inch or two. Curiously enough, the average length of my first dozen tarpon (the total to this date) was a little over 5 feet 8 inches—exactly my own height.

In the evening Dr. Howe, who is a mechanic of no mean skill, got to work on my reel and fixed it up in good shape, so José's spirits rose once more. It seems that the handle was merely shrunk on the shaft without using a cotter, so after straightening it out the Doctor drilled a hole and put a cotter in, thus making the reel even better than before the accident.

I neglected to state that during the early part of the afternoon the Doctor landed on one of his hand lines a sawfish 9 feet long.

This was evidently my day, for, while I had landed six big tarpon, José had taken only one little one, and the Doctor not any, although he had a number of strikes.

Up to this time I had kept an accurate account of the number of tarpon strikes, and much to my surprise I landed more than 50 per cent., while at Aransas Pass my total average had been only 22 per cent.

This is due possibly to the fact that the fish at Tampico were fiercer and appeared to be more hungry than those caught on the Texas coast, besides being much larger, my average length at Aransas Pass being exactly 5 feet. While fishing at Aransas one is often in doubt whether his live mullet is pulling or whether a tarpon is fooling with his bait; at Tampico it is decidedly otherwise, because the fish strikes the bait with a vim that takes the line out in spite of everything, and generally succeeds in hooking itself securely.

December 7.

At his special request I took with me this morning a young American residing in Tampico, who desired to see the modus operandi of landing tarpon, leaving the two doctors to try again the fishing at the mouth of the river, where José had had his first experience.

We followed this time the north jetty almost to the end, picking up a couple of jackfish; then crossed over to the south jetty, where I had a tarpon strike, but failed to hold. On remarking to my companion, who was stowed away comfortably in the bow of the boat, that it was a pretty fish, he replied that he did not see it, as he was reading, upon which I gave him a lecture on his lack of true sporting taste, so he put up the book and watched me land a couple of small fellows and another jack. About half an hour after the lecture, I spoke to him, but received no reply, and on looking around I saw that he was fast asleep, with a half-empty whisky bottle by his side; so I left him to his slumbers and proceeded to attend to the business in hand. At noon we went back to the wharf and took lunch, after which my companion declared that he was tired with his exertions and perfectly satisfied with his experience in tarpon fishing, so went ashore to take the train for home.

During the forenoon I had found that the fish were smaller and more plentiful near the end of the north jetty than at the other side of the channel, and being somewhat stiff and sore from the previous day's work I contented myself with fishing for the little fellows—all under 5 feet, but generally exceeding 4.

I had a number of strikes that I failed to score on, thus lowering my fine percentage somewhat.

Certainly these little fellows were game! How they did jump and fly around! However, I did not linger long with any of them, but hauled them up within reach of the gaff as quickly as possible, shooting a couple that proved unusually obstreperous, for fear that they would stave a hole in the bottom of my little boat, which, by the way, was really a trifle too frail for such heavy work and such high seas. Even a jackfish, when sounding, would so tip her as to render it necessary for me to lean in my chair far over to the other side in order to prevent upsetting. This was an accident of which I was in constant dread; not because of drowning, for I think that in spite of the current I could have swum clear the river, but on account of the sharks, which are said to be numerous in these waters, and of which I occasionally saw very large specimens, or, more strictly speaking, their back fins. Not once, however, did a shark give me any trouble, although Dr. Howe lost a couple of jackfish one day from these monsters.

Were it not for the sharks there would be fine surf bathing at La Barra during the summer, and in fact all the year round on warm days. The natives do go in, but not a season passes without some of them falling victims to these terrors of the sea.

The reason for there being so many small tarpon in the Pass this day was probably due to the fine weather, as both sea and wind had gone down materially. My experience leads me to believe that the lighter the wind, the calmer the sea, and the clearer the weather, the more fish of all kinds will there be in the channel.

On this day José distinguished himself by landing in two hours and a half a tarpon 6 feet 7 inches long. How

often is it the case that the tyro gets away with his instructor, or, to quote an old verse,

"To teach his grandson draughts,
His leisure he'd employ,
Until at last the old man was
Beaten by the boy."

It did not take José many days to learn to beat me, for my tarpon record to date is only 6 feet 3 inches.

Dr. Howe made a deal with an American taxidermist, whom he ran across in Tampico, to mount José's big fish and mine; but after fooling away several days and getting into the Doctor's pocket to the tune of several dollars by going on an extended drunk, he let the skins spoil. He claims to be the taxidermist who mounted Mr. Ed vom Hofe's record tarpon, the weight of which was 210 pounds.

Photo No. 5 shows Don José and his big tarpon, also his boatman and those of Dr. Howe. It is Don José who is holding the back fin.

December 8.

In order to vary the sport I took this day off to try the duck shooting in some lagunas up the little river that passes through Tampico.

Having heard that the ducks were very plentiful and that big bags were often made, I took with me all the shells I had, some 250 altogether, varying from 9s to 5s. Many of them were old, and had deteriorated, so as to be absolutely of no account. Ducks were scarce, but mud hens plentiful, so I turned my attention to the latter, which soon became wild enough to afford excellent sport. By 3 o'clock I had used up all of my shells, and when we got into Tampico about 4 we counted out 112 birds. The city market was glutted with mud hens next day, and my boatmen must have been fully \$5 the richer on account of having taken me shooting instead of fishing. I did not get a single shot at a duck the whole day, but perhaps might have killed a few were it not for the noise of the cannonading on the mud hens.

The doctors landed only one small tarpon at this day.

December 9.

We all took the 8:30 train for La Barra, and carried with us an unusually large supply of mullet—forty or fifty apiece.

Dr. Howe again went for the sea monsters with his hand lines, this time setting them out from the south jetty, just where it intersects the coast line, while José and I went out to the ends of the jetties. The day was calm, but there was a big swell on, so that we were out quite a while.

We fished mainly along the north jetty, very close to the end, and the way that the fish struck would have delighted the heart of the most blasé sportsman. There was one particular spot where we were sure to get a strike from either jackfish or small tarpon within a minute or two after getting our baits there. It was, however, a rather dangerous place to reach, as it was almost at the end of the jetty, where immense walls of water were coming in and breaking. I tried drifting down, but gave that up after losing a snell on the rocks. By crossing to the other side we could probably have struck larger tarpon, but these little fellows (4 to 5 feet long) were game enough to satisfy anybody.

We fished from 9:30 A. M. till 1 P. M., then went to join the Doctor. José's score for the three hours and a half was six tarpon and six jackfish, and mine six tarpon and ten jackfish. When we reached the Doctor we found that he had landed a 300-pound jewfish, and just as we got ashore he struck a shark, which we helped to land. About the time the brute was killed there was a big pull on one of the other lines. It proved to have been given by another jewfish, which must have weighed more than 400 pounds. It soon succumbed, however, to a couple of bullets from Dr. Howe's rifle.

Having once weighed a 350-pound jewfish caught at Aransas Pass by my friend and companion, Mr. John Perry, of Kansas City, I feel competent to estimate the weight of any jewfish of about that size. In this case my estimates were conservative ones. Besides, Dr. Howe had weighed already on this trip a 280-pound jewfish.

Dr. Howe insisted on taking some photographs of our morning's catch, and to please him we all turned to and hauled the shark (an 8½-footer, weighing probably 300 pounds) and our smaller fish over the rocks; but the jewfish were too much for us, so we left them in the channel tied to the rocks.

There must have been fully a ton of fish collected at this rendezvous, and all caught within the short period of four hours. Some of my readers will certainly term us "fish hogs," and perhaps we were; but as we made a business of sending our fish to help feed some 500 negro workmen at Doña Cecelia, the station between Tampico and La Barra, we cannot well be accused of much heedless waste. Had we been market fishermen we could have sold enough jewfish and jackfish to more than pay the entire expenses of the party for the whole trip; but that is not our way of doing things. Moreover, we considered the supply of fish to be practically inexhaustible, so did not hesitate to kill all we could. It was not practicable, as it is at Aransas Pass, to beach the fish, then measure them and let them go, because the distance from the best fishing ground to the nearest beach is too great.

Having run short of bait, I bent on a large phantom minnow of Dr. Howe's manufacture, and with it just before dark struck a large tarpon, which started out for sea on a swift run, jumping every few seconds. My best efforts failed to stop it until it had gotten over 100 yards of line and made four jumps. On the fourth jump it got off.

There was one sight that I saw this day which I would have given much to have had photographed. At the end of the north jetty the rollers often piled up as much as 10 or 12 feet without breaking, and the water seemed to form an almost vertical wall, clear and green. In one of these waves was a horizontal row of eight tarpon, all of the same size, and all with their heads down and their bodies nearly vertical, for they had kept themselves nearly parallel to the surface of the moving water. The view lasted only an instant, but while it did it was magnificent. Dr. Howe tells me that a day or two afterward he saw an enormous shark swim across the face of one

of these nearly vertical waves. Perhaps, by spending a day or two at the end of the north jetty, a skilled photographer could catch some interesting and valuable pictures; but he would have to keep his nerves strung up to the highest pitch, and watch for his chance without relaxing. Then again there would be a spice of danger attached to the work, because it would be necessary to keep within 150 feet of where these rollers break.

December 10.

An off day; cloudy, with light wind from the south, and more sea than we had yesterday. I picked up a couple of jacks and José got a small tarpon. After working faith-



DON JOSE AND HIS BIG TARPON.

fully for two and a half hours, we gave it up and went to the fishing grounds near Tampico, but were unsuccessful there. I did not get a single tarpon strike the whole day, but José got two. Dr. Howe spent the day with his shark lines, without taking a single fish. There must have been some good reason for the fish failing to strike, but what it was none of us could even surmise.

December 11.

Because of our bad luck of yesterday at the bar, Dr. Howe and I decided to try the Tampico fishing again, and I made up my mind to go some three or four miles above the city to the junction of two large rivers, just where the railroad bridge crosses the smaller stream, as I had



DR. HOWE AND HIS 223-POUND TARPON.

heard that it is at times a great place for fish of all kinds. There proved to be but few fish at the first river mouth and they were not inclined to strike, so, putting on a lead, I dropped my bait to the bottom and presently took a tarpon, which put up a good fight, and landed it on the north bank of the main river. It measured 5 feet 3 inches.

Then I again tried the same tactics; however, without success; but took pleasure in seeing the Doctor play and land a 25-pound whalo, or salt-water pike. It was a game fish, but its fighting was all done in the water.

Pretty soon I left the Doctor and started up river to the bridge, where I arrived in about an hour. Unfortunately the tide was coming in, so the tarpon were not there; consequently I put on a sinker and trolled slowly and deep for jewfish or whatever else might take the bait. After making a few turns I got a strike, and after a short time landed a little jewfish of about 60 pounds weight. This was the last fish I took that day, and all that the Doctor got was the before-mentioned whalo. We had the jewfish cooked at the hotel, and found it excellent.

An amusing incident occurred this evening as I landed at the bridge. As usual, there was a crowd of natives interested in the catch, tackle, etc. I heard one of them who was examining my line remark to another something about electric hooks, so I asked an American who was near by and who understood Spanish what the fellow said. He replied that the Mexican said, "These fellows must be using electric hooks, because they never could bring in such large fish on such small lines without first killing the fish by electricity." Probably the steel wire snell suggested the idea.

December 12.

My last day's fishing, important business calling me back to the City of Mexico.

José, too, had business to attend to in Tampico, so the Doctor and I went alone to La Barra and got to the end of the jetties about 10 o'clock. Just as we arrived there the jackfish began to strike, and looking out on to the Gulf we saw several great schools of them, that kept the water boiling constantly. The sea being quite calm, we ventured outside, and then the fun began. How they did strike! One fish would get hooked and a dozen more would follow it up almost to the boat. And such fights as they would put up! One that I hooked in the belly must have taken me between ten and fifteen minutes to bring to gaff. I thought at first that I had on a 50-pounder, but it proved to be only an average fish. After catching a few on my tarpon hook and losing a number of others, I took off the hook and put on a smaller one, with which I was much more successful. It had another advantage, in that, if my jackfish were swallowed by a shark, the hook would break. The light hooks, however, did not last long, and I must have used up four or five of them in the four hours that we fished.

On three or four occasions, when reeling in the line, a small school would follow up the bait to within 20 or 25 feet of the boat; then one would seize and tear it off, and another would strike at the bare hook and get hung. Several times I had no more than dropped the bait overboard than it was seized, and for a short time on two or three occasions I simply still-fished under the boat.

The bait disappearing rapidly, as jackfish are terrific bait robbers, I tried the experiment of cutting a mullet in two. This appeared to make quite a difference, because a small school would follow it for two or three minutes without touching it, but the moment that I began to reel in rapidly one of them would strike. We must have seen hundreds of thousands of these fish, for often there were two or three schools visible at once, some of them fully 100 yards in diameter, and others in strings of 200 or 300 yards in length. They were feeding on small mullet, of which there were a great many.

At first the current, which was very strong, took us eastward directly out to sea; but after a while a littoral current carried us northward. So powerful were these currents that while the boatman was gaffing a fish and removing the hook, we would drift from 200 to 300 yards. Invariably, we kept working back toward the jetties, so as to be able to pull in for shelter should the wind arise suddenly, as it is likely to do in winter on the Mexican coast.

About 1:30 it did commence to blow from the south-east, so we went inside and continued our fishing for another half hour; then the Doctor, either fearing that my little craft would sink with the extra weight in her (some 700 pounds) or else because he was getting hungry, or more probably because he wanted to exchange rod for camera, proposed that we go to land, which we proceeded to do. On our arrival we took two views of our catch, which numbered fifty-seven, the Doctor having twenty-three and I thirty-four.

I took advantage of this opportunity to weigh a number of these fish, and found that the small ones weighed as low as 15 pounds, and the large ones no more than 25 pounds, the average being fully 20 pounds. This was quite a surprise, for on account of the big fights they put up I imagined their weights to be much greater.

A 25-pound jackfish will fight quite as hard as will a 75-pound tarpon, but not so brilliantly, on account of the jackfish very seldom jumping from the water. The fierceness of their rushes and the short, sharp jerks which they give entitle them to very high rank among game fishes; in fact, no fish that I have ever caught ranks higher. No fresh-water fish is in it with them for a minute!

As before, the photographing and lunch broke up the afternoon, and I caught afterward only one jackfish, but lost a fine tarpon, the only strike of the day.

Thus ended my share of the fishing at Tampico. Next morning I turned over to Dr. Howe all of my tackle, presenting him with my light Divine rod in place of the one I broke; then took the Mexican Central train for the City of Mexico.

And now a word in reference to the Empire City tarpon line that I used throughout this whole campaign. I do not know who manufactures it or where it can be bought outside of San Antonio (but I shall find out after getting back to the United States), so I can say, without risk of being called down for advertising wares, that it is certainly by far the best line that I have ever seen. It is finer, stronger, and more durable than any of the other lines which I have used. This particular line, after landing fully two tons of fish, is still in fairly good shape, although it will probably never be used again, but will be kept as a relic of the finest fishing trip of our lives.

The Doctor's first step was to transfer my line to his patent reel, turning it end for end. What he did with it is described in the following affidavit:

Mexico City, Feb. 1.—This is to certify that I, Dr. H. W. Howe, of the City of Mexico, did on the 17th of December, 1899, in the Panuco River, opposite the city of Tampico, catch and land on a rod and line a tarpon weighing 223 pounds, length when lying on the ground before weighing being 6 feet 8 inches, and its dimensions at maximum girth being 9 inches by 15 inches. The rod used was a Divine No. 7, the line an Empire City tarpon line, No. 36, and the reel one of my own make furnished with Howe & Dinkins patent reel brake. The time required to land the fish was three hours and fifteen minutes. The estimated distance which I towed the fish was about seven miles. This is only one out of forty-seven tarpon caught in two weeks by our party of three, viz., Dr. José Rojo, of Mexico City; Mr. J. A. L. Waddell, of Kansas City, and myself. Besides tarpon we landed about one hundred and thirty other game fish, weighing from 15 pounds to over 400 pounds, besides scores of small fish with light rod and reel.

(Signed.) H. W. Howe.
Republic of Mexico, ss.
City of Mexico,

On this 6th day of February, 1900, before me, Andrew D. Barlow, Consul-General of the United States, personally appeared Dr. H. W. Howe, to me well known, and being by me first duly sworn according to law, did subscribe his name to the foregoing statement in my presence.

Witness my hand and official seal the day and year aforesaid.
(Signed.) Andrew D. Barlow.
(Seal.) Consul-General of the United States.

U. S. Consulate-General, City of Mexico.
Feb. 1.—I hereby certify that the foregoing statement made by Dr. Howe in reference to his largest tarpon is correct, and that I saw it hooked and landed.

(Signed.) H. C. Dinkins,
Gen'l Agt. Missouri Pacific Ry. and International & Great Northern R.R. for Mexico.

Unless since last summer some one has raised Mr. Ed vom Hofe's record of 210 pounds by more than 13 pounds, Dr. Howe stands to-day as the champion tarpon fisherman of the world; and if Mr. vom Hofe feels aggrieved there is only one thing for him to do, viz., go down to Tampico and fish at the mouth of the river opposite the city until he secures a still bigger fish. Perhaps he can get one which the Doctor left behind, and which he maintains must have been the great-grandmother of the big one he caught. As he tells the story, he was fishing at the usual place, when he got a tremendous strike, the fish taking out most of his line and towing the boat up the branch river at a great rate. As it did not jump, he assumed that it could not be a tarpon, but probably an immense gar; so after he had been carried up stream far enough to suit him, and after winding up all but 20 yards of line, he concluded to break the hook and get loose. This he did, but just as he pulled out came the head of a tremendous tarpon—as big as the head of a sow, the Doctor says.

He has been clubbing himself ever since because of his impatience.

The record tarpon is now being mounted, and will be exhibited for a while in Mexico City. The photo gives one a good comparative idea of its size, for the smaller fish in the picture is a good average tarpon of 5 feet 6 inches in length. This picture was evidently taken by one of the boatmen, the two doctors being in the photograph, each beside his own fish.

While the Doctor was struggling with his prize José hooked one about as big, but it broke the rod—the same one that I smashed, and which the Doctor had mended by shortening.

The grand total catch for the three of us, as stated in Dr. Howe's affidavit, was forty-seven tarpon and 130 other fish, not counting the small fish landed on two or three occasions upon light tackle. My share of this catch taken in eleven days was twenty-four tarpon, fifty-nine jackfish and two jewfish.

As it is probable that some tarpon cranks of the United States will want to go to Tampico to try the fishing, I shall close this already too lengthy article with a few pointers which will certainly be of great use to them, if they make the trip.

Do not stop at Tampico, because the hotel there is unsanitary and the food is bad; but go to La Barra and either live in a private car run down to the extreme end of the railroad or stop with Guillermo P. Pollock, who keeps a restaurant there. He promised us to take good care of tarpon fishermen, furnishing them with good board and clean beds for \$2.50 a day in Mexican currency, or about \$1.20 in American money.

Hire your boats at Tampico. They will cost 50 cents a day, or perhaps more, because at present there are only half a dozen skiffs available.

Get your mullet from the Philippino fisherman, who speaks English, and who lives close to the river near the bridge at Tampico. Arrange with him to supply each man in the party with fifty mullet per day, and have him deliver them at La Barra by the first train in the morning. From 40 to 50 cents per man per day would satisfy his ambition to the utmost. He is a pretty reliable fellow, much more so than the Mexicans.

Arrange to have for each sportsman a stout wooden chair, with a solid bottom, and a cushion with each chair. The said cushion is just the thing to form a fulcrum for the butt of the rod in handling a fish, the said butt being placed between cushion and chair.

Write in advance to Mr. G. P. Pollock at La Barra, Tampico, Mexico, stating the date of arrival, number in party, probable length of stay, etc., and ask him to make in advance of your arrival all the necessary arrangements for boats, boatmen, bait and chairs, and to have everything ready for an early start the first morning.

Take plenty of tackle of all kinds, as none worth mentioning can be bought at Tampico.

Drink no water that has not been boiled, unless you want to risk getting malaria.

Avoid all beer and liquors sold in Mexican bars. If you must have stimulants, take them with you from the States.

Insist on your boatman taking an extra oar and an extra rowlock in each boat, and that all rowlocks be tied on. See also that there is always a bailing dish in the boat. Each boat should be provided with a good gaff hook, and each sportsman should have a revolver in his boat, so that when far from land he can kill large fish before taking them aboard.

Make a deal with your boatmen to the effect that if they stay by you from start to finish you will present each of them with 25 cents per day extra for each day of your stay.

Insist that they sleep at La Barra instead of at Tampico. Otherwise they may fail to show up in the morning when you are ready to start.

The best boatmen are Aousencia Ruiz, Kenaro Cruz, nicknamed Cayote and Macho.

Carry a jug of boiled water and a drinking cup in each boat.

Have Mr. Pollock buy for you dairy milk in covered bottles. It is about the only good thing that can be purchased at Tampico, and it has to be ordered specially.

There will be no need for basket lunches, because you can readily get back to La Barra every day at noon, unless you go up toward Tampico, in which case the said basket lunches will be required.

Do all your fishing during the months of December, January, February and March. There are plenty of tarpon in the river in April, and possibly all the year round, but there is danger of taking malarial fever, or something worse, if one stays after the hot weather sets in. Probably there is good fishing during the latter half of November, and if the weather be cool then it would be safe enough to go there.

As none of the boatmen understand English, except the toothless one who is afraid of the water (and his knowledge of the language is very limited), the following little vocabulary may be of use:

English.	Spanish.	Pronunciation.
Tarpon.	Savalo.	Sáh-val-oh.
Jack-fish.	Jurel.	Hoo-rél.
Jew-fish.	Chierna.	Chee-áir-nah.
Pike.	Robalo.	Ro-báhl-oh.
Mullet.	Lisa.	Lée-sáh.
Small.	Chico.	Chee-koh.
Large.	Grande.	Gráhn-day.

Boat.
Current.
Shark.
Porpoise.
Oar.
Rod.
Line.
Hook.
Jelly.
North.
South.
East.
West.

Bote.
Corriente.
Tiveron.
Tonina.
Remo.
Caña.
Hilo.
Anzuelo.
Muelle.
Norte.
Sur, Sud.
Oriente.
Poniente.

Bóh-tay.
Corry-én-tay.
Tee-vare-ówn.
To-néc-nah.
Ráy-mo.
Cán-yah.
Eél-oh.
An-swále-oh.
Moo-él-yeh.
Nor-tay.
Soor, sood.
Oary-én-tay.
Pony-én-tay.

In conclusion let me recommend all American tarpon fishermen who can spare the time to try the winter fishing at Tampico. To any one desirous of going there I shall be pleased to furnish any information that I can, or to answer any questions propounded. My permanent address is Gibraltar Building, Kansas City, Mo.

In concluding these few words of advice to my brother tarpon fishermen, I can do no better than to suggest to them the standard fishing toast of Dr. Howe, viz., "When you get a bite, pull." J. A. L. WADDELL.

New England Angling.

BOSTON, July 28.—At Nahant and Nantasket fishing parties are of frequent occurrence. Boston merchants and business men make up fishing parties, and are gone for the day. They report great fun. Bluefishing has not been very satisfactory off the Cape, and around Buzzards Bay. It is thought that the hot weather has been unfavorable. Bass fishing has been good in some of the Plymouth ponds, and Boston fishermen have been down there.

Hot and dry weather has prevailed at some of the more northerly and easterly of the salmon rivers, and the salmon have refused to rise. There has existed all the season a wet weather belt, starting not far from the sea coast and running about northwest over Maine and the edge of Canada. Within this belt there has been a great deal of rain for two months. It includes the Aroostook waters, Moosehead, the Rangeleys and the Megantic Reserve, and the fishing has been good for both trout and salmon. North and east of this belt the weather has been very dry, and the rivers low. Late Nova Scotia reports say that the salmon rivers are very low and the fishing poor. The Boston party already noted in FOREST AND STREAM that went to Port Medway River found very low water, with hot weather. The salmon declined to rise, although the fishermen could see them in great numbers. The sportsmen returned bring back the report that the salmon in Port Medway are all that they have been represented, both as to numbers and size, but they will not rise when the weather is hot and the water very low. The same complaint comes from northern Canadian and New Brunswick waters.

July 30.—The reservoirs about here are being tried for bass and pickerel. It requires permits to fish these municipal reservoirs, which have generally been stocked at the State's expense, but these permits come through being on the right side of municipal officials. Lucky is the man who gets a permit. Lake Messapog, at Sharon, is giving some good fishing results to those who have the patience and know how. Mr. Felix Tausig fished there Friday with a result of about forty. About half were white perch, the balance pickerel and bass. Boston merchants frequently distribute their catches among their business friends, and the wholesale grocery trade got the most of Mr. Tausig's fish.

Recent Moosehead reports say that the late rains have greatly benefited the fly-fishing, which is excellent. Almost every fisherman of any skill brings in a good catch. Mr. George Linder, of Boston, a Moosehead angler for many seasons, and an expert with the fly, who never fishes in any other way, is at his cottage, Northwest Carry, with the Misses Linder. They are having the best of sport. G. A. Worth and T. J. O'Donohue, of New York, took fifty trout the other day on a trip to Brassua Lake. They weighed from 1 to 1½ pounds. Reports of great fly-fishing also come from Kennebago. Col. Eugene Atwood, of Stonington, Conn., took a trout of 1½ pounds fishing from the wharf the other evening. Henry M. Ricker, of Boston, fishing at Billy Soule's, landed twenty-seven trout in one afternoon recently, the string weighing 14½ pounds, and on another afternoon thirty-two trout, weighing 25 pounds. At Eustis and in the Dead River and Seven Pond regions there are many fishermen, and they write their friends great accounts of sport. At Eustis, G. A. Gibson, of Boston, seems to be pretty high line, with a record of three fish weighing 5½, 6¼ and 7½ pounds. Mr. Gibson tells his friends that he has killed two bears this trip and has the toes of another. Well, those toes are suspicious. Did he shoot his bears from some trapper's traps? At Haines' Landing the biggest fish recently taken was a salmon of 7½ pounds, the catch of the Wetherel party, of Boston. Mr. W. D. Barnes has taken a salmon of 4 pounds, at the Mooselucmaguntic House. Mrs. S. R. Knight has recently taken a salmon of 4½ pounds at the same place. SPECIAL.

Long Island.

SAYVILLE, Long Island, July 28.—Bluefish are now in the Great South Bay in large quantities. A great number have been caught by chumming at the cinders near the old fish house and in the west channel near Nichol's Island. One boat on Saturday caught 116 good-sized bay fish. E. R. W.

From Bay Shore comes the story of a 200-pound shark caught by a bluefish party Sunday afternoon. It is said to have been the second greatest shark ever taken in Great South Bay. The Bay Shore shark exploit is regarded as a praiseworthy effort for a summer hotel sensation, but probably circumspect inn keepers on the Atlantic coast will not emulate it. The record of the biggest shark caught off the pier is not one to be hankered after by land-lords who advertise good bathing. The sea serpent is an innocent and harmless creature in comparison with a shark in bathing waters. The sea serpent is always taken with so much salt that no one ever stays out of the water because of it; but the shark is actually believed in, and every shark that is big enough is in popular estimation a man-eater.

New Brunswick Fishing Privileges.

CHATHAM, N. B., July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent, Special, whose letter from Boston in your paper of the 21st is entitled "Canadian Fishing Licenses," conveys the impression that it is Canadian rather than Provincial laws which regulate the exercise of angling privileges in the different parts of Canada. Perhaps his treatment of the subject is natural, inasmuch as visiting anglers, sportsmen and tourists do not, to any extent, distinguish between the Canadian (Federal) and the local (Provincial) authorities.

All who write of such matters, however, would do well to remember that the Canadian Government has nothing whatever to do with game or angling licenses in any Province of the Dominion. The licensing power, in the matters of hunting and angling, is vested exclusively in the Government of each Province within its own boundaries.

Instead, therefore, of attributing to "Canadian Laws" annoyances to which visitors from the United States may be subjected by some of the petty, vexatious license enactments of certain Provincial authorities, it would be more fair as well as more intelligible if writers would use the terms Ontario, Quebec or Nova Scotia, as the case might be.

My troubling you in connection with this matter just now is principally because I received a letter a day or two since from the general passenger agent of one of our big Canadian railways, in which he said that a well-known sportsmen's paper of the United States had announced that license fees for angling were exacted in New Brunswick. I was glad to be in a position to assure my correspondent that the announcement referred to was entirely incorrect, and that neither residents, non-residents, British subjects nor aliens were required to take out licenses for angling in this Province. It is different in Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia.

With the single exception of hunting for moose and caribou, the same conditions prevail in regard to all game birds and animals in all the counties of New Brunswick with the single exception of Westmoreland, which borders on the Province of Nova Scotia, and the exception was created at the last session of the New Brunswick Legislature at the instance of Nova Scotia parties who desired to have uniformity in the law, so that border poaching might be stamped out.

It will, therefore, be seen that New Brunswick is not only the best angling and hunting territory of eastern America, but also that the policy of its Government is to treat visiting anglers and sportsmen with the greatest liberality and to protect them against annoying restrictions when they come here to enjoy the sport afforded in our forests and rivers. D. G. SMITH.

Fishery Commissioner for the Province of New Brunswick.

Fishing on the Jersey Coast.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 28.—The axiom that "no news is good news" is reversed in relation to my not having a letter in FOREST AND STREAM the past two weeks. The plain facts are there has been but little to write of. Bass have gone off somewhere in the sulks; kingfish are not in evidence, and nothing doing but an occasional plaice. The promised and much hoped for easterly blow has not materialized, and the fraternity is wallowed about in gloom. We did have a handful of wind from the east on Thursday, and as soon as the sea chopped up five bass were taken, ranging from 7 to 21 pounds. It only more firmly confirms the well-established fact that we must have east winds to have bass and kingfishing. Barnegat, however, is furnishing good sport, some fine catches of bass having been made by those who have the "how" and "where" under their hats. Weakfishing is also good, but I will repeat what I have so often said—to get good fish go at night and fish outside the channels. I well know that there are many who will challenge the above, but twenty years' experience and experiments have taught me some things, and the "fish outside the channel at flood tide" is one of them. LEONARD HULIT.

Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen.

NEW YORK, July 27.—At a regular meeting of the Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen, held at their rooms, 106 West Thirty-first street, on July 16, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Theodore Biedinger; Vice-President, Albert Baywood; Record and Corresponding Secretary, James M. Wheeden; Financial Secretary, Eugene Fliedner; Treasurer, Daniel A. Nesbitt. Board of Directors—Col. J. F. Milliken, Chairman; Henry Schmidt, Louis Berge, Fred Hochgraef, Jr., Louis H. Johnson, Henry Graeter, Charles S. Crane. Committees: Press—James M. Wheeden, Eugene Fliedner, Henry Graeter. Law—Col. J. F. Milliken, Joseph Steiner, J. M. Birnbaum. Entertainment—A. Baywood, Fred Hochgraef, J. Lightfene. J. M. WHEEDEN, Sec'y.

The Fishing Banks.

NEW YORK, N. Y., July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the steamer Angler off Long Beach Sunday, passengers had a rare day's sport. Fluke, sea bass and porgies were taken in abundance. Some of the catches reported were: Wm. Lutz, 10 fluke, 3 bass; Lank Weschler, 3 fluke, 5 bass; Ike Fishler, 7 fluke, 4 bass; Henry Kahn, 4 fluke, 4 bass. A 7½-pound fluke took the daily prize, won by Wm. Lutz. My catch was 6 fluke and 2 bass. CHARLES MANSBACH.

Illinois Fishing.

MCHENRY, Ill., July 27.—In the surrounding lakes and rivers, black bass, pike, pickerel and the various smaller varieties of fish are being caught in large quantities. Some very fine catches of bass and pickerel are daily being brought in.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Movements of Western Sportsmen.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 28.—Mr. R. H. Southgate, of the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, has outfitted extensively and left this week for a trip in Canada, where he will remain some days.

Mr. J. C. Everett and a party of friends, of Highland Park, a suburb of this city, left this week for a trout trip on the famous Au Sable River of Michigan, to be gone a couple of weeks.

Mr. H. Lee Borden and family, of this city, are this week absent on an extended pleasuring trip on the St. Clair flats. Abundant outfit goes to them, and the supposition is that the party are going to have a lot of sport. They have their own yacht along.

Mr. Robt. Pierce, of Topeka, Kan., outfits here this week for a fishing trip in Wyoming.

Mr. Abe La Fave, the well-known Manitowish guide, is in Chicago this week for a look around, according to the report of some of his friends.

Mr. Wm. J. Mohr and family, of Chicago, have left for Lake Geneva, Wis., for a season of rest and fishing.

Mr. Fred Gardner, of this city, is reported absent from his place of business here, and present at his place of pleasure on Trout Lake, Wis.

An important party to start for the West this week is that headed by Mr. W. H. Bartlett, of the Board of Trade. They go to Estes Park, Colo., for a fishing trip.

Mr. R. B. Organ is back from an unsatisfactory trip to Mukwonago, Wis., where he went with his friend, Mr. Wm. White, of Allisons. Mr. Organ could not get any one to row him when he got to the village except a boy who knew nothing but perch fishing. They went out on the old mill pond, the same pond of which I used to write when J. B. H. and I camped in that country, and where we caught so many big bass. The fishing has been so good there this year that many boats were out, and no one was left to guide Mr. Organ, who was a stranger to that water. He discovered just where the bass were lying—just where they were when J. B. H. and I fished there—under the floating bogs. He had only a light casting line with him, and what happened to him was just what happened to us when we began to fish there. He got a strike, the fish ran far away under a floating bog, the line broke at the strike, and that was all. Seeing that he was in a hard game and with poor outfit, Mr. Organ went back to the hotel and said he would go home if he could not get a guide. He couldn't, so he came back the same day, and had no sport. Meantime his friend, Mr. White, was out on the same water, and as usual to good bass fishers on that water when accustomed to the wrinkles, he got some very big bass—six of them, one of which weighed 5 pounds 7 ounces. He got two of them in the same little creek which J. B. H. and myself first unveiled to the Chicago angling public, and which this year has been turning out many very big fish. Other boats on the mill pond got good bass the same day Mr. Organ was out—in fact, all the bass taken were good ones, almost nothing under 3 pounds. I have never found a bass country which would produce so many big bass as this same region in question, where the Camps Forest and Stream were pitched for so many years.

This same Mr. White, as earlier mentioned, has been getting a lot of nice bass in that same Waukesha county. While stopping at Tuohy's place he got one day four bass that weighed 19 pounds total, and he caught one other which he had mounted—one of the old moss backs that weighed 6 pounds 7 ounces. It would seem that they are doing business with our time bass up in there this year. This has been an exceptionally fine year for bass in that country, and for no reason that can be traced. The bass must have been local fish, for there is no way for them to run in there from any other country, and they are so large that they must have been there for some time. Yet this fine fishing comes after three or four years of very poor sport on those same waters.

Mr. Daniels, who fished Eagle Lake last Saturday before breakfast, caught seven bass, in a little time, and one of these weighed 5 pounds plump—a very good fish indeed. Mr. W. P. Williams, of the sub-treasurer's office of this city, was another to have good luck this week, killing four heavy bass on the Mukwonago Mill Pond, within a short distance of where Mr. Organ was fishing. The latter gentleman is vowing revenge, and plans another trip.

Mr. H. W. Perce, President of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, and his friend, Mr. George A. Hinterleitner, have returned from their two weeks' fishing trip at Christiana Lake, Mich. They had a very good time, and report 150 nice bass to their two rods during their fortnight's sojourn.

Mr. M. P. Riley, fishing in Sand Lake, Ill., this week, in two and a half hours caught twelve nice bass, the heaviest weighing 3½ pounds.

Mr. William Crandall, fishing in Fox Lake last week, succeeded in taking ten very good bass one morning.

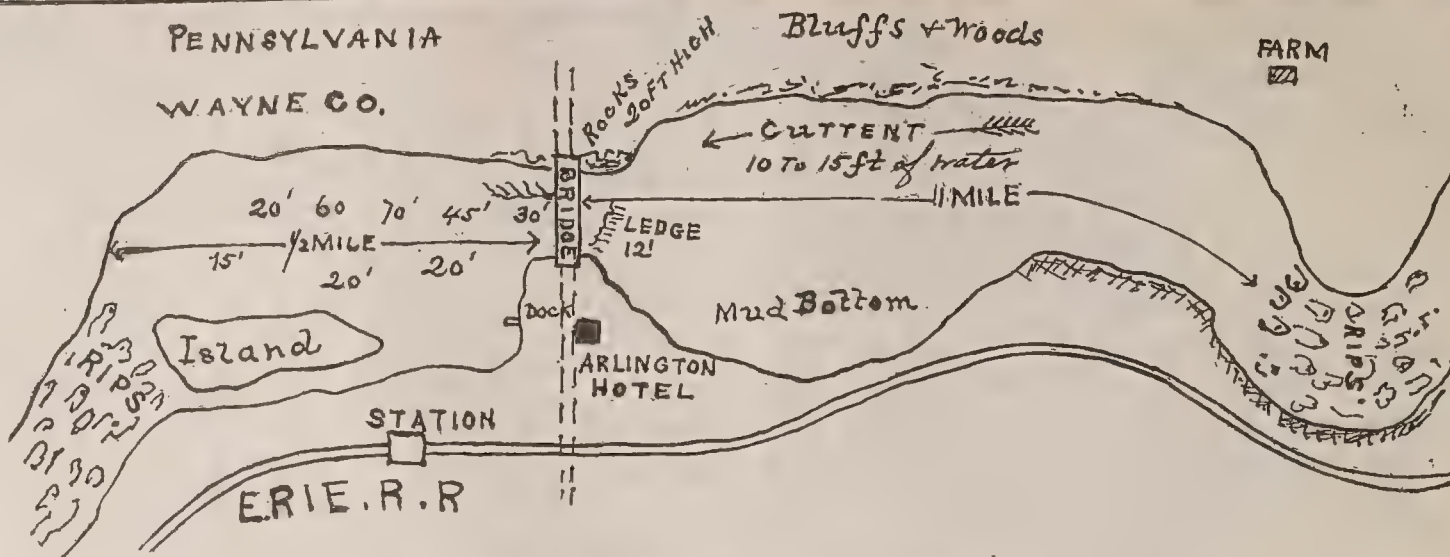
Mr. H. F. Crow and his friend, Mr. Frank Karr, fished Brown's Lake, near Burlington, Wis., this week. They were lucky enough to hit the bass when they were rising and caught 169, weighing from 1¼ to 2¾ pounds. They had a very good trip indeed.

Mr. A. H. Brown and Mr. C. A. Havens, of this city, are back from a very lucky trip to Hamlin Lake. They fished by trolling principally, and caught fifty-four pickerel, twelve bass and some good pike. They fished for four days and say they lost a great many nice fish which struck.

A very interesting fishing experience is reported by Mr. Bert Buell, who took nine small-mouth bass of an average weight of 2½ pounds on Lake Geneva, Wis., this week. Mr. Buell used grasshoppers for bait, and one may imagine he enjoyed fishing with this unusual bait for the gamiest of our Western fishes.

Fly-Casting Tournament.

Advice from the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club says that Mr. W. D. Mansfield and one or two others of that club will be present at the Chicago tournament. It was hoped that Mr. Reuben Leonard, of New York, would also attend, but this is not likely. The tournament will no doubt be a very pleasant and successful affair.



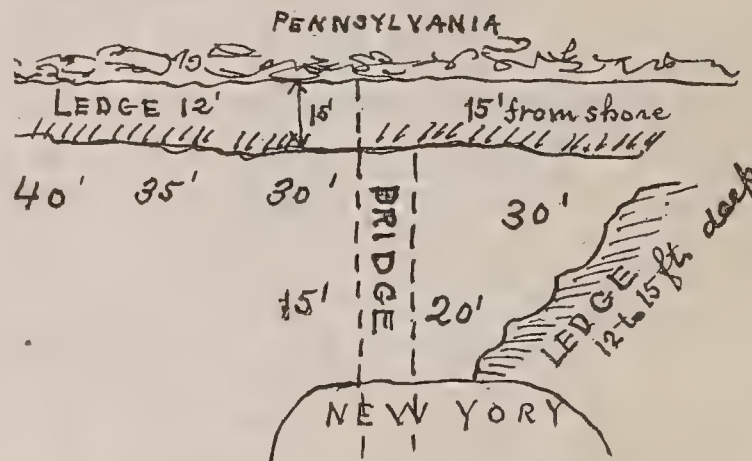
THE DELAWARE AT NARROWSBURG.
The Big Eddy and the wall-eyed pike hole under the bridge.

The Narrowsburg Pike and Bass Pocket.

NARROWSBURG, N. Y.—On the Delaware River at Narrowsburg we find the pool known as Big Eddy, as it is considered the biggest and deepest eddy throughout the length of this grand river. Its greatest depth is about 70 feet just in the center of that part of the pool below the bridge. This pool is probably the best piece of water for wall-eyed pike in the Delaware, and fish of 10 to 15 pounds are not uncommon from this pool. They have a favorite spot which is along the foot of the walls of the two ledges by the bridge in about 30 feet of water. The first ledge runs out from shore about 15 feet on the Pennsylvania side; it starts at the point of the rocks below the bridge, runs up under and ends about 50 feet above the bridge. The water drops suddenly to 30 feet from this ledge. The second ledge runs from just above the bridge on the New York side to the point above the bridge on the Pennsylvania side. This ledge is also covered by about 12 to 15 feet of water, dependent on the state of the river, and the water drops also to 30 feet, thus making two walls forming two sides of a triangle. It is along the foot of these walls in the deep water that the wall-eyes are found. The best bait for this water is small chubs, about 6 or 7 inches long.

The bass fishing in this pool is first-class. It is simply impossible to say which are the best points for them. They are found all over it. Some mighty big ones are here, too, waiting to be coaxed out.

Great sport can be obtained fly-fishing either in the rapids above or below the pool. The most seductive fly for bass we ever ran across we call Johnny Wright's fancy, because we believe it has no name, and was introduced to us by Mr. Wright, manager of the fishing



Tarpon in Long Island Waters.

A TARPON was taken off Quogue, Long Island, N. Y., last week by fishermen who were fishing with seines for bunkers. The occurrence of the fish so far north is not common, but we have recorded several captures off the coast from New Jersey to Rhode Island.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 21.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Third annual field trials of the Iowa Field Trials Association. M. Bruce, Sec'y, Des Moines, Ia.
 Aug. 23.—Sioux Falls, S. D.—Inaugural field trials of the South Dakota Field Trials Association. Olav Haugtro, Sec'y, Sioux Falls, S. D.
 Sept. 3-4.—La Salle, Manitoba, Can.—Western Canada Kennel Club's annual field trials. A. Lake, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
 Sept. 6-7.—Brandon, Manitoba, Can.—Third annual field trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. J. Elliott, Sec'y.
 Sept. 11.—Manitoba, Can.—Fourteenth annual field trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
 Oct. 30.—Seneca, O.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's sixth annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
 Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.
 Nov. 7-8.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
 Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
 No. 20.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.
 Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.
 Nov. 20.—Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
 Nov. 22.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. Barret Gibson, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
 Nov. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
 Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Iowa Field Trials.

DES MOINES, Ia., July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I inclose herewith list of entries for the Iowa field trials. Everything looks favorable for successful trials. Plenty of birds are reported, and we have arranged to have the grounds patrolled every day from Aug. 1 to the time of the trials:

FRANK H. PERRY, Pres. I. F. T. A.

Derby.

Lord Roberts—Lewis Veveer's b., w. and t. setter dog (Rodfield—Lady of Gloss).
 Dandy Jim—M. Bruce's l. and w. pointer dog (Up to Date—Sirene).
 Phoebe Hill—J. T. Carter's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Oakly Hill—Ten of Hearts).
 Sidney—C. A. Smith's l. and w. English setter dog (champion Lady's Count Gladstone—Latonia).
 Count Whitestone—Lewis Stuchmer's lem. and w. English setter dog (Lady's Count Gladstone—Jessie Rodfield).
 Oliver B.—F. A. Warneke's Gordon setter dog (McHill—Fanny).
 Seven Up—J. W. Blythe's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Cincinnati Pride—Brown's Queen Vic).
 Ightfield Joe—W. H. Hutchinson's l. and w. pointer dog (Brighton Joe—Ightfield Chic).
 Hal's Dot—J. E. Davies' b. and w. pointer bitch (Hal Pointer—Ned's Dot).
 Jingo Flyer—P. McNally's l. and w. pointer bitch (Royal Jingo—Royal Chic).
 Belle—William Rushle's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Clint Noble—Ten of Hearts).
 Cook Cousins—A. T. Burger's b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Rodfield—Lento R.).
 Bob White—F. Tollerton's l. and w. setter dog (Rodfield—Grace Darling).
 Jimmie's Bang—A. Alabaugh's l. and w. pointer dog (Donovan—Devonshire Jenny).
 Checkers—Ortiz Fruit Farm Kennels' b., w. and t. English setter dog (Cincinnati Pride—Brown's Queen Vic).
 Ortiz Lad—Ortiz Fruit Farm Kennels' o. and w. English setter dog (Rodfield—Grace G. Darling).
 Ortiz Pride—Ortiz Fruit Farm Kennels' b., w. and t. English setter dog (Rodfield—Mark's Nellie).
 Daisy—J. S. Smith's red Irish setter bitch (Fred Wood—Plover Bell).
 Sport's Bee Bee—A. H. Keller's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Clint Noble—Flyer).
 Sabin's Rip Rap—H. A. Subilia's l. and w. pointer dog (Young Rip Rap—Mother Sabine).
 Joe Howard—Alexander McLachlan's b. and w. pointer dog (Brighton Joe—Missouri Queen).
 Count's Lit—T. A. Noble's b. and w. setter bitch (Lady's Count Gladstone—Jessie Rodfield).
 Jingo's Jerry—G. W. Courtright's l. and w. pointer dog (champion Jingo—Rose Lee Hessin).
 Jingo Hessen—G. W. Courtright's b. and w. pointer bitch (champion Jingo—Rose Lee Hessen).
 Mack—M. Jenswold's b., w. and t. English setter dog.
 Tony's Dot—C. D. Stuart's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Tony's Boy—Druid's Daisy II.).
 Jingo's Lit—John Otten's b. and w. pointer bitch (champion Jingo—Queen of Littiz).
 Natty Boy—Walter W. Henry's b. and w. setter dog (Cincinnati Pride—Brown's Queen Vic).
 Dock Hill—Dr. E. F. Yancey's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Count Rodstone—Nona H.).
 Count's King—C. J. Pesch's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Lady's Count Gladstone—Latonia).
 Latonia Boy—C. J. Pesch's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Lady's Count Gladstone—Latonia).

All-Age Stake.

Hawkeye Queen—W. H. Hutchinson's t. and w. setter bitch (Ruby's Mark—Midget Bly).
 Lightfield Chick—W. H. Hutchinson's l. and w. pointer bitch (champion Jingo—Ightfield Dove).
 Miss Croxie—W. H. Hutchinson's l. and w. pointer bitch (champion Rip Rap—Croxie Kent).
 Natty Pride—Ortiz Fruit Farm Kennels' b. b. English setter bitch (Cincinnati Pride—Brown's Queen Vic).
 Lady Gladstone of Ortiz—Ortiz Fruit Farm Kennels' b., w. and t. English setter bitch (champion Lady's Count Gladstone—Daughter Noble).
 Ortiz Fruit Farm Kennels' b., w. and t. English setter dog (Rodfield—Mark's Nellie).
 Ortiz Count Gladstone—Ortiz Fruit Farm Kennels' b., w. and t. English setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Countess Noble).
 Seven Up—J. W. Blythe's b. and w. setter dog (Cincinnati Pride—Brown's Queen Vic).
 Star Pointer—J. W. Blythe's b. and w. pointer dog (Hal Pointer—Parson's Trinket).
 Rod's Pansy—J. W. Blythe's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (champion Rodfield—Kate N.).
 Glen—Geo. Waddington's b. and w. setter dog.
 Maud Hick—Geo. Waddington's b., w. and t. English setter bitch.
 Dash—H. C. Shadbolt's chestnut and w. English setter dog.
 Sport's Destiny—A. H. Nelson's b. b. setter bitch (Naree Sport—Mark's Fleet).
 Josie Brighton—Gus Clay's b. and w. pointer bitch (Brighton Joe—Jingo Flora).
 Lady Rodfield—A. H. Pinkel's b., w. and t. setter bitch (champion Rodfield—Susie).
 Zephyr II.—Jas. S. Crane's b. and w. ticked pointer bitch (champion Rip Rap—Jingo Jay).
 Dot's Daisy—Jas. S. Crane's l. and w. ticked pointer bitch (champion Jingo—Dot's Pearl).
 Eatoile—W. A. Smith's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Roy Noble II.—Etorla).
 Jingo Ripple—Dr. G. T. Page's l. and w. pointer bitch (champion Jingo—Rippo).
 Queen W. H.—F. A. Warneke's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Bouse—Fly).
 Tom Whitestone—Louis Stuebmer's l. and w. English setter dog (Lady's Count Gladstone—Jesse Rodfield).
 Haxon—C. A. Smith's b. b. English setter dog (Samuel—Fly W.).
 Stolen Derby—I. T. Carter's b., w. and t. English setter dog (Rodfield—Susie).
 Rod Webster—Martin Voorhees' b., w. and t. setter dog (Rodfield—Lady Webster).
 Drill Master—O. W. Ferguson's l. and w. pointer dog (Jingo—Dot's Pearl).
 Peg's Girl—E. L. Jamison's b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Rodfield—Lady Webster).
 Sport's Boy—Chas. B. Cook's w. and l. setter dog (Marie Sport—Isabella May).
 Fritz of Zippo—M. Bruce's b. and w. setter dog (Zip-po II.—Lady of Gloss).

Continental Field Trial Club Derby.

Setters.

There are thirty-one entries:
 Solomon—H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. dog, April, 1899 (Marie's Sport—Isabella Maid).
 Tony's Dot—C. D. Stuart's b., w. and t. bitch, January, 1899 (Tony Boy—Druid's Daisy II.).
 Ivanhoe—John Myers' b., w. and t. dog, January, 1899 (Tony Boy—Flush o'Dawn).
 Jessie Lucifer—Dr. G. Chisholm's b., w. and t. bitch, April, 1899 (Blue Hope—Isabella Madge).
 Verona Cap—Verona Kennels' o. and w. dog, January, 1899 (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft).
 Verona Reon—Verona Kennels' o. and w. bitch, January, 1899 (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft).
 Verona Diablo—Verona Kennels' b., w. and t. dog, January, 1899 (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft).
 Verona Spice—Verona Kennels' o. and w. bitch, May, 1899 (Count Gladstone IV.—Countess K.).
 Verona Wilhelmina—Verona Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch, May, 1899 (Count Gladstone IV.—Countess K.).
 Leading Lady—G. G. Williamson's b., w. and t. bitch, June, 1899 (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).
 Joe Wheeler—Oakland Association's b., w. and t. dog, January, 1899 (Belton Bob—Antoine Gladstone).
 Lady Randolph—Oakland Association's b. and w. bitch, January, 1899 (Belton Bob—Antoine Gladstone).
 Ruby's Druid—J. H. Johnson's (agt.) b., w. and t. dog, July, 1899 (Dave Earle—Tony's Ruby).
 Ruby's Lady—J. H. Johnson's (agt.) b., w. and t. bitch, July, 1899 (Dave Earle—Tony's Ruby).
 Fairview Dream—W. G. Brokaw's l. and w. bitch, June, 1899 (Viscount Furness—Fairview Fly).
 J. T.—James Thomson's b., w. and t. dog, July, 1899 (Dave Earle—Tony's Ruby).
 Kipling—E. H. Osthaus' b., w. and t. dog, March, 1899, (Joe Cumming—Miss Osthaus).
 Silence—Geo. Crocker's b., w. and t. dog, April, 1899, (Sam T.—Belle of Alma).
 Col. Joe—A. H. Nelson's b., w. and t. dog, June, 1899 (Joe Cumming—Della K.).
 Bit—Arthur Stern's b., w. and t. bitch, March, 1899 (Count Ladystone—Fair Sport).
 St. Helena—R. D. Winthrop's b., w. and t. bitch, March, 1899 (Guy—Belle).
 Bell Boy—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog, March, 1899 (Tony Boy—Lena Belle).
 Tomboy—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch, March, 1899 (Tony Boy—Lena Belle).
 Vevay—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch, March, 1899 (Tony Boy—Lena Belle).
 Bow Knot—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog, March, 1899 (Why Not—Bennie B.).
 Mollie B. II.—Dr. J. S. Brown's b., w. and t. bitch, February, 1899 (Tony's Gale—Mollie B.).
 Eldred Nancy—Eldred Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch, January, 1899 (Tony's Gale—Flavia).
 Mark Twain—E. L. Jamison's b., w. and t. dog, March, 1899 (Joe Cumming—Miss Osthaus).
 Capt. Scott—W. W. Titus' b., w. and t. dog, March, 1899 (Joe Cumming—Miss Osthaus).

Hobson—Alton N. Davis' b., w. and t. dog, February, 1899 (Rodfield—Doll Gladstone).
 Glad Tidings—E. A. Meiser's b., w. and t. bitch, May, 1899 (Dave Earle—Accellerando).

Pointers.

There are ten entries:
 Doc Light—Dr. G. Chisholm's lem. and w. dog, April, 1899 (Jingo's Light—Gull's Juno).
 Jingo's Romp—N. T. Depauw's l. and w. bitch, April, 1899 (Jingo—Nellie Croxteth).
 Odd Fellow—Geo. E. Gray's l. and w. dog, April, 1899 (Young Jingo—Eve).
 Gray's Pearl—John F. Gill's l. and w. bitch, May, 1899 (Young Jingo—Gypsy Jess).
 Joe Howard—Alex. M. Lachlan's b. and w. dog, March, 1899 (Brighton Joe—Mo Queen).
 Tick's Maid—Geo. Crocker's l. and w. bitch, March, 1899 (Tick Boy—Fawn).
 Babe Upton—Fred T. Darst's l. and w. bitch, January, 1899 (Don Upton—Eldridge Nell).
 Young Eva B.—Dr. J. S. Brown's l. and w. bitch, April, 1899 (Young Jingo—Eve).
 J. C.—F. R. Huntington & Paul Loring's b. and w. dog, April, 1899 (Young Jingo—Eve).
 Lolpore—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' l. and w. bitch, April, 1899 (Tippoo—Toxic).
 THEO. STURGES, Sec'y and Treas.

Irish Setter Club.

PHILADELPHIA, July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The Irish Setter Club of America offers a prize of \$50 for the first Irish setter winning an undivided first, second or third place in the Derby or All-Age stakes of the Monongahela Field Trials of 1900.
 GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y I. S. C.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

1. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
- 3-4. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup matches, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
4. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
4. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. Indian Harbor, annual, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
4. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
4. Queen City, cruising race, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
4. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
4. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
4. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
4. Jamaica Bay, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
4. Winthrop, open, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
4. Beverly, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
4. Columbia, championship, Boston, Boston Harbor.
4. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
4. South Boston, sailing dinghies, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. Squantum, ladies' day, Squantum, Mass.
4. Quannapowitt, commodore's cup.
4. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
5. New York, rendezvous.
- 6-16. New York, annual cruise, Long Island Sound.
7. Manchester, Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Lake Champlain, annual, Burlington, Lake Champlain.
8. East Gloucester, evening, Gloucester, Mass.
- 8-11. Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
11. Hempstead Harbor, annual, Hempstead Harbor, L. I. Sound.
11. California, cruise to Angel Island and return, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
11. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
11. Royal St. Lawrence, open, Valois, Lake St. Louis.
11. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
11. Haverhill, pennant, Haverhill, Mass.
11. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
11. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
11. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Mass.
11. Quannapowitt, club.
11. Seawanhaka Cor., special, Corinthian race, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
12. Winthrop, sail to Weymouth.
12. Columbia, ladies' day, Boston Harbor.
14. American, open, Newburyport.
- 15-17. Hull-Massachusetts, midsummer series, 25ft. class, Boston Harbor.
- 16 and alternate following days, Newport Y. R. A., 70ft. series, concluding races, Newport.
- 17-18. Annisquam, open, Annisquam.
18. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
18. Royal St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, 22, 20 and 17ft. classes, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
18. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
18. Canarsie, Corinthian race, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
18. Queen City, 20ft. class special, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
18. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
18. Penataquit Cor., annual open, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
18. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
18. Beverly, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
18. South Boston, handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
18. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
18. Columbia, championship, Boston, Boston Harbor.
18. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
18. American, club, Newburyport, Mass.
18. Quannapowitt, commodore's cup.
18. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
19. Hudson River, ladies' day, New York, Hudson River.
20. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester.
20. Manchester, handicap, Manchester, Mass.
23. Plymouth, open, Plymouth Harbor.
25. Haverhill, third championship, Haverhill, Mass.
25. Inland Lake, Lake Geneva, Ill.
25. Royal St. Lawrence, Lake of Two Mountains regatta.
25. Duxbury, open, Duxbury, Mass.
25. Nahant, dory class, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
25. Huguenot, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
25. Manhasset, special, Fort Washington, Long Island Sound.
25. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
25. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
25. Jamaica Bay, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
25. Kingston, club, Kingston, Lake Ontario.
25. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
25. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
25. Quannapowitt.
25. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island memorial cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
25. Queen City, 17ft. special, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
27. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown, Mass.
- 27-31. Seawanhaka and Philadelphia Corinthian, interclub matches, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
28. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet, Mass.
31. Wollaston, open.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Quincy, open and club handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
1. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
1. Indian Harbor, fall regatta, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
1. Hartford, special.
1. Larchmont, special classes, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
1. Hudson River, fall cruise, New York, Hudson River.
1. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Boston Harbor.
1. Queen City, cruising race, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
1. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.

1. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
1. American, club, Newburyport.
1. South Boston, sailing dinghies, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 1-2-3. Columbia, cruise to Marblehead, Boston, Massachusetts Bay.
- 1-2-3. Squantum, cruise.
- 1-2-3. Corinthian of Marblehead, cruise.
1. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
2. Haverhill, race and chowder, Haverhill, Mass.
3. Atlantic, 36ft. and smaller classes, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
3. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
3. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
3. Nahant, dory class, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
3. Sachem's Head, annual, Sachem's Head, Conn.; L. I. Sound.
3. Norwalk, annual, Long Island Sound.
3. Canarsie, ladies' race, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
3. Newport, club, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
3. Norwalk, annual, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
3. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
3. Penataquit Corinthian, fall race, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
3. Jamaica Bay, club, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
3. Corinthian (Phila.), club, Essington, Delaware River.
3. Portsmouth, club, Portsmouth, N. H.
3. Winthrop, swimming and rowing, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
3. Lynn, open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
3. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
3. Quannapowitt, yacht and canoe races.
4. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
7. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
8. Hull-Massachusetts, invitation race, Hull, Boston Harbor.
8. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
8. Larchmont, schooner cup, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
8. Queen City, 22ft. knockabout class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
8. Haverhill, club, Haverhill, Mass.
8. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
8. Manchester, handicap, Manchester, Mass.
8. Columbia, cruise to Hull.
8. Winthrop, cruise to Hull.
8. South Boston, handicap race to Hull.
- 8-9. Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, rendezvous at Hull.
- 8-9. American, cruise, Newburyport.
- 8-10. California, cruise to Suisun, San Francisco Bay.
11. New York, fall sweepstakes, New York, off Sandy Hook.
15. Manhasset, closing race, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
15. Atlantic, fall race, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
15. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
15. South Boston, sailing dinghies, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 22-23. California, cruise to Martinez, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
22. Riverside, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
22. Canarsie, Commodore's cups, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
22. Haverhill, fourth championship, Haverhill, Mass.

THE question of the superiority of the cutter or the sloop rig, the latter in its simplest form commonly known as "jib-and-mainsail," has been an open one for some time past in the classes of 30ft. to 40ft. l.w.l., where speed alone is considered. For light weather racing the theoretical advantages are almost entirely on the side of the simpler rig—a mainsail and a single jib as large as the yacht can possibly carry in an ordinary whole-sail breeze. The extra weight and windage of gear and the theoretical loss of efficiency through the division of the sails are against the cutter rig in very light weather. On the other hand, the many possible variations of sail to suit all weather conditions, the ability to set a large topsail in light airs and to get a well-balanced and effective sail plan when snugged down in hard weather make the cutter rig superior for general work and also for any continued series of races. The experiment was put to a practical but incomplete test last season in the 35ft. class, built for the Canada cup races, the winning boats in both the American and Canadian trial races—Genesee and Beaver—carrying plain jib-and-mainsail rigs, with pole masts and no topsail, the little one used on Beaver being merely a makeshift. While the cutter-rigged boats—Josephine, Prairie, Toronto and several others—were not successful, the test of rig was in no way conclusive. The weather in the whole series of races, the trials at Chicago and Toronto and the cup races at the latter port, with the exception of one hard squall at Chicago, was greatly in favor of the over-rigged boats and of the simplest possible rig, there being little occasion to reef at all or to reduce in any way the maximum of sail that each yacht could carry in light airs.

This year the question has come up on Long Island Sound, where the Crowninshield 42-footer Hebe has just changed from the pole-masted sloop rig to the cutter rig with topmast, and the same change is being made in the Webber sloop, Hussar II. Whether or no the changes will improve the boats is an interesting question.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has sustained a serious loss in the death of Mr. C. J. Stevens, as announced in the Canoeing Department. As secretary of the club from 1897 to 1900, Mr. Stevens left a record second only to that of the late Leon F. d'Oremieux, also secretary from 1883 to 1893. It is very seldom that any club is served as faithfully and efficiently as was the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. by these two good yachtsmen.

THOUGH the racing season is really but well under way, and even nominally but half over, it has already witnessed the disgraceful collapse of two of the prominent racing classes. The four new Herreshoff "70-footers," the costly and fully up-to-date toys of the wealthiest yachtsmen in the country, are almost wrecks after less than a dozen races, while the smaller racing class built for the Quincy cup matches has made an equally discreditable display. Out of the many rumors now afloat as to the condition of Rainbow, Mineola II., Virginia and Yankee, it is impossible to sift the exact truth, but it is certain that they leak so badly that it is unsafe to trust them in any sea or even more than a few miles from harbor in light weather, while according to the current reports all have changed their shape more or less, the waterlines are shorter than when measured, and it is said of one boat that her bow has pulled up more than a foot, and also has pulled to one side. Of course, the Herreshoffs are not furnishing particulars to the press, nor are the owners making public just how badly they have been fooled, but there seems to be no reason to doubt that the four boats are structural failures.

The Quincy boats—also four in number—though not all of the same build, behaved but little better in the short series of four races. On the first day Pompano lost her masthead, Tashamoo sprung her mast, and Lookout tore off a portion of her canvas skin—all this in but a moderate breeze. On the second day, still in moderate weather and smooth water, Lookout carried away the jaws of her gaff and Tashamoo gave up apparently through general debility. On the third day Tashamoo went to pieces on her way to the starting line, in a moderate breeze, losing her mast, splitting up her deck and stripping her canvas skin, the wreck being abandoned as worthless by her

owner, Pompano capsized, but was righted after a time by the aid of a tackle from a yacht. On the last day Pompano again capsized. The winner of the cup, Lookout, and the unsuccessful defender, Hostess, though they came through the races without wreck, are mere Skows—racing machines that do not deserve to be called yachts.

The Quincy cup was established in good faith for the promotion of yacht racing, but even at the time when the conditions were drawn up it was plainly evident that they placed a heavy premium upon extreme freak development. The class thus far has produced a lot of weak, worthless Skows, those which hold together through the races being but a shade better than those, like Tashamoo, which fall apart. The cup has accomplished nothing that conduces to the benefit of yachting, either to extend and increase the popular interest in the sport or to place it upon a higher plane technically. A continuance of the racing under the existing conditions can only do more harm, and it is to be hoped that both the new holder and the original donor of the cup will work together to remodel the conditions in such a way as to produce a useful type of yacht and one that is of reasonable durability.

In our opinion there is no excuse whatever for weak and flimsy construction, and it is not to be justified either by limited means or the desire to win some coveted cup. In the former case no yacht is so costly in the end as the one which is poorly and improperly constructed in the first place; and no man whose means are limited is justified in attempting the expensive luxury of an over-cheap boat. One of the lesser evils of yachting of late years has been the well-meant but foolish attempts to produce yachts in the one-design classes especially, at an absurdly low cost. Men are induced to go into these schemes in the belief that they can obtain really serviceable boats at figures within their means. The result is that by the time the boats are in commission they cost probably 50 per cent. more than the estimate or contract, and through poor and cheap construction they are a continual source of expense and annoyance. It would be easy to name a dozen failures of this kind, each involving from six to twelve boats. The wise man who is about to provide himself with a boat, whether a one-design dory or a goft. schooner, will start with a fair estimate from a reliable builder—not necessarily the lowest—and will make a liberal allowance for fitting out and contingencies; then if his purse will not permit the proposed craft, he will seek something smaller but equally perfect in quality and equipment.

When it comes to unlimited racing, while the temptation is strong to profit by the absence of salutary restrictions and to build a shell that will barely last through a week's racing, it will be found that in the majority of cases a yacht which is at least strong and staunch enough to stand a few weeks' racing without a breakdown is a better and more efficient tool in every way than one which, like Challenger, the Seawanhaka challenger of 1898, or the late Tashamoo, is in the doctors' hands from the finish of one race to the start of the next. The small amount of extra weight necessary to give reasonable assurance against breakdowns and to hold the rig efficiently—a great point in itself—will pay in nearly every case, even in extreme racing craft.

Whatever excuse there may be for poor construction where expense is an object, or where only the sailing of a few races for an important trophy is in view, nothing of the kind exists in the case of the Newport 70-footers. This class, which has been under consideration for a couple of years, was intended to realize in the larger size of yachts all the advantages of the one-design scheme, as so often tried in the smaller classes—freedom from freak features, strong and durable construction, internal accommodation for cruising and immunity from immediate out-building by more extreme machines. The cost was not considered, as the class has been from the start one to which only the wealthiest yachtsmen could aspire; the necessity for extreme light construction, such as has existed in the America Cup races of recent years, was not present, as the boats were all on an equality in this the finest one-design class that yachting has yet known. The trouble apparently is not confined to the four 70-footers, as it is an open secret that the two Herreshoff 51-footers, Altair and Shark, and the 36-footer Countess, have also been leaking, while at Larchmont last week the second 36-footer, Effort, lost her mast, and Countess was disabled in her rig. None of these boats were built solely for racing, but for general use as well, and their failure cannot be laid to the unreasonable requirements of their woners, all of whom desired seaworthy boats.

So far as the builders are concerned, they are in a position to take matters easily enough. The yachts were paid for before they left the yard, and that part of the business is closed. Now they go back to the yard for extensive, and incidentally expensive, repairs, which is good for business in the dull season. Of course the owners may not like it just now, any more than Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was pleased with the building of Colonia as a Cup defender in 1893, but sooner or later, when a challenge comes once more for the America Cup, these same men will, like Mr. Morgan, go to the Herreshoffs for a new defender, and pay the Herreshoff price.

By way of variety from the ordinary summer courses of thirty miles or so, a race that would be interesting to all concerned would be one from Brenton's Reef Lightship to Halifax or Bermuda between the boats of the new Herreshoff Leakabout Class and the imported cutters Hester, Astrild, Isolde and Queen Mab. Such a race could hardly fail to be of interest, and possibly might be exciting as well, and it would teach some valuable lessons in construction.

THE necessity for shoal draft centerboard boats that cannot be made non-capsizable is apparent on an inspection of any chart of the American coast waters, and such boats must always exist. At the same time, there are degrees in point of capsizability, and by proper design the danger may be reduced to a minimum. In small pleasure yachts for cruising and general sailing it is no longer necessary to live in constant danger of a fatal capsize as in the days of the old skimming dish, but a yacht may be had of only a foot or two of draft that is reasonably safe.

The case is practically the same in racing—it is possible to build a shoal draft boat that, while fast, is fairly safe from capsizing, though far from being absolutely non-capsizable. As a bar to the construction of freaks and an inducement to the improvement of design in the small classes, it would be well if some penalty were placed on a boat which capsized in a race—for instance, if she were barred for a certain period for the first capsize and for the remainder of the season in the event of a third. This might work some hardship at times, as capsizing is sometimes the result of accident only; but in the main it would bring about a marked improvement in the shoal draft types.

Larchmont Y. C.

RACE WEEK.

Second Day—Monday, July 23.

ON Monday morning, the second day of the race week, the wind was light and there were few starters. The cutter Mira was on hand to sail a series of private races during the week with Katonah, three races for \$250 per side, but Prof. Poor, owner of Mira, received a cablegram announcing the serious illness of his father in London, and she did not start. The schooner Glendoveer was matched against Uncas, but owing to the light wind she failed to arrive from Greenwich. Messrs. Howard W. Coates and Frank Hardy, of the Race Committee, started the race at 12:05, the wind being light from S.W. On crossing the line Syce and Altair fell into a luffing match, which took them far off their course, and Hussar II. profited by this to run straight for the mark and take the lead. On the wind she was unable to hold it, Altair beating her two minutes in four miles, while Syce passed her at the end of the round. Scamp broke a block and was forced to withdraw. The first round was timed:

Altair	2 34 18	Persimmon	1 45 19
Syce	2 26 01	Sis	1 46 29
Hussar II.	2 33 09	Spindrift	1 52 28
Raider	1 44 26	Bobs	1 51 03
Snapper	1 44 39	Mistral	1 50 15
Colleen	1 44 40	Pampero	1 53 11

The final times were:

Schooners—65ft. Class—Start, 12:42:49.			
	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Uncas, C. P. Buchanan	51.46	3 23 28	1 40 39
Cutters—51ft. Class—Start, 12:10.			
Altair, Cord. Meyer, Jr.	51.00	4 41 34	4 31 34
Syce, H. S. Redmond	50.36	4 55 22	4 45 22
Hussar, II., J. D. Baird	50.98	5 03 30	4 53 30
Raceabout Class—Start, 12:15.			
Persimmon, H. D. V. Warner		3 11 10	2 56 10
Colleen, L. R. Alberger		3 11 49	2 56 49
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell		3 17 48	3 02 48
Sis, F. T. Bedford, Jr.		3 18 56	3 03 56
Spindrift, Pirie Bros.		3 21 40	3 06 40
Raider, H. M. Crane		3 22 53	3 07 53
Scamp, Johnson De Forest		Disabled.	
L. Y. C. Knockabouts—Start, 12:15.			
Mistral, E. I. Low		3 28 20	3 13 20
Bobs, W. A. N. Stewart		3 30 59	3 15 59
Pampero		3 49 08	3 34 08

At the first mark Syce and Altair fouled and each hoisted protest flags. Sis and Persimmon were also in too close company at the end of the first round, Sis fouling the mark boat. She protested Persimmon for causing her to make the foul, the protest being allowed. Syce and Altair later withdrew their respective protests. First prizes went to Altair. Persimmon and Mistral; second prizes to Syce, Colleen and Bobs.

An entertainment was given in the club house at night.

Third Day—Tuesday, July 24.

Tuesday was devoted to the rowing, launch and swimming races. The day was pleasant and a large party gathered at the club house to watch the sports, the Seventh Regiment Band playing during the afternoon. The official record was as follows:

Naphtha Launch Races—Over 21ft. L.W.L.				
	Length.	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Intrepid	23.9	1 53 19	0 26 43	0 26 07
Levanter	27.6	1 53 22	0 26 31	0 26 31
Under 21ft. L.W.L.				
Trochilus	21.0	2 00 12	0 29 42	0 29 42
Allons	21.0	2 00 12	0 30 12	0 30 12
Fleur de Lys	19.0	2 02 00	0 30 45	0 30 27
Crusader	21.0	2 02 00	0 34 09	0 33 39
Laurus	14.0	2 00 20	0 44 19	0 42 31
Alco-Vapor Launches.				
Idalia	19.0	2 00 26	0 29 18	0 28 45
Colonia	21.0	2 00 16	0 29 25	0 29 25
Four-Oared Gigs—For Hen and Chickens Colors—Start, 2:36:16.				
			Finish.	
Katrina			3 00 00	
Fleur de Lys			3 00 48	
Colonia			3 02 41	
Isolde			3 03 49	
Barracouta			3 04 17	
Two-Oared Gigs—For Dauntless Colors—Start, 3:07:35.				
Crusader			3 22 02	
Syce			3 22 14	
Comet			3 22 32	
Idalia			3 22 34	
Intrepid			3 23 01	
Xara			3 23 55	
Dinghies—For Execution Colors—Start, 3:26:20.				
Syce			3 35 10	
Sayonara			3 36 07	
Intrepid			3 36 08	
Crusader			3 36 12	
Mira			3 36 20	
Katrina			3 36 40	
Comet			3 36 52	
Laurus			3 37 01	
Vinita			3 37 17	

Swimming Races.
One hundred yards—Dead heat between Benck and Miller. Time, 0:38 4-5.

One hundred yards, boys under sixteen—Won by S. Nicoll; Beercroft, second. Time, 1:30 1-5.

Two-hundred-and-twenty-yard handicap—Won by W. W. Swan; C. Beercroft, second; Lockwood, third. Time, 2:59 3-5.

Tub Races—Open to All—Prizes to First and Second.

First heat—B. Whitney, with H. Stevenson and Davidson. Second heat—K. Whitney, with Burch and Dowdney. Deciding heat—Won by K. Whitney; B. Whitney, second. Time, 1:47.

In the evening the fleet, house and grounds were beautifully illuminated and a ball was given in the club house.

Fourth Day—Wednesday, July 25.

A strong S.W. wind was blowing on Wednesday morning, and a good fleet of yachts was ready in the harbor. The start was made at 11:30. The new Purdon 43-footer Hebe was present with a topmast, her rig having been changed at Wood's Yard, City Island. The original pole mast was shortened by 12ft. and a topmast added, some

other changes being made in the sail plan. After a good race she won from Mira by a few seconds. Altair beat Hussar II. very easily, but Syce sailed a poor race and came in third, the first time that she has been beaten by Hussar II. The two new Herreshoff 36-footers, Effort and Countess, came to grief, the former losing her mast and the latter springing hers and giving up. The catboat Sneeke, sailed by two young boys, broke her gaff and was taken in tow of the committee steamer, astern of Countess, also disabled. In starting up, the jerk threw one of the boys into the water, but he was picked up and both were taken on to Countess. Nearing the harbor, Sneeke capsized entirely. The first round was timed:

Altair	1 16 10	Mistral	1 11 34
Hussar II.	1 19 48	Thelga	1 12 44
Syce	1 20 24	Vagrant	1 13 32
Mira	1 34 58	Bobs	1 15 37
Hebe	1 37 00	Dipper	1 17 05
Katonah	1 47 08	Ox	1 29 42
Veda	1 46 55	Palm	1 16 28
Departure	1 54 55	Nike	1 27 20
Marion	1 58 40	Nora	1 31 55
Astrild	1 45 30	Kingfisher	1 36 20
Katrina	1 51 22	Sweetheart	1 41 40
Audax	2 07 20	Dud	2 00 30
Kittiwake	2 11 45	John Dory	2 01 10
Alerion	1 52 00	Windora	1 11 56
Oiseau	1 53 50	Dot	1 14 32
Empronzi	1 53 15	Mongoose II.	1 10 22
Kit	1 57 00	Vagabond	1 23 45
Rochelle	1 59 18	Qui Vive	1 19 30
Chingachgook	1 05 12	Win or Lose	1 23 20
Sis	1 02 30	Florence	1 46 00
Raider	1 04 00	Kazaza	1 39 20
Scamp	1 04 20	Kildare	1 43 34
Persimmon	1 05 00	Bouncer II.	1 57 40
Colleen	1 05 37		

The full times were:

Schooners—Special Match—Start, 11:35.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Katrina, J. B. Ford	70.14	4 12 37	4 12 37
Glendoveer, M. Graham, Jr.	57.42	Withdrew.	
Cutters—70ft. Class—Start, 11:40.			
Astrild, H. W. & A. G. Hanan	3 58 54		
Cutters—51ft. Class—Start, 11:45.			
Altair, Cord. Meyer	51.00	3 01 42	
Hussar II., James Baird	50.98	3 09 55	
Syce, H. S. Redmond	50.86	3 12 31	
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 11:50.			
Veda, Robert Bacon	30.33	3 45 29	
Departure, C. B. Seeley	31.01	3 52 38	
Countess, Oswald Sanderson	35.70	Disabled.	
Effort, F. M. Smith	35.70	Disabled.	
Class L—Start, 11:45.			
Hebe, J. R. Maxwell	43.00	3 34 47	
Mira, C. L. Poor	42.82	3 35 35	
Katonah, D. Williams	42.05	3 52 55	
Duchess, E. S. Ballou	36.67	Withdrew.	
Yaws—43ft. Class—Start, 11:50.			
Audax, H. W. Eaton	30.90	4 15 55	4 15 55
Sakana, A. B. McCreery	42.15	Broke bowsprit.	
Class N—Start, 11:50.			
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell	29.73	3 43 22	
Empronzi, Alfred Peats	29.03	3 53 24	
Alerion, A. H. Alker	28.30	3 54 08	
Marion		4 01 33	
Kittiwake, C. H. Dodge		4 33 30	
Kit, T. H. Macdonald	29.76	Withdrew.	
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 11:55.			
Rochelle, Edward Kelly	25.00	2 04 15	
Chingachgook, E. A. Stevens		2 21 01	
Adelaide, J. Woodbury	22.50	Withdrew.	
Raceabout Class—Start, 11:55.			
Sis, F. T. Bedford	2 10 36		
Raider, H. M. Crane	2 11 58		
Scamp, J. De Forest	2 18 28		
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell	2 20 37		
Colleen, L. R. Alberger	2 21 47		
Persimmon, De V. H. Warner	2 22 42		
Spindrift, Pirie Bros.		Withdrew.	
Seawanhaka-Corinthian Knockabout Class—Start, 11:55.			
Mistral, E. J. Low	2 25 33		
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	2 28 41		
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	2 34 52		
Vagrant	2 36 36		
Dipper, A. J. Townsend	2 44 40		
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 12:00.			
Ox, R. N. Bavie	21.00	2 43 58	
Spider	20.86	Withdrew.	
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 12:00.			
Palm, Hazen Morse	18.00	2 29 27	2 29 27
Nike, Guy Forbes	15.64	2 44 26	2 38 11
Nora, Lewis Iselin	17.27	2 50 20	2 50 20
Sora, W. Hoey, Jr.	17.94	Withdrew.	
Kingfisher, August Belmont, Jr.	17.27	Withdrew.	
Sweetheart, E. A. Sumner	17.00	Withdrew.	
Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 12:05.			
Windora, John Green	30.00	2 11 24	
Dot, C. T. Pierce	30.00	2 13 30	
Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 12:05.			
Mongoose II., Simeon Ford	21.00	2 06 08	2 06 08
Qui Vive, George A. Freeth	24.87	2 25 04	2 25 04
Vagabond	24.06	2 26 47	2 25 29
Florence	22.04	3 07 40	3 07 40
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.50	Withdrew.	
Catboats—20ft. Class—Start, 12:10.			
Kildare, T. A. McIntyre	19.98	2 50 34	
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr.	19.40	2 56 02	
Catboats—15ft. Class—Start, 12:10.			
Bouncer II., A. D. Tappan	14.80	3 37 01	
Sneeke, R. N. Bavie	14.00	Disabled.	
Barnacle, R. R. Mamlok	14.00	Withdrew.	
Dories—Start, 12:10.			
John Dory, Guy Standing		3 54 39	
Dud, G. A. Cory		3 58 40	
Rudder, Harold Stevenson		Withdrew.	
Prize, H. Van Rensselaer		Withdrew.	

Fifth Day—Thursday, July 26.

A steady rain and light wind, with fog, made a discouraging combination for Thursday morning, and though the programme was followed out by the committee, but a small fleet responded. The start was not made until 1:30, by which time there was a light N.E. wind, but this fell later and made the race most unsatisfactory. The center-board cutter Sistae, of New Bedford, was in the harbor and started against Altair. The full times were:

Cutters—51ft. Class—Start, 1:35.			
	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Altair, Cord. Meyer, Jr.	51.00	4 13 20	2 38 20
Sistae, John B. Rhodes	51.00	4 48 43	3 13 43
Cutters—43ft. Class—Start, 1:40.			
Katonah, Dudley Williams	42.05	5 09 40	3 29 40
Drusilla, A. C. Tyler	38.23	5 38 04	3 53 04
Raceabout Class—Start, 1:35.			
Scamp, Johnson De Forest	3 30 41	1 45 41	
Raider, H. M. Crane	3 36 12	1 51 12	
Spindrift, Pirie Brothers	3 36 40	1 51 40	
Sis, F. T. Bedford, Jr.	3 37 02	1 52 02	
Persimmon, H. D. V. Warner	3 37 14	1 52 14	
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell	3 38 40	1 53 40	
Cabin Cats—All in One Class—Start, 1:50.			
Dot, C. T. Pierce	30.00	3 36 59	1 46 59
Qui Vive, George Freeth	24.87	3 44 15	1 54 15

Sixth Day—Friday, July 27.

What wind there was on Friday morning had dis-

appeared by 11:30, when the start was made, and the race turned out little more than a drift. Hussar II. was not present, having gone to her builder's yard, where her sloop rig, mainsail and jib, will be replaced by a cutter rig, the mast being shifted aft and a topmast added, with double headsails.

The race was without notable incident, the boats getting over the course very slowly and as best they could in the intervals of light airs. The times were:

Cutters—51ft. Class—Start, 11:35.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Syce, H. S. Redmond	50.86	4 49 22	
Altair, Cord. Meyer	51.00	5 01 52	
Sistae, J. B. Rhodes		5 16 50	
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 11:40.			
Veda, Robert Bacon	30.33	4 50 47	4 45 13
Effort, F. M. Smith	35.70	4 57 58	4 57 58
O Shima San, J. F. Pratt	35.81	5 03 53	5 03 52
Departure, C. B. Seeley	31.01	5 18 30	5 13 45
Yawl Class—Start, 11:40.			
Albicare, S. J. Hyde	41.00	5 00 56	5 00 56
Sakana, Andrew McCreery	32.15	Withdrew.	
Spindrift, E. S. Griffing	30.20	Withdrew.	
Raceabout Class—Start, 11:45.			
Persimmon, D. V. H. Warner	3 20 14		
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell	3 20 44		
Spindrift, Pirie Bros.	3 21 21		
Raider, H. M. Crane	3 21 55		
Colleen, L. R. Alberger	3 22 10		
Scamp, J. De Forest	3 22 53		
Sis, F. T. Bedford	3 24 00		
Seawanhaka-Corinthian Knockabouts—Start, 11:45.			
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	3 23 27		
Ditto, H. S. Redmond	3 23 37		
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	3 23 39		
Mistral, E. J. Low	3 25 40		
Special Match—Start, 11:40.			
Departure, C. B. Seeley	31.01	5 18 30	
Kit, T. H. Macdonald	29.76	5 38 49	

Seventh Day—Saturday, July 28.

With a list of sixty starters, the prospects were promising on the morning of the last day, but the wind was very light, from S.E., and just after the start, at 11:30, it fell to a flat calm for over an hour, some of the yachts being becalmed for a long time on or below the line. A light S.W. breeze later on enabled the yachts to finish, the larger ones sailing but one round. The first round was timed:

Spindrift	2 24 50	Sora	2 40 30
Raider	2 26 40	Kazaza	2 41 40
Scamp	2 27 00	Nora	2 43 40
Sis	2 27 50	Thelga	2 44 00
Dot	2 28 32	Palm	2 44 40
Snapper	2 31 42	Nike	2 45 00
Amomo	2 31 42	Scintilla	2 45 25
Adelaide	2 32 30	Bobs	2 46 00
Persimmon	2 32 30	Qui Vive	2 46 00
Windora	2 34 00	Ditto	2 47 00
Colleen	2 34 30	Sandpiper	2 47 18
Mistral	2 35 20	Win or Lose	2 52 00
Rochelle	2 35 50	Kingfisher	2 53 00
Mongoose	2 36 10	Moya	2 53 18
Kenwood	2 36 50	Lobster	2 55 10
Cicada	2 57 18	Bouncer	2 58 03
Kildare	2 39 00		

The final times were:

Schooners—Start, 11:35.			
	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Katrina, J. B. Ford.....	70.14	4 05 49
Uncas, C. P. Buchanan.....	51.46	4 29 15
Neaera, T. A. McIntyre.....	59.31	5 04 53
Cutters—51ft. Class—Start, 11:45.			
Altair, Cord. Meyer.....	51.00	5 37 15
Syce, H. S. Redmond.....	50.86	3 45 39
Sistae, J. B. Rhodes.....		4 03 27
Cutters—43ft. Class—Start, 11:45.			
Hebe, J. R. Maxwell.....	42.98	4 01 38	4 01 38
Albicare (yawl), S. J. Hyde.....	41.00	4 10 55	4 07 15
Katonah, D. Williams.....	42.03	4 27 33	4 27 33
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 11:50.			
Veda, Robert Bacon.....	30.33	3 56 39	3 51 02
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	35.70	3 53 10	3 53 10
O Shima San, J. T. Pratt.....	35.81	4 02 12	4 02 12
Yaws—36ft. Class—Start, 11:50.			
Audax, H. W. Eaton.....	30.90	4 14 10	4 11 52
Sakana, A. McCreery.....	32.15	4 21 50	4 21 50
Spindrift, E. S. Griffing.....	30.20	5 02 00	4 58 35
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 11:50.			
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	28.30	3 41 45
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell.....	29.73	3 54 12
Empronzi, Alfred Peats.....	29.30	4 04 20
Marion, F. M. Smith.....	28.87	4 12 18
Kit, T. H. Macdonald.....	29.76	4 36 05
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 11:55.			
Adelaide, J. Woodbury.....	22.50	4 08 17	4 06 05
Amomo, H. S. Towle.....	23.83	4 06 11	4 06 11
Rochelle, Edward Kelly.....	25.00	4 23 01	4 23 01
Scintilla.....	22.16	4 34 46	4 34 46
Raceabouts—Start, 11:55.			
Scamp, Johnston De Forest.....		3 55 47
Raider, H. M. Crane.....		3 57 36
Spindrift, Pirie Bros.....		3 58 30
Sis, F. T. Bedford.....		3 58 55
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell.....		4 02 10
Persimmon, D. V. H. Warner.....		4 03 15
Colleen, L. R. Alberger.....		4 10 21
Seawanhaka Corinthian Knockabout Class—Start, 11:55.			
Mistral, E. J. Low.....		4 13 25
Thelga, A. P. Thayer.....		4 25 18
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart.....		4 30 14
Ditto, H. S. Redmond.....		4 31 03
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 12:00.			

Lake Yacht Racing Association.

THE annual regatta of the Lake Yacht Racing Association was held at Cobourg on July 23, 24, 25 and 26, and was in every way a pleasant affair, the attendance being better than last year and the entry list fair. The actual racing showed little better than two boats in a class, the starters by no means as numerous as the entries, with third and even second prizes going begging or falling to yachts that "also ran." There never was a time in the history of the Association when any fairly good boat could so easily get a flag and a check for a well-sailed race, and the apathy of owners, especially of the Rochester and Oswego men, is past accounting for. It is certainly not the fault of the measurement rule, nor can it be said that useful boats have been crowded out by racing machines, for the older and more comfortable boats are the winners.

Cobourg has long been promised a regatta by the Association, and every credit is due the townsfolk for the way they did their part, ably seconded by the summer residents, for which the place is famous. The town is prettily situated on Lake Ontario, facing a small artificial harbor with plenty of dock accommodation and clean water to float in. Yachts tie up to the piers as a matter of necessity, where there is scant room to swing, and this is productive of sociability. Hotels and stores are handy and accustomed to a good class of patronage. The town is well laid out, nicely kept and contains many handsome residences. The finishing touch is given by the summer residents—chiefly summer girls—who are always ready to entertain and be entertained, and who fall in with the ideas of the visiting yachtsmen much more readily and gracefully than the average "native" of a small town, who, being deeply engrossed with his own affairs, is apt to regard a holiday keeper as an intrusion.

If the starters were few, the racing was spirited, at least in the first, 35ft. and knockabout classes. The 45-footers were bunched with the first class, giving four starters, Vreda, Merrythought, Zelma and Clorita. These are simply fast cruisers in good trim and well sailed, the choice being between Vreda and Merrythought, evenly matched as to size; Zelma being smaller and starting only in one race, where she did well, at one time leading her competitors, but the wind was light and fluky and did not favor her to the finish. The schooner Clorita started in each race, but the light wind settled her on the triangular course, and the windward and leeward course in the second race gave her but little chance against the singlestickers. Vreda and Merrythought put up a great fight, especially in the second race, running neck and neck the whole length of the course, the honors falling to Vreda on both occasions.

The 35ft. class showed some close racing between Beaver and Minota, each handled by skippers of no great experience, the new owners pluckily sailing the boats themselves. It was stated by J. E. Burroughes, who last year managed Genesee, that her present owner would certainly have brought her over had he known this beforehand, but making no pretensions to being a racing man, he was not prepared to sail against Æmilius Jarvis. The widely circulated story that he wanted a race for a large stake only is denied as nothing more than a reporter's yarn, based upon a fragment of conversation that had no reference to either of the Canadian boats. Furthermore, Mr. Burroughes says Genesee will sail Beaver or Minota for the Fisher cup or for fun any time they want a race.

The knockabout class showed two good races between Petrel and Enid, each winning one. This class increases slowly, but these two boats are admirable examples of the type of boat that it is intended to provide for and encourage. They possess as much accommodation and of a better character than a 30-footer; give as good sport at less expense, and win as much prize money, if that is worth considering.

The weather throughout the meet was excellent, the first two days bringing light winds, but enough for the work over the triangular course, ten nautical miles round. The last two days a windward course, five miles and back, was laid, the wind being moderate to fresh, out of the southwest, and holding so true that on the runs yachts close to one another carried spinakers on opposite sides. A special regatta committee looked after the work, consisting of Frank M. Gray, R. C. Y. C.; Owain Martin, Q. C. Y. C.; F. J. Campbell, Secretary of the Association, and W. Q. Phillips, Association officer. T. B. Pritchard, Rochester Y. C., was named for the committee, but did not turn up. The only unsatisfactory feature of the regatta was the poor attendance of men and boats from Oswego and Rochester, but it is hoped that next year they will be able to have the event on their own side of the lake. The official times are as follows:

July 23—Triangular Course, 10 Miles.

First Class—Two Rounds—Start, 12:00.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vreda	6 20 48	6 20 48	6 19 44
Merrythought	6 24 12	6 24 12	6 24 12
Zelma	6 30 55	6 30 55	6 25 30
Clorita	Withdraw.		
35ft. Class—One Round—Start, 12:10.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nox	5 04 12	4 54 12	4 52 02
Kestrel	5 05 00	4 55 00	4 55 00
Phalarope	5 32 50	5 22 50	5 21 06
Knockabout Class—One Round—no Time Allowance—Start, 12:20.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Enid	5 13 55		
Petrel	5 15 28		

July 24—Triangular Course, 10 Miles.

40ft. Class—Two Rounds—Start, 11:00.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Clytie	5 16 15		
Neola	6 00 00		
Vivia fouled buoy and withdrew.			
35ft. Class—two Rounds—No Time Allowance—Start, 11:10.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minota	4 01 42		
Beaver	4 10 20		
Hamilton	5 15 32		
Myrtle	Withdraw.		
25ft. Class—One Round—Start, 11:20.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pedro	2 14 18	2 54 18	2 54 18
Winona	2 37 32	3 17 32	3 17 16

July 25—Course 5 Miles to Windward and Return.

First Class—Two Rounds—Start, 11:00.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vreda	2 40 30	3 40 30	3 39 26
Merrythought	2 44 05	3 44 05	3 44 05
Clorita	3 02 40	4 02 40	4 00 36

30ft. Class—One Round—Start, 11:10.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kestrel	1 22 18	2 12 18	2 12 18
Nox	1 30 08	2 20 08	2 17 58
Phalarope	1 35 30	2 25 30	2 23 46
Knockabout Class—One Round—No Time Allowance—Start, 11:20.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Petrel	1 35 31		
Enid	1 36 18		

July 26—Course 5 Miles to Windward and Return.

40ft. Class—Two Rounds—Start, 11:00.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vivia	3 26 40	4 26 40	4 26 40
Clytie	3 46 55	4 46 55	4 46 49
Neola	Withdraw.		
35ft. Class—Two Rounds—No Time Allowance—Start, 11:10.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Beaver	3 37 50		
Minota	3 38 28		
Hamilton	3 42 10		
25ft. Class—One Round—Start, 11:20.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pedro	1 55 55	2 35 55	2 35 46
Koko	1 58 33	2 38 33	2 38 33
Winona	2 04 45	2 44 45	2 44 20
Pil Away	2 12 15	2 52 15	2 51 56
Pickle	2 16 10	2 56 10	2 48 46

Newport Y. R. A. Special Races.

THE fourth race of the Newport Y. R. A. series for the one-design class was sailed on July 23. With a fresh S.W. wind, Course No. 9 was chosen to No. 1 mark, thence to Block Island Bell Buoy and home, 34½ miles.

The start was made at 12:10, all carrying No. 1 club topsails. Rainbow and Yankee came for the line ahead of the gun and were compelled to retack just short of the line to avoid crossing, and to approach anew, Rainbow being handicapped ten seconds. Virginia was the first to cross, a minute after the gun, followed by Mineola II. The first four miles was a reach with booms to port, Virginia losing a few seconds to Mineola, the first mark being timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Virginia	12 30 02	0 19 01
Mineola	12 30 40	0 18 59
Yankee	12 33 37	0 19 02
Rainbow	12 34 04	0 19 09

The second leg of 16½ miles was nearly to windward, all carrying baby jib topsails. Yankee went off on starboard tack, seaward, while the others stood inshore on port tack. Mineola and Virginia were in company for some time, but the former finally worked clear. There was a strong tide at the buoy, and Mineola, by clever handling, fetched the mark without losing ground, but all the others lost more or less before they were safely around. The times were, Block Island Bell Buoy:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Mineola	2 59 46	1 29 06
Virginia	3 01 22	1 30 19
Yankee	3 04 26	1 30 49
Rainbow	4 44 41	1 32 32

The run in was almost square before the wind, and Mineola had her spinaker drawing as soon as she was by the mark. The finish was timed:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola	4 35 04	1 35 18
Virginia	4 36 31	1 35 09
Yankee	4 39 57	1 35 31
Rainbow	4 44 19	1 36 38

The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola II., August Belmont.....	12 11 42	4 35 04	4 23 22
Yankee, Duryea & Whitney.....	12 14 35	4 39 57	4 25 22
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.....	12 11 01	4 36 31	4 25 30
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt.....	12 15 00	4 44 19	4 29 19

On Wednesday there was a strong S.W. wind and a heavy sea off Brenton's Reef. The four carried second club topsails. The course selected was No. 2, the first leg to windward, two rounds making 30 miles. The four boats leaked so badly in the sea that it was largely a question of getting them home safely rather than of running the race. Mineola on port tack and Virginia on starboard tack came to the first mark together, Mineola forcing Virginia about; Virginia fouled the mark and later filed a written protest against Mineola. The first round was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Mineola	2 03 16	1 22 18
Rainbow	2 03 00	1 22 19
Virginia	2 04 20	1 23 20
Yankee	2 04 32	1 23 42

On the second round Yankee and Virginia withdrew and started for the harbor, as they were dangerously full of water, and the hulls were working badly. Virginia was towed in, the tug passing a hose on board and starting her pumps to keep the yacht afloat. The other two, though nearly waterlogged, finished the course, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola, A. Belmont.....	12 40 58	3 25 58	2 45 00
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt.....	12 40 41	3 26 15	2 45 34
Yankee, Duryea & Whitney.....	12 40 50	Withdraw.	
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.....	12 41 00	Withdraw.	

Fortunately, this race ended the July half of the series, which will be finished after the New York Y. C. cruise, if the boats are still afloat and sufficiently seaworthy. Rainbow after the race went to Providence and was docked there, while the other three went to Bristol to be patched up for the New York Y. C. cruise. All have been leaking badly for some time, Mineola having 7ft. of water in her hold in one of the early races, but in smooth water it was possible to keep them partly clear. In the sea of Wednesday, though all were able to carry club topsails, the leaking assumed more serious proportions, and in addition the hulls showed signs of dangerous straining.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

ON Saturday, Aug. 4, the sixth series of matches for the Seawanhaka Corinthian international challenge cup will begin on Lake St. Louis, the course of three previous matches. The cup was established by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. in 1895, on the occasion of the visit of the English half-rater Spruce III, owned by the late J. Arthur Brand, of the Minima Y. C. to this country. The first series of races was sailed off Oyster Bay in September, 1895. Spruce being defeated by the 15-footer Ethelwynn, designed by W. P. Stephens. The second match was sailed in 1896, over the same course, the challenger being the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., represented by Glencairn I., designed and sailed by G. Herrick Duggan, of Montreal. The defender, El Heirie, was designed and sailed by C. H. Crane, of New York. The matches of 1897-8 and 9 were all sailed on Lake St. Louis, the home

waters of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., the successive challengers Momo I., Challenger and Constance—designed and sailed by Mr. Crane, being defeated in turn by Glencairn II., Dominion and Glencairn III., all designed and sailed by Mr. Duggan. The first two matches were in the 15ft. class, but the Seawanhaka challenge of 1897 made the 20ft. class, the later challengers being in the same class.

This year the challenger is the White Bear Y. C., of White Bear Lake, near St. Paul, Minn. The challenge was made for the 25ft. class, the largest possible under the conditions governing the cup, but by a special agreement between defender and challenger the sail area is limited to 500 sq. ft., the same sail plan as in the 20ft. class. This allows, to make the 25ft. R.M., a l.w.l. of over 27ft., so that there is no longer any inducement to build the extreme type of Skow; while a special provision as to minimum scantling bars such freak construction as that of Challenger.

The trial races of the challenging club early in the month resulted in the selection of Minnesota, owned by F. M. Douglas, J. H. Skinner and Cass Gilbert, designed by Mr. Douglas and built by Gus Amundson, a local builder whose work is well known on the Western lakes. The defending fleet includes four yachts, all designed by Mr. Duggan and built by the Yacht Company at the club station, Dorval. The trial races of this fleet began on July 21, four races being sailed, the first two of them also deciding the ownership of the Molson cup, Glencairn III. and Red Coat being tied in this series. The cup now goes to Glencairn III. There was plenty of wind early in the afternoon, from N.N.W., and the first race was started under three reefs and storm jibs. Mr. James Paton replaced his brother at the tiller of Black Beauty, but the others were steered by their regular skippers—Mr. Routh in Red Coat, Mr. Abbott in White Cap and Mr. Duggan in Glencairn III. The race started at 3:48 and finished:

Glencairn III.	4 14 40
Red Coat	4 15 30
White Cap	4 16 00
Black Beauty	4 16 10

The second race was, to windward and return, Glencairn shaking out her third reef. The times were, start 4:26:20:

Glencairn III.	4 43 30
Red Coat	4 44 20
White Cap	4 45 16
Black Beauty	4 45 20

This race gave Glencairn III. the Molson cup.

The third race was over the triangle, as in the first, and as the wind had fallen, Glencairn shook out her second reef and the others their third. The times were, start 4:56:

Red Coat	5 21 20
Glencairn III.	5 21 22
Black Beauty	5 22 45
White Cap	5 22 50

As there was still time for another race, the boats were sent away at 5:04 over the windward and leeward course. The wind freshened and then fell during the race. The times were:

Glencairn III.	5 57 00
Black Beauty	5 58 03
Red Coat	5 58 07
White Cap	6 00 00

The trials were continued through all of last week, and as the result of many short races Red Coat was chosen to defend the cup.

The challenger was shipped from St. Paul on July 21 by fast freight, being housed over on a flat car. She reached Montreal on July 30.

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, July 21.

THE Columbia Y. C. of Chicago sailed a club race on July 21 in a moderate northerly wind, the start being made at 2:20. The times were:

Class 6.					
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allows.	Corrected.
Peri	2 23 00	3 33 24	1 10 18	0 00 40	1 09 38
Hattie B.	2 25 13	3 36 39	1 11 26	Allows.	1 11 26
Wizard	2 20 35	3 47 20	1 26 45	0 01 23	1 25 22
Class 7.					
May B.	2 20 58	3 30 50	1 09 52	0 02 40	1 07 12
Spray	2 27 39	3 39 50	1 12 11	0 03 10	1 08 52
Mona	2 20 31	3 41 34	1 21 03	0 04 44	1 16 19
Class 8.					
Florence	2 26 05	3 56 46	1 31 41	Allows.	1 31 41
Martha	2 22 41	3 50 02	1 27 21	0 00 08	1 27 13
Class 9.					
Gironda	2 31 04	3 16 21	0 47 17	0 03 32	0 43 45
Query	2 30 48	3 21 18	0 50 30	0 03 32	0 46 58
Albatross	2 33 52	3 30 40	0 56 48	0 08 34	0 48 14
Loon	2 30 47	3 28 47	0 58 00	0 07 18	0 50 42
Willit	2 30 54	3 35 47	1 04 53	0 08 43	0 56 10
Red Bird	2 30 32	3 24 49	0 54 17	0 04 12	0 50 05
Satyr	2 30 39	3 26 43	0 56 04	Allows.	0 56 04

The judges were G. W. Rogers and W. D. Payne; the timer, Secretary W. S. Bougher.

Shelter Island Y. C.

SHELTER ISLAND—SHELTER ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 21.

THE Shelter Island Y. C. sailed a ladies' race on July 21, the new Effort sailing her first race. She was recently completed at Bristol for F. M. S. Smith. The times were:

Cutters—43ft. Class—Start, 2:35.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
James Weir	5 00 00	2 25 00	2 25 00
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	4 54 34	2 19 43	2 19 34
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 2:40.			
Martha, Weber & Kiel.....	4 35 22	1 55 22	1 55 22
Marion, F. M. Smith.....	4 31 12	1 51 12	1 51 12
Sloops—Class P—Start, 2:40.			
Sito, K. R. Otis.....	4 42 55	2 02 55	2 02 20
Evelyn, A. O. Bancker.....	4 50 00	2 11 05	2 11 05
Sloops—Class I—Start, 2:50.			
Asthore, C. H. Otis.....	5 02 22	2 12 22	2 12 22
Torpedo, E. G. Shea.....
Sloops—Class B—Start, 2:50.			
Duchess, C. Pickhardt.....	4 08 10	1 18 10	1 15 50
Nueva, T. W. Brigham.....	4 03 32	1 13 32	1 13 32
Windwish	4 09 30	1 19 30	1 15 50
Catboats—Class V—Start, 2:50.			
Rattler, W. F. Henes.....	5 45 55	2 55 55	2 55 55
Sito, K. R. Otis.....	5 55 22	3 05 22	3 05 22

A Single-Hand Cruise Around the World.

At this end of the century wonders are too common to attract general attention, and the advances of science are so rapid and bewildering that even the marvelous becomes commonplace. The statement that a small boat handled by one man alone, without human aid or companionship, had completely circumnavigated the globe is in itself so simple and unobtrusive as to pass almost unnoticed in the daily record of larger and more elegant steamships, speedy automobiles and faster and more luxurious railway trains; and yet the achievement itself, as well as the personal record of it by the bold navigator, is well worthy of more than a hasty consideration. When a man not only attempts but successfully achieves such a voyage as this, the first questions which present themselves are: Why and how? What object would induce a man to attempt a long and uncertain cruise in the face of dangers and difficulties only too well known to him and with very doubtful gains to offset them? And in what manner of craft was the voyage made, and what means were taken to meet the special difficulties of single-hand sailing on long ocean courses?

In this case the prime motives that have tempted men at times to shorter but successful ocean voyages and to various unsuccessful attempts at the great task of world-girdling—the love of notoriety or the hope of financial reward in the shape of a dime museum engagement or a salary from some soap boiler—are missing. The hero of the enterprise, Capt. Joshua Slocum, an old Nova Scotia sea captain, was moved apparently by the love of the sea and of an open adventurous life, coupled with a lack of suitable employment. While the adventure has probably terminated to the financial advantage of the bold skipper, whose innate gumption has enabled him to develop into a clever writer and a successful lecturer, it does not appear that he started with any money-making end in view, though he was shrewd enough to avail himself of all the opportunities which the voyage offered for the improvement of the ship's finances.

The idea of such a cruise probably had its inception in an accident which befell the captain about ten years ago, when, with his family, he was wrecked on the coast of Brazil in the bark Aquidneck, of which he was owner and skipper. From the remains of this vessel he built a big canoe, the *Liberdade*, in which with his wife and boys he made the voyage home to New York and New Bedford in safety. After this fortune seems to have turned her back upon the hardy navigator, and in the winter of 1892 he was without occupation, when chance threw in his way a gift of an old and practically abandoned fishing smack.

For over a year Capt. Slocum worked over this vessel, rebuilding her completely and raising the sides to suit her for deep sea work. The cost amounted to thirteen months of labor and \$553.62 in cash, and the result was a vessel of unquestioned strength, 36ft. 9in. over all, 14ft. 2in. breadth, and 4ft. 2in. depth of hold. Her draft was 4ft., including about a foot of keel, and her tonnage was 9 tons net and 12.71 gross. As to her model, in view of what she has done, and of her owner's liberal praise, it is perhaps best not to discuss it too deeply. In spite of a good amount of dead rise, it is that of the ordinary oyster sloop or small smack, though with a fixed keel in place of a centerboard. The bow is of the cod's head type, but the two ends are better balanced in their relative fullness than in many of the old "cod's head and mackerel's tail" sloops. The overhangs are quite short, and the stern is chopped off at the usual smack angle. The rig is that of a pole-masted sloop, with short hoist and long boom, though in the Straits of Magellan the boom was shortened and a mizzen added for the balance of the voyage. The living accommodations included a trunk cabin in the extreme after end, barely leaving space at the wheel, and a midship house, the former being the owner's private apartment and the latter for stowage. The steering gear was of the ship type—a short tiller in the rudder head, with tackles leading to the wheel.

The voyage of the *Spray* began, after a season of cruising and fishing on the New England coast, on April 24, 1895, when she sailed from Boston for Nova Scotia, where the captain visited his boyhood home, and on July 2 he sailed again, reaching Fayal on July 20, and Gibraltar on Aug. 5. From here she fetched across to the coast of South America, making Pernambuco after forty days from Gibraltar. The voyage continued down the coast, New Year's Day, 1896, finding the yacht at Buenos Ayres. What with head winds, bad weather of all kinds and murderous savages, the passage of the Straits of Magellan proved a heavy undertaking, and it was the middle of April before the *Spray* was well aloft in the Pacific Ocean. The successful passage of the Straits was due in part to the use of a package of large carpet tacks, which were freely sown over the decks at nightfall, as a protection from the bare-footed savages in canoes, who constantly threatened the vessel.

After calling at Juan Fernandez the *Spray* was at sea for forty-three days before making Samoa. New Year's, 1897, was spent at Melbourne, and New Year's, 1898, at Cape Town, the intervening twelve months having passed pleasantly in a leisurely cruise across the Indian Ocean. After three months spent in land travel through the South African republics, a new start was made on March 26, 1898, and after calling at St. Helena and Ascension Island on May 8, the *Spray* crossed her outward-bound track at the point where she was on Oct. 2, 1895. On May 14 the *Spray* was passed by the U. S. S. *Oregon*, on her now famous run from the Pacific to the Atlantic, Capt. Slocum sending up a signal, "Let us keep together for mutual protection." A most inhospitable thunder storm of exceptional violence, as still remembered in New York, met the *Spray* off Fire Island on June 25, and induced her to change her course and end her voyage, on June 27, 1898, in Newport Harbor; her log showing a distance of 46,000 miles traversed in three years and two months.

It is impossible in this brief outline of the skeleton of the cruise to give any idea of what it really was, but those who will refer to the book will be amply repaid. At every port visited Capt. Slocum was received in the most hospitable manner, the fame of his vessel having preceded him, so that he was eagerly expected. The consular and naval officials of the great nations made much of the plain sailorman and his little ship, and the leading men

of each community were foremost in welcoming him and making his stay pleasant. The story of it all is told in a plain, direct and sailor-like way, which shows the bright side of the voyage in full, but says little or nothing of the many difficulties, discomforts and dangers which must have tried the skill and endurance of the skipper. In each place visited—Gibraltar with its wonderful fortifications; Samoa with its charming people, including Mrs. Stevenson, who entertained Capt. Slocum at Vailima; Johannesburg, with its mines—the manner of his coming opened every door to the adventurous voyager and afforded exceptional opportunities for seeing everything of interest.

Of his own personal part the sailor-author has little to say; there is nothing boastful in word or tone, but when it comes to the ship he is extravagant in her praise. One statement is so remarkable as to have challenged criticism of experienced seamen, but the writer stands by it from first to last. He states that once on a course and with sails trimmed the vessel would steer herself for not only hours, but days, and instances one run of 2,700 miles, from Thursday Island to Keeling Cocos Islands, in the Indian Ocean, made in twenty-three days, during which time the wheel was lashed except for a single hour. It was his custom to read, cook and sleep in the cabin, merely shifting the wheel a spoke from time to time, and putting a becket on it, leaving the vessel to her own devices for an indefinite time until another small shift was necessary.

Those who question the possibilities, the pleasures and the innumerable charms of single-hand cruising on a small scale, as followed by the amateur cruiser, will find in the cruise of the *Spray* a plain and forcible answer to all their objections to this form of sport. There are very few who would care to undertake a voyage of such length, and quite as few who are competent to carry it out successfully, but the possibilities of small craft when well handled are very satisfactorily demonstrated. Not only the experienced yachtsman and the ambitious tyro, but the general reader as well, will find the time pass quickly as he makes the cruise in the company with the genial captain through the pages of the book. The volume, which is freely illustrated and very tastefully bound, is published by the Century Company, New York.

The Wind Upon the Sea.

From the Boston Transcript.

WHEN the wind is calm the sea is a mirror reflecting the sky. When the wind blows it deepens the color of the water, and sea and sky are often contrasted. Seafaring people can tell the way of the wind from the color of the water. To-day both sea and sky are of the same shade of blue. To-morrow the wind blows from the northwest and the sea is many shades darker than the sky. Now the wind is calm and sea and sky are gray; later the wind blows from the south, the sky is still gray, but the sea is green. One minute all the world is gray; the next, a breeze springs up and we try to count the colors in the waves; black, purple, violet, lilac and pink.

Tennyson speaks of the "infinite character of the sea." Now it is sad and mournful, to-morrow full of life and joy; now calm and placid, again full of strength and power. These varying expressions are caused by the wind, its effect upon the water being much the same as the effect of joy and anger upon the human face.

This morning at 5 o'clock two planets hanging low in the east shed a soft light over the water. A peculiar stillness which often precedes the dawn and a light which seemed not of earth filled the world. There were white lights close inshore, the rest of the water was a clear robin's-egg blue; no sound was heard, and not a thing stirred. At noon what a change! The wind blew a gale from the west. The white caps, driven before the wind, raced across the bay and dashed high in the sunlight on the opposite shore. A strong, white light flooded sea and sky, from out of the midst of which came the seagull's vigorous, joyous scream.

Again, the wind is laid, the sea is at ebb. The water has no ending, the sky no beginning. Far down the bay are phantom ships with shadowy violet sails. The noises of the city which fall distinctly upon the ear belong to another world than this one, only the quiet lap, lap of the waves on the shore and the plaintive song of the meadow lark belong to the dreamland into which we have entered.

Two days of wind and rain, and again we look out upon the bay. The wind, raging from the south, tears up the deep and hurls it booming and seething over the rocks. Down the bay the fierce waves fling up their long, white arms, defying the wind. A driving, blinding mist blots out the world. Neither sky nor island nor neck of land is visible, only the boundless, raging deep. It seems years since we stepped from our quiet homes. We cling, drenched and breathless, to the beacon, deafened by the thunder of the tumult and blinded by the fury of the storm.

From Texas.

I have not heard for some time from our friend Johnny Bludworth, of Texas, but word comes up to me from that land of famine and pestilence that Johnny is still on earth and still building boats. He seems to have manufactured a sort of sidewalk boat, 21 feet 10 inches in length and 6 feet 8 inches beam, which will run on a heavy dew and stand any amount of wind. Johnny sailed all the way from Rockport to Mobile, Biloxi and Pass Christian, and he trimmed up about everything there was to race against, beating the best of the Northern importations with his boat, which is called *Skate*. Part of the log of his trip reads as below:

"July 4.—Left Mobile at 4 A. M., and with a fine breeze made the run to Point Clear in two and a half hours; great deal of sport made of the scow, but when the race was over and we had beaten El Heirie and everything else except a 28-foot catboat, their faces were rather long; there was a stiff breeze and plenty of sea, and *Skate* fairly flew on the free stretches. The *Adelaide* capsized, Irma broke her tiller, and Mephisto leaked so she had to give up.

"July 10.—Left for Biloxi races at 6 A. M., with light fair wind; course about west; reached Biloxi 1 P. M.; * * * learned that races had been postponed, and left

at 1:30 P. M. for Pass Christian, where races will be sailed on 14th. Passed Mississippi City about 3:30. * * *

"July 14.—Raced to-day, with light wind, not much to *Skate*'s liking, but we beat Irma, our only competitor, over three minutes. There were about thirty starters in the several classes.

"July 15.—Leave Pass Christian for Gulf Port, on our return to Scranton, with a close haul and stiff breeze. Soon overhauled one of the little racers ahead, and reach Gulf Port at 4 P. M. Leave for Biloxi at 5 P. M. Pass steamer Georgia with crowd of excursionists, who cheer us as we pass. Arrive at Biloxi about dark."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

FLAGSHIP CORONA—GENERAL ORDER NO. 2.

Monday, Aug. 6.—The squadron will rendezvous at Glen Cove. At 11 A. M. there will be a meeting of the captains on board the flagship.

The programme for the cruise, weather permitting, will be as follows:

Monday, Aug. 6.—Race for the Commodore's cup from Glen Cove to Huntington Bay.

Tuesday, Aug. 7.—Squadron run, Huntington Bay to Morris Cove.

Wednesday, Aug. 8.—Morris Cove to New London.

Thursday, Aug. 9.—New London to Newport.

Friday, Aug. 10.—Newport to Vineyard Haven.

Saturday, Aug. 11.—Vineyard Haven to Newport.

Sunday, Aug. 12.—The squadron will remain at anchor at Newport.

Monday, Aug. 13.—Races off Newport for the Astor cups.

Tuesday, Aug. 14.—There will be a meeting of the captains on board the flagship at noon.

During the cruise there will be the usual races for the owl and gamecock colors and a race for launches.

The Regatta Committee will furnish details for the runs from port to port and for all other racing events.

Captains are requested to provide their vessels with N. Y. Y. C. night signals; also to send to the Commodore a list of the names of their guests.

The captains and their guests will be welcome on board the flagship when in harbor.

By order of the Commodore,

ROBERT BACON, Fleet Captain.

July 20, 1900.

Patching Up the New Yachts.

The following account of the repairs to the new 70-footers is from the Bristol correspondent of the *New York Sun*:

Repairs to August Belmont's 70-footer *Mineola* were completed at the Herreshoff works on Saturday, and she was lowered from the railway, sailing at once for City Island, where she will be painted. The repairs have been extensive, and, it is believed, will be effective in preventing such straining as was given the boat in the heavy sea during Wednesday's race.

The interior strengthening consists largely of steel wire ropes, set up by turnbuckles and supplemented by steel struts, the principal work being about the bow, which had been twisted up. The outside strengthening was a band of galvanized steel 9in. wide and 3-16in. thick, reaching diagonally downward and backward on each side of the bow from a point a few inches below the waterline to a point near the top of the lead keel. This band was bolted through the planking.

Virginia was at once put on the railway in place of *Mineola* and will undergo similar repairs. Her bow now cocks up in the air like the toe of an old-fashioned shoe, but since *Mineola*'s was similarly misshaped and has come back into place, it is to be presumed Virginia's will do the same.

Yankee will replace Virginia on the railway by Wednesday or Thursday. Rainbow is being prepared at the dry dock at East Providence, and the others ought to be ready for the New York Y. C. cruise that begins at Glen Cove on next Monday.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Valiant, steam yacht, W. K. Vanderbilt, sailed from Newport on July 21 with her owner and Mr. W. S. Hoyt on board. She made Plymouth on July 30 after a record trip of seven days seventeen hours. Valiant was designed by Mr. St. Clare J. Byrne.

* * *

Enterprise, steam yacht, formerly Saide and *Star of the Sea*, now owned by F. L. Perin, of Baltimore, lost her jib boom and the key of her propeller on July 21 when 200 miles east of Fastnet on her way from Southampton to New York, and put back to Queenstown.

* * *

Atalanta, steam yacht, George J. Gould, has been sold to the Colombian Government and will be converted into a gunboat.

* * *

At a special meeting of the Portland Y. C., July 18, the resignation of Com. L. C. Cummins was accepted. Vice-Com. J. W. Bowers, yacht *Viva*, was elected Commodore, and Mr. E. W. Woodman, yacht *Banshee*, Vice-Commodore.

NAMELESS REMITTERS.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is holding several sums of money which have been sent to it for subscriptions and books by correspondents who have failed to give name and address. If this note comes to the eye of any such nameless remitter we trust to hear from him.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of *Forest and Stream*. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.
 Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can.
 Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
 Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
 Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
 Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
 Purser, C. Fred Wolters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
 Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
 Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
 Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
 Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
 Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Harry Ford, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.

Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
 Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

Fixtures.

August.

3-17. A. C. A. meet, Muskoka.

September.

1-5. Toronto, club cruise.
 8. Toronto, fall regatta.
 15. Toronto, sailing races.

Charles J. Stevens—John Cammeyer Mowbray.

June 17.

By a sad coincidence the New York C. C. lost two of its most valued members on the same day and of the same disease, though the deaths took place nearly a thousand miles apart. Charles J. Stevens, the secretary and treasurer of the club from 1886 to 1894, died on June 17 at Port de Paix, Hayti, of typhoid fever, while John

most enthusiastic canoeist, much of his time was spent at the old house of the New York C. C., on the site of the present ferry house at St. George, Staten Island. As a matter of course, he soon found his way up the Kills to Marmalade Lodge, then the home of the writer, and became a member of the little fraternity which included Vaux, Whitlock, Kirk Munroe and a few others as intimates and most of the canoeists of the time as visitors. It is evident that Mr. Stevens lacked some one of the many qualities which go to make up the successful racing skipper, as he never made a reputation in racing, but in many respects his work was remarkable. He always knew his boats in every detail, and though not a designer he gave the closest study to the design and also to the construction, understanding every technical point. The general planning of a new boat, the sail plan, and the details of fittings were his own work, carried out with the same earnestness and thoroughness which character-

the same way, an experimental canoe, with a deep keel, and the boat was built by Stevens, of Lowell, no relative of either owner or designer. Sailed with a short slide, she was at a serious disadvantage beside the long sliding seats then in vogue, and her real merits were never fairly tested. In 1892 the writer and Mr. Stevens together produced Scarecrow, one of the most successful small boats ever built in this country, the lines having been built from by the score in all parts of the country. In the same year Mr. Stevens joined the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., and though he still kept up his canoeing associations he became more deeply interested in yachting. When Ethelwynn was designed in 1895 Mr. Stevens planned the rig and lent valuable aid in all the work. In 1896 Scarecrow was replaced by another joint production, Bogie, also a fin-keel of the 20ft. class. In 1897 he was elected Secretary of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., which office he resigned last fall, when he accepted a



CANAL SCENE IN LEEUWARDEN.

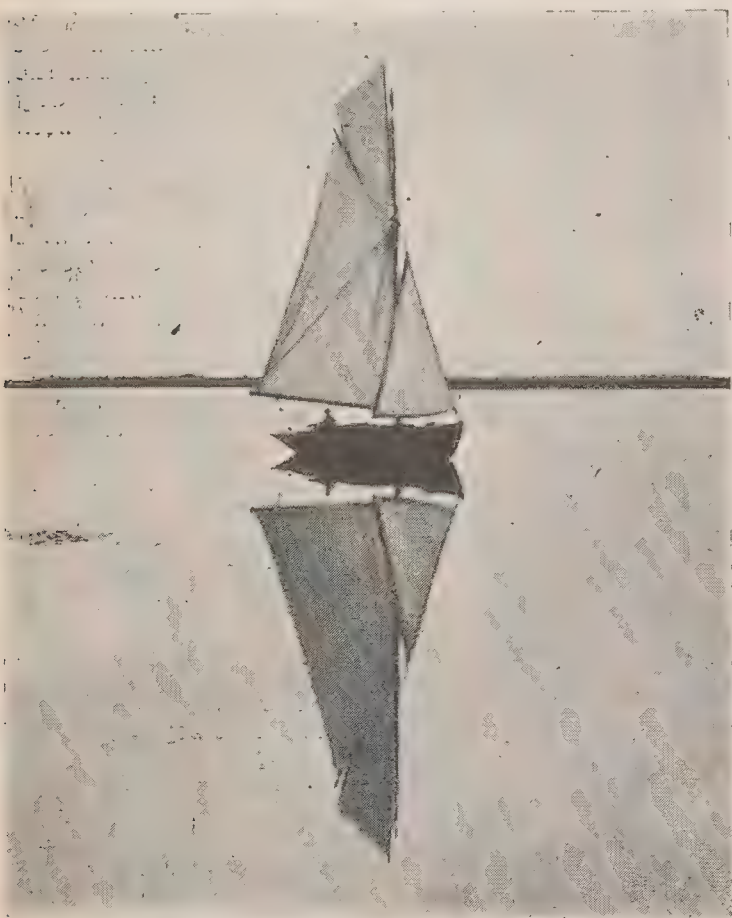


FRIESLAND CANAL.

ized his business career, and from the first his boats were models of neatness and completeness. His personal work in rigging and fitting out a canoe or small yacht was the best we have ever seen, and such mechanical work as he could not do himself he had done by others under his direction, without regard to the trouble and expense involved. In his systematic study of the canoe and its rig, and the extent of his experiments, he stands, with Mr. Paul Butler, ahead of all other American canoeists. For some years he was engaged in the study of sails, working in company with Mr. Gilbert H. Wilson, the sail maker, and trying numberless experiments, the result being the leg-o'-mutton rig used on Ethelwynn and many other small yachts. In 1887 he sold the old Tramp, whose name had long before this been applied to him by his canoeing associates, and the writer worked with him on Vagabond, a very successful canoe and a model in rig and fittings. In 1880 Kismet was designed in

position as resident manager for the New York & Boston Dyewoods Co. in Hayti. Beyond the bare fact of his death, no details of his illness have reached New York. He never married, and his only near relatives, three sisters in England and one, a missionary, in India.

That the New York C. C. is not only alive but flourishing to-day is due mainly if not entirely to Mr. Stevens' work in its behalf. In the ten years after the club was driven from its old home by the invasion of the railroad and before it found its present location he as both secretary and treasurer not only managed its affairs with the same admirable skill which marked his business, but he voluntarily acted as the club's banker, and advanced money to keep it going when none could be had elsewhere. While voluntarily holding the difficult and thankless office of treasurer of a poor club for years, he always refused to accept the more ornamental and conspicuous offices of commodore and captain.



WENDER ON BERGAMER MEER.

C. Mowbray, also secretary from 1895 to 1900, died in New York. Mr. Stevens was born in London, Eng., in 1856, and came to New York in 1880 as the American representative of the house of Brooks, Shoobridge & Co., cement manufacturers. In 1883 he joined the New York C. C. and purchased the big Pearl canoe Tramp, built by the writer in the previous year for C. P. Oudin. Being unmarried, and with no relatives in this country, and a



A DUTCH RIVER CRAFT (IRON).



DUTCH BARGE AND WINDMILL. WENDER ON RIGHT HAND.

One characteristic trait that will be remembered by many was his earnestness and enthusiasm in aiding every one, friends and strangers alike, in rigging and improving their boats.

W. P. S.

John Cammeyer Mowbray (A. C. A., 2243), ex-secretary of the New York C. C., thirty-one years of age, died in New York city on July 17, after a short illness. He had an infinite capacity for work (which undoubtedly indirectly caused his death), and that is near to genius. He was attracted to canoeing in 1891, when in poor health, and became a member of the New York C. C. He very soon developed into one of the best sailors of the club—a strong hand with the paddle, an expert in rigging, and was by far the cleverest man in the club at building and repairing. He trained patiently, and by scientific exercise became a fine all-round athlete. His work as secretary was a model for all others to follow without a hope of equaling. He had a genial manner and an attractive personality, which brought him many friends, who will long remember him kindly and will sorely miss his honest smile and cordial greeting.

BOWYER VAUX.

St. Lambert Boating Club.

THE St. Lambert Boating Club held its fifteenth annual regatta on July 14 over the club courses at the south end of the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence River at Montreal. The events were as follows:

Sailing skiff race, distance 3 miles:	
E. P. Gordon's Ouida.....	1
H. H. Curtis' Lethe.....	2
Single paddle canoe; ½ mile with a turn:	
A. Locke, St. Lambert.....	1
C. N. Marshall, G. T. B. C.....	2
Single canoe race (green):	
J. J. Andrews.....	1
A. Marshall.....	2
Tandem canoe race:	
J. Edwards and G. Morrison, G. T. B. C.....	1
P. Ward and J. Davidson, Lachine.....	2
Senior double scull:	
Powell Brothers, St. Lambert.....	1
H. Baby and F. A. C. Bickerdike, Lachine.....	2
Junior tandem canoe race, under 17 years:	
Albert and Percy Marshall, Grand Trunk B. C.....	1
H. Lucas and G. Davidson, Lachine.....	2
H. Lucas and G. Davidson, Lachine.....	1
J. Christie and T. Smith, St. Lambert.....	2
Tandem canoe race:	
A. Locke and J. J. Andrews, St. Lambert.....	1
C. W. McLean and A. Veary, G. T. B. C.....	2
Canoe race (one to four paddles):	
C. A. Christie and J. Symington, A. Bourne, R. Hooper, St. Lambert.....	1
Four in a canoe:	
J. Locke, J. J. Andrews, Allan Christie, Jack Smith, St. Lambert.....	1
Single scull race:	
W. J. Elliott, Longueuil B. C.....	1
F. Powell, St. Lambert.....	2
War canoe:	
St. Lambert crew.....	1
Grand Trunk B. C.....	2
Tub race:	
W. Sudbury.....	1
J. Horsfall.....	2
Tournament:	
R. R. Magor and F. H. Elliott, Lachine B. C.....	1
The officers were: W. H. V. Hooper, Hon. President; J. Edgar Buchanan, President; J. R. Innes, Vice-President; D. S. MacLeod, Secretary; B. H. Hooper, assistant Secretary; A. Locke, Captain; W. A. Bourne, Assistant Captain; C. A. Christie, Treasurer.	
Committee: R. E. Farthing, E. J. Carpenter, E. G. Powell, C. B. Hart and J. J. Andrews.	
Judges: James Powell, Grand Trunk B. C.; W. Simpson, Walker, Longueuil B. C.; J. B. Tresidder, St. Johns Y. C.; Arthur Hersey, Lachine B. C., Hon. President and Vice-President of the club.	
Clerks of course: C. B. Hart and E. J. Carpenter.	
Starter: J. R. Innes.	
A very large assemblage was present to witness the races. A dance was given in the evening.	

Canadian Canoe Association.

THE first meet of the new Candian Canoe Association will take place at Brockville, on the St. Lawrence River, on Aug. 4-6, the racing being under the auspices of the Bohemian A. A. A., of Brockville. The programme is as follows:

First day: War canoe race for championship of Canada, single canoe race for championship of Canada, tandem race for championship of Canada, four in canoe for championship of Canada, Bohemian A. A. A. four-oared race (two heats), single canoe for championship of Canada, single canoe (double blade) for under eighteen years, single canoe upset (double blade).

Second day: War canoe race for Maj. Walsh challenge cup, canoe fours for Robt. Wright & Co. trophy, tandem canoe, single canoe, single canoe upset, four-oared race, four-oared Bohemian race (finals), quarter-mile swimming race (open), 100-yard foot race (open), 100-yard C. C. A. foot race for club members, 200-yard hurdle foot race (open), 100-yard fat-men foot race, boys' and girls' races, putting the shot (open), running jump (open), standing broad jump (open).

Year Books Wanted.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to my letter of some months ago asking for copies of year books to make up a complete book for A. C. A. file, I have received copies of 1885, 1886, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1898 and 1899, and I would like to have copies of books of 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1887, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, and 1897. Any members having same to spare will confer a favor by sending them to my address, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto.

W. G. MACKENDRICK, Com., A. C. A.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

Two or three times during this season accidents have occurred to people using canoes. The trouble is that 99 per cent. of the accidents that occur from these small craft happen to men who, knowing nothing about them, attempt to take liberties which would prove dangerous in the St. Lawrence skiff. A good many of the canoeists of this vicinity have been waiting for some time for an accident, which will probably occur before the season is over, to a young man now amusing himself with his first canoe, which he sails around with a girl who cannot swim aboard. Some day if he is particularly fortunate and does not drown either the girl or himself, he will look back on the chances which he is now taking and feel his hair rise under his hat. A girl is all right in a sailing canoe if she can swim; a girl is also all right in a paddling canoe, provided she does not have a wild inclination to stand up and shriek if a bit of scrap blows aboard, but a girl that cannot swim in a sailing canoe is an invitation to an accident that is almost too pressing to be denied.—E. T. Keyser in the New York Times.



Under the title of "Woodcraft" a little pamphlet has been issued by the American Compressed Food Co., makers of the Standard Emergency Ration. The pamphlet is very appropriately made, the paper being in imitation of birch bark, the outer white bark for the cover and the inner pink bark for the leaves. The book contains a number of useful hints for campers and also recipes for camp cookery.

Wender in Friesland.

THE accompanying pictures are from photos taken last summer on the cruise of the little yacht Wender, whose lines were published in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 24. They give a good idea of the picturesque craft and the placid life of the Dutch canals and meres.

A. C. A. Membership.

Northern Division—D. W. Rooke, Rochester, N. Y.

THE location of the present A. C. A. meet makes it possible for American canoeists to extend their return trip so as to enjoy one of the most delightful steamboat trips in the country. On returning from Muskoka the steamers of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. may be boarded at either Hamilton or Toronto for a cruise of nearly 400 miles to Montreal, from which point New York and Boston may be quickly reached by rail. The route of the steamers through Lake Ontario and down the St. Lawrence River is most picturesque and interesting. Many old A. C. A. men know the river well about Clayton and Gananoque, but they have seen nothing of the beautiful Bay of Quinte, the head of the river about Kingston and the famous rapids between Ogdensburg and Montreal. Beautiful as they are, the Thousand Islands are but a sample of the great river, which every American should see and know. Pleasant as the trip up or down has always been, the new steel steamers recently added to the line have added much to it, their accommodations being convenient and luxurious in the extreme.—*Adv.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New Jersey State Rifle Association.

WITH its programme for its ninth annual meeting at Sea Girt, N. J., Aug. 31 to Sept. 8, inclusive, the New Jersey State Rifle Association issues the following circular:

To the Riflemen of the United States:

Events which have transpired within the last year have demonstrated more fully than ever the need of an active national organization to represent the riflemen of the United States.

It was only recently shown in revolver shooting circles that a match with any other country was out of question as long as there was no representative body to accept and send challenges and control affairs. Hence the formation of the United States Revolver Association, which quickly brought about an international match with France.

The Spanish-American and British-Boer wars have caused such an awaking of interest in rifle shooting that the next few years will see the sport brought prominently to the front, the outcome of which will be that the experts of this and other countries will want to try their skill against each other.

An effort was made last winter to organize a league of American riflemen, but owing to obstacles in the way of perfecting the organization by correspondence it was deemed advisable to let the matter rest until a favorable opportunity presented itself to get together enough of those interested to hold an organization meeting.

No better time for this could be chosen than during the week of the interstate matches at Sea Girt, N. J., when hundreds of the most prominent riflemen of the country will be gathered together for the contests.

The New Jersey State Rifle Association has kindly offered the hospitality of its spacious club house on the range for this purpose and the meeting will be held there on Wednesday evening, Sept. 5, at 8 o'clock.

Everyone interested is invited to be present. If you cannot be present and would like to have your name enrolled as a charter member you may do so by sending your name to the undersigned. In all probability the yearly dues will be \$1 and the initiation fee not more than \$2.

The co-operation of every patriotic citizen, as well as every shooter, is needed to put this sport on the plane commensurate with its importance as a factor in the making of a "world power" of the United States.

The following gentlemen, prominent in military and sporting circles, are interested in seeing the proposed organization a success and have signified their intention of becoming charter members: Maj.-Gen. Wesley Merritt, U. S. A. (retired); Gen. George R. Gyger, adjutant-general, Ohio; Gen. George H. Harries, commanding D. C. N. G.; Gen. P. Farmer Wanser, First Brigade, N. G. N. J.; Gen. Bird W. Spencer, inspector-general of rifle practice, New Jersey; Col. James A. Frye, inspector-general of rifle practice, Massachusetts; Col. E. C. Farrington, inspector-general of rifle practice, Maine; Col. Thomas F. Cooke, inspector-general of rifle practice, Iowa; Col. Frank K. Patterson, general inspector of rifle practice, Pennsylvania; Col. Henry S. Dietrich, general inspector of rifle practice, Illinois; Col. J. M. Rice, secretary Northwest Military Rifle Association; Maj. Frank L. Kimball, brigade inspector of rifle practice, N. H. N. G.; Maj. James E. Bell, inspector-general of rifle practice, D. C. N. G.; Maj. C. H. Lauchheimer, inspector of target practice, U. S. M. C.; Maj. William Ely, brigade inspector-general, R. I. M.; Maj. Glendie B. Young, Second Regiment, D. C. N. G.; Capt. Hobart Tuttle, aide-de-camp, First Brigade staff, N. G. N. J.; Ensign Richard LeB., Bowen, Fourth Division, N. B. R. I. M.; secretary Rhode Island State Rifle Association; William Hayes, vice-president New Jersey State Rifle Association; Nathan Sperring, president Philadelphia Rifle Association; Maj. S. S. Scheffelin, I. S. A. P. and O. O., First Brigade, N. G. N. Y.

Gov. Theodore Roosevelt writes of this movement as follows: "I have the heatiest sympathy with your proposed organization and will help you in any way I can."

ALBERT S. JONES, Acting Secretary.

SEA GIRT, N. J.

Entries made after the meeting opens on Friday morning will be post entries, and in matches Nos. 5, 12, 13 and Wimbledon cup subject to an additional charge.

The programme is as follows:

No. 2, All Comers', entrance, \$1; three tickets for \$2; re-entries allowed; continuous. No. 3, Hayes, \$1; three tickets for \$2; re-entries allowed; continuous. No. 4, Meany, \$1; re-entries allowed; continuous. No. 5, N. J. S. R. A. trophy, \$1; post entries, \$2; re-entries allowed, same price as original entry; continuous. No. 6, Savage, 50 cents; re-entries allowed; continuous. No. 7, Winchester, \$1; re-entries allowed; continuous. No. 8, Remington, \$1; re-entries allowed; continuous. No. 9, Lafin & Rand trophy, 50 cents; re-entries allowed, three tickets to count; continuous. No. 10, Harper's Weekly, 50 cents; re-entries allowed; continuous. No. 11, Consolation, 50 cents; re-entries allowed; continuous. No. 12, Inspectors', \$2; post entries, \$2.50; no re-entries allowed; Sept. 1, 3 P. M. No. 13, President's (championship), \$5; post entries, \$7.50; no re-entries allowed; Sept. 7 and 8, 2 P. M. No. 14, Schuetzen, A, 50 cents; re-entries allowed, three tickets to count; continuous. No. 15, Schuetzen, B, 50 cents; re-entries allowed, two tickets to count for first five prizes; continuous. No. 16, Schuetzen team, C, \$5 a team; Sept. 3, 2 P. M. No. 17, Colt automatic pistol, 50 cents; re-entries allowed; continuous. No. 18, Revolver team, \$10 a team; Sept. 6, 3 P. M. No. 19, Re-entry revolver, 50 cents; three tickets for \$1; re-entries allowed, three tickets to count; continuous. No. 20, Carbine team, \$10 a team; Sept. 4, 9 A. M. No. 21, Company team, \$10 a team; Sept. 5, 2 P. M. No. 22, Regimental Interstate, \$6 a team; Sept. 3, 8 A. M. Match A, revolver championship, U. S. R. A., \$5; no re-entries. Match B, military championship, U. S. R. A., \$5; no re-entries. Match C, pistol championship, U. S. R. A., \$5; no re-entries. Wimbledon cup match, N. R. A. No. 1, \$2; post entries, \$3; no re-entries; Sept. 1, 1 P. M. Hilton trophy match, N. R. A. No. 2, \$24 a team; Sept. 5, 9 A. M. Interstate match, N. R. A. No. 3, \$24 a team; Sept. 6, 9 A. M. Centennial trophy match, \$2 per man; Sept. 7 and 8.

Elite Schuetzen Corps.

At the regular semi-monthly shoot of the Elite Schuetzen Corps on July 21, at Cypress Hills Park, the following scores were made:

P Andrassy	24	24	22	23	23	20	24	20	21	19	—220
	22	21	23	22	24	24	20	24	23	19	—222
J Kaufmann	22	21	18	24	19	24	21	20	22	24	—215
	19	17	23	24	25	20	22	17	23	22	—212
	24	18	15	20	16	20	18	18	20	24	—193
C Engert	25	23	20	14	19	22	10	23	16	20	—192
	23	21	17	18	23	20	20	22	12	15	—191
	21	23	20	19	16	18	18	18	19	15	—187
C Kaufmann	17	24	19	17	20	19	20	15	18	13	—182
	14	16	22	16	22	17	24	12	19	19	—181
	17	16	16	20	20	20	16	12	24	11	—176
	22	20	19	14	10	22	17	8	19	18	—169
F A Schlitz, M.D.....	17	17	3	15	11	17	22	15	14	22	—153
	17	17	3	15	11	17	22	15	14	22	—153
	18	15	22	16	13	3	19	16	17	12	—151

CHARLES K. HOERNING, S. M.

CHARLES K. HOERNING, S. M.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.

Aug. 7-8.—Newport, Vt.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Newport Gun Club. J. R. Akin, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

Aug. 1.—Wellington, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; open to shooters of New England.

Aug. 3-4.—St. Paul, Minn.—Tournament of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club; \$240 in cash or more added. A. E. Perry, Sec'y-Treas.

Aug. 7.—Hackensack River Bridge.—Outwater's live-bird handicap. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.

Aug. 8.—Auburn, Me.—Tournament of the Auburn Gun Club.

Aug. 7-8.—Bass Lake, Ind.—Third annual target tournament. Jack Parker, Mgr.

Aug. 7-8.—Birmingham, Ala.—Amateur tournament given by the Peters Cartridge Co., on the grounds of the Birmingham Gun Club; \$150 added. John H. Mackie, Mgr.

Aug. 14.—Binghamton, N. Y.—All-day target tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club.

Aug. 14.—Springfield, Mass.—All-day tournament of the Springfield Shooting Association; grounds near Indian Orchard.

Aug. 23-24.—Lafayette, Ind.—Tournament of the Lafayette Gun Club, under sanction of the League. J. Blistian, Sec'y.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—The Indian tournament; \$700 added. T. A. Marshall, Sec'y, Keithsburg, Ill.

Sept. —.—First week in September. Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sept. 3-4.—North Platte, Neb.—Tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club on Col. Cody's Scout's Rest Ranch; \$250 added. Geo. L. Carter, Mgr.

Sept. 3.—Trenton, N. J.—Labor Day tournament of the Walrode Gun Club. George N. Thomas, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Muncie, Ind.—Two-day tournament of the Magic City Gun Club. One day at targets, one day at sparrows. Chas. E. Adamson, Sec'y.

Sept. 3.—Blandon Park, Richmond, Va.—First annual tournament of the Virginia Trapshooting Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. Franklin Stearns, Mgr.

Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Fifth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club; \$25 added. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Homer, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Triangular Gun Club; one day targets; one day live birds. C. B. Wiggins, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Pensacola, Fla.—Two-day shoot of the Dixie Gun Club; bluebirds and live birds. V. J. Vidal, Sec'y.

Sept. 14-15.—Platte City, Mo.—Trap shoot of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 27.—Zanesville, O.—Tournament of the Zanesville Gun Club. L. A. Moore, Sec'y.

Oct. 2-4.—Swanton, Vt.—Robin Hood Gun Club's three days' tournament.

Oct. 11.—Greensburg, Ind.—Tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. C. D. Tillson, Sec'y.

Oct. 12-14.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Aug. 2.—Interstate Park.—Third and last shoot for the championship of Long Island; 25 live birds, 25yds.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Mr. T. W. Morley has reached a degree of skill which places him with the topnotchers in the use of the shotgun. He shoots in quick time, uses good judgment, and places his loads with admirable precision.

Mrs. F. E. Butler (Annie Oakley) had a happy experience while Buffalo Bill's Wild West was at Greenville, O., recently. As our readers know, her marvelous skill with rifle and shotgun is one of the chief features of this great show. Greenville is near her old home, and her many friends did not permit the opportunity to pass without a token of esteem and admiration, as the following taken from the local paper, the Daily Advocate, will show: "The specialties were very fine, and under this head Miss Annie Oakley, 'Greenville's distinguished daughter,' gave an exhibition of her wonderful abilities as a shooter. Her appearance in the arena was the signal for a grand ovation, such as she has probably never received before and perhaps may never receive again until she returns to Greenville. Her work was good, and she seemed inspired to do her best. Just as she stepped away from her table and started for her tent, she was recalled, and 'Gen. M. Anderson, in the presence of the vast crowd, presented her with the beautiful loving cup purchased by 'old home friends.' Miss Oakley was taken completely by surprise, and for a moment was speechless, but her usual equanimity returned presently, and she accepted the gift with a few well chosen words of thanks and appreciation. Her exit from the arena was made amid deafening applause." The cup is of solid silver and finely engraved and inlaid with gold. It is about 16in. high, and bears the following inscription: "Presented to Annie Oakley by home friends, Greenville, O., July 25, 1900." Her mother, aged seventy-five, and three sisters, all in Quaker dress, were in the grand stand and witnessed the presentation. Mrs. Butler was born twenty-two miles from Greenville, on Aug. 13, 1866.

The Walsrode Gun Club, of Trenton, N. J., has issued its programme for its Labor Day tournament, Sept. 3. There are nine events; four at 10, four at 15 and one at 20 bluebirds, entrance 50, 75 cents and \$1. First prize is an L. C. Smith hammerless; second, camera; third, gun case; fourth, hunting suit; fifth, fishing rod. The club grounds are situated at Hutchinson's Lake, Trenton, N. J. On the last page of the programme is the following: "Pointers and Advice—Paste This in Your Hat.—If you don't come you will always kick yourself that you didn't. Shooting begins promptly at 10 o'clock A. M. Interstate Association rules to govern all events. Rose system of division. Every one gets a piece, if you shoot good enough. Trolley cars direct to the grounds. If coming by Pennsylvania Railroad take car at Clinton Street Station marked Yardville. If by way of Philadelphia & Reading, take same car at Warren and State streets. Best loaded shells, chilled shot, for sale, 65 cents per 25. Targets 1½ cents, included in all entries. Manufacturers' agents will receive the glad hand, but they will be allowed to shoot for targets only. If I have left out anything that you would like to know about write me, George N. Thomas, Sec'y."

The programme of the fifth annual tournament of the St. Paul Rifle and Gun Club, Aug. 3 and 4, to be held at the Intercity Shooting Park, provides twelve events each day, each at 15 bluebirds, \$1.50 entrance, \$10 added to each event. There also each day are two special events, the first being for the H. C. Hirschy Blue Ribbon interstate team challenge trophy, 100 targets per man, entrance \$10, and on the second day the contest for the cup emblematic of the championship, each contestant to shoot at 25 targets. The regular programme events for each day have a total of 180 targets, a total of \$18 entrance, and each day \$120 added. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. Two magautraps will be used. Targets 2 cents, deducted from entrance. Professionals may shoot at 1 targets only, free of cost to them. None other than ladies, professionals and manufacturers' agents allowed to shoot for targets only. Dinner served in club house. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Ship shells and guns to W. P. Brown, Intercity Shooting Park, Minneapolis, Minn. A. E. Perry, Secretary, St. Paul, Minn.

No one can read the following, published in the Sun of July 30, without a sigh of regret that the beautiful trapshooting grounds at Elkwood Park, the scene of so many well fought contests, are no more. It sets forth as follows: "Phil Daly, Jr., the well-known wing shot, has retired from pigeon shooting. The decline of the sport in this vicinity has been surprising. Four years ago there were almost daily matches at Hollywood and Elkwood, and upward of a score of shooters present. To-day golf has captured all of the shooters summering along the coast, including Phil Daly, Jr., and Bland Ballard, the well-known crack from Louisville. Daly's latest appearance at the traps was at the Interstate grounds at Long Island, the scene of the Grand American Handicap. The clover leaf traps at Elkwood have been removed, and the Elkwood Golf Club is now in possession of the once cozy shooting box."

Under date of July 26 Dr. J. Hobart Egbert, of Holyoke, Mass., writes us as follows: "The Springfield Shooting Association, of Springfield, Mass., will hold an all-day tournament on their grounds near Indian Orchard, Tuesday, Aug. 14. Targets will be thrown from a magautrap, and purses will be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. All are invited. Manufacturers' agents and professionals will be handicapped. Those who wish may shoot for the price of targets only. The Association's grounds are as fine as can be found anywhere, and every attempt will be made to give visiting sportsmen an enjoyable time. Programmes and other information can be had by addressing C. C. Merritt, 461 State street, Springfield, Mass., in whose care guns and ammunition may also be sent. To reach the grounds take Indian Orchard car to Red House Crossing."

Mr. F. T. Sherwood, secretary of the State League, Bedford, Ind., writes us as follows: "Under date of 24th ult., Mr. Chas. E. Adamson, secretary of the Magic City Gun Club, of Muncie, Ind., writes me: 'We have decided to add one day at sparrows to our tournament, giving us two days: Monday, Sept. 3, at targets, and Tuesday, Sept. 4, at sparrows.' There will be one event of 25 sparrows, which will be the State championship event, with which will go a handsome cup or badge (we have not decided yet). We will spare no expense to make it one of the best shoots in the State, and at least 500 personal letter invitations will be mailed to shooters."

The programme of the Interstate tournament, to be given for the Newport Gun Club, Newport, Vt., Aug. 7 and 8, is an attractive one for amateurs. There are ten events each day, seven at 15 and three at 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. Shooting commences at 9:30. The purses will be divided in the ratios 8, 5, 3 and 2, Rose system. Guns and ammunition forwarded to True & Blanchard & Co., Main street, Newport, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Targets 1½ cents. Headquarters at the Hotel Memphremagog. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner is the manager.

The third annual trapshooting tournament, to be held at Bass Lake, Ind., Aug. 7 and 8, will be under the management of Jack P. Baker, of Detroit. There are twelve events each day, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per target. Targets 2 cents, and one-fourth of a cent will be reserved for the two high score shooters through the entire programme. Moneys divided according to the Rose system. Guns and shells may be shipped to W. F. Brabrook, Jr., Bass Lake, Ind. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock.

The Dayton Herald of July 25 has the following: "In the 50-bird event of the ladies' championship held at the Gun Club tournament at Springfield, there were three entries: Mrs. C. F. Meyers, of Springfield; Miss Nettie King, of St. Louis, and Mrs. M. F. Lindsay, of Cincinnati. Mrs. Meyers won, breaking 37 out of the possible 50. Miss King broke 32 and Mrs. Lindsay 30 of the 50 birds thrown."

The beautiful grounds at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., besides being the best equipped shooting grounds in the world, will soon have golfing. The links are now being laid out by Mr. John D. Dunn. The café and hotel accommodations are also quite complete. Meals are served at all hours. Cycling, driving, golfing and shooting parties therefore can be assured of the best of accommodations.

Saturday of this week is the date fixed upon for the contest between Messrs. F. E. Sinnock, of Newark, the holder, and H. H. Stevens, of New Brunswick, the challenger. The E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, is the object of competition. The match will take place at 2 o'clock on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, Newark.

In the shoot held last week by the Baltimore Shooting Association on its grounds, the special contest being for the sterling silver cup, the records were as follows: Lupus 49, Malone 49, Robb 48, Franklin 44, Darling 36. Malone and Lupus agreed to shoot off the tie at the shoot of the Association, each having exhausted his supply of ammunition.

Mr. F. T. Sherwood, the League secretary-treasurer, Bedford, Ind., informs us that the Trapshooters' League of Indiana on July 24 granted to the Greensburg, Ind., Gun Club a sanction for a tournament on Oct. 11. Further information may be obtained by addressing Mr. C. D. Tillson, the secretary.

In the thirteenth trophy shoot of the Garfield Gun Club at Chicago on July 28 Mr. R. Kuss was high man with 24 out of 25 in competition for the Class A medal, and Messrs. Midgley, Eaton and Mathews tied for the Class B medal, Mr. J. D. Pollard having no tie on 22 in Class C.

In the twelve-men team contest between the Passaic City Gun Club and the Boiling Springs Gun Club, at Rutherford, N. J., on Saturday of last week, the former won by the narrow margin of one target. The scores were 197 to 196, each man shooting at 25 targets.

In another column is a communication from Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, in the matter of challenges, which indicates that there is to be a general shakeup in the championship trophies. This is as it should be, for competition gives the trophies their best value.

In the club shoot between the Charlottesville Gun Club and the Staunton Gun Club, of Virginia, on July 26, on the grounds of the latter, in a five-men team race, each man shooting at 25 targets, the Staunton team won by a score of 98 to 93.

A contest for the championship of West Virginia at 100 bluebirds has been arranged between Messrs. Harvey C. Allen, of Sistersville, and S. J. Mallory, of Parkersburg, to take place on the grounds of the Sistersville Gun Club on Aug. 11.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Trap at Watson's Park.

WATSON'S PARK, Ill., July 27.—Twenty-five-bird match; W. Schloesser vs. F. Gackle, for birds:

W Schloesser	1*2*1202002*1212001211002—15
F Gackle	1112211*2012221012012202—20

July 28.—Practice:

J G Lovell	2212*212021001110212221—20
R A Kent	0022000000121212000*02121—12
C G Creyk	12012100102121—11

RAVELRIGG.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, July 28.—The appended scores were made to-day on the grounds of the Garfield Gun Club, the occasion being the thirteenth trophy shoot of the season. The day was an ideal one for trapshooting, and a goodly number of shooters took advantage of it for a pleasant afternoon's outing.

R. Kuss won Class A medal on 24; Midgley, T. Eaton, Young and Dr. Mathews tied for Class B medal on 23; J. D. Pollard won Class C medal on 22.

Thirteenth trophy shoot, 25 targets:

Dr Meek	01110111111111111111111101—21	Events:	1 2 4 5	Targets:	15 10 10 15
E Tramp	111011111111111111111111—23	Dr Huff	5	Young	6
W P Northcott	01111111111111111111111101—22	Yon	10	Cooper	7
C H Kehl	10110110100001100101100—13	Lalor	7	O Von Lengerke	8
A McGowan	011111101011100111000110—16	Dr Madsons	7	Dorman	9
P McGowan	000110111010010111000011—13	Delano	5	Hellman	10
J D Pollard	111001111111111111111111—22	Brabrook	10	C Kuss	10
R Kuss	111111111111111111111111—24	Coppernal	10		
A E Midgley	111111111111111111111111—23				
T Eaton	111111111111111111111111—23				
C P Richards	111111111111111111111111—23				
Pumphrey	111101111111111111111110—23				
T L Smedes	111001101111111111111111—22				
Dr Huff	1111111011111111111110010—19				
S E Young	111110111111111111111111—23				
O Von Lengerke	111111111111111111111101—23				
F I Cooper	001010001010100111111000—12				
Lalor	010111101011010111111110—18				
Dr A A Mathews	1111111111111111111110101—23				
A D Dorman	101010110011111111111111—19				
H Delano	10010111000001010001010—11				
A Hellman	111101111111111111111101—21				
F S Brabrook	101111111010111110100101—18				
C Kuss	110010101010101101100111—16				

Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 28.—In the monthly trophy shoot of the Chicago Gun Club to-day the scores were: Adams 12, Cornwell 11, Buck 11, Whitman 11, Bowles 12, Patrick 8, Mrs. Howard 8, Dr. Morton 8, Milliken 7, Mack 13, Mrs. Carson 13, Weart 7, Stannard 12. This event was at 15 targets.

The scores made in the monthly medal shoot follow:

A W Adams	111101011111111111111111—19
Cornwell	111111111111111111111111—25
O J Buck	011111101111111111111001—20
Whitman	111111101111111111111111—24
O P Bowles	11111001111111111111100011—17
E L Patrick	00110001000001111100101—10
A Rupel	101110011111111111111110—16
Mrs. Howard	01000011100000000010101—8
Dr. Morton	111011011111111111111110—19
Milliken	00111010110010010111101—14
R B Mack	01111110111111111111100011—19
Mrs. Carson	1110100111011111111110111—19
G V Weart	110111011010100011001000—13
W Stannard	111111101011111111111101—22
Vietmyer	011101111111111111111111—22

City Park Gun Club.

NEW ORLEANS, July 25.—Bad weather prevailed on the day of the club's last shoot. Very few scores, however, were shot, as the rain came down in torrents and the shooting adjourned sine die. But the members took advantage of the rain by having a meeting of the club, at which many important subjects were discussed, the principal among which were the erection of a club house and the giving of a tournament next Mardi Gras. In the medal shoot Mr. Henry L. Sinnott (Novice) was successful, with the excellent score of 22. This is his first win this season, and congratulations were showered on him. Messrs. Benedict, McKay and Saucier were high guns.

Prize shoot, 25 birds, handicap:

	Allowed.	Broke.	Total.		Allowed.	Broke.	Total.
McKay	0	21	21	Novice	4	22	25
Saucier	0	22	22	Huff	8	13	21
Benedict	0	23	23	Picou	5	12	17
Stone	0	21	21	Tabary	5	18	23

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	15	15	20	25	Targets:	10	10	15	15	20	25
McKay	9	11	15	17	21		Saucier	10	11	16	22		
Benedict	8	10	14	15	23		Stone			11	16	21	
Novice	3	7	11	10	8-22		Picou			4	12		
Huff	6	6	5	5	13		Tabary						18

Mr. Elliott's Challenges.

EASTON, Md., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To-day I inclose draft to Sportsmen's Review, FOREST AND STREAM, and Sporting Life, challenging Mr. F. S. Parmelee for the St. Louis Republic cup, Mr. E. S. Graham for the Dupont cup, and Mr. Fred Gilbert for the E. C. cup.

I see by the press that those Western Indians are again getting troublesome, and are intending to hold a Grand Pow Wow and Green Corn Dance at Lake Okoboji, Aug. 28 to 30. I reckon I had better go out there to make them return to their reservations Good Indians.

I herewith inclose \$25 forfeit and challenge Mr. Fred Gilbert for the E. C. cup.
J. A. R. ELLIOTT.
[\$25 received.]

Pigeons for Trapshooting.

To some the idea of raising pigeons for trapshooting seems a little cruel, and some investigation of the subject has been made by those interested in the protection of animals and birds; but the fact is there is nothing in the business to shock the most sensitive any more than raising poultry for the market. The pigeons that are shot at the traps are simply plucked immediately afterward and sold on the market. This, instead of injuring the trade of those who make a business of raising pigeons for a living, really helps it. No one attempts to raise pigeons for market directly. The profit comes chiefly in the squabs, and the old pigeons are merely disposed of finally when they get rather too old for breeding purposes. These pigeons, put on the market, would bring very little, because they are old and tough, and the meat they furnish is hardly good eating. Nevertheless, they make excellent birds for the traps. They are strong of wind and their flight is oftentimes more powerful and rapid than that of younger birds. There is consequently a demand for such birds from trapshooting clubs.

A word or two about the needs and demands of these clubs should be of interest to those engaged in raising pigeons and squabs for market, for their consumption is so large to-day that they form one of the leading factors in the market. The trapshooting season begins in early fall and extends well through the winter, and during nearly all the winter holidays thousands of pigeons are shot from the traps. In and around New York all the way from 20,000 to 50,000 pigeons are shot in traps every season. On extra occasions, when large matches are arranged, 25,000 birds will be needed in one week. The question of obtaining this number of birds at one time is often a difficult one to solve. Formerly it was impossible to do it, but to-day marketmen and special breeders have come to the rescue. The marketmen collect the few consignments of pigeons that come to the city from different parts of the country and hold them for trapshooting clubs. Some marketmen carry large consignments along for weeks just to supply such a sudden demand. They have the dates of the different tournaments, and they keep in direct touch with the clubs. But this system hardly works satisfactorily, and special breeders of trap pigeons have gone into the business. On Long Island there are several farmers who make a specialty of this. They raise thousands of pigeons for the trapshooters, and they are ready at any moment to supply a club's demand for 1,000, 2,000, 3,000 or 10,000 birds. Immense wire inclosures keep these pigeons within restricted areas. They have to be fed sufficiently to make them strong and able flyers. The trapshooting clubs demand, above all things else, fast and active birds. Sluggish and slow flyers are not wanted. In the great cages where they are raised for the clubs the birds are exercised every day by a man entering the inclosure and snapping a huge whip. The crack of this frightens the birds, so that they fly around in great flocks. This morning and evening exercise is considered necessary for the proper development of wing power.

As a rule, young pigeons are in demand, and these must be strong and healthy. The clubs are willing to pay their prices for the birds that come up to the standard. Slate-colored or "blue" birds are the favorites for this purpose, and pigeons of this class that are guaranteed to be fast sell for 75 cents per pair. Breed does not count, and fancy pigeons are not in demand. It is speed and activity that the shooters want. Ordinary pigeons are bought for 50 cents per pair. When the birds are shot they become the property of the club organizing the tournament and not the individual shooter. Large quantities of these are then sold direct to the marketmen, and they are either placed immediately on sale or put in cold storage. Immediately after a pigeon tournament the prices for dead pigeons—or squabs, as they are often called—drop a good deal, and the outside breeder who happened to ship his birds to market at such a time would lose money. In order to make pigeon raising a success the breeder must keep in touch with the trapshooting tournaments and the clubs. There is more money to be made in supplying the clubs with pigeons than the markets. The clubs inform those who supply the markets with the dates for their tournaments, and pigeons can then be sold to them. Nothing but strong, active birds should be shipped, for the breeder who makes the mistake of thinking that he can dispose of any old stock to the clubs will suffer. The birds will be shipped back at his expense. No one knows better how to test the pigeons than those who have charge of the pigeon matches. The marketman gets the dead pigeons, after the shooting, at \$1 per dozen, at which price the outside breeder cannot make any profit.—Country Gentleman.

Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

6.

Near Eckert, Ind., while three boys were hunting, they dug into an old log after a rabbit and discovered a pot of gold coin. With the treasure counted out \$4,000 was found.

7.

Near Shelbyville, Ind., a physician, hunting, came upon an old shotgun from which the stock had all but rotted away. It was identified as having been the property of a young man who, after being killed sixteen years ago, left home, taking his gun with him, and was never heard of again.

8.

Evidence of some one's fright or unavailing precaution in the early days of the war was brought to light near Moberly, Mo., by a camper who found a buried tea kettle containing \$4,000 in coins all of which bore date prior to 1860.

9.

Henry Creswell, of Hudsonville, Mich., had caught many fish and was leisurely dragging his line along, when he felt a sudden jerk and wound up the reel. He did not find a fish on the end of his line, but instead a purse of woven silver wire, exquisite in workmanship. On opening the purse he found a diamond solitaire ring, the stone being nearly two carats and pure white, a pair of diamond eardrops, containing large gems of considerable value, and a dozen Spanish gold pieces. There was no engraving or writing on the purse.

The ex-Trapshooter.

ONCE upon a time there was an elderly lady, who incidentally was a grandmother, a trait much more common to the elderly ladies than to the young. Her dearest relative on earth was a grandson, a precociously bright boy about fifteen years old, whose exceeding brightness she had discovered *ab initio*, and her discovery was well supported by the testimony of his father and mother, who had recounted to her several thousand of his brightest *bon mots*, and to such friends also as could be inveigled into listening to them.

Those who were not factors in the boy's pedigree alleged with much solemn fervor that he was a "fresh kid," whatever kind of animal that may mean; but they no doubt were prejudiced against him, for his father, who knew better, proudly alleged in the midst of friendly gatherings that the kid "took after" himself, while his mother more fondly but no less proudly alleged that he "took after" her.

Seams and lines checkered grandma's face and neck, and between the lines one could read that she, in her youth, had been bewilderingly beautiful, a belle of belles, a typhoon of lovers' hopes and despair; also that in her youth she had been a true sports-woman, riding through the country and across country, going all the gaits, whether the occasion was the pursuit of fox, deer, etc.; but age had brought with it a mellow demureness which might easily be mistaken for apathy. Nevertheless she knew all that was going on within her ken and interpreted with admirable accuracy much that was going on without it.

Bud, the grandson, loved his grandmother. She often besought him to go fishing, but he was so passionately fond of sitting at her feet on an ottoman, reading to her from some book which had in its plot a heroine, a hero, a villainous father and a wild horse that he had no time to spare for any of the frivolities of life—all of which properly became a good boy with a big head and a narrow chest, with thereto a general physical weediness.

They were very happy comrades. She would knit socks of wondrous shape for the heathen while he, sitting at her feet, would descant on the world and its ways, and she found his companionship both pleasant and instructive. While reading betimes of some of the most thrilling love situations he would pause to expound kindly their meaning to her, for which courtesy she was duly grateful, and as he looked up to her for approval she would, through her glasses, gaze into the liquid depths of his violet eyes and thank him sweetly.

His craving for literature was so great that he ventured to search his grandfather's trunk one day and was rewarded by finding an old manuscript, which he forthwith dutifully showed to grandma, who expressed great surprise that she had not found it herself, inasmuch as she had kept a pretty close continuous tab on all her husband's papers, particularly those which she had reason to believe were not strictly related to business. Each had a curiosity somewhat greater concerning it than they displayed toward the contents of any book, and when grandma requested Bud to read it he acceded with commendable promptness.

He was at that age when his voice rasped around an alto, goose-honkish pitch for two or three minutes at a time, when it most unexpectedly and startlingly switched off into a weird bass and vice versa, and as he read with much false emphasis and forcing of sounds through his nose, the words of any author as he uttered them were blended with music. Behold him then sitting at the feet of his revered grandparent and reading as follows:

"Bombay, Jan. 1, 1800.—At the very outset, let me declare that I am an ex-trapshooter. It is easier and more inexpensive for the average shooter to become that kind of a shooter than any other. But I retired because I had won enough money to burn. I retired full of the wisdom which comes from the years of active practice and dealing with all kinds of men. My winnings were riches to such a degree that I had the \$100 bills baled and pressed as cotton is baled and pressed and piled up in the outer woodshed to save storage. In writing the following I therefore write as one disinterested:

"In the many years of my trapshooting experience I grieve to note that there was a certain small, undesirable class of shooters, or alleged shooters, which from year to year never entirely disappeared. I say 'alleged' advisedly, for if some of this class had the skill they had not the heart; others who had the heart were deficient in skill, and if they had both the skill and heart they had a most inexplicable mental perversity which caused them to see and understand everything awry if at all against their own interests. This class had such remarkably high standards for itself that they were finally formulated into one, to wit: Everything must come our way and the rest of the world can go hence."

"What kind of men do you suppose they were, Bud?" grandma inquired most benevolently.

"Kickers," Bud replied sententiously.

"La, how did you guess it?" and grandma gazed on the prodigy with wonder.

"Why, it was at the head of the manuscript, but I forgot to read it. But let us return to our mutton," and Bud continued:

others. If the thinkers stopped thinking and the workers stopped working and the backers stopped backing the kicker could not then kick unless he kicked because they had ceased effort.

"What is the chief grievance of the kicker? Why, that he failed to win or that his chance to win is not a reasonably sure thing. Is not that sufficient to convict the management of dishonesty and incompetency, the handicappers of stupidity, incompetency and general crookedness, the referees of favoritism, negligence, dishonesty and ignorance, that shooters with a 'pull' got the best of it, and the kicker, who goes around with a heart as pure as the golden rule, 'gets the worst of it'?"

"The kicker never considers the matter of skill and nerve and endurance as they apply to himself and others, and as to the general matter of equity, one might as well ask the kicker to look beyond the firmament as to ask him to understand it. Alas! in his efforts to better the institution so that his own success is



THE THREE WINNERS OF THE GRAND PRIX DU CENTENAIRE.
E. G. Murphy. D. MacIntosh. Marquis de Villaviciosa

assured and therefore so that the sport is truly pure, he constantly is met by the ignorance and dishonesty of the multitude.

"As to a kicker's grievance, it is an exception from other grievances, since, as he views it, no proof other than his assertion is necessary to establish it or to show that it exists at all outside of his imagination. If a kicker suspects wrong and asserts there is wrong, that should be quite enough for the rest of the world in the way of evidence. It is true that those who shoulder the labors and the responsibilities of the competition are the ones who receive the odium of the saintly class of kickers, because being the workers they are the most conspicuous and the most responsible. Competition, as the kicker views it, is not for the general good, but for the personal success of the kicker.

"Yet promote the average kicker into the position of manager. Could he fill the office? No. Place him in the position of handicapper. What about it? He doesn't know the first principles of handicapping. He would shirk the responsibility, for there is quite a difference between the moral courage which prompts a man to do right publicly, regardless of what any one may think, and the kicker's curish snarling in private without any responsibility whatever. Place him in the position of referee. Where then is the independence of action, the moral firmness and force of will, the perception of equity between man and man, the knowledge of the principles of the competition? Yes, where are they? Who has ever heard of a kicker doing such things? If you will go to any constitutional kicker or one of any good standing as a kicker and ask him to do any of these he may refuse on a high

arete. "I thought that this was an interesting Monte Cristo story from the way it began. It seems to be all subject and no predicate. Kicker, kicker, kicker. I wonder what it all means?"

"Those were good old days when I was one," grandma replied in a preoccupied manner.

"Were you ever a kicker, grandma?" the kid asked in astonishment.

"You shouldn't ask such bold questions my child," grandma replied as she stopped knitting and gazed at him with motherly benevolence. After a moment she bridled up with much spirit as thoughts of the good old days recurred and continued: "All the same, I don't mind telling you that I have a record of 7 feet and 11 inches, which was considered a pretty good high kick in my day. I suppose there are lots and lots of people who can beat that now, for the world regularly improves, I am told."

"The kickers are no better to-day than they were a hundred years ago," remarked the bright boy.

BERNARD WATERS.

Midsummer Tournament.

THE fifth annual midsummer tournament at Tolchester Beach, July 25 to 27, was unfortunate in respect to weather conditions, rain falling nearly all day on Thursday, and part of the day on Wednesday.

Mr. Hood Waters, who shoots under the name of Schultz, was badly handicapped by a sprained ankle, which necessitated the use of crutches. Considering this regrettable disadvantage, his scores show that he shot remarkably well.

Malone, Jr., who is a son of Mr. J. R. Malone, shot in the 50-target race on the second day, and scored 45, tying with Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, and demonstrating that he is a chip of the old block. He is only eighteen years old, and has been busy with his studies during the past five years at college, at Rock Hill, Ellicott City, his few opportunities for practice being in the days of vacation.

Among the visiting shooters were Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, of the Winchester Co.; J. J. Hallowell, of the U. M. C. Co.; H. Burnham, of York, Pa.; A. Sikes, of Little Rock, Pa.; J. Ruff, of Westminster, Md.; Frank Stearns, Richmond, Va.; J. George and J. Goodman, Centerville, Md., and John England and W. Bird, Dorchester, Md.

All present enjoyed themselves thoroughly and hoped to be able to return another year to the next tournament.

Tolchester Beach is a fine place for holding a tournament. In the average for the two days at targets Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was the highest.

Wednesday, July 25, First Day.

No. 7 was at 10 pairs, and the last event was from the 30yd. mark, use of both barrels:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15
Hicks	14	9	9	9	11	12	12	10	9	12
Lupus	13	14	13	13	13	14	18	13	11	9
Schultze	13	13	13	12	15	14	18	14	15	12
Elliott	14	14	15	13	13	13	14	14	15	12
Leland	14	13	13	12	10	9	11	9	13	8
Reif	12	12	12	13	13	12	11	12	11	..
Jory	10	13	10	12	12	11	11	11	11	7
Stearns	14	14	13	12	15	14	12	14	12	7
Malone	11	14	12	11	12	12	12	11	12	9
Devall	14	12	11	9	13	14	..	12
Storr	14	14	13	14	14	14	15	14	12	8
Barrett	4	4
Hill	10	15
Bonday	12
Wise	8

Thursday, July 26, Second Day.

This was live-bird day, and Mr. J. J. Hallowell on the day's competition carried off the highest honors, losing but one bird in the whole day's competition. The scores follow:

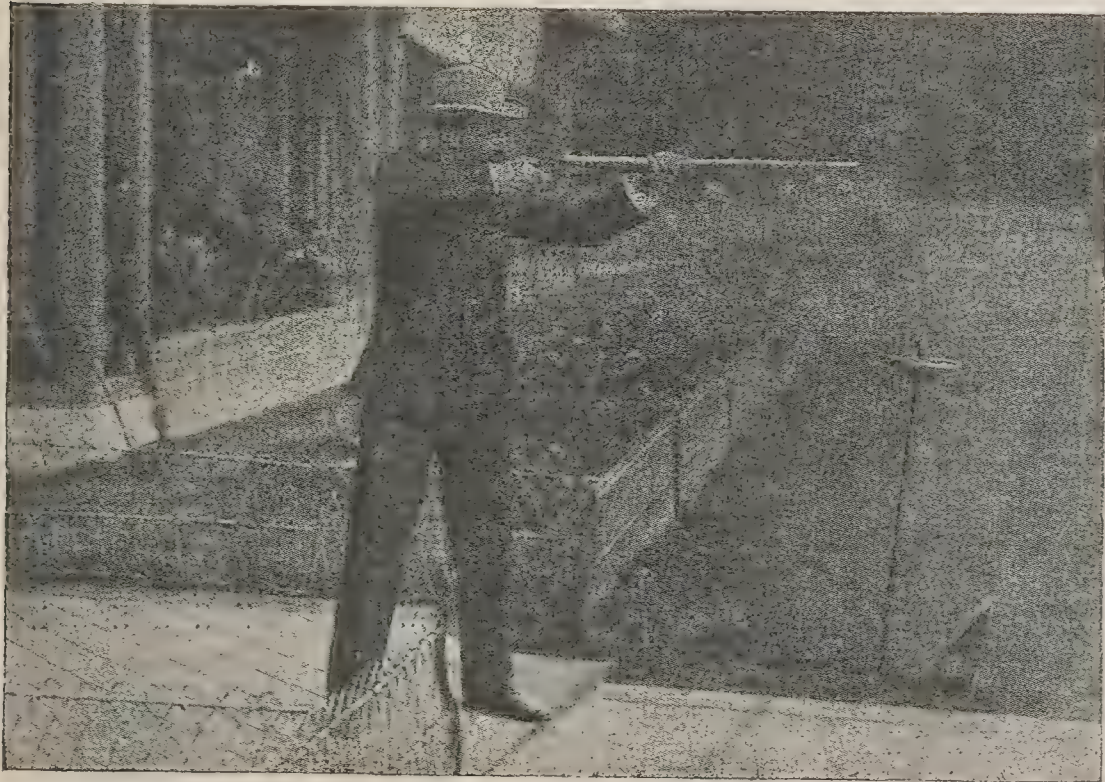
Miss-and-out, entrance \$2: Hallowell 9, Bonday 9, Reif 9, Elliott 9, Schultze 8, Leland 7, Stearns 7, Leitz 4, West 4, Hazard 2, Leader 2, Hicks 1, Burnham 1.

Miss-and-out, entrance \$2: Hallowell 9, Leader 9, Bonday 9, Burnham 9, Schultze 8, Elliott 8, Stearns 7, Hazard 6, Wall 6, West 5, Bird 4, Leland 3, England 2, Seitz 1, Reif 2, Hicks 0.

Miss-and-out, one barrel, 26yds. rise, gun below the elbow, entrance \$2: Hallowell 3, Stearns 3, Schultze 3, Elliott 3, Burnham 2, Leland 2, Bird 1, Leader 1, Wall 1, Seitz 0, Bonday 0.

Seven birds, \$5 entrance, one barrel: Hallowell 7, Hazard 7, Seitz 6, Elliott 6, Malone 6, West 5, Leader 5, Burnham 5, Schultze 4, Stearns 4, Leland 2.

Miss-and-out, entrance \$2: Elliott 15, Leader 15, Bonday 15, Schultze 15, Hazard 15, West 8, Hallowell 4, Reif 2, Leland 2, Seitz 1, Burnham 1.



D. MACINTOSH.
Winner of first Grand Prix du Centenaire.



RETRIEVING A LA FRANCAISE.

Friday, July 27, Third Day.

The main event was the merchandise at 50 targets, Lupus making the highest score, 46, with Elliott and Malone, Jr., tied, with but one less. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15
Lupus	12	13	13	14	14	13	13	13	13	46
Stearns	12	15	13	11	12	18	13	13	15	44
Leader	14	13	14	13	13	13	12	11	13	44
Schultze	14	14	14	15	12	16	15	13	12	42
Elliott	15	15	15	13	15	19	13	14	14	45
Devall	11	12	12	6	12	39
Malone	12	12	14	13	13	14	16	14	12	..
West	10	12	11	10	10	11	9	10	11	34
Bonday	15	12	14	12	9	42
George	9	10	9	11	8	11	11	11	11	48
Godman	7	9	7	..	8	8	9
Reif	12	13
King	9	6	7	13	7	7	..	39
Malone, Jr.	45
Ruff	40
Andrew	6	8	10

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

"As a class, the kickers are divided into stalwart kickers and weakling kickers, and these may be subdivided into kickers for revenue, kickers for honors, kickers for both and kickers who do not know any better than to kick and whose nature it is to kick, and who couldn't be broad minded if they wished to be so.

"The kicker for revenue cares nothing about the true merits of any case. It is indeed an insignificant affair from which he cannot, by hook or by crook, unearth a grievance.

"The kicker for honors has much the same procedure as the kicker for revenue.

"The constitutional kicker, whose selfishness dominates his mind, finds everything wrong if he fails to win and betimes finds much to denounce even when he does win.

"As a class, the kickers are clamorous babblers for honesty in others; therefore it is a just inference that they are more honest than all the rest of the world.

"The most resolute of all kickers are those who have for a time been the recipients of free ammunition, but whose free ammunition has been cruelly stopped. Sometimes a shooter who has had such an experience is sourly predisposed to consider that all other shooters are dishonest and given over to professionalism; also according to his own intricate manner of reasoning that all shooters who are expert enough to beat him should be barred, while all shooters whom he can beat should be encouraged as being the true and correct amateurs.

"If the rest of the world does the work and assumes all the responsibilities the kicker does his full part by kicking thereat, if by any mischance he does not make himself a beneficiary. Be it known, your true kicker leaves the work and responsibilities to

moral ground that he has a grievance, or he may be truthful and admit that he can't do any of them, and if, regardless of his fitness, he should consent and there really was an opportunity for his services, how much confidence would the rank and file of sportsmen have in his ability?

"And yet it would seem that the ancient guild of kickers would organize, take up the good work and carry it on with that regard for the general good and with that pure honesty which now is so regrettably absent, and with that responsibility which they leave to others, thus showing the world what is what. And still, even then there might be kickers, for the world might kick.

"Men who are new in matters of competition and who therefore have not the discipline of mind which comes from repeated victories and defeats, or who have not had time to learn the tenets of sporting etiquette, may kick in a way, but they improve with time. Some men are childishly confident of winning. Shameless and garrulous boasting before competition, beside being wearisome to others, is a difficult matter to face afterward, if the boaster loses, and is something of an incentive to the discovery of a grievance. Some men are born with grievances.

"And if the kicker were to stop for a moment and ponder over the thought which is given to perfect the sport throughout the country, the time which is given and the work which is done freely for sport's sake, the responsibility which is back of it all and the prestige and good will which this responsibility commands, and if he were then to say 'It after all is well done,' it is very likely that some of the birds in the trees near him would drop dead.

"Bosh!" exclaimed the fresh kid as he delicately lighted a cig-

ON LONG ISLAND.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

shoot was the performance of Mr. Morfev in killing 24 out of 25 in the club event. The scores:

The members turned out in strong force. All moneys were deposited according to the Rose system. Shooters who so desired could shoot for targets only. Targets, 2 cents. One re-entry was allowed in the merchandise event, at \$1. Shooters were handicapped, except in the expert events. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier managed the shoot. The clambake was in charge of the famous expert, Washington A. Noe, of Flushing, L. I.

The gun and ammunition event was at 20 targets, \$1.50 entrance, at No. 1 set of traps, handicaps according to the club system. Re-entries were allowed. The first prize was a Winchester repeater; second, a Stevens rifle, and from the third to the fifteenth prizes were different articles of shooting usefulness. The scores:

	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.		Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Schuebel	5	17		Kreeb	13	9	22
Duke	12	5	18	Trostel	9	9	18
Schorty	15	5	20	H Hendrick-			
Keller	12	3	15	son	17	5	22
Leahy	5	7	12	Hendrie	15	3	18
Wellbrock	16	8	24	*Parker	14	3	17
Dietzel	12	7	19	Weber	6	9	15
Belden	6	9	15	*Schorty	15	5	20
Dr Bryant	13	5	18	Klank	6	11	17
Parker	17	3	20	*Schorty	17	5	22
Sands	9	9	18	*Schuebel	18	5	23
B Amend	15	6	21	Weibler	13	4	17
A J Amend	14	8	22	*B Amend	15	6	21
Doenick	10	9	18	*Hawes	12	7	19
Mager	11	6	17	Wolf	5	9	14
Hawes	12	7	19	Forster	9	8	17
Passe	10	7	17	Kay	7	8	15
Hagemeyer	5	8	13	Thompson	15	5	20
Steffins	15	9	24	Cone	10	7	17
T Hendrick-				Muench	14	7	21
son	11	7	18	Voss	12	7	19

Fort Smith Gun Club.

PORT SMITH, Ark., July 22.—The tournament is over and the shooters have scattered, and it was a supposable case that the shooters locally had had enough of the game for a while, but it did not affect the regular Saturday practice shoot, at which the attendance was about normal and the contest for the medal very spirited. It was won by Kimmons on the very good score of 22, the runner up being Waller Boyd, with the fine score of 21, for he it known straight scores are a scarce article on our grounds, especially late in the evening, when the shadows fall across the traps.

On Wednesday, the 18th inst., at the regular semi-weekly practice, Leach broke 66 out of 75, running 29 out of the last 30 shot at, or an average of 88 per cent. for the 75 shot at. Young Wyatt Stevenson made his first appearance at the traps and proceeded to break 16 out of 25 in the finished style of a veteran. His position is good and he promises to be a first-rater right off the reel.

Scores of Saturday, July 14:

Kimmons	.11111111111111110010111-22
A W Boyd	.11101011111111111111111100-21
C H Boyd	.1111111111111111111111111100-21
Hunt	.1010101011111111010110011-18
Echols	.101010101111111101000101-16
Williams	.101010111111010101111111000-16
Oglesby	.1111111111111111000000100010-15
	.10101010000111101010101011-13

Scores of Wednesday, July 18:					
Shot at. Broke.			Av.		
Leach	75	66	.880	Williams	75 58 .773
Kimmons	75	60	.800	Dr Ellis	75 56 .720
C H Boyd....	75	60	.800	Stevenson ..	50 35 .700

Scores of Saturday, July 21:

Leach	10101111111111111111111111111100	20
Kimmons	11111111111111111111111111111100	20
C. H. Boyd	10101111111111111111111111111100	20
Dr. Ellis	10101010111111111111111111111100	20
A. W. Boyd	10101010111111111111111111111100	18
Oglesby	10101111111111111111111111111100	17
Williams	10101011111111111111111111111100	18
Hunt	10101011111111111111111111111100	12
Miss Oglesby	101000000000001010101111111111	12

Shoot-off for medal: Leach 20, Kimmons 19, Boyd 18. **LEACH.**

Staunton Gun Club.

STAUNTON, Va., July 27.--Appended find scores made in the team shoot between the Charlottesville and Staunton clubs for the Intercity cup on the grounds of the Staunton Gun Club yesterday; also the scores made in a few sweepstake events after the cup shoot.

This is the third shoot for the cup between the two clubs, Charlottesville winning the first time and Staunton the last two. The scores:

Charlottesville Gun Club.

Show	0011111101111111111111011101-20
H Watson	1111110011011011011111010-18
George	011111001111101101011010-17
Bruffey	0001111011111111111111-21
W O Watson	111000111010001111101111-17-93

Staunton Gun Club.

Sillings 101111110111111111111111-23
Merriken 1010111111001000010101-14
McDaniel 111111111110101111111111-23
E Wayman 111111111111111111111111-24
Kiracofe 1010011111001001000111110-14-98

2	3	4	5	6	Events:
---	---	---	---	---	---------

Targets:	2	3	4	5	Events:	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10
George	8	..	6	6	Merriken	8	6
Snow	9	9	8	7	E Wayman	6	8
Summerson	5	8	9	10	Quensen	9	7
W O Watson	10	..	6	..	McCoy	7	8

Bruffey	8	9	9	1	Bumgardner	5	5	8
Kiracofe	9	9	9	1	Garber	5	5	4
McDaniel	10	1	9	10	9	W Wayman	5	5
H Watson	7	5	3	8	J Wayman	6	6	6
Harris	4	4	6	7	Steinbuck	7	8	4
A P Smith	9	3	6	4	O E Smith	6	6	2
Sillings			7	10	Hoge	5	5	5

The Hunter Gun Club.

FULTON, N. Y., July 25.—Rain in the morning delayed the competition. No. 10, the merchandise event, had an L. C. Smith hammerless gun for first prize. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	10	11
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10
Weller	8	14	9	15	9	14	10
Wayte	9	11	10	14	7	12	..	13	7
McCord	8	13	10	14	9	14	8	13	9

Wagner	8	14	13	10	12	8	8
Napp	9	11	14	9	15	9	13
Deremo	8	12	10	14	9	12	8
Ebbbie	6	7	14	9	13	9	7
Daily	8	13	8	14	8	12	10
Morris	9	10	13	15	10	12	13

R Hunter	7	12	12	10	12	14	7
Wheeler	7	13	8	14	10	9	14
Herman	7	11	9	12	9	12	14
Chapman	6	11	8	12	10	12	7
Bridgen	9	14			8		

Brown	12	7	8
J Bolan	11	10	7
Tuttle	6	11	11
J Hunter	11	12	13
Borst	8	12	7

The Breeder and Sportsman of July 21 has the following: "One Barrel Pete is at present enjoying the resources of southern California. Advices from Avalon dated July 16 are to the effect that P. J. Murphy, who holds a number of champion medals, gave an exhibition of wing shooting after the close of a baseball game."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Last Summer Tour to the North.

last Sunday. He shot at 20 live birds, and grassed all but one. The exhibition was a surprise to the audience, as Mr. Murphy's style of shooting is somewhat of a novelty. He drops doubles or singles with equal facility, whether standing on his feet or resting his head on the ground where his feet ordinarily would be—position seems to be indifferent to him. He is billed for another 'freak' shoot to-morrow." La! La!

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE last tour to the North for the summer of 1900 via the Pennsylvania Railroad to Canada and northern New York will leave

Aug. 11. The places visited include Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Rapids of the St. Lawrence, Quebec, the Saguenay, Montreal, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, and Saratoga; the trip occupying fifteen days; round trip rate, \$125. The tour will be in charge of one of the company's tourist

The rate covers railway and boat fare for the entire round trip, parlor car seats, meals en route, hotel entertainment, transfer charges, and carriage hire.

dress Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad Company, 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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Some men and dogs are gun shy, but the rule is otherwise. The boy baby tends toward a gun with a native drift and instinct. There are people who, failing to catch the whooping cough in childhood, are caught by it late in life. These have it "hard." So with shooting. A man may lead a blameless existence until the white dust of the road of life is in his hair, and then fall. The gun malady will utterly possess him.

—Myron W. Reed, Locusts and Wild Honey.

THE SIMPLICITY OF CAMP LIFE.

THE peculiar and beneficent charms of an outing in camp are hardly to be separated into distinct parts and nicely defined, yet as a whole they are well known and well appreciated by every one who has been so fortunate as to enjoy them. If asked to define the pleasures of camping, no doubt the average camper would maintain that, on the one hand, they consisted in freedom from superheated houses, crowded and sweltering humanity, eternal din and wearisome business cares; and, on the other, the enjoyment of the unconventional style and simplicity of detail, the approximation to the most natural and healthful manner of living which can be adopted during the days of recreation, and the enjoyment of the most beautiful in nature in her most winsome seasons.

No doubt there is much of good in the generalities, but there is also much of good in the little things, the particulars which excite so much of interest in the passing moments and are so soon forgotten when the outing is ended. From morning till evening there is an endless succession of trifles which occupies the mind of the camper, and to worn and weary minds the change brings restfulness and repair.

The little things of camp life are the themes of it. What engages the attention of the campers? What are the topics of their conversations? Little things; the sweet song of a bird in the early morning, or its beautiful plumage; the grave consideration of whether or not some other point has not many better advantages for a camp site than the one at present occupied; the rumor that some one in some other camp caught a bass which weighed eight pounds; the fear that the wood supply may run short, or whether the wood of one particular tree makes a better fire than some other tree or trees; the consideration of whether it is better to shoot at a target or go fishing; the fears as to whether a bait supply can be obtained; the wonderment as to how the lone frog in the spring obtains a food supply; the debate concerning the bright-colored snake found dead; the conjectures as to what wild land may lie beyond the distant house; the conversation concerning the little ground squirrel which timidly watches the strange beings who have come to live in his domain; the curious flights of the feathered creatures; the wonderful wild flowers—these and innumerable other little things occupy the attention and divert the mind to its great benefit.

The man who, in business, has his mind wracked and burdened with ceaseless cares, finds in the little things of camp life enough to engage his interest, yet only of sufficient interest to be wholesomely diverting. They are as necessary to existence in camp life in a way as are the more serious problems of the business and social world.

To sit in camp in the evening, listening to the deep bass of answering frogs, or earnestly debating how the big fish was lost, or how the shot at the big buck was made or missed, or whether the fish are gamer and fight more fiercely and better in the lake to the north than in the lake to the south, comes under the head of little things, yet camp life is made up of them. Remove them from camp life and that life would be stripped of its greatest charms.

While there is good health in the pure, fresh air, abundant sunlight and active exercise incident to hunting, rowing, fishing and tramping, they are merely the great things on which the superstructure of little things is built, and from the standpoint of completeness are but a half of the whole. The little things of camp life contain its true greatness. The camp-fire's halo is of little things; the woods and waters had their greatest interest from the trifles of the passing moment, yet they all contributed to the rested mind, the elastic step, the clear eyes and the ruddy cheeks, the good results of little things.

NATURE AND HAIR RENEWERS.

FROM Wisconsin comes the wail of a camper, who has most excellent reason to feel outraged and robbed. "Here am I on my old camp site," he writes, "and across the narrow arm of the lake, on the face of the bluff directly facing my cabin door, in huge yellow letters is the sign 'Try McGuffy's Hair Renewer'—or words to that effect. I have sent for a case of brown paint to match the shade of the rock, and I shall attend to that yellow sign instanter." We sympathize in his indignation and commend his spunk, which promises to abate what is one public nuisance among a thousand.

The degradation of the beauties of natural scenery by impudent and staring advertising signs is progressing at a rapid rate in the country. Go where we will in the suburbs of the town, up and down the rivers, by the sea-shore and amid the mountains, the advertising man has been there before us and left the bold, impertinent, obtrusive triumphs of his skill. On all sides we are confronted by announcements of pills, plasters, blood purifiers, whiskies, baby foods, rheumatism cures, soaps, pickles, cigars, beer, liniments, baked beans, bicycles, sewing machines, bitters, cough drops, oatmeal and washing compounds.

It is said, and there is some consolation in the fact, that we are not so badly off here in America as in some of the European countries; but Europe is awakening to the necessity of a reform, and it is high time that we were following the lead. In Switzerland the Cantonal Councils of Uri, Grisons and the Valais have made official declaration: "We will no more allow these advertisements on our rocks than on the white cross of our flag." We have laws in several of the States against the prostitution of the flag to advertising purposes; why might we not go a step further and protect our natural scenery against the advertising sign nuisances? Meanwhile, in default of recourse to official suppression, the individual has it within his power, and in many instances quite within his right as well, to take the matter into his own hands, as our Wisconsin friend has done, and blot out the offending sign. The truth, however, appears to be, as pointed out by Mr. John DeWitt Warner in a recent number of Municipal Affairs, that these advertising affronts are tolerated because the public at large has no resentment of them. In other words, a mammoth pill sign on the face of the Palisades of the Hudson produces no general sentiment of disgust. The public taste tolerates it. We have these advertising atrocities simply because, as a community, we do not object to them. And we shall continue to have them just so long as this complacency shall last. Not until popular taste shall be cultivated to a point where it shall demand that natural scenery be unadorned by the art of the sign painter may we hope for an improvement in this respect. There are many encouraging evidences that such an improvement will come. For one thing, there is the society of Scapa, an organization devoted specially to correcting the sign nuisances. Then the various associations for the preservation of sites of historical interest and beauty are cultivating taste. Individual effort can accomplish much. We ought not to be obliged to make extended journeys into the wilderness to see nature in its pristine beauty; and certainly when we have gone into the wilds we may reasonably ask that we shall not be stared out of countenance there by huge yellow-lettered announcements of hair restorers.

SNAP SHOTS

Secretary George Piers, of the Inland Fishery Protection Service, reports that the caribou is practically extinct in the Yukon Territory, and that the caribou is practically extinct in the Yukon Territory.

is shy, and it will not remain near any disturbing element. To supply the place of the caribou, the Nova Scotia sportsmen are importing the Virginia deer, which appear to do well. The moose supply is believed to be holding its own. The Nova Scotians are given to moose snaring; year after year the Society has made cases against the snarers, and despite the well-demonstrated proclivity of the snarers to stand together and perjure themselves in a common defense, convictions have been secured and the practice has gradually been abated. The introduced pheasants are reported to be doing well.

Mr. Piers submits a consideration against the sale of snared hares and partridges which we do not recall having seen before. "I think it a great disgrace," he writes, "that snared hares and partridges are allowed by law to be sold in our markets, when it is distinctly forbidden in the New Testament to eat the meat of any animal that has been strangled." And he clinches his statement by reference to Acts 15:20, 29, and 21:25, where the prohibitions against eating what has been strangled will be found. On the other hand, it might be urged that our modern rules of practice with respect to taking game are not governed by biblical injunctions. For instance, it is enjoined in Deuteronomy 22:6-7, "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way on any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young; but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, and take the young; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days." Nowadays, on the contrary, when we come upon a game bird's nest, we take neither the young nor the dam; but let both go until the shooting season.

The Mosaic rule was based upon the very principle in natural history which is commented upon to-day by Coahoma in his notes on the nesting habits of birds whose first clutch of eggs has been stolen or destroyed—if the eggs or the young of the mother bird were taken from her she would straightway set to and lay another lot. The case of the hawks, described by Mr. Swain, has a parallel in one which came under our observation this spring. A song sparrow had nested in an Irish juniper and had laid her four eggs, when a storm broke the juniper and destroyed nest and eggs. Thereupon the bird built a new nest, and laid a new quota of eggs, which in due time developed into young. The domestic hen supplies the most familiar example of persistent laying when thwarted of her ambition to sit.

The Hawaiian Islands are some two thousand miles distant from America, yet according to notes by Mr. H. W. Henshaw, in the July Auk, several species of the birds of this continent have found their way across the vast watery expanse and have been observed on the islands. The glaucous gull follows vessels from San Francisco to Hilo. The hundreds which follow the ship out of the Golden Gate as a rule turn back after the first one hundred miles, but once in a while an individual bird will follow the ship for the whole distance, roosting upon the yards at night. Brown boobies too follow the ships across, feeding on the scraps thrown overboard and roosting upon the vessels' yards at night. Other American birds noted by Mr. Henshaw as occurring more or less frequently on the islands are the red-breasted merganser, the red phalarope, the sanderling, Wilson's snipe, curlews, plovers and turnstones.

Press dispatches from Helena, Mont., on Tuesday of this week reported a great fire raging in the Yellowstone National Park in the timbered region between the Upper Geyser Basin and Yellowstone Lake. So soon as the fire was discovered the troops and the road gangs were hurried to fight it, but it was soon beyond their control, and was sweeping everything before it for a line of ten miles. The conflagration threatened the worst one known in the Park since the fire of 1872, and the careless-

Wing-Shooting Deer in Florida.

SCARCELY a bit of a shooter, and so inexperienced with gun or field scouting of any kind as to doubt my ability to give real sportsmen a clear account of occurrences, I cannot refrain from attempting to describe some deer shooting I saw while in Florida last winter and in which I took part, enough, at any rate, to make use of the pronoun we in telling of it.

Methods of pursuit and capture of game seem to be governed by certain local peculiarities, induced ordinarily by unalterable natural environment, and will be found usually to embody all such features as practical experience has found to be most essential to success and diversion. So, stalking deer or shooting them at long or short distances, standing, with rifled and improved bores of modern type, so conventionally the thing nowadays, does not obtain in the widespread, trackless waste of open, level pine forest which forms so large a part of the range and hunting grounds in Florida. To tramp wearily in flat, open woods under a Southern sun through rank growths of scrub with the ever present possibility of prowling rattler athwart the way, engaged in competitive "glimping" with such alert-sensed denizens of the jungle as deer, is occupation long since found profitless. Instead of this these Southern woods-searchers make use of smoothbores, and go forth mounted, counting only on getting shots at fleeing deer, where all the chances of multiple pellets, as in use of buckshot, are of the essence of the undertaking.

In the piny forest wilds of the Gulf Coast region of northern Florida the elsewhere prevalent Southern custom of mounted drivers, with dogs, beating the cover over given territory, sending the startled quarry along known lines of flight to ambushed shooters, does not generally obtain. A very much more sportsmanlike practice is in vogue. This method, called "jumping," is so arranged that the shooters, usually several in number, mounted on wonderfully sure-footed, wood-sensed, native horses, ride abreast, in line, at intervals apart far enough to avoid the impinge of misdirected buckshot. Following one or two slow-trailing, well-broken dogs, and arousing or springing the deer from their daylight lairs amid the tall grass and underbrush, they seek to fetch them down by shooting from the saddle while horse and deer are both in motion, while outriders on flanks of the line seek by dashing obliquely across recognized lines of flight to intercept the flying prey, killing it from the saddle, while both pursued and pursuer are speeding full-bent through broken cover, through and over fallen timber and uneven surfaces. All this demands nerve force, workmanship and riding skill of a high and daring order—skill which comes to men only with repeated and earnest practice.

Invited to accompany a party of four resident shooters on a camping trip after deer down through the neighborhood of the Pin Hook Sinks across the St. Mark's River into Jefferson county, twenty-five to thirty miles southeast of the capital, I eagerly embraced the opportunity, when genial Dr. P., himself one of the party, offered me a mount, from whose back, he declared, many choice heads of horns had been bowled over.

Accompanied by a light covered camp wagon containing outfit, supplies and servants, we jogged companionably away to the southeast, and bivouacked ere nightfall of our first day quite thirty miles away. I listened to some excellent story telling and had some sapient suggestions from the Doctor before getting into my blanket as how properly to load my gun. The chief point seemed to be the use of just nine buckshot to a charge of a size of which my 12-gauge gun barrel should exactly chamber three.

We breakfasted with the rising sun of the second day; then, promptly mounting, rode away through the unpathed outspread of Cuban pine and palmetto. Behind us lazily trotted two paltry looking old hounds, as melancholy specimens of dejected dog flesh—or rather bone—as I remember ever to have seen. These two long-eared, loll-tongued worthies were respectively named Mark and Millie, and seemed to command a degree of confidence and respect from my four gentlemanly companions which their miserable hand-dog appearance scarcely seemed to me to warrant.

Quite a mile from our camp a change occurred in the nature of surroundings. More open areas appeared. The timber was shorter, more scattered, with branching tops, and nearly all had a list to northwest, showing at some time severe wind pressure from an opposite direction. Extended swales of coarser and higher sedges and salt marsh or fox grass stretched in irksome yellowishness away, mottled with stunted clumps of gallberry and palmetto scrub. The wind was light, but steady. With a directing wave of his arms to the right and left, indicating that the party deploy and take distances along a line extending approximately north and south in those directions, the Doctor forged ahead, facing up the wind. He acting as a sort of guide center, we all swung out to our places, dressing on him, Mr. Donelson to the southward on my extreme right, myself next to the northward, say six rods removed. Then in succession at about like distances apart on my left rode the Doctor and the Messrs. Hopkins. From a buckskin thong over the Doctor's broad shoulder hung a delicate looking, thinly scraped, amber-hued heifer's horn. Raising this little implement to his lips, it gave forth a most pre-

tentious, high-pitched squeak or snort, or toot, if you will, and then in alternating crescendo and decrescendo pulsations there floated out into wide wood spaces echoing vibrations, intensely inspiring, each graceful measure of sound terminating in cadenza most creditable to the good Doctor's technique. This was my first cognizance of hunter's horn wended in actual participation of the sport, and I experienced a nerve thrill as novel as intoxicating. But ah! the effect of that sound upon the two dead-alive old dogs, which had as yet dawdled so despondently along behind us. Up went their drooping heads, a pricked energy affected their pendent ears, tails rose to something like ambitious curls over their bony backs, and each with responsive whine and kindling eye trotted to the fore.

The drag was now on. The real thing had commenced. At any moment something was liable to happen, and there was I, who had never fired a gun from a saddle, nor before even heard a horn wind, in the forefront of it all, loaded gun athwart saddle bow, my eyes peeled like two Barletta onions, while my inner senses or nonsenses bubbled and fluttered in a very cyclone of agitation and indecision, for what I would or should do next I could not conjecture. Presently I discovered that Mr. Donelson, the rider on my right, had somewhat quickened the step of his great bay mare, and that while bearing in toward my line of march he was intently eyeing Millie, then pottering in the sedge ahead of and between us. I saw at once marked change in movements of that formerly forlorn old creature. She seemed suddenly to have assumed a style and form, to have become a dog which might get about for a spurt, had she a mind to. Head held high, nose poked windward, her once bleared old eyes ablaze, a nervous spasm had seized her bony tail, which wagged excitedly over her back. With sudden pause of her quickened movements, carefully, critically, she passed a discriminating, quivering nose along the twigs and over the star-shaped leaves of a sweet-gum bush. Quickly up and out was flung her neck and pointed head, her long, thin jaws flew agape, and with a spasmodic jerk of her emaciated

second I was perhaps a little out of shape; then I yanked my gun up; and out in the general direction of the high bounding beauty went whistling in quick succession two charges of "low moulds." A moment later a great white plume made defiant shake as it sailed over the palmetto, and humiliatingly I realized that I had fired scarcely within a rod of my mark. But in a moment all consciousness of self was forgotten in seeing what Donelson was about.

Evidently the buck, when he broke cover, had seen or known nothing of Donelson's presence to the south-west of him. Almost instantly thereafter he found himself head on and close to this unexpected danger, and with an alertness marvelously adroit he crouched, swerved, and with rapid sneaking movement headed back northwestwardly, and passed behind my position broadside on in easy range of my now empty gun. Then with an uprush and high leap, as he recommenced his flight, a tremor seized his frame, the great armed head was thrown recklessly aback, and his quivering form bowled over dead. Report of Donelson's gun drew my eyes southward just in time to see him and Peggy, the big bay mare, go down in an ugly fall as they came careening over a lot of fallen logs. Reports of guns had sounded to the north of me soon after I had fired my two wild shots, but I had had no time to take note of them, and now, as I hurried toward where Donelson had fallen, I was made aware of three other discharges in quick succession further away to the northeastward, and caught the treble and countertones of crying dogs somewhere thereaway.

Having reached the scene of the tumble, I saw the big mare, first on her feet, with a nasty snagged hurt across her face. Then arose Donelson, hatless, blood-smeared; he seemed to be spitting out sand and shattered teeth. Feeling about with his tongue for missing places and jagged stumps, he looked the picture of disgust.

"Are you hurt, sir?" I cried.

"Not seriously," he sputtered; "but I'm short the better part of my front teeth. Hang it! I had paid Dr. Shine only last week to fill two of them. It happened

almost as I fired. My reins lay on her neck. In taking those last logs she tripped and we went nose first into that tussock of palmetto roots."

It seemed that two deer, other than the one engaging the attention of Mr. Donelson and myself, had gotten up in proximity to and abreast immediately after the first starter. These had each drawn the fire of the Doctor, with no greater success for him than had attended my efforts.

Heading for the cypress-timber and swamp growth to the northeastward, these had a little later on run afoul the Messrs. Hopkins, designedly stationed there with game-sensed intuition of the startled run. The rearmost, a prime four-year-old

male, went down to their triple fire.

"Eight shots, five from moving saddles, all at flying marks, and two kills," I exclaimed.

"Besides one bad mash—eh, Donelson?" added the Doctor.

"In the first kill, Doctor," I said. "I think the deer, Mr. Donelson and Old Peggy were all in mid air when the shot was delivered. The one was gracefully bucking a palmetto clump, while the other two were attempting a sort of steeple bout over a log heap. His reins were down and his gun still up when he took his header."

"Likely enough," rejoined the old hunter. "Neither Jim nor his old mare has much sense of precaution when they hear a dog open."

Riding campward, I reflected that this, as far as I know, distinctively Floridian method of shooting deer practically while flying, is immensely more sportful and nerve-straining than any stalking or stand shooting with which I am familiar. Astute game sense and those of locality and woodcraft are prerequisites. Strong, steady nerves, good horsemanship and skillful shooting are quite indispensable to success.

The nature of such occurrence seemed to me second only in nerve and venture to remembered coups de main attending cavalry experiences amid the sixties.

LOITERER.

Medicine Fly.

It was a warm, sultry night in August. The moon and stars were obscured by the great volumes of smoke which for days and weeks had been pouring over the summits of the Rockies, caused by forest fires on the other side. We were camped for the night in the apex of a sharp bend of the creek. The only timber in this bottom was two or three cottonwood trees, and one of them, a very giant, had long since been blown down, and from its bare, dry limbs we now and then replenished our fire. Across the little creek, from the water's edge rose a steep bluff, on the top of which grew a few stunted pines.

It was long past our usual bed time, yet still we lingered by the little camp-fire, talking of the happy days when we hunted buffalo, and of adventures which can never again be experienced.

"This place reminds me," said my comrade, "of the death of Medicine Fly. We were camped in just such a place as this, and it was from the top of such a cut-bank as that across the creek that the Assinaboines fired down on us."

"Tell me the story," said I. "Who was Medicine Fly?"

"Well," he continued, "as you know, I enlisted under



AN ANCIENT POWDER HORN.

old body into a humped posture, she piped a clear, loud, startling yelp, wonderfully alert, threatening and eager. Never before had opening cry of trailing dog greeted my attentive ear, and yet it seemed familiar; verily, I recognized it, and it magically rekindled embers of consumed memory, and never can I again forget it, nor how, when in deeper, mellower, longer-drawn cadence came corroborating tongue, I felt my barbaric hunter's blood suffuse and tingle my degenerate skin. Old Mark, working along, ten rods away, northward, caught the signal and came lunging through the cover. I felt that something must surely transpire immediately. To be ready for it, I caught up my reins with tightened grip and fell to wondering how I should manage to shoot from a moving horse in case game might suddenly show up.

"Steady! Take it easy," rang out strong and clear in the Doctor's voice.

When nearly up to Millie, Mark caught a token that transformed him at once. With quick-flirt up the wind, his neck and back bristling, he flung his tawny muzzle skyward and bellowed baritone announcement of having scent. Thunderingly came his cry, alternately and in chorus with the sharper tones of old Millie, now thoroughly aroused.

"Look sharp for a double," sang the Doctor.

I was doubly pestered what the deuce to do. To sit calmly astride and restrain your horse to a snail's pace, when every nerve fiber is a-tremble, when blood goes surging through you like a waterhead in a flushed sewer, during which pulsating time two hot-mouthed game-sensed dogs awake the echoes with their chase cry, and you are surrounded by expectant competitors, watchful of the chance which shall determine excellences, is an ordeal calculated to slightly rattle a dummy. It made me fairly dizzy. With a mighty inward yearning I pulled myself together and maintained at least a semblance of self-possession.

The dogs now had it hot, and were getting along eastwardly with pace and tongue that put a livelier motion on us all to keep up.

Rolling my bulging eyes in all directions in anxious expectation of something—anything which might happen next—I saw the Messrs. Hopkins on left of line scudding away at half run toward swampy confines to the northeastward. What could be the matter with them? Just then the frantic dogs, with some such harmonics as might characterize a delirious caliope, rushed toward the bushy dead top of a prostrate pine immediately in front of me, possibly seven rods away. In a moment out of the screen of brown needles covering its limbs, like a great stone from a catapult, went with a bound the antlered form of a big buck. For just a

Custer as a Government scout in 1874, and remained with the army in that position until in 1879, when everything had quieted down. In January, 1877, Yellowstone Kelly and some other scouts captured seven Cheyenne women in the Big Horn Mountains, and they were held as hostages. In March Scout John Bruyer was sent to the camp with two of these women, and they returned with twenty Cheyenne warriors. A conference was held, and the whole camp surrendered and came in. No sooner was this done than the Cheyennes asked for guns and ammunition, expressing their desire to join us against the Sioux. Many of the officers laughed at this, saying it was only a play to get a stock of ammunition, when they would again join the Sioux. But the Cheyennes said, 'No; they liked to fight, and didn't care much whom they fought with; and now that they were with the whites they would fight for the whites. Finally, after considerable talk, it was concluded to grant their request, and a limited amount of ammunition and guns was issued them, and they were enlisted as scouts, with a salary of \$10 per month.

"In the spring of '77 I was sent down to Fort Buford with dispatches, and in June I boarded the steamer Far West to come back up the Yellowstone. General, then Colonel, Miles was also on board. At the mouth of Powder River we were hailed by three Indians, and on landing found them to be Cheyenne scouts with dispatches from Col. La Selle, who had left that point three days previous in pursuit of a large camp of Sioux. After reading the papers, Gen. Miles called me aside and said, 'Jackson, I have here some dispatches from Col. La Selle; and it is very important that I should communicate with him at once. I wish you would try and overtake him.' I hesitated. I was only a boy, remember, and here I was asked to go alone through a hostile and to me unknown country in pursuit of a party already three and a half days away. The General noticed my hesitancy, for he put his hand on my shoulder, and said, 'My boy, I know it is a dangerous undertaking, but it is very, very important that I should communicate with Col. La Selle. I will not—I cannot—order you to go; but I wish you would.'

"General," I replied, 'write out your papers. In the meantime I will get my horse off the boat and prepare to start.'

"As I stepped ashore, one of the Cheyennes, a small, wiry, bright-looking fellow, came up to me and asked where I was going. I replied that I was going to overtake the command. 'We will go with you,' he exclaimed; 'the prairie is covered with Sioux. Let us join you and you will find us true friends. We will fight for you, and if one is to die we will all die, fighting like men.'

"Again I hesitated, for I distrusted them. Yet I reasoned thus: If they want to kill me they will follow and kill me anyhow; as well let them go along, then. So I went back on the boat and told the General what they said. 'Bring them in here,' he replied, 'and let me see them.'

"Well, after some talk, the General said to me, 'We will let them go. I think they mean well, and you know the whole camp is up at the fort. If they should harm you you will be amply avenged. They know this, too. I am sure they will stay with you.'

"The papers ready, we were about to start, when the Cheyennes asked for ammunition. 'See,' they said, pointing to their belts, 'we have not ten rounds apiece. We can not fight with a brave heart when we have so few shots.'

"Help yourselves," the General said, pointing to an open case on the floor, and help themselves they did, each one taking 200 cartridges or more.

"At last we were ready. The boat pushed out from her moorings and disappeared around the bend. I watched her out of sight with a heavy heart, and then we mounted and rode away on the trail. My companions were a happy set of fellows. Of course, we could talk to each other only by signs, but as you know signs among Indians take the place of words, and we managed to keep up a pretty lively conversation at the same time riding ahead at a surging gait. We kept on the open ground as much as possible, and stopped on every hill and rise of ground to reconnoiter. At sundown we stopped and ate supper, and after dark we moved on a couple of miles and camped.

"I didn't sleep much, for I still distrusted my companions, and lay all night with rifle in my hands and pistol handy, prepared to kill the first one who made a break; but with the morning light all my doubts and fears gave way, and from then on I felt that I could trust them.

"Toward the close of the second day we were approaching a broken country, and were nearing the head of a timbered coulee, when suddenly Medicine Fly—the Cheyenne who first proposed they should accompany me—who was ahead jumped from his horse, and said he saw a war party coming up the coulee. We all dismounted and prepared to fight. I never saw such a happy fellow as Medicine Fly. He danced about and grinned, and said we would have lots of fun. 'I saw the war bonnet of the leader,' he said. 'We will now have some scalps. Maybe we will be killed; but if they kill us it is good.'

"Well, we waited a little while, and presently a great bull elk came up out of the coulee, followed by twelve others. They were the war party. I felt greatly relieved, for from the first I had tried to get them to go on at full speed, for I was thinking of my dispatches, but Medicine Fly would not remount, and we could not go off and leave him. One of the Cheyennes shot a yearling, and taking what meat we wanted we rode away.

"About sundown of the third day we overtook the soldiers, already camped for the night. I went to Col. La Selle's camp and delivered my dispatches. He thanked me, and telling us to all come back to his tent by and by sent us to the mess for supper. After a while we went back to the Colonel's tent. He found seats for us, passed around a package of cigarettes and then said: 'Jackson, I have got the worst lot of deadhead scouts here you ever saw. They will not go far enough ahead to get out of sight of the command, and it seems as if I never would catch up with these Sioux. They keep just ahead all the time. When I camp they camp. When I move they move. Now, I wish you would go ahead with

your Cheyennes and find out where they are camped, and if possible we will fight them to-morrow. I've heard a good deal about you, and believe you are just the man for this business.'

"Boy that I was, I still realized that the Colonel was soft-soaping me, and I was fool enough to be pleased. I told the Cheyennes what he said, and they instantly signified their willingness to go if the Colonel would give us fresh horses. He agreed to do that, said the guard would call us at 1:30, and sent us off to bed.

"Prompt to the minute the guard awoke us, and showed us the horses the master of transportation had selected for us. There were two mules and two horses—none of them very good, but the best they had. We saddled up, and by 2 o'clock were on the trail. There was bright moonlight, and the heavy trail made by the Sioux camp was easily followed. At daylight we were within a few miles of Sentinel Butte. On the south side of this, at a place called Ash Springs, as we subsequently learned, the Sioux were camped.

"Most of the warriors were out hunting whitetail that morning, but a number of them were left to guard the camp, and some of these from the top of the butte saw us coming and laid a trap for us. At a place where the trail passed between two quaking asp groves they ambushed, but by some misunderstanding, or before they had time to surround us, a warrior suddenly rose up behind us and gave a warwhoop. We instantly dismounted, and at the same time a dozen men came over a little ridge ahead and charged down on us. Medicine Fly's mule was instantly shot, and the bullets whistled all around us. One fellow, mounted on a fine black horse, charged right down on Medicine Fly. The boy stood his ground, smiling, and taking deliberate aim fired. The ball pierced the Sioux through the heart, and he fell almost at our feet. Medicine Fly instantly caught the rope which was trailing and stopped the horse, and then he scalped his man. The other Sioux wheeled and turned back up the trail, and we gave them another round, and killed one man and a horse. Then we all mounted and dashed into the quaking asp grove at our right.

"Here we found a coulee, followed this down, turned up a fork of it, and so out on to the prairie again, and were at least 600 yards away before the Sioux knew what had become of us. Had we stayed there a few moments more we would have been surrounded and killed. As it was, they gave us a sharp chase, and it is a wonder they didn't kill some of us, for they kept up shooting a long time. After going three of four miles, we came in sight of the soldiers, who were coming up as fast as they could, and then the Sioux quit us. An hour later we were all back at Ash Springs, but the camp had gone. From this place they scattered out in bunches of three or four lodges, and the chase was abandoned.

"From that time on Medicine Fly was my constant companion on scouting trips. I never saw a man who so enjoyed a fight. At the least prospect of a scrimmage he would dance about, smile and say, 'Now for fun. If we are killed we will die like men. What is the use of growing old and sick?'

"At one time four of us were out, and we saw seven persons on horseback whom we thought to be Sioux. Medicine Fly got off his horse, threw the saddle off and waited for the rest to follow suit. The others threw their saddles off and stripped for fighting. I did not. I had a big, powerful horse, and felt more secure with a saddle under me. As usual Medicine Fly was impatient.

"Come on! Come on!" he said. "Why so slow? Are you afraid? I believe you are. Hurry, hurry! Let's fight them."

"Away we dashed. Four to seven was big odds, but we could do no less than follow Medicine Fly. The seven persons seeing us coming got down and prepared to fight. We were getting pretty close, when one of them held up his hand and asked who we were, and then we saw they were whites. Medicine Fly was disappointed and wouldn't speak all the rest of the day. The whites proved to be a scouting party from Fort Keogh. One of them was my brother Robert, and another Lieut. Casey.

"Five of Medicine Fly's brothers and his father had been killed in battle. But one relative was left now, an elder brother named Starving Elk. One day this man walked up to another Cheyenne and said to him, 'I heard you had called me a coward. Here I am now. If you do not shoot I shall think you a coward.' The man pulled a pistol and pointed it at Starving Elk. He never flinched nor raised a hand. Crack! went the pistol, and down fell Starving Elk, with a bullet through his heart. This happened while Medicine Fly and I were on our last trip together, or that would not have been the end of the affair.

"In March, 1878, we were sent from Keogh to Fort Peck with dispatches. We had been paid off a few days before, and Medicine Fly had \$30 in gold. This he squandered at the traders' store at Peck, buying, among other things, a pair of fine boots and an accordion. He had no use for either of these, for he never wore anything but moccasins, and knew nothing about music.

"On our return trip along toward evening of the second day we were nearing a creek. I saw a band of buffalo not far off, and told Medicine Fly to go on and make camp and I would kill some meat. So he went on with the pack mule and I went over and killed a young cow, and took as much of the meat as I thought we could use. Instead of sneaking up as I should have done, I chased the band, and had quite a run before I got a shot. Well, I went on and found Medicine Fly had camped, as I said, in a place like this. I didn't like the looks of it, but said nothing for a while. After we had had supper I said, 'Let us pack up now and go on a few miles. There is a place near here called Crow Hill where the Sioux once killed a whole war party of Crows. There is a queer rock fort there, and I would like to see it.'

"This is a good place," said Medicine Fly. "Here is wood, water and good grass. Let us stay here to-night, and to-morrow we will go and see Crow Hill."

"But," I said, 'this is a bad place. We are shut in here. We can't see anywhere. The enemy might come to the top of that cutbank and kill us.'

"It was no use, I couldn't get him to move; so I was

obliged to stay. It seemed as if the very devil was in him that night. He sang war songs, yelled, and made a noise with his accordion, as if trying to attract attention. Finally we made down our beds. Medicine Fly made his by the fire, but I made mine between the forks of a fallen cottonwood. I couldn't sleep, however. I felt uneasy.

"It might have been an hour or more after lying down, when I heard some gravel fall off the cutbank and rattle down into the water; then there was a shot. Medicine Fly immediately jumped up and fired back, and then there was a fearful flash, and twenty or more shots were fired at him. The horses were frightened and running about on their ropes. I didn't get up, but kept hallooing 'Whoa, Billy. Whoa, boy.' It was no use to call. They either broke their ropes or pulled the picket pins and stampeded. There was no more sound from the cutbank. I could hear Medicine Fly groan occasionally, and knew that he was wounded. After a while I got up and went over to him. 'Oh,' he said, 'I thought you were gone. Leave me now and get away if you can. I shall never go. They have killed me.'

"I replied that I would not go. In fact, I couldn't go, for the horses had stampeded. I fixed a bed for Medicine Fly, got him as comfortably placed as possible and then went off a little way and waited for daylight. That was an awful night. My old friend and companion was mortally wounded, I knew, and felt as badly about it as if he had been my brother. I couldn't think what had become of the war party. I wondered why they did not come in and finish us, and I made up my mind that if they did come I would kill enough of them to avenge us both before they took my hair. At last day began to break, and I sneaked out and took a look around. Not a living thing was in sight. I even went up on top of the cutbank, but could see no trails on the hard, dry grass. I went back to my friend. His eyes lighted up when he saw me, and he said, 'Still here! Our hearts are the same. I like you.' And presently, 'I am not afraid to die. This is the way to die; shot down by the enemy. I am glad.'

"After a while he asked for water. I got a cupful, raised him up and held it to his lips. He took only a swallow, shivered and died in my arms. For the rest of that day I must have been crazy. I remember nothing until about dark I found myself at the fort, forty miles from where Medicine Fly was killed. I told my story, and lay down and slept. Next day, with some others, I went back and buried Medicine Fly, and got our saddles and other things. And while we were burying him, I told the boys what a friend he had been to me, and how brave he was. Then one of the boys made a little speech. I can't remember all he said. He said something about every one doing their best according to their lights, and how Medicine Fly had always done the best he could; that he had always done more than his duty, and that if there was any hereafter Medicine Fly stood as good a show to be happy as the next one.

"And then we got on our horses and rode away. I found out afterward that it was the Assinaboines who killed him. They told me about it themselves. They saw me running buffalo and heard Medicine Fly singing, and thought we were Crows. But when they heard me halloo at my horse they recognized my voice and went off. I did not tell them that they killed the Cheyenne. I wouldn't give them that satisfaction. I only said that they wounded him a little, and that he got all right in a week or two. I have often thought about that night. I shall never forget it, nor Medicine Fly. I wish for no better friend and companion than he was."

J. W. SCHULTZ.

PIEGAN, MONT.

The Blacklick.

THE Blacklick is a branch of the Conemaugh, which flows into it about two miles below Blairsville. It comes in from the east and northeast, and has its rise among the hills along the border of Cambria and Indiana counties. Its length is not less than thirty miles. In my boyhood it was one of the most pleasant of streams. It flowed through a country of farms and primeval forests. No manufactories of any kind or town of any description stood upon its shores. Its waters were as clear and un sullied as in the days when the red Indian speared its fish from his frail canoe. It is many years since I have looked upon the waters of the Blacklick; but I understand that a railroad has been built along its bank, and the sylvan quiet is now broken by the screech of the locomotive and its pure current polluted by the refuse of coal mines. It looks as though no stream in the Union is to be sacred from the railroad. Bad luck to the man that invented the iron horse! But the Blacklick as it existed at the time to which my mind now reverts was such a stream as Walton would have liked, or Henry Van Dyke would lovingly place among his "Little Rivers."

Three points of contact with the Blacklick remain most permanently fixed in my memory. One was a place known as Campbell's Mill. It is more years than I would like to say since I have been at Campbell's Mill. My Uncle Henry lived there and operated the grist mill, and I remember going out with him, four miles away. How well I remember clinging to his waist as I rode behind him on the back of old Nell, the gray mare, with my little legs stuck out nearly at right angles with my body, much as if I should ride astride of an elephant now. What an immense beast she seemed to be, and what a vast world was that which I viewed in round-eyed wonder from my lofty position. That same old world has been a puzzle and a matter of wonderment to me ever since.

There was a mill pond there where the geese and the little fluffy goslings were swimming; there was a covered wooden bridge across the creek that seemed the haunt of queer shadows and strange sounds; there was an orchard behind the house where oats were growing among the trees and fallen apples were lying among the oats. I recall even the tall clock, with its broad swinging pendulum and its great metal weights hanging from their long cords; and even a book which I saw there, and have never seen a copy of it since—some work on "The Revelations," with a highly colored picture of the scarlet woman seated on the beast with the seven

Natural History.

The White-Footed Mouse.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The white-footed mouse has taken possession of my cabin. Until a year ago the mice were kept in check by stoats, but for some reason the stoats have failed to appear, and the mice are increasing rapidly. I find their nests in every nook and corner. I go bareheaded the most of the time, so it happens that when I do need a hat I find it occupied by an enterprising mouse and her family. Now a few mice for company in the winter evenings would not be objectionable, but I draw the line when they become so numerous that I am forced to eat and sleep with them. They are too cunning and intelligent to be kept in check by traps. I have tried all kinds of traps, only to find them useless. Last winter I bought a wire rat trap—the kind with a trencher that tips and slides the rat into the space below. The trap was a failure. The mice were highly delighted with the contrivance, and from the first used the trencher as a door leading into and out of the trap.

How does it happen that these shy inhabitants of the woods are more intelligent than the cunning cit rat?

Some writers tell us that the lower animals cannot reason. In such case it ought to be an easy matter for man to outwit a lot of foolish little mice. I tried the experiment by fixing a wire to the trencher in such a way as to give me full control. When the mice were engaged



AT CHIPMUNK LODGE.

on the food in the trap I pulled my wire and made it fast. The next morning my prisoners numbered twenty-eight. I was about to drown the lot, when several pets clung to the upper wires of the trap, and the mute appeal in their great wild eyes softened my foolish heart, and I thought it would be more humane to lose them in the woods. I carried them nearly a mile from the cabin and turned them out near some big boulders. I left a supply of food and promised myself to feed them from time to time. Two nights later they were all back in the cabin. Upon investigation I found that they had followed my footsteps. I could see their tracks in the snow where they had trooped along in short journeys. At the end of each journey the tracks would disappear under a boulder or a tree, only to appear again, but always heading for the cabin.

I baited and fixed the trap, while the mice scampered about, evidently celebrating their return. I told them plainly that this was their last night on earth; that I had outwitted them once and would now outwit them again. But all my boasting came to naught. Not a mouse would enter that trap while the wire was on the trencher. The third night I removed the wire, and the mice entered the trap without fear.

Vain-glorious man had pitted his wit against the wit of these little rodents and the rodents had triumphed. Every sportsman knows how it is. He finds the wild things just as intelligent and crafty as man with all his boasted superiority.

The white-footed mouse, unlike the house mouse, is a handsome fellow. He sports a chestnut coat, a white vest, reddish brown trousers and white stockings. His eyes and ears are uncommonly large, causing his head to resemble a deer's in miniature. This resemblance has bestowed upon him the name of "deer mouse." He is also called "wood mouse," but is known to science as *Hesperomys leucopus*.

My object in writing about these mice is to call attention to their peculiar method of communication. I have summered and wintered them over fifteen years, and never have I heard one of them utter a vocal sound. They communicate with each other by drumming with their fore feet, or, rather, they drum with their toes, for the foot in the act is held rigid while the toes move.

If any writer has called attention to this peculiar method of communication it has escaped my reading. I am well satisfied that the habit has never been published before, so it must prove interesting to those who pry into the secrets of Dame Nature.

Some time in the future I will write about the different calls of these mice, and of their food, intelligence, etc.

HERMIT.

At Chipmunk Lodge.

THE portrait is of FOREST AND STREAM's long-time contributor, Hon. Wm. N. Byers, of Denver, Colo. It is a snap shot at Chipmunk Lodge, his country home near Colorado Springs, where Mr. Byers tells us, and the picture attests, the squirrels are most friendly and confiding.

Persistent Nestings.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. J. Merton Swain in the July 28 number of FOREST AND STREAM, gives a very interesting narrative of his experience with two red-shouldered hawks, in relation to their breeding habits, covering a period of seventeen years of uninterrupted observation. Aside from the generally interesting character of Mr. Swain's well-told narrative, the occurrences related by him of the second breeding of these birds, and one season a third breeding, after being deprived of the first and usual laying of eggs, suggests some reflections about the exercise of mental faculties and functional activities by these hawks, to meet extraordinary and accidental exigencies, that seem quite wonderful.

This is, of course, not a new thought by any means, as the subject has doubtless engaged the attention of students of natural history many times before now. Still it seems to merit a passing notice in your pages.

There are many kinds of birds whose habit is to breed oftener than once during a season when conditions are favorable. There are other kinds whose nests are so exposed to chances of being destroyed that bountiful nature makes provision for supplying such losses when sustained. Such birds undoubtedly have a store of embryonic ova ready for use in such contingencies. But I take it that the hawks do not belong to either category, and it seems strange that nature should supply a reserve store of eggs for ready use to meet such a remote contingency as the destruction of the first set, in the case of the hawks. But the second, and even third, arousing of the procreative instincts in response to so unusual a demand seems to indicate a certain power of mental initiative in them that is still more wonderful.

There are many birds and other creatures whose procreative functions are excited into activity at a certain ever-recurring period year after year, which process has continued for so many generations as to have acquired all the force of hereditary instinct in its periodicity. But in the classes of creatures here referred to the exceptional demands upon them as the result of accident would seem to be too infrequent to bring into action faculties that belong to the domain of implanted instinct, which is the product of persistent experience.

The conclusion seems inevitable that hawks are endowed with those mental faculties that we call reasoning powers.

On the other hand, we are frequently reminded that in the unfathomable profundity of nature's laboratory there are resources that lie without the channels of our ordinary contemplation. This is exemplified in the ingenuity displayed to supply substitutes for defects and remedies for injuries in living organisms; in the phenomenal acuteness of the auricular nerves when the optics are wanting, and vice versa; in the astonishing sensitiveness of the organs of touch when all the other senses are gone; in the readiness with which one of duplicate vital organs assumes the burdens of both, after one has been destroyed; in the immediate enlargement of collateral veins in the human body when a principal vein (the jugular, for instance) has been severed. These examples may not be "pat to the purpose," but are suggestive of nature's resourcefulness in regions beyond our ken.

Charles Darwin, in his industrious and untiring researches, discovered that the roots of plants are provided at their terminals with a highly specialized "tip," possessing a degree of sensitiveness and powers of discrimination akin to consciousness. With the "tip" cut off, the root has lost its eyes, as it were, and proceeds blindly in a straight line, in any direction that it happens to lie in.

When a new "tip" has been restored, it proceeds with seeming intelligence—if a tap root it becomes again geocentric, pursuing its way downward, but turning aside from obstacles before actually encountering them, etc. If a lateral root, through the guidance of the "tip" moist regions are sought, and selection is made from the soil of those particular ingredients that are needed for the growth of the plant and the perfecting of its specific generative germs.

Perhaps these hawks are provided with one of nature's mysterious "tips." Who can tell? COAHOMA.

MISSISSIPPI.

South Sea Crayfish.

It is not to be supposed that the white resident in Samoa goes entirely hungry because of disinclination to eat the tasteless messes of the native cookery. One can always fall back on provisions in tins, and the palate, through much suffering, acquires a fine discernment of the delicate shades of flavor as between tin and tin. But too much tin is apt to pall, and the epicure is driven to seek something fresh to eat.

No fault can be found with the crayfish of the Samoan rivers. It is fresh, it cannot be spoiled in the cooking and it has as fine a flavor as any crustacean even in the country which has the double blessing of the soft-shell crab and the Newburg kind of lobster. When fully grown they average 4 inches in length of body, and are about as thick as a man's thumb. The males, which possess the finer flavor, are to be distinguished by the extreme length of the very slender first pair of claws which not uncommonly attain the length of a foot. These crustaceans fairly swarm in the mountain streams, and particularly affect the rock pools of their upper courses. They are so common and so easily taken that the Samoans, whose ideas of prices are decidedly magnificent, peddle them in cocoanut baskets of fifty crayfish for sixpence.

In catching them, dams of stone are thrown across the stream with a small net stretched across the gap left for the passage of the water. Beginning far above the dam the fishermen wade down the stream at the break of day, beating the water with saplings and prizing over the large stones in the watercourse. Daybreak is the favorite feeding time of the crayfish, or, at least, as they are of nocturnal habit, the morning twilight is the most convenient time for the fishermen to find them out of their hiding places under the rocks. The disturbance of the water drives them down stream, and there they crowd the net to bursting when they reach the dam.

heads and ten horns—a work of art which fascinated me at the same time that it half-frightened me. I mention these trifling details because they are among my earliest and deepest impressions.

Another point of contact with the Blacklick was Lichenthaler's Ford. We took this ford on the way to Hopewell, a little country church painted white, which stood on a low hill in the midst of a quiet pastoral region, with a churchyard adjoining it, where the rude forefathers of the hamlet slept in peace, each under his grassy knoll, while overhead swam the hawk on noiseless pinions in vast circles through the azure depths. Lichenthaler's Ford was noticeable as the site of an ancient Indian village. The dark soil showed where the Indian women had cultivated their fields of maize through many years, while flint arrow heads and fragments of rude pottery were mingled with the soil. In the adjacent forest were low tumuli, which were believed to be the last resting places of the primitive inhabitants; but there had not yet developed among their successors enough of anti-quarian zeal or curiosity to lead anybody to explore these mounds. The red man was still too near in point of time. The chief impression of him which remained was that of a troublesome customer whom people were glad to have got rid of and whom nobody wished to have anything more to do with.

A third crossing of the Blacklick in our neighborhood was by a white-painted bridge near the mouth of the creek. A small stream called Altman's Run comes in here from the north, and on it stood a sawmill. It was a little old-style sawmill, open on all sides, and with an upright saw. It was important to me in one way, because it illustrated the *modus operandi* by which the bear in the story in McGuffey's old "Third Reader," who hugged the saw while it was in operation and clung to it until he was sawed through and "fell off into the flood," was killed. At the farmhouse here was a spacious orchard. How vividly it all comes back into memory! The rich fruitage pendent on the boughs and the fallen apples, all golden and red-checked, lying in the grass. *Sub arbore poma*. And walking among the trees, I recall the owner, a venerable white-haired and white-shirted man with whose appearance my infancy was familiar. He was a devout Lutheran, very dull of hearing, and a principal prop in the denomination. In order that he might hear the sermon, he always stood in the pulpit cheek by jowl with the preacher. The top of his head was bald and shining, the long white locks about the sides and back of his head fell down over his wide white collar, and his calm demeanor as he leaned forward upon the pulpit and scanned the congregation I recall perfectly well. His presence in the pulpit had become so customary that it excited no remark, and his absence from his post would have been as noticeable as that of the minister. I remember going once into his orchard when he was there, and picking up an apple I bit it, but not liking the taste of it I threw it away, upon which he reproved me for my wastefulness and remarked that in the winter I might be glad to have that apple. I did not think to ask him if my chance of having it then would be any better if I ate it now.

A short distance beyond the farm of which I write were the traces of an old, long-deserted village, which was known as Newport. What the history of Newport was I never heard, but it would seem to have been one of the many villages that sprung up along the line of the once famous Frankstown road. This highway was authorized by the Legislature of Pennsylvania as early as 1787. Some parts of it yet remain, and are still known by that name. But the construction of the great northern turnpike about the year 1820 diverted much of the travel from the Frankstown road, and Newport succumbed to the rivalry of Blairsville, at the crossing of the Conemaugh, only two or three miles away.

In my early days a ruined tenement, a solitary stone chimney and several excavations and dilapidated foundation walls marked the site of this abandoned village. Of course the old house was said to be haunted. The local Ichabod Crane was prepared to see a spook sitting upon the roof-tree in the gloaming, and looking in at the sashless windows at certain hours some such sight presented itself as Tam O'Shanter beheld in the "auld Kirk of Alloway":

"Warlocks and witches in a dance."

I came across there late one night with two or three companions returning from Livermore; but none of us saw any ghost. I think none of us tried to see one. I know I did not. It was a remark of that shrewd old philosopher Dr. Samuel Johnson that many men deny with their tongues their belief in ghosts, but confess it in their fears.

Very pleasant to me are the memories of the Blacklick—its clear waters gliding over the dark, moss-covered stones in the channel; the occasional glimpses of fishes in the pellucid depths, their white sides flashing for a moment in the sunlight as they balanced themselves on a new course; the forest-lined banks, cool and quiet, where wild pigeons, partridges, pheasants and squirrels lived in comparative safety; the cultivated fields along the shores, where the harvester swung his primitive cradle among the standing grain; while women and boys followed in his wake and bound up the sheaves. No such streams flow elsewhere. I am not surprised that Naaman, far from home, should think the rivers of Damascus, the Abana and the Pharpar, better than all the waters of Israel.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

PENNSYLVANIA.

A Buried Toad's Long Sleep.

While making excavations in connection with the preliminary work of widening Forest Hills Square, West Roxbury District, a workman digging at a depth of about 8 or 9 feet noticed a peculiar ball of dirt. He picked it up and broke it open and was greatly surprised to find that the crust of clay contained a toad. He called the attention of the boss to his "find," and as they examined it the toad began to expand; it then began to extend its legs, opened its eyes and in a few minutes jumped from the laborer's hand. The boss said that the road at that point had not, to his knowledge, been opened in fifteen years and how the toad had lived in its comatose condition all those years was a matter of the greatest wonder to all who witnessed its revival.

The islanders eat them both raw and cooked, esteeming them a particular delicacy in the living state. In fact, as soon as one can accustom himself to recognize that the oyster has not taken out a patent on being eaten alive, there is no reason why that condition of the smaller crustaceans should not prove equally satisfactory to the civilized palate. The flesh of the living crayfish is much more tender than when it is cooked, and the only drawback is the gummy nature of the vital juices. When cooked the crayfish are either baked on hot stones, steamed in leaves, or boiled, which is not a common nor a convenient method in island cookery. A very satisfactory preparation is with the succulent leaves of the taro, the crayfish being wrapped in the leaf, the whole package tied up with several others in a green banana leaf and covered up in the native oven to cook slowly in the combined juices of the animal and the plant, the oven being a pile of hot stones muffled with leaves and sand. The shell of the crayfish is more easily removed than that of a shrimp. The islanders husk the whole animal and eat even the head, which the taste of white men rejects. On civilized tables they make a good mayonnaise with chopped alligator pears.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Notes from the Yellowstone Park.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been back a few days from Alaska. I have not been in the Park since I took the elk and deer from here for Washington, D. C., last November. In the spring I passed through Livingston on my way to Seattle. They were having no hard winter here. I since learn that no game of any kind died from starvation. Last winter and this spring a few animals were captured and placed in the inclosure in front of the hotel; among them one beaver. A new bridge is being built in Golden Gate to replace the old one; for a few days teams and stages will have to go over the old road built by Col. Norris in 1878, and the drivers will get a taste of mountain climbing by anything but easy gradations; the distance to Norris Basin will be about an hour longer.

A road is being surveyed from the outlet of Yellowstone Lake east to the head of one of the branches of Stinkingwater River, possibly Middle Creek, and on down that river to Coday in Wyoming. This will admit travel and a stage line from the Burlington road. The scenery will be fine, but not so interesting nor so grand as a road up Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone through Cook's City and down Soda Butte Creek. Travel now comes in by wagons from west, south and north. When the new road is completed there will be an entrance on all sides.

There has been a very long continued dry month or more. The roads are fearfully dusty and the season unusually hot. Fortunately the Park has escaped any serious fires so far, and we hope none will get out to destroy the grass and timber. We all look for a severe winter, and as the feed for game is short none ought to be destroyed by fire; neither should any be cut for hay. A few showers on July 25 cleared the atmosphere of smoke and laid the dust for a day or two.

Capt. Oscar Brown, with Troop M, of the First Cavalry, left here on the 24th for China. They have been replaced by Troop G, Capt. Goode.

The bears are as numerous as usual around the hotels, and quite troublesome to camping parties. H.

Red Squirrels as Pets.

UPPER DAM, Rangeley Lakes, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with interest Mr. Corsan's article in your issue of July 28 on "Squirrels as Pets."

For several summers I have kept the red squirrels in boxes covered with wire netting, and have sometimes had as many as twelve at a time. I had several large packing boxes filled up with limbs of trees, etc., and all connecting with each other. They seemed to thrive on a diet of green corn, bread and milk, and when liberated at the end of the summer would return for several months afterward, and go through the boxes looking for food and running the wheels.

I am anxious to know whether I could tame them sufficiently to have them remain in front of and camp among a clump of poplar and fir trees in the manner that Mr. Corsan suggests. I do not know that his suggestion would apply to the red squirrel. We have four dogs and a cat, and as the nearest woods are only 50 yards away I am afraid they might be tempted to wander and return no more.

Mr. Corsan omitted to mention the ground squirrel of California in his list. It may be the cat squirrel he speaks of, only that their color is a dark gray, with white belly. Otherwise the description fits them. They became such a pest on the ranch in the Sacramento Valley ten years ago that we were compelled to resort to poisoning them off with wheat saturated with strychnine. Since then they have never entirely recovered their former numbers, but are still far from scarce. These squirrels never take to the trees, but live among the rocks. Their tails are quite short and sparsely covered with hair. They never wander far from their holes, which they run to on the slightest danger. They are considered good eating, but I cannot speak from experience.

PARKER WHITNEY.

Wild Ducks in Domestication.

MR. ANDREW BOYD writes from Washington county, New York, where he is spending his vacation, an account of his success with young wild ducks. We have referred him to Fred Mather's paper on "Wildfowl in Domestication" in our issue of March 18, 1899. Mr. Boyd says: For my amusement I brought (in the car with me) ten young wild ducks, which I hatched out under a buff Plymouth rock hen about two months ago. A young friend of mine has had a pair of old ones for over a year, and gave me the eggs. These old ones are quite tame, can fly, of course, and will come to his kitchen door whenever he calls them.

Mine are growing more domestic every day. I have them inclosed within a wire mesh fence, but open overhead. I let them out two or three times daily to run upon the grass; they come at my call and will lie down on

the grass beside me. I dig worms for them and then they seem wild with delight. I have to use watchful care else they would get their heads cut off, so excitedly do they gather and scramble at every bit of dirt I turn over. They make no attempt at flying—indeed, their wings are insignificantly small, feathers only just beginning to appear. At night I shut them up in a coop to keep them secure from a stray skunk or weasel.

They will eat a good large cabbage in a day; they eat the refuse from the kitchen, and I feed them on rolled oats, cracked corn and screenings. I give them water in a large dish pan, which they use a great deal, but almost constantly when they are eating, to wash their food down, I suppose.

Do you know of any good article on their habits and culture? I know nothing about how to care for them, but I give them great attention because they give me so much amusement and pleasure. I would like to get a little information as to how to feed and keep them.

ANDREW BOYD.

Crows Eating Sparrows.

A WELL-KNOWN Supreme Court official was busy at his desk the other day when his attention was attracted by the cawing of crows near the roof of the Capitol. The cries were so frequent and loud that he concluded there must be something unusual going on. Looking out of the window he saw two big black fellows alight on the roof near by and begin to claw in a rainspout. They soon had a nest full of young sparrows exposed, and it took only a few moments to dispose of the whole sparrow brood. Evidently crows are not thoroughly useless, he thought.—Washington Star.

Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

10.

Linwood Witham, of Washington, Me., while fishing in Medomac Pond, saw the form of a boat embedded in the mud, the water in the pond being unusually low. The attention of others was called, and after considerable labor by a large crew of men the boat, which was filled with stones, was raised. It proved to be a canoe, dug out of a pine log. It is 12 feet long and 3½ feet wide. The part that was embedded in the mud is well preserved. The oldest residents in that locality have no recollection of any such craft ever being seen about the pond, and it is probable that it is a relic of those primeval days when the untutored red men roamed the forests.

11.

A party of fishermen, driven off Nelson Lake, near Peekskill, N. Y., by a storm, saw at a distance a tumble-down hut. To escape from the rain they hastened thither, and, supposing it unoccupied, burst in. To their surprise they found its only room occupied by an old man. He was apparently nearly ninety years of age. A great mass of matted beard and hair hung about him. He was crouching over a smoky wood fire stirring a pot which contained nothing but shelled corn and a piece of pork. There was scarcely any furniture in the room and in the corner were a few rags and heap of straw, from which his niece, only a few days before, had been removed to the county house to die of consumption. The hut is situated in the heart of what is known as Conklin's Wilderness, about two miles from Shrub Oak and seven from Peekskill. The old man would talk but little and evidently wished his visitors away. The storm slacking the fishermen withdrew. Subsequent inquiry showed that the man was well known thereabouts as Ransom Barger, the miser hermit. He has many thousand dollars' worth of Government bonds and owns a fine farm in Putnam county. For a long time he has lived in this hut and has subsisted on boiled corn and pork. He was once a justice of the peace in Putnam Valley, Putnam county, and is still proud of his title of "Squire."

12.

A party of Alton, Ill., sportsmen were cruising up the Illinois River last spring on a hunting trip, when one dropped a deer's foot horn handle Bowie knife overboard in 20 feet of water. The loser visiting Grafton, a local fisherman's headquarters, in the early summer, was surprised to see a resident complacently whittling a stick with his knife. He proceeded to claim it, and identified it as his property by the initials graven on the handle. "Well, pardner," responded the present holder. "I s'pose you may be telling the truth, but I cut this here carver oiten the ponch of a 40-pound channel catfish that I took in my net in May, and I reckon it ought to be worth a reward." The reward was paid, and the Alton man carries his knife again, claiming that ever since its recovery it has added virtues as a mascot.—F. C. RIEHL.

Miniature Books.

MINIATURE volumes on sport are always an interesting study. They are truly much in little. The diminutive edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler," 2 inches long and 1¾ inches in width, recently published at the Oxford University Press, is not the first of its kind. So long ago as 1662 there appeared a pocket volume (32mo.) equaling it in width and only ¼ inch longer, with the following title: "The Young Sportsman's Instructor; or, Angling, Fowling, Hawking, Hunting, Ordering Singing Birds, Hawks, Poultry, Conies, Hares and Dogs and How to Cure Them. By G. M. Sold at the Gold Ring, in Little Britain." It was reprinted in 1820 for T. Gosden by J. Johnson, at the Apollo Press, Brook street, Holborn. This curious and truly diminutive volume, of which a copy is in the British Museum, measures 2½ inches by 1¾ inches and contains pp. vi., 136 and one leaf, as follows: "The Young Angler's Instructor," pp. 1-76; "The Art of Fowling," pp. 77-112; "Instructions for the Huntsman," pp. 113-122; "Directions for Hawking," pp. 123-136.—London Field.

Game Bag and Gun.

A Day in the Marsh.

RALEIGH, N. C.—Ten years ago rural gunners, who are what is known as dead shots at the partridges, used to bring to Raleigh for sale not a few woodcock. They called them "snipes," and considering them, by reason of the length of their bills, to be in some way inferior to the partridge, they pulled off their heads, put them on the "string," and thought they had done a neat bit of work in passing them off as partridges. The usual price of the partridges thus brought in is 8 1-3 cents a piece, and not infrequently the epicure would get half a dozen woodcock at that figure. But some city man has let out the secret that the woodcock is choice, and now the price is 15 cents. The snipe the country sportsman never kills.

A little south of Raleigh is a long line of marsh, in which in the last days of winter and in the tender first days of spring excellent snipe shooting is to be had, and this in to be a story of a day in the marsh. Our winter does not really begin until Jan. 1, and ends, one may say, early in March. There is a small fall flight of snipe, but it is the shooting which begins about Feb. 20 which is the best. The marsh is burned early in the year. Snipe dearly love the burned ground, and their favorite boring places are where the cattails have been rankest.

At the edge of the marsh is a ducky, who is only too glad to act as helper in a hunt, who will go anywhere after game which he sees killed, and for whom briars and the deepest marsh have no terrors. As we enter the marsh the "Chunk! Chunk! Chunk!" of a king rail is heard. The ducky stops instantly and says, with head half-turned, "Lissen at him a-drivin' stobs in de ma'sh. He's a bird. Some uns thinks dey's frogs, but dey's rale shore 'nuff birds. I'se seed um. Dey has dey nes'es in dere. I seen de young uns onct."

A suggestion that this rail be hunted delights the ducky. Rail hunting is a game at which certainly two can plan—the rail doing the most of the playing. He is the past-master of all skulkers. We beat the reeds for him. They can be seen to wave as he runs. He flashes out, and is in like a flash, with his queer teetering movement. He gives his peculiar cry yards away. There is a ditch near by. It is watched. Suddenly what seems like the ghost of something appears in the dense reeds along the bank. A chance shot bags the rail. Two others are found in a yet smaller reed patch. They weave patterns in this, oftentimes coming in behind the man who with much labor is striding through the reeds. One suddenly makes a dash for a ditch, gets in it and is gone before a gun can be raised. The other bird does likewise. As soon as safe they cry. Any noises, and particularly shouting, increase their desire to cry. As we walk along in the open a rail suddenly rises and is knocked down easily, so slow and lubberly is its flight. A minute later a sora rises and is killed. Put beside the rail and looked at quickly, he appears to be a miniature rail, but on closer inspection there are seen to be several differences.

A peculiar cry is heard overhead. The bird is flying, and the note is three whistles, like those given in calling a colt. "Dat's wun er dem colt birds," says the ducky. A shot gets the bird. It is the upland plover. "Dat's de fus' wun er dem dat ever I had my han' on," he adds. "Dey rambles around in de plowed ground, and is right sociable like wid de mules and hosses, but don't like folks much. We calls um colt birds, 'cause dey whistle is same as de way you calls er colt to you."

Perched on the topmost limb of a sweet-gum tree is a kingbird, or bee martin, as country folk call him. He is the Marshal Ney of birds—"the bravest of the brave." He flies down, then returns to his perch, or flutters off and then back again, always keeping an eye on the general situation. Suddenly a buzzard flies up, aroused by some person across the creek. As he approaches the bee martin the negro, with a grin, says: "Now you jee' watch Mister Bee Martin ride dat buzzard. He shorely will git er ride off'n him." As he says the words the kingbird makes a dash at the big black buzzard, and the latter puts on his best gait. The kingbird seems to strike at his back, between the wings, and sometimes almost to rest there. "See dere now, he's er ridin' him," cries the ducky, and then he shouts at the fleeing buzzard a verse of the negro song,

"Turkey buzzard, turkey buzzard,
Lend me your whing,
Carry me 'cross de river
To see Sallie King."

It is the old, old story of the elephant and the gnat. The daring and impudent little rascal of a bird does not cease to worry the buzzard for several hundred yards, and then flies back to his resort on the sweet-gum. The negro discourses on the buzzard: "Dat's de Souf Caliny king," says he. "Dey whips de rusty buzzards and runs um away fum er carkis ev'ry time." The South Carolina buzzard is really a far handsomer bird than his rusty-feathered and bald-headed conqueror. His flight is very different. He gives three quick wing beats, then skims, and repeats this. The other buzzard has a greater spread of wing, but his flight is irregular. Both soar to great heights, and often disappear from sight. When soaring they are grace itself.

A bird flies up from a shallow of the creek. "Dat's de blue hearn," says the negro. "Mos' folks calls dem de fly-up-de-cruck or de shypoke." The bird alights in a tree and gives a raucous call, as if he had a case of croup.

With a cry as swift as his flight, a snipe flashes out of some willows. He climbs into the sky, and out of the bosom of a cloud, as it seems, two others join him. They swing with perfect precision, disappear, reappear, and with a last wide sweep, as if cutting figures of 8 in the sky, suddenly half-fold their wings and return to earth, not 50 yards from where the one rose. One is noticed as he alights. He appears to stand on tiptoe with wings partially opened, then closes them and seems to sink into the very earth. As we walk toward the snipe, they rise, and a single shot happens to kill two. They fall one on breast and one on back. The latter, with light-colored breast upturned, can be seen yards away, while the other has actually to be closely searched for, and is almost stepped on several times. The plumage of the back, with

its soft shades of brown, harmonizes with the ground. "Dem snipes shorely twisses when dey flies," remarks the darky in his most sententious manner.

Among the charred stumps of the old cattails, where the young growth is beginning to show, the snipe are thick. They get up in wisps, and the repeating shotgun is kept busy. How the shells disappear and, alas, how many misses there are! The snipe swing into the sky. They quarter it, far in the haze, as if in cloudland, until the eyes grow watery with watching as we crouch and wait. Some are gone, some return and are marked down. One alights not 30 feet away. His actions are as described. He turns his head, with an incredibly swift movement, and his beady eyes are seen to glitter. Then he is observed as he springs against the air and with a cut of the wing turns into the willows so abruptly that he strikes a limb and makes it tremble.

The snipe are plentiful; here in marsh knee deep, here in soft grass as dainty as spring itself, here in ditches and here in a field plowed for the first time in many years and in long-abandoned clay pits drained for the first time. "Dey gits up unexpected," says the darky. One cries and repeats his cry, which a lucky shot stops with startling suddenness. "Dat shut off his valve," the negro remarks with a wide grin at his own humor.

A big "drove of blackbirds," as the darky terms them, rises, led by the males with gorgeous wing ornaments of scarlet and gold. With them are seen robins and several yellowhammers. The latter are in this latitude extremely sociable, and associate with other birds, abandoning trees quite largely and getting food out of the ground. They are always spoken of as the yellowhammer here. The national woodpecker, with his red, white and blue plumage, is termed the shirt tail, while the great woodpecker is called the log cock or the good god. The darky gives him the latter name, and says it is what the bird says in his strident call, which can be heard a great distance. Two of these big birds are heard in some heavy timber on the skirt of the marsh. Several bitterns are seen. They are not eaten here.

Spring birds come early here, and along the waterway are observed the bluebird, the indigo bird, flycatchers and the shrike or butcher bird. The really sweet notes of the catbird are heard. He is a sort of "poor relation" of the prince of songsters, the mockingbird. One of the latter swings on the top limb of a water oak, and with an air well worthy of Jean de Reszke himself, literally sings from his soul, imitating everything in feathers, running the scale and then dashing off into staccato passages and all manner of brilliant improvisations.

FRED A. OLDS.

Concerning the Term "Sportsmen."

Hamlet—Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in the shape of a camel?

Polonius—By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Hamlet—Methinks it is like a weasel.

Polonius—It is backed like a weasel.

Hamlet—Or like a whale.

Polonius—Very like a whale.

THERE is an old saying about several blind men who, by the sense of touch, examined an elephant. If my memory serves, one reported the animal to resemble a serpent, another that it was like a tree, and yet another that it was like the side of a house. This might be pardoned in blind men, but a more unanimous opinion would be expected of men blessed with sight.

Written with the best intentions, an article of mine in *FOREST AND STREAM* has aroused contention as to the attributes that should characterize or distinguish sportsmen. I find that, from the several individual comments upon the subject, there is much the same unanimity among us as existed in the opinions of the blind men about the elephant—that is to say, none whatever. More than this, my assertions were misunderstood and misconstrued; this with notable unanimity. Shakespeare is always pat, and I quote, "There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out."

There appears to be no good reason why sportsmen may not be distinguished as clearly as are lawyers, doctors, journalists, divines or any other school of men other than specialists. There are many and diverse kinds of lawyers, etc., just as there are of sportsmen.

This, however, is not pertinent to my objection to the word sportsmen. My assertion plainly stated was and is that the term is misleading and morally pernicious as applied to the class of persons comprehended under the phrase "American sportsmen"; and that the constituency of *FOREST AND STREAM* is not notably made up of sportsmen the specific meaning of the word. I submitted Webster's definition of the word sportsman, viz., "One who pursues the sports of the field; one who hunts, fishes and fowls; one skilled in the sports of the field." No more fitting or generally admitted definition can be desired for a very large class of persons.

My assertion must now take the form of contention, and my contention is that this journal is not notably a sportsman's journal, as evidenced by its contents for a quarter of a century, but that it has fulfilled and is fulfilling a broader and higher place than a journal could devoted to real sportsmanship; and that it does not in fact commend nor support the sportsmanship defined by Webster, and as generally construed in America.

Basing my judgment in the selection upon Webster's definition, as well as upon the common acceptance of the word, sportsmen, I submit a list of sportsmen, viz.: Market hunters, pigeon shooters, trappers, snarers, decoys, ambushers, count-fishermen, pot-shooters, game butchers, poachers, trespassers, bird netters, fish seiners, explosive users in killing fish, plume hunters, robin shooters, and potentates skillful enough to slaughter game driven to shambles of their own designs.

If the above named are not in the aggregate sportsmen, "there is no purchase in money." They pursue field sports, and they hunt fish and fowl, and they are all more or less skillful in field sports. More than this, they may be said to comprise the great bulk of the family or class.

Against the "little list" foregoing let us consider the *FOREST AND STREAM* family or fraternity—editors, contributors and friends. Does any one of a hundred of its popular and accepted contributors desire to be known particularly or generally as a pursuer of the sports of the field, skillful at fishing, hunting and fowling? If so his

ambition should be to distinguish himself by big counts and most sport in successfully killing other creatures. No; they are lacking in the essential attributes of genuine sportsmen. Otherwise they would be monotonous people indeed.

"Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own."

I do not wish to be understood as asserting that there are no sportsmen. On the contrary, I admit that sportsmen are represented in and by *FOREST AND STREAM*, and elsewhere in larger bodies; but my contention is set forth clearly now, certainly.

"The unwritten laws governing the matter of sportsmanship" are of the very essence of my objection to the word as generally applied. These unwritten laws are mysteries, or things unknown to the amateur or youthful seeker after out-of-door diversions; and if all sorts of depredators upon animal life are classed as sportsmen such guides are valueless, where, if understood, they would be most valuable. The killing of fish and game, however skillfully, is a small beginning in the genteel requirements that should be known to those who know least of the unwritten rules of humane demeanor afield.

Admitting that it would be impossible to define exactly to all minds the attributes of a gentleman, we could certainly define them more accurately than to say, "A man who pursues social entertainment; a man skillful at social diversion at wining, dining and dancing." If that were the definition of gentleman, given by Webster and commonly accepted, not many men would desire their sons to grow up with no clearer conception until they could learn unwritten laws known to men of experience.

The proposition as to the word sportsman is almost as pertinent, and almost the same. If "in the discussion of particulars the tout ensemble would be lost," a clear, concise definition of the meaning and application of the word should be found. No English word is elastic enough to properly designate poachers, pot-hunters and game and fish killers of all kinds and also include the many talented, polished and refined men who grace the columns of this journal from year to year, with as manly and humane entertainment as can be found in the world. Their sport is not found to any marked extent in the mere accomplishments that imply sportsmanship.

A missile came hurtling from St. Augustine, Fla., a town that is too antique and ancient for modern engines. The town, I think, was founded by Spaniards, and Didymus evidently fired from some old catapult loaded with junk by Christopher Columbus or Ponce de Leon. Has any one ever found out where Spanish missiles go to? It is no use to inquire of Admiral Dewey, or of the marines, is it?

Didymus says the common definition of sportsman is "men who shoot," and that he would let it go at that. Hitherto I confess to a kind of regard I had for him; but he says also that my experience qualified me "to define a bee hunter," alluding to minor points, of uncomfortable memory, and implying that sportsman was beyond me. Must I, like Sir John Falstaff, be "not only witty in myself, but be the cause that wit is in other men?" Zounds! "I will have my brains taken out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a New Year's gift!" Men who shoot, indeed! Why, he will have us all drafted for the army, that being our largest sporting organization. Those, then, are not soldiers in the Philippines, but sportsmen! Sampson, Schley, Dewey—the Olympia, Oregon, Vesuvius, etc., are a nice little outfit for sporting purposes!

Why, each syllable he hath writ doth disavouch the other. He says, O Didymus the consistent, that sportsmen are men who shoot; and then he denies that market hunters and professional shooters—the very men who shoot most—are sportsmen. What about cowboys, desperadoes, minions of the moon? RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAIN, CAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

News from the Rocky Mountains.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 4.—I believe I mentioned last week that my old friend of the Two Medicine country, Blackfoot Reservation, Crosby Boak, who drove team the time we went in there for a winter goat hunt, is for the present stopping here in Chicago, though he goes back as far west as Iowa before long, and will probably return to the reservation, or rather to the Summit Station, near there, early this fall. Boak is getting over the effects of a broken leg, which a mountain doctor set for him very clumsily, so that the ends lap and leave the limb shortened a little. He is thinking of getting it broken over and reset here in Chicago, as it troubles him a good deal even yet, a year after the accident.

Boak tells me he has surely got my grizzly staked out this time and wants me to solemnly promise to come out and get him next spring. I am willing to promise to try to come, but that is about all a fellow can do. There is a Chicago gentleman here who wants to go along, and we both want to go in when it takes snowshoes to travel, and just about the time when the snowslides are ripe. It is some fun to hear and see a snowslide in the Rockies if it doesn't come your way. Also that is the best time and the best place to get a bear. Mr. Ephraim starts his spring travels pretty high up the mountain sides, and is dead willing then to eat anything he can get his feet on. When he strikes the first fresh earth left by a good big snowslide he is very apt to go nosing along the bank where the roots and bushes are torn loose, to see if he can pick up anything to eat. Put your bait, then, at the foot of the slide, where the nice aroma will wait up the mountain side. Put your blind also there and go into cold storage in the blind and stay there as long as you can. Maybe you can stand it till a bear decoys in. There won't be any more slides come down where this one did, so you are just as safe there as you are in camp, and maybe safer.

I presume this is as sure a way to get a grizzly as any that can be devised. Boak and his partner Scott killed and trapped ninety-eight bears in seven years in the country he has in mind, and he says he can get me that grizzly all right if I can get away. I don't see why that wouldn't be a very decent trip, though it might be a

trifle coolish and maybe a leetle hungry, for we would have to pack in on our own backs all our camp outfit. The only thing that bothers me is how could we get our bear hides out? A good grizzly skin weighs mighty heavy. Boak said that in all his travels in the bear country they never got a decent bear story and never got but one really big bear out of the ninety-eight. That one had a hide that measured 9 feet one way and 10 feet the other a pretty good bear for these days. If my friend and I go in there that is the kind of hide we want. But how are we going to pack it out? Life is full of discouragements.

I must give a letter which Boak lately received from his Rocky Mountain home, written by Henry Morrison, better known at the Summit as Slippery Bill, for what special reason deponent sayeth not. Slippery has been out trying to rope wild mountain goats, there being a very good chance for this not far from his place at the Summit, a sort of high table land, with a little pinnacle on it, to which a goat or sheep will nearly always take when pushed by a dog. Writing July 8 Slippery goes on to say:

"Friend Crosby: This is the earliest spring you ever saw in this country. Snow is all gone off the hills. You remember the outfit that stopped at McCarthysville from Great Falls? Morgan and they got two bear on Oly Creek. Well, two of them are come back this spring, and they have nine bears now and expect to get more. Billy Morgan, kids and all, have gone back on the reservation. McKay and V. have gone back too. I had a letter from Ally Goss and he says he has not seen the horse this spring. Willy Goss has married Louie Capell's girl Maggie. They had a big time. Billy Ellsworth has sold his part of the St. Mary's country and gone to Pennsylvania. Horace Clark brought my horses up some time ago. I think you had better come back to the mountains. A cyclone or something else will do you up in that flat country. It is not a safe place to live. Bring some of your friends out and show them some good hunting."

I went up the mountain yesterday after goats. I wanted to catch a kid. The dogs got an old nanny with one kid on top of a rock and held her there. I had a ¼-inch rope with me and I thought I would rope her. I could not get it over her head, but after missing her about a dozen times she stepped in the loop and I snatched it up on one forward leg. Say, she is gone with the rope. When I got stopped I was about 200 yards down the hill and glad to be there. I called off the dogs and came home for fixing. I have not gone after the gun and don't think I will for a few days. Guess I'll rope some more goats! How is you leg getting along? It ought to be all right for the hills this fall. Try it, anyhow."

Idaho.

Mr. F. S. Thorndike and his friend Mr. Richard, of Paris, France, are in Chicago to-day outfitting for a trip into the mountain regions of Idaho. They are interested in mining properties some eighty miles north of Ketchum, Idaho, and have often been in there before. Mr. Thorndike tells me that the ranges of the Salmon River country, not very far from their mines, are still completely wild and almost untraveled. They get very good sheep hunting, and Mr. Thorndike says that he took back to Paris a head which he calls "very valuable," a ram's head whose horns measured "just over 18 inches." This is the nearest I have ever heard of an equal to the great head which Billy Jackson gave me some years ago. I should not be willing to think the Billy Jackson set of horns less than any other pair on earth until I had actually seen and measured the others. Yet this head taken to Europe by Mr. Thorndike must have been a grand one. He did not kill it himself, but bought it. He says that there are very many bears all along the Salmon River, and indeed that game of all sorts is abundant in there yet. They have grand trout fishing near their mines, and both gentlemen are laying in abundant trout tackle of a very husky pattern, getting ready for the heavy fish of that region. Their lines seem surely cast in pleasant places.

Billy Ho'er Back from Alaska.

Billy Hofer, late of the Yellowstone Park at Gardiner, Mont., and still later of Alaska, is in Chicago this week and may be here for several days yet, visiting and enjoying himself, he calls it, though what there is here to enjoy just now is a puzzle to anybody who lives here. Billy, whose reputation as a taker and tamer of wild animals is second to none in the country, was appointed by the United States Government as a special commissioner to go up into Alaska and get specimens of the giant Kodiak bear—the sort you read about in books and sometimes see in the sportsmen's expositions. Billy took his old Yellowstone traps and cages and made quite a trip, getting as far north as latitude 63 degrees. He did not get his supplies in time for anything but a short season, but succeeded in getting four bears, one of them a brown fellow, young but very large, and which promises to make a good specimen when grown. The others were black bears, and for these he did not care so much.

As to the Kodiak bear proper, Billy speaks rather disillusioningly. One has always heard that this is the bear which swims out to meet the boats, with blood red, ravening jaws, and fights anything that travels near it. As a matter of fact, Billy says, this is the most cowardly bear on earth, the island bears especially so. So far from the natives being afraid of them, they kill them right along, sometimes killing them with a spear, which would seem a bit ticklish as a steady job. The Kodiak bear is deadly scared of a man and will leave the country if it smells a camp-fire. Billy hopes to negotiate these fellows all right the next time he goes up. He left some of his big traps—one side of these iron bound affairs weighs nearly a ton—in charge of local men, nicely set out in good country. He may get more bear than some of his men want. As a whole, Billy does not think much of his trip, but hopes to do better when he gets in there with more time on his hands.

For Alaska itself Billy has nothing but praise. He says it is a prodigious country and the roughest he ever hunted. In some places the bears have worn regular trails, like elk trails in Wyoming, deep into the earth. Crossing these are fox trails, and sometimes the trails of the land otter. Each animal makes its own trail and does not use those of the others, perhaps for very good personal reasons sometimes. Red foxes he saw of great

size and splendid coat." The sea otter he thinks is nearly extinct. One schooner was out three months on a hunt and did not get a hide in the whole time.

It is not like Billy Hofer to get much excited over anything, or to get any kind of bug in his hat, but he seems to have caught the Alaska microbe pretty bad. Wishes he could live up there and all that sort of thing. Yet this is not wonderful, for Alaska is the nearest to the real thing in Western goods that there is now left in the world, and it naturally catches the notion of the old-time Western man. Billy Hofer has been in the West for twenty-eight years and has seen it change very much in that time.

Billy says that Ed Howell, the one-time notorious poacher of the Yellowstone Park, is now in the Philippines. Always a very plucky and venturesome fellow, Howell and another daring soul took ship for the Philippines some time ago in the hope of finding some "good mineral country," as the Western saying goes. They got out away in front of the military lines prospecting and at last accounts had been arrested and told not to get too gay, but to wait till the subjugation business had gone on a little further. Howell seems to have the luck of getting into trouble with the military.

Odd enough is this little old world of ours. Now, there was Capt. Geo. S. Anderson, Superintendent of the Park at the time Howell was taken, and no cheerful lover of the latter, nor the latter of him. The whirligig of fate finds both these men from the Yellowstone now in the Philippines. It is Cap. Anderson no longer now, but Col. Anderson, and there is no better soldier in the army than this same. Report has it that Col. Anderson is in perfect health and is looking splendid, rather taking well to the dreaded Filipino climate. I do not know whether he sees Howell or not, but I reckon they wouldn't dislike each other so much now as they did when they were in different lines of business out in the snowy Yellowstone.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Tracking Big Game in Burmah.

It was once well said by a great sportsman that killing a salmon in a Canadian river was a sport as superior to killing one in Scotland as shooting a lion in Africa was superior to shooting a stag in the Highlands. Probably to those who have had experience of it, tracking and shooting big game is in an equal degree a more exciting sport than having them tracked or shooting them off-hand. Yet it is strange how few big-game shooters actually track for themselves the animals which they eventually shoot. Many are quite content to leave the tracking to the shikari, only taking a hand by using their rifles when they are finally brought up to the game.

The art of tracking, for such it is, is not by any means difficult to acquire. It consists chiefly in good powers of observation rather than in some occult skill with which most young fellows seem only too ready to credit the shikari. I do not wish to detract in any way from the usefulness and general advantages derived from the services of a good tracker, and, of course, a man who knows the particular country in which he is shooting is indispensable. It is rather to supplement those advantages by inducing the sportsman to take part in the operations that I venture to offer these remarks. An Englishman usually has better eyes than a native, if he only knows how to use them from practice, and his power of observation, if only cultivated, will have a wider and deeper range than that of any native. This is a matter, however, to which the saying *nascitur non fit* most strongly applies, but given a man with ordinary intelligence it may with care be greatly sharpened and improved.

In the forests of Burmah, where our scene is laid, I never cared about tracking big game except during the monsoon, for during the rainless months the ground did not take a sufficiently clear impression to indicate whether tracks of game were old or fresh. The beginning of the rains was the best time; then, all the forests having been burnt over, there were no leaves on the ground to rattle like half a dozen kettle drums as one moved along, and the slots of deer or spoor of elephants showed freshly on the ash strewn ground or on the sprouting grass of the hillsides. This was the time to get up on to the hills, which the bison then much affected, and, camping among the pine forests at about 3,000 feet above the plains, to keep a close eye on the ridges of the hills for the tracks of bison, banteng elephant and smaller game, though the latter we usually shot as we chanced on them, without troubling to track them. A man who knew the country was indispensable, and if he could track well so much the better.

Supposing tracks of bison to have been found, the first matter to settle was how recent they were. We knew that it had rained on the previous night at about 11 P. M. We could, therefore, easily decide whether the herd had passed along before or after this event. The veriest tyro could, of course, decide that matter. Puddles in the hoof prints or a muddy deposit in the part where the hoof cut deepest would be certain indications of the herd having passed before the rainfall. To decide how long before the rainfall would be a more difficult matter, and we should be helped to a conclusion on this point by examining the grass growing along the path or track where the herd passed. This is a much better clue than any I know. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that, granted the herd has passed within a few days, one can tell within a few hours. Carefully take a piece of grass from which an animal has bitten off the top, and compare it with a piece of grass freshly plucked and bitten off by yourself. You will immediately see the difference between the two. No microscope is required. You might also take another sample of grass, if it can be found, which you know to have been cropped by an animal some time previously. Now, on comparing the three, the piece freshly plucked is seen to be green almost to the end, where there is a slightly whitish mark caused by your teeth when it was bitten; the second piece is dried almost brown for perhaps the sixteenth of an inch from the end; the piece last plucked is in a similar state, but for about the eighth of an inch from the end, where it is dried and brown. I well recollect on one occasion coming on quite fresh tracks of a bison; unfortunately, there had been no rain within the previous twenty-four hours at

least, so that the tracks only told us that the animals had passed within that period. However, on examining the grass from which the animals had grazed as they passed we came to the conclusion that they had gone along just in front of us; indeed, the shikari asserted that he could smell them, which was, no doubt, true. We did not go 300 yards further before we came upon two fine full-grown bison—a cow and a bull. This I felt to be a great triumph for our prescient power, and the occurrence has dwelt in my memory ever since. The experiment may be tried in any meadow where cattle are grazing, and any one who makes it will quickly observe what he may not perhaps have observed before.

It is an advantage in tracking to notice whether the animals are walking, trotting or galloping, the prints of the hoofs being differently placed in each motion. One should also have a good idea of the number of animals in a herd which one is following up. This may be arrived at in two ways; firstly, by noting the tracks of each individual animal where the herd has broken up to feed; secondly, by counting the number of the forms in the grass where the herd has laid down to rest. The latter should correspond with the members of the herd, though allowance should be made for one beast which does not lie down, but keeps guard, standing while the remainder rest at ease. Knowing the number of the herd, it is at once easy to find out whether a part of it has at any point divided from the main body, as is not at all unusual. The larger animals in a herd are very fond of breaking off from the main body, the old bull retiring by himself sometimes, though it seems that the herd is always reunited within a day or two. Again, notice the size of the tracks, as by these both the size and sex of the animals are indicated.

A really good shikari, up to his work, should be able to explain every sound which he may hear. Thus he should be able to distinguish the tapping of a deer's horns against a tree from the friction of two boughs rubbing together, the fall of a branch from one voluntarily pulled down. The advantage of observing the smallest detail when after game is very great, as perhaps this little incident shows: I once put a bullet through a huge boar (in Burmah we shoot them) as he was grubbing in thick jungle. As we were following him up by his tracks the shikari, leaning on his bamboo stick, which seemed to me always to have the power of a magic wand, divided the long grass in which we were and directed my attention to a hoof print. "You see," said he, "this boar is very savage." "How do you know?" I replied. "Oh," said he, "look at his footmark." The footmark was in such a position as to show that the boar while going along had turned to look back to see whether he was followed or pursued. I did not notice it until pointed out, but the shikari saw it at once. We had inferred from this that the beast was wounded, and ready to charge anything which came in his way. Few would perhaps credit that so much could be read from a single footprint, but the experienced eye at once detect it. In fact, as the tracker goes along he ought to be able to read as in a book every little detail which may in any way assist him to work up to the final tragedy which he hopes for. He, above all, should be one who "finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."—Correspondence London Field.

Long Island Woodcock.

HAUPPAUGE, L. I., Aug. 6.—The woodcock season opened last week, and a few stray birds were shot. They were evidently birds which had spent the season in this vicinity. There has been no flight of birds which have nested further north. These birds will come along later. The fact that it is the open season for woodcock has furnished an excuse for pot-hunters to go over the fields with their dogs, and many birds which may not be lawfully killed have no doubt fallen victims to the farmers' sons and summer boarders.

EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I., Aug. 6.—Woodcock have appeared in this section of Long Island, and several birds have been shot since the open season began. These are the first woodcock that have been seen in this vicinity in twenty years. It is supposed that the dry weather has caused the birds to leave the upland and seek food in the springs and ponds nearer the bay. They are not often found in the salt creeks, but seem to prefer the head of the creeks which are fed by fresh water. The birds killed were small and immature, altogether too young for market. Many sportsmen think it is a mistake to have the open season begin earlier than October or just before the native birds leave and the birds which have nested further north arrive. Another bad feature of the present law is the excuse which it gives pot-hunters for being out with dog and gun.

Bears in Traps.

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Would you favor me by stating Governor Roosevelt's reason for thinking that it is unsportsmanlike to shoot a grizzly bear in a trap? I infer that he would kill it, but how? By knifing or clubbing it? Is not the reasonable way to humanely slay the beast with gun, and run no unnecessary risk of being injured by close quarters with him? What's the use of white men playing Indian medicine man?

N. D. ELTING.

The question then discussed was not what to do with a trapped bear, but whether it was sportsmanlike to trap bears for the purpose of shooting them "for sport." The bear appears in two aspects, first as vermin to be destroyed in any practicable way of getting rid of it; and second, as an object of pursuit by the sportsman. Governor Roosevelt was not discussing the methods of doing away with the bear as an enterprise of ridding the land of an undesirable inhabitant. He was writing of bear hunting as a sport, and his argument was that it was not sportsmanlike under those circumstances to trap a bear and shoot it in the trap. He had in mind not the woodsman intent on bear bounty nor the frontier farmer bent on destroying an ursine hog thief, but the sportsman who is looking for a grizzly bear head to hang up in his home as a trophy of his prowess as a bear hunter.

Andy Hoffman's Luck.

ANDY is a pioneer of West Virginia, and a crack rifle shot. Thirty years ago this part of the country abounded in rabbits and ruffed grouse. One day Andy went out a short distance from his house to an orchard with his rifle and three balls. There was some snow on the ground, and rabbits seemed to be sitting under every briar bush. He shot three, but he was not satisfied, and so dug the balls which he had shot out of the ground, shaped them up by pounding and cutting and shot three more rabbits.

At another time, with a shotgun, he got every grouse out of a covey of eleven in this way: They were under a log, and at the first fire he got seven. With a good dog he treed the remaining four, which he brought to bag.

Grouse now are very scarce in this part of West Virginia—not one-fiftieth as plentiful as in New York. I have hunted here for twenty years and seen but half a dozen.

N. D. ELTING.

Manitoba Prairie Chickens.

WINNIPEG, Man., Aug. 2.—Thousands of chickens this year—all well-grown and strong. Prospects for good shooting were never better.

A. W. DU BRAY.

Sea and River Fishing.

Chautauqua Lake Muskallonge and Black Bass.

LAKEWOOD, N. Y., June 21.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Although Chautauqua Lake is one of the very best waters in America for muskallonge and black bass, it has never received the attention from anglers that it deserves. Beyond the farmers living on its banks and a few summer boarders at the various hotels, the ground is never touched, unless we include some dozen professional fishermen who act as guides and oarsmen when required. Muskallonge are plentiful and no fisherman ought ever to go a day without getting a few of these mighty monsters. We never do, and have caught as many as sixteen in a single day. Small-mouth black bass are also very, very plentiful, averaging a larger size than any other water we know of.

Chautauqua Lake has its peculiarities, like all other waters, which must be studied before the best results can be obtained. When we first fished this water we could not get a bass out of it and told a guide that there were none there. He laughed at the idea and made the following proposition: That we should pay him 25 cents each for all the bass that we got over 2 pounds in weight instead of his regular wages. We accepted and made a start at 4 P. M. At 7 P. M. we came in with a debt of \$4.50 hanging around our neck. The fact was we had been trying muskallonge ground instead of bass, which is separate and distinct. We give a chart with this article of the lower end of Chautauqua Lake, showing the grounds where each fish is generally found.

Chautauqua Lake is situated in the northwestern corner of New York State, eight miles as the crow flies from Lake Erie, at an altitude of 1,400 ft. above sea level and 800 ft. above the surface of Lake Erie. We shall not attempt to describe or extol its beauties. This is an article on fishing, not a pen picture of scenery, so we shall confine ourselves to practical hints about its fishing from experience of the past seven years.

We will now take a list of the different articles we carry as an outfit for this water:

Rods—For muskallonge, a 7½-foot greenheart rod, 10 ounces, our own pattern of butt. (Cut herewith.) For bass, a 7½-foot split bamboo, 5½ ounces, same pattern of butt.

Lines—For muskallonge, 100 yards 15-thread linen line (green). For bass, 100 yards black silk enameled line, size G.

Spoons—For muskallonge we carry a set each of Skinners Nos. 4¾, 6 and 8, silver, brass and copper. We have always obtained the best results with No. 6. The small ones (4¾) are first-class for working over the weed beds and along some parts of the shores. The 8's are sometimes good on dark, dull, cloudy days.

We have a mounting of our own for this water which lightens the spoon very materially and is very beneficial in getting out a decent length of line in this shallow, weedy water. We take the hook (without feathers) and run a piece of brass, merchant wire, gauge No. 15, around the bottom of the hook A, then up and through the eye in opposite directions, B; then give two or three turns around one wire with the other, C, which makes a firm fastening and a rigid hook.

Now on the wire string tube D, after that the washer E, and over this the spoon F. Finish off by putting on a good swivel, G, turn the wire around itself, H, so as to make a good fastening, and then feather it again. The spoon should miss the points of the hook about half an inch when in repose. This mounting runs lightly and misses more than half the weeds that a suspended hook catches. Any one fishing Chautauqua or any of the bays leading out of the Bay of Quinte, Canada, will fully appreciate this. Furthermore, more fish are hooked on the rigid hook—one seldom misses a strike.

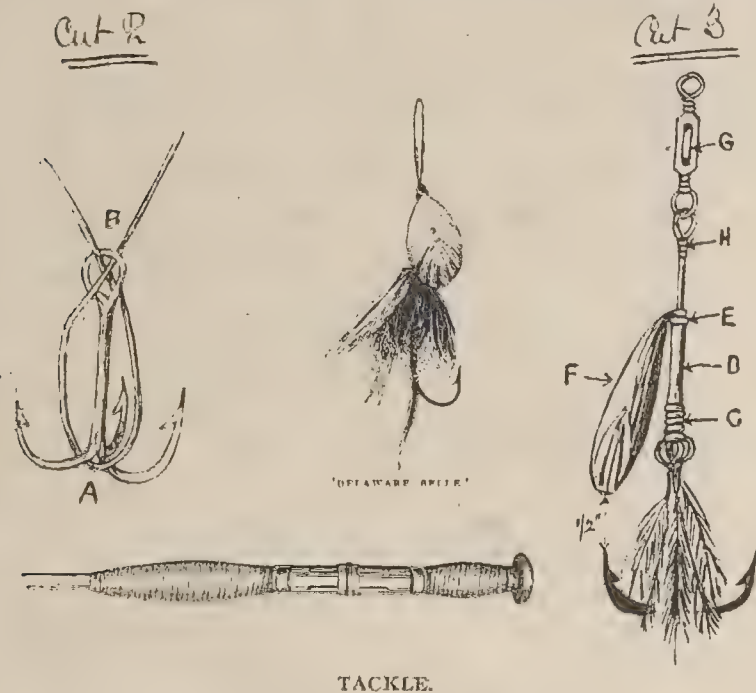
Live bait fishing can be followed if the angler wishes, but more fish are caught by trolling scientifically. Your spoon should never be more than 2 or 3 feet under the surface for muskallonge. With the ordinary mounting of spoons only 50 or 60 feet of line can be used in Chautauqua, but with our special mounting we can easily run 70 to 80 feet, which is an advantage, as you get your boat well away from the fish before the spoon passes over him. If one spoon does not take, try another color or size. They will always take one of the combination we have given.

Bass Fishing—We Carry Nos. 2 and 3 Skinner casting spoons, silver and white enamel, for live bait and troll with them; also a plentiful supply of Delaware-belles (trolling bait), light and dark. The light one is a specially mounted and made Parmacheene-belle fly, surmounted with a No. 2 or No. 3 silver Skinner spoon;

and its dark brother is a regular silver-doctor salmon fly, surmounted with an enameled or silver spoon. We have mentioned a plentiful supply of these baits, because, being mounted on gut, a muskallonge's teeth will cut the snelling if it gets across them, which we have found to be quite often the case if we get off the bass grounds. These baits appear to be about the most tempting thing for little muskallonge of about 2 to 5 pounds that could ever be thought of.

The possibilities in Chautauqua Lake are always great, whatever you may be fishing for, for on rounding a point in a reel or getting a little off from a rocky shore, you are just as likely to strike a snark or a boojum in the shape of a 25-pound muskallonge as the 5-pound bass which you are after. Always take along a good gaff and club, although the latter is somewhat dispensable if you happen to get a guide as full of resource as one we once had. We landed a beauty, 18 or 20 pounds, but the club wherewith to kill it had been forgotten. The guide, however, was equal to the occasion, for he pulled off one of his boots, the heel of which was heavily mounted with steel or iron. A couple of cracks on the fish's head and it was dead.

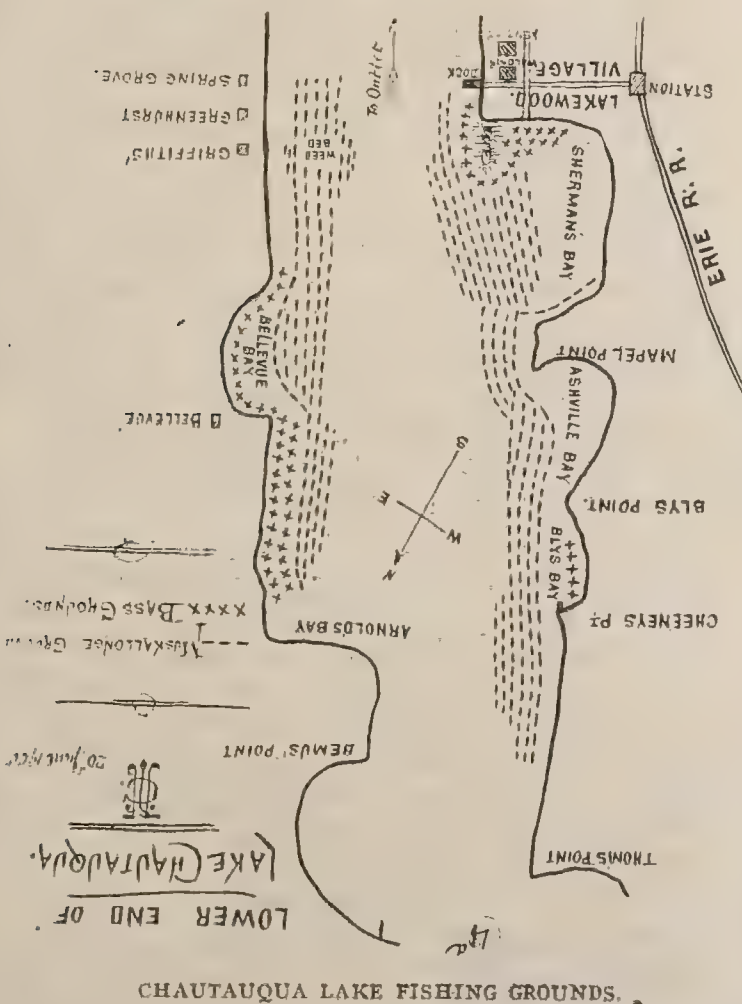
During the morning's fishing we offered this same guide a cigar. He took it and placed it in his pocket,



saying that he could not smoke and row at the same time. When asked the reason he replied that a few days before he was fishing alone, holding the line between his teeth. A muskallonge struck so quick and strong that the line pulled out all his front teeth before he could open his mouth to release it. His toothless jaws verified the assertion. The fish weighed 35 pounds, and goes to show that no one should take any chances in Lake Chautauqua.

Chautauqua Lake is about twenty miles long. The best fishing is found in the lower half, between Bemus Point and Lakewood, a distance of about seven miles. We give herewith a birds'-eye view of this stretch of water and have marked the fishing grounds as follows:

Muskallonge, ———— Bass, x x x x
We will now take a tour of the fishing grounds shown in our chart. Starting at the Kent House dock, the first important grounds are the two reefs jutting out into



Sherman's Bay at Waldemere House Point. These two reefs run out about 1,000 feet and lie only a foot or two under water. It is a first-class piece of bass water, the bass fishing extending all along the southern shore of Sherman's Bay. It is marked on the chart with crosses, thus: x x x x

We must now take in our bass rigs and put out stronger tackle for muskallonge. From the point of the outside reef take a direct line for Maple Point, a distance of about one mile. At the point of the reef we once took a 28-pound muskallonge. All over the center and mouth of the bay is a muskallonge water. We always make a catch here, generally about midway between the reef and Maple Point. An exceptionally good run is close to shore under Maple Point, the water here being quite deep close up to the bushes, and many a rush

has an old bouncer made from these bushes to a passing spoon. All around Maple Point is good ground.

Ashville Bay is full of weeds close to shore. The angler must skirt this weed bed; he cannot go over it. Use Nos. 434 or 6 spoons up to the present time. The outside of Bly's Bay can also be trolled with the same spoons, but we have never had much luck here. All along the shores of Bly's Bay are numerous lily pads and first class bass grounds.

At Cheeney's Point work along about 500 to 1,000 feet from shore for muskallonge as far up as Bemus Point with No. 6 spoons. After the ground has been gone over two or three times with No. 6 change to No. 8 and go over again three or four times. This is our favorite bit of water in Chautauqua Lake. The possibilities here are great. You may strike a 10-pound muskallonge, but you are just as likely to get an old terror of 30 to 50 pounds.

When this ground has been fished thoroughly take in all lines and row across the lake to the northern or rather the northeastern shore. Commence fishing at the head of Arnold's Bay for bass, hugging the shore all the way down to and including Bellevue Bay. The fishing is over a hard bottom and extends out from 100 to 200 feet only.

When you have finished with the bass put out muskallonge rigs, using No. 6 spoons. Their ground commences at the edge of the bass grounds and extends out about 1,000 to 1,200 feet. The muskallonge fishing is good all the way down to Griffith's Dock. About three-quarters of a mile away from shore are three or four big clumps of weeds. There are always some big fish in these if you can catch them on the feed. We generally put in an hour fishing these clumps of weeds and seldom come away unrewarded.

What we have described we consider the best parts of the lower end of the lake; but it by no means says that there are no fish elsewhere. To be absolutely correct, we can say there are muskallonge everywhere, but the chances are you would do better following the lines we have laid down rather than to fish the center.

On very bright days it is always advisable to get out as long lines as possible. We then take a beer bottle cork split in half, and put it on the line about 20 to 25 feet from the spoon. In this way we can increase the length of the line 15 to 20 feet without the spoon sinking into the weeds.

Chautauqua Lake can be reached from all quarters. The main line of the Erie Railroad reaches Lakewood from New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, and by a few hours only from Buffalo and Cleveland. Lakewood is on the western bank at the lower end of the lake, and right in the heart of the best fishing. To reach Chautauqua from New York, take train No. 7, Erie R. R., in the evening, get a good night's sleep and arise in time to get breakfast in the café car before reaching Lakewood at 7 A. M. Go to your hotel, see your things put straight, take your boat and be struggling with your first mighty victim by 9 A. M. We have accomplished this many a time.

The palatial hotels, Kent House and Waldemere, are the best to stop at. They give special rates to fishermen during the early part of the season, and also in the fall.

To finish this article it must have an end. Nothing looks well without a good finish, and "all's well that ends well." When at Lakewood place yourself in the hands of our old and esteemed friend Steve. He has a first-class boat livery, will supply you with the best guides on the lake and bait if necessary. He is himself a thorough sportsman and has a warm heart and fellow feeling for brother sportsmen.

JAMES CHURCHWARD.

Anglers of the St. Lawrence.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The seventeenth annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River was held at Gananoque, Ont., Aug. 1. This large and influential organization is made up chiefly of prominent citizens of Clayton, Alexandria Bay, Gananoque and Brockville and wealthy men from various parts of the country who own summer homes at the Thousand Islands. During its existence the Association has accomplished a vast amount of good in the way of ridding the river of net fishermen, in securing the enactment of protective measures, in stocking the waters with fish, in furthering the establishment of an international park and various other movements calculated to promote the interests of the Thousand Islands region. There was a good attendance at the annual meeting, and all present manifested great interest in the business matters which came up for consideration. Among those in attendance were:

Hon. Charles R. Skinner, of Albany, State Superintendent of Public Instruction; Maj. J. W. Pond, Albany, Chief State Game Protector; Hon. B. M. Britton, M. P., Kingston, Ont.; W. H. Thompson, G. O. McIntyre, Joseph Northrup, Alexandria Bay; R. P. Grant, Clayton; E. G. Wyckoff, Ithaca; Royal E. Dean, A. Costello, Joseph Tait, Thos. H. Gillespie, J. P. Smith, New York City; Gen. J. B. Van Petten, Claverack; John R. Miller, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thomas B. Kerr, Englewood, N. J.; Chas. A. Sterling, New York; D. C. McEwan, Brooklyn; O. J. Parker, Pittsburg, Pa.; O. F. Otis, Thousand Islands Park; G. H. Seiple, St. Lawrence Park; Maj. J. H. Durham, Round Island; E. D. Sherwood, J. S. Munro, Earl S. Ellis, Syracuse; W. E. Wolcott, Utica; O. C. Allen, Warren, Pa.; T. C. Judd, Morton; F. A. Gaudell, Richmond, Va.; R. V. Horton, Hon. E. B. Moles, A. Fullerton, A. J. McCarley, F. C. Lalonde, E. H. Bissett, M. V. W. Bird, R. Bowie, F. E. Cloyes, A. L. Murray, Hon. Daniel Derbyshire, Brockville, Ont.; G. W. Henry, Point Vivian; G. E. Ashley, F. A. MacNee, Kingston, Ont.; Hon. Chas. E. Britton, Hon. W. B. Carroll, Gananoque, Ont., and others.

Hon. Charles R. Skinner, second vice-president of the Association, presided, President W. C. Browning being unable to attend owing to sickness in his family, and First Vice-President Henry R. Heath being in Europe.

Mr. Skinner said: "For seventeen years the Anglers' Association has been doing what it could to promote the interests of every admirer of nature and all who seek recreation on this beautiful river. This Association is entitled to credit for the movement which established the reservation on the St. Lawrence. The State has set aside twelve different points and islands where all people have the right to take their recreation. In this movement we had the sympathy of our friends in Canada; and assurances that they would seek to establish similar reservations on the Canadian side, and to harmonize the fishing laws on both sides of the river. I for one am al-

ways ready to welcome a Canadian on the American side. There is no reason for discrimination. If our Canadian members will come to Albany or to Washington we will show them how to change the fishing laws. I think it is the general sentiment that no barbed-wire fence should be erected on the international line. The two countries have common interests. We are working in harmony in certain lines, especially to civilize and Christianize the world. God bless them in that endeavor! We do not want expansion so much as good citizenship, whether in Cuba, China or elsewhere."

W. E. Wolcott, of Utica, was elected secretary of the meeting. Eleven new members were elected, and Hon. B. M. Britton, of Kingston, Ont., and the New York State Commissioners of Forests, Fish and Game were made honorary members.

Treasurer R. P. Grant presented his annual report, which was as follows: Cash on hand one year ago, \$350.23; received for dues, \$137.73; total receipts \$487.96; disbursements, \$90.88; cash on hand, \$397.08.

W. H. Thompson submitted his annual report as secretary, which was as follows: "A review of the work of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River for the year 1899 would say that the most earnest efforts have been made by our fish and game protector, Joseph Northrup, to enforce the game laws applying to the reservation of the St. Lawrence River and he has captured many illegal devices used for the capture of fish. We can hardly appreciate the great amount of care and labor which comes upon the protector, and it is through the assistance of our Association that he has been so successful. In looking over the work of the Association for the past year we should congratulate ourselves upon the great improvements and work done on the river. Since we met last we have had built on the State lands nine pavilions and fifteen cooking ovens for the use of visitors. We have had furnished by the State Fish Commission fifty buoys and anchors for buoying out the passages to the landings of the State docks for the many yachts that frequent these places for dining and shelter. We find that we need many more cooking ovens to accommodate the vast crowds who occupy these State lands, and we also need several more places for dining purposes, as the number now is insufficient. We are in hopes to have our Canadian neighbors fulfill their promises to set apart several islands and points for the same use that we have ours."

"We have had some charges made that our fishermen were catching bass in Canadian waters and marketing same. I at once instituted a vigorous investigation and could not find these charges sustained. I sent to Cape Vincent and got a statement from the fish house that such things had not occurred. Protector Northrup was advised, and he has been on the lookout for any such violations, but cannot find the charges sustained. I think it was done to deter our fishermen from frequenting the Canadian waters, they wanting all the fish for market. We find tons of fish from Canadian waters put upon our markets. Now, if we could have a full and free reciprocity in this matter, we would not have to investigate charges, etc. I hope we may to-day come to a satisfactory understanding, and have it so placed upon the statutes of the Province that we will be enabled to call the St. Lawrence River an international reservation. In order to accomplish this a delegation was sent to Brockville last winter. It was met by Hon. S. T. Bastedo, Hon. Geo. Graham, Hon. C. E. Britton, of Gananoque, and other notables who were interested in bringing about the object sought. The matter was thoroughly discussed, and all seemed to be inclined to the opinion that the whole matter of international reservation should be settled by the Governments of Ottawa and Toronto. The meeting adjourned until the sitting of Parliament in Ottawa, when the matter was thoroughly canvassed, and we were assured that everything possible would be done at that sitting. Hon. M. Davies seemed to concur, and he requested us to make our case with Dr. McKahn, and anything he reported would go. We had a conference with the Doctor, and he assured us that he could not change his previous report, which was to have the open season on the St. Lawrence begin June 9; but since then I have been informed that the close season could not be changed, and that no effort was made to get the islands set apart or an appropriation to aid the project. I hope we may be instrumental in getting these matters settled for all time, that we may enjoy the full freedom of the river. We have spent large sums of money and a great amount of time up to date, and I trust that our action to-day will go far toward bringing about the culmination of our object. Our membership is kept nominally full, the new members being about equal to those who have died or resigned during the year."

Secretary Thompson, in speaking of the \$5 license fee for Americans fishing on Canadian waters, said: "We tried to have it arranged so that no man fishing in Canadian waters would feel that he was violating the law, and the edict came that there would be no license charged east of Wolf or Snake Island. Our closed season for bass was until June 1, and the Canadian until June 15. A compromise was made on June 9, but I believe this has not been carried out on the Canadian side. If our people get into Canadian waters on June 10 they are violating the law. We want, as an association, interested in the St. Lawrence River, to have the Canadian people meet us on these points. We allow the Canadians to come on our side, and their oarsmen can come over and get their \$3 a day the same as Americans. I hear that some American boatmen came to Gananoque to row and were called down and told they must pay for the privilege. I do not think this was enforced, though. Our Canadian brothers have said they would meet us half way, and that is all we want. We are neighbors, and do not want any differences. As our president has said, we want no barb-wire fences on the river. I understand that American citizens who go back into Canada pay a license fee of \$5 for fishing, but that we are not interested in. We are interested only in the St. Lawrence. In the matter of the park there seems to have been but little done. The Hon. Mr. Britton, who was at the conference, can tell us about the matter."

Hon. B. M. Britton, in speaking of matters referred to in the secretary's report, said in part: "We in Canada have a very complete system of government, which fact,

perhaps, is not fully appreciated by outsiders. It has been said that we are the most governed people in the world. Perhaps a little explanation may be interesting as to why there has not been more done on the recommendations of your secretary. The jurisdiction of fishing, so far as license is concerned, is left to the Provincial Government, and I understand it has to some extent met the views of this Association. The park question is with the Dominion Government, but in it are several departments. There is, for example, the Department of Marine and Fisheries, and the islands are under the Indian Department. The head of the latter has been away and was absent when your secretary was there. This much has been done, however—the islands that were for sale have been withdrawn from sale. I have no doubt that whoever make up the government of the Dominion after the elections will favorably consider the matter of the reservation. I have seen what has been done on your islands, and am told that one is used so much that the fire has not been out of the fireplace this season. It seems that what you have done is serving a most beautiful purpose. I agree with what has been said about the freedom of the St. Lawrence. The alien labor law question has caused some friction on the river. People around here have gotten the idea that Canadian waiters who went to Alexandria Bay were turned away and also that some steamer employes were turned off because they were Canadians. These things tend to cause delay, but I hope will not prevent the carrying out ultimately of what the Association wants. I think the secretary is a little mistaken regarding the \$5 license fee for fishing away from the river, but we will not discuss that now. There are three things we want, and these are: To adjust the close season for fishing; to prevent netting at the mouth of streams from Snake Island to Prescott or Brockville, and to limit the size of catch. I will do what I can to further the interests of the Anglers' Association."

T. B. Kerr said it was unfortunate that the alien labor law of the United States should complicate local matters on the river. "We want reciprocity," said he, "as to St. Lawrence River matters. It is not an international question, but a local one, and it is hoped that our Canadian brethren will do the square thing, as Anglo-Saxons always do, and do as Americans have done."

President Skinner: "This is not an international question, and this Association is not interested in who are deckhands on steamers or waiters in hotels. What we want is the liberty of the St. Lawrence River from Lake Ontario so far as we desire to traverse it. We would never have had an international park but for the action of the Anglers' Association, and I hope our Canadian members will co-operate with us in trying to bring about what is now needed on the river."

Secretary Thompson also spoke concerning the alien labor law, saying that any Canadian was at perfect liberty to come on the American side and row there without interference.

Mr. Kerr brought up the subject of seining for minnows in the little bays near the island residences. He desired that a committee should be appointed to endeavor to have a law enacted to extend the jurisdiction of private property owners on the river so as to cover their "back yards." He did not think it right for outsiders to come into the little bays where property owners had baited minnows and seine the latter. R. P. Grant thought that property owners on the river had no right over the water, and if a man wanted such a right he would have to go to the Legislature as an individual and ask it. On motion of Mr. Kerr a special committee was appointed to take up the question of minnows or bait in the vicinity of private residences on the islands.

Protector Northrup said he understood that property owners at the islands did not own beyond the water line.

President Skinner thought there ought to be some marks to indicate the location of the international boundary on the river. He spoke of the placing of small buoys on shoals, not including those of the Government in the main channel. He said he wanted last winter to get from the Legislature an appropriation for small buoys, but did not succeed in doing so. He thought the 100 persons who owned yachts on the river had some rights to protection as well as the owners of the larger boats. He applied to the State Forest, Fish and Game Commissioners, and they furnished fifty buoys. The buoys are 4 feet long, and each has a patent anchor weighing 50 pounds. They are now in charge of Protector Northrup, and they can be had of him, the only requirement being that the person taking one shall take care of it.

G. M. Britton said the Canadian Government were making a survey from Kingston to Prescott.

The privileges of the floor were extended to Mayor W. B. Carroll of Gananoque, who welcomed the members of the Association. He said it had been deemed a fitting occasion to present a medal of the Royal Humane Canadian Society to E. H. Bissett, of Brockville, who saved a lad from drowning on July 1, 1899. He made a graceful speech in presenting it.

Ex-Mayor E. B. Moles of Brockville, responded in behalf of Mr. Bissett, and expressed the pleasure it afforded him to meet the members of the Anglers' Association.

Hon. Chas. E. Britton spoke in an interesting manner of the objects of the Anglers' Association, and referred at some length to the international park question. From Kingston to Brockville, said he, we ought to have more than brotherly relations. During the fishing season the river ought to be open to all.

Hon. Daniel Derbyshire also made a brief but entertaining address. He was glad to see so many present from both sides of the river.

The nominating committee reported the following officers, and they were duly elected: President, Wm. C. Browning, New York city; First Vice-President, Henry R. Heath, Brooklyn; Second Vice-President, Charles R. Skinner, Albany; Secretary, Wm. H. Thompson, Alexandria Bay; Treasurer, R. P. Grant, Clayton; Executive Committee, A. C. Cornwall, Col. O. G. Staples, Alexandria Bay; Geo. H. Strough, Clayton; Geo. C. Boldt, Chas. G. Emery, New York city; Col. W. M. Griffith, Utica; Rev. R. H. Pullman, Baltimore, Md.; Geo. R. Malby, Ogdensburg; Chas. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; T. A. Gillespie, Pittsburg, Pa.; Chas. A. Sterling, Orange, N. J.; T. B. Kerr, Englewood, N. J.

It was 3:30 P. M. when the business session of the Association adjourned and the members sat down to their annual banquet in the dining room of the Gananoque Inn. At the conclusion of the dinner the anglers were photographed in a group in front of the hotel.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 2.

New England Angling.

BOSTON, Aug. 4.—Mr. H. A. Phinney, Mrs. Phinney, Mr. and Mrs. Peck and Mr. F. S. Frost, of Boston, have just returned from a fishing and outing trip to Round Mountain Lake, Me. The same party went there last year, and are more and more charmed with the surroundings, as well as the fishing. They had particularly fine fishing in the lake, while the stream fishing was enough to delight the heart of the angler. Big and Little Alder are the trout streams of that region. One dons wading boots and fishes down the streams through the woods. Only the larger trout are saved and those injured. Mr. Frost, though over seventy years of age, is becoming an enthusiastic angler. His photographs of nature are the delight of his friends. Since the death of Mr. George T. Freeman, of whom Mr. Frost was the mentor photographic, he has kept on, and has continued to produce pictures of what he sees in nature. His photographs on Little and Big Alder are particularly true to nature. Mr. Frost pictures nature with the camera for the love of the art, and no effort is spared in his work.

The club house of the Sebago Club, Sebago Lake, Me., has been sold to a couple of Boston gentlemen, who will use it as a summer cottage. Mr. H. S. Fisher, to whose energy the building of the club house and formation of the club is due, has become somewhat tired of fishing at Sebago, and the other members of the club agree with him. After their trip to Sebago in the spring, resulting in only two or three salmon, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Harding and Mr. Whitman made a trip to new waters, under Little Squaw Mountain in Maine. Here they had all the fishing they could ask for, taking over 400 trout, the most of which were returned to the water. Mr. Fisher says that they could have taken 1,400 just as well had they done them. They will build a camp there if they can make proper arrangements for the land. A whole township is what they want.

The United States Fisheries Commission sent from Wood's Holl Friday five or six barrels of the celebrated tilefish to F. F. Dimick, secretary of the Boston Fish Bureau. They were sent for distribution among those most interested. The claim of the Commission is that the tilefish is a very valuable food fish. It will be remembered that this fish entirely disappeared from our coast for thirty or forty years. But a few years ago a few were taken by deep-sea fishing. They were a puzzle to fishermen at the time, but were finally identified by the United States Fish Commission. Since that time the Commission has given considerable attention to locating the tilefish, and has attempted their propagation by artificial hatching. Those sent to Boston were taken by one of the Commission boats by deep-sea fishing with hand lines, between thirty and fifty miles southeast of Wood's Holl. The samples weighed from 6 to 7 pounds. They are silvery in color, with bright yellow spots.

Aug. 6.—The summer boarder and golf are holding full sway at many of the leading Maine and New Hampshire fishing resorts this month. Still, there is some fly-fishing at Moosehead, with fair results. Some fine strings of togue or lakers, have been taken there within a week, one string weighing 72 pounds. George W. Canterbury, Charles Bishop and Richard Bishop, of Boston, have returned from a fishing trip to the West Branch. They caught great numbers of fish, and chased deer and moose out of the water to their hearts' content. At Rangeley some fly-fishing is being done, and one gentleman, Mr. Frederick Skinner, of Boston, has continued trolling. He had already taken the biggest salmon of the season—12 pounds—and last week completed his score by adding a trout of 6 pounds. Stream fishing is reported to be excellent in the vicinity of Kingfield, Lexington, Jerusalem and Flagstaff. The great amount of rain in that part of the country has kept the streams up to a good fishing pitch. Mr. L. O. Crane writes his friend, Wes (Mr. Wesley C. Hemenway, of Boston): "After supper the other night I went to a pond a quarter of a mile away, caught twenty-five trout, from ¼ to ½ pound each, and saw thirteen deer, returning in time for a game of pitch in the evening. The other morning I went to Northwest Pond and took forty trout and returned before 10 o'clock A. M. Such fishing is good enough for an idle sport. You must get time to come up here and enjoy the fishing." Mr. Crane is writing of the Megantic preserve, where the fishing is excellent. Good black bass fishing is reported at Centerville, N. H. The Plymouth, Mass., ponds are also yielding good bass fishing. Mr. W. D. Barnes, of Boston, took a trout of 6 pounds at Haines Landing, Mooselucmaguntic Lake, last week. Canoeing is a popular sport at Mountain View, Rangeley Lake, just now, some New York canoe experts being quartered there.

Not much interest is yet being taken in shore bird shooting by Boston gunners, although the open season on snipe, plover, rail, etc., begun July 15. There are birds to shoot, but the weather has been very hot, with other vacation interests in order.

SPECIAL.

Bluefish Biting Freely.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., Aug. 6.—Bluefish have been biting freely during the past week, and many good catches are reported. In fact, it has been very easy to catch all the fish the average party cares to get in an hour or so. A few striped bass have been caught, but they are still scarce. Out at the Fishing Banks the usual variety of bass, blackfish, fluke, etc., are being caught by the barrelful. There is a great demand for boats suitable for large fishing parties, and all the large sailboats and yachts in the bay are engaged for several weeks in advance.

American Fisheries Society.

THE Treasurer of the American Fisheries Society is Mr. C. W. Willard, of Westerly, R. I.

Piscatorial Poetics.

From the London Fishing Gazette.

POPE's bosom friend, John Gay, whose writings (beyond, of course, "The Beggar's Opera," the ballad of "Black Ey'd Susan," the libretto to Handel's "Acis and Galatea," and perhaps those "dapper couplets," as the younger Colman called them, in which his "Fables" were written) are scarcely known to this newspaper-reading generation, has, in the first canto of his Georgic on "Rural Sports," some lines descriptive of the angler's art which are easy and agreeable reading:

When genial spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun and skim along the lake;
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every watery snare;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rod retie.

* * *

The fisher to the neighboring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purrs unknown to weeds;
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treacherous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught,
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where every guest applauds his skillful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murmuring current gently flows;
When if or chance or hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat;
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! Behold, the prize is thine!
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

Space forbids the continuance of the quotation. After discoursing fluently on worms and flies, and the cunning artificial lures which tempt the "roving trout," the poet comes at length to the fresh-water king, and gives the following spirited description of landing a salmon:

If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood
And greedily sucks in the unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away:
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreathes his shining body round;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling waves divide;
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humors with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands;
Till, tired at last, despoiled of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his bloodshot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air;
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and, gasping, dies.

With what seems a curious inconsistency, while apparently feeling no pity for the "finny prey," he concludes the canto by urging the use of artificial flies as "less cruel" than torturing worms or living insects!

Grand old Michael Drayton, in his famous "Polyolbion"—"that strange, Herculean toil" which runs to thirty books—gives a description of the leap of the salmon which certainly ranks as one of the prettiest piscatorial word-pictures to be found in English poetry:

Whenas the salmon seeks a fresher stream to find
(Which hither from the sea comes yearly by his kind,
As he in season grows), and stems the wat'ry tract,
Where Tivy falling down doth make a cataract,
For'd by the rising rocks that there her course oppose,
As though within their bounds they meant her to inclose;
Here, when the laboring fish doth at the foot arrive,
And finds that by this strength but vainly he doth strive;
His tail takes in his teeth, and, bending like a bow
That's to the compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw;
Then, springing at his height, as doth a little wand
That, bended end to end, and flirtd from the hand,
Far off itself doth cast, so doth the salmon vault.
And if at first he fail, his second somersault
He instantly essays; and from his nible ring,
Still jerking, never leaves, until himself he fling
Above the streamful top of the surrounding heap.

And in "The Muses' Elysium," Nymphal VI., wherein a woodman, a fisherman, and a shepherd wain contend for who should be deemed worthiest, he makes Halcus, the fisherman, thus praise his favorite occupation:

The crystal current streams continually I keep,
Where every pearl-pav'd ford, and every blue-ey'd deep,
With me familiar are; when in my boat being set,
My oar I take in hand, my angle and my net
About me; like a prince myself in state I steer,
Now up, now down the stream, now am I here, now there,
The pilot and the freight myself; and at my ease
Can land me when I list, or in what place I please.
The silver-scaled shoals about me in the streams,
As thick as ye discern the atoms in the beams,
Near to the shady bank, where slender sallies grow,
And willows their shag'd tops down towards the waters bow.

I shove in with my boat to shield me from the heat,
Where, choosing from my bag some prov'd especial bait,
The goodly well-grown trout I with my angle strike,
And with my bearded wire I take the ravenous pike,
Of whom when I have hold he seldom breaks away,
Though at my line's full length so long I let him play,
Till by my hand I find he well near weary'd be,
When softly by degrees I draw him up to me.
The lusty salmon, too, I oft with angling take,
Which me, above the rest, most lordly sport doth make,
Who, feeling he is caught, such frisks and bounds doth fetch,
And by his very strength my line so far doth stretch,
As draws my floating cork down to the very ground,
And wresting of my rod, doth make my boat turn round.
I never idle am, sometime I bait my weels,
With which by night I take the dainty silver eels,
And with my draught-net then I sweep the streaming flood,
And to my trammel next, and cast net from the mud,
I beat the scaly brood; no hour I idly spend,
But weary'd with my work, I bring the day to end.

The quotation might easily be extended, for where description is so charmingly easy it is difficult to draw the line. Those who would finish the piece must turn to their copy of Drayton; or to the volume in the "British Poets," if haply they possess a set; if not, they must be content with the slice here served up.

"Rare" Ben Jonson, in "The Forest," singing the praises of Penshurst, leads us to think that place must have been something like a piscatorial paradise. He says:

And if the high-swoll'n Medway fail thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds that pay thee tribute fish;
Fat, aged carps, that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,
As loth the second draught, or cast to stay,
Officially at first themselves betray.
Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on land
Before the fisher, or into his hand.

Selfishly speaking, I should like to find a place where eels would leap into my hand, though doubtless such tame plenteousness would take the edge off the sport, to the minds of most anglers.

The author of "The Chase," William Somerville—for the "gay and easy flow" of whose muse Allan Ramsay expressed his admiration—in his poem on "Field Sports" does not forget angling. After sketching a charming scene, where "the insinuating waters stray in many a winding maze," where the wild duck "steals the spawn of teeming shoals," and "the murmuring stream salutes the flowery mead that glows with fragrance," he says:

On the cooling bank,
Patiently musing, all intent I stand
To hook the scaly glutton. See! down sinks
My cork, that faithful monitor; his weight
My taper angle bends; surpris'd, amaz'd,
He glitters in the sun, and struggling, pants
For liberty, till in the purer air
He breathes no more.

The difference between the St. James' Park of the reign of the "Merry Monarch" and that of our degenerate days is brought vividly before us by Edmund Waller's lines "On St. James's Park, as lately improved by His Majesty." After describing the waterfowl flying overhead "controlling the sun" with "a feathered cloud," he goes on:

Beneath, a shoal of silver fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' sides;
The ladies angling in the crystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take;
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fishes and the men their prize.

A curious contrast to a scene worthy the brush of a Watteau is afforded nowadays by the predatory urchin who, stirred to defiance of park rules by the irrepressible instinct of angling, furtively fishes for sticklebacks with the primitive bit of cotton for line and splinter of match-wood for float—one eye on the water and the other roving warily round in search of the dreaded keeper.

Soame Jenyns, of whom little is heard nowadays, has a charming little lyric on the subject of "Chloe Angling":

On yon fair brook's enamel'd side
Behold my Chloe stands!
Her angle trembles o'er the tide
As conscious of her hands.

From each green bank and mossy cave
The scaly race repair;
They sport beneath the crystal wave,
And kiss her image there.

Here the bright silver eel entroll'd
In shining volumes, lies;
There basks the carp, bedropt with gold,
In the sunshine of her eyes.

With hungry pikes in wanton play,
The tim'rous trouts appear;
The hungry pikes forget to prey,
The tim'rous trouts to fear.

The application of an amorous simile is, of course, inevitable; but space is limited, and the above four quatrains must serve as an example of the eleven.

Coming down to modern times, Winthrop Mackworth Praed's "Red Fisherman," who knew the secret of the abbot's stuttering is no doubt familiar to many of my readers, and the lively lines—

Oh, oh! Oh, oh!
Above, below,
Lightly and brightly they come and go;
The hungry and keen to the top are leaping;
The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;
Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy—

show, at least that the author did not write without some knowledge of his subject.

Turning now to an author who dealt with the matter in a free-and-easy style, Barker, in his "Art of Angling," says of pike fishing:

A rod twelve feet long, and a ring of wire,
A winder and a barrel will help thy desire.
In killing a pike; but the forked stick
With a slit and a bladder—and that other fine trick
Which our artists call snap, with a goose or a duck—
Will kill two for one, if you have any luck.
The gentry of Shropshire do merrily smile
To see a goose and a belt the fish to beguile;
When a pike suns himself and a-frogging doth go,
The two-inch hook is better, I know,
Than the ord'nary snaring; but still I must cry,
"When the pike is at home, mind the cookery!"

Experienced ichthyophagists will readily indorse the wisdom of this closing admonition.

Phineas Fletcher (cousin to John, the famous dramatist), whom quaint old Quarles dubbed "the Spenser of this age," and who was the author of that surprisingly ingenious poem, "The Purple Island" (in twelve cantos, the last of which consists of eighty-nine stanzas), wrote a number of so-called "Piscatory Eclogues." Small wonder that Addison took exception to the title. Let no angler be deluded into thinking there is anything descriptive of fishing in them—they are simply imitations (successful, granted) of the good old pastoral eclogue, being full of "hopeless swains" and "cruel maids" and all the long-drawn bitterness and linked sweetness of love-sick youthfulness.

RODWELL HOOKHAM.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Hot and Dull.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 4.—Most of our Chicago bass parties go out from the city toward the end of the week, returning the next week, the fortunate location of this city placing some very good bass waters within easy reach of town. A few weeks ago it appeared that nearly everybody had gone fishing, and indeed it seemed to be a good deal of a temptation to go, for a great many nice catches were reported. For two days this week, however, the weather has been very hot, and times are very dull in the fishing way. But few parties are going out to-day, and those who do will hardly be apt to find much sport unless there should be a sudden change in the weather. It is hot enough to-day to take the gimp out of almost any sort of man or fish. Mackinac and the upper pine woods are the talk to-day among the tourists.

One would think that by this time all the bass in the Fox Lake chain would have been caught, and that it would not be worth while to go there for any sort of actual sport with game fish. Yet there is a steady summer angling travel into that neighborhood, and what is the oddest part of it, the fishermen often get fish quite enough to encourage them to go out again. The lower Wisconsin and upper Illinois fishing has held its own better than lower Michigan or lower Minnesota this summer, a fact which goes to show the quality of the Fox River as a breeding and supply stream, to say nothing of the good bass growing grounds in many of the lakes themselves.

Who and What.

Pawpaw Lake, of Michigan, is a much boomed summer place, and at times earlier in the season can show some bass. Just now it is dead at Pawpaw, so reports Mr. H. Brocklesby, of this city, who tried for eight days over at Pawpaw to get some fishing. Fearing that he would lose all his leisure time to no purpose, he left Pawpaw and came back to Chicago, going thence to Sand Lake, Ill., near Lake Villa, where he is at this writing enjoying very much better sport than he had in Michigan.

Mr. C. W. Green, of one of the Chicago daily papers, is looking for a place to pass a two weeks' vacation, intending to take his wife and have a quiet and restful fishing trip, somewhere not too far from Chicago. He came in to ask me where that should be, and I advised him to go to some of the lakes of Waukesha county, Wis. They have been having pretty good fishing up in there this summer, quite as good as at many places much further away, and, besides, Waukesha county is as lovely and restful a bit of country as lies out of doors anywhere on the surface of the earth. Mr. Green thinks he will go to Burlington, thence take team to the Wind Lake or Wabasse country, and try for a farm house boarding place. Failing to get what he wants there, he will shift from the east to the west side of the Fox River, and perhaps blow in over Billy Tuohy's way, on Eagle Lake, from which place some very tall fish stories have been coming down lately.

Mr. H. R. Reed, Western representative of the Review of Reviews, New York, was out in Minnesota for a day or so this week with his friend, Mr. Patterson, of Collier's Weekly. They left Minneapolis together and went to Otter Lake on the Soo road, where they had a great time. Not having anybody else to do business with, and being accustomed to transacting business all the time, they signed up with a good many pickerel, running up to 6 or 8 pounds. They got only a few bass. This was about the first fishing Mr. Reed ever did in the West. Mr. Patterson says it is the first Mr. Reed ever did anywhere, but he is threatened with quitting golf and going in for the angle. He caught 40 pounds of pickerel and had more than that much fun.

The Charlie Antoine trout party starts for the Escanaba next Monday or Tuesday, according to reports to-day. Those going with Mr. Antoine are Messrs. John de la Chappelle, of Ottawa, Ill.; V. L. Cunyngnam and Harry Williams, of Chicago. Mr. Williams was with the Congressional party in Minnesota last fall, and was historian of that expedition. It is rumored that he will take that capacity in the present trip, and Mr. Cunyngnam that of head artist, the latter being very clever with the camera. They will have a good time, though they will be crowded for room in the boats, having so many grasshoppers and crickets along for bait. It is ordinarily better to rope your own hoppers on the stream, but they are not sure there will be any on the Escanaba.

Mr. J. R. Griffiths, the hard-working advertising man of the C. B. & O. Railroad, this city, has been threatening to go fishing with me out on the Mississippi River for two or three years, and I have been threatening to go with him. We both know we can't, so there is no harm done. There is another man who is wanting to go fishing with Mr.

Griffiths, and the latter has been having fun with this friend, telling him some gilt-edged fairy tales about the Mississippi, where, in fact, he never fished at all. "I have a house-boat up there," he told this friend, "and you know it wouldn't seem quite right for me to go up there and not use my own boat, after I've been to the trouble of having it made; but the fact is, just now I am having my house-boat overhauled, and a new mahogany veneer put on the deck, and I think I'll wait till that is finished before I go out there." From all appearances the mythical house-boat will be ready about the time Mr. Griffiths is ready for it. At this writing Mr. Griffiths, who is really fond of bass fishing, says that he is going up to Green Lake, Wis., this fall, to have a deep-water try for some of the mysterious but much famed red-eyed bass of that lake. It is not stated whether or not he has a house-boat on Green Lake.

Mr. James R. Smedberg, of this city, is figuring on a fly-fishing trip for bass on the St. Jo River, of Michigan, at some time early this fall, and probably this month. The St. Jo is fished considerably, but still turns out a good string now and then. I have heard of some fair catches there with grasshoppers. It is a very pretty little river and well worth acquaintance.

Mr. W. P. Nelson, one of the chained-to-business sort, and lately pretty near to being a good example of the horrors of being chained to business too much, has been up north in the muscallunge country. He went in at Lake Vieux Desert and floated down the Wisconsin River in a canoe, having a very enjoyable little trip. He did not find very good fishing, an 8-pound lunge being his record fish for the trip, but he took enough fish to keep the camp going, and had no end of pleasure. Mr. Nelson tells me that he heard of a very good muscallunge, 36½ pounds, which was taken by a boy in a pool of one of the rivers in that region, I think very likely the Manitowish River. This is the second heaviest lunge I have heard from this year.

Mr. H. Swanson, of this city, is among those who have this week gone up to Lake Villa to mingle with the big-mouths. He returns in a few days and has not been heard from as to his success since he left town.

Mr. W. F. McCracken, of this city, has left for a nice trip to the Mason chain of lakes near Fifield, Wis. He ought to get fishing there if anywhere, for the reports from that section have been on the average very good for most of the season.

Mr. Wm. D. Miller, of Kansas City, Mo., outfitted here this week for a bass trip to the storied lakes of Alexandria, Minn. He will see what he can do with the historic "gray bass" of that country.

Hon. Jas. R. B. Van Cleave, of Springfield, Ill., has always been very fond of this Minnesota country for bass fishing, and has been spending considerable time up there this summer at the Waltonia Club, not far from Alexandria.

Mr. Geo. B. Johnson, of Chicago, is absent at State Line, Wis., this week, in a country cooler than this is now. He will fish for bass principally.

Mr. Franklin A. Denison, of Chicago, has gone to the once famous water, Lake Gogebic, to see if he can catch a mess of bass once in a while. Another Chicago gentleman to try the same trip is Mr. R. L. Taylor. The season is, of course, more advanced that far north than it is here, and they may hit the beginning of the fall season.

Mr. James Fletcher, of this city, goes to-day up to Fox Lake, Ill., for a few days' bass fishing. Mr. G. W. Evans also is going to Fox Lake to escape the heat of the city for a time.

Mr. Harry Griesmann is among the Lake Villa contingent this afternoon, and Mr. Chas. Olk, also of Chicago, is another of the same party who will take the afternoon Central north.

Bass at the Soldiers' Home.

President Nat H. Cohen, of the Illinois Fish Commission, has put a car load, or ninety cans, of nearly adult fish—bass, croppies, perch, etc.—in Lake Clements, at the Soldiers' Home, Danville, Ill., there being about 3,000 fish in the shipment. They are not to be touched for one year, and by that time should stock the lake very nicely. The citizens are very grateful to Mr. Cohen. This lot of fish came from the apparently inexhaustible storehouse, the Meredosia Flats of the Illinois River, where the fish are taken from the cut-off sloughs and bayous in thousands by the Fish Commission and sent all over the United States. Illinois has very much right to be proud of the work of her Commission. The biological station of the University of Chicago is located at Havana, Ill., near this working point of the State Commission. No State in the Union has shown better results for the money expended than has Illinois in her fish work. Much credit is due both Mr. Cohen and the old war horse, Dr. S. P. Bartlett, of the United States Commission.

Fly-Casting Club.

Mr. F. N. Peet, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, tells me that the club is feeling very sanguine about the prospects of its tournament this month—Aug. 17-18. Mr. Mansfield, of the San Francisco Club, is proving much of a drawing card, and many have expressed a wish to come to Chicago, if only to see the veteran caster of the Coast. Mr. John Waddell, of Grand Rapids, will be here, with others of that city, and it is hoped we shall have some one on from the East. There will be two busy and eventful days, and the records would do well to take to the tall grass, or they are apt to get the worst of it. The club will provide lunch on the grounds. The casting will begin daily at 10 A. M., and will continue into the afternoon.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

E. HOUGH.

NAMELESS REMITTERS.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is holding several sums of money which have been sent to it for subscriptions and books by correspondents who have failed to give name and address. If this note comes to the eye of any such nameless remitter we trust to hear from him.

Tuna Fishing.

KELPIE sends us this, from a late issue of the Los Angeles (Cal.) Times: Avalon, July 21.—At a recent meeting of the Tuna Club a committee was appointed for the revising of the constitution, the unprecedented run of tuna causing an enlargement of the membership to such a degree that within a few years if the increase continues the club membership will become so large as to be unwieldy. The committee made a report at a meeting of the club, recommending that the portion of the constitution relating to admission to membership be changed so as to provide that no person who is in business on the island, or who is in the employ of any business man on the island, shall be eligible to membership in the club. It is further provided that any gentleman of leisure who takes a tuna in accordance with the rules of the club, weighing 100 or more pounds, does not by that act alone become a member, but is only by doing so eligible to an application for membership, which application shall be made out by the members of the Weighing Committee, who weigh his fish and which shall be submitted to the vote of the Admission Committee, which has full power to elect or reject the applicant. The club has also drawn the lines of admission to membership by deciding that any person breaking his tackle at any stage of landing a tuna shall be disqualified for membership. The tackle must come in intact.

The tuna fishers are tantalized by the sight of myriads of the big fish, but it is a difficult matter to induce them to take a bait. Only three were brought in yesterday, C. W. Chamberlain, W. T. Miner and Col. Eddy being the lucky fishers. Mr. Miner had a hard battle, and his fish had all the better of him, breaking his rod, and he was obliged to call for assistance. Mr. Paine responded and found the angler suffering from an acute attack of "buck fever," as the hunter terms it, the man being in such a nervous condition that he was unable to handle the reel. Mr. Paine soon landed the fish.

Chappie had a gentleman out in his rowboat who fought a fish three hours and then collapsed, completely used up. Chappie attempted to tow the fish to shallow water, but could not manage both boat and fish, and the fish was lost.

Col. Eddy this morning brought in a tuna weighing 118 pounds, his time being nine minutes. He has become so expert that he now rarely requires more than ten minutes for the landing of one of these big fish. His plan is not to allow the fish to get its "second wind," but follow it up with such energy that the fish is dazed, and before it can really take in the situation it has been taken in.

Canadian Angling Notes.

At last the long wet spell is apparently over, and with the dry weather has also come some truly magnificent angling, particularly along the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, where both trout and ouananiche of large size are taking freely. The crowds of anglers that are now pouring into the country are giving the various club houses and camps a much more animated appearance, and some who went to scoff have remained to fish, as the angling has turned out much better than even the most sanguine ventured to hope, being unprecedentedly good for the season of the year. The railroad is almost daily obliged to run about three parlor and sleeping cars to accommodate the travel, and it is likely that the tax upon its resources will be very greatly increased in a few days.

The trout fishing has all along been remarkably good, considering the weather conditions, but at present it is simply marvelous. For instance, a few days ago Messrs. W. M. Macpherson, president of Molson's Bank, and H. M. Machin, assistant treasurer of the Province of Quebec, obtained on the lakes of the Stadacona Fish and Game Club the finest fishing they have ever experienced on these preserves. Within ten minutes Mr. Macpherson took a 6½-pound female trout and Mr. Machin hooked and landed a male weighing 6¼ lbs. Though only out for a short time, they took as many fish running from 1 to 6½ pounds as they could conveniently bring home and only desisted to avoid being wasteful.

This report tallies with those brought in by about every angler recently returned—in fact, it is greatly exceeded by some others, all agreeing as to the size, number and gameness of the fish.

The ouananiche fishing in the Grande Décharge, Lake St. John, is now at its height and is greatly sought after, great crowds flocking to the Island House. One gentleman who was out a little more than a week captured over 100 fish and could have taken many more had he so desired. The fishing is good on the Mistassini, Peribonca, Ashouapmouichouan and other rivers flowing into the lake.

One gentleman who has just returned from spending ten days at the Grande Décharge took over 100 ouananiche in that time, many of them of very fine size. Other catches almost equally fine are also reported, and altogether the ouananiche season now promises better than ever before.

The late arrivals on the salmon rivers, like those upon the trout streams and ouananiche waters, have been very much more fortunate than the earlier visitors. Mr. Edson Fitch and party have returned from the Moisie, having enjoyed much better sport than Mr. Vesey Boswell and friends, who were there before him.

Dr. Alexander B. Johnson, of New York, has returned by steamer St. Olaf from his river, the Jupitagan, where he killed sixty salmon and seven grilse, and the fishing was still excellent when he left the river.

Mr. J. S. Kennedy, of New York, has had an exceptionally good season, having killed between seventy and a hundred fish on the Ristigouche and Cascapedia rivers. On the latter mentioned stream the heavy salmon were found less gamy and active than those of the Ristigouche.

Mr. L. H. Stearns, of Montreal, and party report their fishing on the Ristigouche this year at Chamberlain Shoals to have been rather above the average.

Mr. Dean Sage, Mr. James T. Cooper, Mr. Dickenson and others have enjoyed splendid sport this season at Camp Harmony, on the Ristigouche and the neighboring pools.

Mr. Hodges, of Boston, with a party of friends has

returned from the Natashquan, where they enjoyed excellent sport, and where the salmon were rising well when they left the river.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, July 28.

On the Abbitibi Lakes.

LAKE VICTORIA, P. Q., July 30.—Six of us have escaped from New York and other sweltering spots into the backwoods of Ottawa under the shadows of the primeval forest. If there were not a fish within reach except the sociable sardine squeezed into its containing tin and swamped in its native oil, it would be worth the coming just to get away from the chains of business and the prophetic heat of the cities. But there are fish, for we have proved it. The Province of Quebec has leased to the Abbitibi Fish and Game Club the fishing rights in Lakes Bittabee, Victoria, des Rats, Partridge and Little White Fish in the townships of Northfield and Hincks in the county of Ottawa.

Those who have no more than a geographical knowledge of the counties of the Province of Quebec may feel justified in the impression that they are no more than shoe-tie strips beginning at the St. Lawrence and stretching away indefinitely to the northwest to the land of the muskeg and the mystery of Hudson Bay. But Ottawa county has length and breadth and thickness, and there is room to turn over at night without rolling out into the next county. We are sixty miles back of the fire-swept city of Ottawa, at the end of the track of the Ottawa & Gatineau Railway—that is, at Gracefield—and then a further distance by team to our camp on the shore of Victoria Lake. There are six in our party, namely, L. Cantor, V. Husted, L. Ritchey, E. Powell, W. J. Carr and Gerhard S. Mariager. In this glorious climate we do not care whether school keeps or not. We have leased fishing on Lakes Abbitibi and Victoria and Little White Fish; that is enough for us; there is water enough in Canada for a few more. The weather is fine. There is not a word to say as to black fly or other noxious insect. But the fishing! Well, at this writing we have fished only one day as yet and we are not discouraged. After eating until we fear that the scales are beginning to show on our outsides, we began to strike a trial balance on the rest—those that we sent out to friends in Ottawa. Our freight bills show that we sent out as the surplus of one day for six rods, fifty-five bass, the largest weighing 3½ pounds, and the very smallest checking in at 1¼ pounds. We are not bragging at all, but we register our unbiased opinion that the bass fishing is fine.

MERRY.

New Jersey Protection.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps the facts below communicated will not be judged of importance meriting publication, yet if game protection is to be made a political issue, as it must be here to be made effectual, every sportsman in New Jersey should be informed of the difficulties and opposition that warden who try to do their duty meet with, and from those who should sustain and aid them therein.

The incidents are in part cold, but came to my notice only yesterday while assisting at an attempt to clear some of our bass waters of the carp nuisance.

In one county, and that one of the largest and best natural game covers, with extensive waters stocked at State expense, but two arrests were made. I know that at least three of the very rankest and most persistent, bold and defiant of poachers and sooners are at work there and will keep at it till midwinter. Attention has been called to them especially, to no purpose. The warden visits that part of his territory perhaps twice, perhaps once, a year—never heard of further attention—and this quite likely in connection with private business in which engaged. Then, too, the seiners, etc., seem to get the tip in advance. If there are deputies their work is kept mighty quiet; never heard of it. In this county nineteen arrests were made, with eighteen convictions, and this by one officer.

Two deputies, employees of our boss ringster, will neither attend to any call or resign, as superiors desire. They block the way for those who would serve (no pay attached). A son of a wealthy politician, a defiant violator, arrested after repeated warnings and fined by his own cousin as magistrate, would have caused the warden's turning down and out could Gov. Voorhees have accomplished it, but the Commissioners sustained the stiff-backed officer and the fine had to be paid. Keep your eye on Voorhees and see if he does not hound this man as he did Protector Shriner.

WESTFALL.

Bass Bait for Muskalonge.

THREE years ago Mrs. Piper told John, her husband, that when he fished for muskalonge he should use a small bass for bait.

"And what do you know about fishing, my dear?" asked John, in a tone that indicated he could be tolerant of any idiosyncrasies that characterized Mrs. Piper.

"I know a great deal about fishing," answered Mrs. Piper, truthfully. "Of course, I have never caught many fish, but that does not seem to me at all necessary. One can read, and one can have theories. Besides, I have a husband and brother-in-law that talk the matter over occasionally, and my hearing is good."

"Where did you get your information about baiting for muskalonge?" asked John.

"I read about it in FOREST AND STREAM. A man was fishing in Georgian Bay. He was fishing for bass. He found he had a very large fish on his line, and when he got it into the boat—well, perhaps it was before he got it in—he found it was a muskalonge. When he detached the hook from the mouth of the fish he found a black bass. It seems the bass took the hook all right and the muskalonge seized the bass."

"That's a very pretty fish story, my dear," said John, patronizingly.

"Well, I have not finished. This man was so pleased with his discovery that he used bass for bait for the rest of the season, and he caught a lot of muskalonge."

"Well, I guess David and I will stick to the old baits," answered John.

That was three years ago. This summer John was fishing at Red Lake, in northern New York. He wrote home that he had lost a 20-pound muskalonge. When he came back to Ohio, David said, "How was it, John, about that 20-pound muskalonge? Great pity you lost it."

"Well, that was about the queerest thing that I ever had happen," said John. "I was pulling in a black bass and that muskalonge took the bass for bait. He jumped out of the water, and we had a good look at him."

Mrs. Piper did not say anything, but she told David's wife about it over the telephone.

F. L. W.

The "Kingfishers."

AFTER "samplin' the fishin'" for five or six years past in Wisconsin and Canada, we have concluded to go back to our first love, the old "Fishing Line," reaching into the Petoskey and Grand Traverse regions, over which we checked our "calamities" for twelve or thirteen years.

The fishing in this region is plenty good enough for any but a fish hog, whether for bass, trout, maskinonge or the "festive bluegill," to say nothing of the splendid camping places and the finest springs in the world.

We go a-fishin' on Aug. 4 over the G. R. & I. Ry. to Traverse City, Mich., whence we take wagons to Carp Lake, and will make camp at our old Robin's Nest camp of '91, an account of which trip was published in FOREST AND STREAM, with a picture of the camp.

The fishing in Carp Lake is reported better this season than for several years, and it goes without saying that we are looking for some good sport with the bass and bluegills, leaving out of account the swarms of rock bass and "perch" that infest the lake.

"Fishin' fur bluegills" with a light trout rod and two or three flies is Col. Culbertson's "chief diversion" when camped out, and he has promised to keep the campin' "meat."

At Robin's Nest we expect to take solid comfort, for right under the bank in front of the tents is a famous spring, and for a hundred yards or more up the lake shore are a dozen others, ranging in coldness from 54 to 46 degrees; and our neighbors furnish us with the best of milk, buttermilk for the asking, butter, eggs, chickens, vegetables "an' sich" for the "equivalent."

The latch string is always hangin' out, "figgeratively speakin'," at the Camp of the Kingfishers, and if any brother of the rod happens along hungry and athirst, let him stop and we'll break up a hardtack or two and give him a "sup" out of a vial that has been cooled in a spring of 46 degrees temperature.

KINGFISHER.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1900, Saturday, contest No. 10, held at Stow Lake, July 28. Wind, strong west; weather, foggy:

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. % Del. %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
Battu 95	91	88	71.8
Brooks 111	83.4	89	66.8
Brotherton 116			77
Carr 116	96.1	89	85
Golcher 127	94.8	90.8	77.6
Lovett 125	95	88.4	84.2
Muller 104	91.4	87	79.2
Young 103	94	88.8	76.8
			82.8

Judges, Battu and Young; referee, Muller; clerk, Smyth.

Medal contests, series 1900, Sunday, contest No. 10, held at Stow Lake, July 29. Wind, strong west; weather, misty and unsatisfactory:

Battu 93	87.4	92.4	73.4	82.9	54
Brooks 102	78	87.8	73.4	80.6	..
Brotherton 120	92	87.8	78.4	83	..
Daverkosen 103	92.4	88.4	75.10	82.1	..
Golcher 127.6	94.4	90.8	75.10	83.3	..
Lovett 127	90	86.8	83.4	85	98
Mansfield 106	94	93	76.8	84.10	95.4
Muller 106	92	89.8	75.10	82.9	..
Roos 87	71.8	81	66.8	73.10	..
Young 100	94.4	92.8	80.10	86.9	..
Foulks 95	72.8	88.8	73.4	81	..

Judges, Battu and Young; referee, Muller; clerk, Smyth.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

SCORES of the second competition, Aug. 4. Owing to the extreme heat and the low water the competition was not completed:

	Long Distance, Fly, Feet.	Distance and Accuracy, Per Cent.	Accuracy and Delicacy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
I. H. Bellows.....	92	95 1-3	95 1-3
L. I. Blackman.....	..	75
C. F. Brown.....	..	81
H. Greenwood.....	..	86 1-3	86
H. G. Hascall.....	98	97	95 5-6
N. C. Heston.....	..	78
E. R. Letterman.....	..	93
F. N. Peet.....	106	91	97½
H. W. Perce.....	..	72	82
A. C. Smith.....	87	93 1-3	93
H. II. Ainsworth.....	..	72 1-3	96 1-6

Holders of Medals—Long Distance Fly, F. N. Peet; Distance and Accuracy, H. G. Hascall; Accuracy and Delicacy, F. N. Peet.

Barnegat Sea Fishing.

BARNEGAT CITY, N. J., Aug. 4.—Half-way down the Jersey coast, where Barnegat Bay water rushes out to meet the sea, and where Barnegat Light raises its tall shaft skyward to warn the mariners from the treacherous shoals, is where the greatest fishing of the north Atlantic coast is to be found. Here the red drum, or channel bass, are caught in large numbers. It is safe to say that, at least a hundred of these big and gamy fish were caught during July. The biggest catch of drum was by Edward Hooley and Bert Brooks, of New York, who were out with Captain Henry Eiseaman in Hooley's yacht, Crescent. They chummed with menhaden bait, and from the school of drum that gathered about them they landed twenty-three. William T. Bailey, of Camden, has had excellent luck with these fish. Another successful drum fisherman has been Mr. E. G. Chandler, of Philadelphia, whose fifteen-year-old son, Edward, by the way, has two drum to his score, one weighing 23 and one 26 pounds.

Charles A. Atkins, Dr. Herbert and Lawyer John F. Hawkins, of Asbury Park, are a trio of surf fishers who are hard to beat, and who took home over 100 pounds of channel bass early in July. Mr. Streeter, of Orange, has made several big catches. Last week Mr. Earl and Mr. Recknegal, two New Yorkers, who were stopping at Waretown, tried their luck in the inlet for two days, getting a 30-pound drum each day.

Weakfish are caught by the barrel. One day this week W. T. Synnot, C. J. Yost and Internal Revenue Collector Isaac Moffett, of Camden, caught 394 weakfish in four hours and a half. Some of these fish weighed 5 pounds apiece. Sheephead, bluefish and striped bass are also sought by the anglers with varying degrees of success, though many striped bass have been landed. The biggest striped bass caught so far weighed 22 pounds, and was a beauty. Mr. Francis, of Berwyn, Pa., caught thirty one day last week, and Mr. Chandlee landed 115 in two days. One day before that Chandlee caught thirty-three and a drum.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 21.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Third annual field trials of the Iowa Field Trials Association. M. Bruce, Sec'y, Des Moines, Ia.
Aug. 28.—Sioux Falls, S. D.—Inaugural field trials of the South Dakota Field Trials Association. Olav Haugtro, Sec'y, Sioux Falls, S. D.
Sept. 3-4.—La Salle, Manitoba, Can.—Western Canada Kennel Club's annual field trials. A. Lake, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
Sept. 6-7.—Brandon, Manitoba, Can.—Third annual field trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. J. Elliott, Sec'y.
Sept. 11.—Carmen, Manitoba, Can.—Fourteenth annual field trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
Oct. 20.—Seneca, O.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's sixth annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 7-8.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 20.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.
Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.
Nov. 20.—Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 22.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. Barret Gibson, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

The Late William Brailsford.

THE following, taken from the London Field, will be of special interest to field trial patrons, most of whom met the subject of this article in his visits to this country some years ago. He had for his assistant then the late Angus Cameron, and while they found much that was strange in American ideas and ways of handling, they offered some which appeared no less strange to the Americans. They, by their sportsmanlike conduct and fairness, won the esteem of all. The London Field says:

No doubt news of the death of William Brailsford, which took place at Ighfield, Salop, a few days ago, will come as a surprise to many, although he had reached the age of seventy-eight years. He was one of the old school of head keepers, having been initiated into the duties at Knowsley, where his father looked after the dogs and the gamefowl for more than two generations of the Earls of Derby. William Brailsford's first important engagement was with the late Gen. Anson, who had an extensive grouse moor in Perthshire more than half a century ago. It was at that time customary for those who took care of the dogs to walk with them into Scotland some time before the 12th, and the journey from Staffordshire into the heart of Scotland was on more than one occasion performed by who was at that young time Brailsford. Later he was with Lord Lichfield, Lord Derby and the Duke of Westminster, and from the latter he went to the late Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale about twenty years or more ago, after whose death he remained with Capt. Lonsdale, in whose service he died.

William Brailsford was even up to the last a fine specimen of an English countryman, handsome, even aristocratic, in his bearing, tall, strong, and powerful. Well read, above his station in life, he was usually treated by his masters as much as a companion as a servant. An excellent judge of dogs, especially of pointers, of which he was a great admirer, he took the initiative in the establishment of field trials (as his father, Mr. Richard Brailsford, had been the means of instigating the first dog show), which have been such a success, and at the late meeting of the International Club news of his death was received with sorrow. The good working dogs and also show dogs he has had under his care need scarcely be mentioned here, but the excellence of the contents of the Ighfield kennels was entirely due to Brailsford. The liver and white setters, such as Woodhill Bruce, Woodhill Beta and others, he was especially fond of, and when working either these or others in public he was at his best. No rushing about and excitement, but careful plodding and steadiness was his aim. We saw Brailsford at the National Shrewsbury meeting in the spring, but he had lost his active step, and was palpably aging, signs that were even more apparent when he came up with Capt. Lonsdale's annual draft of pointers and setters to Aldridge's a few weeks ago. It may be mentioned that when past three score years and ten he crossed the Atlantic in charge of some of the late Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's dogs, which competed successfully in the Canadian and other field trials. He was given a pleasant time, and his recital of some of his adventures and the character of some of the "handlers" of dogs out there was most in-

teresting. Brailsford was always a good game shot, few men could walk the moors better than he, and with him we lose a stamp of head keeper which will, under the changed condition of sport, never be replaced.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

8. East Gloucester, evening, Gloucester, Mass.
- 8-11. Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
11. Hempstead Harbor, annual, Hempstead Harbor, L. I. Sound.
11. California, cruise to Angel Island and return, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
11. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
11. Royal St. Lawrence, open, Valois, Lake St. Louis.
11. Queen City, 16ft. class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
11. Haverhill, pennant, Haverhill, Mass.
11. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
11. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
11. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Mass.
11. Quannapowitt, club.
11. Seawanhaka Cor., special, Corinthian race, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
12. Winthrop, sail to Weymouth.
12. Columbia, ladies' day, Boston Harbor.
14. American, open, Newburyport.
- 15-17. Hull-Massachusetts, midsummer series, 25ft. class, Boston Harbor.
- 16 and alternate following days, Newport Y. R. A., 70ft. series, concluding races, Newport.
- 17-18. Annisquam, open, Annisquam.
18. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
18. Royal St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, 22, 20 and 17ft. classes, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
18. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
18. Canarsie, Corinthian race, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
18. Queen City, 20ft. class special, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
18. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
18. Penataquit Cor., annual open, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
18. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
18. Beverly, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
18. South Boston, handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
18. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
18. Columbia, championship, Boston, Boston Harbor.
18. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
18. American, club, Newburyport, Mass.
18. Quannapowitt, commodore's cup.
18. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
19. Hudson River, ladies' day, New York, Hudson River.
20. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester.
20. Manchester, handicap, Manchester, Mass.
23. Plymouth, open, Plymouth Harbor.
25. Haverhill, third championship, Haverhill, Mass.
- 24-25. Inland Lake, Lake Geneva, Ill.
25. Royal St. Lawrence, Lake of Two Mountains regatta.
25. Duxbury, open, Duxbury, Mass.
25. Nahant, dory class, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
25. Huguenot, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
25. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
25. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
25. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
25. Jamaica Bay, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
25. Kingston, club, Kingston, Lake Ontario.
25. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
25. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
25. Quannapowitt.
25. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island memorial cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
25. Queen City, 17ft. special, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
27. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown, Mass.
- 27-31. Seawanhaka and Philadelphia Corinthian, interclub matches, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
28. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet, Mass.
31. Wollaston, open.

Beverly Y. C.

MARION—BUZZARDS BAY.

Saturday, July 28.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed a race for the Van Rensselaer memorial cup on July 28 in a strong S.W. breeze, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....	25.00	1 35 06	1 24 51
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	21.00	1 40 42	1 26 12
Amanita, L. Bacon.....	21.00	1 44 06	1 29 36
Ugula, W. H. Winship.....	25.00	1 30 57	1 29 42
Nokomis, Alfred Winsor.....	25.00	1 40 34	1 30 19
Varde, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	15.00	1 54 11	1 30 47
Eina, John Parkinson.....	25.00	1 41 04	1 30 49
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney.....	21.00	1 46 37	1 32 07
Sylvia, S. D. Warren.....	21.00	1 46 46	1 32 16
Brunhilda, S. R. Dow.....	25.00	1 43 31	1 33 16
Bohemia, R. L. Barstow.....	21.00	1 48 16	1 33 46
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	18.00	1 54 34	1 36 07
Weasel, F. Burgess.....	18.00	1 54 49	1 36 22
Waskite, W. B. Scofield.....	19.00	2 03 10	1 36 42
Opah, H. B. Stone.....	21.00	1 46 37	1 37 17
Maori, W. W. Phinney.....	18.00	1 56 07	1 37 40
Vim, F. W. Sargent.....	15.00	2 01 22	1 37 58
Kotic, W. N. Swift.....	26.00	1 49 12	1 39 52
Peacock, R. Winsor.....	15.00	2 04 09	1 41 25
Edith, W. H. Swan.....	15.00	2 16 59	1 52 35
Flash, A. P. Young.....	18.00	Disabled.	
Rival, A. L. Register.....	19.10	Withdrew.	
Columbia, H. Wetherell.....	15.00	Withdrew.	
Dream, John Paine.....	15.00	Withdrew.	
Islander, Toby Island Club.....	25.00	Withdrew.	
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	18.00	Withdrew.	
Thordis, T. B. Wales.....	26.00	Disabled.	

Thordis broke her bobstay before the start. The judges were J. Gorham Palfrey and David Rice.

Hull Mosquito Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 28.

THE Hull Mosquito Fleet sailed a club race on July 28 in a light wind, the times being:

First Class.			
Mojave.....	1 38 15	Corrected.	
Maud.....	1 42 15		
Second Class.			
Beth, Crooker.....	1 46 22		
Ripple, Maxwell.....	1 47 35		
Marion, Clark.....	1 47 47		
Rita, King.....	1 49 33		
Isidora, Cleverly.....	1 50 34		

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Saturday, July 28.

THE Plymouth Y. C. sailed a club race on July 28 in a moderate N.E. breeze, the times being:

Grace, M. S. Weston.....	1 51 13
Dolphin, N. Morton.....	1 53 18
Javlin, F. W. Bartlett.....	1 53 24

Jubilee Y. C.

BEVERLY—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 28.

THE Jubilee Y. C., of Beverly, sailed its annual open regatta on July 28 in a moderate S.W. breeze, which held strong enough to make a good race. The feature of the day was the race between the centerboard boat Little Peter and the two keel boats Flirt and Hermes, the former winning by fast work off the wind, though beaten to windward. The times were:

25ft. Class.		
Little Peter, J. J. Moebis.....	1 53 29	Elapsed.
Flirt, Fabian & McKee.....	1 54 27	
Lobster, R. T. Paine, Jr.....	1 58 08	
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	2 05 03	
21ft. Class.		
Harriet, L. T. Harrington.....	2 02 41	
Nixie, S. J. Connolly.....	2 20 37	
18ft. Class.		
Dauntless, Benner & Patten.....	1 21 53	
Girce II, F. L. Pigeon.....	1 26 59	
Lobster, C. J. Hendrie.....	1 29 26	
Monsoon, A. C. Erickson.....	1 29 57	
Special 15ft. Class.		
Rikki Tikki, Loring Brothers.....	1 44 54	
Eclipse, A. L. Jackson.....	1 48 25	
First Handicap.		
Chenoden, W. H. Wharton.....	2 09 12	Elapsed.
Adina, E. S. Foster.....	2 12 25	Corrected.
	2 11 17	
Second Handicap.		
Bo Peep, Chas. Prescott.....	1 36 20	1 33 00
Black Cloud, T. O. Gilliott.....	1 44 37	1 44 22
Priscilla, D. W. Taylor.....	1 56 15	1 51 44
M. L. E. Malloon & Endicott.....	Disabled.	
Alethia, Colby & Smith.....	Disabled.	

The judges were G. H. Lee, Com. W. H. Russell, Com. R. Jacoby, Com. Chas. Prescott, Capt. C. F. Broughton and I. B. Mills. Hermes protested Little Peter, Flirt protested Little Peter and Hermes, Lobster and Monsoon protested Dauntless, and Bo Peep protested M. L. E. Only the last protest was sustained by the judges, who disqualified M. L. E. for fouling a buoy.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 28.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed its fourth championship race on July 28 in a moderate S.E. breeze, with some sea. The times were:

Second Class.		
Khalifa, R. W. Tucker.....	1 32 05	Elapsed.
Owana, R. Boardman.....	1 35 35	Corrected.
Never Did, D. H. Follett.....	1 36 34	1 29 37
		Not meas.
		1 36 34
Raceabouts.		
Jolly Roger, B. B. Crowninshield.....	1 33 03	
Sintran, W. P. Fowle.....	1 33 27	
Bander-Log, J. Crane, Jr.....	1 36 05	
Pirate, R. C. Robbins.....	1 37 00	
Scapegoat, C. H. W. Foster.....	1 37 15	
Runaway Girl, C. H. Tweed.....	1 37 57	
Knockabouts.		
Suzanne, F. Brewster.....	1 39 53	
Opitah II, S. H. Foster.....	1 40 05	
Class A.		
Gossip, P. Brooks.....	1 27 20	1 27 20
Quinette, F. A. C. Hill.....	1 41 04	1 35 00
Louise, E. McWilliams.....	1 36 36	1 36 36
Lillian, H. E. Whitney.....	1 45 21	1 40 07
Class B.		
Agnes, D. C. Holder, Jr.....	1 23 11	1 21 32
Thistle, A. P. Mackinnon.....	1 22 47	1 22 47
16ft. Class.		
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	0 52 28	
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber.....	0 53 28	
Moccasin, A. D. Irving.....	0 54 38	

The winner in second class will not be known until Owana is measured.

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Saturday, July 28.

THE Duxbury Y. C. sailed a good race on Ladies' Day, July 28, the wind being N.E., moderate. Nancy Hanks was hindered by the parting of her peak halyard, taking some time for repairs. The times were:

21ft. Class.		
Fanny D., A. E. Walker.....	2 10 45	Elapsed.
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin.....	2 14 04	
Halcyon, Sanford Winsor.....	2 21 45	
Scamper, Reed Brothers.....	2 22 17	
Nautilus, Fred Wadsworth.....	Withdrew.	
Knockabout Class.		
Milady, F. R. Adams.....	2 31 03	
Oom Paul, G. F. Cushman.....	2 31 10	
Lobster, C. C. Clapp.....	2 32 50	
Spider, B. H. Hunt.....	2 33 50	
Dazzler, Goodspeed Brothers.....	2 35 09	
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones.....	2 36 57	
Handicap Class.		
Rooster, B. B. Baker.....	2 11 45	2 11 45
Random, Russell Green.....	2 24 45	2 14 45
Dewey, F. Wadsworth.....	2 32 45	2 14 46
Veritas, A. Holmes.....	2 37 40	2 15 40
Il, F. B. Norwood.....	2 32 06	2 19 06
Frolic, J. C. Dawes.....	2 42 10	2 20 10
Satona, C. Foster.....	2 42 20	2 25 20
Fedora, H. Pike.....	2 49 45	2 27 45

Annisquam Y. C.

ANNISQUAM, MASS.

Saturday, July 28.

THE Annisquam Y. C. sailed a race on July 28, the times being:

18ft. Class.		
Schatz, Quincy Bent.....	1 31 56	Elapsed.
Nymph, Perkins.....	1 40 49	
15ft. Class.		
Lynx, Cunningham.....	1 27 56	
Wink, Langlands.....	1 32 59	
Tabasco II, Wiggins.....	1 34 20	
Gaboo, Adams.....	1 35 19	
Gertrude, Damon.....	Withdrew.	
Evelyn, Woodbury.....	Disabled.	
Dory Class.		
Tizadore, Friend.....	1 42 57	
Naomi, Saunders.....	1 44 41	
Tabasco, Rowe.....	1 47 35	

The club has arranged a series of races for Aug. 16-17-18, the H. O. and the 25ft. class being invited, with other classes.

Cruise of the Crescent.

The Skipper's Yarn.

It began last winter when Walt and the Cook (rank earned), otherwise known as Damon and Pythias, conceived the idea of a cruise at the time when by a happy coincidence vacation time should come and the weakfish should be biting. I think they dreamed about it. At least it was well talked over, and Koons and your humble servant, the Skipper (honorary rank), were easily persuaded to join. As July approached the enthusiasm of the originators rose several points. The lists of necessities they prepared were appalling. After being consulted about and amended, the list was mostly disregarded when the supplies came to be bought. In an inspired moment the Skipper proposed bringing an ancient trunk down town and packing all the duffle in it, because it would be a handy place to stow things in aboard the boat. Whenever Koons spied that trunk in the little cabin of the Crescent, he said, with a rich variety of language, that the inspiration came from Satan. He thought it took up more than its fair share of room. The Cook said this complaint came with an ill grace from Koons, who is more than 6ft. long himself. The Cook, however, made his own kick about the trunk when it kept him away from his beloved grub locker. The trunk did fill a large slice of the cabin, and had to be slued around and propped up to make sleeping room, but it kept things dry in damp weather, and made things warm whenever Koons or the Cook saw it or it inadvertently fell down on Walt's feet as he slept peacefully beneath. On the whole, it was not a failure.

On a pleasant Wednesday afternoon of last July we foregathered on the tight little cat-rigged yacht Crescent, L. O. A., 24ft. Walt and the Cook had gone with the duffle on Monday to the town of Toms River, situated on the river of the same name, where the yacht was chartered; and when the Skipper, who joined the party last, arrived, everything was ready for a start. The wind was blowing a gale from the south, and with a close-reefed mainsail we were soon reaching merrily down the river. At Island Heights we landed long enough to procure some fresh eggs, which had been forgotten at the start. This resort is composed almost exclusively of handsome cottages nestling among the pines on a high bluff overlooking Toms River, about a mile from its mouth and three miles across Barnegat Bay from the ocean. Our stop here was short, and we were soon again under way, two of us with a backward look at the pleasant Heights, where we had spent many a happy summer day. The water in the river, despite the high wind, was smooth, but when we neared the bay we could see that it was very rough and full of whitecaps. It was now late, and we ran back in the sheltered cove behind Good Luck Point and anchored for the night. Here it was found that the diminutive oil stoves that we had brought along, while they appeared to give lots of heat, really took an interminable time about the cooking of supper. As we never timed them with a watch, I am unable to say whether this was the fault of the stove or was due to the prodigious hunger which follows life on salt water. Here also began to be manifested an interesting rivalry between Koons and the Cook. Koons wanted to fry the fish in butter and the cook railed at such extravagant notions and proceeded to fry them in lard. Then Koons, who said he had been cook in many a fishing camp, told the Cook he didn't know his business. Whereupon the Cook said he guessed he did, for he'd been taking cooking lessons in the kitchen at home all summer. The Skipper, who had been investigating the stores, here rose to remark that the Cook had let the storekeeper sell him bad lard and—well, extra bad butter, and suggested that he use a combination of the two so that one might counteract the other on the principle that one poison is an antidote for another. The result was that the Cook prepared the fish to suit himself. He also opened a can of baked beans. Beans were a weakness of the Cook's. He used them on all occasions and in most of his concoctions. When a strong protest in favor of a change of diet had touched his heart and caused him to prepare a meal without beans, he was so sad afterward it seemed as if his young life had been blighted by the chill air of an unappreciative world. He cooked because he liked to. That is why the rest of us loved him. It let us out. See?

After the supper was over and the debris put away, the pipes were lighted and the Skipper announced that he would sing, if desired, but for some reason the others at once discouraged this amiable intention, Walt even to the extent of suggesting a ducking in the dark water that was lapping the sides of the Crescent. Koons, who loves peace, started a tall story about a big bass he had once caught in a Luzerne county lake. Before he had landed the fish, however, a black cloud which had been visible in the west since sunset moved up overhead and brought a squall with it, which, even in our sheltered anchorage, roughtened the water some. By the time the Skipper and Walt had gone over the boat to see that everything was secure and to pay out more cable so that the anchor might have a better hold, the rain was on us. We sought shelter in the cabin and watched the forked tongues of the lightning playing over the wooded heights of Money Island. This island, by the way, is one of the numerous caches of the notorious Captain Kidd. The ill-gotten gold buried there, however, in spite of numerous searches, has never been found. Men with the gold fever should visit this delightful spot. The transportation charges are much less than those to the Klondike country, living is cheaper, the climate kinder, society more civilized (there are summer girls here), and the chances of fortune equal those of the majority of prospectors in the far northern gold fields.

To come back to the boat, the storm on the water was a new experience to Koons, and he was somewhat anxious lest the tall mast should prove an attraction to the lightning. Walt said that if Koons had finished his fish story the danger might have been increased, and begged him not to mention the alleged weight of the fish until the storm was over. Koons, however, could not see the force of this, and opined that the storm was a warning to the Skipper not to sing his promised song. The rain in the meantime had ceased, and the main body of the

storm was passing us to the northward. For an hour we sat smoking and watching the grand display of heavenly fireworks, and then turned in to dream of the weakfish to come.

Just as the Skipper fell asleep he dreamed he had hooked a huge fish, and with the line fouled around his foot was being pulled overboard. He woke up to find that the Cook was yanking at his foot and the glorious sun was peeping over the strip of beach that separated Barnegat Bay from the broad Atlantic. The Skipper immediately rolled over onto Walt, who slept deeply and musically on the floor of the cabin, and when the commotion had subsided we were all awake. This was the only occasion when Walt was awakened without difficulty. The morning was cool, and the Skipper's proposal of a swim before breakfast met with a reception to match the temperature, so he was forced to take his plunge alone. The Cook fished the stoves out of a locker and then changed his mind and followed the Skipper overboard. Walt and Koons shivered about the deck and made pointed remarks about people who couldn't dive without splashing other people. All, however, appreciated the fresh, clean and cheerful appearance of the Skipper after his swim, and the other fellows, thereby converted, went overboard before breakfast each morning during the balance of the cruise. And indeed it is a wise practice, for a cold plunge induces, as nothing else that I know of can, that cheerful good nature which is so hard for most of us to attain in the early hours. To most people the early morning air is of various shades of blue, mostly dark, which even the exhilaration of living in the open air in communion with nature cannot altogether brighten. But after the immersion—ah! that is different. A dive into the cool depths, the rush of bubbling water by your face, a stroke or two, a rise, a shake of the head and your eyes are opened. The pale sun, the dark trees, the dull water, the cold wind, the frowns—where are they? All banished into the limbo of sleepiness. And now look about you. Isn't the scene changed? Doesn't the sun shine gloriously? Are not the woods and meadows brilliantly green? See how the water sparkles and dimples and laughs like a fair maid welcoming the rosy queen of the morning. Who but a clod could frown now? Could you? No! You laugh and laugh again for very joy, and breathe deep and swim strong, and go ravenously to breakfast and thank God that you are alive. And nothing has changed since you rose except yourself, my friend. The cobwebs are gone, and you are in harmony with nature—that's all. So, I say, Heaven bless the man that first discovered bathing.

And so let us come back to the boat and prepare our breakfast of fried perch (I like good Father Izaak's spelling), caught the previous day, potatoes, cinnamon buns and coffee *ad libitum*. And now, the crew being awake, thanks to the Cook's good strong coffee, the dishes were soon washed up (water being plentiful, if somewhat hard) and stowed away. The sail was hoisted, the anchor hove up and away went the Crescent before the gentle westerly breeze, headed for Good Luck Point. The mention of this name causing some speculation as to its origin, the Skipper, between puffs at his corn-cob, related the legend of the Point. The story goes that one of the early settlers pursued by Indians rode his horse into the water from Coates' Point, which we see two miles away to the north, and wading and swimming managed to reach this point of meadows exhausted but safe, and in the remembrance of his escape called it Good Luck. Looking at the distance this morning, it seemed as if Good Horse would have been more appropriate. By the time the early settler was disposed of, we had rounded the point and come into dear old Barnegat Bay. The sheet was trimmed and the Crescent was headed for the draw-bridge at Barnegat Pier. Then through the draw and—ah! there he is. And we lay to while the early-rising baitman pulls his dory alongside and the bait box is supplied with crabs and a good measure of those little horned, shelly acrobats (shrimps) that the weakfish like so well—sometimes. And then we fill away again for a long reach to the shell beds off Cedar Creek Point, which we can see—a long stretch of salt meadow jutting well out into the bay. As we approach the charmed spot rods are put together and tackle rigged and all carefully stowed in the cabin out of the way of careless feet and halyards. And then the helm is put down and the sail hangs shaking amidships and comes rattling down. The anchor is let go, the sail stowed, and as the good little yacht swings to her cable, her crew rush for their implements of sport. The long looked for moment has come, and no time is to be lost. The Skipper was putting a float on his line when the music of Koons' reel began and after a struggle he boated two fine weakfish. At the same time Walt began to reel in a beauty. Now the Skipper's float went sailing off with the tide and then disappeared, and a fine double was the result, the Cook and Koons following close. And so the sport went on. And what sport! What a fight those fish made on a light rod! And right here I want to say that with similar tackle I have found the weakfish (absurd name for the gamy squeteague), at equal weights, fully the peer of the fresh-water black bass for gaminess. We had previously used what is called weakfish tackle for weakfish. That is a stiff and rather heavy lancewood rod and thick line. But on this occasion I took along a 7-ounce split bamboo and a light silk line, with reel to match, and after one trial the heavier tackle was discarded, or used only for trolling or in a swift tideway where heavy lead must be used to carry the line to the bottom. The way those fish acted when hooked on that light tackle was a revelation. They ran and ran again, they leaped from the water and repeated the leap; they fought to the death, and they were hooked better and held better than with the stiffer rod and quick reeling in. And these, mind you, were fish of 1½ to 3 pounds. I had persuaded Koons and Walt to take light tackle also, and they were delighted with the sport, and twitted the Cook, who had refused to abandon his stiff lancewood. He, however, said he didn't need any pity, and I suppose, knowing no better, he enjoyed it as much as any one. I have mentioned that the weakfish hooked on this bass tackle and played as a bass is played, often leaped clear out of the water at the end of a rush, for all the world like that gamy denizen of fresh water. I dwell on this because I had never seen weakfish do this before, and I have heard it declared that they never do break water. This was probably because they were generally hauled up

from the bottom with a steady overhand pull on a hand line or reeled quickly up to a stiff rod and swung into the boat. But give the weakfish a chance and I, for one, ask no better sport than fishing for him.

Well, the speckled beauties kept coming in and it was long after noon before any of the Crescents cared to stop fishing to attend to the wants of the inner man. These latter, however, finally became too urgent to be disregarded; the fish box becoming full about the same time, some of the best of the fish were soon prepared for the pan. The work of the Cook was creditable, in spite of Koons' criticism, and the results well appreciated.

The wind had by this time hauled to the northwest and freshened considerably. After dinner a single reef was tied in the sail and the Crescent was soon spinning merrily down the bay, with the wind on the quarter and the lee deck under water, leaving to starboard Forked River, Waretown, with its big hotel, and Old Barnegat. On the port beam, seeming always in the same position, as we followed the big semi-circle of the lower bay, was the tall tower of Barnegat Lighthouse.

And so we reached Gulf Point below Old Barnegat and here the difficulties and excitement of the cruise began. Down to this point the Skipper knew the way; beyond it none of us had ever been. Above the channel had been wide and deep; here it became narrow and winding, beset with long sinuous bars and wide expanses of flats, the landmarks were unknown to us, and our chart was an old one. The Cook suggested that our little ship be rechristened the Santa Maria. But he was reminded that would be inappropriate, because Columbus had no chart at all, neither had he such a cook as ours, else he might have discovered New York, instead of only Cuba, etc. The Crescent drew but zoim, and we were not compelled to use the centerboard, so, the tide being about half flood, we had little difficulty in keeping afloat. But the uncertainty added a spice of excitement to the sail. At the upper end of Manahawken Bay the channel turns eastward into a narrow thoroughfare, and passes through the drawbridge of the trestle on which the Long Beach R. R. crosses the bay. After passing through the draw and following an extremely narrow and tortuous channel among the islands of Manahawken Bay, we rounded Popular Point and were in Little Egg Harbor. Here the channel is narrow, but as it follows the western shore line of the bay we had little difficulty in keeping in it. The wind was now dying out, and when we reached the channel between Long Point and Shellie Island near Beach Haven, the reef was shaken out. The wind failed rapidly, however, and the sky became clouded. A change was evidently coming. After drifting about for half an hour, the wind came up, this time from the east, and we were soon beating up the narrow but well-buoyed passage between Little Island and Mordecai Island, and so came at last to the wharf of the Beach Haven Y. C., and all hands went ashore to stretch their legs and view this pleasant resort, and present strings of fish to friends on shore; for the Crescents are too good sportsmen to let their fish go to waste. Beach Haven, like all of the seaside resorts of New Jersey south of Point Pleasant, is situated on a narrow strip of sand beach, with the ocean on one side and on the other an estuary—at this point the broad island-studded waters of Little Egg Harbor—bordered by salt meadows. Its climate is said to give an infallible quietus to hay fever germs, and surely a stay in such a place must be a delightful cure for those victims of the uncomfortable malady who can afford it.

Koons and the Cook, with good-natured wrangling, purchased some needed provisions, while the Skipper and Walt procured the always necessary water supply at a dilapidated structure built on piles, and bearing the euphonious name Hotel de Crab. Then we took our way back to the boat over the fine gravel road which crosses the meadow on a causeway. As the location promised visits from those sleep and temper destroying pests of the meadows, the mosquitoes, we determined not to remain at the pier all night. So we got under way again, and, just as dusk was falling, came to anchor in the bay, well off the west point of Mordecai Island. Supper was prepared by the combined systems of Koons and the Cook, with an elaborate commentary from each on the other's way of doing things. All being ready hunger, most excellent of sauces, transmuted the plain and plentiful food into a king's feast, and for twenty minutes nothing was heard but the clash of steel on tin plates and the gentle lapping of the wavelets against the boat's side. At the end of that time, with a long-drawn ah-h-h, three dark figures leaned back, and shortly Walt, who was ever the best trencherman, followed suit. Almost at the same moment rain began to fall, necessitating a quick washing up and stowing away of the dishes and an adjournment to the cozy cabin, where the day ended with a short pull at the rye and a long pull at the comforting pipes. The anchor light was hung out and all hands turned in early, just tired enough to fall asleep at once and wake the next minute to find the sun peeping over the eastern meadows and, like the bold lover he is, kissing a whole flight of delicate little clouds until they blushed all shades from a rich crimson to a delicate pink, according to their several natures and complexions. Refreshed by sleep and revived by the plunge overboard (in which this morning the whole crew joined to the great increase of good nature and the partial elimination of the cookery debate), breakfast was soon dispatched, and we were again under way, headed for New Inlet. It was the intention to go out to sea here and sail outside to Atlantic City, our objective point, but just as we reached the lower end of Tucker Beach the light easterly breeze fell, so that it barely sufficed to hold the Crescent against the strong flood tide. So all the morning she hung suspended in the inlet like Mahomet's coffin, between wind and tide. Koons and Walt retired to the cabin and played chess. The Cook fished in a blasé manner when he could induce his line to sink, and the Skipper, stretched out on deck beside the helm, read "Plain Tales from the Hills" and whistled for a breeze. About 2 o'clock the tide turned and shortly afterward a light but freshening breeze came out of the south, and the Crescent began to forge ahead, her nose pointed for the channel buoy. Koons, who is a fresh-water man, here demurred to the plan of going outside. He said the boat was too small. I think what he meant was, that he lacked confidence in the Skipper. But perhaps this is an injustice. The Cook had prepared a stew for dinner, and it may have been getting in its

work. That is, the Cook called it a stew, but it came rather within the accepted definition of hash, being "a little of everything." However it was, Koons had his way, because before the third channel buoy was passed it was evidently too late to get over the bar and beat twelve miles to windward in time to tackle the difficult passage of Absecon Inlet before dark. So the boat was put about and headed up the inlet, while the chart was studied to pick out the best inside passage. A nice deep thoroughfare (Mark's) leading into Grassy Bay was selected, and after some searching the end of it was discovered inside, instead of outside, of the Anchoring Islands, as the chart gave it. Passing the islands we came out onto the broad circular expanse of Great Bay, and saw the thoroughfare behind a point off the port beam. Making a good offing to avoid a flat, we headed for the mouth of the thoroughfare, and when about 75yds. from it went hard and fast aground. Here was a fix. All inshore of us was but 1ft. to 1½ft. of water, and an exploration by Walt, in light wading costume, showed no channel. By the use of the setting pole the boat's head was swung around before the wind, but she refused to move. There was no help for it, so all hands, in various undress rigs, from "the altogether" to a suit of underclothes, hopped overboard. (Posterity has lost an edifying spectacle, because there was not a camera on the boat that day.) Thus lightened, the Crescent just floated. She was put before the wind the Skipper steering by means of a line bent on the tiller and the crew pushing alongside, and thus she was coaxed into deeper water.

Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup.

Sixth Match—Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.—White Bear Y. C.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

August, 1900.

For the fourth successive year the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, has been called on to defend the silver trophy won by it in 1896 from the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. at Oyster Bay, New York, and this time against a new challenger. The White Bear Y. C., of St. Paul, Minn., sailing on White Bear Lake, first challenged for the cup immediately after the races of 1898, in which Challenger was defeated by Dominion, but this challenge was objected to by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., which was desirous of a third trial. The White Bear Y. C. then challenged the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. to a special match, offering to bring the best of the White Bear fleet of 1898, Yankee, to Lake St. Louis and to sail her against Dominion, both being sailed in their original trim as raced in 1898. This challenge was accepted, and the match was sailed in June, 1899, Dominion winning. The White Bear men were not discouraged, but went away, promising to return with a better boat. The defeat of Constance by Glencairn III. in the following month left the way open for a new challenge for the cup, which was promptly sent and accepted.

Both clubs were of the same opinion as to the desirability of some changes in the rules which would promote the building of better and more durable boats, and in the agreement some entirely new features were introduced. The challenge named the largest class possible under the declaration of trust, 25ft. R.M., but a special agreement was made that the sail area should not exceed 500 sq. ft. As this would admit of a waterline of over 27ft. to make up the 25ft. class limit, the result was that waterline was practically unlimited, each designer being free to take more than he could use, and with no inducement to force the measured waterline.

The weak and fragile construction of some of the boats of 1898-9 led to the adoption of minimum limits to planking, frames, etc., removing the inducement to every designer to build the lightest possible boat. The composite centerboards used in all the boats of 1898-9, oak boards shod with lead and plated with brass, were very expensive and had no advantage except in the lowering of the center of gravity. It was agreed to bar these and to permit solid metal boards of a limited thickness. The agreement as finally adopted by the two clubs was as follows:

Agreement Governing the Match for the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup for the Season of 1900.

It is hereby mutually covenanted and agreed by and between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, Canada, and the White Bear Y. C., of St. Paul, that the following regulations shall govern the match to be sailed between the representative yachts of said clubs during the season of 1900:

Article 1. The courses shall consist of a triangular course and a course to windward or leeward and return. Each leg of the triangular course shall be one and one-third nautical miles in length and shall be sailed over three times, making a total of twelve miles. The course to windward or leeward and return shall have total length of twelve nautical miles; each leg shall be, if possible, two nautical miles, and shall not be less than one nautical mile.

Article 2. The match shall be awarded to the yacht winning three of five races.

The races shall be sailed alternately over the triangular and the windward or leeward and return courses.

The first race to be triangular or windward and return, as the winner of the toss may elect.

Article 3. The races shall be sailed under the management of three judges; one shall be appointed by each club, and the two so appointed shall elect a third on or before July 1, 1900. They shall act as judges and timekeepers, shall direct laying out the courses, shall decide whether the contestants come within the prescribed measurements and scantling restrictions, and shall settle all disputes; the decision of a majority shall be final in all matters pertaining to the contest.

It shall be the duty of the judges to thoroughly check the scantling, and satisfy themselves by boring, inspection or other means that the measurements are thoroughly up to specifications.

Article 4. Each club shall name its representative yacht five days before the first race.

Article 5. The start shall be a one-gun flying start, with a preparatory signal.

Article 6. The races shall be sailed without time allowance.

Article 7. Yachts must not exceed 25ft. racing length, measured under the following rule: L.W.L. plus the square root of the sail area, divided by 2, equals the racing length. Yachts shall be measured without crew on board, but with a dead weight of 450lbs., which shall be carried amidship, approximate at the center of buoyancy during measurement. The sail area must not exceed 500 sq. ft., as determined in Article 8.

The yacht's draft of hull or keel shall not exceed 5ft., and with the centerboard down shall not exceed 6ft. Draft shall be determined when yachts are in trim for racing. Centerboards shall be so constructed that they can be wholly housed without leaving any projection below the hull or keel.

Article 8. The factor of sail area used in determining racing length shall be ascertained by adding to the actual area of the mainsail, computed from its exact dimensions, the area of the fore triangle. The hoist of the mainsail when measured shall be plainly marked on the mast and its outer points on the boom or gaff or other spars used to set the sail, and the sail shall not be set beyond these limiting points. The fore triangle shall be determined by the following factors: (1) The perpendicular shall be the perpendicular distance between the deck and a point on the forestay where the line of the after leech of the jib intersects the forestay, above which the jib shall not be hoisted. (2) The base shall be the distance between the forward side of the mast at the deck and the point of intersection of the forestay with the bowsprit or hull.

Any jib, when set, must not extend beyond the upper and forward points above defined.

Sails shall be limited to mainsail, jibs and spinnaker. The total area of the mainsail and fore triangle shall not exceed 500 sq. ft. The area of the spinnaker, measured as a triangle whose base is the length of the spinnaker boom measured from its out end when set to the center of the mast, and whose perpendicular is the distance from the deck at the foreside of the mast to the spinnaker halliard block, shall not exceed twice the area of the fore triangle. All jibs and spinnaker must be triangular sails, but they may have small clubs on the heads not exceeding 10 per cent. of the base of the fore triangle.

Article 9. The spinnaker boom when used in carrying sail shall not be lashed to the bowsprit or stem head.

Article 10. Shifting ballast shall not be allowed. (Centerboards shall be considered as fixed ballast.)

Article 11. No outrigger or other mechanical device for carrying live ballast outboard shall be allowed.

Article 12. Centerboards shall not be loaded except to overcome flotation, but metal plates may be used under the following restrictions:

The centerboard may be of steel or iron plate of practically uniform thickness, not over ¾in. thick at any point, and not weighing over 350lbs.

The centerboard, if of bronze, brass or metal other than steel or iron, may not be over ¾in. thick at any point, shall be of practically uniform thickness, and shall not weigh over 300lbs.

Article 13. Yachts must sail throughout the series of races with the same amount of fixed ballast and centerboards of practically the same weight as carried in the first race.

Article 14. A—Yacht must be so constructed that on a cross section, taken at any point, no part of the hull shall be sensibly below the center part of the hull, exclusive of the false keel or skeg.

B—The cockpit area must not be more than 40 per cent. of the area of the deck.

Article 15. Yachts shall be constructed in accordance with the following restrictions:

1. The planking of hull shall not be less than ½in. thick at any point.

2. The frames or ribs shall be of oak, elm or other hard wood, and shall not be less than 1¼ sq. in. per lineal foot of length of vessel; they may, however, be spaced as desired. Example: Frames may be 1¼ x 1 spaced 12in. c. to c., or ¾ x 1 spaced 6in. c. to c., or ¾ x ¾ spaced 2½in. c. to c.

3. The deck plank shall not be less than ½in. thick if without covering; but where covered with canvas may be ¾in. thick. The deck beams shall not be less than 1½ sq. in. per lineal foot of length. Example: Deck beams may be 1½ x 1 spaced 12in. c. to c., or 1½ x ½ spaced 6in. c. to c.

Internal bracing, floors, knees or other stiffening members shall not be included in the area of the frames or deck beams.

Article 16. The total actual weight of the crew, including all clothes, personal apparel and belongings worn by them or carried on board during the race, shall not exceed 650lbs.

Article 17. The helmsman and crew shall be amateurs and members of the respective clubs, and the helmsman shall be named in writing, as required by the provisions of Article X. of the Declaration of Trust.

Article 18. The provisions of the Declaration of Trust, so far as the same are inconsistent with the foregoing articles, are hereby waived, but in all other respects shall govern the match.

THE ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.
THE WHITE BEAR Y. C.

During the winter seven boats were built—three for the challenge and four for the defence. The choice of the White Bear Y. C. after such trials as were possible was Minnesota, owned by F. M. Douglas, Cass Gilbert and Samuel Stickney.

The Skow type has been developed to an extreme point by the White Bear yachtmen, and two were built for the trials, both being very fast, but Minnesota was finally elected as the most suitable representative in several ways—the best in type, the handsomest in construction and very fast in moderate weather. She was designed and built by Gus. Amundson, a local builder, who has been very successful on White Bear and the neighboring lakes. In general form and outlines she is fairer than most modern racing boats. With a waterline of 25ft. 6in. she has just under 7ft. beam. Her deck line is very fair. She has a low freeboard and very little sheer. Her midship section showed a slight round to the bottom, a quick turn to the bilge and a straight side without flare. All of her diagonals are fair and easy, with no forcing forward. The transom is square and fairly wide. The skin

is ship-lapped, with wide timber, about ½ x 1½, spaced 6in. The deck is cedar covered with varnished cloth, with her sheer marked by a narrow strip of mahogany at the deck edge and the white cedar planking varnished. She is very neatly rigged and her spars are hollow, made by her builder. The hull is well braced inside, but after a little sailing on Lake St. Louis it was found necessary to strengthen her about the mast. Her chief peculiarity is the centerboard, the lower end of the board being very wide. She has a rather small rudder and a small tiller shaped almost like a jew's-harp, the loop about 2ft. across. The cockpit is quite long, and there are no bulkheads below.

Red Coat, the defender of the cup, is one of the four boats designed by Mr. Duggan and built by the Yacht Company, at the club station at Dorval. In the final drawing she fell to the lot of Com. Molson. She is of the same general type as the various Glencairns, with flat bottom, round bilge and flaring side, and in particular she resembles the third Glencairn, of last year. She is about 8ft. beam and 39ft. over all, the fore end snubbed in as in Glencairn III., and her deck has a ridge in the center and pitches both ways, like a roof, instead of the usual round beams. She has decidedly more freeboard than Minnesota, and is a larger and more powerful boat. The board is a rectangular plate of steel ¾in. thick. The hull is carvel built, with a groove rubbed in the edge of each plank and a thread of cotton laid in. The outside is painted a dark red, and the deck is covered with canvas and painted. The rudder is smaller than in Glencairn III., and placed further aft, the tiller being of the dog's-leg style always used by Mr. Duggan. One important improvement in all this year's boats is a well through which the rudder is shipped, thus avoiding the trouble of dropping with a line each time the yacht is hauled out and of reversing the operation when she is launched.

The defending fleet this year vary in breadth from 7ft. to 8ft. 3in., two of them, Glencairn II. and White Cap, being more normal in form than the others; Red Coat and Black Beauty. The weather through the spring and summer has been very cold and rainy, and not favorable for sailing, but still a large number of short races have been sailed, and both boats and crews have been very thoroughly tested. Red Coat was finally selected as the best of the four, Glencairn being first rejected, then White Cap and finally Black Beauty. All were fast, and each superior in some one point, but the final choice was Red Coat.

This year a very important change has been made in the management of the races, which in all previous years have been in the hands of the race committee of the defending club, it having sole control. By a special agreement each club selects one of three judges, the two selecting a third, this two to act as the race committee for the cup races.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. selected Mr. W. Q. Phillips, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., the official timekeeper of the Lake Y. R. A. for some years past. The White Bear Y. C. named Mr. Elmer, of St. Paul, and the two selected Mr. W. P. Stephens, of New York, to act with them. Mr. Elmer was unable to be present, so his place was filled by Com. Ordway.

Minnesota arrived at Dorval on July 30, and was quickly rigged. At the same time a large part of the White Bear contingent arrived in two private cars, which were side-tracked at Dorval, and in which they lived. Amundson, the builder of Minnesota, was busy with a new boat for the Inland Lake races of Aug. 20, so could not leave, but Johnson, another local builder, was present to look after Minnesota. The yacht was under way at times during the early part of the week. The rough water met at times tried her much more than the smaller seas of White Bear Lake, and the mast was step settled perceptibly, so she was strengthened by wooden braces about the mast and a rod of ½in. iron was run through the sides at the plank sheer and under the heel of the mast, the ends being set up with nuts until a part of the strain was thrown on the upper part of the hull, relieving the keel.

The crews of the two boats were as follows:

	Minnesota.	Lbs.	Red Coat	Lbs.
Helmsman	C. M. Griggs	146	G. H. Duggan	153
Main sheet	T. L. Warren	165	Wm. Angus	185
Midships	F. M. Douglas	167	Chas. Routh	159
Jib	Sam'l Bunn	153	F. W. Shearwood	149
		631		646

The yachts were measured on the morning of Aug. 2 by Messrs. Phillips and Ordway, the result being:

	Minnesota.	Red Coat.
Mainsail—		
Boom	24.50	24.00
Hoist	15.84	16.84
Gaff	14.33	13.21
Clew to throat	28.42	28.00
Leach	35.33	32.46
Area	385 sq. ft.	383 sq. ft.
Head triangle—		
Perpendicular	19.12	19.16
Base	11.62	10.75
Area	109 sq. ft.	103 sq. ft.
Spinnaker boom	18.16	17.16
Spinnaker per.	25.25	24.42
Total sail area	494 sq. ft.	486 sq. ft.
L.W.L.	25.50	25.58

The general arrangements for the races were the same as in previous years, the Duchess of York carrying the spectators from Lachine, but the committee and the racing men were much better provided for than ever before with the new club steamer St. Louis. This yacht, with her very light draft, can run up to the club pier at any time, while she is fast enough to follow the yachts. It is worth mentioning that the water this year in Lake St. Louis is exceptionally high, at least a couple of feet more than last year. On Thursday night the three judges, with Mr. Griggs and Mr. Duggan, read over the agreement and also the racing rules, so as to arrive at a common understanding on all points. Every one of the sailing rules of the race was read and discussed separately.

Friday, August 3.

FIRST DAY—FIRST RACE.

Triangular.

Friday brought clear weather, with a fresh and cool N.W. wind. The crews were busy early in the morning, and about 11 o'clock the St. Louis started from the club station at Dorval with the judges and some members of both clubs on board and Red Coat in tow, the steam

yacht *Wild Rose* towing up Minnesota. The conditions call for a start at 1:15, but the crews had not lunched and the *Duchess of York* was still far from the line, and the first gun was held until 1:30.

The wind was now nearly down the leg from Beaconsfield to Pointe Claire, and the boats were sent off with buoys to port. Both carried whole sail easily as they worked about the line. Red Coat came around the stern of the St. Louis a little before the gun and crossed very promptly, with Minnesota close on her starboard quarter, both being on starboard tack. They had hardly settled down to work before it was apparent that Red Coat was doing the better work, especially in pointing. Minnesota came about within a couple of minutes of the line, but Red Coat tacked on her weather and they stood in toward Pointe Claire for another six minutes. There was by this time all the wind they wanted in the puffs, and both crews were hiking. Red Coat showed up much stiffer than Minnesota and gained steadily, though as they neared the buoy Minnesota picked up and lessened the distance. The first mark was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat	1 48 48	0 18 48	0 00 42	0 00 42
Minnesota	1 49 30	0 19 30		

Red Coat lowered her jib and set her balloon jib for a free reach, and was soon traveling very fast; Minnesota set her balloon jib to windward of her working jib. The leg was coverey very quickly and the second mark was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat	1 55 48	0 07 00		0 00 32
Minnesota	1 56 20	0 06 50	0 00 10	

They jibed at the buoy and reached in, being timed at the line:

First Round—Leg.				
	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat	2 02 30	0 06 42	0 00 38	0 01 10
Minnesota	2 03 40	0 07 20		
Round.				
	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat		0 32 30	0 01 10	0 01 10
Minnesota		0 33 40		

It was evident that Minnesota was overpowered in the fresh breeze as compared with Red Coat, the latter carrying her sail easily enough. As Red Coat was losing, her crew determined to try a reef, and one was tied in after she had been for a couple of minutes on the windward leg. As the reefing on White Bear Lake is done at the dock before the start and seldom during a race, the crew lacked practice, and some time was lost before the boat was well on her course again. As it happened, the wind fell a little on this leg and the reef was really not needed. Red Coat made a good gain on this leg, the times being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat	2 22 30	0 20 00	0 02 32	0 03 42
Minnesota	2 26 12	0 22 32		

The second leg was run without incident, Red Coat carrying only a balloon jib, while Minnesota as before had her working jib still set to leeward of her balloon. As she neared the second mark she shook out her reef. The turn was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat	2 30 50	0 08 20	0 00 38	0 04 20
Minnesota	2 35 10	0 08 58		

The last leg was merely a repetition of the first round, the times being:

Leg.				
	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat	2 39 00	0 08 10	0 00 40	0 05 00
Minnesota	2 44 00	0 08 50		
Round.				
	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat		0 36 30	0 03 50	0 05 00
Minnesota		0 40 20		

Minnesota lowered her balloon jib before making the line, and lost some time in setting her working jib, being on the wind under her mainsail alone for a time. The weather mark was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat	2 59 30	0 20 30	0 01 30	0 06 30
Minnesota	3 06 00	0 22 00		

The second leg was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat	3 07 30	0 08 00	0 00 12	0 06 42
Minnesota	3 14 12	0 08 12		

The last leg showed a small gain for Minnesota, the times being:

Leg.				
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Gain.	
Red Coat	3 15 18	0 07 48		
Minnesota	3 21 38	0 07 26	0 00 22	
Round.				
	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.	
Red Coat	0 36 18	0 01 20	0 06 20	
Minnesota	0 37 38			

	Elapsed.
Red Coat	1 45 18
Minnesota	1 51 38

While there were few craft about the line at the start, quite a fleet gathered during the afternoon, the flagship, Com. Molson's *Alcyon*, the steam yachts *Nama*, *Wild Rose*, *Chipmunk* and *Monaco* and a number of launches, sailing yachts and rowboats.

Before the start Minnesota bent a perfectly new mainsail, a very handsome sail, but tight in the leach, the whole after part being a bog in the strong wind, and this undoubtedly hurt her.

In the evening a dinner was given by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. to the guests, the big dining room being well filled and the evening passing very pleasantly with speeches and songs.

Saturday, Aug. 4.

SECOND DAY.

Windward and Leeward.

The cold weather which had prevailed up to Friday was followed by something more in keeping with the calendar, and Saturday was clear and bright and most agreeably hot. There was a light S.W. wind all the morning, and when the St. Louis reached the line off Pointe Claire, a course of two miles S.W. was quickly laid out in deep water. Minnesota had bent another mainsail with a much better draft to it, and there was a general expectation that she would make a much better showing than on the previous day.

The start was given at 2 P. M., Red Coat going over a little ahead, but with Minnesota close on her weather beam. As they settled down to their work it looked as though Red Coat would pull through the other boat's lee, but after a very few minutes it was plain that Minne-

sota was doing the better work. After three minutes Red Coat went on port tack, but Minnesota was at and about on her weather. The challenger was apparently at her best in the smooth water and light air, and she left Red Coat steadily, being soon too far away for either to affect the other. The weather mark was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Minnesota	2 42 50	0 42 50	0 03 40	0 03 40
Red Coat	2 46 30	0 46 50		

Minnesota set her spinaker to starboard, while Red Coat tried hers on the port side and was compelled to jibe over when half the leg was run. The end of the round was timed:

Leg.				
	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Minnesota	3 09 15	0 26 25	0 02 33	0 06 13
Red Coat	3 15 28	0 28 58		
Round.				
	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Minnesota		1 09 15	0 06 13	0 06 13
Red Coat		1 15 28		

As she started on port tack on the second round, Minnesota moved off wonderfully fast, and was well on her way before Red Coat turned the buoy. The latter took the starboard tack and stood off to the south to the middle of the lake in the direction of Chateaugay. After a time



GLORIA, CUTTER, H. C. McLEOD, ESQ., ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C. DESIGNED BY ARTHUR E. PAYNE, 1898.

Minnesota tacked and went after her, but still a very long way to windward. The weather mark was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Minnesota	3 45 15	0 36 00	0 08 47	0 15 00
Red Coat	4 00 15	0 44 47		

The run home was made in a little more time than before, as the wind was lighter. The end of the round was timed:

Leg.				
	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Minnesota	4 17 50	0 27 35	0 03 40	0 18 40
Red Coat	4 31 30	0 31 15		
Round.				
	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Minnesota		1 03 35	0 12 27	0 18 40
Red Coat		1 16 02		

Minnesota now went off to the middle of the lake, following the course of Red Coat in the previous round, but the wind was falling fast, and especially on the south side of the lake, where there were great spots of quiet water, though a little breeze was still rippling the water in under the Pointe Claire and Beaconsfield shores. Red Coat went in to the north and found a little breeze, at the time that Minnesota was becalmed about half a mile from the weather mark. Although there was barely a breath of wind, Minnesota continued to approach the mark steadily, though very slowly, and she rounded it at 5:24 and squared for the line. She made a little progress, but when the four-hour time limit expired, at 6 o'clock, she was only in the middle of the leg. Red Coat had caught a little breeze inshore, but she was still very far from the outer mark.

The result of the day's sailing was a disappointment to all parties, the Canadians freely admitting that Minnesota had won her honors fairly in the first two rounds and deserved to have scored a race. The two days taken together showed that in heavy weather the cup was safe, while in very light weather it would probably make a trip west; and in weather between the two extremes some very close and exciting racing might be expected.

On Saturday night the visitors were entertained by a *Fete de Nuit* at the Forest and Stream Club, the grounds being illuminated with Chinese lanterns, while a pair of calcium lights were mounted on the club house over the tennis courts, which were covered with a heavy canvas for dancing. Two orchestras in different parts of the grounds furnished music, and an elaborate supper was spread on tables on the lawns. A large number were present, including all the Americans.

Sunday was clear and calm, a fine August day. The St. Louis carried a party around the lake, first up the Chateaugay River and around Nun's Island, then after a swim in the green St. Lawrence water in mid-lake across to Lakeside. All were invited to tea at the Forest and Stream Club in the afternoon, and though it rained from 3 to 6 and the lawns could not be used, the handsome club house gave shelter to all.

The 51-Footers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to call your attention to a somewhat serious mistake in your report of the last race of the 51-footers at Newport. You have transposed the times of Syce and Sista and thus make it appear that Sista beat both Shark and Syce, the latter very badly, whereas, as a matter of fact, Syce, I believe, beat Shark, and both Syce and Shark beat Sista badly.

Some of the New York and Boston papers speak of Sista as a new boat. Is she not the boat that under the same name was beaten badly last year by Fife's *Kestrel* in the two squadron runs of the New York Y. C., in which *Kestrel* figured, and that was beaten about twenty-eight minutes corrected time by Syce in one of the Larchmont races of 1897, the race being sailed in a strong breeze? Twenty-eight minutes is more than twice as large a margin as Syce has ever had over Fife's ten-year-old *Uvira*, racing over a much longer regular course in a good wind, and that, too, with *Uvira* not at her best, as Mr. F. M. Hoyt, owner of Syce, at the time admitted in one of the letters I have received from him as to *Uvira*'s showing against Syce and Norota.

So far as boats of her class of about her own age are concerned, *Uvira* has scored a decisive victory in every one of the five races she has sailed this season. In the three squadron runs of the Atlantic Y. C. all sailed in a good breeze, *Uvira* not only made it three straight in her own class (one of her opponents being six years newer than herself), but she likewise beat, on actual time, all the boats in the class next above her own three straight; all the schooners, on actual corrected time, giving them the advantage of "the 85 per cent. rule," three straight, and even the newly imported Watson 60-footer *Astrild*, on corrected time, in both her races, although in the last one *Astrild* beat all the schooners on actual time.

Last September, in a fifteen-mile race sailed in a good breeze, *Uvira* beat the new centerboard 42-footer *Acushla II*, a boat with about 800 or 900ft. more sail than herself—by a margin of about thirteen minutes, actual time, and about 16 minutes, corrected time, or at the rate of about 32 minutes for thirty miles. In this race *Uvira* was actually entered against *Acushla II*.

Wishing to be sure of my facts, I subscribed for the new "American Yacht Register," an expensive but valuable work, which I now have in my possession.

Hoping that in the interests of truth and fair play you will kindly publish the above, I am yours truly,

JOSEPH PARKER.

WAVERLEY, Mass., Aug. 8.

Gloria.

THE cutter *Gloria*, which has recently crossed the Atlantic from Southampton to the St. Lawrence on her way to Toronto, where her new owners, H. C. McLeod, resides, was designed by Arthur E. Payne in 1898 and built by Summers & Payne, Southampton, for the purpose of challenging for the Coupe de France. She is of 49ft. 5in. l.w.l. and 12ft. 6in. breadth, her rating by the Y. R. A. rule being 54, as the requirements of the French rule necessitated a yacht a little larger than the 52ft. class. While this difference in size has prevented an exact comparison with the 52-footers, *Gloria* has shown herself a fast yacht. She is of wooden construction and built solely for international racing, but she has managed to cross the Atlantic safely on her own bottom and to weather some pretty bad storms on the way.

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 28.

THE Winthrop Y. C. sailed a handicap race on July 28 in a light and fluky wind, the times being:

	15 and 18ft. Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Thelma, E. Tewksbury		1 35 45	1 29 45

Hector, A. W. Hubbard.....	1 35 48	1 29 48
Don, D. F. Murphy.....	1 35 52	1 29 52
Bubble, B. C. Leonard.....	1 52 05	1 40 05
Eva, H. G. Flinn.....	1 51 55	1 42 55
Caper, W. W. Colson.....	2 02 00	1 47 00
Flash, W. H. Myrick.....	2 02 32	1 50 32
Martha, W. Jenkins.....	2 01 22	1 52 22
Virginia, H. Traiser.....	Withdrew.	
Gwendoline, C. E. Field.....	Withdrew.	
21 and 25ft. Class.		
Cygnat, J. R. Hodder.....	2 18 45	2 18 45
Olma, C. A. Heney.....	2 36 10	2 31 10
Alert, J. McConnell, Jr.....	2 35 18	2 31 16
Thetas, A. W. Clark.....	2 35 00	2 32 00
Ideal, H. E. Whittier.....	Withdrew.	
White Crowe, H. M. Crowe.....	Withdrew.	
Marion, Dempsey.....	Withdrew.	

Savin Hill Y. C.

SAVIN HILL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 28.

THE Savin Hill Y. C. sailed its third handicap race on July 28 in a light and fluky westerly wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vive, A. W. B. Foster.....	1 33 00	1 16 49
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson.....	1 25 00	1 13 05
Romance, L. Sears.....	1 25 30	1 24 10
Gleam, E. A. Packard.....	1 35 33	1 27 01
Hattie, A. Coombs.....	1 49 00	1 30 10
Widgeon, A. J. Horton.....	1 39 40	1 30 42
Wawa, C. Noble.....	1 38 15	1 32 15
Gull, W. H. Besarick.....	1 57 05	1 43 05
Pixy, E. Keepers.....	1 56 59	1 45 59
Siko, J. D. McBeath.....	1 58 05	1 48 21
Ora, C. R. Willard.....	2 02 28	1 50 28
Freak, E. S. Wessborg.....	2 04 06	1 50 19

Wood's Holl Y. C.

WOOD'S HOLL, MASS.

Saturday, July 28.

THE Wood's Holl Y. C. sailed a good race on July 28 in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Spy, E. E. Swift.....	1 35 22	1 35 05
Emma, A. M. Ferris.....	1 37 11	1 36 27
Florence, W. L. Howes.....	1 37 35	1 37 35
Ace of Clubs, F. L. Gifford.....	1 40 43	1 40 08
Lizzie, H. H. Fay, Jr.....	1 48 32	1 47 48

A. C. A. Membership.

Northern Division—Jno. B. Brayley, W. C. Jephcott, P. J. Syms, A. M. Nichol, H. G. Dillenth, J. B. Sinclair, J. J. Vaughan, W. R. Begg, all of Toronto C. C.

New Publications.

A GUIDE TO THE TREES.

Messrs. Fred A. Stokes Co., of New York, send us "A Guide to the Trees," by Alice Lonsberry, illustrated by Mrs. Ellis Rowan. It has sixty-four beautiful full-page colored plates, 100 full-page black and white plates, sixty-four engravings of complete trees and fifty-five diagrams, etc., and contains descriptions of nearly 200 trees and a number of shrubs. A chapter entitled "The Growth of Trees" deals with their structure, peculiarities and sources of life. Mrs. Rowan's drawings are from the trees and plants in or near their homes. While artistic and beautiful, they are technically correct.

FINLEY ACKER'S PEN SKETCHES.—"The Bazaars of Damascus" not only reveal the striking contrast between oriental conservatism and American enterprise in trading, but as described in Finley Ackers' Pen Sketches they also solve some of the industrial and social problems. The ludicrous description of an oriental Turkish bath gives point to the illustration. The companion sketches in this entertaining little booklet are "Streets of Cairo," "The Sphinx and Pyramids," "A Bedouin Wedding Festival," "Modern Jerusalem," "A Venetian Serenade," "The Colosseum Illuminated," "Pompeii and Vesuvius." Illustrated with over one hundred pen drawings. Price, 50 cents.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, Aug. 5, by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. Conditions, off-hand, 200yds., at the standard target. Payne was declared champion of the day, with 89 to his credit. Light wind. Thermometer, 94:

Payne.....	8 9 8 8 9 10 9 8 10 10—89
Hasenzahl.....	7 10 10 10 9 10 7 10 9 7—89
Gindele.....	10 8 10 7 8 9 6 9 10—86
Roberts.....	10 9 9 10 7 6 8 6 9—83
Trounstein.....	10 8 7 10 7 9 10 9 7—84
Drube.....	6 8 9 8 8 8 10 8 10—72
Weinheimer.....	7 6 6 6 7 7 7 7 7—68
Topf.....	5 7 9 7 6 7 5 6 6—65

New Jersey State Rifle Association.

As the time draws near for the interstate rifle contests at Sea Girt, N. J., which take place Aug. 31 to Sept. 9, interest is increasing among the national guardsmen, and at nearly all the State ranges groups of enthusiastic riflemen can be found daily practicing for places on State and regimental teams who will strive to win national laurels at the famous range by the sea. The increased interest in rifle shooting is shown by the large number of entries in all the big matches this year. In the Hilton trophy match for the State championship the States of New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, District of Columbia, Minnesota and Illinois have already expressed their intention of contesting, the two latter States being newcomers in the arena of national competitions. Pennsylvania has a team of her crack shots ready to take the trip to Sea Girt at no expense to the State, but there seems to be some difficulty about getting the necessary permission from the proper authority, which will undoubtedly be overcome, as Pennsylvania has always been a State to recognize the value of these interstate contests for her soldiers. Maine and New Hampshire are two States which contain plenty of material for a State team, and both have been unsuccessful

competitors in these contests. The lack of financial help from their States will prevent both of them from being represented.

It is said that a rifle team from Atlanta, Ga., will ask permission to represent that State.

An interesting contest this year will be the revolver team match, in which entries have already been made by Battery A, Light Artillery, Massachusetts; Squadron A, New York; Governor's Horse Guards, Atlanta, Ga.; Essex and Monmouth troops, New Jersey; Second Regiment, District of Columbia, and Fourth Regiment, New Jersey.

In the individual military championship of America match more than twenty States will be represented, and in the Wimbledon cup match at 1,000yds. six more targets had to be built to accommodate the number of shooters who will line up.

A convention of riflemen will be held at the club house of the New Jersey State Rifle Association on Sept. 5 to organize a national league of riflemen.

LT. A. S. JONES, Ass't Sec'y.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.

Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

Aug. 8.—Auburn, Me.—Tournament of the Auburn Gun Club. Aug. 7-8.—Bass Lake, Ind.—Third annual target tournament. Jack Parker, Mgr.

Aug. 7-8.—Birmingham, Ala.—Amateur tournament given by the Peters Cartridge Co., on the grounds of the Birmingham Gun Club; \$150 added. John H. Mackie, Mgr.

Aug. 14.—Binghamton, N. Y.—All-day target tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club.

Aug. 14-15.—Xenia, O.—Xenia Gun Club's tournament.

Aug. 15-16.—Akron, O.—Akron Gun Club's tournament.

Aug. 15-16.—Rochester, Ind.—Rochester Gun Club's tournament.

Aug. 17.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Voris vs. Crawford, for Elwood cup.

Aug. 17.—South Norwalk, Conn.—Third open summer shoot of the Norwalk Gun Club. E. H. Fox, Sec'y.

Aug. 18.—Newark, N. J.—E C cup and championship of New Jersey, between Messrs. F. E. Sinnock, holder, and H. H. Stevens, challenger, on grounds of East Side Gun Club; merchandise shoot same day and place; open to all.

Aug. 21.—Springfield, Mass.—All-day tournament of the Springfield Shooting Association; grounds near Indian Orchard.

Aug. 22.—New Haven, Conn.—Tournament of the New Haven Gun Club. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.

Aug. 22-23.—Oswego, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club's tournament.

Aug. 23-24.—Lafayette, Ind.—Tournament of the Lafayette Gun Club, under sanction of the League. J. Blistian, Sec'y.

Aug. 23-25.—Arnold Park, Lake Okoboji.—Amateur Park tournament.

Aug. 24.—Walhalla, S. C.—Shotgun tournament of the Semi-Centennial, under auspices of the Walhalla Gun Club. J. A. Steck, Sec'y-Treas.

Aug. 25-26.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs.

Aug. 28-31.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—The Indian tournament; \$700 added. T. A. Marshall, Sec'y, Keithsburg, Ill.

Sept. 1-3.—Hamilton, Ont.—Hamilton Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 3.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Fourth annual Labor Day tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club; bluebirds and magantrap. Harry Strong, Sec'y.

Sept. 3.—Trenton, N. J.—Labor Day tournament of the Walsrode Gun Club. George N. Thomas, Sec'y.

Sept. 3.—Blandon Park, Richmond, Va.—First annual tournament of the Virginia Trapshooting Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. Franklin Stearns, Mgr.

Sept. 3-4.—Muncie, Ind.—Two-day tournament of the Magic City Gun Club. One day at targets, one day at sparrows. Chas. E. Adamson, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Sylvan Beach, Oneida Lake, N. Y.—E. D. Fulford's live-bird and target shoot.

Sept. 4.—Haverhill, Mass.—Haverhill Gun Club's open tournament; distance handicap.

Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Fifth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club; \$25 added. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—North Platte, Neb.—Tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club on Col. Cody's Scout's Rest Ranch; \$250 added. Geo. L. Carter, Mgr.

Sept. 4-6.—Wichita, Kan.—Tournament of Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. G. Parham, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Homer, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Triangular Gun Club; one day targets; one day live birds. C. B. Wiggins, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Pensacola, Fla.—Two-day shoot of the Dixie Gun Club; bluebirds and live birds. V. J. Vidal, Sec'y.

Sept. 14-15.—Platte City, Mo.—Trap shoot of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

Sept. 16.—Sherbrooke, Can.—Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 27.—Zanesville, O.—Tournament of the Zanesville Gun Club. L. A. Moore, Sec'y.

Oct. 2-4.—Swanton, Vt.—Robin Hood Gun Club's three days' tournament.

Oct. 11.—Greensburg, Ind.—Tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. C. D. Tillson, Sec'y.

Oct. 12-14.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds. Emile Pragoft, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900. Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Nos on all events are also news notes they may care to have printed. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Under date of Aug. 6 Mr. E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., writes us as follows: "I will give a shoot Sept. 3 and 4, at Sylvan Beach, Oneida Lake, a popular summer resort. First day fifteen events of 10 targets each, 50 cents entrance, four moneys, Rose system, ratios 4, 3, 2, 1. Second day ten events, targets, same as above; one event at 10 live birds, \$5, class shooting, 40, 40, 20. Targets 2 cents. Live birds 25 cents."

Mr. H. H. Stevens, of New Brunswick, N. J., again challenged Mr. F. E. Sinnock, of Newark, to contest for the E C cup, which carries with it New Jersey State championship significance. Aug. 18 is fixed upon for the date, and the place is the grounds of the South Side Gun Club. A merchandise shoot also will be held, open to all.

The Springfield Shooting Club's tournament has been postponed from Aug. 14 to Aug. 21, as the first date chosen, Aug. 14, conflicts with that of the Massachusetts Shooting Association. Programmes may be obtained of Mr. C. C. Merritt, 461 State street, Springfield, Mass., in whose care guns and ammunition may be sent.

In a contest for the J. B. Shannon cup between Messrs. C. E. Mink and H. B. Fisher on the grounds of the Clearview Gun Club, Philadelphia, on Saturday of last week, the former won by the score of 94 to 73.

Seventy-five dollars cash prizes will be added to the purses. There are ten events on the programme—five at 10 targets, five at 15, \$5 and \$10 added; with a uniform entrance of \$1. For the information of shooters the following is presented in the programme: "Price of targets, 1 cent each, deducted from the purses. Object amusement—not money making. Division of purses, Rose system, 10-bird events, three moneys, ratio 4, 3, 2; 15-bird events, four moneys, ratio 5, 4, 3, 2. Trap rules of American Shooting Association to govern. Manufacturers' agents and Mr. Ten-Gauge Gun cannot compete for prizes. Excursion rates on account of Semi-Centennial, also on account of the annual mountain excursion from Charleston on Aug. 22. Good accommodations for shooters can be obtained at \$1 to \$2 per day convenient to grounds, if engaged in advance. Make your arrangements at once and avoid the rush. Ammunition shipped prepaid to Secretary-Treasurer will be delivered at grounds free of charge. Shooting will begin at 9:30 A. M. Further information cheerfully furnished upon application to J. A. Steck, Sec'y-Treas."

On Aug. 4 there was a light attendance at the weekly shoot of the Keystone Shooting League. The main event was a handicap at 50 targets for a merchandise prize. Stevenson broke 24 out of his first 25, while Hallowell was but one behind. The Keystone Shooting League has accepted the challenge of the Phoenix Gun Club to contest a series of target races. There probably will be teams of twelve and the first contest is likely to take place at Holmesburg Junction, on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, on Aug. 25.

The scores in the main contest on Aug. 4 were: W. N. Stevenson, 16, 47; E. R. Russell, 16, 44; J. J. Hallowell, 18, 42; D. Sanford, 18, 42; W. J. Davis, 17, 38.

Under date of July 31 Mr. Ansley H. Fox, of Baltimore, who has distinguished himself as a shooter of great skill, informs us that he becomes a professional on Aug. 1 in the interest of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and will shoot their "pump gun" and their ammunition. Mr. Fox has already established a wide acquaintance among sportsmen, and acquired a thorough knowledge of tournament matters, so that he enters the new field fully equipped as to skill and knowledge. As a professional trap shoot he now is one of the very able and gentlemanly class called professional shooting gentlemen of exceptionally high attainments and ability.

The New Haven Gun Club, New Haven, Conn., has issued the programme for its target tournament, to be held on Aug. 22, commencing at 9 o'clock. There are twelve events, 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, a total of 160, with a total entrance of \$12. There is \$20 added money. Targets, 2 cents. All events at unknown angles. Over twelve entries, four moneys; under twelve entries, three moneys. Those who wish may shoot for targets only. To reach the grounds take State street cars to Schuetzen Park. Refreshments at the club house. John E. Bassett is the secretary.

The contest for the championship of New Jersey, of which the E C cup is the emblem, between Mr. F. E. Sinnock, of Newark, and Mr. H. H. Stevens, of New Brunswick, was keen and good, with a close finish. Out of the 50 targets each broke 46—an excellent score, and a 92-per cent. gait. In the shoot-off at 10 targets Sinnock broke straight and won out by one target.

Messrs. J. J. Hallowell and Ansley H. Fox passed through New York on Monday of this week, their objective point being the Interstate shoot at Newport, Vt. Mr. Hallowell has been doing some great work recently on live birds, and Mr. Fox has been conducting his efforts on similar lines on targets in the good old State of Maryland. His long runs and high scores on targets have been deserving of attention and praise.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg, manager of the Interstate Association, passed through New York on Friday of last week, en route for the Interstate shoot at Newport, Vt., to be held on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. His early arrival on the scene where the battle is to be fought will insure that every detail is arranged to a nicety and that Mr. Shaner will conduct the shoot with the same precision that Sousa conducts a band.

The Medicus Gun Club, of Brooklyn, L. I., has under consideration the matter of a series of shoots, with a medal of cup and cash prizes, to be given in the near future. The members of the Medicus Club are active in promoting the sport, and to this end have offered many valuable prizes, besides giving their time and earnest attention to it.

Mr. T. W. Morley, in the third and last contest for the championship of Long Island trophy, at Interstate Park, Queens, on Aug. 2, won on a score of 24 out of 25. He made the same score in the two previous events. The trophy now becomes his property. He used a Francotte gun, E C powder and U. M. C. shells.

On Labor Day, Sept. 3, the Schenectady Gun Club, of Schenectady, N. Y., will hold its fourth annual inanimate target shoot on its new grounds. Twelve events will be shot over a magantrap. A complete programme will be issued later. Mr. V. Wallburg is the president and Mr. Harry Strong the secretary.

The Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, has challenged the Phoenix Gun Club, of Phoenixville, Pa., to a team contest. There is every probability that teams representing the two clubs will compete in the near future.

Through an oversight we omitted to mention that the reproductions of photographic scenes connected with the recent great shoots at Paris were taken from the French periodical "La Vie au Grand Air."

The Walhalla, S. C., Gun Club has issued the programme of their shotgun tournament of the Semi-Centennial, to be held under their auspices, on Aug. 24. The events are open to amateurs only.

Mr. S. G. Miller, Haverhill, Mass., informs us that the Haverhill Gun Club will hold an open tournament on Sept. 4. There will be a distance handicap. Targets 1½ cents.

Mr. John Parker will hold his next International tournament on Sept. 11, 12, 13 and 14, Detroit, Mich. There will be competition on both live birds and targets.

The date of the forthcoming tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club, at North Platte, Neb., has been changed from Sept. 3 and 4 to Sept. 4 and 5.

BERNARD WATERS.

Charlottesville Gun Club.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., Aug. 6.—Appended are the scores made on our grounds on Friday, Aug. 3. The first event was a match to decide the ownership of the handsome silver medal presented to the club by its president, Mr. H. A. George. This medal has been shot for each week since the season opened, and our last shoot in July resulted in a tie between Messrs. Bruffy, Keller, George and Snow and was shot off in our regular shoot on Aug. 3 and won by Snow. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
Keller.....	21	19	21	George.....	22	24	25
Watson.....	20	18	20	Bruffy.....	22	22	22
Walker.....	17	15	17	Snow.....	23	21	20

D. R. SNOW, Sec'y.

Small-Bore Guns.

WINNIPEG, Man., Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Believing that perhaps a few lines on the subject of small-bore guns might be of interest to some of your readers, I venture to publish the following in the hope that others may benefit by what I have learned—mostly from actual experience afield and now by scientific tests over the chronograph.

Whatever may be the outcome of this paper, I wish it distinctly understood that I am warring with no caliber or make of gun, neither am I exploiting any kind or brand of powder, but simply narrating facts as I have found them in an off-hand way, the sole purport being to lend a helping hand to the novice, rather than to try to undermine deep-rooted notions or prejudices existing in the minds of veterans of far greater ability with either pen or fowling piece than the writer can ever hope to attain. Still, while only an average shot afield, I can fairly lay claim to at least a great deal of experience gleaned over a vast extent of territory and stored during the last forty years.

During 1899 the writer found himself in print ventilating a few crude but honest opinions on small-bore guns. As might have been expected—indeed, as was expected—these ideas and recommendations met from some quarters adverse criticisms—principally, however, based on theories, for, if my memory serves me, not one single individual combated my views from a practical standpoint—that is to say, no one having actually shot afield with a small-bore gun made complaint against it—while, on the other hand, many letters in my possession written by some foremost sportsmen declare they will never use a wide-bore heavy gun when one of reduced weight and caliber is available.

In writing as I did, I purposely refrained from going into technicalities and elaborate details, knowing to what length such matters could be spelt out, and furthermore fearing that in the maze of bewildering controversies sure to follow the main facts in the case stood a very good chance of being absorbed entirely, and nothing but an array of verbiage, hallucinations and vapid traditions survive. So I did not quote from books, nor relate passages at second hand, but instead I merely contented myself with telling others what a 20-gauge gun had actually done in my hands when field shooting, and, to use the vernacular, "sat mum" until such time as I could be backed by a few irrefutable proofs coming from a scientific source, the better to corroborate, if needs there be, what actual experience had already taught me.

Practically, I myself learned nothing. I knew beforehand that a 20-bore gun, properly loaded and decently pointed, would give a good account of itself at any reasonable distance on all upland game. I also knew, having found it out for myself, that such a gun, if correctly choked, could pull down very tall duck, and for decoy shooting, to the man satisfied with killing one bird at a shot, nothing larger need be used. In the event, however, of wanting to mow down a swath through a flock of birds a compact shooting gun of any caliber could never appeal to the person with such inclinations, for it stands to reason that no amount of mathematics can possibly make $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of shot cover as much space as a couple of ounces, all pellets being apart equidistant.

However, it is not as a duck gun that I uphold a 20-gauge, nor have I ever said or thought so reduced a caliber is equal to a 12-bore in actual execution. But I do think and firmly believe that a good 120 weighing say 6 to 6½ lbs., properly bored according to what the gun is intended to kill, and properly loaded, is a good enough gun for any sportsman to carry, especially where long traps are made and when one must carry his own ammunition. So, in all fairness to the 12-bore gun, brought to its present state of perfection, acknowledged by all practical and scientific men to be the best weapon when one only may be possessed, unquestionably and undeniably a more powerful weapon than any tube of narrower gauge, and in all vital points superior to such when weight of gun and ammunition are of no object, I say the 12-bore is by all odds the gun, and I never have said, written or thought otherwise.

But, while freely admitting, as I fain must, the superiority of the 12-gauge, I wish it distinctly understood that where the minimum weight and maximum of comfort are to be considered, then by all means give me the 20-bore gun—i. e., the full-size 20-gauge gun—not the toy 20 that handles like an umbrella, but one of sufficient weight to withstand its full charge without undue recoil and still sufficiently light to be carried over hill and dale, swamp and marsh, from sun to sun without wearing one out, or jumping so high at every shot that the second barrel is of very little use. For my part, I consider a 6-pounder as about the proper weight for a 20, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. for a 16-gauge. These are both guns of full weight, and it is not wise to go over that, for if one is willing to carry a surplus of steel, iron and wood, then by all means go to a bigger gauge. For instance, a 16-gauge gun at over 6½ lbs. as a field gun is simply a monstrosity; better carry a 7 lb. 12-bore and have done with it, or even a 12-bore at even weight of 6½ lbs. It is equally absurd to use a 9 lb. 12-gauge as a wildfowl gun when one of that weight of 10-gauge is so much more deadly a weapon; or 11 lb. 10-bore when an 8-gauge at 11 lbs. is so much superior.

So, allowing all things to have their proper place, I would say that a 20-gauge gun with 28 or 30 in. barrels should weigh in the neighborhood of 6½ lbs., or a few ounces more or less, according to the fancy of its owner, and due regard being given to purpose for which gun is intended.

Now, in the matter of ammunition, there can possibly be no conflict of opinion, for here are the official figures, which can easily be verified.

Fifty ordinary 12-gauge loaded cartridges weigh 5½ lbs., using 3 drs. of bulk nitro powder and 1½ oz. of shot. The same number of 20-gauge shells, containing 2½ drs. bulk nitro powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of shot weigh only 4½ lbs., a net saving of 1½ lbs., to say nothing of much smaller space the latter will occupy and greater facility with which they may be packed or stowed away in different pockets owing to much reduced bulk.

This additional 1½ lbs. of dead weight in ammunition does not weigh one down so very much when contemplating a long tramp through a snipe marsh, for instance, but—but—it does make a tremendous difference toward evening, especially when birds are scarce, shots few and far between, sun hot, ground boggy, and more than thirty seasons have rolled by. So that a pound or two in gun and as much more in ammunition will convert a very pleasant, jolly day's sport into a most soul-harrowing, treadmill, laborious task, as any one can testify who has tried it. To the unbeliever I can only say try it, and be convinced.

As to recoil, it is the writer's firm opinion that more men have gone off in their shooting in the last few years by overloading their guns than from all other causes combined; and light 12-bore have certainly not helped things much in this direction—albeit an underweight, overloaded small-bore will be equally vicious as a kicker; so I prefer for my own use that a gun of any gauge should have sufficient weight; hence I like a 6 lb. 20-bore.

After this long preamble, and in support of what I said regarding 20-bores, I respectfully submit the following ballistic tests made at the famous works of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., at Bridgeport, Conn., to the officers of which I am deeply indebted for their universally courteous treatment and now for having placed at my disposal their splendidly equipped testing range, so complete in all its details as to leave nothing to be desired.

To Mr. William M. Thomas (famously known as U. M. C. Thomas throughout the width and breadth of this land), one of the greatest living experts in ballistics, and to whom all kindred subjects are plain as A, B, C, I am and have been for many years under a debt of deepest gratitude, for of such long-enduring patience, kindness in suggestions and willingness at all times to lead the groping blind, I frankly admit I know not his equal.

In his able assistant, Mr. Howard D. Hodge, I found a man thoroughly au courant, and one so ready to help along with that cheerful manner that invites interrogation that I cannot remember ever having passed more pleasant and instructive days than at the range of the U. M. C. Co., and with its officers, to whom I am indebted for the following tables, submitted in proof of what I have already said regarding small-bore guns.

Ballistic tests made at Bridgeport, Conn., May 3, 1900, over the range and on chronograph of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. Tests made by Mr. Wm. M. Thomas and his assistant, Mr. Howard D. Hodge:

Parker gun, No. 82403, 20-gauge; length of barrel 30 in., Titanic steel; both barrels full choke, chambered for 3 in. cases; shell, 3 in. U. M. C. Smokeless, 20-gauge; powder, Hazard Blue Ribbon, 2½ drs.—say 3½ grs.; shot, Tatham's, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. No. 7 chilled; wads, Trap, $\frac{1}{4}$ in.; Express, $\frac{1}{4}$ in.; black edge "C" card, all 20-gauge: Velocity in feet 40 yds. from muzzle. Pattern in 30 in. circle.

908	194
915	228
919	237
929	191
920	202
904	211
896	222
918	226
909	214
918	214

Average, 913 ft. seconds. Average, 2139 pellets.
Variation, 33 ft. seconds. Variation, 46 pellets.

Same Gun.—Shell, 3 in. U. M. C. Smokeless, 20-gauge; powder, Schultze, 2½ drs.—say 3½ grs.; shot, Tatham's, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. No. 7 chilled; wads, Trap, $\frac{1}{4}$ in.; Express, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. black edge "C" card, all 20-gauge: Velocity in feet 40 yds. from muzzle. Pattern in 30 in. circle.

	Right Barrel.	Left Barrel.
945	214	227
920	198	233
925	199	226
928	223	203
928	191	210
923	225	203
927	101	5)1099

923 221 Average, 219.8 pellets.
915
938 8)1632

Av., 927.8 ft. secs. Av., 204 pellets.

Variation, 30 ft. seconds.
Following this test, 10 shots were fired under precisely same conditions, using Hazard powder, but leaving out the "C" card wad under the shot, and an average velocity of 896 foot seconds—variation, 31 foot seconds—was obtained.

Taking pattern of left barrel for 5 consecutive shots gave an average of 211 pellets.

Then 10 shots were fired, using Schultze, omitting "C" card wad, as above, giving an average velocity of 919 foot seconds—variation, 24 foot seconds. Pattern of left barrel 5 consecutive shots, 205 pellets.

As will be seen, the "C" card wad improved the shooting of the gun, adding but very little to the recoil.

Now, the average velocity reached by the 20-bore gun, using its normal loads—I mean, of course, a 20-bore sufficiently heavy to fire with comfort to the shooter and safety to the gun (2½ drs. of bulk nitro powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Tatham's No. 7 chilled shot)—is say 915 to 920 foot seconds, as against a velocity of 850 foot seconds accorded to the 12-gauge field gun with its normal load of 3 drs. of bulk nitro powder and 1½ oz. of same size and make of shot. So that the 20-bore in legs shows up well with its increased velocity of about 70 foot seconds.

As to pattern, that is all a question of individual guns and chokes. This particular 20-bore is full choke in one set of barrels and goes beyond 75 per cent. of its entire charge within the 30 in. circle at 40 measured yards from its muzzle—which is a splendid performance.

By reducing the powder perhaps 2 grs. a greater percentage of shot might be accounted for, and certainly by diminishing the charge of shot to $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., or by decreasing to 2½ drs., a greater velocity would assuredly be obtained. But as these tests were not made to determine how much shot could be bunched on the plate, nor how fast they could be sent there, but merely to arrive at an approximate idea of what this little gun was actually doing with its every-day charges, I submit that the tests as given above prove beyond question that the gun is a splendid performer, and that it was loaded in capital style. I use at quail early in the season 2½ drs. bulk nitro powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. No. 9½ or No. 10 shot; later along, No. 9 shot, always using chilled shot. At snipe 2½ drs. and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Nos. 8½ or 9 shot, and on very windy days No. 8 or even 7½ shot. At duck, No. 6 or No. 7 shot, and for geese I would use No. 4 or No. 5 shot. I have never had an opportunity of testing this gun at geese, but I hope to this winter, and certainly will if opportunity offers—just as a matter of experiment; not that I regard a 20-bore as an ideal goose gun by any means, for in this kind of shooting one seldom carries the gun or its ammunition, so that the greatest charm of the small bores does not enter into the game.

Availing myself of the opportunity of testing the shooting qualities of my 12-gauge hammer pigeon gun, I further encroached on the goodness of my affable hosts, and I now append tables showing what a modern Parker full-choke pigeon gun can do when loaded with first-class ammunition.

The loads tested were average pigeon loads. An increase of $\frac{1}{4}$ dr. to $\frac{1}{2}$ dr. of powder makes but little difference in this gun, but with 3 drs. to 3½ drs. the pattern would run about 5 to 8 per cent. higher than patterns given below.

Ballistic tests made at Bridgeport, Conn., May 3, 1900, over the range and on chronograph of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., under direction of Mr. Wm. M. Thomas and his assistant, Mr. Howard D. Hodge:

Parker gun, No. 86637, 12-gauge; length of barrels, 22 in., Titanic steel; both barrels full-choke, chambered for 3 in. shells; shell, 3 in. U. M. C. Trap, 12-gauge; powder, Hazard Blue Ribbon, 3½ drs.—say 4½ grs.; shot, 1½ oz. Tatham's No. 7 chilled; wads, Trap, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. black edge, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. Express, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. black—all 12-gauge: Velocity in feet 40 yds. from muzzle. Pattern in 30 in. circle.

992	282
981	282
988	276
995	293
970	280

5)4926 2)1413

Average, 985.2 ft. seconds. Average, 282.6 pellets.

Variation 25 ft. seconds. Variation, 17 pellets.

Substituting $\frac{1}{4}$ in. black-edge wad over the Trap and using 3½ in. shell: Average velocity, 956 ft. seconds; average pattern, 253 pellets.

Average velocity and pattern with equal charges of Dupont powder practically the same.

Same Gun.—Shell, 3 in. U. M. C. Trap, 12-gauge; powder, Schultze, 3½ drs.—say 4½ grs.; shot, 1½ oz. Tatham's No. 7 chilled; wads, Trap, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. black edge; $\frac{1}{4}$ in. Express, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. black edge—all 12-gauge: Velocity in feet 40 yds. from muzzle. Pattern in 30 in. circle.

964	283
979	245
988	292
984	254
979	237

5)4894 5)1311

Average, 978.8 ft. seconds. Average, 262.2 pellets.

Variation, 24 ft. seconds. Variation, 55 pellets.

Substituting a $\frac{1}{4}$ in. black-edge wad over the Trap wad and using a 3½ in. shell: Average velocity, 970 ft. seconds; average pattern, 272 pellets.

Continuing this test for 5 consecutive shots, using 4½ grs. Laflin & Rand powder and 1½ oz. Tatham's chilled shot, loaded in 2½ in. Acme shells, gave an average velocity of 916 ft. seconds; variation, 30 ft. seconds. Patterns were not counted, but from what I know of the gun and the powder I am certain they would have compared well with any made. Perhaps a longer shell would have increased the velocity, but as none were available no test was made.

I am quite sure from what I know of the shooting of this 12-gauge gun that by following up and casting about for different combinations of wads closer patterns could have been obtained, and doubtless greater velocities as well; but as regularity of one shot with another and distribution are such important factors nothing further was done. In fact, there was not time to go into either gun more than superficially, and I feel that neither gun is a freak of its kind, but only what may be expected of any good full-choke gun of that particular make.

I will conclude by saying that I took up the 20-bore with hesitation, not to say distrust. Now, I want no gun of larger gauge, and as proof of this I am now having a 28-gauge built for next season's shooting, and I hope later on, when I know something about it, to report through these columns what so diminutive a caliber can be expected to do.

Honi soit qui mal y pense. If the above will induce some brother sportsman to try a small-bore gun, and should the experiment prove satisfactory, which I trust it may, then I will feel amply repaid for the little I have done in this direction, my principal object being to "lessen the white man's burden" by guiding him toward lighter guns and loads, thereby increasing his pleasure afield and moving along in the right directions.

GAUCHO.

Standard Gun Club.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 31.—Large scores were a feature of the fourteenth weekly shoot of the Standard Gun Club, held to-day. Leader, in the season's club race—No. 4 in the scores appended—was high with 49. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	15	50	Targets:	10	10	15	50
M R A.....	9	7	12	42	King.....	7	13	35	
Leader.....	9	10	14	39	Bramble.....	6	13	35	
Jory.....	7	8	10	39	Thomas.....	6	10	35	
Dixon.....	8	9	14	42	Westport.....	5	9	35	
Franklin.....	7	7	13	33	Engel.....	5	10	35	
Storr.....	10	15	48		Malone.....	4	11	35	
Robb.....	8	8	43						

City Park Gun Club.

NEW ORLEANS, La., July 30.—Some of the scores made at the City Park Gun Club's shoot were excellent. Saucier won the prize shoot from scratch, on the good score of 24 out of 25, making his fourth win, tying Mr. Pitard, who also holds it four times this season. F. E. McKay shot an unusually good rate of 90 per cent., which the boys did not expect of him, closely followed by Saucier, who made 89 per cent. Altogether the day was a very enjoyable one.

The club membership is constantly increasing and the members feel very enthusiastic over the outlook. A new club house is to be erected and the grounds generally renovated. The club will give a tournament in the near future of both live birds and targets, and propose to give at least \$500 added money, and it is expected that a number of the most expert trap shots in the country will be in attendance. The score of the prize shoot is as follows:

Hdcp.	Broke.	Total.	Hdcp.	Broke.	Total.
Saucier.....	0	24	Tabry.....	4	13
Kaufman.....	0	22	Pitard.....	0	15
Picou.....	5	16	Newman.....	9	12
McKay.....	0	20	Darcantel.....	3	14
Novice.....	0	15	Store.....	0	17

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Novice.....	6	12	16	10	11	12	15	9	13	
Saucier.....	10	12	17	14	11	13	14	13	8	13
Kaufman.....	7	15	15	13	13	13	10	7	12	
Picou.....	9	11	11	9	11	11	14	9	13	
McKay.....	18	15	15	13	14	14	9	13		
Tabry.....	9	9	9	4	13					
Pitard.....	9	9	9	7						
Newman.....	10									

Five Pairs: Novice 6, Saucier 8, McKay 8, Kaufman 7, Tabry 5, Picou 6, Darcantel 5.

East Side Gun Club.

SAGINAW, E. S., July 29.—The East Side Gun Club held a very successful shoot yesterday afternoon. Some good marksmanship was a feature of the afternoon sport. Expert shooters were present.

The East Side Gun Club had one of the best shoots of the season yesterday afternoon at their grounds in the Stolz woods and every condition seemed to be favorable to making the event a successful one. The weather, which looked a little like rain about noon, did not interfere with the shooting, and every marksman seemed to be in excellent trim. The shooting was good and some very fancy hits were made.

No. 1 was a practice race, No. 2 the Gun Club race, No. 3, Everett House. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
R O Heikes.....	22	16		J Delorge.....	17	14	
W W McQueen.....	22	17		S C Gage.....	8	8	
John Popp.....	13	14	11	Joe Wolf, Jr.....	15	14	
Joe Smith.....	10	16	18	E Heyde.....	11	13	
Joe Ditz.....	13	10	12	L Dambacher.....	7		
C Henkel.....	10	5	14	C Schueker.....	15		
John Lafayette.....	9	9	11	W C Held.....	4		
F Wolf.....	8	10		F C Bastian.....	11		
J Henny.....	16	7		Chas Schmidt.....	14		
S B Hoffmann.....	15	14		Henry Henny.....	13		
John M Messner.....	15	20	17	Spencer.....	1		
F Bonner.....	10	8		Usher.....	8		
W H Merrill.....	8	3	9	Noe.....	10		
F Johnson.....	10	14		O A Shadbolt.....	10	15	
H W Moshier.....	16	10	16	John Harmann.....	12		
Wm Grant.....	2			James Willhite.....	12		
C B Martindale.....	15						

The shooting all through was good and the winners of the heats did not get them without a struggle. John M. Messner won the Gun Club medal in Class A and Joe Smith in Class B. Joe Smith won the Everett House medal. Two crack shots were present—R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., and W. W. McQueen, of Hastings, Mr. Chas. Schmidt gave an exhibition shoot and broke 14 out of 15.

JOHN M. MESSNER, Sec'y.

Brockton Gun Club.

BROCKTON, Mass., July 28.—Nos. 1 to 5 were the prize shoot. No. 7 gives the handicaps, No. 8 the totals. The conditions were good for shooting.

Le Roy was high with 94. We had a lady who tried her hand at the targets and broke 3 out of 7. We think she did very good, as she never shot a gun before. We are in hopes to make a good shoot of her.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets and handicaps	10	10	10	10	10			
Le Roy.....	10	10	10	8	9	47	3	50
Leonard.....	9	9	8	10	8	44	13	50
Hepner.....	8	8	10	9	8	43	8	50
Worthing.....	9	10	8	7	7	41	9	50
Wood.....	9	8	8	7	9	41	11	50
Grant.....	8	8	8	6	9	39	10	49
Taylor.....	9	5	9	6	7	36	10	46

*Doubles. A. F. LEONARD, Sec'y.

Noramake Gun Club.

SOUTH NORWALK, Conn., Aug. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The third monthly summer open shoot of the Noramakes is to be held Friday, Aug. 17, at the club grounds, Dorlan's Point, reached from N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. depot by white trolley car. The preceding shoots have all proved very enjoyable and the participants have invariably expressed their appreciation of the efforts of the Noramakes, who are the peers of any club in the State in their ability to run a shoot as it should be run. Targets for this shoot will be 1 cent each, and at this price we expect a large following of cracks. A good programme will be run off, 10 to 20 targets in each event, sweeps from 50 cents to \$1.50. Shells, etc., may be shipped to E. H. Fox, South Norwalk, who will also furnish programmes or other information, or H. Gehrmann, president of the Noramakes, who will be pleased to hear from any of the fraternity regarding the third open shoot as above.

Included in the programme of the Noramakes at their third monthly open shoot will be a team shoot for five men, 30 targets to each man, with \$10 donated by the club to the winning team. Sweep optional. Teams are looked for from New Haven, Stamford, Meriden and other places. The programme will be an attractive one and will be ready shortly. The team race is open to any gun club in the State of Connecticut.

E. H. FOX.

Trap at Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—In the July shoot for the Elliott medals at Washington Park, Kansas City, on July 28, at 25 live birds, Bramhall killed 25, making thereby a straight score. The scores:

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Altoona and Vicinity.

ALTOONA, Pa.—There has been considerable activity among trapshooters heretofore during the past month, despite the extreme hot weather. Cresson, Huntingdon and Altoona in particular have been holding weekly shoots, and all the clubs are more or less in evidence.

There has been some talk of forming a league of clubs from Blair, Huntingdon, Bedford, Cambria and Clearfield counties, and it is likely that the project will be brought to a focus before the frost ripens the outing season. There is plenty of good material to draw from, and such a combination would not only stimulate the several strong clubs, but strengthen the weaker organizations as well. There are six or eight live clubs within a short radius. The object of the league would be not only trapshooting, but the enforcement of the game and fish laws, which are being badly abused in many localities.

The Saturday half holiday affords an opportunity for the Altoona boys to try conclusions at the trap, and some lively contests can be seen at the grounds any Saturday afternoon, rain or shine. Following are some of the recent scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Kottly	9	12	8	14	10	12	8	11	6	13
Sands	9	13	8	13	10	11	9	12	8	12
Weil	3	7	3	6	3	6	3	9	6	9
Zeth	8	13	10	14	8	13	10	12	8	14
McNaught	8	12	9	14	9	12	9	12	9	13
Clover	7	14	8	13	9	14	9	13	7	14
Harpham	3	2	4	3	2	4	3	7	3	7
Houck	7	11	9	13	7	13	7	12	7	13
G. T. Bell	10	6	10	6	10	6	10	7	10	7
Wolf	11	8	12	8	12	8	11	8	11	11
Killitts	12	9	13	10	15	10	14	10	13	10
Carpenter	8	6	7	6	11	3	10	3	10	3
Rothert	6	3	6	7	10	3	9	6	7	7
Feeney	3	2	4	6	7	3	4	6	4	6
House	9	7	11	7	12	7	8	7	13	7
Wharton	3	2	7	2	1	2	7	2	8	7
Young	4	3	5	3	5	3	6	4	7	4
Dipner	8	14	9	13	9	13	9	13	9	14
Forney	9	13	9	13	9	13	9	13	9	13
Hanigan	6	9	3	10	3	10	4	10	4	10

A most enjoyable time was had Saturday afternoon, July 28, at the grounds of the Cresson Gun Club, it being the occasion of a farewell shoot in honor of their president, Mr. Frank P. Abercrombie, who has been transferred from superintendent of the Cresson & Clearfield division of the Pennsylvania Railroad to a similar position on the Amboy division of the same system, with headquarters at Camden, N. J. Dr. F. M. Christy and G. G. Zeth, of Altoona, and J. R. Hull, of Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn., took part in the shooting. The members of the club almost to a man were in evidence, and the afternoon was spent most pleasantly. Following are the scores. Events Nos. 3 and 7 were doubles, and No. 4 was a walking match:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	10	5	20	15	10
Smith	17	8	4	14	11	8	8
Kellerman	8	2	4	6	1	1	1
Highberger	18	4	17	1	1	1	1
McClaren	13	13	7	3	11	5	5
Meehan	14	1	16	1	1	1	1
Abe	17	20	5	16	1	1	1
Richards	11	2	5	2	1	1	1
Freeman	20	19	5	4	17	5	5
Charlton	9	18	1	10	1	1	1
Clover	20	8	1	16	4	4	4
Zeth	19	3	16	14	1	1	1
O'Brien	14	3	11	7	3	3	3
Thompson	11	0	6	7	1	1	1
Hull	21	9	5	17	15	6	6
Chet	22	11	9	5	5	5	5
Weiner	4	3	9	3	3	3	3
Coon	4	4	12	12	4	4	4
Cole	0	2	3	1	1	1	1
Pfuster	9	9	1	1	1	1	1
Connell	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bob	10	10	1	1	1	1	1
Porter	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

After the events had been shot out the party repaired to the Anderson Hotel. Mr. Abercrombie was called into the parlor, where Mr. Charlton, on behalf of the club, in a neat speech, presented to him, as a parting memento, a handsome quartered oak gun cabinet. Mr. Abercrombie fittingly responded, after which all adjourned to the dining room, where mine host Wendroth had prepared a bounteous feast of good things, and over which several hours were spent in exchanging reminiscences of the trap and field.

In Mr. Abercrombie we lose one of the best and most gentlemanly trapshooters in this section. His association with shooters is an influence for the refinement of the sport, and the club to which he belongs has a tireless worker. What is our loss, however, is New Jersey's gain.

Mr. J. R. Hull, of Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn., spent several days among Altoona shooters recently.

The Huntingdon Gun Club has enlarged its club house, and now has a most convenient and pleasant place for a day's shooting.

Tom Keller, of the Peters Cartridge Co., was a business visitor several weeks ago, and was too busy to tarry long enough to meet the boys and have a "go" at the trap. Next time, Tom, you won't get off so easily.

Since writing my last letter to this journal I have received a letter from one of the members of the Johnstown Gun Club, in which it is claimed that I was mistaken in my recent assertion that a proper feeling did not exist between that organization and the Altoona Club. It is to be hoped that the gentleman is correct, as nothing would be more gratifying than a resumption of the old-time shooting relations between these clubs.

The Cresson Gun Club has recently built a very neat and convenient club house. Heretofore they were at the mercy of the elements during shoots. Now they are right up to date.

Anent the forming of a league and the revival of friendly contests between clubs, it might be well to venture the assertion that this cannot be successfully accomplished until the money-making greed has been eliminated from shoots. I have talked to a number of members of various clubs, and find that about all the old "sore" date back to some time when the sport was lost sight of and the winning of money (no matter how accomplished) was the only object. Manufacturers' agents and professionals have never done half the harm to our local shoots that our own 80 to 90 per cent. men do. We are now encouraging shooting for targets, and, when sweeps are gotten up, a very small entrance. I recently attended a shoot where some twenty-five shooters, from 40 to 90 per cent. men, shot throughout the programme, not one dropping out. The entrance was so small that even the man of moderate means could stay and take chances of getting a place occasionally, the better shots got sufficient return for their small investment, all had a pleasant time, and the club got a snug sum from targets. There would be some encouragement for manufacturers' agents to attend such shoots. We cannot expect them to pay big expenses and shoot for targets when the local sharks are driving away the very class of shooters they want to meet. Take, for example, the Altoona Rod and Gun Club's Wopson-cnock shoot last year. A fine array of cracks stayed throughout the programme for targets only; but the amateurs were not there, and while they helped the club out from a financial standpoint they could not get the return that they were entitled to.

Of course, this theory is not a new one; it has been advanced many times, and it surely deserves more thought than has been given it by those who make up programmes. Previous to the changes made in the State game laws some years ago the writer, who represented the State Sportsmen's Association in this county, championed the cause of open season for woodcock hunting during the month of July. Our legislators from this district supported the measure in that form. The majority of the counties were of the same opinion, and it became a law. Recent observations have convinced many of us that the law is not a wise one. Bags of this kind of game birds have been brought in that contained more than half their number of birds not much more than one-third grown. Only a few days ago I saw a bag of six that had scarcely been able to fly. There is little or no skill required to kill them, and it is to be wondered that men who call themselves sportsmen would do so.

There have been a fair number of birds hereabouts this summer, and, let alone till October, there would be fine sport. It is to be hoped that the matter will be taken up again by the association and the next Legislature, which convenes early in the new year, induced to make the entire summer a close season. The trout season, recently closed, showed quite an improvement over recent years. The measures taken to prevent the pollution of streams have been effective. Some members of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club planted a large number of fry last spring and the prospects for good fishing a few years hence are very bright.

Referring to the trout season calls to mind a little incident that appeals to those of us who see the funny side of life, and I have thought it worth telling to the readers of these items:

Two prominent members of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, known among their associates as Billie and Willie, all togged up in sportsmen's attire, and laden with the wants of the nimrod, one day went a-fishing. Their objective point was a stream, the better fishing ground of which ran through some inclosed, advertised land. So they first proceeded to square themselves with the owner.

In this undertaking they were quite successful. The big-hearted farmer not only granted them the desired privilege, but invited them to share the comforts of his mountain home; and that night they, wrapped in the downy comforts of his "spare" bed, dreamed pleasant dreams. Scarcely had the first streaks of the next dawn begun to peep through the treetops when they were called to breakfast, and at an early hour they were ready to start for the stream, only a few rods distant. Now, Billie is an all-around sportsman, in the true sense of the term. At the traps he is a top-notch, in the field a sure shot, either with rifle or scatter gun, and knows the woods and streams like a book. He took occasion, before getting down to business this morning, to give Willie some points in fly-casting. He rigged up his tackle and began to illustrate just what he had been explaining, when all of a sudden he felt such a jerk that might have chased the heart of any angler up into his throat. It did more than this with Billie. He had been somewhat wild in a cast and had hooked a full-grown sheep that had not yet been divested of its winter coat. At this moment a race began that would have put to tears the most sober minded. Great visions of New York sporting goods houses appeared before him. There, suspended between him and his sheepship, was the finest rig they could produce. Willie was rolling on the sod in a fit of laughter. Farmer Reed came out of the barn just in time to see the start, and in a furious rage hallooed to him to stop chasing that sheep. In allowing them to fish on his lands he had not supposed that they would be mischievous enough to pester his stock. A moment later the real situation dawned upon him and he hastened to the house to summon the family to see the fun. All the time Billie was doing his best at second place in the race. The sheep had led the way in several circles around the barn and Billie had by this time given him so much line that it would have been difficult to a new spectator to tell which was the pursuer and which the pursued. Presently Mr. Sheep concluded to try new tactics and started for the woods. The fences they had to cross and the water that Billie struck before he knew he had come to it took all the line he had, and as he fished himself out of that sparkling trout stream the much-abused sheep climbed a friendly hill on the other side.

Pigeon Shooting at Ostend.

THE following is taken from the Paris edition of the Herald: Ostend, Monday.—The most valuable single pigeon shooting prize ever shot for was concluded yesterday at the Tir Wellington, Ostend. For the six preliminary events and final no less than 100,000 francs had been given by the Kursaal Club.

Shooting began on Monday, the 16th inst., and 135 shots took part on the opening day, the stakes being divided between Messrs. C. Robinson, E. C. Oakley and Sir R. Musgrave.

For the finals yesterday there were ninety entries, all the best shots of Europe competing. Perhaps the only absentee of note was Count V. Voss. With this exception all the famous pigeon shots who are to be found at Monte Carlo every winter were present. The following names chosen from the list will suffice to show the importance of the meeting:

Messrs. Vernon, Barker, Roberts, Sir R. Musgrave, Hodgson Roberts, Dudley Ward, J. Curling, the Hon. Fitzroy Erskine, E. C. Oakley, Lord Portarlington, Lord Savile, French Brewster, Horton, T. R. Ker, Powell-Cotton, F. M. Cobb, A. Meakin, S. P. Watkins, were among those who represented England. Mr. Crittenden Robinson and Capt. Emmerson represented the United States and Mr. Mackintosh, Australia. Signori Riva, Crespi, Mainetto Ghido, Galetti, Comte Gajoli, Grasselli, Fadini, Pederzoli, Comte Radini, Marconini, Fabbriotti, Guidicini and Puccinelli represented Italy. Germany was represented by Count Dankelmann, Herren Hans Marsch, Von Mauberge and Von Pape; France by MM. Journu, Faure, Baron Gourgaud, Gervais, Maxton; Spain by the Marquis De Villaviciosa. All the crack Belgian shots were present, of course, at their head MM. L. De Lunden, Chevalier D'Ydevalle, Paul Lunden, Baron De Coppin, Count J. De Lannoy and Baron De Molembaix.

Shooting began at 1 o'clock and a fashionable and representative gathering soon filled every available chair of the admirably situated tir, which may be said to be the most perfect pigeon shooting building in existence, so much so that the authorities of the Gun Club in England have asked for plans, etc., to copy the building and its installations.

At the end of the 16th round only seven shots remained on the list, these being Mr. Robert, 26½ meters; M. Faure, 25 meters; the Chevalier D'Ydevalle, 24½ meters; Count Dankelmann, 26½ meters; Baron De Coppin, 23 meters, and M. Maxton, 22 meters. It will be seen from this list that all the chief nations stood an even chance of winning the event. The betting was most brisk, M. Journu and the Hon. Fitzroy Erskine being among the heaviest layers of odds. The latter stood up and yelled with delight each time that Mr. Roberts grassed his bird, and the tumult was great whenever the crack English shot returned up the steps with his gun.

From the outset he, along with Messrs. Robinson, Mackintosh and Count Dankelmann, was made a favorite. The Californian and the Australian cracks dropped out, Mr. Mackintosh being furthest back on the 29½ meters mark. There can, however, be no doubt but that Count Dankelmann—who is a mighty hunter, like M. L. De Lunden—and Mr. Roberts were shooting best. Both seldom used their second barrel and mostly shot their birds stone dead. A clinking bluecock brought about the first-named's downfall, and at the 23d round only Mr. Roberts and M. Maxton, who hails from Calais, were left in. They agreed to divide the stakes, and on shooting off in the 24th round M. Maxton missed and Mr. Robert was left the winner on the verge of 7 o'clock.

There was great enthusiasm, and Mr. Harry Roberts was carried shoulder high, receiving congratulations from all sides and the gold medal. This great success was by no means needed to establish his fame. He is as well known at the traps as his namesake at the billiard table, and is the type of an English sportsman.

Woonsocket Gun Club.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., July 30.—The local club held an open shoot Saturday, July 28, in which members and visitors from Providence and Pascoag joined:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Angles:	K	U	U	K	U	U	U	U	U
Root	7	13	19	11	15	14	18	11	14
Griffith	7	13	12	11	19	12	17	12	13
F. W. Arnold	8	12	16	14	15	13	14	1	1
Whitin	7	12	16	13	16	11	16	10	17
Getchell	8	13	18	14	19	14	17	14	19
Budlong	5	8	15	7	11	5	15	8	14
Powell	5	10	10	9	10	6	13	8	6
Marlin	8	13	13	11	15	1	1	1	1
Rust	8	10	11	13	12	10	16	14	14
Mills	10	14	18	15	17	12	16	12	17
W. O. Darling	5	7	10	11	14	9	1	1	1
Seagrave	3	13	1	1	1	1	13	1	1
A. Arnold	16	9	10	8	7	10	12	1	1
Inman	9	14	16	11	18	12	1	1	1
Fairbrother	8	9	11	1	1	1	1	1	1
E. R. Darling	8	10	14	13	9	1	1	1	1
Ford	9	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

E. W. KENT, Sec'y.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

FITCHBURG, Mass., July 30.—Our regular shoot was held this afternoon, and some very good shooting was done, Rob showing up in good shape. If he keeps up this gait he will make the older shooters hustle.

Our first match shoot with Gardner, Leominster and Fitchburg will take place in Gardner on Wednesday, Aug. 8, in the afternoon.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	25	10	15	10	15	10	25
Converse	7	7	6	6	6	11	20	6	11	7	8	21	1
Wilder	10	5	9	6	10	6	10	17	7	10	8	19	1
Cutler	10	10	8	8	14	23	10	14	10	8	19	1	1
Rob	9	10	8	7	5	9	19	1	1	1	1	1	1
Esty	6	6	7	8	5	6	11	10	1	1	1	1	1
Donovan	6	7	7	6	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Lamb	2	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Russell	6	5	9	14	7	12	8	1	1	1	1	1	1
Dwight	5	12	19	8	6	8	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Rice	14	23	8	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Austin	4	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

I. O. CONVERSE, Sec'y.

Boston Shooting Association.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 1.—The all-day shoot of the Boston Shooting Association at Wellington to-day was a grand success in point of numbers. Eighty shooters were present, and a majority of them shot in the events which were open to them. It was the largest attendance at a shoot in Massachusetts for more than ten years. Unfortunately, we were not prepared to handle such a crowd to the best advantage and had but one set of five traps ready. It took nearly an hour to fix the handicaps and shooting on the regular programme did not begin until 11 o'clock. After that time more than 6,000 targets were thrown.

We had to plead guilty to the charge that we did not have traps enough and threw ourselves on the mercy of the shooters. With one or two exceptions they appreciated our predicament, took it in good part, accepted our apologies for the day and our promise not to be caught napping a second time.

Delegations of shooters were present from New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont, all sections of Massachusetts, and manufacturers' agents hailing from various other States.

Events 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 were open events, with a distance handicap. Paid agents stood at 20yds., expert amateurs at 18 and amateurs of 80 per cent. and below at 16.

Events 2, 4, 6 and 8 were open only to amateurs whose shooting average was 80 per cent. and below, all standing at 16yds. Event 2 was also shot by the paid agents and expert amateurs as an extra.

It was a bright, sunny day. A brisk wind blew directly across the traps, causing the left-hand targets to climb suddenly into the air and the right-hand targets to drop and duck, so that machine shooting was out of order and individual judgment on each target was required. These conditions account for the comparatively low averages.

The programme called for fourteen events. The last five could not be shot on account of the difficulties above mentioned.

Leroy was high among the paid agents, Herbert among the expert amateurs and P. H. Sawin and George carried away the honors among the amateurs.

Below are the scores and also the averages of all who shot in four or more events, the shooters being given the benefit of fractions in per cent.

Events 1, 2 and 7, known angles. Events 3, 4 and 9, unknown angles. Events 5 and 6, reversed angles. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	15	15	20	20	15	15	15	15	15	Av.
Griffith, 18	11	10	14	9	13	1	1	1	1	.720
Henderson, 18	11	12	14	12	1	1	1	1	1	.760
Herbert, 18	13	15	16	12	14	14	1	1	1	.890
Leroy, 20	12	17	11	11	14	1	1	1	1	.830
Baker, 18	11	11	15	11	11	1	1	1	1	.740
Getchell, 18	11	13	14	7	8	1	1	1	1	.670
T Howe, 18	10	14	11	11	9	12	1	1	1	.710
Rule, 18	13	12	10	10	1	1	1	1	1	.700
Walls, 18	11	9	14	9	15	1	1	1	1	.730
Bond, 18	12	9	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..
Martin, 18	11	9	12	9	1	1	1	1	1	.650
Stark, 16	11	12	9	12	7	1	1	1	1	.600
Nardini, 16	9	11	14	14	9	10	12	12	8	.720
Mason, 16	9	11	15	13	9	9	9	1	1	.660
Haskell, 16	8	8	12	15	6	7	9	12	10	.600
George, 16	13	11	17	18	7	11	13	12	15	.820
Miller, 16	9	14	16	12	11	10	10	13	1	.740
Horace, 16	12	13	15	1	1	1	1	1	1	..
Leonard, 16	12	8	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	..
Morse, 16	6	6	1	8	1	1	1	1	1	..
Farmer, 16	9	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..
Fletcher, 16	9	11	14	11	1	1	1	1	1	.650
Marlin, 16	11	11	13	1	5	12	1	1	1	.650
Bartlett, 16	12	9	14	1	1	1	1	1	1	..
Stacy, 16	7	9	14	14	8	13	12	1	1	.670
Perry, 16	14	8	12	13	8	6	1	1	1	.610
Shepard, 16	8	8	13	12	9	11	1	1	1	.610
P H, 16	13	10	17	16	11	12	11	15	13	.830
Dodge, 16	7	4	1	1	8	1	1	1	1	.470
Clark, 16	8	10	14	13	1	1	1	1	1	.650
Fuller, 16	12	14	11	14	1	1	1	1	1	.730
Galer, 16	14	10	14	1	9	1	1	1	1	.680
Doten, 16	6	6	12	9	1	1	1	1	1	.480
Bill, 16	7	8	9	1	1	1	1	1	1	..
Gates, 16	10	8	11	1	6	1	1	1	1	.540
Snow, 16	10	9	10	11	1	7	1	1	1	.560
Turney, 16	3	5	7	1	7	1	1	1	1	.340
Omar, 16	7	6	6	9	6	1	1	1	1	.350
Gore, 16	5	10	13	8	7	1	1	1	1	.540
Mack, 16	10	7	13	11	1	1	1	1	1	.650
Nichols, 16	12	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..
Keller, 16	9	8	8	6	1	1	1	1	1	.450
See, 16	11	9	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..
Sawin, 16	13	13	14	16	10	13	13	14	13	.830
Wood, 16	7	8	12	11	1	1	1	1	1	.550
Worthing, 16	10	9	16	8	1	4	1	1	1	.540
Allison, 18	9	11	13	11	8	12	1	1	1	.680
Tozier, 16	10	5	7	1	1	1	1	1	1	..
Bowen, 16	8	9	13	11	6	6	7	1	1	.530
Rowe, 16	9	1	10	1	1	1	1	1	1	..
Odekirk, 16	8	1	1	1	6	1	1	1	1	..
I B S, 16	10	10	10	1	1	1	1	1	1	..
Sporty, 16	9	11	10	1	6	1	1	1	1	.520
Kemp, 16	4	4	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	..
Lincoln, 16	9	10	1	7	7	1	1	1	1	.460
Prouty, 16	7	7	8	11	6	7	1	1	1	.460
Lyman, 16	7	7	7	11	5	10	1	1	1	.480
Laue, 16	6	8	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..
King, 16	13	12	14	10	11	12	12	10	1	.730
Howe, 16	11	11	1	8	10	1	1	1	1	.610
Crompton, 16	5	10	10	6	4	1	1	1	1	.390
Crabtree, 16	9	9	8	10	13	1	1	1	1	.610
Tuck, 16	9	13	8	8	8	1	1	1	1	.590
Burton, 16	4	10	6	5	1	1	1	1	1	.390
Cake, 16	8	10	12	9	10	9	1	1	1	.520
Tyler, 16	9	10	12	5	1	1	1	1	1	..
Isham, 16	8	10	9	1	1	1	1	1	1	..
Leland, 16	8	13	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	..

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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A CONTRAST.

TAKE the case of the angler who chafes under the restraints of his work until he can get away, who has his day or week of fishing, and then returns and takes up the grind again. Suppose he had a month or six weeks of it, would he find the same zest in casting his flies in the last week as in the first? This much at least may be said, that as fishing and shooting are occupations so complex and with elements so diverse, the satisfaction of them is likely to endure for a longer time than of any other branch of sport. Age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety.

If we would appreciate how sane and rational are the sportsman's pursuits of rod and gun, we must contrast them with the common amusements affected by great masses of mankind. Consider as an example ready at hand the diversions so popular at the Bowery end of Coney Island—one of the playgrounds of Greater New York. Here is a vast congeries of cheap hotels, bathing establishments, iron piers, drinking saloons, clam chowder "joints," dancing pavilions, merry-go-rounds, roller coasters, chutes, aerial railways, restaurants, gambling dens, Ferris wheels, palmists' "parlors," fortune tellers' tents, female beauty shows, more gambling dens, variety entertainments, song and dance halls, pornographic penny peep shows, open air games of chance, peanut, popcorn and candy stands, penny-in-the-slot weighing machines, wild-man-from-the-Philippines fakes, exhibitions of microcephalous idiots, Japanese jugglers, Egyptian dancing girls, Wild West shows, Frankfurter sausage grills, trained animals, racks of cat effigies for target ball throwing, rifle shooting galleries, lung testers, astrologists' booths, lifting machines, lecture platforms, sledge-hammer muscle tests, ring pitching banks, Punch and Judy shows, clam and lobster counters, pretzel peddlers, electric light photograph galleries, freak shows, flying horses and catch-penny devices without number. The air is rent with the cries of huckster-voiced "barkers," the strident shrieks of the calliopes, the rattle and bang and roar of the roller coasters, the ear-piercing whistle of the peanut ovens, the crash of hammers, crack of rifles, thump of target balls, discord of brass bands, falsetto of black songsters, beating of drums, and the confused din and hurly-burly and uproar of rival stand keepers bawling to the multitude. And it is a multitude indeed. Tens of thousands of people visit Coney Island on a week day and a hundred thousand on a Sunday, to plunge into the vortex, emerge and go home fully persuaded that they have had a good time.

But what would be the effect of subjecting a Coney Island holiday maker to a continuous term of a fortnight's participation in the seaside diversions which for an hour or an afternoon he appears so thoroughly to delight in? Compel him for two weeks to ride on the roller coasters, throw the target balls at the cats, imbibe schooners of froth, shoot the chutes, ride on the merry-go-rounds, listen to the vacuities of the vaudevilles, gaze at the muscle dancers, spin around on the aerial railways, weigh himself on the slot machines, contemplate the wild Philippino devouring his chunk of raw meat, study the idiot in his cage, test his lungs, have his fortune told, the lines of his hand read, his horoscope calculated, pound with the sledge hammers, have his picture taken by electric light, peep at the pornographic photographs, lunch on the Frankfurter sausages, hear the falsetto singers, ride on the flying horses, attend the beauty shows and the Wild Wests and the Japanese juggling performances and the snake charmers and the monster the only one of its kind ever caught alive—let him do all these things every day, or do any one of them all day, for two weeks, what would he think of it at the end of the term? It is reasonable to conclude that if he came out of the experience with faculties so far preserved as to make a coherent statement, he would declare that as for him he had had enough

of the Coney Island recreation to last him a lifetime, even to the one hundred and nineteen years of the late John Gomez.

When one contemplates the pleasure making of the multitude at the shore, how sane and sensible in contrast are the sports of forest and stream.

W. P. GREENOUGH.

WE regret to announce the death on Aug. 3 of W. P. Greenough, Esq., Seigneur of Perthuis, Quebec. The end came at his fishing château on Lac Clair in the midst of the virgin forest where he most loved to live.

Mr. Greenough was a frequent contributor to FOREST AND STREAM. He wrote as G. de Montauban, having taken the name of one of his beautiful lakes, Lac Montauban.

On the death of his father about fifteen years ago, Mr. Greenough retired from business in Boston and undertook the care of the estate in Canada. This seigneurial estate consists of over one hundred square miles of spruce forest. It is a sporting paradise. The numerous lakes and rivers are the home of the trout, and caribou roam at will over the undisturbed forest. The hospitality of the fishing camp at Lac Clair will not soon be forgotten by many people in both the United States and Canada. The camp laws were:

Les caprices des femmes.

The game laws.

The Ten Commandments.

Mr. Greenough was a rare raconteur and an ardent lover of local traditions, history and folk lore. He would drive a day's journey for a good story. To preserve the tone and style of some very old French-Canadian stories he had them successfully recorded on the graphophone. He was a great admirer of French-Canadian life and character. The beauties of life in the Province of Quebec are well told in his books, "Canadian Folk Life and Folk Lore."

Mr. Greenough will be missed by the friends of sport, game preservation and forestry, and by many people in all conditions of life to whom he has shown kindness and hospitality.

"'Tis winter; thicker on the lakes
Their frozen fetters grow;
The myriad life that summer wakes
Is buried deep in snow;
Still come, let's go,
'Le bois est toujours beau.'"

THE TORCH AT LEECH LAKE.

THE recent excursion of delegates from the Milwaukee meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs into the proposed National Park region of northern Minnesota resulted in the discovery of what appears to be a diabolical plot on the part of the lumbermen to get control of the territory by ravaging it with fire and thus acquiring it under the provisions of the iniquitous "dead and down timber" law. The facts are given in a letter written by Mrs. Lydia P. Williams, President of the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs, to Mr. Charles Cristadoro.

Landing at a point on Leech Lake to walk across and meet the steamer on the other side, Mrs. Williams and companions made discovery of a kerosene torch which had been used very recently to burn a fine group of pines. The following day another torch was found; and Mrs. Williams writes, "When I commented on the startling discovery of this criminal act to a resident standing by when we landed at Walker, the reply was, 'Oh, yes, your find is not a rare one. The lumbermen intend to have the pine on this reservation if they fire the forests to get it, and then they'll give you women the land for a park.'"

This indicates the nature of the opposition to the establishment of the park. Those who are fighting the project are a few lumbermen who want to get the lumber, and leagued with them the gin mill and brothel keepers and gamblers who prey on the lumber-jacks and the river drivers. It is the few against the many. The interest of private greed against that of the people at large.

Mrs. Williams gives as the verdict of the visiting delegates from the Federation of Women's Clubs—and they represent a membership of 200,000 in the various States—a resolution that "The pine growths of these reservations should be preserved as a proper setting and outline for the magnificent lakes they border, an object lesson in forestry and a National Park."

Of a contest between incendiaries of the woods on the one side and an organization of 200,000 women on the other side, the event should not be in doubt.

The Minnesota National Park will be achieved if only the public shall be educated to an understanding of what it means for the generations of to-day and to-morrow.

SNAP SHOTS.

That Maine man who, as Special tells us, would have the game laws repealed and the sportsmen kept out of Maine as immoral persons, must have been unfortunate in his opportunities of observation or else have viewed the man of rod and gun asquint. There are, it is true, numerous persons who go down to Maine under pretense of fishing or shooting, for the main purpose of having a spree; indulge in a prolonged drunk themselves and corrupt natives with whom they come in contact. Such men may call themselves sportsmen and may be regarded as sportsmen by the people among whom they go. But no intelligent citizen of Maine, we trust, would think of accepting such persons as typical of the sportsman's class or in any fair sense representative of it. There are black sheep in every flock; but the hundreds and thousands of visitors from other States who have been resorting to Maine for the last quarter-century for fishing and shooting have not been of a character to give ground for just imputation upon their respectability or morality.

The time has gone by when slurs on the expeditions of sportsmen could find reason in wilderness sprees. There was a period when it was a common custom to go into the woods under pretense of fishing, but with the real purpose of a debauch, and when the bottle and demijohn and keg were the chief factors of the luggage. There are such expeditions to-day. But reckoning the grand total of outings, the sprees are a negligible part of them. The average camper of to-day conducts himself in this regard in the woods just as he does at home.

Dr. J. S. Palmer, Assistant Chief of the Biological Survey, is engaged in an investigation of the merits of the Belgian hare as an addition to our American catalogue of domesticated animals, and perhaps of wild animals, if it shall breed in a wild state. The hare-breeding industry was started in California less than two years ago by the importation of stock from Europe; it struck the popular fancy and has been developed at a marvelous rate. The promoters of the industry claimed that the hare would be a valuable product for food and for its fur, from which is made the felt of felt hats. But so popular has the fancy proved that the breeding animals have commanded high prices for stock purposes, and to-day the hare ranks in price with the favored breeds of dogs and choice strains of poultry. The fad is spreading.

Dr. Palmer's investigation has for one of its purposes a determination of whether the Belgian hare, if it were to escape from captivity and breed in a wild state, would prove a menace to agricultural interests, as the wild rabbit has done in Australia and New Zealand. One consideration in the problem, and a most important one, is the fact that the Belgian hare has a value for meat and skin; and no creature which thus invites pursuit is likely to prove a nuisance. If the hare shall ever become wild in this country breechloader and factory-loaded ammunition may be depended upon to keep it within bounds.

Some of the Long Island coast salt-water fishermen who discovered a new pocket of bass and fluke and porgies the other day had famous fishing until the market fishermen observed them, and in their smacks descended upon the hole and cleaned it out. The ruin of the spot as a resort for pleasure fishermen has greatly incensed the local boatmen and others, who have seen not only the fishing destroyed but their own profitable occupation gone as well; and they have been discussing the practicability of forbidding market fishing. As a consideration of dollars and cents, the pleasure fishing by amateurs, who pay generously for board and boats and bait and often give the bulk of their bass away, is worth vastly more to the residents than any commercial fishery could ever be. If there were a practicable way to confine fishing to fishing for sport, these people would do so purely for business reasons. It is the fishing which pays them best.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Canoeing in South America.

Of all the adventures encountered during a year and four months traversing the second largest of the earth's rivers, the Parana and its tributaries, the most thrilling, and those that will leave on my mind the most vivid impressions, were experienced on the River Cuyaba, some 2,000 miles north of Buenos Ayers, after having paddled our canoe from March 12 to Aug. 7. The settlements that might in any sense be termed civilized were few and far between—in fact, except it was here and there a steamboat wooding station, only Indian villages were the habitations for hundreds of miles in any direction. This was a season of inundations, the banks of the rivers we had traversed in many places being several feet under water. Having to depend upon our rifles to provide our meat, often it would be several days before we could find dry land enough upon which we could do any hunting or light a fire to cook a meal. By the time we had reached a point some fifty miles above the Rio San Lorenzo, we had come to a country where we considered it might be made profitable for us to stop a few months. Our ammunition and stores had run low, and to stock up anew for the period we had decided to remain in that vicinity, a trip must be made to Cuyaba, some 300 miles north.

Leaving my companion, I took passage on a passing "chara," or flat boat, pushed by long poles in the hands of Indians and half-breeds. It was my intention to return in about fifteen or twenty days to our camp, but I was destined to be delayed on account of not receiving a telegram from New York via Rio Janeiro, the telegraph line from Cuyaba to Rio being interrupted for many days. Instead of twenty days, it was nearly forty before I landed again on the bank of the river near where we had pitched our tent.

It was a little past midnight when my effects were all on shore. Our camp had been located some distance from the bank of the river, so I did not think it strange that my companion was not at hand to meet me; besides, he was a very sound sleeper. It took some time to make a blaze of the damp wood to light up the surroundings, by which time the launch was well down the river and nearly out of sight from my position. At this moment a thought dawned upon me to go down to the cave around the bend and see if my canoe was moored in its usual place. Grasping a brand from the fire, I started, swinging it around my head to keep it ablaze, to light my way. One can well imagine my surprise to find no canoe, and about the landing no tracks of recent making were visible. Could it be that I was alone upon that wilderness spot, a veritable jungle, with no habitation except here and there an Indian camp for hundreds of miles?

The Indians of the section at this time had been at war among their neighboring tribes two or three years before colonized by the State of Matto Grosso, and an attempt had been made to make soldiers of them. Their nature would not permit of this state of existence, so they soon deserted and dispersed in roving bands, subsisting by hunting and fishing, and traveling long distances and stealing cattle from squatters here and there. They are said to have been cannibals, and to this day they are accused of that barbarous practice. Only two years ago one of their bands crept into the limits of the city of Cuyaba at night, murdering men and carrying off women and children. At a very recent date whole settlements have been massacred and the houses burned by this tribe of daredevils. While passing up the River Cuyaba we went ashore at several banana and orange groves where once were settlements, but the owners had been killed or had deserted them on account of fear. This tribe is called Corvados. They are very large frame and muscular, heads and features above the average in size. Scarcely one of this tribe can be found standing less than 6 feet in height. Firearms they do not use, nor do they believe in them, using bows and arrows and spears for every kind of game. Nothing is so wild or ferocious that they cannot secure it. They shoot fish by lying on the bank and shooting straight up into the air that the arrow may in descending enter the water perpendicularly among the shoals of fish. They hold the bow with the feet usually, and use both hands to draw the arrow. A bow which they will spring to the arrow-head, one unaccustomed to it could not draw it back 6 inches.

Having had dealings with this tribe, and seeing in experience what many had told me before, is it a wonder that my heart sank within me when I realized in that instant my situation? I could not wait till daylight to go to the camp ground, so I secured a torch and set out to go over the road to it, cut through thorns and the everywhere-prevailing *caraguata*. My last hope vanished when I found there also no trace of recent habitation except tracks of alligators, tigers, better known as the South American jaguar, and *antas*, which abound in all parts of Central South America. Going back to where my effects had been landed by the steamer. I could not refrain from the words aloud, "What shall I do with all this?" Placing my foot upon a log at the riverside, a thought came to me that "if this is only sound enough I will dig out a canoe and go down the river, rather than wait here a month for the mail packet." Making a thorough examination by torch light of the quality of the wood, I prepared to go to work on it. The only tools I had were a small hatchet, a sheath knife and an old cutlass, all of which I had sharpened while at Cuyaba. The sun was well up when I stopped work for breakfast. As for provisions, there was at hand a very abundant supply for me alone for six months. The log and the prospects of making a canoe of it had braced me up wonderfully, and I ate my breakfast with good relish.

Satisfied in that respect, I sat down on one end of the log, contemplating and planning another attack on it with my little hatchet, when happening to cast a glance toward a clump of wild banana plants, I was just in time to see a moving object of some kind, which looked like a man retreating. Grasping my rifle without a second of thought I ran across the opening to get a view of the other side of the clump of plants, and there, standing with their backs to me, were three stalwart naked Indians. They had been spying and undoubtedly contriving some way to approach me and my effects without danger to

themselves. I judged them to be friendly or they would have pinned me with arrows before this, so with rifle across my arm ready to present in an instant, I began to walk toward them, making heavy foot treads to draw their attention toward me. When they turned and saw me, they showed no sign of alarm or surprise, but advanced toward me in the same manner as any friendly native would do, ready to shake my hand. They were evidently Corvados. One of them spoke a little Portuguese, but as my own knowledge of the language was rather limited, it was very hard to converse with him. The Indians were much interested in the work I had already begun on the log, while I counted the days on my fingers to them that it would take in the construction of the canoe. This was a blind lie, for alone I could have finished it roughly in two days at least, so that it would answer my purpose. Thinking they might be of service to me, I explained to them that if they would assist me, a piece of canvas which they very much coveted would be given them as soon as the work was completed. Knowing the tribe to which they belonged to be a band of cowardly thieves, I feared that if they were permitted to return to their camp they would act as guide at night to pounce upon me with their braves and carry off all I had there. In such a case a fight must take place against great odds.

Like all other Indians we had encountered in South America, these were not an exception in relation to begging. If they are not in a position to steal, they are not backward as to asking for anything they covet that you may have. In this case they informed me that they were very hungry. I handed them some *galiatas* (a kind of bread so hard that it requires a hammering to break it) and some jerked beef. They devoured it with dispatch. Then handing one a knife, another the cutlass, I showed them how to chip up a flake from the log to be pulled off by the third Indian, while it was my place to follow them up and smooth the slivered portions with the hatchet, taking good care that I worked a safe distance from and fronting them, that every movement could be watched. The log was a soft kind of wood and of straight grain, enabling us to progress finely. As often as every hour through the day they gave me to understand that they were again *conforme* (hungry), when more hardtack and dried meat would be given them. Repeatedly they would ask for *pinga*, a very common intoxicating liquor made from sugar cane. There was a two-quart bottle of the cane juice in my "bolsa," which was carried as an antidote for venomous bites, but I knew that to give them one drink would only whet their appetite for more, until they would get unmanagable, so I kept it secreted, as it happened, for a more serviceable purpose. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon one of the Indians feigned illness, and gave me to understand that he could work no more. It was in vain that I urged him to continue. Doubling himself up and holding on to his stomach with both arms, like a boy that has eaten too many green apples, he made for the shade of a tree near by, and for a few minutes seemed in great agony; but soon became quiet and appeared to be sleeping. The fact that his companions did not express any sign of sympathy for him caused me to be suspicious, so I kept an eye over in his direction as often as possible, and proceeded with my work. My whole attention was engaged, with my back toward him for a few minutes, when, upon looking around again I found he had sneaked out of sight. I saw that all their weapons were in the place they had deposited them in the morning, so I at once concluded that the redskin had started off for their village, and at night would lead the whole posse down upon me. Now was my time to bring out the *pinga* for the two remaining. They drank moderately and modestly at first, and would offer me a pull at the jug, but soon they took full possession of it, and their generosity vanished like the tanglefoot they were drinking. They became very happy, and danced around like big monkeys until they were exhausted, tumbled over in loving embrace and fell asleep near the edge of the water. Watching them carefully and working at the same time on my canoe until they became helpless, I had so far completed it that before sunset it was launched and loaded with my effects to within 4 inches of the gunwale, and I was ready to start on my lonesome voyage in pursuit of my companion.

From the Indian who had talked to me in Portuguese it was quite certain that they knew something of my companion, and that he was either killed or driven away by the Corvados. I could not tell which, but that he had gone down the river a few days previously was the cherished thought in my mind.

The two drunken savages were lying one across the other with their heads down the slope of the bank. Pulling them around in a more comfortable position, I spread the promised canvas over them to keep off the vultures, alligators and tigers while they remained in their stupor. Then seating myself in the stern of my dugout, I pushed off into the stream, and by the time the darkness of night had settled about me had glided silently and swiftly down the stream three or four miles. All night long I guided my craft before the rapid current, stopping only at daylight to make a fire on the bank and prepare breakfast. Delaying here no longer than was necessary. I was seated in my canoe, paddling it rapidly, hoping to be able to enter the Paraguary River some time the following day. I should undoubtedly have reached it before nightfall if it had not been that a little shooting match had delayed me about two hours the first and another on the second day. My first adventure was with the South American elephant, better known as tapir. In this section of the country, whenever you find a forest, the "howling monkeys" will be your constant companions. Along the edge of the river grows a tree, the bud and fruit of which they feed upon. Like children at the zoo, I never became tired of watching their curious actions, and I was thus engaged, when, within a dozen yards of me, emitting a loud whistle like that of a steamer, a monstrous tapir that had been disturbed from his bed rushed wildly up the bank. My rifle, always at my right side, was in an instant aimed at the back of his head as he was retreating. The Winchester, 44 being rather light for such large game, merely stunned the brute, so before I could stake my canoe and reach him, he was again on his feet and stood contemplating his sudden misfortune. The tapir in appearance is between the elephant and the hog, and knowing them to be aggressive and extremely savage when wounded, I realized my situation when the monster

turned upon me, not more than 10 feet distant. Bringing my rifle again into action, I planted a bullet between his eyes. It required two more shots to kill him. I found the hide so thick and heavy that it would have been too much to add to the load of my canoe, so I cut out a piece of meat from the loin, which proved to be quite palatable when broiled over a heap of glowing coals.

By noon the long line of forest had been passed, and spread out on either side were great level plains as far as the eye could reach, with an occasional palm grove. All over this level country stand the great ant heaps like sentinels. In some localities they are black and in others brown or white, depending upon the nature of the earth from which they are constructed. The occupants are so numerous that paths leading from one to another of the heaps resemble sheep paths; every blade of grass is cleaned out that there may be no obstruction in their way of travel. Out upon these pampas the *ciervo* and *vernado*, the pampas deer, are seen feeding, often in droves of dozens in a place. But upon this occasion I had no interest in hunting them, having sufficient meat on hand to last me for several days. As I rounded a bend in the river in the twilight of the evening, I came suddenly upon a noble buck, standing knee-deep in the water. At night and in the morning the deer go to the riverside to slake their thirst from off these vast plains. This one being the largest of the kind I had ever seen, and possessing a noble pair of antlers, I determined to secure it if possible for the horns alone. Raising my rifle I sighted and fired, but was surprised to see the deer plunge for the shore as if my bullet had not taken effect. I fired again as he ran, but with no better result than at first. My past experience with this kind of game had taught me to follow up their trail, for it is often they will run at full speed a hundred yards or more with a bullet directly through the heart. This was not an exception, for I had not far to go through the tall grass before I came up to it where it had dropped dead, my first bullet having pierced its vitals near the heart. Removing the twenty-pronged antlers from the head, I returned with them to my canoe and proceeded on my journey down the river. Darkness had again settled about. Millions of fire bugs, together with the growl-thug-thug, of the alligator as it rose to the surface, an occasional snarl of the jaguar, the croaking of monstrous toads, the snapping and barking of the *lobo*, a river seal, together with much else that sounded strange and weird, rendered this night lonesome beyond extreme. The great vampires, numerous here, cast ghostly shadows upon the silvery surface of the water as they passed and circled around my head.

Far away to my left the light of an Indian camp-fire, which it is the custom of the savages to build around them at night, arose and shone upon the misty atmosphere. I gave this no thought at the time, for the course of the river seemed to be carrying me away from it, but half an hour later I had turned a bend and was gradually winding, until directly in front of me I beheld the camp, located close to the river's bank. There were no forest trees to cast their shadows along the line of the river on the opposite side to hide me from their view. Wondering how I could pass them unseen, upon deliberation I determined to risk it, so crossing the river I crouched as low as possible in the canoe, allowing it to drift along by the current, hoping that if seen by them at all they would think it only a log or an island of *camalota*, which are usual floating objects at all times in these waters. Just as I was congratulating myself upon my good fortune to pass them unseen, a howl went up from their dogs, which had evidently scented me. At once by the light of their fires I could see fitting forms of the savages as they congregated on the shore. I made no move toward paddling, but continued to drift along as before, until I saw a ripple along the shore near their camp, which suggested that they had launched a canoe and were in pursuit of the object of their surprise. Ther rising from my crouching position, I brought my paddle into play and sped down the river at a rapid rate, with the Indian canoe fast gaining upon me. This race continued probably for two miles, when it became evident that I must bring my rifle into play in order to frighten my pursuers. I fired six shots in their direction as fast as it was practicable to overhaul and shoot my repeater. This shooting had the desired effect, for they reversed their paddles and were soon out of sight, going up the stream. By midnight a dark line of forest was discernible in the distance, and an hour later I steered my canoe into a little cove, where I moored for a rest. Arranging a bed as comfortable as possible under the circumstances in my canoe, I was soon asleep.

Awaking early in the morning, I made ready for my departure on my journey in order to cover as much distance as possible during the cool of the day, for while the sun is overhead it is always very warm, rendering it almost necessary to stop work of any kind until the sun gets well in the west. While noiselessly gliding near the bank of the river, on a large fallen tree, its branches extending 40 feet or more out over the water, I noticed a strange object, as if some large animal was crouching low on the trunk. Upon nearer approach the spots on the body proved conclusively in my mind that it was a tiger, with his head leaning down over the opposite side of the tree trunk in an earnest watch for prey. These South American tigers are great fishers and are good climbers. They watch their opportunity as a fish rises to the surface, attracted by the saliva which the animal emits from its mouth for bait, when with a clip with its sharp claws the beast is almost sure to land its prey. The brute's attention was so much taken up in its eagerness to procure its morning meal that I had drifted to within a dozen yards of it before it either heard or scented me. Then, suddenly raising its head, it gave me a beautiful shot for the center of the forehead. Rolling off the tree into the water, it sank at once, as is common for all dead animals to do in those waters. Procuring a hook, I fished his long tail to the surface and catching hold of it soon had the tiger landed. Upon examination I found this one to be the most beautifully marked and to possess the most perfect set of long teeth of all that I had ever seen, so could not resist the temptation to take off and cure the skin and head for future mounting, notwithstanding it would add at least 25 pounds more to the load of my canoe.

Pavas de monte being numerous on the trees about whet my appetite for a broiler, so brought down a plump hen for my breakfast. In flavor and quality of flesh these

birds compare with common barnyard fowls nearer than any other wild birds, and are quite as large as a prairie chicken. Their shrill cackle may be heard sounding through the forest at each hour of the day and night, and as one imagines the katydid to repeat that word, so does it seem that the *Pava* names each hour—one starts the call, which is taken up and sounded from one brood to another as far as you can hear it in all directions.

This day began very warm, so I skirted along the shady side of the river during the forenoon, but owing to the scorching rays of the sun as it reached the meridian I was forced to seek for a cooling shade in the forest. It was after 3 o'clock in the afternoon when I started again. Just at sunset of this day I entered the Paraguay River from the Cuyaba, and at dark was surprised to see as I turned a bend of the river a row of fifty or more lights that suggested to me that they were the lights on board of a steamer coming up stream. My first thought was that unless I could run into some nook for safety along the shore, a steamer as large as that must be to carry so many lights would kick up such a swash and rolling waves as to sink my canoe instantly. Thinking there was no time to lose I hastened for a place of refuge. Luck I thought favored me, for at the place I landed there was a small, narrow stream that allowed of the passage in of my loaded dugout. There I sat for a half hour or so expecting every minute to hear the steamer's paddles close at hand; but neither hearing nor seeing the craft I ventured to push out into the stream again, and soon found how badly one could be fooled even in this far-off wilderness. What had seemed to be a steamboat's lights proved to be nothing more nor less than a flock of birds resting upon some tall swamp willows—birds that have power of producing a bright illumination. It is said that these birds feed exclusively on the fire flies so numerous in that region. I had often been told of such a species, but these were the first I had ever seen. Upon my approaching them closely they took flight and the lights vanished.

J. G. KING.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

An Alaska Trip.

FORTY-MILE POST, Yukon Territory.—The accompanying photographs are of the Forty-Mile River Cañon. Forty-Mile Creek, as it is called here, is over 150 miles long, draining a large country on the west of the Yukon River. It empties into the Yukon River ten miles below this falls and cañon. At its juncture with the Yukon on the south side is situated Forty-Mile Post. This is a trading station for miners and Indians. Directly across the Forty-Mile is Fort Cudahy. The Canadian Government has barracks here, which are occupied by the Northwest Mounted Police. Photo No. 1 shows the river rounding a point and the commencement of the Half-Mile Rapids in its mad rush through the cañon. Photo No. 2 shows a particularly dangerous place to ride down over or to pull a loaded boat up through. This was realized by the two Cheechockos who are pulling their boat up. Cheechocko is Russian for stranger or newcomer, and is used exclusively in Alaska instead of tenderfoot. They had not gone 10 feet from where the boat shows in the photograph when the party nearest to the boat pulled the nose inshore a trifle too much and the boat swamped in a jiffy, resulting in the loss of nearly everything in the craft. The old-timers do not take such chances, but pack their outfit around and rope their boat up empty, as shown in Photo No. 1. There is an old Indian narrative connected with these rapids, which was told me by one of the young bucks of the Ketchumstock tribe who spoke a little English. Their village is on the headwaters of Mosquito Fork, a tributary of Forty-Mile River, and about 130 miles from the mouth of Forty-Mile Post. The Ketchumstock Indians once a year, usually in June, when the water is at a fair stage for pulling loaded boats back to their village, come down to the post to barter their furs and skins for merchandise. On one of these annual trips some time in the fifties they left their village in skin boats, taking their squaws, kids and dogs with them, only leaving behind a few of the very oldest who were too old and decrepit to stand the trip back, when they all walk and pull their year's supply of "white man's grub" in the skin boats. The supplies consist mostly of rifle, ammunition, tobacco, tea, sugar, flour, calico and blanketing for lining furs and skins. On the trip here concerned they had camped at the mouth of Bear Creek, which comes in one and one-half miles above the cañon.

The next morning they all, with one exception, walked and roped their boats around the rapids. One Indian, called White Eyes, with his squaw and four-year-old boy, started through in a small boat. The boat turned on him and threw him against a rock, capsizing the craft, and though he came up and got to shore his squaw and little boy were swept away by the flood. When White Eyes saw this he gave a yell, drew his knife and cut his throat, dying on the bank overlooking the mad waters that had robbed him of his wife and child. What seemed to add pathos to this story told me in broken English and Indian was that the squaw and the boy were found alive and all right on a rock around a bend about a quarter of a mile below where they went under. She held to the boy and saved herself, and was taken off the rock alive and well, only to find that her man had committed suicide.

In those days there was no trading post at the mouth of the Forty-Mile as at the present time. The Indians had to go up the Yukon forty-eight miles to Fort Reliance. This was below what is Dawson City now. Fort Reliance was simply a trading post in those days, and owned and run by the Hudson Bay Company. Calling a place fort or something or other in Alaska does not signify that it is fortified or defended by cannon. The Hudson Bay Company in the early days built heavy stockades around their store buildings, and that is why this country has so many places commencing with fort. There is now no Fort Reliance, nor any one living near the site. Before the purchase of Alaska by the United States the Klondike Indians captured and burned the buildings and stockade. However, this section is not supposed to belong to the United States. It is claimed by the Canadians.

In the summer of 1897 I made a trip from Forty-Mile Post up the Forty-Mile to look at a placer claim on Chicken Creek, which I had an option on, and also to

do some fishing and hunting, and stake a claim if anything should be struck on the river. I got in for the trip up the river with two old-timers—Billy Wilkinson and a fellow by the name of Irwin, also a Cheechocko, named Richardson. We had one boat and about 1,200 pounds all told in our outfits. Our boat was a polling boat, and besides being a little aged, on account of being left in water through the long winter, it was a little shaky for the big load we had. However, we made it to the mouth of Franklin Gulch, eighty miles up, without any serious mishap.

The first day out we made the foot of the cañon, ten miles up. The next day the best we could do was two miles, as we had to pack our stuff around the rapids. We camped at the mouth of Bear Creek. This was in July, and we could see plainly until after 10 o'clock at night. As soon as we pulled the boat in shore at Bear Creek, Wilkinson hunted a fish pole, took a line and a fly off his hat and started up the creek. While we were making camp, unloading the boat and getting ready for the night, Billy came back with enough grayling for our supper. After supper we got a nice string. I never saw a grayling in this country that would weigh over 2 pounds, and 1½ pounds is considered a large one. The next day we made Sam Patch's. This is twenty-three miles from the Yukon. When we came in view of his cabin we were greeted with a sight that was good for the blues. The Stars and Stripes were floating from a pole over his cabin. The Canadian boundary line crosses the river just below Uncle Sam's cabin. Uncle Sam, as he is known here by everybody, when we arrived was busily engaged all to himself "cussing" a couple of "flannel-mouthed

The coast streams, at least the ones near Juneau, have mountain trout in them.

After filling up on fish for a few days, we shouldered our pack straps and decided to get a little further back from the Indian hunting ground. We climbed another divide and followed the ridges about fifteen miles, dropping down a little for water, and camping on what is now called Butte Creek, near its source. Here we found acres of blueberries and bear signs galore. I walked the berry patches for two days without seeing a bear. Then I concluded that they must be early birds, and the next morning I was up and out in the berries at 2:30. Our Alaska days were still long, and at this hour I could see fairly well to shoot.

I had been from camp about a half-hour when I saw what I had wanted a shot at for a number of years. He was back toward me and on his haunches, picking berries. I looked at him for about ten seconds. Say, but he could pick berries! He saw me when I raised my rifle and dropped on to all fours. I fired and missed him entirely. He started quartering from me over a ridge. I gave him another shot that knocked him off his pins for an instant, but he went over the ridge out of sight. I followed fast as possible. When I got to the top of the ridge I could hear him threshing around in a thicket about 50 yards down the slope. I made a rush for the lower side of the thicket and waited. I did not enter the thicket, as I did not think it would be very safe to "mix" with him about that time. In a few minutes he quieted down and I went in and found I had a yearling black bear. The ball had struck him about a foot back of the left shoulder, passing clear through him and smashing his right



FORTY-MILE CREEK.

Micks" who had borrowed a pick and shovel and had left the country, and had left him so far as pick and shovel were concerned. I had never met him, and ventured to ask him if he was from the New England States originally. He said that he had left Worcester, Mass., in '48, and never had been back. He then wanted to know why I asked him that question. I told him that never since I had left Massachusetts had I heard the expression that he applied to the purloiners of his pick and shovel.

The next day was Sunday, and we rested. We were seven days from here to Franklin Gulch, wet to the waist all day long, and considering ourselves lucky if we did not get in all over before the day was done. We tugged and pulled up over Kink Riffle, Twin Riffles, Dead Man's Riffle, until it seemed to me there was nothing but riffles. We were nine working days to the mouth of Franklin Gulch, eighty miles up the Forty-Mile River. I found our hard work was not over when we arrived here, for our outfit of 1,200 pounds had to be packed ten miles over a mountain on to Chicken Creek. We took a 75-pound pack each, starting early in the morning, and covered the ten miles, leaving our packs on Chicken Creek and coming back the same day. Somehow or other I never could class this job as "recreation," more especially as Chicken Creek runs into Mosquito Fork, and the mosquitoes don't seem to realize that the fork was named after them and that they ought to stay there; instead of this they swarm up Chicken Creek by the millions. Soon as we were packed over I visited the claim that I had an option on and found that I was up a "plum tree" so far as that was concerned, as there was only about one-quarter enough water for use in a placer mine.

After a few days' rest I started for a hunt. A Mr. Janes was with me; he was from the States, sent in looking for quartz mines. We took bedding and grub on our backs. I had my .45-90, 1886 model. Janes had a revolver and prospector's pick. We went about ten miles over a divide on to Buckskin Creek and camped at what is now known as Forty-five Pup. It is a stream running into Buckskin at Claim No. 45. We stayed here several days, Janes prospecting while I hunted and fished. I found several bull moose heads, but the Ketchumstock Indians had carried off the balance of the moose the winter before.

I tried fishing and caught all the grayling we could eat. I only had one fly-hook, and broke and lost it the second day out. I then took a small trolling spoon and broke off two of the hooks; took off the spoon and part of the feathers, and with this crude affair caught all the fish we wanted. In the interior of Alaska we have no trout of any description; there is only the grayling.

shoulder in fearful shape. We skinned him, took all we could pack and cached the rest and started for Chicken Creek. I have eaten young roast pig, but it certainly was not in it with this young bear, fattened on blueberries.

C. JAY.

William Parker Greenough.

ANOTHER summons to the spirit land has reached the ranks of the contributors to FOREST AND STREAM, and one whose name was a household word to the regular readers of this paper, who was the most faithful of friends, the most gentlemanly and most lovable of men and the very highest type of a sportsman, heard and answered the call.

"G. de Montauban" has been these many years a familiar name to the lovers of FOREST AND STREAM. Month after month I had read and re-read above the signature those charming sketches of bits of the woods and waters of the Province of Quebec and of their inhabitants of fin, fur and feather that always awakened the desire for more of them, and had never guessed, until accident revealed the fact, that the much-looked-for *nom de plume* concealed the identity of the genial Seigneur of Perthuis—W. P. Greenough. Perthuis is a large and valuable seigniory in the County of Portneuf, some forty miles west of Quebec, richly stocked with merchantable timber, and Montauban is the name of one of its lakes. Another one is Lac Clair. Here the hospitable proprietor and his brother had erected a roomy and comfortable camp—for what the Greenoughs have they delight to share with their friends—here Mr. Greenough lived for good part of the year, surrounded by his children and guests, and here he died, after a long illness, on Friday, Aug. 3. Once he wrote: "Lake Clair is our grand sanitarium. Whatever little maladies we have are usually left there." He brought his great ones there a few weeks ago, and there he has left them, too, behind him. Others may again enjoy the beauties of that ideal camp on the forest-fringed lake, but to those who, like the writer, have enjoyed the hospitality of its departed host, it can never seem the same in the future that it was in the past.

William Parker Greenough was born in Portland, Me., July 1, 1829, and received his education in the Cambridge schools. At an early age he began his business career, and subsequently played an important part in the flour trade, with his place of business on State street. Later, his lumber interests drew him to Canada, and he made his home in the village of Portneuf, adjoining his seigniory, though much of his time, as already mentioned, was spent in his camp on the edge of Lac Clair. In May

he fell ill and came to Quebec and subsequently went to Montreal to consult his physicians. It was in the latter mentioned city, whither he accompanied him from Quebec, that the writer saw him for the last time. Then he went out to his great sanitarium at Lake Clair and still grew apparently stronger, and then—the end. Death as due to cerebral apoplexy. His remains were taken to Cambridge, and there the funeral service was held on Monday, the 6th inst., at the residence of his brother, the well-known Latin professor of Harvard University.

Mr. Greenough was the author of "The Cruise of a Woman Hater," but will probably be better remembered in the literary world as the writer of "Canadian Folk-Life and Folk-Lore," a charming volume of out-of-door freshness, and of studies of *habitant* life and manners, published by George H. Richmond, of New York, in 1897. It was beautifully illustrated by his son, Walter C. Greenough, of that nest of artists, Upper Montclair, N. J., who preceded his father between one and two years in "crossing the bar."

Mr. Greenough's latest book contains many rare little gems of sport and camp life. Here is a description of his tent for winter camping: "Not too large for two nor too small for six—he who is not happy in it is not a woodsman and I do not want him with me."

"One thing," talking of fishing, he writes, "I will say for ourselves—we never waste any fish. When we get as many as we can use, we stop fishing. And although we never get any fish big enough to tell lies about in the newspapers, we seldom fail to catch enough for our next meal."

To the devoted wife, daughters and brother of our dear departed friend, the respectful sympathy of thousands of fellow sportsmen and readers of FOREST AND STREAM will undoubtedly go out with that of

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 10.

Natural History.

A Sportsman's Museum.

BOSTON, Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some of your readers may be interested in an account of what may be seen in Mr. A. B. F. Kinney's museum, which is located in a large upper room of his residence in Worcester. Having occasion to confer with Mr. Kinney on matters connected with the work of the Central Committee, I met Mr. Kinney at his store on Front street, and after business matters were concluded he invited me to dine with him at his house. That it is the home of a sportsman is apparent as soon as one crosses the threshold and is ushered into the spacious hallway.

I have mentioned the museum as one room. To be more precise, it is the whole house, with one room set apart for curios. Reception room, parlor, dining room—in fact, every room I had the pleasure of entering contains evidence of Mr. Kinney's skill as a hunter. Had it been any part of my plan to secure material for a letter to your paper, I would not have been without a camera. As it is, I will only mention a few of the interesting things which it was my privilege to see, and, in a general way, present a sort of summary of what trophies the house contains.

There are no less than six heads and antlers of elk, four moose heads, an extraordinary caribou head, head of buffalo, shot twenty-two years ago, only two years previous to the last one killed; a mountain sheep, and which for twenty years held the record as the finest specimen, and was beaten only four years ago by the one Wm. Jackson got on the Great Northern road. This was set up by Mrs. Kinney, who has often accompanied her husband on his long trips to distant sections. There is also a mountain goat, and mule and white-tailed deer without number.

Specimens of birds include the ruffed grouse, blue grouse, pinnated or prairie chicken, quail, spruce partridge, Canada goose, brant, several species of ducks and shore birds, besides owls, herons, loons, etc.

Of skins there is almost an endless variety. One of a grizzly bear I admired very much. Mr. Kinney told me that he has the skin of every fur-bearing animal of North America, from the grizzly down. Of fox skins he has every shade, from the black to the albino, or pure white. The upper room is filled with specimens of minerals, woods, plants, shells, Indian relics and work, as well as Mexican, many of them gathered by Mrs. Kinney upon her numerous trips, and all derived from original sources. Besides, there are heirlooms of every sort, from the old spinning wheel to the antiquated candle snuffers.

For nearly an hour Mrs. Kinney entertained us with descriptions and incidents connected with the collecting of the numerous specimens.

I was much impressed by the great variety of objects which I saw having directly or indirectly a bearing upon practical sportsmanship.

On our return to the office Mr. Kinney called my attention to a specimen of brook trout (to all appearance a veritable *Salmo fontinalis*) of extraordinary size, and which may beat all records. Its weight was 15¼ pounds, length 36 inches. It was caught by Mr. Alton W. Eaton, of Worcester, in Flying Pond, Vienna, Me. on May 16, 1900.

Our President, Hon. Geo. W. Wiggin; our Librarian, Dr. E. W. Branigan, with Ex-Attorney-General A. E. Pillsbury, of Boston, are now in the Spencer region of Maine.

HENRY H. KIMBALL.

5 PARK STREET.

Quail in Confinement.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 2.—While wheeling through the Park Zoo with my father yesterday, I heard the call, unfamiliar in these days, of Bob White, and found that Curator Crandall had made a new home for his bevy of quail, which have been in captivity now about a year, with only a loss of five out of thirty-one. They seem quite tame and contented. Dr. Crandall told us that a wild quail had been in the vicinity all day and had tried to get in with the confined ones.

W. P. D.

Game Bag and Gun.

A Chance to Get a Moose.

It has been my privilege during the past few years to contribute several articles to Scribner's Magazine, describing as best I could some parts of the British American wilderness, which, greater in extent than the United States, begins at our northern border and lies as far to the north as any one can go. After each article has appeared, I have received a great many letters asking where to get guides, the expense of a trip, what to take, the chance for getting a shot, etc. So it has occurred to me that readers of FOREST AND STREAM would be glad to know a few of these things. My only excuse for volunteering the information is that I have been there, and personal experience, if simply told, is always interesting.

The two most accessible regions for those who wish to hunt that grand animal, the moose, I believe to be central New Brunswick and the upper Ottawa country, in Quebec and Ontario. No one should think of going to either place unless he has at least a month to spare. I know a bicyclist who stopped over night at a farmhouse on the road from Fredericton to Woodstock, N. B. In the morning, attracted by the charm of the big woods at the back of the clearing, he borrowed a W. R. A. rifle, model of 1873, with four cartridges in its rusty magazine, and went forth. Before 10 o'clock he was back at the house and he had killed two big bull moose. He told me he did not consider moose hunting much of an undertaking. I also saw the mangled remains of a young moose which had been run down by an engine on the Canadian Pacific Railway, between Mattawa and Kippewa. But these cases are exceptions.

In New Brunswick one reaches the moose country by walking through the woods for fifty miles or so, and in the Ottawa country by canoeing for two or three days. There are many stormy days, many days when the woods are noisy, and all these things take time. I once killed a fine bull in one day's hunting, but it took six days to get to the grounds and six days out. If it had not been for the happiness of the twelve days' journeying when the rifle slept in its overcoat, I should not have thought the trip very successful. If one expects to adhere to a schedule arranged in New York, so many hours to the hunting grounds, so many hours hunting, bang! bang! so many hours back to New York—if he expects to do that in the Canadian woods, he will be disappointed. In heaven we shall have all the time there is, and this resemblance between heaven and the Canadian woods in the fall is one of the most charming things about the Canadian woods. The guide, whether white, red or a little of both, will not hurry, and if you let him alone, and remember that he knows his business a great deal better than you do, he will surprise you by his accomplishments before the month is over. There are some men, and there is at least one editor in New York, whose motto is "How shall we punish our guides?" I am happy to say that such creatures almost always get the punishment themselves, and the poor guides, as they sit around the fire afterward, are blessed with a store of recollections which make them smile, and smile again. I have met many men under many different circumstances, and I never yet knew a woodsman who would not break his back for the success and comfort of a visitor who treated him at all well. If I could have the society of but one man for a thousand years, I should, I think, pick out a dear friend of mine who, at this moment, is probably poling a pirogue up the Sou'west Miramichi, helping some city man to kill the last salmon of the open season.

The best guides in New Brunswick are quite likely to be engaged in advance, and yet a man who gets on the train, goes to Fredericton, stops at the Barker House and gets acquainted with Fred Coleman, Billy Chestnut, Billy Walker and the rest of the leading citizens there, will soon get all the news as to whether Henry Braithwaite or Arthur Pringle or Jim Paul or some other guide can be had. A few telegrams to Newcastle and Bathurst and Perth will get the state of the guide market there, and I would bet any man ten dollars that he could go to Fredericton unannounced, make his wishes known and in forty-eight hours find himself in tow of somebody who knew the places where the moose and caribou do congregate. Then, if he did not have moose or caribou for dinner within the next few days, it would be a case of bad luck, and a better chance next week.

Men who have been all over the world agree that there are few earthly spectacles so glorious as a New Brunswick forest in the blazonry of the autumn leaves. Amid the somber background of spruce there is a plentiful display of the yellow and red and brown of the deciduous trees, all in an intensity of coloring which I have never seen elsewhere.

The Province of New Brunswick is fortunately situated as a game country. There are railroads on all four sides, but none across the wilderness to cut it up. Up the Tobique from Perth, up the Nepisiguit from Bathurst, up the Ristigouche from Campbellton and up the Nor'west Miramichi from Newcastle, it is easy to go by canoe, and the grounds reached in this way are more hunted and more famous, but not quite so well-stocked with game, perhaps, as the less accessible country north of Little Sou'west Lake, where Henry Braithwaite is almost the sole pilot who knows the way. For beauty of scenery, for reliable guides, for comfort and for certainty of getting shots at the most stately game in North America, New Brunswick is peerless.

But while singing the praises of that wonderful land, what shall be said of that vast, little-known, seldom-visited country, the fairyland of the canoeist, which is the birthplace of the Ottawa and its brotherhood of a hundred lesser streams; where the lakes are so redundantly watered that many of them have twin outlets? There, if you are prodigal of time, you may journey by canoe for hundreds of miles, in any direction you choose and need only make short and easy portages here and there over plain paths which were well worn five hundred years ago. All along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, west of Pembroke, there is a vast game preserve which is almost limitless. The key to the whole upper Ottawa country, however, is Mattawa. If you write to the Hudson Bay

Company there, you will be able to insure care and attention from the Indians and half-breeds whom they feed, clothe and control. It is a great mistake to suppose that the Hudson Bay Company desire to keep sportsmen out of Canada. At Mattawa the company run one of the finest stores in the country, and they supply provisions, canoes, tents, all one needs, at very moderate prices. All you need do is to write, saying, "Please engage me two men and supplies for a month, to go moose hunting in the Kippewa country," or in Ontario, and they will be ready for you. Ontario, as readers of *Game Laws in Brief* know, will have an open season on moose this fall for the first time in several years.

The physical features of this region are very remarkable. Lake Kippewa, for example, has about 600 miles of shore. Yet scarcely anywhere is it ten miles wide, and in most places much narrower. Its shores are as crooked as if drawn up with a puckering string. Kippewa Station is on the shore of the lake. Many moose are killed here every fall, but the better country is further north, two or three days canoeing, or as far as one chooses to go, and the multitude of lakes and streams in every direction is past belief.

One can leave the railway at Temiscamingue, and go up the lake of this name by steamer to Baie de Père. Here we may take canoe for Lake Quinze, and the adjoining region, where the moose are very plentiful. All through this region, since the killing of cow moose has been checked, the moose are on the increase. If one is ambitious and wishes to go up to Lac la Barrière in snow-shoe time, he can see some good caribou hunting.

North Bay, Ont., is another good railway point from which to reach moose country this fall. It is only a few miles by tote road to Lake Temagang, another place that makes the sportsman feel like Alice in Wonderland. And I think the best bass fishing on this continent right now is in and about Lake Nipissing, on which North Bay is located.

Is it not a fine thing now, gentlemen of the brotherhood, who feel that we were born a hundred years after the woods are gone—is it not a fine thing to know that there is a country like the one we have dreamed about, where the birch bark canoe is, as of yore, the standard means of transportation? In the chosen parts of Canada one can have just as good a time hunting as Daniel Boone had in Kentucky, with the added convenience that the Indians, thanks to certain Jesuit gentlemen of long ago, will not shoot you in the back, but will, on the contrary, cook a very fair meal and swing a paddle all day for two dollars! Yes, for a dollar, if you get a hundred miles from the railroad.

I have not said a word about the Lake St. John country, because I prefer places where things are more primitive. There is a region of Canada that it would pay a man to visit if he had the time, and when he came back he could say he had been somewhere. It would take at least three months.

Out of the unknown north, into the great Gulf of St. Lawrence, pour down a score of splendid rivers, far east of the Saguenay. Any one who has the least talent for geography, who will look at the mouth of the Bersemis, the Outarde, the Manicouagans, the Marguerite of the north shore, the St. John of the north shore, the Mingan, the Moisie, the Natashquan—any one, I say, who will contemplate the floods which roll out from those capacious rivers, will be impressed with the fact that it takes a vast extent of territory to accumulate all that water. Big rivers are not born in little countries. And yet you never met a white man who had been to the head of any one of them, unless he was a Canadian Government surveyor. But it is a journey that might easily be arranged. There is a steamer down the coast once in two weeks from Quebec. Or, better yet, you can charter a little schooner at Tadoussac, or Rivière du Loup, or at Gaspé, to take you where you list, all for little money. Now at Seven Islands, at Moisie, at St. John, at Mingan, at Natashquan, are Hudson Bay stores, and here come the Montagnais Indians down from the interior every June to dispose of their furs. Any one accustomed to American Indians will at once recognize the Montagnais for a fine, hearty lot of folks. They have a country all to themselves, they bring out big catches of fur, they spend the summer at their seashore resorts, where many of them own hundred-dollar sailboats. And if you think they are of doubtful reliability, watch their greeting to the devoted missionary whose yacht finds no sea too stormy to go to them. You may find that the business-like buck who wears store clothes and wants three dollars a day, but compromises on a dollar and a quarter, has a surprising number of wives for a Christian. But then, even some good white men—well, as I was saying, up in the Labrador peninsula, where the Montagnais go for their steady job, there are ouananiche in the lakes and caribou on the mountains in schools and droves. Why, if what those Indians tell me is true, the schools are regular universities, and the droves are like the ancient flocks on a thousand hills that we read about. I was camping on the Mingan a few years ago, and a native took me back about fourteen miles, up to the top of a high mountain, and offered to give me all the fish and game I ever thought of. I suppose his title to the country was just as good as that of a certain personage who did the mountain-top act in a tempting manner long ago. I never wanted to go anywhere so much as I did to cut loose and go back with him. And mind you, there are no farmers and bushmen to run against up there. It is a country where there are just Indians and fish and bears and caribou. Up the St. John of the north shore there is a place where the salmon have to jump a fall, and right by the fall, separated by only a little ledge of rock, there used to be a little pond or pool, where many of the salmon fell in and could not get out. The bears had a habit of fishing in that pool, and they mused up the rock so much with fish bones and things that the Provincial Government sent up a party of surveyors to blast out the rock ledge and spoil the bears' fish pond. If you don't believe that, send to the Department of Forests, Lands and Fisheries, at Quebec, and get the official report. It is a print, and if I was at home I would cite the page. That is a region where the wilderness comes down to the very doors of the codfishermen's huts, and it always will, because nobody can raise any crops there. To get a look at the big caribou heads, one would have to go a long way. But I tell you there are a lot of things talked about in

those far-away Hudson Bay stores that you do not read in the newspaper. It would be fun to make the trip. Not ten white men ever went from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Ungava Bay, across country. We know less of that great peninsula than we do of Central Africa. I have seen Dr. Robert Bell quoted as saying that the grizzly lives east of Hudson Bay. I do not believe he said it, but who can say it is not so? We know a lot about Alaska. There are half a million square miles of eastern Canada that no man knows much about. And it is a country where a canoe will go, too, and there are paths over the portages as plain as Broadway, and a good deal older.

And out in Manitoba, east of Lake Winnipeg, and up at Little Slave Lake, and out in British Columbia, where I was last fall—but for heaven's sake, this rambling screed is twenty-one pages long, now. I tell you, boys, when I git to talkin' about this here Canady, I sort of fergit myself!

FREDERIC IRLAND.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chickens in the Northwest.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 11.—Mr. Geo. E. Bowers, the able game warden of North Dakota, writes a very welcome letter, under date of Aug. 7, regarding the chicken and duck prospects of his goodly commonwealth. His letter follows:

"Office of State Game Warden, Fargo, N. D., Aug. 7.—It has been some time since I heard from you except through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, so I thought I would drop you a line and at the same time let you know that the boys still shoot as of yore. The prospect was never better for good duck and prairie chickens than this year. We had a very dry season, which is the proper thing for young prairie chickens, though hard on the farmer. I would like to have you join us on our annual hunt on the opening of the season, Aug. 20. We haven't got the old liner and white pointer, or the black bitch that you hunted over when you were last here, for they have since gone to the happy hunting grounds, but we have some of their offspring, also some setters which we consider good dogs. If you can come out this season I will try to give you a run for your money. Come, and bring your knitting and enjoy yourself."

I would like the best way in the world to get out into Dakota again, and I presume the best thing that ever could happen would be to have Mr. Bowers, the Chief with Two Stomachs, and myself get out into Gokey's duck country once more. I am afraid, however, that it is going to be impossible for me to get that far away from home at that time. Mr. Neal Brown of Wausau, Wis., wants me to come up there to shoot again this fall, and I have promised Mr. W. A. Powell to come down to his place in Illinois. Meantime comes an occasional bit of business that has to be done, so I think I will compromise the chicken opening by staying home and working—rather novel sensation, and not altogether welcome, but we have to do it once in a while in this business. I am sure the Fargo boys will duly and properly open the season, and that they will have plenty of birds to shoot at, too.

All reports seem to agree as to the great abundance of birds in Minnesota and Dakota this fall. Mr. W. L. Agnew, advertising agent of the Great Northern Railway, tells me that he is getting in carefully compiled reports from the agents along their lines, and the stories are pleasingly different from those of this time last year. The season has been perfect, and the crop is unexpectedly good. Mr. Agnew says, however, that the sooner are at work and have been for some time, in many points of the Northwest; and it goes without saying that more than half the chicken crop will have been harvested before opening day arrives. There are a good many birds, really, in many parts of the Northwest, but they are hunted so hard and so early, by so many men, that they do not show up very big a little later in the fall. There is an army of guns out each day at the first of the season; and each night before the season.

So open and flagrant has been the violation of the Minnesota game laws by early shooters, and such the undoubted evidences in the markets of St. Paul and Minneapolis, that the sportsmen of the two cities have united for a systematic war against the abuse. They are joined by Gov. Lind, who has expressed his wish that the movement may be carried on most vigorously. The St. Paul Rod and Gun Club has called a meeting for this afternoon, will raise a fund and appoint special detectives to ferret out the offenders. Among other men interested in this work are the following: Drs. C. A. Wheaton, J. A. Quinn, W. D. Kelly, J. F. Rogers, J. F. Fulton, L. W. Lyons, Messrs. J. C. Corcoran, Jacob Danz, Charles Hauser, Paul Gotzian, Albert Fischer, Dudley Finch, A. Fonda, J. B. Emerson, J. L. D. Morrison, M. L. Countryman, Frank Novotny, Edwin Isle, John L. Townley, C. R. Wilkinson, Joseph Henry, Charles Libbrook, George Sommers, Jr., George Benz, Jr., Charles Thompson, J. C. Highhouse, H. N. Cook, M. N. Goss, Judge Olin B. Lewis, Dr. S. M. Kirkwood, president; A. E. Perry, secretary.

Mr. A. W. Hooper, for a long time vice-president of the Winchester Repeating Fire Arms Company, though recently resigned from the more active managerial work of that great concern, starts this week for a six weeks' tour and hunting trip in the Rocky Mountains. He will be guided by Billy Hofer, who leaves Chicago tomorrow night, to join Mr. Hooper at Gardiner, Mont., Aug. 15. The first part of the trip will be through the Yellowstone Park. About Sept. 1 the party will go from the Park into Wyoming, southeast of the Park, in all likelihood, and the beautiful fall season of the Rocky Mountains will then be enjoyed by Mr. Hooper for nearly a month. After that he returns East and goes to New Brunswick for a hunt after caribou and moose. In all likelihood, Mr. Hooper will shoot a Winchester, and will get game with it.

Billy Hofer takes out in October, after Mr. Hooper's return, Mr. W. D. Eaton and wife, of Burlington, Ia., who will be in the Park and adjacent country until snow drives them out. Mr. Eaton is local attorney for the C. & Q. Railroad. Mr. Hofer now has out in the Park, under charge of "Doc" Hall, a party of four, who, at last word, were having a good time—Messrs. Storer, Lund and Snow, with a lady or two of the party. They will see

the Park very nicely thus. The stage line drivers call the Park guides the "savages," and this is the term by which the guides know each other. Yet such savagery is very pleasant.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Virginia Game Outlook.

CHASE CITY, Va., Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed is from the Richmond, Va., Times of last Sunday. I do not know who the author is, but it very correctly gives a forecast of the game prospects in this State.

W. D. PAXTON.

Within a few weeks now the turning point of the year's seasons will have come, the nights will be cool and there will be a frostiness in the early morning. That will cause the huntsman to feel again that life is worth the living and fill him with that impatient eagerness for the fields of thick stubble, and the bare woods, with their brown beds of leaves, from which the quail and the woodcock will whir, when flushed, into deeper cover. All the memories of seasons past, of long tramps and no shooting, the exact spot where the birds rose, where they scattered in the open, and where he broke his record, and the work of his favorite dog—all these, so dear to the hunter's heart, will come with fresh interest with the approach of fall. The old pointer will sniff the air as he recognizes the coming season, and take on new energy after the lack-interest, sleepy life he has been forced to lead throughout the passing peace of the summer. The familiar Bob White, the call of the quail, has been the constant music in the farm lands of Virginia during the past summer, coming from every green clump and stream's brink, above the rattle of the binder, in the wheat's golden sheen, as sweet music to the ear of the harvester and a note of promise to the passing hunter.

It is predicted now that birds will be more plentiful in Virginia next season than for ten years. As there have been no heavy and lasting snows through the winter, great numbers of them survived, and the summer, so far, has been free from hard and driving rains which are so destructive when the birds are yet young. To these favors of the season are attributed the abundance of the birds in the State, which promises such royal sport for the true sportsmen.

While the last Legislature was in session there was a concerted effort on the part of the huntsmen of the State to have enacted a uniform game law, but unfortunately politics were allowed to enter into the discussion of the law, and it was defeated; so that for the coming season the old game laws of the State remain in force.

In some counties, the season opens as early as Oct. 1, and in others on the 15th, but in most of them quail cannot be shot until Nov. 1, which is by far the best date, as prior to that time some coveys are found scarce feathered and almost fall at the crack of the gun, not having been struck by a shot. These young birds will invariably utter a peculiar little note as they rise, and it takes a novice in the field or a man mean enough to shoot birds on the ground to pull a trigger on one of them. When a covey so young is found the proper thing to do is to move on to the next field, as they are too small to serve on toast, and not have your friends suspect you of killing larks or sparrows. Nor is there any honor or sport in bagging them.

Around Richmond the birds are plentiful, but soon after the season opens they are well killed out, as the nearness to the city causes the country to be closely hunted. Armies of men and scores of dogs are constantly in the field.

The promise for turkey hunting in those counties where they are usually found is said to almost equal that of the quail, and there is in store some old-time turkey hunting. In the counties of Amelia and Buckingham, where they have always been found, they are reported in unusual number. There is about turkey hunting an indescribable fascination that, as the advertisements say, must be felt to be appreciated. One a victim to it will have days during "the season" when it is useless for him to try to accomplish anything, for the woods are calling and he must go, any means, for the turkey, of all game birds, is the wariest—well-called the monarch of game birds. But whether he return with a fine gobbler tied to his saddle ring or empty-handed, he has had a day of enjoyment and excitement. What could be finer than to see the sun glistening on the early morning frost, the trees resplendent in their many-colored dress, rivaling the rainbow in the brightness of their tints?

This is enjoyable when the turkey has flown to haunts unknown of man, but when fortunate enough to start a flock, then there is royal sport. The dog's sharp bark, as he rushes into the flock, and the "put-put" of alarm, as they arise for their beautiful, swift, graceful flight is sweeter far than "lovers' tongues by night, like softest music to the attending ear."

A Florida Game Preserve.

A TAMPA correspondent of the Jacksonville Times-Union and Citizen says that a large land deal has just been closed there by Hendry & Knight, who have handled so much property within the last few months. The deal mentioned is a little out of the ordinary, both for the size and for the purpose to which the land is to be put. The sale was of 63,710 acres of prairie land in Manatee county, which lies in a solid body, and has for years been the property of the Plant Investment Company. The land has been bought by Messrs. T. S., F. J., E. C. and C. L. Knight, all of Charlotte Harbor, and they will inclose the land for a game preserve, which will be the largest in the State. The tract, in addition to a little the purchasers already owned there, comprises three solid townships. It is so watered and wooded as to make it an ideal game preserve. The new owners will devote their energies toward making this place one that will be well worth owning. All of the gentlemen are sportsmen, and they do not like to see the game disappear so rapidly as it has, so they have determined to have a place where they can do as they please and keep the pot-hunters out.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Guides and Employers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems to me that Coureur des Bois has given some very poor advice to novices and does not understand the sturdy independence of our American guides. They are not servants nor slaves, but more of companions and friend, who feel responsible for the welfare and enjoyment of the person or persons who place themselves in their charge.

Whoever engages the services of a guide upon this plan will never have anything to complain of, but whoever is unwise enough to treat them as servants and navvies will have just cause to complain.

As the great Scotch poet has said, "A man's a man for a' that, and the glorious old woods are great levelers, where money and style and the fads of fashion do not count for much. So when the novice goes to the woods I advise him to secure the companionship of an honest, noble, natural woodsman and make him a friend and companion instead of a servant. And there will come nothing of it but a first-class, enjoyable vacation. If one wishes to run everything and have his own way, then go it alone and do not draw the contempt of good men by showing ignorance and arrogance."

I do not know what kind of men Coureur des Bois has employed, but if he has held them under him as servants he cannot get the best out of them—not if they are like Americans.

BEAVER.

In the Maine Woods.

DEAD RIVER, Me., Aug. 10.—Game seemingly was never so plenty as this year. Moose are seen by almost every party that goes for a fishing trip. Four were seen last week by Harvey and Herman Harlow at Black Brook Pond. Deer are more common than sheep in this section. Miss Eva Parsons, of this place, has a little fawn which was got in the Dead River nearly drowned and starved. It is doing well now. Partridge are to be seen in good-sized broods on every hand. Great fun is expected at all kinds of small game. Fishing, some good catches of big trout have been made all through July and August so far. Mr. Fred H. Butterfield, Walter Butterfield and Mr. Stephen Perry, of New Bedford, Mass., got eight one day at Round Pond that weighed 2¼ and 3¼ pounds each. They were here for two weeks. They also made a trip to the famous Spencer Stream region—they got some good ones there. They got about 500 during their stay, saw lots of deer, and photographed several big bucks at very short range. More people are coming to Maine this season than ever before. Big crowds are expected at all the resorts here for September shooting.

JIM HARLOW, Registered Guide.

Another Game Preserve.

HEWLETT'S, L. I., Aug. 13.—The lands between this village and East Rockaway, south of Main street, have been legally set aside as a game preserve by the owners. There are already several flocks of quail on the property, and the ponds and streams are favorite haunts of woodcock. The lower meadows, fronting on the bay, are feeding grounds for snipe and meadow hens.

Meadow Hen Season Open.

EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I., Aug. 13.—The meadow hen open season begins on the 16th inst. The birds are in good condition, but they are not very plenty, owing, doubtless, to the way in which they have been slaughtered in previous years. The awkward birds are an easy target for amateur gunners and small boys, who often get so close to the birds that they blow them all to pieces.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Ristigouche.

LOOKING out of the open door at Alford's this cold, rainy morning, I can see the waters of the Ristigouche of the old maps and grants, and the Restigouche of the modern maps and railway folders, hurrying down to Matapedia post-office and Matapedia railway station, and I have good reason to believe that there are salmon in the very water I look upon from the house, but they are safe so far as the salmon fisherman is concerned, for this is Sunday, and the salmon rods are unjointed and stand in the corner of the hall, and lines are unwound from the reels and drying in the bedrooms.

On the New Brunswick side of the river, and just above Alford's, where the Upsalquitch comes in, the American and British flags are flying above Camp Harmony, showing that the members of the club are at home, but the evidence of the flags is not necessary, for I have seen Mr. Dean Sage, Mr. Wm. Sage, Mr. J. W. Burdick, Col. Stackpole and Judge Hamilton on the river, some of them in the act of killing fish, or losing them, and Mr. Mitchell and I are to dine there later in the day. The river guardian has just walked out of his shanty on the opposite shore, just below the Capt. Sweny cottage, and is taking a look at water and sky. As he was out all night protecting the river and watching for net drifters, I presume he can tell just how hard it did rain in the night, and if we may expect the river to run down still more, as we hope, so that salmon will lie in the Alford water, or expect it to remain stationery, so that when Monday comes we must go down to Grog Island, where yesterday I lost a big salmon—my only rise—from the parting of a knot in my leader, and where Mr. F. W. Ayer killed three fish. The Upsalquitch shows that it is still good water, for the stones under the water break at Camp Harmony, which mark its decadence for big fish when they appear, or still under water. I fished it in a pouring rain one day and killed a salmon of 17½ pounds, which took out all my casting line and a good part of my back line and gave me more sport than a 24½-pound fish in the main river. The following day Mr. Mitchell

fished it and killed a 19-pound fish on the same water, his own, and in the afternoon five fish from 8½ to 24½ pounds on the Sage water. So far the fish killed seem to have been fish that were nipped as they were passing up the river on the flood, and were attracted by some fly as they passed, for there is no evidence that they "lay," as the river men say, long in any of the pools. I had one lesson to show that a man should never put his fly on the water of this river, or any part of it, at any time, unless it is in condition to kill.

The Alford water is late water—that is, it is rapid when high, and until the water gets down the fish do not lie in it. Even at this time it is considered about 2 feet above fishing condition, and several days ago, when it was still higher, a salmon took my fly in it, and he has got it yet, so far as I know.

I came in to lunch and stood my rod against a tree at the door, which was all right enough, but I left my leader on it, which was wrong. Usually I take the leader off and put it in the damp box, but on this occasion I did not, for I had thought I would put on a fresh one, as there appeared to be a weak place in the one on my line. After lunch Mr. Mitchell and I took our rods and walked down to the canoes, and as the man pushed out I unhooked the fly from the reel bar and cast it on the water near the canoe, and a salmon happened to be there where one was not expected, and I found that what had appeared to be a weak place in the leader really was one, though it might have killed the fish had the leader been wet instead of dry.

Green Smoked Salmon.

The rainy Sunday morning had made way for a bright sunny noon at the time our men poled us up and across the river to Camp Harmony to dine.

Stanford White made the plans for this camp, perched high above the water, and it is about as perfect as a fishing camp can be made. The veranda on one side almost overhangs a portion of the home pool, giving an excellent opportunity for the fisherman who may be sitting on it to watch the movements of the fish in this pool, and the view down river is particularly fine.

Returning one evening to the house, I met Mr. White coming down from the upper portions of the river, and he reported very indifferent success, but later I saw in the score book at the Ristigouche Salmon Club that Mr. White, having learned that the salmon had appeared in considerable numbers up river, had again gone to the upper pools of the club and killed, as I now recall it, something like twenty-three salmon. But I am getting away from the dinner at Camp Harmony, where, in my estimation, the chief dish was a green smoked salmon. One gentleman went so far as to say he preferred the green smoked salmon to fresh salmon. Anyway, I liked the fish so well that I asked Mr. Sage to call up the Indian who officiated at the smoke house to tell me how he smoked the fish, and here is how it is done, as I noted it on the back of an envelope: Split the fish down the back, take out the back bone, put in pickle of salt, molasses and water. Molasses one-half cup, salt and water enough to make brine and cover fish. Leave fish about two hours in pickle, then open fish, put skewer across it on skin side to hold it open and flat, rub a little sugar and pepper in flesh side and smoke two days with smoke from beech wood. For green smoked salmon small fish should be selected. The smoke house is made of bark with an opening in front near the bottom for the smoke fire, and a door at the back for putting in and taking out the fish.

Unfortunately, few, comparatively, will be able to appreciate just how good green smoked salmon is, for it will not bear transportation, and therefore must be eaten where salmon are killed, or contiguous thereto. Mr. Benedick said at the dinner table that he would at least try the experiment of taking some of the smoked salmon to Albany, but later the Indians said, even for that distance, the fish should be smoked another day, when I would keep for a week.

Camp Harmony After Dinner.

It is the most natural thing in the world that in a salmon fisherman's camp the conversation after dinner over cigars and pipes should be of salmon and salmon fishing. Daniel Adams, one of my canoe men, had told me of killing a 15-pound salmon with worm bait while fishing for trout, and he knew of other trout fishermen who had killed salmon in like manner, and of eel fishermen who had killed salmon on cut bait. Alexander Mowat had assured me on more than one occasion that salmon would take worms on the bottom, and I mentioned the instances that had been related to me. Judge Hamilton contributed the fact that his father had killed salmon on minnow bait, and Mr. Ayer practically closed the discussion by saying that everything went to prove that salmon took the fly because they thought it something to eat, and they took it because they wanted to eat it if it proved palatable. Mr. Mitchell said he had seen three salmon take the fly under the most favorable circumstances for clear observation. In each case the fish came up behind the fly slowly, as minnows have been seen to swim after a bait drawn through the water, and advancing without hurry or dash, seized it and turned down toward the bottom with it.

Mr. Dean Sage brought out a book of souvenirs, a few of which I have before me as I write, and which I will mention separately.

One is a well-worn Jock-Scott, hooked into a sheet of note paper bearing the following legend: "This fly was taken from the lip of a salmon weighing 2½ pounds, which rose to a fly cast in the Upsalquitch Pool, Ristigouche River, Quebec. The salmon was killed by Mr. Bryan at 7:30 P. M. Wednesday, June 28, 1883, and in addition to the discovery of this fly being attached to him, it was observed that he had been presumably gaffed, there being a wound in his shoulder an inch long, unhealed. This fly was identified on Thursday by Dr. Ferber, of New York, as one belonging to him with which he had hooked a salmon Tuesday, June 27, 1883, at 10 A. M., which broke the casting line and escaped, after being struck with the gaff. Dr. Ferber hooked this fish in the Alford Pool, half a mile below where he was killed next day by Mr. Bryan. Dean Sage, Camp Harmony, June 29, 1883."

A large silver-doctor on single hook attached to a broken casting line had this on its wrapper:

"The inclosed fly and casting line was fast under the lowest jaw of a 24-pound salmon (outside), killed by Dean Sage on the camp pool, mouth of Upsalquitch, Ristigouche River, N. B., June 16, 1892. The fly had evidently been in the salmon for several days, as the wound made by it was suppurating."

The casting line or leader appears to be nearly complete, and I imagine from what is left that scarcely more than a length or two of gut is broken from it. At the breach the gut is smaller than at any other portion of the leader that remains, and quite likely the small length of gut was overlooked by its former owner when he placed it on his reel line. If the fish that he foul-hooked did not show itself before its escape with the fly, I expect that to this day the fisherman to whom this fly once belonged fondly imagines that when he lost his fly and leader he lost a 40-pound salmon, even if he did not at the time estimate it at 50 pounds. Mr. Sage's memorandum answers a question that is frequently asked: "How do fish get rid of hooks that are fastened in their mouths when they break tackle and escape?" "The wound made by it" (the hook of the fly) "was suppurating." That tells the whole story, for when suppuration has proceeded to a certain point, the hook would come out of itself.

One more quotation from the legends in the treasure book and I will be content for the present. This time it is a Jock-Scott in fair condition, for it would yet kill fish. This is the explanation of its retirement:

"With this Jock-Scott fly, tied by Forest & Son, Kelso, Scotland, I killed in the Ristigouche River, Canada, in June, 1883, besides three fish that broke loose after being hooked, the following salmon: 20½, 20, 20½, 24½, 20, 22, 26, 23, 38, 12½, 27, 28. Twelve in all, weighing 282 pounds.—Dean Sage."

As the fish averaged 23½ pounds, in spite of the 12½-pound one, the twelve were above the average of June fish in the Ristigouche, as Mr. Mitchell tells me a fair average for the early runs is 22 pounds. As a contrast to this fly, I may say that I put on a new Jock-Scott this season and killed one fish of 24½ pounds on it, and thereafter the fly was scarcely recognizable, it had been so chewed and mangled by the fish. The salmon did not show above the water after taking the fly until it was gaffed, and it was not until I saw the fly that I knew what he had been so busy about that gave him no time to leap. One wing was gone, and the jungle-cock from the other and the body of the fly looked as though it had been chewed by a puppy instead of a fish, and it was not sufficiently respectable to again offer to the king of fishes.

Drifting.

The chief duty of a salmon river guardian is to prevent poachers from drifting the salmon pools. No light is required for this style of poaching a salmon river, and it is done almost silently and so quickly that a guardian may be alert on one portion of his beat and still the drifters may get in their deadly work and escape from another portion of the same beat. Mr. Mitchell owns a pool on the Upsalquitch not far from the main river, and one day I killed a fighting fish in it, and the next morning Mr. Mitchell went up to fish it while I went down to the Grog Island Pool on the main river. During the forenoon one of my men, Daniel Adams, said he feared Mr. Mitchell would not have success, for it was in the air the evening before that the Upsalquitch was to be drifted that night, and this led me to question him on the subject. There was a time in all probability when drifting a salmon pool was considered a legitimate occupation by nearly every able-bodied man on the river. It was the easiest and cheapest way to get salmon for home consumption fresh or to salt down for winter, or to sell, and they considered that salmon came into the rivers for the benefit of the settlers quite as much as for the sportsmen who leased the fishing from the Crown. I do not propose to discuss the right or wrong of the procedure, but drifting was practiced more or less openly, so far as the settlers were concerned, for apparently they were all tarred with the same stick. For the benefit of the uninitiated, I may say that drifting is practiced by stretching a net across the river at the head of a salmon pool with a canoe at either end of the net and drifting it through the pool. Daniel said that a drift net could be operated at a pinch by one man in one canoe, though two made better work of it. On the very water where we fished, he told me he had known thirty-six salmon to be taken in two drifts, the largest a fish of 40½ pounds.

The drifters became guardians under the new order of things, and they were the very best of men to locate nets when they did their duty, but it was hard to break away from old practices and associates who had not become guardians, and so one year when I was on the river the guardian on the opposite shore was seized by the drifters, bound and gagged and thrown into the bushes, while the drifters did their work, and later it was found that the binding was done by a preconcerted arrangement with the drifters. Daniel, however, when he changed to a guardian from being a drifter, determined to do his whole duty, and he told me that on one occasion the Ristigouche Salmon Club sent for him and said that it had come to the knowledge of the club that there was a drift net located on a certain portion of the river, and if he captured the net the club would pay him \$100, and if he captured the net and the men they would pay him \$150. How he got the net I will tell as nearly as possible in his own words: "I got a man to help me, and we were both sworn in as officers, for I had at that time ceased to be a guardian. The first night we came down to that clump of trees just below young Dawson's house, which you can see on the other side of the river, and pulled our canoe out. It was not fully dark, for we could see the people going along the road to church, it being Sunday night. We had not been in hiding long before we heard the sounds of leads going out over the side of a canoe, and then we put our canoe in the water and paddled down stream. We found one canoe out in the stream with two men in it, and another canoe on this shore with one man in it. They saw us and all paddled for the shore, the single man being so close to land that he was away before we got near him, but the other two had a close call, though they escaped. They left both canoes on the bank and ran for it, and there was no use of our trying to catch them in the dark. We did get the net and found one salmon in it, and we took the net to the club and were then paid \$100." I told him he was fortunate in getting his re-

ward after only one short evening's work, when perhaps he expected me to tell him that it was a clever piece of detective work, but I had been informed that drift nets cost \$8 each, and I could not help it if my thoughts did wander to the possibility that if Daniel and his assistant had not been perfectly reliable as special guardians, there was a clear profit of \$18.40 to each of the five men engaged that night. Also, I did wish to ask why the canoes left on the bank were not captured, and by this means the owners found, but it is not always best to ask too many questions that might prove troublesome when you are seeking certain kinds of information, for the fountain of information might suddenly dry up and leave your thirst for knowledge unquenched.

Without doubt there will be much sympathy for the men who settled on the banks of the river in the wilderness to subdue it and make homes for themselves under adverse conditions, for they owned the land and were not permitted to fish for salmon in the streams upon which their farms abutted. The fishing in the whole river was leased by the Crown to Col. Bridges for fifty dollars, as I now remember the sum, for the Crown at that time claimed to control the salmon fishing in the rivers of the Province, and it is little wonder that the early settlers and their sons, who were forced to become expert canoe men, also become expert salmon net drifters.

Since the courts decided that a settler owned the fishing to the middle of the stream on which his farm touched, many settlers derive a handsome income from leasing their salmon fishings, and the farmers and their sons have not forgotten under the new order of things how to manage a drift net and a canoe at the same time if the night is right for the purpose. As a matter of fact, I am told that there is now very little drifting. The men are employed as guardians and as canoe men, and it is more profitable to follow in a path that does not lead to a court of justice that deals out punishment for illegal fishing.

Setting Poles.

The poles used by the men to push the canoes up stream are iron shod, and the Ristigouche is a highway for canoes and scows when the fishing season opens. The fishing in Grog Island Pool, when the water is high is close in shore at one point where the shore is very rocky, and often when I have been fishing there, canoes and scows would pass up river at intervals during the day. You can hear the "click," "click" of the iron-shod poles a considerable distance as the men pole upward. The white men pole up past you within short casting distance without a break in the "click," "click," but when the canoes are manned by Indians they will reverse their poles before they get very near to you, using the wooden end in the water, which makes no noise at all. Often I have taken my attention entirely from my fishing to watch the Indians. I imagine the stern man takes his cue from the man in the bow, for there is no spoken word that I have been able to hear. Both poles are reversed as though they were operated by a single lever, and silence comes for a time, and then the "click," "click" is resumed some distance above you. I have yet to see a white man reverse his setting pole at the point I have mentioned.

Motion in Salmon Fly.

Mr. Henry P. Wells in the "American Salmon Fisherman" gives directions for casting in salmon fishing and the manipulation of the fly afterward:

"When the cast is complete, his rod will point across the current. Retaining the rod in that position, its tip still pointing in the same direction, he causes that part of his rod to vibrate up and down in a perpendicular plane through an amplitude of about one foot, and with a rapidity of vibration about double that of his pulse. When the line where it enters the water appears to gently slap its surface at every downward vibration of the tip of the rod, the motion is correct.

"The fly is now acted on by three forces: first, the current, tending to sweep it down stream; second, the restraining power of the line, tending to hold it back, and, third, the vibratory motion of the tip of the rod. The result is that the fly describes an arc of a circle of which the tip of the rod is the center, and the line the radius, and that it travels this path by a succession of impulses and halts, timed by the rate of vibration of the tip of the rod. When the fly moves, its motion draws the wings and hackles together; when it halts, they expand. Thus the parts mentioned seem to open and close, something like an umbrella, and a very life-like and attractive appearance is given to the fly."

I have never seen but one man fishing for salmon who did not vibrate his rod in the manner indicated by Mr. Wells. All the sportsmen do it, and all the canoe men do it, so far as I have observed, and it is really a study to note the different degrees of vibration given to the rod by different fishermen. I have done it myself until this year, for I have always accepted as true that this vibration did open and shut the wings and hackles of the fly. Two years ago I became satisfied that in the Ristigouche the current was so strong in June that it did not permit the hackles and wings to open as I have believed they would when the rod was vibrated. This year I experimented much more thoroughly, and could not see that the feathers of the fly did anything but cling to the shank of the hook, and so said to Mr. F. W. Ayer, whom I consider one of the best salmon fishermen who fish the river. He said that he did not vibrate his rod at any time; that the current was all sufficient to give the fly a life-like appearance, and finding that the motion did not do what I had always believed it would do, I stopped vibrating the rod as a saving of energy. To be sure, from habit I would find myself vibrating the rod at times but after a day or two I rarely did it. Mr. Ayer argued that slightly hooked fish and clean misses came from the vibrated fly. That the fish started for the fly in a certain position, and before he reached it it had been moved a hand's breadth and so there was a chance for a miss, being foul-hooked or slightly hooked. Be this as it may, what is the use of expending energy to keep your rod in motion, up and down, up and down, all day long, if it adds nothing to the attractiveness of the fly at the end of your leader? Possibly in more sluggish rivers it may be desirable to vibrate the rod, but if I were to fish the Ristigouche for fifty seasons, I would never again make a practice of vibrating the rod. I do not know how it may be on the Dartmouth, the Moise and other rivers Mr.

Wells has fished, but I am satisfied that the Ristigouche current does not require a vibrated rod to make the fly attractive. In fact, Mr. Wells says later in his book, speaking of the vibration of the rod: "This is the usual and perhaps the most effective method of displaying the salmon fly. Some, however, allow the current to swing the fly steadily through its orbit, omitting altogether to vibrate the tip, while others impart a rapid quiver to the rod, both of which methods are at times successful. Indeed, when a particular fish has been located, upon the capture of which the angler has set his heart, all these methods may be tried in succession with profit."

If we all thought alike it would be a monotonous world, and I doubt not that Mr. Wells' advice is good, but I do not know of any angler on the Ristigouche more successful than Mr. Ayer for the water he has to fish, and if permitting the fly to swing steadily through, its orbit will do the business. Why vibrate the rod? It proves nothing that I had more rises after I ceased to vibrate the rod than I did before, but such was the case—but there are risers and risers.

Kelt with Eggs.

This year Mr. Mitchell beached a well rounded kelt in June, a female, and as his canoe man tailed it to remove the fly, about 100 eggs came from the fish. They appeared to be perfect eggs of good color and healthy, and came from the fish as easily as at spawning time in the fall, when the females are ripe for egg taking. For some reason these eggs had been carried over from last fall, when she probably deposited the bulk of her eggs on the spawning bed, possibly far up the river.

Trout that are spawned artificially in a hatchery pond will return again and again to the spawning race if the men do not get all the eggs at the first or second handling. If only a very few ripe eggs remain, the fish will run up into the spawning race after she has been stripped by the spawn taker, but this salmon was apparently going down to sea with free eggs more than seven months after the regular spawning season. This was mentioned in a group of salmon fishermen, and several similar incidents were mentioned as coming under the observation of those then present.

Mr. Mitchell's Score.

The writing of these notes was begun on the Ristigouche River and left unfinished for lack of time to complete them. They were added to in New York, Caledonia, Syracuse, Lake George and elsewhere, always under most unfavorable circumstances for writing. The first sheets are somewhat worn from being carried in my bag twice pretty well over the State during the past month, and to-night I determined to finish them before I started to-morrow on another journey of ten days. Mr. Mitchell's letter, from which I quote, followed me from place to place, to be finally deposited with the unfinished notes. He says: "I only arrived home to-day (July 7), having stretched a point and remained a week longer on the river than was my original intention. The fishing was good at times after you left, and at other times it was dull."

"I finished up with thirty-one salmon and one grilse. Weight of all, 603 pounds. Leaving out all under 20 pounds, I had twenty fish as follows: 24½, 22, 22, 22, 20, 22½, 23, 20½, 24, 20, 23½, 20½, 21½, 22½, 28, 24½, 22½, 24½, 23½, 24½—456 pounds."

A Woman's Score.

One morning, as we passed down river over the Dawson waters, where Billy Florence fished so many years, Mrs. John Reid was fast to a fish, and was about to bring him to gaff—in fact, after our canoes had passed, one of our men, looking back, saw the fish taken into Mrs. Reid's canoe. On the following Sunday, when we called at the Dawsons', Mrs. Reid told us that that fish weighed 35½ pounds, and the same day she killed one of 25½ pounds, and a day or two later she killed one of 34½ pounds, and at that time the men at Dawson's had not equaled her big fish. In the same pool young Mott, son of Jordan L. Mott, Jr., last year killed a salmon of 43 pounds, and the single-hooked fly came away as the fish was gaffed, and then it was discovered that the barb was gone, so that the young man was extremely fortunate to have saved his fish.

Rescuing Salmon Fry.

The Alford water at a proper fishing stage has a wide bed of gravel on the left bank. This gravel bed, the bottom of the stream in high water, grows wider and wider as the water recedes. At first there are several pools in the gravel, but as the water gets lower there is but one, and eventually this dries up. Every spring there will be a quantity of salmon fry in these pools in the gravel, and ultimately they gather in the last remaining pool, which is at that time a considerable distance from the river. Mr. Mitchell has been in the habit of rescuing the fry and placing them in the stream, and he does it in the summer. When the pool, which maintains the same level as the river, gets small, he digs a hole in the lowest part of it and in this hole he sinks a bucket, the top level with the bottom of the pool. Wednesday the pool became dry, and the salmon fry gathered in the bucket and were carried to the river and liberated. Often I have wondered how many similar places there may be on the river where salmon fry are left to perish for the lack of some one to do as Mr. Mitchell has done for a number of years, and I have wondered how many young salmon were utterly lost during the many, many years before Mr. Mitchell began his work of rescue. There are minnows in the pools also, but the young salmon may be distinguished by the fatter fin back of the dorsal, which is peculiar to the salmon family. It would be well worth the while of anglers up the river to see if there is not rescue work of this sort to be done nearer to the head waters of the Ristigouche than the Alford water.

Salmon in New York.

Within a year or so I printed a letter in FOREST AND STREAM from an old resident on Salmon River, N. Y., in relation to the salmon in that stream in the early days the letter being procured for me by Excise Commissioner Lyman. Last year salmon returned to Salmon River, and the Legislature made an appropriation for the purpose of constructing fishways in the stream that salmon may reach

spawning grounds in the head waters, and it is there that I am going to-morrow to see about the construction of the fishways. Hon. T. M. Costello tells me that the salmon come into the river about Sept. 1.

A. N. CHENEY.

Fishing in Lake Keuka.

LAKE KEUKA is one of the many gems of water adorning the central part of New York State. It is a celebrated water for great lake trout and black bass. It also contains pickerel, very large perch, etc. There are also some rainbow or California trout in the lake, but how few or how many we cannot say, as those we have taken have always been caught when fishing for black bass with live minnows.

We shall not attempt to give details of all the good fishing grounds of Lake Keuka; it is a large sheet of water, about twenty-eight miles long. We shall simply note the parts which we have always fished and where we have always been rewarded with good catches. As will be seen by our map of the lake (which is from memory) it is Y-shaped; the two arms are known as the East and West Branches.

The king fish of Lake Keuka is the great lake trout, or togue; it is sometimes called salmon trout by the natives around the lake. Without doubt, the best grounds for these fish is in the deep water which lies below the Bluff, and reaches as far down as the little point jutting out below the Grove Springs Hotel. It also runs up into the East Branch for about a mile and into the West Branch for a quarter to half a mile. We have marked this ground on the map thus:

This deep water runs from 60 to nearly 200 feet. About half a mile below the Bluff Point are some cold springs in



about 60 feet of water. The springs are rather difficult to locate, but if the angler can do so he can always be sure of getting some of these fish.

The local fishermen use regular clothes lines for lake trout fishing, weighted with nearly 2 pounds of lead to carry the end to the bottom. This cumbersome tackle is absolutely unnecessary. We use an ordinary stiff bait rod with a bass reel, having on it 400 to 600 feet of copper wire, gauge about 30. This line will run straight to the bottom from the reel, without any sinker whatever, although to insure the line being kept taut, and also free from kinks, we use an ounce sinker. This copper line is strong enough to handle the biggest trout that will be found in Lake Keuka.

There are two different ways of fishing for lake trout—first, with live bait 6 or 8 inches long on a Seth-Green gang; with this bait we let out line sufficient to carry it down to where the trout are on the feed; this depth your guide can tell you, as they keep in close touch with the trout throughout the season. The second way is to use a spoon—a wabblor, not a spinner. These wabblers should be about the size of Skinner's No. 9. They should have a good swivel fastened on one end and a strong single hook soldered on the other. Lake trout will take silver, copper and brass spoons, nor do they show much particular choice for any or either. When really hungry, they will strike at anything moving. On one occasion we opened a lake trout and found in its stomach an old corn-cob. Now what spoon the fish took this for we have never been able to decide.

Slow trolling always gives the best results for lake trout. As a black bass water Lake Keuka has no peer. The bass are very plentiful and run large, averaging 2 and 3 pounds. The ground which we always fish for bass, and which we believe to be the best in the lake, is the western rocky shore from the Urbana Wine Cellar up to Branchville, which is at the end of the West Branch; then again on the eastern shore of the West branch, from Branchville down to the Bluff.

We have marked these bass grounds thus: xxxxxxxx. Our best catches have been made by trolling, using the following baits: 1st. A No. 2 silver casting spoon (Skinner's), with a live minnow. 2d. The following flies surmounted by a No. 2 silver spoon (Skinner's): The

Delaware-belle, silver-doctor (a regular salmon fly) and the black-princess. We have also made some good catches with ordinary fly-casting, using regular bass flies, but the fish taken this way at the surface run much smaller than those taken by trolling in deeper water nearer the bottom.

As we have previously stated, rainbow trout are an unknown quantity in Lake Keuka. Those that we caught were probably in water from 20 to 40 feet deep on the edge and outside of the bass limit. We have marked their water thus: ooooooooo. The only bait that we have ever taken them on in Lake Keuka has been minnows, and the largest specimen scaled nearly 5 pounds.

For those who are fond of dallying with the little long noses—pickerel—Lake Keuka offers some good grounds on the eastern shore. Starting from the little point jutting out just below the Grove Springs Hotel, it is good pickerel ground all the way up to the point about a mile above the hotel, and then all over the little bay beyond the point.

We have marked their ground thus: — — — — —. The best bait to use for these little fellows is a No. 2 brass Skinner casting spoon with a little piece of white belly from another fish on the hook as bait.

One of the best table fish, and as gamy a fish as any angler wishes to have playing on his rod, is the large perch of 2 to 3 pounds, which are quite plentiful in Lake Keuka. They will be found both on the bass and pickerel grounds.

Gibson's is about the best spot to stop on the lake for the fishermen, as the best fishing lies all along in front of the hotel, and further, one can secure good and reliable guides there.

To reach Keuka Lake the best route is to take the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad to Bath, which is six or seven miles from the lake. From Bath the angler can take either the Bath & Hammondsport Railroad to Hammondsport, or take a carriage and have an hour's delightful country driving. From Hammondsport steamers leave regularly, calling at all the hotels and principal points all the way up to Penn Yan, at the head of the East Branch. Any angler spending a few days fishing the waters of Lake Keuka will be sure to be well rewarded and return perfectly satisfied, with a determination to try again his skill against the plucky, finny tribe of this queen of waters.

J. CHURCHWARD.

AUG 6

Trouting in California.

GOOD results are being realized at the present time by anglers who are visiting the mountain streams of California, but the grandest stream as yet visited by the writer is the Truckee River. The accommodations afforded sportsmen by the Southern Pacific Company cannot be excelled. Take San Francisco as a center; by leaving on the 6 P. M. train the angler reaches the Truckee River the following morning, and, if he so desires, can be on the stream at 7:30.

There are several hotels along the route, but the principal and best stopping place for anglers at present is Boca, a few miles from the State line. Good fishing may be had at almost any point on the Truckee. Boca has its admirers, the Union Mills its admirers, Floriston its admirers, Verdi, also, its admirers. When the new hotel which is now in process of erection at Floriston is finished, it will be well patronized, especially during the months of July, August and September.

The Truckee River is well stocked and well looked after, and great credit is due to the California Fish Commission for the admirable manner in which they look to the interests of the anglers in protecting the fishes during the fall and early spring, when so much illegal fishing is being carried on by the natives on the different sections of this stream. Quite a number of arrests were made this spring, and the offenders were heavily fined.

The San Francisco anglers who visit this stream year after year have each their respective haunts where the trout hide. For instance, Geary's Flat is known to all anglers, and is well whipped in the latter part of July and the first week in August. Wells' Riffle is another equally prolific stretch. Butler's Salmon Roe Pool is also well known. All sportsmen who want good trout fishing should not fail to visit this stream, the angler's paradise, in California and Nevada.

In fishing on this river, it is well to be provided with a pair of gum boots, leather soled and hob-nailed. A great many, however, discard the gum boots and use a pair of trout shoes well nailed. The rocks and boulders, which are very plentiful, are quite slippery, and at certain times of the season covered with a greenish moss, which makes the foothold anything but secure. In fording the Truckee, which can be done at several points between Truckee and Reno, it is well to be supplied with a wading stick. It is of great assistance, and never in your way if tied to your button hole and allowed to float in front of you while fishing down stream or when standing in mid-stream.

The market fisherman is a very necessary adjunct to the average angler who visits the Truckee River for the first time. If unsuccessful the first few days and he wants to send home a mess of trout to his friends, he simply pays 25 cents per pound for 15 or 20 pounds, ships them to the city and no one is a bit the wiser, except, perhaps, an angler or two who have to resort to similar methods and must necessarily keep mum.

The rainbow trout take a spoon readily in the middle of the day, when they will not look at a fly, however artistically placed before them. A Mr. LaForge, who was a resident of Boca for a number of years, was the most successful spoon fisher on the Truckee. He invented a spinner which is used now by a majority of the spoon fishermen, and it is known as the LaForge spinner. It does excellent work, and can be had only at Boca. In spoon fishing on the Truckee it is well to use a moderately stiff split-bamboo 7-ounce rod, and for fly-fishing a 5½ or 6-ounce rod. The best flies are the coachman, royal-coachman, red-ant, red-spinner, grizzly-king, professor, queen-of-the-waters, caddis, March-brown, jungle-cock-wing, brown-hackle, red-body and gray-hackle, yellow-body, tied on Nos. 10 and 12 hooks for morning and mid-day fishing, and Nos. 6 8 and 10 for evening fishing. A large, gaudy-colored fly, just at dusk, allowed to sink, is a great killer.

To many of the readers of this valuable paper, a word

from California seems almost like a voice from the wilderness, but it must be remembered that in our State the FOREST AND STREAM has a great many friends, who are always glad to learn of advantageous places to indulge in the greatest of all sports. The sportsmen of other States may be some day induced to try our streams.

JAMES WATT.

June in the Wild Woods.

BY PAUL TARBEL.

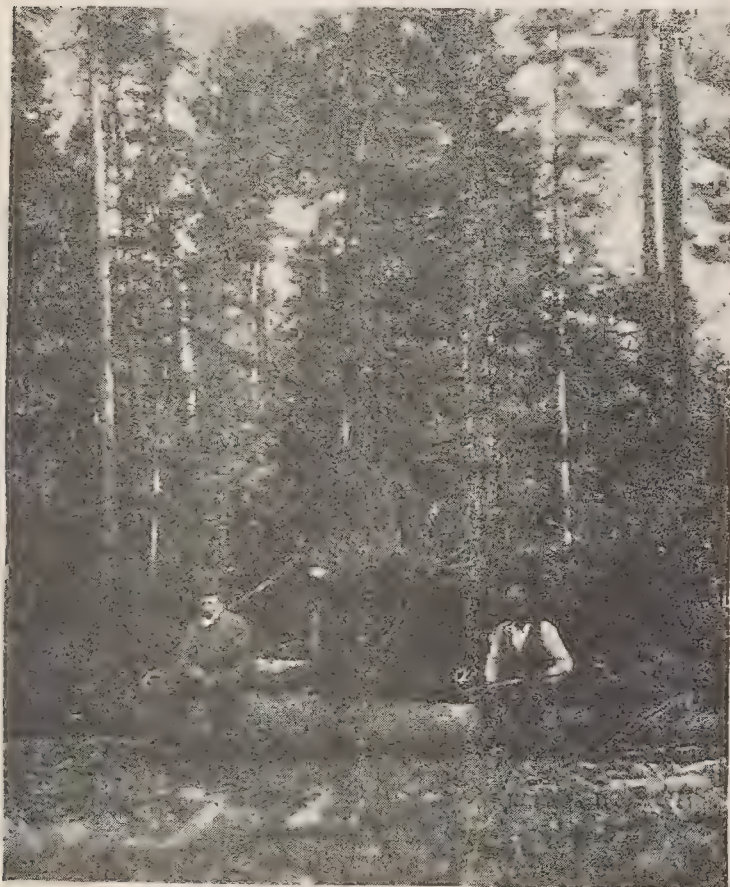
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathings—
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring into us from the heaven's brink."

THIS beautiful simile is as true now as when Keats wrote it, and its truth will become more and more general as the tone of the nation's moral and intellectual standards improve. It is a lovable thing to have a beautiful imagination, but after all, beautiful fiction written by beautiful imaginations is lovable only for its portrayal of fancies and facts into one harmonious whole—as it pictures ideals and nature as we would like to have it in every day life.

The fascinating qualities of Mary Johnson's "To Have and to Hold" lie largely in the wonderful descriptions of the colonial conditions and the almost photographic reproductions of life in the wild woods. It is natural for humankind to yearn unconsciously, to be near to nature's heart.

Many instincts lie inherent within us, which speak up at times to prove to us that we are after all but nature's children. Nature is to-day, and ever will be, what it was thousands of years ago. Sufficient unto the day is the happiness you can get out of it, and it were much better if we can see only the good things of this world and let the evil die for want of attention.

I want to tell you about a country, and it is only a



AN EMERGENCY SHACK.

twelve hours' ride from Chicago, that contains within its borders as much of natural grandeur, simplicity and beauty as any human heart can desire. A country of wild woods, of peaceful lakes and streams, of ruggedness and health-giving influences, of wild deer and partridges, of eagle and song birds, of all things as primitive and lovable to the student as the day Master John Rolfe took to wife Pocahontas, or Captain Ralph Percy so romantically wedded Jocelyn Leigh.

Oh, for a day in June in the wild woods of Vilas county, Wisconsin! I have just returned from there, and the breath of all things I saw and heard is still upon me. I take it for granted you love such things, or why would you be reading this paper?

I shall talk like a plain man, who knows not intimately nature, nor her ways, but who loves it all, oh! so dearly. Like one who has eyes to see and ears to hear. Not a scientist am I, nor an expert fisherman or hunter, but that is not necessary, for the country I am going to tell you about is not in need of diplomats to make it known, nor expert anglers to catch its fish, nor practical gunners to obtain its game.

It is a beautiful country for plain people. Believe me, you can catch as many muskellunge or black bass with your plain rod and line as yonder nabob with high-priced split bamboo, reels, flies and other paraphernalia, all of which makes it patent that he pretends to a knowledge no one can master.

Star Lake, Wisconsin, is on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Six miles this side of that terminus is a side track in the very heart of the wild woods, termed by courtesy Glenbrook. That is where my friends, Knapp and Christy, and your servant leave the luxuries of sleeper and diner. It is June 9, 1900, and we are here for a ten days' outing. Our destination is Bob McGregor's camp on Big St. Germain Lake, one of the three hundred distinct waterways of Vilas county.

Glenbrook is reached at 11 o'clock in the morning. Bob had been notified days before to meet us with his pony and buckboard. It was my intention to print a photograph of Bob's backwoods livery, but he insisted that the idea of conveyance was patentable, and he wished

I would wait. The thing was wonderfully, yes, fearfully, concocted, and why we arrived safely at camp after a drive of seven miles is beyond my ken; but Bob's child-like confidence in both was so captivating that each time after trying to knock over some majestic pine, instead of driving around it, and expressing our desire to assist by walking the remainder of the way, Bob would exclaim, "No, sirree. Sit still. We're all right! You can't break this rig."

Just a mile from Glenbrook we passed through some



AN INLAND BASS LAKE.

woods, that presented an exceptional opportunity for a view. Here it is. The wind blew from the west, from the unknown. I turned my head and it beat against my forehead, cold and fragrant with the essence of the forest—pine and cedar, dead leaves and black mould, glen and hollow and hill—all the world of woods over which it had passed. The ghost of things long dead, which face or voice could never conjure up, will sometimes start across our path at the beckoning of an odor.

The entire ride of seven miles was an unbroken chain of enchantment, but some of its fascinations were lost in our efforts to maintain a state of equilibrium. Bob proved a skillful driver—only once were we really anxious.

And here is a picture of Camp McGregor, on the shore of the lake. It did not take us a great while to don our camping garments, and soon we were on the shore, reviewing the grandeur of our surroundings. Before us lay the lake, a sheet of water so placid and limpid that it resembled a bed of the pure northern atmosphere, compressed into a setting of hills and woods. The lake is about three and one-half miles in length and from one to one and a half miles wide.

Of course, its margins were irregular, being indented by bays and broken by many projecting points. There is one effect such scenes always produce, and that is solemn solitude and sweet repose. On every side, look which ever way you will, there is nothing meets your vision but the mirror-like surface of the water, the placid view of the heavens and the dense setting of the woods. So rich and fleecy were the outlines of the forest that scarce an opening could be seen, the whole visible earth, from the rounded hilltop to the water's edge, presenting one unvaried hue of unbroken verdure. As if vegetation



DESERTED LOG ROAD NOW A RUNWAY.

were not satisfied with a triumph so complete, the trees overhung the lake itself, shooting out toward the light, and there were miles along its shores where a boat might have pulled beneath the branches of hemlocks, alders, beeches, birches or melancholy pines. In a word, the hand of man had never yet defaced or deformed any part of this native scene, which lay bathed in the sunlight, a glorious picture of affluent forest grandeur, softened by the balminess of June.

Mr. Knapp had brought with him a pair of binoculars, and through the magical power of these glasses all distances and effects were brought close to our delighted vision. We acted like a trio of children. "My turn next," and when at last we heard the unmusical toot of the supper horn, we were loath to go. But go we did. I was

the last to turn away. The binoculars were in my possession, and looking toward a point about a half-mile distant, I noticed something moving, and watching closely, presently saw emerge from the water line a large doe and two beautiful fawns. I called to Christy and Knapp to return, gave them the glasses and asked them to look.

They did, and saw what I had seen. We then and there determined to lay for doe and fawns the following day, and, if possible, obtain a few photographs of live deer in the wild woods. How we succeeded I will relate to you.

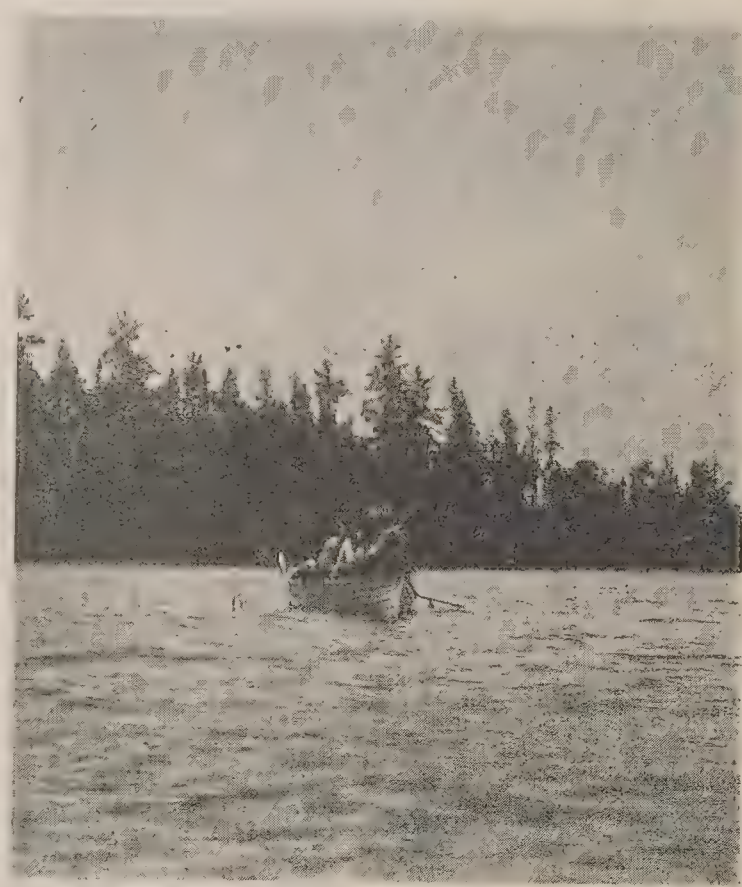
Let me say a word here about my guide, James Fordham. I had written to him to meet me at the McGregor Camp, and with his usual promptness he arrived about supper time. Jim is a reliable, sober and industrious guide. A man who loves nature and her ways instinctively—a good hunter and a splendid fisherman. The next morning we breakfasted and all were afloat by 4 o'clock. Remember, in June in Vilas county it is broad daylight until 9 o'clock in the evening, and the sun begins to throw its first rays before 3 o'clock in the morning.

Knapp and Christy, both able and enthusiastic fishermen, determined to spend the day trolling for muskellunge, pike and bass, but Jim and I, with our glasses and camera, were after closer acquaintanceship with Mrs. Doe and children.

I had spotted the exact location of the appearance of the deer the evening before, and pointing the place out to Jim, he stated it was at the mouth of Lost Creek. Lost Creek leads to Lost Lake, as Plum Creek leads to Plum Lake. I might mention here, there are about eight fine lakes easy of access to Big St. Germain.

A half-hour's row brought us to our destination, and looking along the shore we distinguished many fresh deer tracks. This view of Lost Creek shows the exact spot where deer cross constantly, and Jim advised locating here. Of course I adopted his suggestion, and if you will look closely at the picture on the right shore you will see our boat.

I moved about ten rods toward the lake, and entrenching myself amid the profuse shrubbery, I arranged my camera on its tripod, had its focus arranged that if any live thing crossed on the point in the left of the picture I



TWO FISHERMEN EACH WITH A BASS ON HIS LINE.

had only to squeeze the bulb to obtain its likeness amid the wild surroundings. The heaven was clear as could be, the air invigorating as pine-laden atmosphere must be, and the beauty and quietness of the surroundings can be judged by this view.

Jim started for the dam, about two miles above, to examine some deer licks, which he promised to keep salted to insure good sport when the season fell due, so now I had about three hours' uninterrupted quiet before me. Everything bore that serene expectancy which is so characteristic of this locality. Now and then a robin, a tip-up or a kingfisher, and now a lone wood duck, would pass up or down the stream. The surface of the beautiful sheet of water was now glittering like a gem in the rays of the morning sun, and the setting of the whole, clothed in the richest verdure, was lighted up with a radiant smile.

Is it any wonder that Deerslayer, when asked where his sweetheart resided, answered: "She is in the forest hanging from the boughs of the trees, in a soft rain, in the dew upon the grass, the clouds that float about in the blue heavens, the sweet springs where I slake my thirst, and in all the other glorious gifts that come from God's providence."

But where is the doe and her twins?

Hark! What's that? Looking intently toward the point, I see two tiny spotted toddlers wading out from the bushes. Not more than four or five feet, but there they are as plain as life can make them. They are certainly not over two or three weeks old, spotted like two leopards, ears so large and awkward looking, their knees hardly seem able to support their ungainly little bodies, but happy as the children of the forest only know how to be when no danger is nigh and big mama is present to warn and watch over them.

But where is mama? Ah! here comes the stately old dame. First she puts only her nose out of the bushes, looks up and down the stream, sniffs the air, and seemingly satisfied that all is well, she slowly and majestically walks out in midstream and takes a drink. The little ones by this time are cavorting like two kittens, splashing the water and making a great deal of noise. Mama is afraid, evidently, there is too much noise, for she backs out of the water, and the little ones obey her instructions and reluctantly follow.

Fortunately, there is quite a clearing along the left bank, and slowly and stealthily backing about 10 feet up the hill, I gain a position where I can plainly see mama and the babies without being seen or heard.

The old lady is quietly feeding, nipping the tender branches with much relish. The little ones think it is time for their breakfast, and to watch them as they pull at their source of nourishment reminds me of a full-blooded Jersey cow with a calf. I wonder if long years ago there was any relationship existing between the two?

The doe is a big female. She weighs 200 pounds. She wears her spring and summer garment—her red petticoat. The duties of maternity evidently agree with her, for she is sleek and fat. Now mama compels the toddlers to stop eating, and even gives the largest of the fawns a slight tap on the head to prevent his rushes for more sustenance. This furry thing promises to be a buck, for he is determined to get what he wants, but his mother is too quick for him. She leaps from one side to the other with the agility that only a deer possesses, and now both little ones, entering into the spirit of play, run and jump in imitation of their mother. Now the dame runs twenty rods up the hill, and the little ones follow. Now they all come back pell mell. No sooner have the little ones reached the water's edge than they repeat the performance again and again.

How proud mama looks! Were there ever two such lovely fawns? Not to her way of thinking. After having run about ten times, they evidently tire and come up to partake of the maternal font. But instinct teaches that it is not good to eat when so heated from violent exercise, so the mother leads them to water, lets them drink and then again tempts them to repeat their performance of running and romping. It strikes me the mother has an object in view. Can it be to teach her young to gain strength and surefootedness? I think so. Now the two urchins come tumbling down the hillside with an impetuosity that is undeniable. The smaller one of the two is enabled to stop just at the water's edge, but the baby buck is coming so quick and he has so little control of himself, he tumbles from the embankment and falls with a resounding splash into the water, and then begins to bleat exactly like a calf, as much as to say, "Mama, mama, sister pushed me in the water. Come help me, I am hurt."

And now I make my mistake. The entire affair is so ludicrous, I laugh, and that very loud, and then you should see the doe. One quick look in my direction, one quicker jump into obscurity, a call for her offspring and that settles it. Then I think of my camera, and pressing the bulb, the best I can do is to give the picture of the scene where this happened. I am very sorry, but will try and do better next time.

In a short time Jim return. I tell him of all I have seen, and he tells me so much of the deer licks and the profusion of tracks and deer that we embark and row up the creek to the dam.

Counting the turns and twists of the creek, it is a four-mile row, but we take it slow and admire our surroundings. Here is a picture of the dam and the old logging road. And if you have good eyes and will look where you can see the water, you will see two large deer. I was too far distant to obtain a distinct picture, but I hope the general beauty of the spot will recompense you for the failure to locate the deer.

The rest of the forenoon was spent in this neighborhood. I counted before 11 o'clock eighteen deer, crossing and recrossing the creek below the dam. I watched a bald-headed eagle steal his breakfast from a fish hawk and then sail back to his nest to keep warm the one solitary egg. I saw a litter of wildcats (there were three), the old one snarling and raising her hair as such varmints do when cornered or scared.

"Jim, what is that coming down the road? Why, yes, two brown dogs. What kind—"

"No, Mr. Tarbel, those are two bear cubs. Wait and I will scare out the old one."

With this, Jim jumped down the embankment and ran toward the cubs, howling like a fiend. He had not gone more than twenty rods when the she bear broke the woods, and with an angry growl called her young ones and was lost in the shrubbery before you could count ten. And this continued all day, one scene of wonderful things, native and wild, health-giving and educating.

At noon we ate our lunch and then started for the big lake. The rest of the day was to be spent in fishing. At the junction of the creek and lake is a small bit of sandy beach; attached to a stick pushed well down in the sand was fluttering a note. We were soon in possession of it, and we found it to be a message from Knapp and Christy, asking us to come to Lake Content. Their guide had impressed them with the fishing possibilities of the little lake, and even Jim acknowledged it was a renowned place for black bass.

Lake Content lies almost parallel with Big St. Germain, north of it, and there is a little thoroughfare connecting the two, not more than three rods across. As we came nearer to this point, Jim pointed out the exact location to me, but I could not distinguish it.

As the bushes hung in the water beneath and pines that had the stature of church steeples rose in tall columns above the smaller birch, beech and hemlock, until their branches intermingled, the eye at even a short distance could not detect any opening in the shore to mark the egress of the water. In the forest above no traces of this outlet were to be seen from the lake, the whole presenting the same connected and seemingly interminable carpet of leaves. As we came within a few rods, the thoroughfare stood plainly revealed, and while Jim pushed the boat through, I walked across the narrow strip of land and beheld Lake Content. It is small in comparison with Big St. Germain, but is unquestionably one of the most beautiful spots in all the world.

Friend Knapp and Christy with their guide and boat were soon sighted, and having arranged my fishing tackle we slowly trolled toward them. When within six rods of them they both shouted, and looking I saw that both had a large fish on their hooks. I thought this would be an admirable picture to produce, so here you are. My friends had excellent luck, and showed more than forty fine bass and pike, and one 14-pound muskellunge.

The rest of the day was spent in fishing, and in calling the attention of one another to diversity of events. Now it might be a deer on the shore, then an exceedingly lucky strike, but whatever the occasion, it was pure, native,

healthy, life-giving joy and recreation, every hour of which added weeks to man's life and mental vision.

We stayed at McGregor Camp one week; we were hospitably entertained by genial Bob and his wife; we brought home each a very large box of bass, pike and muskellunge, and laid our plans for the hunting season to come, with great hopes and expectations.

How sorry we were to leave it all. I know that I felt it was no uncommon privilege for any one to enjoy such surroundings constantly, and pictured to my mind the possession of a home in this wilderness, where I would be content to live from one day to another, enjoying nature.

"Paul, you know you would like it for a few weeks, but you would soon tire and yearn for the tumult of the city," says my wife. Well, it may be I would, but I doubt it, and now while I write there comes to my mind a little haven of refuge Jim and I built last fall near a runway, where we spent many an hour unseen and unheard, and had all the tribe of Wahpitas come dangerously close to us. I walked to this place with my friends, and herewith present you a picture of it, with my guide, Jim, and my friend, Christy, in the foreground.

Well, it is time to say good-by. I have written a great deal, but probably have said little to interest you. However, I will do better next time. Don't let me forget to say when we got ready to go to Glenbrook, Bob McGregor was the proudest man in Vilas county when he drove us in a brand new three-seated buckboard attached to two fine young horses, which reminded us forcibly of our other ride, because it was so different.

Bass Fishing from the Car Window.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 7.—The average commercial traveler of to-day is too much engrossed with business to take advantage of the opportunities that are afforded him from time to time to go fishing. Then, on the other hand, every man is not an enthusiastic follower of Walton. Our tastes vary according to our early education. Some prefer horse races, others baseball and tennis, or perhaps golf, but for me, give me a fishing rod and a nice quiet stream or small lake and I can soon forget every earthly care as I patiently wait for a rise.

The sunshine of the past few weeks has brought on the fever again, and many are the fish that I have caught (in my mind, of course) from the car window.

As I am gliding swiftly through the country in the early springtime, when nature is donning her beautiful summer garb, how often do I see a nice pool beside some giant boulder, or a sunken log where I am almost sure that an old 3-pound bass is awaiting his opportunity to seize a nice fat minnow or frog. How cautiously I approach the spot and make my cast; the minnow lands just at the edge of the shadow, there is a swish and a splash and away he goes, making the reel fairly sing. Careful now lest I strike him too quickly. Ah! the steel is firmly set and he is off in his mad rush straight for the opposite side of the pool. See! he breaks and shakes his head in his vain endeavor to free himself from the cruel hook. Away he goes again, and the merry click of the reel is sweeter than the sweetest music. Careful now, for he is making for that old sunken treetop, and if he succeeds in reaching it he is almost certain to free himself. At last his rush is checked, and I start to reel him in slowly, inch by inch. Now he is off for another rush, and goes straight for the bottom, where he sulks for a few seconds, but after a little coaxing he has finally turned on his side. Isn't he a beauty? Now if I can only land him successfully, won't he be a prize! He makes two or three more short rushes and is finally brought to net, and after weighing him I find that he tips the beam at 3½ pounds, and another one has been caught "from the car window."

The thought occurs to me here that a great many of the fishing tales that we read from time to time in some of our sporting journals, that are beautiful from a rhetorical standpoint, are manufactured in this way, so to speak, and the fish that are invariably caught are (a great many of them) caught from "the car window" or in the easy chair of the den. I much prefer the genuine article, however, and have managed to steal away several times during the season for a quiet day with the bass, but my catch, as regards numbers, has not been very large.

On Decoration Day I successfully landed two 3-pounders and one weighing 2 pounds—not so bad after all, considering the fact that they were caught in the Chagrin River, about twenty miles east of Cleveland, a stream that is almost "fished to death" on account of being easily reached by street cars from the city.

I expect to leave on my annual fishing trip about Aug. 27, and many are the preparations that have been made by myself and friend, L. F. B. He is an enthusiast on the fish question, and his good wife informs me that if I don't stop relating stories to him she will be compelled to start an aquarium in the bath tub and stock it with some good-sized fish for his special benefit. Our destination will be Rondeau, Canada, and if the fishing is as good as last year, I hope to report some good catches of bass and pickerel. If any of the FOREST AND STREAM family, residents of Ohio, desire good bass fishing during September, this is certainly the best place I know of. It is easily reached from Cleveland—only four hours' ride by steamer, and good hotel accommodations. If you go during September you will not be disappointed.

WAH-WAH.

Boys Dynamite Trout Streams.

THE NEWBURGH Journal of Aug. 11 reports that Dr. Willett Kidd, the game protector, learned recently that some lads had dynamited a trout stream in Sullivan county in the vicinity of Livingston Manor. He went out to Sullivan county this week to investigate the matter, and learned that the boys had exploded a dynamite cartridge in Cat Tail Creek, a natural trout stream which empties into the Beaverkill at Livingston Manor. The stream had also been stocked by the State, and there was a great deal of indignation among the sportsmen at the willful violation of the law. Many trout were killed by the explosion. One of the dynamiters pleaded guilty before Justice of the Peace Peter Millsbaugh, and paid the full penalty. Warrants will be issued for the remainder of the party.

Tarpon Fishing at Tampico.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note that you have published my paper on "Winter Fishing at Tampico," but am sorry that you did not see fit to reproduce more of the photographs that I sent you, for the reason that perhaps some of your readers will think that the big tales I told about fishing need some ocular confirmation.

I note a few typographical errors, but only two of them are of any consequence. In two places you call a salt-water pike a "whalo" instead of "robalo." This error is due primarily to my bad handwriting, and secondly to my typewriter, who failed to interpret it properly. The second error is yours, for you make Dr. Howe say that the head of a big tarpon that he landed looked like that of a "sow" instead of a "cow."

After writing the paper that you have published, I made, early in March, another trip to Tampico with Dr. Howe, staying there five days and catching in all thirty-five fish, four of them being large tarpon and the rest principally jackfish. In one day, inside of an hour, I took two jackfish, each exactly 4 feet in length. They must have weighed 50 pounds apiece. Unfortunately, I had no scales with me that day to find out their exact weight, but they were by far the largest jackfish that I have ever seen or heard of. I took them at the mouth of the river above the city, just where the Mexican Central Railway crosses.

Dr. Howe did some pretty big fishing with his hand lines at the mouth of the river opposite the city. In about four hours one day he took four sawfish that measured from 13 feet to 15 feet each in length. He caught also two or three tarpon and jackfish while I was with him, and after I left, a number of others. In fact, he struck some very fine fishing after my departure, as some photographs that he has sent me will testify.

My object in writing you this letter is to call the attention of those of your readers who are tarpon fishermen to the fact that it is now practicable to arrange for fairly good accommodations at La Barra for next winter. I am trying to induce Mr. Frank Hetfield, the hotel keeper, and Mr. Robert Farley, the taxidermist, at Tarpon (Aransas Pass), Texas, to go down to Tampico for the months of December, January, February and March. When I saw them about a month ago, they had nearly made up their minds to do so. All they want now is a little encouragement from tarpon fishermen, so I would suggest that those of the fraternity who want some excellent sport next winter, correspond at once with Mr. Hetfield and make arrangements to go down there. The town of La Barra is a watering place for Tampico and vicinity, and the few houses there are in great demand through the summer months, but in winter they are empty, consequently Mr. Hetfield could at very little expense arrange to furnish fair accommodations for sportsmen. He would provide cots and bedding and would set a much better table than is to be found at the hotels in Tampico. Mr. Farley would be prepared to mount tarpon and other fish for any sportsman who might desire his services in that line. He does his work exceedingly well.

If my business will permit, I shall go down there early in December and take with me several friends.

If I can furnish any other information to gentlemen who contemplate trying the fishing at Tampico, I shall be pleased to do so. My address is No. 664 Gibraltar Building, Kansas City, Mo.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

Canadian Angling Notes.

Whenever we Canadians do any talking or preaching to the fishes, it is not usually on the lines of the sermon preached to them by St. Anthony of Padua; nor do we read them anything from the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, preferring to keep our business secrets to ourselves. Therefore I hope that I am violating no trust when I quote from a letter just received from Brooklyn, in which the writer—a well-known member of the New York Press Club—says: "I shall start on my vacation Sunday, the 19th inst., and have promised myself the pleasure of dropping in on you about Wednesday morning, the 22d. Can you give me a little advice on the subject of flies? I suppose I will need some for both trout and ouananiche. This is strictly confidential. I don't want the fish to know I am coming. Poor fish!"

There may be others in the position of my Brooklyn correspondent, and so at the risk of repeating what I have written on former occasions, I shall mention some of the flies that are likely to prove most serviceable for both trout and ouananiche in Canada, from the present time to the end of the fishing season. Ouananiche are taking smaller flies on the Grande Décharge than they rose to in the early part of the season. Jock-Scott and silver-doctor should be tied on No. 5 or 6 hooks. Duller colored flies may be used on No. 4 or 5 hooks just now, for the water is heavy on account of recent rains. Should fine weather set in—and we have had scarcely any of it here this year—still smaller flies may be required, and it will doubtless be well to have some on No. 7 or 8 hooks, such as the General-Hooker, cow-dung, hare's-ear, queen-of-the-water, etc. The brown-hackle and coch-y-bondhu are often very telling lures. In the rivers flowing into Lake St. John, somewhat larger flies may be employed, and I understand that the ascent of the Peribonca to Lake Tschotagama, and of the Mistassini and Ashuapmouchouan rivers is likely to be made during the next five weeks by several parties of visiting anglers.

The standard flies for trout in this north country, after the Jock-Scott and other small salmon flies, are the Parmachenee-belle, grizzly-king, professor, queen-of-the-water and coachman, in about the order above given, though many others are successful, including all of those recommended above for ouananiche.

In the shape of a box of handsome fresh ouananiche that reached me this morning from Lake St. John, I had visual demonstration of the splendid sport being at present enjoyed by anglers on the Grande Décharge.

Press of literary and other engagements has kept the undersigned so closely chained to business that he has had but part of six days' fishing so far during the summer, but in that time, notwithstanding the lateness of the season for salmon fishing, he was fortunate enough to get some rare sport, including a successful fight of one

hour and fifty-five minutes with a 36-pound fish, another fish of 33 pounds, one of 28, and a number of smaller ones, which left an average weight, however, of 19½ pounds. Mr. Joncas and Mr. Lavoie, two companions, did almost equally well, and would doubtless have done much better, but that their guest was always compelled to occupy the best of the pools, with his young daughter, who has two good salmon to her own credit.

The salmon season has been a very satisfactory one. It is estimated that Mr. J. J. Hill and party took out of the St. John River, on the north shore of the Gulf nearby, half a ton of fish on their fly-hooks. The run of fish to the St. Paul River in Labrador was so large that one man and his son secured in nets a hundred barrels of fish.

Mr. Sam Ehrich, of New York, has had good sport on the Nepisiguit.

Mr. James R. Wilson and Dr. Shepherd, of Montreal, have been very successful this season on the Grand Pabos. It was the Doctor's first experience in salmon fishing, and he was fortunate enough to land a fish of 42 pounds, after a struggle of three hours.

F. H. Daniels and party, of Worcester, Mass., have had good sport on the Little Cascapedia, and Messrs. Law, Patterson and Small have done well on the Godbout.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 10.

New England Anglers.

BOSTON, Aug. 11.—Mr. John G. Wright's fishing on the north shore of Lake Superior was not so much of a success after all. The trip by steamer was delightful. A tug was chartered to take the fishermen to Bolkow Bay, and from thence they were to fish the river entering the bay. When they arrived at the bay they found that a jam or boom of logs completely blocked the entrance to the river's mouth. There was nothing for it but to make a landing below and tramp through the woods for five miles to the river. This was done with considerable difficulty, and after reaching the river the trout fishing was unsatisfactory. Conditions were against the fishermen and Mr. Wright sent his rods home by express and put in the time sailing about on the fine steamers that ply the lake. At the entrance of some of the bays, particularly the Sou, the pickerel or pike fishing was good, but Mr. Wright went out for trout fishing. Now he says that the whole of a fishing trip is in knowing exactly where one is going.

Mr. E. C. Stevens, of Boston, is putting in some time pickerel fishing at Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vt. He came home the other day with a bad bite on his hand. It was that of a big pickerel. In attempting to remove the hook, after the fish was in the boat, a vicious snap of the cruel jaws caught the fisherman's hand. The pickerel weighed 5 pounds. Mr. Stevens says that it was all the one they got hold of that morning and he did not care to tackle another in exactly the same way. Mr. C. A. Brown, who is summering in Plymouth, finds some good bass fishing in the ponds there. There is a kind of a close masonry about exactly where these bass are caught. The fortunate fishermen say, "In the Plymouth ponds" and stop there. When one remembers that there are dozens of ponds in the town of Plymouth the feeling is that the information is not very definite. Bass fishing is fair in the vicinity of Falmouth, with some tautog being taken. Bluefish are positively scarce in Buzzards Bay so far this season.

Mr. N. C. Manson was in Boston Friday on a flying trip from Camp Leatherstocking, Richardson Lake, Me., where he is summering with his wife and brother. He reports the fishing remarkably good for those who know how to find it. The fishermen at the Upper Dam are having pretty fair luck, but of late some of them have been fishing the West Arm, in deep water, and have been taking a good many trout. The water in Richardson Lake is at spring height and the report is that the Union Water Power Co. is going to keep it so for winter use. This is widely different from a year ago, when they drew off some 20 feet of water and there were no rains to fill the lake till nearly spring. It is a fact that high water is good for the fishing in any lake. The weather is remarkably cool there, while they have had showers and rains almost every day for six weeks; no drought. The woods are almost as full of water as in the spring. A curious storm occurred there a week ago last Thursday. A big shower came up over the mountains. Soon it burst in the form of fine hail, which actually drifted to a depth of several inches in the violent wind. When it was over Mr. Manson went out and gathered handfuls of snow or fine hail and pelted his wife and brother with snowballs. Aug. 2 the mercury fell 15 degrees in eight minutes, going down to about 40 and staying there over night.

Boston, Aug. 13.—The latest fishing report is of a salmon of six pounds, caught by the veteran angler, T. B. Stewart, who is summering at the Upper Dam, Me., as usual. A big salmon was also hooked at the Birches the other day, but escaped just as the net was being put under him. He was estimated to weigh twelve or fifteen pounds. Better fly fishing is reported at Billy Soule's Pleasant Island camps. Late Moosehead reports are of an improvement in the fly fishing there. The wardens there are after the killers of a bull and a cow moose, the bodies of both of which have been found floating in the water. The cow moose was evidently shot through the head.

A big moose recently ran into the city of Bangor, Me., and finally brought up in Mount Hope Cemetery. It seems that he was looking after the last remains of some of his kindred, but sportsmen suggest that he should have gone into the taxidermist's shop there. But later Waterville, Me., has carried off the palm for having big game close at hand. The other evening the proprietors of one of the millinery stores of the city were talking with some carpenters about repairs to be made, when they heard a big crash in the back room of the store. The crash was followed by the rattle of hoofs on the hardwood floor. Investigation showed the presence of a deer that had crashed through the window of the room. The animal immediately rushed into the front shop, when the carpenters attempted to catch it. There it went through another glass door, or window, and gained the street. It then ran up one street and bounded into a gentleman's grounds, where it hid in the shrubbery, and could not be

found. It is evident that the deer was being chased by dogs, and running down the back way in the rear of the stores on Main street, had sought refuge in the millinery store, not being aware but what the glass window was empty space. It had been badly cut, probably by the glass, since it left considerable blood in the store. The Fish and Game Commissioners and wardens say that they are having much trouble from the chasing of deer by dogs that happen to come near to the farms and settlements. They find that both the shepherd dogs and collies will chase deer whenever they happen to find them. They have been obliged to order several dogs destroyed. This is very displeasing to the owners of the dogs, and they swear vengeance on the inoffending deer. Indeed the Maine papers mention one farmer of some political influence as coming out and proclaiming: "Down with all game laws. Stop all appropriations for the protection of fish and game and the payment of wardens and commissioners." He is trying to get a hearing, and will work to send men of his own stamp to the coming Legislature. He says that the farmers get nothing for the sum paid by the State, while a lot of drunken and immoral men are drawn into the State to hunt and fish. Besides debauching the people with whom they come in contact, they render it unsafe to be in the woods during the hunting season; their guns and rifles not only killing one another, but endangering the lives of everybody living in and near the game sections.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Faithful Horse.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 11.—The other day, while walking along the street, I saw a little group of persons gathered about some object which served, as sometimes almost anything will serve, to draw together a city crowd. It was only the body of a horse, a dead horse. It was a large, white horse, though not of any distinguishing quality to command especial attention at that stage of its career. It was lying with its head on the curb, and its troubles were over; so much for sure. The harness was already stripped from it, and no doubt made ready for some other horse, which was, perhaps, glad, or sorry, to take the place of the dead one. It was only one of the little brute tragedies, I was about to say one of the brutal tragedies, of city life.

Yet this horse had a story. He was a hero of a horse. For a good many years he had drawn a horsecart in the fire department, and he was intelligent, faithful, trained. There came a call for the horsecart, a run for a little, nasty, fire in some back alley. The day was hot, the way a bit long for an oldish horse. The big white horse paid no attention to these minor details. It was his business to run with the cart, and he ran, full and fair up in the harness every foot of the way. When the driver pulled up at the edge of the curb, and the men began to unroll the hose, the old horse gave a sigh, lay down with his head on the stones, and died. He was a dead horse then. That was why they took the harness off from him and gave it to some other horse.

The old horse had been chained to business all his life. He never quite got to the place when, after a time, he was going to take a vacation. He had been a good faithful servant, and always pulled up in the collar. After a time he was going to see better days. Maybe he does now. He was going, after a while, to be turned out to pasture now and then; but they never quite got around to that part of it. He was a fine horse, splendid horse, worth a heap of money, because of his intelligence and his training and his gameness. He's dead now.

It's a good deal that way with men, when you come to think about it.

If you can't go fishing while you are alive, what chance have you got when you are dead, and another wearing your harness?

And yet what a kick there was in that good right foot! Why didn't he kick, just a little? Why didn't he reflect, just a little?

He's dead now. He was a fine horse, grand horse, very good, very faithful, very intelligent; and very dead. Apparently he will be dead for a considerable term of years. Had he read "Omar Khayyam," he might have gone fishing, and so perhaps have missed that particular fire. I wish he had. There ought to be something better in life, or in death, for a horse or a man, than to end his life in the harness, and die with his head against a stone.

A Record of Heat.

Chicago is always breaking records, in one thing or another, and when she can find no other records to break, she breaks her own. This past week has broken the Chicago record for sustained heat, the thermometer hanging around the 93, 94, 95 and 96 hole almost all the time. The usual lists of deaths and prostrations are printed daily, and it has been only the hardy who could say that the heat did not seriously trouble them. Under such conditions, such a thing as sport is hardly to be thought of, though a great many have left the city in order to get to the cooler country, and have taken their fishing tackle along as well as their ducks and bathing suits. All above here, and far out into the Northwest, the hot wave has been hanging on for a week, and the end is not yet, though rains are falling in Minnesota, and a shower here in Chicago to-day has created the hope that things are soon to improve. The outlook is poor for good fishing this week, though it is likely this is the last serious hot spell for the Northwest this season and that we shall soon have the beginning of the fall.

It has been a bit wonderful, when one comes to review the season, to note how the bass fishing has picked up in spite of heat and dry times, in all the lower Wisconsin country. At first the season started off badly, but it has, if anything, improved, and has been good even in sultry August, when the bass have needed a palm leaf fan more than they have a square meal. The good old Fox Lake chain still turns out bass and pickerel for those who know how to go after them, and to all appearances will keep on doing so for some time to come.

Perhaps President Nat Cohen of the State Fish Commission has something to do with it. It is very likely, for the commission has been steadily planting native fish right along, not monkeying with trout and ring-tailed

wonders from the Old World, but just plugging along, seining a few carloads of native fish out of the bayous, and dumping them into places where they will do most good. Mr. Cohen was good enough to give this office a call this week. He is as full of enthusiasm as ever, and reports all things lovely.

Who, What and Where.

Mr. C. W. Smith, of this city, had a nice little trip to Grass Lake last week. He got fourteen pickerel and twelve bass in two days, his biggest pickerel weighing 7¾ pounds, and his biggest bass 4¾ pounds. He had eighty-five pounds of pickerel—not a bad showing for a water within sixty miles of Chicago, and fished by thousands of anglers every season.

Mr. Chas. Olk has again hied him to Lake Villa for a go after the bass. He is getting to be one of the regulars.

Messrs. L. F. Crosby and Mr. Harry Miner are going up again to their favorite waters, Wind Lake and Wabassee, out of Burlington, Wis. They got forty-seven fine bass on their last trip in there. Mr. Miner has been up once nearly every week during the summer, and has caught several hundred bass in there, more than anyone of whom I have records this season.

Much has been said of this Wabassee and Wind Lake country, but not everyone knows all about it and its accommodations. It is best reached out of Burlington, Wis. There is no hotel, but J. L. Larson's farm house on Wabassee Lake will take in guests. This lake is sometimes called Minister's Lake, because a parsonage was once built there for the pastor of a Norwegian church. This lake does not show such big bass as Wind Lake, but the latter can be reached in a short time, and boats can be obtained within fifteen minutes' walk of Larson's house. It is a quiet, restful sort of place, and as may be noted, can produce bass upon occasion.

Two Kings.

The 37½-pound muscallunge which was reported caught very early this season at Sand Lake, Wis., by Dr. Baxter, of this city, who went in with O. von Lengerke and Chas. Lester, has been mounted and is now shown in the window of Von Lengerke & Antoine's store. It is as handsome a 'lunge as I ever saw, and is the record fish for Wisconsin this year. It is surely a kingly-looking fish and a monarch of the fresh water sea. Next to it in the same window is a good tarpon, 103 pounds, which was taken by Mrs. Coon of this city. Here we have the king of the salt water game fishes, and a very nice show the two kings make.

Some Michigan Grayling.

Very interesting is a photograph which is this week sent in by Mr. Joseph Horner, manager of the Consumers' Ice Company, Grand Rapids, Mich., a photograph which shows four fish. A dozen years ago it would not have been regarded with much interest, but it is a curious thing to-day, because the fish are grayling. It seems that the grayling are not really all gone, but are very few and far between. Mr. Horner says, in his letter accompanying the picture: "I send you a photograph of my first grayling. I was anxious to get a few before they were all gone. The four shown in the picture are the result of two days' work on the Manistee River, the fish being fair specimens, from 10 inches to 12 inches long. I got one, on a fly, not three inches long, but the largest ones took salted minnows. I heard you were looking for grayling, so thought I would console you with this picture of some grayling, at least."

It is too bad that there can be no way to save this species. The thought comes all the more naturally, because Mr. Horner speaks of taking a very small grayling, which would seem to indicate that the fish did breed at least to some extent last year.

The thought comes all the more naturally, because Mr. Horner speaks of taking a very small grayling, which would seem to indicate that the fish did breed, at least to some extent, last year.

Chisago Fly-Casting Club.

Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Lovett are expected early in the week from 'Frisco and will be kept here as long as possible after the meet is over.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Barneget Fishing.

BARNEGAT CITY, Aug. 13.—Sportsmen this week have been dividing their time between the fishing and the snipe shooting. The flights of snipe are not very strong as yet, but there have been enough to make it interesting.

There have been but few surf fishermen here this week, and as a consequence the catches of red drum have not been large in numbers, though some of the drum caught have been large in weight. One weighing 36 pounds was caught by Mr. Brown, of Camden, surf fishing in preference to using a boat. He also caught an 8-pound striped bass. Two other men named Brown from Woodbridge, N. J., are well to the front in striped bass fishing. Their catch included one of 21 pounds, one of the largest caught this summer, and another of 14 pounds.

At this place one can take his choice of the kind of fishing he wants. If he is a novice, he generally goes out in the bay for weakfish, which anybody can catch with a common bamboo rod, using shedder crab or shrimp for bait. If he is an angler, who enjoys the sport of landing a gamy fish, he may try surf fishing for striped bass or for red drum. Still others chum for the drum, and try the slews and channels for the striped bass. Others think that the sheephead offer the most sport, and they are content to wait all day anchored off the point in the channel for a bite or two. Several have been caught lately, their weight running from 8 to 12 pounds. Mr. Ridgway has been the most successful so far at this kind of fishing. "Uncle Cale" Parker, who for many years was the best sheephead fisherman on the coast, is getting too old and too feeble to follow his favorite sport any longer.

Fishing outside and in the inlet is also very good. Out on the banks the sea bass are biting rapidly. It is current report that John Adams, a handline fisherman, made seventy dollars last week catching sea bass on the banks and shipping them to the city markets, where they only

bring about three or four cents per pound—which means he must have caught at least a ton of fish with hook and line. The croakers, porgies and big weakfish have also been biting in the inlet. Weakfish weighing 5, 6 and 8 pounds have been landed, but the bluefish have been comparatively scarce. Still blues can be expected at any time in August, and every cottager and each surfman at the station house has his favorite squid outdoors so that he can pick it up on the run if any one calls out that the "bluefish are on."

Walter G. Berg, chief engineer of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, with two friends, made a catch of 75 croakers and 68 big weakfish outside one day this week. Some of the weakfish were eight pounders.

Mr. Duffy and Mr. Calhoun, of New York, who are stopping at the Sunset Hotel, boast of 216 sea bass, 25 "flukes" (or flounders) and a few porgies, which they brought in after a day spent in the inlet.

But these are only sample catches; dozens of others do as well. Fishermen frequently fish from the inlet board-walk, arranging a comfortable place to sit, and cast out into the swift running tide which cuts in close to shore.

SCRANTON, Pa., Aug. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It may interest some of your readers to know that they can reach the best fishing ground for red drum or channel bass on the Jersey coast at Barnegat City by leaving New York on the Pennsylvania road at 12:20 for Barnegat Pier. A small steamer connects with this train for Barnegat City, where they will find excellent accommodations at the Oceanic. The boat connects with the morning train returning. This has only been put on this summer. If they secure the services of John Adams they will be almost sure to get fast to a drum. In an hour and a half's fishing one afternoon last August I was fast to four of these big fish, and landed one with rod and reel that weighed 32 pounds. I had about 150 feet of line out, and he fought every foot of the way in. They are a very game fish, but they must not be confounded with the black drum.

J. H. FISHER.

New Fishing Grounds.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., Aug. 13.—The rush to the new fishing grounds, known as Queenswater Ridge, was so great that it was soon fished out. As soon as the phenomenal catches by amateur fishermen were reported the fishing smacks located the grounds and remained on them night and day until they were so far exhausted as to make fishing no longer profitable. New fishing grounds have been discovered east of the old Fishing Banks, but they do not as yet yield fish as freely as Queenswater Ridge did when it was first discovered. Bluefish have been very erratic in their biting. Some days the catch has been good, while other days no fish were hooked. Weakfish are becoming scarce. Sea bass, fluke, porgies and blackfish are the fish which fill up the barrels of the fishing parties.

WRECK LEAD, L. I., Aug. 11.—Joseph Murphy, the comedian, is having a great run of luck fishing from his sailboat, the Kerry Gow. One day last week he broke the local record by catching sixteen kingfish. Another day he caught fourteen weakfish. Fish are biting freely out at the wreck of the Iberia, and few parties come in with less than a barrel of fish.

Chicago Fly-Casting.

CHICAGO, Aug. 11.—Here is the score of the contest of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club held to-day. Our open to the world tournament will be held Aug. 17 and 18 at North Lagoon, Garfield Park:

	Long Distance Fly, Feet.	Distance and Accuracy, Per Cent.	Accuracy and Delicacy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
I. D. Belasco.....	89	..	95 1-2	93 1-5
I. H. Bellows.....	99	93 2-5
L. I. Blackman.....	88
C. F. Brown.....	85 2-3
H. Greenwood.....	87 3-5
H. G. Hascall.....	98	..	94 1-3	96 2-5
N. C. Heston.....	94 4-15
E. R. Letterman.....	96 2-15
C. A. Lippincott.....	93	94 13-15
F. N. Peet.....	98	..	94 5-6	92 4-15
A. C. Smith.....	97	..	91 1-3	87 11-15
H. W. Perce.....	83	96 8-15
H. H. Ainsworth.....	93 1-2	92 13-15
G. Hinterlightner.....	86 4-5

Holders of Medals—Long Distance Fly, I. H. Bellows; Accuracy and Delicacy, I. H. Bellows; Bait Casting, H. W. Perce.

GEO. G. MURRELL, Sec'y and Treas.

Little Sebago Lake.

MEDFORD, Mass., Aug. 10.—The Ridgewood club house, Little Sebago Lake, Maine, membership composed of Medford, Mass., gentlemen, has been open the past six weeks and will not close its doors until the last of September.

The veteran fishermen, Messrs. Childs and Dunbar, have been sojourning there the past week, during which time the guests have been amply supplied with black bass and white perch.

As usual at this time of year, in these waters, the bass rise to the fly very little, live bait and the troll being the only sure way of getting a good catch. Only a few years ago this lake was stocked with white perch, and this is the first season that they have been caught in any quantities.

As a whole, the fishing in these waters has been better this season than for many years past, several 4½-pound bass having been taken by different parties, Secretary Covelle being among the number.

The club building was greatly added to in the early spring, giving greater accommodations than ever before.

E. S.

"In the Louisiana Lowlands."

INGRAM, Pa., Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Fred Mather's "In the Louisiana Lowlands" is an excellent book—as handsome as it is good. Every line of Mather's is worthy of preservation. There are throughout his writings such an intelligence and such a spirit of geniality and kindness as to make him lovable.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

Newfoundland Salmon Fishing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Induced by the statements in the N. F. Railway folder I paid a visit to the island and found, after fishing on several rivers on the west coast, that the salmon fishing was poor. About 80 per cent. of the salmon caught with rod did not run heavier than from four to five pounds. As regards the larger fish, of from ten to fifteen and sometimes twenty pounds and more, of which there were a fair number, they take a fly very badly and do not rise as readily as the larger salmon do in the Canadian rivers, where also although there are trout, there is no such swarm of very small salmon as found in all the rivers in Newfoundland. Other sportsmen whom I met corroborated my experience.

As regards trout, there is good sea trout fishing in some of the brooks up to three pounds in weight, but as any one knows, these fish give poor sport, as they never jump. As regards trout fishing in the lakes, it is beneath contempt, the fish being in very poor condition and weighing from a quarter to half a pound, or less.

In the face of these facts what becomes of the statement in Mr. Reed's folder respecting the island, that "Tourists are satisfied that the sport of salmon and trout fishing cannot be equaled in any other part of the world"? Comment is needless.

But there is more to come. To back up this ridiculous and most inaccurate description, appears on the folder a photo representing an angler and his guide on the bank of a stream with rod and landing net (it should have been a gaff), and lying at their feet nine large salmon that appear to be from about twelve to twenty-five pounds—truly a magnificent day's sport. Well, I discovered that this picture was "faked," as these fish were caught in a net, and then the photo was got up.

VIATOR.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 21.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Third annual field trials of the Iowa Field Trials Association. M. Bruce, Sec'y, Des Moines, Ia.
Aug. 28.—Sioux Falls, S. D.—Inaugural field trials of the South Dakota Field Trials Association. Olav Haugtro, Sec'y, Sioux Falls, S. D.
Sept. 3-4.—La Salle, Manitoba, Can.—Western Canada Kennel Club's annual field trials. A. Lake, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
Sept. 6-7.—Brandon, Manitoba, Can.—Third annual field trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. J. Elliott, Sec'y.
Sept. 11.—Carmen, Manitoba, Can.—Fourteenth annual field trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
Oct. 30.—Senecaville, O.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's sixth annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 7-8.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
No. 20.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.
Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.
Nov. 20.—Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 22.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. Barret Gibson, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Cat and Dog.

From the London Spectator.

It is time that the controversy concerning the superiority of cat or dog should be discussed on some more general ground than that of British feeling or human egotism. The case is prejudiced, if we are to weigh the cat's merits on practical grounds, for the cat is essentially dramatic; or if we are to estimate her character from the Western point of view, for the cat is an Oriental; or finally if we are to consider the moral qualities of the cat solely in relation to the desires of the human being. In all such cases the vulgar estimate of the cat would be the true one; and according to this vulgar estimate the cat is a domestic, comfortable animal, usually found curled up like an ammonite, essentially selfish, essentially cruel, and apart from these two drawbacks, essentially feminine. "The cat is selfish, and the dog is faithful." This sums up a judgment founded on willful denseness and gross egotism. In respect to what is the dog faithful and the cat selfish? The judgment rests on this—that the human being is a very little portion of the cat's world, but is the all-absorbing object of the dog. Here, plainly, Greek meets Greek, and we had better let the accusation of egotism alone.

It is commonly said that cats are devoted to places, and not to persons. We have never found this true; but, if it is the case, it not improbably results from the fact that many people are devoted to kittens, but not to cats. Then the cat's devotion is transferred to the scene of her romances, the corners where she has lain in ambush, the place where she has secretly viewed the movements of her foe or of her prey, the place where she has experienced the surprising and absorbing joys of her kittens. The truth is that the scope of a cat's emotion and experiences too nearly resembles our own. We prefer the devotee. It is thus this general scope of life that chiefly differs between different races of animals. The moral qualities differ from individual to individual.

The dog's conscience takes a somewhat higher rank than the cat's for the chief part of his moral code he accepts as a law given by a higher being. He shows a desire for moral approbation when he has behaved well; he is depressed by moral disapprobation quite apart from the fear of the whip. But a cat defies the external

code if it dare, and covets admiration rather than moral approbation.

Æsthetic sensitiveness seems more developed in the cat than in the dog. The keenness of a dog's intelligence, combined with the inferiority of nature that lies behind it, makes the employment of the senses almost entirely utilitarian. Among æsthetic sensibilities the enjoyment of music is the keenest and most common, and the perception of color perhaps the rarest. Neither the cat nor the dog can compare of course in musical susceptibility with the parrot, who is shaken by storms of emotion; but we have known a cat to show very marked pleasure in a whistled tune. It is common to find dogs who "sing" following, to some rough extent, high or low notes of music; but one doubts if such imitation is conscious or based at all on enjoyment. The dog appears depressed, with lowered head and tail, or uncomfortably excited, and a kind of thrill precedes the sounds. On the other hand, both cats and dogs appear to be conscious of the sounds they utter until experience of definite teaching has shown them the result. Facts seem to point to the conclusion that the voice is not purposely produced; and that though sounds may give warning or guidance to other animals the utterance is dependent on physical impulse. When the impulse is imitative, it may depend ultimately on such sensation as is felt by some people in the throat when a Bourdon stop is on the organ, and by most people when they hear, for instance, the cheering of a large crowd. If this is so, we are on the wrong tack in comparing the sounds of animals, varied and specified though they are, to language, and should rather compare them to weeping and laughter, which provoke an imitative response, or even to the sounds of a man who has early become dumb through deafness. For in such cases it is not purpose, but efficient cause, that must be the subject of inquiry.

With regard to color, both cats and dogs appear to have little æsthetic perception. We have heard of a dog appearing to prefer scarlet to blue, but it is difficult to eliminate the effect of association in dealing with a single instance. Cats, however, seem to show a definite æsthetic perception of texture—æsthetic, for it is not ordinary bodily comfort which rules. They may like to sleep on velvet, but they revel, waking, in the feeling of crackling paper or texture of stiff silks. And there is a well-authenticated story of a cat which goes into the garden to lick the undersides of foxglove leaves, and cannot be kept from trying with his tongue the texture of flannelette. But the keenest æsthetic pleasure for a cat lies in the region of smell. The dog uses smell merely as a medium of information, but the cat revels in it. She will linger near a tree trunk, smelling each separate aromatic leaf for the pure pleasure of it, not, like a dog, to trace friend, foe or prey. If the window of a close room is opened the cat leans out, smelling the air. New dresses are smelt, partly perhaps for future recognition, but also apparently for pleasure. A strong smell, above all a spirituous smell, is not only disagreeable, but absolutely painful. Lavendar water may please a tiger, but it will put a cat to flight.

This apparent power of æsthetic enjoyment in the cat is counterbalanced in the dog by a quality we are wont to rank highly, yet not without a haunting misgiving. The dog has a rudimentary sense of humor. It is the commonest thing in the world to see a petted dog try to laugh off a scolding. If he is encouraged, if his fooling is successful, he will repeat it again and again with growing exaggeration, will roll with wide mouth and absurd contortions, or fly at one's face to lick it. On the other hand, he will recognize that teasing is a humorous proceeding, and when he begins to get bored will try to stop it humorously.

Now the cat is solemnity incarnate. To punish it is to cause instant offense, to tease it is to outrage its dignity. The better bred a cat is the more easily is it offended. But the "sense of the ridiculous" is after all a gross quality; and the humor of one age seems vulgarity to the next. A cat is never vulgar. The old Egyptians said that a cat reasoned like a man, and the root of the matter is there. In the dog there is a quicker intelligence, a greater adaptability, and more facility in planning. But a dog cannot, as a cat can, determine its own end and purpose, and live its own life. He is after all the kinsman of brer fox; but the cat is a scion of royalty.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

- 15-17. Hull-Massachusetts, midsummer series, 25ft. class, Boston Harbor.
- 16 and alternate following days, Newport Y. R. A., 70ft. series, concluding races, Newport.
- 17-18. Annisquam, open, Annisquam.
18. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
18. Royal St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, 22, 20 and 17ft. classes, Pointe Claire, Lake St. Louis.
18. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
18. Canarsie, Corinthian race, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
18. Quen City, 20ft. class special, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
18. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
18. Penataquit Cor., annual open, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
18. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
18. Beverly, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
18. South Boston, handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
18. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
18. Columbia, championship, Boston, Boston Harbor.
18. Duxbury, 18ft. class, Duxbury, Mass.
18. American, club, Newburyport, Mass.
18. Quannapowitt, commodore's cup.
18. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
19. Hudson River, ladies' day, New York, Hudson River.
20. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester.
20. Manchester, handicap, Manchester, Mass.
23. Plymouth, open, Plymouth Harbor.
25. Haverhill, third championship, Haverhill, Mass.
- 24-25. Inland Lake, Lake Geneva, Ill.
25. Royal St. Lawrence, Lake of Two Mountains regatta.
25. Duxbury, open, Duxbury, Mass.
25. Nahant, dory class, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
25. Huguenot, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
25. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
25. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
25. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
25. Jamaica Bay, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.

25. Kingston, club, Kingston, Lake Ontario.
 25. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
 25. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
 25. Quannapowitt.
 25. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island memorial cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
 25. Queen City, 17ft. special, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
 27. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown, Mass.
 27-31. Seawanhaka and Philadelphia Corinthian, interclub matches, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
 28. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet, Mass.
 31. Wollaston, open.

Cruise of the Crescent.

The Skipper's Yarn.

As a native expressed it later, the water of Great Bay is "spread out pooty thin." It is a large circular bay probably five miles in diameter, and the average depth is about 4ft.; but in many places it is nearer 1ft. at low water. Upon further exploration, the entrance to Mark's thoroughfare appeared impracticable, and the chart showed no thoroughfare dedicated to any of the other apostles. So when the Crescent was again afloat and the crew had scrambled aboard, we sailed along the southern meadows, keeping well off shore, to look for a more profane passage. In a few minutes we came up to an oysterman in his punt and hove to to ask him where we could find a passage into Grassy Bay. Such of his answer as was audible a boat's length away referred us to an indefinite "over yander" and a "stake," supplemented, as we drifted apart, by a sweep of the arm covering some ninety degrees of the horizon. Thanking him, we filled away again, much encouraged, if not enlightened. After sailing about two miles we opened up a wide cove, and on the opposite bank of it, saw three shanties, where information regarding our course might be had. But right across the mouth of the cove stretched an ugly bar, showing yellow just below the surface of the water. Skirting this bar, it was found to end about 50yds. from the meadow, and beating up this passage we rounded a point and found ourselves in a narrow thoroughfare. But where are we? and Does the creek go our way? were the questions that nobody could answer. So we ran the boat's nose on the meadow (we had no tender) at the mouth of a little creek on the banks of which were the three shanties we had seen from the bay. They were occupied by market fishermen from Atlantic City, who spend the night here, fish at dawn, and wait for the tide to take their catches across Grassy Bay. In answer to our hail, an obliging brother (they fish with hook and line, not nets) paddled out in his sharpie and informed us that we were in the "Main Ma'sh Therfer" (Main Marsh Thoroughfare), and that Grassy Bay lay beyond the next point, a quarter of a mile away. He said the tide was too low for us to get through that night. We were in no hurry, however, and our new friend, after supplying us with fresh water, came aboard and piloted us to an anchorage where fish were to be caught. After giving us elaborate instructions as to the course across Grassy Bay and drinking our health in ten-year-old, he left us to furl and "stop" the sail and get the tackle out.

He was a good fellow and knew his ground (or water), for the "weakies" bit at once, and bit hard and kept on biting. The Cook, a true sportsman, insisted on returning to the water all fish that could not be used. The Skipper seconded this, to be honest, in a half-hearted manner, for 'tis hard to part with a fine fish that you have just fought to a finish. The temptation was too much for Koons, who quietly dropped his fish into the box, whence most of them mysteriously found their way back to their swimming grounds. Koons said he didn't mind this; it was quite right in theory, but he hadn't the heart to release his captures himself. The crab bait ran low and Koons baited with the white belly of a weakfish. He soon had a strike, and his line ran out until the reel was nearly empty, and Koons was so frantic with excitement that Walt had to hold him to prevent him from jumping overboard. Then the line came back slack, and when it was reeled in the hook was gone, the gut cut off close to the line. The Skipper said it was a shark, and Koons said he would catch it. He did hook it, or another one, with the same result. Then Walt got out a trolling squid, tied it on a heavy bluefish line and baited it with half a weakfish. Result, a bite, a slight tug, a cut line and a departed squid. Then Koons lost a squid in the same fashion, and we adjourned for supper. After that interesting event was over, Walt prepared a shark line by wiring a heavy hook onto the end of the sheet rope, and baiting it with a generous slice of weakfish, let it drift out with a bit of board for a float. His sharkship had probably had enough of hook diet, for he declined to take the tempting lure. It was almost dark by this time. The wind had died out and our piratical friends, the mosquitoes, from the surrounding meadows put in their appearance and made Koons wish he was a smoker. Fortunately, when the full moon rose, which was shortly after the daylight faded, a cool west wind sprang up, which drove the pests away and insured a comfortable night's sleep. Their sweaters on, the crew disposed themselves comfortably on top of the cabin to enjoy the pipes and the music of Koons' mouth organ. The Skipper indolently baited up and cast his line down tide, and, stretched full length, puffed contentedly. Feeling a tug, he struck, and there came a rush that brought him quickly to his feet. Then began a great fight. The fish, a shark by the way it swam, ran out fully 50yds. of line before it was stopped. Now it came back for the boat, swimming low down, just cleared the cable as it passed across the bow and made another wicked rush as long as the first, and came back under the stern. This necessitated some firm persuasion to prevent the line fouling on the rudder, and another wild run followed. So it went on back and forth and round and round the boat for fully twenty minutes. The contest was rendered more exciting because even in the moonlight it was impossible to see the thin, dark silk line, and the movements of the fish had to be followed by watching the tip of the rod. At last it was led gently but firmly up to the quarter and Walt slipped the net under a rob. shark. It was hooked in the lip, so that the gut was entirely clear of the sharp teeth, which accounted for the capture. A few blows of the hatchet quieted the ugly brute, and he was laid on deck to be weighed at Atlantic City. We had neglected to provide ourselves with scales, although, as Walt suggested when he was cleaning them,

the weakfish had a plenty. As their scales, however, are not Government standard, I have refrained from stating any weights on their authority.

The tide would not serve for an early start next day, so we sat until a late hour, singing all the songs we knew and enjoying the fine moonlight effects on the rippling waters, the green meadows and the far-seen line of low hills to westward marking the boundary of the habitable mainland of New Jersey.

The next morning was warm and fine, and by 7 o'clock the Crescents had had their swim and were at work preparing breakfast. The cooking debate between Koons and the Cook had by this time become a rather perfunctory performance, Koons having gradually and gracefully retired from the contest. Of course, he had not really wanted to do the cooking from the first, but, being a lawyer, naturally seized upon the opportunity for an argument. Upon examination of Walt's shark line, which had been set over night, it was found that the bait had been eaten off, but the wired hook was left. After breakfast, while waiting for the tide, the rods were gotten out, and though the fish did not bite as fast as on the previous evening, the sport was good. We were able to contribute a goodly number of fish to the load of our friendly fisherman of the night before when he passed us returning from his early morning expedition on Great Bay.

At 11 o'clock, the flood tide being two hours' old, the fleet of sharpies got under way and we prepared to follow them. Just as the Crescent began to forge ahead under the influence of the gentle south wind, a large catboat came into the thoroughfare and we lay to for her to pass, in order to follow her lead. A quarter-mile sail brought us into the peculiar piece of water (?), Grassy Bay. We had wondered why no soundings were given on the chart for the greater part of this bay, but the reason was now plain. The chart gave the soundings at low water and at low water the upper half of the bay has no water in it. At least the surface of the water is so close to the roots of the tall sea grass that it is hardly visible. The lower half of the bay is composed of shallow flats, but is crossed by a deep channel, probably cut by the tide making in from Bigantine Inlet, though we did not investigate this.

Well, we followed that other boat along the north shore of the bay, moving very slowly through the long grass, which was now barely covered by the water. For some reason the other boat's sail was single reefed and the Crescent soon forged ahead of her, and not tacking soon enough, grounded in the mud. And what soft mud it was! But we didn't want to wait for the tide to float her, so overboard went all of us and got her head around and worked her back into the wake of the other boat, which we then followed, spilling the wind out of our own sail to keep astern and making short tacks until the channel before mentioned was reached. There the Crescent filled away, and passing through a break in an ugly looking bar that apparently extended all the way across the bay headed for the bridge of the Brigantine Railroad. Through not knowing the best water, we kept too far off the meadows here, and trying to lay a straight course for the drawbridge ran into a flat again. But the freshening wind heeled the boat enough to reduce her draft somewhat, and with board up and sheet started she bumped across the obstruction into deeper water and tacked for the draw. The Cook was engaged in the preparation of one of his famous "stews," while Koons braced the stoves in a more or less upright position. It was the first and last time they tried to cook while under way. Every time the boat came about a lively duet of—well, unparliamentary remarks—was audible in the cabin, and at last the Cook put his head out the door and swore if the boat was not "sailed straight" he would desert at the next port. It was pointed out to him that the watch on deck was not responsible for the velocity of the wind and the rough water and he retired grumbling to his fire. After passing through the draw a boatman whom we hailed informed us that our way lay through the second "therf'r," and a beat of half a mile brought us to said "therf'r," a mere creek about 50 feet wide. Half way through we anchored to permit the cook to serve up his "stew," which, to tell the truth, was well received. Then we got under way once more, but tried to sail too close in, coming into the last reach of the thoroughfare, and stopped for a moment, while Walt and the Cook (in "the altogether") combined duty and pleasure by taking a bath and pushing the boat off the sand at the same time. Crossing the arm of Absecon Inlet, known as Main Channel, we entered another narrow passage through the meadows and came out into Absecon Channel and opened up a view of Atlantic City, a mile away. A few tacks down the channel, with the Crescent heeling until the lee rail was submerged and bounding over the slight swell from the ocean, brought us to the inlet pier. The big catboats here threatened to crush in the sides of the lighter built Crescent, and an arrangement was soon made with Capt. C., of the Star, to moor our boat at his wharf on the canal. There the Crescent was tied up and the crew donned their shore clothes and landed to "take in" the sights of the overgrown and too popular resort. Atlantic City, with its rushing crowds and its miles of side shows and photograph galleries on the ocean front, had few charms for the Crescents; they love the sea too well, and the proper atmosphere for its enjoyment is absent from the place in July and August, at any rate. What the crew did and the sights they saw in Atlantic City the Skipper, having spent his time with his family, who were summering at the shore, knows only by hearsay. It has nothing to do with the cruise any way. Koons was unfortunate enough on Monday to lose his light rod, reel and line. Starting for a day's fishing, he was getting his tackle ready and left it on deck coming out of the canal. The word was given to stand by ready to jibe, but Koons did not know the nature and results of jibing in a fresh breeze, and when he picked himself up and got out of the cabin his rod was gone. The water was shallow at that point and Koons and Walt jumped overboard and waded back, but were unable to locate the spot, and thereafter Koons fished with a heavy rod and heart.

Tuesday forenoon the setting in of the flood tide found all the Crescents on board and a gale blowing from the northwest. Shortly before 11 o'clock our little yacht, under close-reefed mainsail, left the sheltered "canal" and dashed over the long swells across the inlet, around

the "staked island" and up the Main Channel. Across the entrance to our "second therf'r" was a bar, which the tide had not yet uncovered, so we went two miles further and tried two other passages, both of which we found too shoal a short distance in. So we ran back to the original thoroughfare and found enough water around the edge of the bar to let the Crescent through. When we came out into Grassy Bay the tide had not risen enough and we anchored in a sheltered corner to wait for it and have dinner. The afternoon sail across Grassy Bay was without special incident except a rather lively time hunting, in that three-reef gale, for the elusive passage across the bar in the middle of the bay. For the rest, we found good water, and about 4 o'clock dropped anchor in the Main Marsh Thoroughfare, where we had decided to remain over night for the sake of the good fishing. Running into the meadow bank to catch some crabs for bait we encountered an ancient fisherman, who told us that he would not for any consideration swim in those waters, as we had done when we anchored there before. He said the morning we left an 8-foot shark had been seen in the thoroughfare. Koons was sure this was the fish that had taken his hooks off, for anything less than 8 feet he was sure he could have held. The A. F. was reminded by this of other blood-curdling monsters of the deep that he had seen, and treated us to stirring accounts of their capture until the supply of bait was sufficient, when we put off for our anchorage. The sport was again excellent and we were able to present some twenty-five fish to the master of an oyster sloop that passed about half an hour later. In return the sloop's foremast hand dumped a supply of luscious bivalves into the cockpit of the Crescent. Koons was so delighted at this exchange, which for a time relieved him from the painful necessity of returning his fish to the water, that he volunteered to open the oysters himself, which he did, and they proved a pleasant addition to the supper. Another pleasant evening further endeared this lonely anchorage to the Crescents, and they unanimously resolved to come again and stop there next year.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Oconomowoc Y. C. Regatta.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 11.—Argo, the crack 20-footer owned by Mr. L. F. Gates, of Oshkosh, this week at the regatta of the Oconomowoc Y. C., won both main prizes—the Oconomowoc Y. C. cup and the Green Lake cup. This gives the Oconomowoc cup to the Winnebago boat for a permanent possession.

Meteor, owned by Robt. Nunnemacher, Milwaukee Y. C., won the Pabst trophy.

Entries for the regatta were Problem, Walter Dupee, Oconomowoc Y. C.; Imp, C. D. Peacock, Jr., Chicago and Green Lake Y. C.; Harriet H., Henry L. Hertz, Pistakee Y. C.; Avis II., Wm. N. Pelouze, Oconomowoc Y. C.; B. & F., H. R. McCullough, Green Lake Y. C. The above are all Chicago-owned boats. Other entries were: Robert Nunnemacher's Meteor, Milwaukee Y. C.; W. L. Davis' Anita, Neenah Y. C.; L. F. Gates' Argo, Oshkosh Y. C.; George Brunder's Aderyn, Pine Lake Y. C.; William H. Meyer's Dora and William Kieckhefer's Dorothy, both Pewaukee Y. C., and Gardner Green's Peerless and Hayes Murphy's Galatea, both Oconomowoc Lake Club.

The regatta was sailed under Inland Lake Y. A. rules. Wm. Cothroll was official measurer.

FIRST DAY, AUG. 6.

The fast Fox Lake boat, Harriet H., which made so good an impression at the Fourth of July regatta of Columbia Y. C., at Chicago, took the first heat for the Oconomowoc cup. She was handsomely sailed by Nick Morris over the nine-mile course, four and one-half miles and repeat, and held matters well in hand, except on the short leg, where there was windward work. In the latter Argo gained upon Harriet. Problem, Dupee boat, seemed hardly at its best in the stiffish wind that prevailed. The boats crossed the line in the following order: Harriet H., Meteor, Problem, Dora, Argo. Harriet dropped to leeward and led. Meteor and Problem fought a little duel under a slack wind in the lee of the island, and later drew out well up with Argo and Aderyn, Harriet by this time having established a decisive lead. The main interest was between Harriet and Argo, and between Meteor and Problem. Argo made her gain in the brief windward leg, a half mile in length, and she went up from fifth place to second, leading Aderyn, Meteor and Problem. The start was flying. Following are the sailing times:

Harriet H., Pistakee Y. C.	1 00 30
Argo, Oshkosh Y. C.	1 01 42
Aderyn, Pine Lake Y. C.	1 02 05
Meteor, Milwaukee Y. C.	1 03 07
Problem, Oconomowoc Y. C.	1 03 36
Zaza, Oconomowoc Lake Club	1 05 23
Dora, Pewaukee Y. C.	1 06 34
Avis II., Oconomowoc Y. C.	1 09 54
Galatea, Oconomowoc Lake Club	1 10 20
Peerless, Oconomowoc Lake Club	1 11 53

SECOND DAY, AUG. 7.

Argo made it two straight to-day and cinched the cup. The wind was stiff, and she could stand it. Admirably sailed by Luhm, her skipper, she gave her nearest rival a very handsome beating. The same course was sailed as before, twice around the triangle. Wind, W.S.W. and fresh. The order of start was Argo, Galatea, Harriet H., Dora, Meteor, Aderyn, Problem, Zaza, Peerless, Avis II. On the second leg, the windward one, Harriet seemed not to point in the same class with Argo, and was also outtailed by Aderyn, which ran up from fifth place and got within thirty seconds of the leader. A duel between Aderyn and Harriet on the third leg, off the wind, lost time for both boats, and gave Argo a fine chance, which she was not slow to improve, so that she had a clean lead of one minute at the end of the first round. On the second round Harriet out-maneuvered Aderyn and gained a lead very lively at the turn for the first leg, but this duel of the others continued to give Argo the best of it, and she gained a two-minute lead, Harriet now second. Times:

Argo	0 58 07	Zaza	1 07 39
Harriet H.	1 00 25	Galatea	1 09 25
Problem	1 02 25	Dora	1 09 28
Aderyn	1 02 31	Avis II	1 09 32
Meteor	1 05 44	Peerless	1 09 47

The two winners were started for the third race, the rubber, at 3 P. M. The wind was stronger than in the morning. Harriet exchanged courtesies with Argo, this time going over the line first. Harriet hugged the wind inshore to fend Argo out of the windward berth. Harriet lost the wind inshore, and Argo got a lucky puff outside a bit further, and forged ahead and to windward of Harriet, blanketing Harriet. At the first turn Argo led by forty seconds. Soon after the turn Harriet ran aground and lost two minutes getting off, Argo finishing the first round of the course three minutes and twenty-seven seconds ahead. On the next round, Harriet, in the windward work of the short leg, gained four seconds in a half mile, but this was but a drop in the bucket, Argo being too far in advance, and winning with a lead of four minutes and fourteen seconds. Times:

Argo0 53 08 Harriet H.0 57 22

Argo thus won the Oconomowoc cup.

THIRD DAY, AUG. 8.

Another factor came into the racing to-day. Walter Dupee's boat Problem proved indeed a problem for them all, and won the first heat of the Green Lake cup race in a hair-raising finish with Harriet H., the fast Fox Lake craft which has been so close to the line at every finish in these waters this season. At one time Harriet was two minutes and thirty seconds back of Problem, but she was nicely handled, collaring Problem for the place almost at the line. The latter, however, was sailed coolly and pluckily, and Skipper Walt saw the bow of Harriet midships of Problem as he went across.

Argo, which won the series yesterday, played in hard fortune to-day. Harriet handed her a blanket at the start and set her so far back that she never could challenge either Aderyn or Meteor. Just past the first buoy B. & F. cut in and went into third place, but went aground not long after. Harriet lost of her time in a case of repairs, her traveler carrying away. At the Narrows she had, however, made up a lot of distance, and getting here a nice flaw of wind, closed up with Problem, which had outrun all competitors to this short distance from the home buoy. Harriet actually passed Problem for a moment, within 200 fathoms of the line. Another puff caught both boats, and Problem seemed to have the better of it, crossing first by a half length. Times:

Problem1 18 05 Dora1 24 25
Harriet H.1 18 07 B. & F.1 24 44
Meteor1 22 51 Imp1 24 54
Aderyn1 23 04 ZazaWithdrew.
Argo1 23 16

FOURTH DAY, AUG. 9.

Argo, beaten yesterday, would not be denied to-day, and again made it two straight, winning the Green Lake challenge cup, handily taking the measure both of Harriet in the morning and Problem in the afternoon. The wind was stiffish and to Argo's liking. In the first race of the day the boats crossed the line at the start as follows: Harriet, Aderyn, Imp, Problem, Meteor, B. & F., Galatea, Argo, Dora. Harriet had something to the good, but on the weather leg let Argo up to within ten seconds of her. On the last leg the wind was abeam, and it was a pretty fight between Harriet and Argo. At the Narrows Argo had collared Harriet, and she outfooted her thence home, winning by thirty-seven seconds. Meteor and Problem also made a close thing of it for the leaders. Galatea stood by to help B. & F., which had carried away a shroud. Times:

Argo0 59 30 Harriet1 00 07

It was now between Argo and Problem, the hard-fighting Harriet being at last out of it. The two winners had a merry fight of it, Mr. Dupee making a splendid showing with Problem, double reefed and with a storm jib only, and, even so, giving the stiffer boat a tussle which she will not soon forget. Problem led by ten seconds at the weather buoy, and by eighteen seconds at the end of the first round. This, however, was the end of it. Argo carried full canvas, and was too good in this weather for Problem. At the first turn Argo had passed and gained forty-five seconds on Problem. On the short weather leg Problem pointed nicely. She set a working jib, but it was now too late for her to hope, and Argo showed her heels to Problem thence in. Times:

Argo0 57 31 Problem0 58 47

FIFTH DAY, AUG. 10.

For the Pabst trophy, open only to yachts of Waukesha county, Wis. A stiff wind. The start was in following order: Aderyn, Problem, Meteor, Zaza, Dora, Avis, Peerless, Galatea. Avis capsized in the first round, at the end of which the order was Aderyn, Meteor, Problem, there being forty-two seconds between the leader and Meteor, Problem twenty-three seconds back of Meteor. The rest were outclassed. On the next round Meteor picked up considerable time on Aderyn, and the latter claimed a foul on a close shave which Meteor gave her on the third buoy. Foul was not allowed, and Meteor won by thirty-three seconds over her nearest rival. Times:

Meteor0 53 30 Dora1 04 56
Aderyn0 59 30 Galatea1 09 00
Problem0 59 28 Peerless1 11 22
Zaza1 02 02

Argo Sold to Milwaukee Men.

Pleased very much by the fine showing made by the Oshkosh boat, Argo, Messrs. W. A. Starke and R. E. Giljohann, of Milwaukee, made her owner an offer for her, the price said to be \$1,000, and Mr. Gates sold the boat, which will hereafter sail under the Milwaukee burgee.

30-Footers at Newport.

THE 30-footers sailed a race on Aug. 6 in a strong S.W. breeze over the Dyer's Island course, the times being:

Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....Elapsed.
Veda, G. Bacon.....2 02 51
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....2 04 18
Vaquero III., W. Rutherford.....2 06 53
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....2 08 37
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....2 08 42
Asahi, W. S. Miller.....2 09 27
.....2 10 11

On Aug. 7 the 30-footers were joined by three half-raters, the latter sailing over an eight-mile course, while

the 30-footers sailed over an eighteen-mile course to Dyer's Island and return. There was a light N.E. breeze, and the times were:

30-Footers.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....	3 08 00	5 55 19	2 47 19
Veda, G. Bacon.....	3 08 00	5 55 36	2 47 36
Vaquero III., W. Rutherford.....	3 08 00	5 55 47	2 47 47
Asahi, W. S. Miller.....	3 08 00	5 56 58	2 48 58
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....	3 08 00	5 57 48	2 49 48
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....	3 08 00	5 57 58	2 49 57
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....	3 08 00	5 58 36	2 50 36

Half-Raters.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Breeze, G. Roelker, Jr.....	3 16 23	4 32 52	1 16 29
Eaglet, W. Grosvenor, Jr.....	3 16 15	4 34 29	1 18 14
Hawk, W. Gammell.....	3 16 19	4 39 28	1 23 08

A sweepstake race was sailed on Aug. 8. The race was started in a light south wind, which became stronger before the finish, and the course was a triangular one. Wa Wa ran ashore, and Pollywog and Dorothy withdrew. The times were, start 3:14:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi, W. S. Miller.....	5 46 58	2 32 58
Veda, G. Bacon.....	5 47 19	2 33 19
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....	5 49 12	2 35 12
Vaquero III., W. Rutherford.....	5 51 18	2 37 18

Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....Withdrew.
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....Withdrew.
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....Withdrew.

On Aug. 9 a race was sailed in a light wind, which shifted from N. to S.W. The course was sixteen miles from Rose Island to Fiske Ledge and return, and the times were, start 3:36:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....	5 56 31	2 20 31
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....	6 00 46	2 24 46
Veda, G. Bacon.....	6 05 03	2 29 03

Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....Withdrew.

On Aug. 10 a race was sailed over the Dyer's Island course in a good S.W. breeze. The start was made at 3:20 and the times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....	5 42 04	2 18 04
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....	5 42 24	2 18 24
Veda, G. Bacon.....	5 42 31	2 18 31
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....	5 44 46	2 20 46
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....	5 46 01	2 22 01
Vaquero III., W. Rutherford.....	5 46 37	2 22 37

Asahi, W. S. Miller.....Withdrew.

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Monday, Aug. 6.

THE Burgess Y. C. sailed its open race, postponed from July 26, on Aug. 6, in a light, variable breeze, that just moved the yachts along, the times being:

25ft. Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	2 48 20

Raceabouts.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jolly Roger, B. B. Crowninshield.....	2 41 23
Pirate, R. C. Robbins.....	2 49 37
Sinram, W. P. Fowle.....	2 51 03
Runaway Girl, H. Tweed.....	2 51 14

Knockabouts.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Opitsah II., S. H. Foster.....	3 02 00
Suzzane, F. Brewster.....	3 13 30

Handicap Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Never Did, D. H. Follett.....	2 40 01	2 40 01
Sally IV., L. S. Percival.....	2 45 07	2 43 31
Mistral, T. W. Little.....	2 51 14	2 51 14
Onda, J. Greenough.....	2 51 21	2 49 45
Water Lily, J. D. Safford.....	3 05 12	2 54 00

Geisha, C. W. Jaynes.....	Withdrew.
Dragon, C. M. Baker.....	Withdrew.
Nameless, W. H. Stuart, Jr.....	Withdrew.

21ft. Cabin Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Harriet, L. T. Harrington.....	2 57 07
Rambler, Pommeroy Brothers.....	3 01 37

18ft. Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dauntless, Benner & Patten.....	1 24 18
Fantasy, William Allerton.....	1 29 14
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson.....	1 41 02
Lobster, C. E. Hendrie.....	2 53 23

16ft. Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Moccasin, A. D. Irving.....	2 07 26
Gee Whizz, F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	2 08 00
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	2 20 26
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber.....	Withdrew.

Dories.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Toodo, B. C. Melzard.....	2 22 25
Barbara, J. Blaney.....	2 24 10
Raggy Lug, W. H. Brown.....	Withdrew.

The judges were J. H. Goodwin and Isaac B. Mills. Gee Whizz protested Moccasin.

Manchester Y. C.

MANCHESTER, MASS.

Tuesday, Aug. 7.

THE Manchester Y. C., of Manchester, sailed its annual open race on Aug. 7 in a light N.E. breeze. There were twenty starters, but no close finishes, the best being in Class K, in which Jolly Roger beat Pirate 1m. 15s. The times were:

Special Class.	Elapsed.
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	1 24 50
Nixie, S. J. Connolly.....	Withdrew.

Class D.	Elapsed.
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	1 32 24
Onda, John Greenough.....	1 39 07
Never Did, D. H. Follett.....	1 40 28

Class L.	Elapsed.
Lookout, A. H. Higginson.....	1 33 02
Hostess, H. M. Faxon.....	1 35 07

Class S.	Elapsed.
Harriet, L. T. Harrington.....	1 57 22
Wind, C. E. Cotting, Jr.....	1 30 04

Class K—Raceabouts.	Elapsed.
Jolly Roger, B. B. Crowninshield.....	1 36 38
Pirate, R. C. Robbins.....	1 37 53
Tunipoo, J. L. Bremer.....	1 42 42
Runaway Girl, Tweed.....	1 46 27

Class T.	Elapsed.
Dauntless, Benner & Patten.....	1 50 07
Petrel, C. H. Lunt.....	1 51 04
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson.....	1 51 57
Circe II., F. L. Pigeon.....	1 54 59
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton.....	1 58 41
Lobster, C. E. Hendrie.....	1 59 43
Joque, Walter Kelly.....	Withdrew.

Class X.	Elapsed.
Only One, J. F. Perkins.....	2 09 10
Rikki Tikki, Loring Brothers.....	2 33 10
Witch, Henry Wigglesworth.....	2 43 10
Freak, E. C. Fitch.....	Withdrew.

The judges were A. G. Wood, G. W. Mansfield, J. H. P. Dodge and S. J. Connolly.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Wednesday, Aug. 8.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed the first race of its midsummer series on Aug. 8 in a light south breeze, the times being:

30ft. Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	1 39 03	1 39 03
Empress, Hayden & Parker.....	1 48 36	1 48 36
Al Kyris, J. F. Brown.....	1 49 30	1 49 30
Cartoon, Howard Parker.....	2 05 10	2 05 10

25ft. Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	1 42 31	1 40 44
Never Did, D. H. Follett.....	1 57 49	1 57 49

18ft. Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton.....	1 57 05	1 49 43
Dauntless, Benner & Patten.....	1 51 06	1 51 06
Lobster, C. E. Hendrie.....	1 58 59	Not meas.
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson.....	1 59 38	1 54 28
Nymph, Oscar Perkins.....	2 00 22	1 57 06
Joque, Walter Kelly.....	2 05 06	2 01 00

21ft. Special Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lookout, A. H. Higginson.....	1 11 52	1 11 52
Hostess, H. M. Faxon.....	1 36 56	1 11 57

Class A—Raceabouts.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jolly Roger, B. B. Crowninshield.....	1 44 03
Sinram, W. P. Fowle.....	1 48 20
Pirate, R. C. Robbins.....	1 48 52
Banderlog, Joshua Crane, Jr.....	1 50 35

Class B—Knockabouts.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Opitsah II., S. H. Foster.....	1 50 13
Theresa, L. Davis.....	1 59 52

Class C—Handicap.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sally IV., L. F. Percival.....	1 44 56	1 38 39
Mistral, T. W. Little.....	1 51 15	1 44 58
Gossip, P. Brooks.....	1 46 59	1 46 59
Dragon, C. M. Barker.....	1 56 48	1 48 25
Isis, C. H. Mayo.....	1 58 54	1 52 37
Yarico, H. E. Yerxa.....	2 02 56	1 51 31
Brigand, H. A. Morse.....	2 04 59	1 56 36
Lillian, H. E. Whitney.....	2 10 38	1 58 03
Quivette, F. A. C. Hill.....	2 13 41	2 03 12

Class D—Handicap Knockabouts.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Agnes, D. C. Holder, Jr.....	1 41 41	1 39 39
Comet, H. P. Benson.....	1 46 05	1 43 02
Thistle, A. P. McKinnon.....	1 46 42	1 46 42
Water Lily, J. D. Safford.....	1 48 58	1 48 58
Spinster, F. O. North.....	1 53 11	1 53 11
Maia, Everett Paine.....	Withdrew.

16ft. Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gee Whizz, F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 04 50
Moccasin, A. D. Irving.....	1 05 27
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	1 08 00
Mowgli, W. I. Palmer.....	1 10 48
Rikki Tikki, Loring Brothers.....	1 12 12
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber.....	1 14 27

The judges were W. W. Keith, D. H. Follett and G. W. Mansfield.

Hull Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 11.

THE Hull Y. C. sailed a club race on Aug. 11 in a strong S.W. breeze, the times being:

HO Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Al Kyris, J. F. Brown.....	1 58 05
Empress, Hayden & Parker.....	1 58 54
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	2 26 42

25-Footers.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	2 03 54
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	2 05 46
Little Peter, J. J. Moebis.....	2 10 48

21ft. Handicap Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Shyessa, Douglass.....	1 41 22	1 31 22
Nike, C. A. Cooley.....	1 43 42	1 31 42
Holly, W. M. Ware.....	1 38 57	1 31 57
Darthea, W. B. Lambert		



MINNESOTA.
Photo by Notman, Montreal.



RED COAT.
Photo by Notman, Montreal.

Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup.

Sixth Match—Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.—White Bear Y. C.

Third Day—Second Race.

MONDAY, AUG. 6.

Windward and Leeward.

THE shower of Sunday afternoon was followed by another between 5 and 6 A. M. on Monday—a small thunder storm with little wind. It cleared, however, by breakfast time, and the morning was hot and calm. The St. Louis towed the boats to Pointe Claire at noon to find no wind about the lake, and it was not until 2 o'clock that a light S.E. breeze came across from Chateaugay. The St. Louis at once ran up to the Beaconsfield mark of the triangle and anchored for a starting line, and as soon as the steam yacht Nama could be hailed she was sent away to log the course and lay the outer buoy. The preliminary signal was given at 2:50, before the Nama started, the preparatory at 2:55, and the start at 3 o'clock. The course was two miles from off Beaconsfield Point across the lake almost in line with the cross on Nun's Island.

Minnesota crossed first, very shortly after the gun, with Red Coat on her weather quarter. With the very light air, even less than on Saturday, and perfectly smooth water, all parties looked for a certain defeat of the red boat. Within a minute after crossing Minnesota came about, and on port tack barely cleared Red Coat's bow, the latter at once tacking on her weather, when Minnesota came about again. She gained nothing by three short tacks to compensate for the risk of fouling in the first tack. They worked along, the crews to leeward, and it was soon apparent that Red Coat was at least holding her own, and that Minnesota was not leaving her as on Saturday. For the first half hour it was a question which of the two was gaining, one or the other of them taking a little lead. Red Coat was plainly holding on better than Minnesota, and pointing quite as high. As they neared the mark Red Coat began to show a steady gain, which amounted to over a minute at the end of the leg.

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	3 42 40	0 42 40	0 01 20	0 01 20
Minnesota	3 44 00	0 44 00

They set spinakers to starboard and ran home slowly, going a little by the lee and jibing spinakers off Pointe Claire. The first round finished:

	Turn.	Leg.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	4 19 18	0 26 38	0 00 52
Minnesota	4 20 10	0 26 10	0 00 28

	Round.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat	1 19 18	0 00 52	0 00 52	0 00 52
Minnesota	1 20 10

They started to windward under the same conditions as on the first round, but the wind fell before the middle of the leg was reached. About 5 o'clock the wind shifted to the east for a short time, while a thunder storm was making up in the north. The outer mark was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	5 02 50	0 43 32	0 05 33	0 06 30
Minnesota	5 09 20	0 44 13

What little wind there was at the turn fell entirely, and at 5:20 it began to rain, while the clouds grew heavier and blacker in the north. The yachts were becalmed, so far as any visible wind was concerned, though they made a little progress toward the mark. The storm to the north finally sent out a breeze from N.W., which caught Red Coat first and brought her in to the line with storm jib and sheets flattened. The end of the round was timed:

	Turn.	Leg.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	6 03 20	1 00 30	0 04 00
Minnesota	6 07 20	0 59 00	0 02 30

	Round.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat	1 41 02	0 03 08	0 04 00
Minnesota	1 47 10

The only question now was whether the wind would hold until 7 o'clock. The storm was still threatening, with a little thunder and lightning and rain most of the time, but its future developments were very uncertain. There was still fifty-three minutes left before the time limit expired, and with booms well off the port quarter both boats were making good time. The outer mark was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	6 17 02	0 13 42	0 02 58
Minnesota	6 20 00	0 12 40	0 01 02

It was now a beat to the finish, and as long as the wind held the boats moved very fast, but about 6:30 the wind fell again. After a little time it came in harder, and when Red Coat was within 300 yds. of the line she stopped and tied in her second reef, standing on across the line under reefed mainsail only, Minnesota making a spectacular finish as she came up and drove over the line under full sail. The finish was timed:

	Finish.	Leg.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	6 48 38	0 31 36	0 00 04	0 03 02
Minnesota	6 51 40	0 31 40

	Round.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	0 45 18	0 03 02
Minnesota	0 44 20	0 00 58

	Elapsed.	Minnesota	Elapsed.
Red Coat.....	3 48 38	3 51 40

By the time the yachts were made fast astern of the St. Louis, it was dark, and the rain was falling. They ran out into the lake to pick up the mark boat, and it was nearly 8 o'clock before the St. Louis and her string of yachts and boats, made fast to a long topline, ran into the club pier at Dorval. The race committee and the two crews were invited to dine with Vice-Com. Simms at the Forest and Stream Club at 7:30, but it was nearer 9 o'clock when they met, a party of about twenty. The dinner passed off very pleasantly, and the party broke up at a late hour.

Fourth Day—Third Race.

TUESDAY, AUG. 7.

Triangular Course.

Though the rain ceased during the night, it began by 6 o'clock on Tuesday morning, a light, steady drizzle, with next to no wind, the vanes showing N.E. Owing to her mainsail shrinking with the wetting of Monday's showers, Minnesota shifted to the new sail used in the first race. All hands spent the morning about the club house, with no hopes of a race, but unwilling to miss any possible chance which might turn up. About noon the wind freshened a little, though it was still raining, and after luncheon it was decided to go up to the course.

The St. Louis reached the starting mark off Pointe Claire about 2:00, and sails were set on both boats, the preliminary being given at 2:20 and the start at 2:30, the course being sailed with buoys to port, making the third leg to windward.

Red Coat crossed first in the weather berth, breaking out her balloon jib and spinaker on the line, while Minnesota, but a little astern, lost some little time in setting her kites. Shortly after the start the rain stopped, and as there was now a moderate breeze and smooth water, the boats reached off very fast, Red Coat holding her lead easily. They jibed at the Beaconsfield mark as follows:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	2 41 12	0 11 12	0 00 18	0 00 18
Minnesota	2 41 30	0 11 30

With booms well off they reached very fast for the second mark, St. Louis preceding them. When the steamer had run the full distance there was no mark to be seen, and there was nothing to do but to stop the yachts as they came up. Alcyone, Nama, Wild Rose, Chipmunk and the other yachts and launches were all

hunting for the mark, and after a time the triangular float was discovered, quite near to the St. Louis, but with the pole and target floating in the water. The float was hauled on board and the pole reshipped and stayed, and the orders were given to return to the line for a new start. The two yachts beat up to the line with a good breeze, and the new start was made at 3:40, the weather now being clear. The sky was overcast and gloomy, but there was a good breeze, and altogether the conditions were favorable for both racing men and spectators. The Duchess of York was out, with a very small party, and there were quite a number of sailing boats, dinghies, skiffs and other small craft. Again Red Coat led over the line, setting her spinaker smartly, while Minnesota first set her balloon jib and then her spinaker. They ran very evenly, Minnesota once going ahead but Red Coat repassed her at the Beaconsfield buoy, which was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	3 53 00	0 13 00	0 00 08	0 00 08
Minnesota	3 53 08	0 13 08

The wind was almost abeam on the second leg, and they traveled very fast, the times being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat	4 00 20	0 07 20	0 00 13	0 00 21
Minnesota	4 00 41	0 07 33

They flattened in at the buoy and held on to port tack for a short time, but the wind was now more to the east than at the start, and the greater part of the course was sailed on a long starboard tack with a short hitch at the end. The first round was finished:

	Turn.	Leg.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	4 15 00	0 14 40	0 01 29	0 01 50
Minnesota	4 16 50	0 16 09

	Round.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	0 35 00	0 01 50	0 01 50
Minnesota	0 36 50

Red Coat again set her spinaker more promptly than Minnesota; the second and third rounds were both repetitions of the first, except that both boats carried working jibs instead of balloon jibs over the second leg of the third round. The times were:

	First Leg.	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	4 26 38	0 11 38	0 01 30
Minnesota	4 28 08	0 18 00	0 00 20

	Second Leg.	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	4 34 27	0 07 49	0 00 10	0 01 40
Minnesota	4 36 07	0 07 59

	Third Leg.	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	4 47 25	0 12 58	0 01 15	0 02 55
Minnesota	4 50 20	0 14 13

	Round.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	0 32 25	0 01 05	0 02 55
Minnesota	0 33 30

	Third Round—First Leg.	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	5 00 00	0 12 35	0 02 05
Minnesota	5 02 05	0 11 45	0 00 50

	Second Leg.	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	5 07 50	0 07 50	0 00 08	0 02 13
Minnesota	5 10 03	0 07 58

	Third Leg.	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat.....	5 22 30	0 14 40	0 00 04	0 02 17
Minnesota	5 24 47	0 14 44

	Round.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Red Coat	0 35 05	0 02 17
Minnesota	0 34 27	0 00 38

	Elapsed.	Minnesota	Elapsed.
Red Coat.....	1 42 30	1 44 47

This finished the fifth match of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., with a record of three straight races. That the visitors were disappointed is a matter of course, but they certainly showed no signs of it, every one of the large St. Paul contingent accepting the result in the best possible spirit. The only expression of regret was on the part of

the Canadians, that such opponents had not at least scored one race after the fine showing of Minnesota on Saturday.

Immediately after Red Coat had crossed the line, Com. Ordway gave notice to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. committee on the steamer of the intention of the White Bear Y. C. to challenge for next year.

On Tuesday evening Com. Molson gave a ball at the yacht club in honor of the Americans. The club house and grounds were handsomely decorated and illuminated, and as the weather was merciful for once and with-

During the cruise there will be the usual races for the owl and gamecock colors and a race for launches.

At 1 o'clock the yachts left the rendezvous for the starting line. There was not enough breeze to sail the boats, the yachts merely drifting to the line. At 1:30, the time for starting, there was still no breeze, and at 3 o'clock the start was finally made in a light southeast breeze that just moved the racers. The race was twenty-one and one-half miles, over a three-leg course.

At 3 o'clock the cutters were sent away, Syce crossing the line first, followed by Countess, Effort and

Second Day—First Squadron Run.

HUNTINGTON BAY TO MORRIS COVE.

Tuesday morning promised no better than Monday, with a heavy mist and a flat calm. Shortly after 11 o'clock a light wind blew in from the east, and at 12:15, when the cruising trim sloops were sent away, a good wind was blowing. Interest again centered in the 70ft. sloops, in which class were entered Mineola, Rainbow and Yankee. Virginia had not yet joined the fleet. Mineola got over the line first, Rainbow following, with Yankee last. Mineola led throughout the race and beat Rainbow by 16m. 58s. and Yankee by 20m. 30s. Corona was the first boat to finish, reaching Morris Cove at 3:21:20, and won the first leg of the races for the cup given by Vice-Com. Belmont for schooners sailing in one class. Jessica lost her bowsprit and topmast and Vinita lost her bowsprit. The yachts finished in an eight-knot breeze, and the times were:

		Sloops—Class H.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
		Start.	Finish.		
Hester	12 17 56	3 34 45	3 16 49
Astrild	12 15 42	3 45 01	3 29 19
		Sloops—Class J.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
		Start.	Finish.		
Sayonara	12 16 51	4 20 30	4 03 39	4 03 39
Wasp	12 15 20	3 47 48	3 32 28	3 22 28
Fredonia	12 15 53	5 18 02	5 02 09	5 02 02
Petrel	12 16 31	4 48 56	4 32 25	4 28 30
		Sloops—Class K.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
		Start.	Finish.		
Shark	12 15 42	3 53 17	3 37 35	3 37 35
Altair	12 18 38	3 59 18	3 40 40	3 40 40
Xara	12 20 00	5 45 19	5 25 19	5 25 19
Hussar II.	12 15 42	4 38 51	4 23 09	4 23 09
Sistae	12 16 15	4 22 26	4 06 11	4 06 11
Ondawa	12 17 28	4 50 05	4 32 37	4 26 35
Syce	12 15 02	3 45 12	3 30 10	3 30 10
Lotowana	12 15 00	4 45 57	4 30 57	4 25 04
Jessica	12 17 14	5 02 09	4 44 55	4 43 48
Uvira	12 18 54	5 25 53	4 06 59	4 01 15
		Sloops—Class L.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
		Start.	Finish.		
Hebe	12 18 21	4 11 51	3 53 30	3 53 30
Vinita	Withdrew.			
		Sloops—Class M.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
		Start.	Finish.		
Countess	12 16 42	4 30 56	4 14 14	4 14 14
Effort	12 15 24	4 31 35	4 16 11	4 16 11
Kiowa	12 17 46	4 39 36	4 21 50	4 21 50
Cymbra	12 19 38	5 11 30	4 51 52	4 51 52
		Schooners—Class A.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
		Start.	Finish.		
Constellation	12 25 00	3 38 58	3 13 58	3 13 58
Corona	12 24 59	3 21 20	3 56 21	2 50 18
Hildegard	12 25 00	3 28 50	3 03 50	3 03 50
		Schooners—Class D.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
		Start.	Finish.		
Quissetta	12 20 35	3 36 46	3 16 11	3 16 11
Katrina	12 22 35	4 10 25	3 47 50	3 42 26
Latona	12 21 25	3 56 48	3 35 23	3 35 23
Ingomar	12 22 13	4 13 59	3 51 46	3 46 35
		Schooners—Class F.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
		Start.	Finish.		
Kiwassa	12 17 46	4 39 36	4 21 50	4 21 50
Wayward	12 23 51	4 23 11	3 59 20	3 51 53
Neaera	12 24 35	4 34 42	4 10 07	4 04 11
Indra	12 23 38	4 18 32	3 45 04	3 45 04
Uncas	12 22 26	5 15 50	4 53 24	4 53 24
Rusalka	12 23 18	4 53 05	4 30 47	4 30 47
Gevalia	12 22 59	4 41 32	4 18 33	4 15 48
		Sloops—70ft. Class.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
		Start.	Finish.		
Mineola	12 30 42	3 55 40	3 24 58	3 24 58
Rainbow	12 32 03	4 13 59	3 41 56	3 41 56
Yankee	12 32 05	4 17 33	3 45 28	3 45 28



RED COAT. MINNESOTA.
Photo by Notman, Montreal.

held the threatened rain, the affair was most enjoyable. On Wednesday Minnesota was shipped on a flat car and the party started for home in the two private cars, all promising to return next year if their challenge is accepted. Not only did the best of good feeling prevail throughout the whole contest, but the Americans practically owned Lake St. Louis and the adjoining shores, enjoying a free and unostentatious hospitality which can only be rightly appreciated by those who have attended the international matches at Dorval.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

Rendezvous, Glen Cove.

GLEN COVE TO HUNTINGTON BAY—COMMODORE'S CUP.

Monday, Aug. 6.

THE first day of the New York Y. C. cruise dawned dreary and foggy. All day a mist hung over Hempstead Bay, and, until late in the day, there was not enough wind to ripple the surface of the sea. There were gathered at the rendezvous on Monday the following craft:

Steamers: Corsair, J. P. Morgan; Intrepid, Lloyd Phoenix; Viola, Abram Baudouine; Artemis, F. G. Bourne; Barracouta, Edward Kelly; Electra, Elbridge T. Gerry; Mirage, Cornelius Vanderbilt; Radha, Adrian Iselin, Jr., with the Regatta Committee on board; Clermont, A. Van Santvoord; Kismet, J. Maxwell; Varuna, George F. Dominick; Tide, C. Hoyt; Florence, A. H. Alker; Llewellyn, W. B. Brannegan; Columbia, James Stillman; Scout, August Belmont; Electra, E. C. Benedict; Wild Duck, Gen. Francis V. Greene; Nirvana, W. R. Sands; Duchess, Leonard J. Busby; Privateer, R. A. C. Smith; Embla, J. T. Williams; Marietta, H. B. Moore; Parthenia, A. H. McKee; Anita, George B. Wilson; Nourmahal, John Jacob Astor; Akela, W. H. Ames; May, A. Van Rensselaer; Satanella, Perry Belmont; Reba, Nathaniel Witherell; Maspeth, Cord Meyer; Altair, E. D. Trowbridge; Tillie, F. L. Osgood; Forget-Me-Not, W. H. and G. P. Butler.

Schooners: Katrina, J. B. Ford; Hildegard, Geo. W. Weld; Constellation, Francis Skinner; Wayward, Chas. Smithers; Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt; Latona, H. C. Eno; Fleur de Lys, Henry Walcott; Shamrock, H. P. Ward; Rosemary, F. C. Fletcher; Emerald, W. E. Iselin; Kiwassa, E. P. Morse; Uncas, C. P. Buchanan; Ingomar, Morton F. Plant; Sachem, Frederick T. Adams; Glendoveer, Malcolm Graham Jr.; Crusader, S. L. Heusted, Jr.; Gevalia, H. W. Coates; Carlotta C. F. Ulrich; Alert, Clement A. Griscom; Meteor, E. J. Hall; Rusalka, F. F. Olney; Indra, J. M. Richmond; Laurus, J. C. Ayer.

Cutters: Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt; Yankee, H. P. Whitney and H. B. Duryea; Mineola, August Belmont; Hester, C. L. F. Robinson; Hussar, James Baird; Sistae, J. B. Rhodes; Shark, F. L. Ames; Isolde, F. M. Hoyt; Altair, Cord Meyer; Astrild, A. G. and H. W. Hanan; Athlon, E. B. Haven; Wasp, C. H. Dodge; Kiowa, A. H. Fowler; Eclipse, L. J. Callanan; Ondawa, H. J. Roberts; Uvira, R. P. Doremus; Sayonara, C. B. Hendrickson; Jessica, J. M. Macdonough; Syce, H. S. Redmond; Hebe, J. R. Maxwell; Lotowana, I. O'C. Sloane; Countess, O. Sanderson; Xara, W. I. and E. C. Van Wart; Isolt, C. N. Nason; Altrurian, F. A. Haight.

The programme for the cruise, weather permitting, is as follows:

Monday, Aug. 6—Race for the Commodore's cup from Glen Cove to Huntington Bay.

Tuesday, Aug. 7—Squadron run, Huntington Bay to Morris Cove.

Wednesday, Aug. 8—Morris Cove to New London.

Thursday, Aug. 9—New London to Newport.

Friday, Aug. 10—Newport to Vineyard Haven.

Saturday, Aug. 11—Vineyard Haven to Newport.

Sunday, Aug. 12—The squadron will remain at anchor at Newport.

Monday, Aug. 13—Races off Newport for the Astor cups.

Tuesday, Aug. 14—There will be a meeting of the captains on board the flagship at noon.

Kiowa. Shark, Astrild, Altair, Hester and Hussar II. all crossed after the firing of the handicap gun. The schooners started next, with Wayward in the lead, Quissetta next, and Indra, Uncas and Rusalka following. Constellation, Katrina, Latonia, Ingomar, Neaera and Kiwassa were handicapped. The 70-footers started at 3:15. There were in this class Rainbow, Mineola and Yankee. Virginia was at Bristol undergoing repairs. The wind was still very light, and it was almost a drifting match to the first mark. At 5 o'clock a fair S.S.W. breeze sprang up, which later freshened considerably and the race was finished in a good breeze. Cornelius Vanderbilt's Rainbow crossed the finish line first, 3m. 49s. ahead of Mineola. Yankee finished 2m. 18s. later than Mineola. Rainbow therefore won the Commodore's cup



ON BOARD THE ST. LOUIS.
C. D. Mower, C. A. Reed, H. Van Vleck.
J. W. Taylor, W. Q. Phillips, L. P. Ordway.
W. P. Stephens. Montreal Witness Photo.

in her class, Quissetta in the schooner class and Syce in the sloop (cruising trim) class. The times, as they had been taken when the club boat left, were:

		Sloops—Class H.—Racing Trim.		Elapsed.
		Start.	Finish.	
Rainbow	3 17 00	6 46 08	3 29 08
Mineola	3 16 41	6 49 38	3 32 57
Yankee	3 17 00	6 52 15	3 35 15
		Schooners—Cruising Trim.		Elapsed.
		Start.	Finish.	
Constellation	3 10 00	7 02 34	3 52 34
Ingomar	3 10 00
Quissetta	3 07 46	6 59 30	3 51 44
Katrina	3 10 00	7 14 39	4 04 39
Latona	3 10 00
Kiwassa	3 10 00
Wayward	3 07 43
Indra	3 08 20
Uncas	3 08 43
Rusalka	3 09 03
Neaera	3 10 00
		Sloops—Cruising Trim.		Elapsed.
		Start.	Finish.	
Huron	3 03 28
Hester	3 05 00
Astrild	3 05 00	7 20 18	4 15 18
Wasp	3 02 44	7 06 50	4 04 06
Shark	3 05 00	7 12 03	4 07 03
Altair	3 05 00
Hussar II.	3 05 00
Sistae	3 03 24
Syce	3 00 55	7 00 42	3 59 47
Hebe	3 02 57	7 20 09	4 17 12
Effort	3 02 09
Kiowa	3 02 13
Countess	3 02 24

Third Day, Second Squadron Run.

MORRIS COVE TO NEW LONDON.

Wednesday, Aug. 8.

On Wednesday morning there was a moderate east wind, and the start was made at 9:50, Syce being the first over the line. Virginia joined the fleet Tuesday night, and led the boats over the finish line in the run to New London, beating Mineola, the next boat in, by 22m. 21s. By noon the breeze had flattened down badly, and the yachts were scattered over miles of water. Yankee was becalmed for more than an hour and was beaten 1h. 45m. 5s. by Virginia. The times were:

		70-Footers.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
		Start.	Finish.		
Mineola	10 50 20	4 33 41	6 28 21	6 28 21
Rainbow	10 06 15	4 39 33	6 33 18	6 33 18
Yankee	10 05 20	5 54 45	7 49 25	7 49 25
Virginia	10 06 40	4 09 20	6 02 40	6 02 40
		Sloops—Class I.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
		Start.	Finish.		
Hester	9 50 29	6 15 14	8 25 45	8 25 45
Astrild	9 54 59	6 14 00	8 19 01	8 19 01
Isolde	9 50 35	6 50 12	8 59 37	8 59 37
		Sloops—Class J.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
		Start.	Finish.		
Wasp	9 51 56	6 04 24	8 12 24	8 12 24
Sayonara	9 51 43	7 04 05	9 12 22	9 10 49
Petrel	9 52 15	6 34 15	8 42 00	8 36 37
		Sloops—Class K.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
		Start.	Finish.		
Shark	9 00 41	4 40 36	6 49 55	6 49 55
Altair	9 50 21	5 05 50	7 15 29	7 15 29
Hussar II.	9 51 25	7 05 00	9 53 45	9 53 25
Sistae	9 54 07	6 36 42	8 32 35	8 32 25

Syce	9 54 20	Withdrew.		
Lotowana	9 50 57	7 00 11	9 09 14	9 01 03
Ondawa	9 54 45	7 26 34	9 31 39	9 23 15
Uvira	9 52 53	7 11 08	9 18 15	9 10 47
Sloops—Class L.				
Albicare	9 51 27	7 37 34	9 46 07	9 46 07
Tigress	9 54 25	Withdrew.		
Sloops—Class M.				
Effort	9 51 11	6 55 55	9 04 44	9 04 44
Kiowa	9 52 35	Withdrew.		
Countess	9 51 55	6 05 50	8 13 55	8 13 55
Schooners—Class A.				
Hildegard	9 58 22	2 50 49	7 52 27	7 52 27
Constellation	9 58 22	5 46 25	7 48 13	7 47 57
Corona	9 57 19	5 48 28	7 51 09	6 13 50
Schooners—Class D.				
Quissetta	9 56 02	5 24 36	7 28 34	7 28 34
Katrina	10 00 00	6 05 11	8 05 11	8 04 38
Latona	9 56 50	6 23 12	8 26 22	8 26 22
Ingomar	9 58 14	6 22 22	8 24 08	8 16 53
Schooners—Class F.				
Wayward	9 59 05	6 05 47	8 06 42	8 06 42
Neacra	9 59 05	6 20 54	8 21 49	8 15 35
Indra	9 59 57	7 15 42	9 15 45	9 15 45
Uncas	10 00 00	Withdrew.		
Rusaika	9 58 05	7 38 30	9 40 27	9 40 27
Gevania	10 00 00	6 16 45	8 16 45	8 14 57

Fourth Day, Third Squadron Run.

NEW LONDON TO NEWPORT.

Thursday, Aug. 9.

A light N.N.W. wind blew on Thursday when the yachts started for Newport at 10:25. Before the yachts made the first mark the breeze had become very light, and a strong ebb tide helped to make trouble for the skippers. The wind shifted continually, but was never strong. Rainbow was the first to finish, crossing the line at 5:20:12. The winners in the various classes were: Rainbow, Quissetta, Syce, Wasp, Mayflower and Hester. The day's racing was uneventful and unsatisfactory, and it was late at night before the last of the yachts finished. The following times were taken up to 8 o'clock:

Rainbow	5 26 12	Hester	7 29 01
Quissetta	5 28 25	Yankee	7 46 39
Mineola	6 15 52	Virginia	7 51 17
Syce	6 34 53	Isolde	7 52 20
Wasp	7 09 41	Ingomar	8 03 40
Mayflower	7 29 00		

The scene in the harbor at night was a brilliant and spectacular one. More than 200 craft of all kinds were anchored there, and a full moon and clear, starlit sky added to the charm of the picture. The fleet was the largest ever gathered in American waters.

Fifth Day, Fourth Squadron Run.

NEWPORT TO VINEYARD HAVEN.

Friday, Aug. 10.

Friday morning promised no better than Thursday. There was very little wind and a great deal of heat. A light breeze sprang up at about 9 o'clock, which increased to such an extent that at 11:50, when the sloops were sent away, a good S.W. breeze was blowing. Hildegard and Constellation fell in together for a duel, while the 70-footers closed in in a pretty race. It was the best day's racing of the cruise. Virginia was the first to finish, but was disqualified for sailing inside the middle ground. Wasp, Sistae, Petrel, Latona and Katrina were also disqualified for the same reason. The times were:

Sloops—Class I.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hester	11 50 13	4 07 30	4 17 17	4 17 17
Astrild	11 52 23	4 21 44	4 29 21	4 29 21
Isolde	11 51 17	4 21 18	4 29 01	4 29 01

Sloops—Class J.				
Wasp	11 51 37	Disqualified.		
Sayonara	11 50 17	4 43 12	4 52 55	4 57 26
Petrel	11 51 28	Disqualified.		

Sloops—Class K.				
Shark	11 50 40	4 29 03	4 38 24	4 38 24
Sistae	11 51 51	Disqualified.		
Syce	11 50 44	4 32 18	4 41 34	4 41 34
Ondawa	11 53 28	5 57 25	5 03 57	5 03 57

Sloops—Class M.				
Effort	11 29 03	5 11 23	5 22 20	5 20 20
Kiowa	11 31 33	5 02 59	5 11 26	5 11 26

Schooners—Class A.				
Hildegard	11 56 01	3 50 52	3 54 51	3 54 51
Constellation	11 56 04	3 45 02	3 49 24	3 49 03

Schooners—Class B.				
Corona	11 55 38	3 46 59	3 51 21	3 51 21
Mayflower	11 57 55	4 03 50	4 05 55	4 03 16

Schooners—Class D.				
Quissetta	11 55 17	4 05 25	4 10 08	4 10 08
Katrina	11 58 18	Disqualified.		
Latona	11 55 15	Disqualified.		

Schooners—Class F.				
Wayward	11 57 33	4 26 57	4 29 24	4 20 24
Indra	11 56 53	4 41 13	4 44 20	4 44 20
Uncas	12 00 00	4 46 23	4 46 23	4 46 23

Special Class.				
Virginia	12 05 56	3 49 00	3 43 04	Disq'd.
Yankee	12 05 12	3 59 50	3 54 38	3 54 38
Mineola	12 05 54	3 50 53	3 44 59	3 44 59
Rainbow	12 05 16	3 50 21	3 45 05	3 45 05

Sixth Day, Fifth Squadron Run

VINEYARD HAVEN TO NEWPORT.

Saturday, Aug. 11.

A brisk S.W. breeze, which blew steadily all day, made Saturday's run as interesting as that of Friday. The start was made early, Syce crossing the line first at 9:45:14. Constellation and Hildegard had an interesting race, Constellation losing her foretopmast, but beating Hildegard 2m. 50s. Mineola again led the fleet over the finish line, and won the Brown cup and the cup offered by F. H. Lippert to the 70-footer winning the greatest number of runs. Quissetta won the Vice-Commodore's cup, offered to the schooner winning the majority of the runs. The times were:

Sloops—Racing Trim.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mineola	10 01 20	2 43 21	4 42 01	4 42 01
Yankee	10 02 00	2 49 02	4 47 02	4 47 02
Virginia	10 00 41	2 51 37	4 50 55	4 50 55
Rainbow	10 00 15	2 53 44	4 53 29	4 53 29

Sloops—Class I.				
Hester	9 48 29	3 13 22	5 14 33	5 14 33
Astrild	9 46 16	3 26 19	5 40 03	5 40 03
Isolde	9 46 21	3 22 01	5 35 40	5 35 40

Sloops—Class J.				
Wasp	9 45 57	3 39 56	5 53 59	5 53 59
Petrel	9 46 18	4 09 54	6 23 36	6 21 37
Sayonara	9 45 32	Withdrew.		

Sloops—Class K.				
Shark	9 45 22	3 56 08	6 10 46	6 10 46

Syce	9 43 14	4 05 40	6 20 26	6 20 26
Ondawa	9 45 18	Withdrew.		
Sloops—Class M.				
Effort	9 46 00	4 29 10	6 43 10	6 43 10
Schooners—Class A.				
Constellation	9 51 34	3 23 33	5 31 59	5 31 38
Hildegard	9 52 36	3 27 04	5 34 28	5 34 28
Schooners—Class B.				
Corona	9 50 52	3 00 17	5 09 25	5 09 25
Mayflower	9 53 21	3 31 46	5 38 25	5 35 46
Schooners—Class D.				
Quissetta	9 50 38	3 15 55	5 25 17	5 25 17
Latona	9 50 22	3 27 29	5 37 07	5 37 07
Katrina	9 52 03	4 11 16	6 19 10	6 18 39
Schooners—Class F.				
Indra	9 53 14	4 12 37	6 19 23	6 19 23
Wayward	9 53 46	Withdrew.		
Uncas	9 52 29	Withdrew.		

Seventh and Eighth Days, Astor Cups.

NEWPORT.

Sunday and Monday, Aug. 12-13.

Sunday was lay day for the fleet. The day was spent quietly, everybody resting for the races for the Astor cups on Monday. Monday proved to be the best day of the entire cruise. A strong S.E. breeze blew in from the sea, and the conditions were right for an interesting race. Syce ran on a rock on Saturday and was unable to race. This left eleven boats in the race. The Vineyard Sound course, 38 miles, was selected. The starting gun was fired at 11 o'clock, Altair crossing the line at 11:00:04, Rainbow two seconds later, followed by Mineola, Isolde, Virginia, Hester, Shark, Yankee and Astrild. The start for the schooners was signaled at 11:05, Quissetta crossing fifty-three seconds later, six seconds ahead of Corona. At the first mark the yachts were timed:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola	1 50 30	2 50 22
Rainbow	1 53 21	2 53 15
Virginia	1 59 52	2 58 56
Yankee	2 00 05	2 55 28
Hester	2 10 05	3 09 00
Corona	2 10 30	3 04 31
Isolde	2 15 25	3 14 39
Astrild	2 26 20	3 21 21
Quissetta	2 37 40	3 31 47
Altair	3 31 60	4 37 46
Shark	3 39 00	3 34 44

The wind had freshened and had shifted slightly east. Soon after rounding the first mark Yankee's balloon jib topsail was ripped at the clew, and the crew had some difficulty in getting it down. In the reach to the Hen and Chickens Lightship Rainbow gained forty-one seconds on Mineola. As the yachts rounded the second mark they were timed as follows:

	Finish.		Finish.
Mineola	2 15 30	Corona	2 34 20
Rainbow	2 17 40	Hester	2 39 30
Virginia	2 24 12	Isolde	2 42 00
Yankee	2 25 40		

Spinakers were set to port for the run home. Hester carried away her topmast, and was in trouble. Rainbow continued to gain on Mineola, but Mineola crossed the line first, forty-five seconds ahead of Rainbow. The times at the finish were:

	Sloops.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Virginia	11 00 56	3 57 25	4 56 20	4 56 29
Mineola	11 00 08	3 51 00	4 50 52	4 50 52
Yankee	11 04 37	3 57 35	4 52 58	4 52 40
Rainbow	11 00 06	3 52 07	4 52 01	4 51 37
Hester	11 01 05	4 32 47	5 31 42	5 24 33
Astrild	11 04 59	4 33 04	5 28 05	5 09 33
Isolde	11 00 46	4 20 37	5 19 51	5 01 19
Altair	11 00 04	4 48 40	5 48 36	5 13 14
Shark	11 04 16	4 50 34	5 46 18	5 10 56

Schooners.				
Corona	11 05 59	4 08 28	5 02 29	5 02 29
Quissetta	11 05 33	4 37 18	5 31 25	5 13 43

Mineola won the Astor cup for sloops; Corona won the Astor cup for schooners; Isolde won the Redmond cup for Class I sloops; Shark won the Robinson cup for Class K sloops.

Corinthian Y. C. Open Regatta.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 11.

THE Corinthian Y. C. sailed its open regatta on Aug. 11 in a strong S.W. breeze, the times being:

Special Class.			
Cartoon, H. Parker	1 02 49	Corrected.	1 02 49
Lookout, A. H. Higginson	Withdrew.		
Third Class.			
Monsoon, A. W. Erickson	1 37 22	1 30 29	
Dauntless, Bennet & Patton	1 33 41	1 33 41	
Lobster, C. H. Hendrie	1 43 00	1 42 50	
Fantasy, W. Allerton	1 53 43	1 47 39	
Petrel	1 51 29	1 51 29	
Joque, W. Kelley	2 01 03	2 05 57	

Class A.			
Jolly Roger, B. B. Crowninshield	1 26 43	1 26 43	
Banderlog, J. Crane, Jr.	1 27 44	1 27 44	
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	Disqualified.		
Runaway Girl, H. Tweed	Disqualified.		

Class B.			
Opitsah, S. H. Foster	1 30 50	1 30 50	
Jacobin, T. E. Jacobs	1 30 55	1 30 55	
Spy, R. Stone	1 32 59	1 32 59	
Suzanne, F. Brewster	Disabled.		

Class C.			
Louise, E. McWilliams	1 23 59	1 18 37	
Varico, H. E. Yerxa	1 28 05	1 21 23	
Onda, J. Greenough	1 25 49	1 21 38	
Sally IV, L. F. Percival	1 23 48	1 22 58	
Dragon, C. M. Barker	1 29 43	1 24 41	
Quwert, F. A. C. Hill	1 34 48	1 24 44	
Isis, G. H. Mayo	1 30 45	1 28 18	
Elvira, M. Bartlett	1 32 06	1 28 45	
Lillian, H. E. Whitney	1 40 32	1 30 28	
Geisha, Mr. Jaynes	1 42 30	1 34 08	
Brigand, H. A. Morse	1 48 22	1 42 30	
Owana	Withdrew.		
Gossip	Withdrew.		

Class D.			
Spinster, F. O. North	1 19 13	1 16 50	
Mara, E. Paine	1 23 44	1 19 46	
Fife, J. A. Jennings	1 24 31	1 21 21	
Soubrette, Mr. Moot	1 28 03	1 24 03	

Class E.			
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman	0 38 24	0 38 24	
Gee Whizz, F. G. Macomber	0 41 00	0 41 00	
Moccasin, A. D. Irving	0 42 06	0 42 06	
Rikki Tikki, Loring Bros.	0 43 40	0 43 40	

Owana and Gossip were disabled. The Corinthian Y. C. sailed the final races in its mid-

summer series on the morning of Aug. 11 in a good S.W. breeze, the times being:

Handicap Class.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sally IV., L. F. Percival.....	1 28 58	1 28 58	
Isis, G. H. Mayo.....	1 32 18	1 30 31	
Mistral, T. W. Little.....	1 32 42	1 30 55	
Quincy Cup Boats.			
Lookout, A. H. Higginson.....	0 58 45	0 58 45	
Hostess, H. M. Faxon.....	1 04 24	1 02 37	
Class D.			
Thistle, A. P. Mackinnon.....	1 21 25	1 21 25	
Spinster, F. A. North.....	1 24 26	1 21 59	
Maia, E. Paine.....	1 26 07	1 22 02	
Water Lily, J. D. Safford.....	1 23 41	1 22 52	
Fife, J. A. Jennings.....	1 33 12	1 30 55	

Sept. 3.—Seven Stars, Near Pottsville, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Pottsville Game and Fish Protective Association.

Sept. 3.—Haverhill, Mass.—Haverhill Gun Club's open tournament; distance handicap.

Sept. 3.—Meriden, Conn.—Fifth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club; \$25 added. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 3.—Blandon Park, Richmond Va.—First annual tournament of the Virginia Trapshooting Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. Live birds and targets. Franklin Stearns, Mgr.

Sept. 3.—Muncie, Ind.—Two-day tournament of the Magic City Gun Club. One day at targets, one day at sparrows. Chas. E. Adamson, Sec'y.

Sept. 3.—Sylvan Beach, Oneida Lake, N. Y.—E. D. Fulford's live-bird and target shoot.

Sept. 4.—North Platte, Neb.—Tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club on Col. Cody's Scout's Rest Ranch; \$250 added. Geo. L. Carter, Mgr.

Sept. 4.—Wichita, Kan.—Tournament of Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. G. Parham, Sec'y.

Sept. 6.—Sherbrooke, Can.—Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sept. 12.—Homer, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Triangular Gun Club; one day targets; one day live birds. C. B. Wiggins, Sec'y.

Sept. 12.—Pensacola, Fla.—Two-day shoot of the Dixie Gun Club; bluebirds and live birds. V. J. Vidal, Sec'y.

Sept. 14.—Platte City, Mo.—Trap shoot of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

Sept. 18.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 27.—Zanesville, O.—Tournament of the Zanesville Gun Club. L. A. Moore, Sec'y.

Sept. 27.—Erie, Pa.—First annual target tournament of the Erie Rod and Gun Club; \$100 added money. W. S. Bookwalter, Cor. Sec'y.

Sept. 28 and Nov. 13.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Under auspices of the Greater New York Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Oct. 2.—Swanton, Vt.—Robin Hood Gun Club's three days' tournament.

Oct. 11.—Greensburg, Ind.—Tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. C. D. Tillson, Sec'y.

Oct. 12.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.

Oct. 19 and Nov. 23.—Hackensack Bridge and Rutherford Road, N. J.—Under auspices of the Moonachie Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Aug. 23.—Interstate Park, Queens.—August contest for the Dewar trophy.

Sept. 11 and Oct. 26.—Interstate Park, Queens.—Under auspices of Medicus Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any regularly organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Under date of Aug. 10 Mr. Louis H. Schortemeier, 201 Pearl street, New York, writes us as follows: "A series of team contests at live birds, open to teams of three men from any regularly organized gun club in the United States, will be held in the months of September, October and November, 1900. Shooting for sweepstakes begins at 10 A. M. Team shoot at 2 P. M. each day. The dates are as follows: Tuesday, Sept. 11, at Interstate Park, Long Island; Friday, Sept. 28, at Dexter Park, Long Island; Wednesday, Oct. 19, at John Hen Outwater's, New Jersey; Friday, Oct. 26, at Interstate Park, L. I.; Tuesday, Nov. 13, at Dexter Park, L. I.; Friday, Nov. 23, at John Hen Outwater's, New Jersey. The team shoot will be three men on a side, 20 birds each, or a total of 60 birds to a team. All at 29yds. rise. The 20 birds may be shot at by individual shooters in an optional sweepstake. All sweepstake events will be handicapped by the management. Entrance to team contests, price of birds only, at 25 cents each. To the winning team each day will be given a sum equal to 1½ cents for each bird shot at on that day, including sweepstakes and team shoot. To the three high guns qualifying in five out of the six contests in the team shoot, or individuals shooting at the 20 birds with them, there will be divided ½ cent for each and every bird shot at in the entire six contests, team shoots and sweepstakes included. A trophy will be given to the club team winning the greatest number of shoots in the six contests. These contests will be held under the auspices of the Medicus Gun Club, at Interstate Park; the Greater New York Gun Club, at Dexter Park, and the Moonachie Gun Club, at John Hen Outwater's. Managers, L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. Ashley A. Webber, 168 North Sixth street, Brooklyn."

The Bristol Sheepbake is the main event at the Parker Gun Club's Labor Day shoot on Sept. 3, at Meriden, Conn., and, like the regular programme events, it is open to all. The bake is divided so that each competitor can tie, if he have the necessary skill and endurance. There are ten events on the regular programme at 15 and 20 targets, \$1.30 and \$2.40 entrance, and one event at 10 pairs, \$2.40. There is a total of 175 targets, and a total entrance of \$18.50. Grounds are open at 8:30 A. M. Programme starts 9:30 A. M. Purses will be divided by the Rose system, four moneys. Price of targets, 2 cents, included in all entrances. Shooters may enter for price of targets only in all events. Take electric cars to Hanover Park. Cars leave depot every 15 minutes. Loaded shells for sale at club house. Guns and shells shipped to C. S. Howard, prepaid, will be delivered at the club grounds free of cost. A Bristol Sheepbake dinner will be served on the grounds, consisting of baked lamb, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, fried sweet corn, etc. Tickets, 50 cents. Apply to the secretary, C. S. Howard, for further information.

The Sherbrooke Gun Club, of Sherbrooke, Can., have added one more day to their tournament, and the dates are now Sept. 6 and 7. On the invitation card sent out to shooters by the club is the following: "Our tournament will be held Sept. 6 and 7. It comes in Exhibition Week, and railway rates are extremely low from all points in Canada and the Northern States. We have the best and prettiest grounds in Canada—every one says so, and every one knows. We give good shoots. Our programme will be mailed to you in a few days, and we think you will like it. It will consist of about 170 targets each day, in 10s, 15s and 20s, and Rose system will prevail. There will be two-money events for you and six-money events for the weaker brother, and three, four and five money events for all. The regular events will be shot over the magautrap, and the ever popular merchandise series over expert traps. Come and see us at home. You will enjoy yourselves. Stay over and see our exhibition. It is a good one."

The programme of the Riverside Gun Club, Oswego, N. Y., Aug. 22 and 23, announces \$100 in cash added, and that there will be four general average prizes—\$10, \$7.50, \$5 and \$2.50. All who compete for averages must shoot through the programme, and those who shoot for targets only are not eligible for them. There are twelve events on each day, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per target. Targets, 2 cents, included in all events. Magautrap and bluebirds will be used. All moneys divided 40, 30 20 and 10 per cent. A first-class meal may be obtained on the grounds at reasonable rates. Out of town shooters may ship their shells and guns to C. A. Tanner, Oswego, which will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Mr. G. W. Tully is the secretary.

Under date of Aug. 11 Mr. Franklin Stearns, of Richmond, Va., writes us as follows: "The tournament of which programme is inclosed will be held on Sept. 3 and 4. We have decided on account of the large promised attendance and numerous requests for two days to add the extra day, on which there will be both live birds and targets, all sweepstakes, as the merchandise prizes will be assigned to the first day. Through T. W. Tignor's Sons, of this city, the Remington Arms Co. has donated a fine gun to be shot for in events Nos. 8 and 9 combined. These events will be counted as per programme in the merchandise prizes and sweepstakes. For the gun contest an extra entrance fee of \$2 will be charged, to create a fund to be used in purchasing each year a Remington gun for the annual meet."

Mr. T. H. Keller, the tireless and ever popular "T. K.," Eastern representative of the Peters Cartridge Co., is enthusiastic over his company's new shell, the Peters Ideal, which after much experimenting has been brought to a high degree of perfection. As to quickness of ignition, highest velocity and best pattern. Mr. Keller earnestly asserts that a trial is all that is necessary to convince any one of the new shell's excellence in every particular. Business duties have so thoroughly occupied his time of late that he is seldom seen on the firing line now as compared with former years, but when he does appear, no one receives a more spontaneous welcome, and no one is more of a leading spirit in making the gathering enjoyable.

Baltimore is developing a class of shooters who are in the front rank of skill, as class men. On Aug. 7 Mr. Hood Waters engaged with Dr. H. E. Lupus in a match at 100 targets, and made the excellent score of 98 to 93, the latter a score which is not to be considered lightly. Mr. Waters unfortunately is still forced to use crutches, hence the score, in his crippled condition, raises the inquiry in one's mind as to whether he might not have secured the other 2 targets had he been free from injury. We are informed that they shoot a return match, same conditions, on the Baltimore Shooting Association's grounds on Thursday of this week.

The Haverhill Gun Club, Haverhill, Mass., will give a distance handicap shoot, open to all, on the club grounds, on Sept. 3, Labor Day. The handicaps will be 16, 18 and 20yds. Shooters whose skill is less than 80 per cent. will stand at 18yds.; between 80 and 85 per cent, inclusive, 18yds.; over 85 per cent, 20yds. The Rose system will govern. There will be eleven 15-target events, \$1.25 entrance, targets included at 1½ cents each. Lunch served free of charge. Shells for sale on the grounds. The club will add \$10, to be divided among the three high guns—\$5, \$3 and \$2. Ratios 5, 4, 3 and 2 in sweepstakes.

The Chesapeake Gun Club, of Newport News, Va., reorganized recently. Officers were elected as follows: President, Thomas F. Stearns; Vice-President, Dr. Joseph Charles; Secretary, G. B. James; Treasurer, D. M. Ausley; First Field Captain, C. Bargamin; Second Field Captain, W. K. Stowe, Jr. Much interest was manifested, and a large number were in attendance. A team of five members will be selected to represent the Chesapeake Gun Club in the great shoot to take place in Richmond, on Labor Day, Sept. 3.

There will be a contest for the Dewar trophy at Interstate Park on Aug. 23. This is the third of the series. The two previous contests for this trophy were won by Dr. A. A. Webber, who used his new Charles Daly pigeon gun for the first time in the first event of the series, killing 25 straight from the 30yd. mark, and 24 in the second contest, 49 out of 50 in all. The series, however, is a long one, running till June, 1902, twenty-four events in all, so that there is still a wide margin for changes of leaders.

On Saturday of this week at 1:30 P. M. Messrs. F. E. Sinnock, of Newark, and H. H. Stevens, of New Brunswick, again join issue for the E C cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey. This race should be very close if the one on Aug. 4 between them for this trophy is good data to judge from, as they tied on 46 out of 50. In the shoot-off at 10 targets, Mr. Sinnock killed straight, and thereby won by 1 target. There also will be merchandise events open to all, same day and place.

Mr. Ed Taylor, the eminent ballistic expert and trapshooter, completed 25 years, Friday of last week, in the employ of his company. In the quarter of a century he has seen many changes in arms and ammunition, besides being a conspicuous factor in bringing them about. Robust and athletic in physique, he can shoot pistol or shotgun with great skill, and can now, as in the past, trail a moose to his lair with the best of the youngsters and oldsters.

On Aug. 7, on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, Messrs. Tom Deford, Jr., and Louis McKim, members of the Elkridge Hunt Club, engaged in a match at 25 live birds each, for \$400, this being their first experience at the traps. They tied on 17—a remarkably good score, considering their inexperience in this special branch. In the shoot-off at 10 birds Mr. McKim killed straight; Mr. Deford lost 1 and the match.

The team shoot of the Naromake Gun Club, South Norwalk, Conn., of which mention was made in our columns last week as being limited to Connecticut clubs, is open to clubs of any State. Shells and guns may be shipped to Mr. E. H. Fox, South Norwalk, Conn.

Dr. J. L. D. Morrison, of St. Paul, Minn., an amateur shooter, distinguished himself as a performer of skill and endurance with the shotgun, as will be noted on reference to the report of the St. Paul tournament, published elsewhere in our columns.

Our correspondent Hawkeye, in the report of the St. Paul tournament, mentions that the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club contemplates holding a three days' tournament the first week in September.

The Erie Rod and Gun Club, of Erie, Pa., announces its first annual target tournament to be held on Sept. 27 and 28, with \$100 added. Mr. W. S. Bookwalter is the corresponding secretary.

Mr. F. M. Merriken, Secretary of the Staunton, Va., Gun Club, on Aug. 10 broke 50 targets straight in a 50-target event, and what crackerjack could do better?

BERNARD WATERS.

Charlottesville Gun Club.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., Aug. 11.—The scores made by the Charlottesville Gun Club, Aug. 10, follow:

First event, 25 targets:

W O Watson.....	1110101111111111111010-22
Bruffy.....	11011110111110111111-22
George.....	10111111111111111111-24
Walker.....	0010111110100111101101-17
Nelson.....	1001001010010101000100-9
Irvine.....	1100100101010100100110-13
Loyd.....	01110110110111111111-21
Anderson.....	001011110110101010101-16
Waddell.....	0101001010111010111011-16
Snow.....	1101010111111111111011-21
Twyman.....	111111011100101010101-19

Second event, 25 targets:

Bruffy.....	11101011111011111111-23
George.....	11111111111111111111-23
Loyd.....	0111101111111011000100-17
Anderson.....	0110101101101101010111-18
Irvine.....	10000010101100000101000-8
Watson.....	111111001111111111101-22
Snow.....	11111110111111111111-25
Walker.....	11110101111111101010-20

D. R. SNOW, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Walsrode Gun Club.

TRENTON, N. J., Aug. 8.—To-day marked the regular monthly badge contest of the Walsrode Gun Club at their grounds at Hutchinson's Lake, a little way below Trenton. Thomas captured the gold badge again, winning twice in succession, and Oakley won the silver badge after shooting off a tie with Coates. The other events were sweepstakes for tickets for our Labor Day tournament. A funny thing occurred with Van Arsdale. Besides shooting one chance for himself, he also shot for Martindale. He scored 8 for himself and tied with Coates for 9. Shooting off the tie, he made 5 to 4 for Coates, winning the ticket for Martindale.

Two team races at 25 birds per man were shot by Thomas and Farlie against Coates and Thropp.

Events Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were for tickets; No. 4 was the tie of No. 3; No. 6 was for the badge shoot, 10 to qualify for the competition; No. 7 was the gold badge shoot; No. 8 was the tie of No. 7; No. 9 was the silver badge. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	5	15	15	15	15	15	10	..
Van Arsdale.....	10	8	9	4	14	13	11
Thropp.....	6	6	6	..	10	10	11	..	12	7	..
Farlie.....	9	7	5	..	10	11	12	..	10	6	..
Thomas.....	6	7	8	..	11	13	13	..	11	8	..
Oakley.....	..	5	9	3	8	9	..	11
Mickie.....	12	12
Coates.....	9	..	9	13	9	4	..
Martindale.....	9	5	..

Match, two-men team, losers pay:

Thropp.....	1111101111001010100111-18
Coates.....	1001101101101110001110-34
Thomas.....	10111011111110111111101-21
Farlie.....	00111111011011101111011-20-41

Same teams, same conditions:

Thropp.....	101110111000111010110111-19
Coates.....	0101100011110111101011-37
Thomas.....	111011111010111010101011-18
Farlie.....	1111101111101011111110-21-39

Trap at Yardville.

Widmann's grounds; Hurlingham rules, 50 cents entrance, one money:

W Widmann.....	2222222222222222222222-24
	2222222222222222222222*-23-47
G Page.....	22211212111112212211021-24
	112212111201121212111-24-48

At the close of the shoot at Widmann's Page challenged all of the local shots, Farlie preferred.

Outwater's Shoot.

Hackensack River Bridge, Aug. 7.—The live-bird shoot given by John Hen Outwater, managed by Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, was a success. There was quite a good attendance and several extra events were shot in addition to the programme.

No. 1 was an extra event, \$3, birds included. No. 2 was the Hackensack handicap, a preliminary event at 7 birds, \$3, birds extra, three moneys, Rose system.

No. 1 was the first regular event, the Hudson handicap, 7 birds, \$3, birds extra, three moneys, Rose system. No. 2 was the Bergen handicap, 10 birds, \$5, birds extra, class shooting, 40, 30, 20 and 10. No. 3 was the Essex handicap, 7 birds, \$3, birds extra, class shooting, 50, 30 and 20. To the three high guns \$10 was divided, \$5, \$3 and \$2. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Reuben, 29.....	11101-4	1211222-7	1122222-7
Steffens, 29.....	22122-5	0101112-5	1222112-7
Otton, 29.....	20211-4	1110122-6	0201211-5
Hawes, 27.....	12201-4	1201102-5	0122011-5
Dr Davis, 27.....	02212-4	2121011-6	1*2010-4
Koegel, 27.....	12212-5	2121222-7	2012212-6
Nagel, 29.....	..	0111011-5	1*01010-3
Whitley, 27.....	..	0121121-6	221220*-5
Morley, 33.....	2222202-6
Capt Money, 30.....	1111020-5
Tracy, 29.....	2101212-6
Piercy, 29.....	2222220-6
Halle, 29.....	2222112-7
Count, 28.....	2011222-6

	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Steffens, 29.....	222221121-10	1222111-7	*21121110-8
Reuben, 29.....	2212220221-9	2210221-6	210111121-9
Otton, 29.....	211*121202-8	1112120-6	..
Hawes, 27.....	1210012120-7	012210*-4	..
Dr Davis, 27.....	221221002-8
Koegel, 27.....	2202110022-7	1121211-7	..
Morley, 33.....	22022222*-8	2222222-7	212222222-10
Capt Money, 30.....	2212200*02-6	0121102-5	1011212212-9
Tracy, 29.....	1220012122-8
Piercy, 29.....	*22200222-7	2012222-6	2222020220-7
Hall, 29.....	2212220210-8	12*0021-4	..
Count, 28.....	1121220110-8	1002002-3	21012012*-6
Demerest, 28.....	12*1101222-8	1122121-7	200211020w
Nagel, 27.....	..	0120*22-4	..
Whitley, 27.....	..	0011*12-4	..
Shoemaker, 28.....	..	2022222-6	0222*20222-7

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Aug. 11.—The regular monthly shoot, owing to the intense heat, was slimly attended, but four shooters putting in an appearance. We were to have started off to-day with merchandise prizes to shoot for, but with the vote of the shooters present we changed our programme. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
J J Fleming.....	22	8	9	8	9	Weller.....	14	8	9	8	7
O Smith.....	19	8	Koch.....	14	5	9	3	2

Event No. 1 was at 25 targets, followed by 10-bird events.

JOHN J. FLEMING, Sec'y.

Staunton Gun Club.

STAUNTON, Va., Aug. 7.—The scores made in the 50-target event on Aug 7 and 10 are appended:

Aug. 7.—Event at 50 targets:

Sillings.....	1111100111111111111111111111111010101110011-43
Merriken.....	11111111111111111111111111111110101001111111111-43
Harris.....	111000111011111111111111111111111111111111111111-40
Kiracofe.....	01111110111111101011111111111111111111111111111-44
Steinbuck.....	11110111011111111111111111111111111111111111111-43
Quensen.....	111101111011000110001101100011010001101101111-33
Hoge.....	00001101111001011000001101011011111111111111111-37
Opie.....	001000010010001010001010001010001010001010110-29
McCoy.....	11011111110101111111111111111111111111111111111-39
E F Wayman.....	11011-37

Aug. 10.—Event at 50 targets:

Garber.....	01111111111101111111111111111111111111111111111-42
Steinbuck.....	00100111110110111111111111111111111111111111111-40
McCoy.....	11010011000010010111001111111111111111111111111-35
Wise.....	01000000110001110101101001101010101011011011-28
Harris.....	11110111101000011101011111111111111111111111111-37
O E Smith.....	10101111100001111010111111111111111111111111111-37
Merriken.....	111-50

F. M. MERRIKEN.

Robin Hood Gun Club.

SWANTON, Vt., Aug. 6.—The regular club shoot at the Robin Hood Powder Co.'s Park, Swanton, Vt., on Saturday afternoon, the 4th, was a ladies' day, as over one-half the large audience present were ladies, who were very much interested and liberal in their applause when a grand-stand break was made. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	20	5p	25	25
Bohanon.....	7	11	16	6	9	16	..	19	..
Phelps.....	7	11	18	10	13	15	6	23	22
Cathy.....	7	9	13	6	11				

WESTERN TRAPS.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Aug. 6.—In the monthly contest of the Eureka Gun Club, of Lyons, held at Joliet and Ogden avenues yesterday, David Chiken won the trophy in the main event. E. Bingham made the high average of 93.33 in the sweepstakes. The main event was at 20 targets; unknown angles. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	Targets:	15	15	15	15	15
Cop	13	9	12	14	13	Bloomerg	6	4
Bingham	14	14	14	14	14	Gerber	5
Bowers	11	11	12	13	...	Piz	7	10
W Brown	13	10	14	13	10	Kubick	10	8	11
F Brown	11	9	14	Plumber	6	...	11
Chicken	10	8	13	12	15

Crescent of Chicago.

W. R. Whorrie won the trophy in the bi-weekly live-bird contest of the Crescent Gun Club at Brighton Park yesterday at 10 live pigeons. The score:

Crocker	8	Renner	5	Whorrie	10	Irwin	9	Crandall	7	Hedley	7
Eck	6	White	6	Ford	6	Auer	6	Friend	8	Hipkin	5
Wies	8

E. Hough.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garden City Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 11.—The following events were shot to-day at the shoot of the Garden City Gun Club. The club shoot at 15 birds resulted as follows:

Leffingwell	1201222121	9	21120
Palmer	2121222222	7	11121	0	12212	12120	...
Irwin	2121222222	10
Dewey	1011011221	8
*E S Graham	2222222222	8
Barto	222222	1220	12222	110
*A Smith	222222	20	21210
Amberg	21211	2111	21112	21222
O'Brien	222222	2111	2111	2110
Levi	21001

RAVELRIGG.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 11.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the Garfield Gun Club's fifteenth trophy shoot of the season.

The day was sultry and very hot, with but little wind. R. Kuss and C. P. Richards tied for A medal on 24. W. P. Northcott won B on 23, while W. A. Brabrook captured C on 19.

As many of our members are out of the city our attendance was the smallest for a long time, only nineteen participating in the trophy event. The scores:

Northcott	11011111111110	13
R Kuss	11111111111111	14
Smedes	11101011111111	12
Young	00110111111111	12
Brabrook	10000110010111	8
C Kuss	00001001111010	7
Pollard	10111111111001	12
Thomas	00101001010100	6
A McGowan	00101000010000	4
*Dr Huff	10001000011111	4-92
Richards	11101110111101	12
T Eaton	11101001111111	12
Dr Meek	11111010110101	12
Hellman	10011111101010	10
W Kuss	11111110111011	11
Dr O'Byrne	11111110110101	12
Barnard	00101111000001	7
P McGowan	10011000010111	9
H Richards	00110000000000	2
*Dr Huff	10001000011111	4-91

*Huff's score divided.

Fifteenth trophy shoot:	1101011011110010011101	17
N H Ford	00001000000001010100000100	5
P McGowan	11111101111111111111	24
R Kuss	10111011111111111111	23
W P Northcott	0110011001100110000111	15
A McGowan	1111001110110011010101	18
J D Pollard	11111110111101110111	22
Dr J W Meek	11111110111101110111	22
C P Richards	11111111111011111111	24
T L Smedes	11111111111011110101	22
Dr C C O'Byrne	0111101101010101001110	17
A Hellman	11111101010111111110	21
T Eaton	10010011111111111111	22
F G Barnard	1001111001010001001111	15
H Delano	10001110001011101111	17
S E Young	01101001111110111111	20
W A Brabrook	00110011111110111111	19
Dr Huff	011101100000000000111	10
L Thomas	1010101111010111100001	16
C Kuss	101100111110111101010	19

Sweepstakes:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	10	5p	15	Targets:	15	10	5p	15	15
Ford	10	9	O'Byrne	9	8
P McGowan	5	5	5	...	Hellman	11	10	5	14	...
R Kuss	14	10	9	14	Eaton	12	9	5	8	...
Northcott	14	10	6	...	Barnard	8	3	8
A McGowan	8	5	5	...	Delano	7	7
Pollard	11	8	8	...	Young	12	6	7	13	...
Dr Meek	11	7	Brabrook	4
Richards	12	7	7	12	Dr Huff	3
Smedes	11	5	2	10	Thomas	7	6

DR. J. W. MEER, Sec'y.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 11.—This was a very poor day for target shooting, as it was a very dark day, with rain. Nevertheless, Buck made the high score in the trophy event—24 out of 25—with his new gun. There was a poor attendance, most of the members being taken up with golf. Members who do attend have decided to take out a search warrant for the officers of the club, as they have forgotten how they look, excepting the president, who is here rain or shine. The scores:

Medal shoot, 25 targets:	100011100100011111110100	14
Milliken	11111111111111111111	24
O J Buck	01011011111111111111	20
Victmire	01011011111111111111	22
Dr. Morton	11111011111111111111	22
Bowles	11111011111111111111	20
Dr Carson	11111111111000101111	21
R B Carson	11011111101101010101	18
W D Stannard	11111110101101111111	22
Walters	0000101011001110101010	13

Monthly trophy:	1111110101000-10	R B Mack	1111111111110-14
Buck	1111110101011-13	Stannard	1010111111110-22
Dr Morton	1111011111101-13	Walters	1111101001111-12
Bowles	1111011111101-13
Dr Carson	1111000110101-10

Practice, 15 targets:	Milliken 7, Buck 12, Vietmire 11, Morton 6, Bowles 11, Mack 8, Stannard 12, Walters 7.
Practice, 15 targets:	Carson 9, Buck 12, Bowles 11.

"Whoever runs this paper," remarked the walrus, who had picked up an old copy of the New York Journal, dropped by a polar relief expedition, "is a lobster."

"What's the matter?" asked his mate.

"Why," he says, "Under no circumstances should you go into the water after a meal. Where are we to get it then?"—Philadelphia Press.

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., Aug. 5.—Although the annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association generally marks the close of the trapshooting season in the town in which it is held, quite an interest is still manifested in the game in this vicinity.

On Saturday, July 28, for instance, the club threw 1,300 targets in the regular bi-weekly practice shoot, and I believe we throw more targets in Fort Smith than in any other town of its size in the United States.

On this occasion we had as a visitor Mr. M. A. Hanson, of the St. Louis Gun Club, and though shooting a strange gun and strange shells, he nevertheless demonstrated that he was a good, hard, consistent performer, as his scores will indicate, for he is known we have one of the most deceptive grounds in the South over which to shoot. The targets are thrown hard and far and the background is the heaviest kind of green trees.

On Aug. 4 Mr. Herbert Taylor, of St. Louis, representative of the Dupont Powder Co., was a guest of the club and proceeded to make life miserable for the good ones. Herbert is not only a good shot and a good fellow, but is quite a ladies' man, and many of the fair regret his early departure.

On Aug. 4 Mr. Walter Mulrany won Class A medal on the fine score of 23 out of 25. This was Walter's first win of the trophy in four years and he was heartily congratulated on his splendid shooting.

On July 28 Mr. Kimmons won the medal on a score of 22, tying with Leach and shooting the latter out in a miss-and-out, as he lost his first bird.

Following are the scores for four practice shoots:

Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Leach	75	61	.813	Webber	100	55	.550
Durden	100	66	.660	Dowd	25	13	.520
A C Williams	150	87	.580	J B Williams	25	11	.440
Trobridge	50	29	.580	Gardner	50	10	.200

Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Leach	100	77	.770	Echols	50	27	.540
Knott	150	114	.760	Webber	100	51	.510
Kimmons	125	93	.744	C H Boyd	50	21	.420
Hanson	100	70	.700	Rosamond	50	21	.420
Mulrany	150	105	.700	Hunt	100	37	.370
A W Boyd	75	51	.680	Dowd	75	13	.173
Williams	125	69	.552

Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Leach	90	72	.800	A W Boyd	25	9	.360
Taylor	75	60	.800	Dowd	50	16	.320
C H Boyd	75	40	.533	Webber	75	21	.280
Harrington	25	12	.480

LEACH.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, Me., Aug. 12.—Herewith are the scores of our annual tournament, held Aug. 8. The morning promised an ideal day for shooting, but about 11 o'clock it began to rain and kept it up pretty much all day, which made the shooting rather unpleasant at times; but with a good warm fire in the club house and a nice warm dinner, the boys managed to keep up spirits and do a very good job at smashing targets, especially the Waterville squad, which you will see is shooting in great form. If the State shoot is not held up their way next year it will be a great surprise to most of the shooters in the State. We always thought they only had five men in their club, and if one of them should be sent to Congress or elected President we should stand a show of beating them, but up bobs Dana Foster, with his pump gun, and has to try real hard to miss even a few in an all-day shoot, so we may as well give it up that they have the invincible team of the State, though we are going to keep after them as best we can.

Our Saturday shoot was a success, as usual, and the veteran G. R. H. shot the afternoon programme through without a miss. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot
Targets:	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	25	at. Broke.
G R Hunnewell.....	17	12	17	13	17	14	20	13	17	14	21	200 175
C. E. Conner.....	17	12	19	14	20	14	18	13	14	12	20	200 173
Ashley.....	17	11	13	11	14	13	16	11	16	14	16	200 152
Geo Cobb.....	17	10	17	13	18	14	16	13	16	13	12	200 170
F Emerton.....	16	11	14	12	10	11	13	8	14	9	14	200 132
S Adams.....	17	8	15	12	15	13	13	14	14	14	15	200 155
J Coleman.....	13	13	16	13	14	9	12	12	8	11	19	200 140
Arthur.....	20	14	18	15	19	13	20	14	18	15	24	200 190
W R Rich.....	16	13	18	10	18	13	16	14	17	14	23	200 172
C Randall.....	17	14	17	11	17	11	17	14	18	15	22	200 173
A N Taylor.....	19	15	19	12	18	13	11	14	18	14	21	200 174
A E Neal.....	17	15	16	13	15	12	17	15	15	14	23	200 172
F W Files.....	18	13	17	15	15	10	16	13	18	12	19	200 166
F W Harrington.....	17	14	17	12	13	15	14	15	15	13	19	200 164
E T Wyman.....	16	12	13	9	12	6	13	10	7	9	11	200 118
S A Greene.....	16	13	19	15	19	15	16	14	18	15	21	200 181
W H Stobie.....	13	13	18	10	18	14	18	14	18	15	25	200 176 *
D P Foster.....	19	15	19	15	17	15	18	14	19	13	25	200 189
S L Preable.....	20	15	19	13	20	14	20	15	19	13	24	200 192
W A Reid.....	15	12	18	13	17	10	14	13	17	11	19	200 159
V L Jordan.....	15	13	14	12	10	12	13	14	20	15	21	200 159
W S Whitmore.....	11	15	14	14	14	12	11	9	140 100
O L Barker.....	12	11	12	9	11	11	13	11	13	160 103
H E Doten.....	13	14	15	11	70 53
J Libby.....	14	11	17	15	22	95 78
Weeks.....	11	9	12	13	75 45
C. E. CONNER.												

Interstate at Newport, Vt.

THE fourth Interstate tournament, 1900, opened at Newport, Vt., under favorable conditions as far as numbers were concerned, there being eight squads to begin the day's sport. The weather, however, was not propitious.

The shooting began at 9:30. By 10:30 rain came, and from this hour on until 4 P. M. the shooters on the line were obliged to stand in the rain. About this time Manager Shaner called the shooting to a close for the day, leaving 50 targets to be shot at in the first day's programme.

The morning of the 8th dawned with a leaden sky, pouring rain, sodden ground and general gloom.

As the early morning hours wore on disconsolate shooters could be seen moving around the hotel or gathering in groups discussing the probabilities of clearing weather, of which no signs were given—only masses of rain clouds from horizon to zenith, and it rained.

Finally hope departed; and when this goes in all human affairs the heart breaks and there is complete resignation to the inevitable. The dispirited shooters began to arrange for the exodus.

The Newport, Vt., Gun Club is a brand new affair, very recently organized, many of its members having no experience at the traps. Mr. Benj. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co., is to be complimented on bringing the Newport shooters together in club organization and rendering them much valuable assistance generally.

The officers are: T. A. Woodbridge, President; H. Robbins, Treasurer; J. R. Akin, Secretary.

The entertainment committee at the tourney were the following club members: A. E. Grow, M. Brown, C. Huntington.

Among the visitors were members of the Sherbrooke Gun Club, of Canada, all good sportsmen and leading business men, as follows: C. H. Foss, G. C. Thompson, N. G. Bray, F. M. Craig, W. E. Loomis, J. Kirkpatrick and C. D. White; and from Sutton Junction came two more good men, to wit, A. W. Westover and H. Hibbard.

The W. R. A. Co. were represented by J. H. Cameron, the quiet man, quietly getting in his work, and Mr. C. E. Roberts, who lends color to any assemblage he attends and whose popularity is increasing. Ben Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co., with Ben's smile that makes a man content with everything in this life. Happy Jack Hollowell, of the U. M. C. Co., was more than usual in evidence, for he did some referee work that called for prompt action in the face of a contradiction. Well, the earth ceased to move in that minute of time, and then the shooters went right on shooting, glad of the prospect of being able to get to their homes alive.

Mr. Jack Fanning, of the Lafin & Rand Co., was present, shooting not quite up to his usual high average. W. L. Colville and B. Leroy Woodward, of the Dupont Powder Co., were present. Mr. Woodward interested the spectators by his remarkably quick handling of the gun. Jack Hull, of the Parker Gun Co., kept pace with the leaders; his Adonis figure made an exquisite foreground to the landscape. And there was Bob Root, of the C. F. Pope Co., Providence, R. I., the phenomenal New Englander. What possibilities there are for this light-hearted, even-tempered, cheerful-under-all-circumstances man, to say nothing of his executive ability in conducting the accounting department of a tourney. I have heard eleven men ask eleven different questions at one time on matters pertaining to the scores, the division of money, sale of cartridges, change of places in a squad, the best load to use, the delicacy of flavor of the Providence lobster broiled as compared with the crustacean found in other places, and Bob answered all quickly and correctly. There was, however, a softening of the voice when he referred to the lobster question. When a real bad man goes to Bob and enters a vigorous protest, vulgarly termed "kicking," then Bob is at his best. He don't say a word, only looks at the man, his eyes growing sadder and sadder until that kicker moves away, completely ashamed. Why, I've known the most vigorous of these gentry to shed tears after undergoing one of Bob's sad looks.

The gentlemen from Sherbrooke, Canada, announce a tourney for Sept. 6 and 7. The scores:

Tuesday, Aug. 7, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	at.	102
Fanning	10	13	19	14	15	19	12	115	106
Hull	12	14	20	14	12	18	14	115	105
Dickey	13	14	20	14	13	17	14	115	105
Le Roy	14	14	17	14	14	19	14	115	106
Hollowell	10	12	15	13	12	17	11	115	90
Root	14	11	17	13	8	12	8	115	83
Griffith	14	11	17	13	13	17	14	115	99
Hammond	12	14	14	11	13	18	13	115	95
Baker	13	12	13	7	12	18	12	115	90
Bartlett	14	11	14	10	15	17	13	115	94
Marlin	8	13	15	14	14	20	14	115	98
Budlong	9	9	7	6	10	14	8	115	63
Selby	10	8	12	9	7	16	..	100	62
A. H. Fox	12	15	14	13	13	17	14	115	98
Halcombe	7	7	9	8	9	14	9	115	63
Bray	11	12	11	14	14	17	13	115	97
Thompson	9	10	14	14	10	16	9	115	82
Westover	11	10	17	12	11	17	13	115	91
White	13	13	15	15	13	19	15	115	103
Walton	9	10	12	17	13	85	61
Worthen	7	7	10	11	65	35
Phelps	10	10	17	10	65	47
Morgan	11	10	16	10	65	47
Cathy	11	9	14	12	65	46
French	7	11	12	8	65	38
Greenwood	14	12	17	11	12	17	10	115	93
Swiveller	12	12	18	12	12	14	12	115	92
Norton	10	12	11	11	13	13	7	115	74
Roberts	10	9	11	11	9	13	9	115	72
Cameron	9	8	11	10	8	8	11	115	65
Loveney	5	6	3	4	5	80	23
Williams	12	8	13	13	65	46
Vermont	14	13	15	11	65	53
Kirkpatrick	10	10	45	28
Craig	13	10	..	35	23
Stetson	1	15	1
Huntington	2	15	2
Miller	9	15	9
Grow	1	15	1
Aiken	8	15	8
Loomis	15	11	..	35	26
C. H. Foss	13	10	..	35	20
Hibbard	20	14	..	35	34

Wednesday, Aug. 8, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	102
Fanning	15	14	16	13	14	17	89
Hull	14	11	14	12	13	17	81
Dickey	13	16	16	14	12	17	87
Le Roy	15	14	18	13	14	20	94
Hollowell	14	14	16	13	14	16	87
Root	11	11	15	12	11	15	75
Griffith	9	14	17	10	12	14	76
Hammond	12	13	16	13	13	16	83
Baker	14	11	17	12	11	16	87
Bartlett	12	13	17	14	12	16	84
Marlin	11	13	14	13	11	14	76
Budlong	9	7	5	10	8	7	46
A. H. Fox	15	15	17	12	14	18	91
Benedict	12	11	15	9	11	15	73
White	11	12	14	12	12	19	81
Cameron	7	8	14	9	9	14	61
Roberts	14	9	11	8	7	14	63
Vermont	13	14	13	14	14	17	85
Williams	11	8	15	6	12	9	61
Norton	9	9	11	9	11	12	61
Greenwood	10	11	15	10	12	13	71
Worthen	11	13	14	10	11	13	72
Morgan	10	8	12	9	10	14	63
Beck	11	9	13	8	7	11	59
Rush	11	10	11	7	11	14	64
Thompson	..	12	14	8	14	17	65
Westover	..	14	15	9	12	15	65
Bray	..	9	9	11	9	15	52
Bullard	..	10	10	12	9	13	54
Adams	..	10	12	10	9	13	54
Phileysen	3
Stetson	3
Huntington	6
Aiken	8
Foss	14
Rugbee	27

Friday, Aug. 3, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	102
Wade	12	10	12	12	12	7	9	8	7	11	9	..	117
Thompson	12	13	13	13	14	15	12	14	13	12	14	14	157
J. C.	14	10	14	11	14	11	14	15	12	12	13	13	153
Wallace	13	11	11	10	12	11	14	13	11	11	11	14	142
Kribbs	12	13	13	10	11	13	12	9	12	9	12	..	125
P. Hauser	13	13	11	12	13	10	11	12	14	14	13	11	147
Danz	11	11	14	12	10	11	10	11	6	14	13	11	149
Chief	13	11	12	12	14	13	12	11	13	13	12	13	149
Wilkinson	13	12	12	6	14	9	12	11	15	12	13	14	143
F. Novotny	10	12	11	13	12	8	13	10	14	12	11	..	118
Agard	8	11	10	11	6	10	13	9	11	8	11	..	118
Brindly	15	7	13	12	11	10	15	13	10	12	7	12	137
Shell	12	13	13	14	13	12	10	15	13	12	11	11	162
Bennett	11	10	10	9	10	13	13	12	12	7	13	11	132
Fulton	12	9	12	12	11	13	11	15	13	8	13	11	140
Palmer	11	9	9	10	10	10	10	7	10	11	11	..	147
Davidson	14	9	12	11	13	11	11	12	14	13	15	15	147
Evander	14	15	13	13	13	9	9	13	14	14	14	14	155
Sorenson	10	12	12	11	12	10	9	11	13	12	13	13	138
Baily	12	13	10	12	11	9	12	13	14	14	14	13	147
Kon	10	12	12	14	11	14	13	13	11	12	12	11	128
Foster	12	10	9	12	7	11	13	9	9	13	13	10	142
Demmick	7	10	11	13	13	11	6	6	14	142
Steege	13	13	12	13	9	6	15	14	12	11	14	10	142
Burt	11	11	11	8	11	12	13	10	15	11	142
French	14	13	12	13	11	14	11	14	142
Stokes	12	11	11	13	12	12	13	6	14	13	8	6	121
Biffon	14	14	12	10	9	14	13	12	12	14	9	9	132
Parker	15	13	13	14	13	13	10	12	14	14	15	15	159
Johnston	14	13	13	14	13	13	10	12	14	14	15	15	133
F. C. Fulton	9	7	10	10	5	135
Bergen	9	10	11	11	9	12	11	12	10	11	12	14	135
Jewell	10	12	11	10	9	14	14	11	135
Mrs. Johnston	12	12	14	14	7	11	8	8	13	11	135
Dr. Hoyt	10	12	12	12	9	10	11	13	12	12	10	10	136
Rabo	13	10	11	14	12	13	12	13	13	14	14	14	152
Blossom	15	15	14	14	14	13	13	10	14	13	13	13	140

Ebe	12	12	11	13	13	10	12	13	11	14	11	6</
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Peters Cartridge Co. Tournament.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Aug. 7.—It was the grandest amateur shoot ever given in the South. Some time since the Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, O., decided to give the boys in the South a tournament, and it was decided that they hold the same at Birmingham, Ala. Their representative, Mr. John H. Mackie, was sent here to arrange for the shoot and make all preliminaries, and under Mr. Mackie's management and the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club, with R. H. Baugh as assistant manager, the grand success was obtained, viz.: The largest amateur shoot given in the South in years, showing an average entry in each event of forty-four shooters.

On Sunday, the 5th, the shooters commenced to arrive, and kept arriving until the morning of the 8th. They were from all over Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Georgia. Monday afternoon was devoted to practice. The background for the targets was very bad, and combined with this the ground rose to quite an elevation, which made it very difficult for the boys to "get on to 'em." This accounts in part for some of the poor scores made.

The fun started promptly at 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning, with a full entry of fifty-four men, and kept up until darkness closed the sport. Two sets of traps were used—the magautrap and the Sergeant system. It was one incessant popping of guns and the call of the shooter, "Pull" and the reply of the referee, "Dead" or "Lost," as the case might be. Your correspondent at one time about midday, after partaking of a hearty lunch, undertook to referee the match, and the cool breezes and balmy air, with the steady popping of the guns, threw him into a doze. There is no place in the writer's memory where he has enjoyed an outing better than he did at the Country Club, on whose grounds the shoot was held.

In the first day's programme each contestant who shot through the full programme shot at 175 targets. Mr. Abe Frank, of Memphis, Tenn., won the first day's highest average of 91½ per cent, followed closely by Dr. Wilson, of Savannah, Ga., who scored an average of 90 per cent. Mr. Frank led Dr. Wilson 3 birds on the opening of the last day. Each killed 150 out of the 175 shot at, and that left Mr. Frank winner of the handsome trophy donated by the Peters Cartridge Co. to the winner for the highest average for the two days.

Mr. E. J. Squires, of Cincinnati, O., a representative of the Dupont Powder Co., shot the highest average of all for the two days, but as he was not entitled to shoot in the amateur ranks he was debarred from winning the trophy.

There is no doubt but Dr. Wilson would have won out had he not been taken ill in the early morning of the last day's shoot.

Aside from the shoot the spectators and participants were greatly amused and entertained by Mr. Frank, whose tricks at

*Lemcke	9	9	15	8	9	17	8		
Perkins	11	8	12	9	8				
Watson	5	7	8	5	2				
J S Foster	7					10			
Ragsdale				11	5	15	11	10	20
Banks				9					
Watson						6	4		
L C Smith						11	12		20
Stillman						10	10	12	
Haynes						7	6	8	
Fuller						8	15	15	
Adams						9			
McDonald				7		7		11	
Lipop								11	21
Reif								18	17
Lacy	8	5							

Wednesday, Second Day, Aug. 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	Broke.
Frank	9	12	17	12	14	20	15	14	17	21	151
*Squires	12	15	20	14	13	16	15	14	20	22	161
Abbott	12	11	19	12	12	18	12	15	16	23	150
*Avery	12	11	16	12	13	14	10	7	18	20	143
Wilson	14	9	17	11	14	17	14	13	18	24	151
Eastham	8	11	16	12	10	14	11	13	16	13	124
*Kaufmann	11	14	15	9	11	17	10	13	13	13	126
Brown	14	14	18	13	11	15	14	12	18	22	151
Baugh	9	10	19	13	14	19	13	12	14	22	145
Smith	12	9	13	11	10	14	8	9	15	14	115
Vass	10	13	17	14	14	16	13	12	19	24	152
Broyles	11	11	20	11	12	18	12	14	16	18	143
Garthe	9	10	12	9	13	18	12	11	15	22	131
Henderson	14	10	17	13	13	15	12	15	17	19	145
Livingston	13	13	18	14	15	16	12	13	17	22	153
Woodworth	11	9	13	10	9	13	11	10	17	13	116
Pooler	12	12	12	12	11	11	8	10	12	16	117
Reif	11	8	16	9	15	13	11	8	14	19	124
McCormack	11	12	16	14	13	17	14	14	15	19	145
Freidman	10	13	16	13	13	15	14	12	12	17	135
Foster	10	12	16	13	13	19	12	14	19	20	148
Oliver	12	9	16	10	11	11	13	12	18	20	132
Marlowe	14	13	15	15	7	12	8	11	14	17	126
Etheridge	12	12	15	11	14	17	10	10	14	24	140
Aird	15	13	15	9	10	12	10	11	17	21	133
Gray	12	9	15	11	8	13	10	11	15	21	125
Moody	12	12	17	13	12	13	12	10	13	19	133
Joyner	11	11	18	12	11	17	12	10	16	16	134
Thompson	11	9	15	10	12	17	11	13	14	19	131



AT BIRMINGHAM.

legerdemain were so marvelous that he would be a credit as Hermann's successor. The only Irby Bennett—he was on the grounds; also Harry Lemcke, the very popular Southeastern representative of the Peters Cartridge Co., from far-away Savannah; also Maurice Kaufmann, the New Orleans, and Mr. John E. Avery, the Atlanta, representatives of the cartridge.

After the shoot was concluded a memorial was passed among the shooters by Mr. Robt. Baugh, of the Birmingham Arms Co., the signatures to attest the appreciation of the shooters and Birmingham in particular to the Peters Cartridge Co. for their liberality and sportsmanlike spirit in promoting trapshooting in the South, and also many thanks to Mr. John H. Mackie for his able management of the shoot; and trusted that the time would not be far distant when this company would give a shoot, if not here, in some near point in the South, when there is every reason to believe there would be a large, if not larger, shoot, as all participants were so delighted that they have all promised to attend any shoot given by this company within 200 or 300 miles of their respective homes.

Thirty dollars cash was added by the management to the last event and helped send the boys home happy and closed the whole shoot with great satisfaction to all.

Below are full scores of the two days:

Tuesday, First Day, Aug. 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	Broke.
Frank	13	15	19	14	15	18	13	13	18	22	160
*Squires	13	14	19	13	12	20	12	13	18	22	156
Burke	11	11	13	8	9	6
Wilson	14	15	18	15	14	18	13	14	15	21	157
*Avery	8	13	13	7	17	10	13	14	19	127	...
Eastham	12	13	18	11	10	17	9	13	15	22	140
*Kaufmann	12	12	13	13	14	15	15	14	16	19	132
Brown	13	13	14	13	15	16	13	15	17	20	150
Baugh	13	13	12	12	9	19	10	13	17	22	146
Smith	11	10	13	12	9	17	12	12	17	19	132
Etheridge	13	13	14	11	13	17	10	10	18	17	136
Pinkston	12	11	13	13	8	12	8	13	15
Broyles	12	10	15	11	14	16	9	12	15	18	122
Garthe	12	11	13	8	13	15	10	6	14	15	117
Pooler	8	12	14	9	11	11	9	12	16	18	120
Turton	10	10	15	10	12	15	10	9
Kirke	11	10	14	9	12	10	9	14	17	...	125
Aird	14	10	15	9	14	15	10	11	18	20	136
Livingston	14	13	19	13	12	18	12	10	18	24	153
Sid Paul	11	13	16	12	10	9	9	13	19	...	125
Jersey	9	8
Woodworth	10	11	13	10	12	16	8	12	17	19	128
Henderson	13	9	12	11	12	16	11	10	16	12	122
Grey	12	9	12	12	11	18	9	11	15	17	126
Moody	11	11	17	14	15	17	12	11	15	21	144
Joyner	9	12	14	12	10	20	11	13	15	15	126
Thompson	7	12	13	12	10	17	10	13	19	...	128
Brednardello	13	13	14	10	8	13	14	12	18	...	127
Girard	9	15	14	13	9	14	12	10	17	19	136
Popham	7	12	15	6	6	17	9	13	14	17	116
Fletcher	11	14	16	12	11	20	9	13	16	21	143
Long	12	9	10	9	16	15	13	14	19	...	119
Vass	10	11	17	14	12	17	10	12	15	24	142
Chase	13	12	15	11	13	18	7	15	17	20	134
A Paul	13	11	11	11	9	16	12	12	15	23	130
McCormack	15	12	16	12	12	14	12	13	16	24	146
Freidman	12	13	11	11	9	16	12	12	15	23	135
Foster	13	14	16	12	12	17	15	14	14	22	149
Oliver	13	13	16	10	12	18	13	14	10	20	133
Abbott	12	15	19	11	14	20	12	10	18	20	151
Fowlkes
Warren	7	9	11	10	8
Morgan	11	10
Marlowe	6	8
Briggs	11

Popham	10	14	17	13	11	17	12	12	17	18	141
Girard	13	10	13	8	11	17	13	12	17	20	134
Fowlkes	14	10	15	13	11	15	8	11	16	20	127
Long	10	17	11	8	8	13	7	12	13	13	102
L C Smith	15	14	17	12	9	15	13	14	18	22	149
Brednardello	10	7	16	7	12	10	8	13	13	16	112
Fletcher	13	11	15	10	12	12	12	12	16	18	134
Chase	9	14	15	14	9	17	12	9	18	20	137
*Bennett	11	10	12	9	12	18	11	10	12	13	118
Bauns	10	8	7	8	10
Morgan	10	10	14	7
Kirke	10	10	16	10
Turton	12	10	11	8
Pinkston	9	11	16	7	8
Perkins	9	11	12	9	7
Watson	9	6	10	7	6	3
Chamberlyn	6	5
Cole
J H Brown	8	6
Chamberlain
McDonald
Jersey
Perry
Lipop
Hudnaw

*Luther J Squires	156	161	317
Abe Frank	160	151	311
Dr Wilson	157	151	308
John Livingston	153	153	306

Abe Frank, Memphis, won first average and medal.

*Shooting for targets only.

Notes.

There was a race between Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee for a watermelon, but the winners of the race, who were the Alabama boys, failed to get the melon.

Dick Pooler, after the first day, said: "I will give Mr. Pooler's gun, also Mr. Pooler, a talkin' to, and to-morrow we will both go out and break them all"; but evidently he forgot to, from the looks of his score. Dick generally shoots at the top.

R. H. Baugh (to whom a general deal of credit is due for the success of the shoot, as he kept it before the boys' eyes all the time by sending notices to them and working like a trooper) shot a good race and was one of those who were most pleased over the success of the shoot.

Charlie Reif got in late the first day. He gave as his excuse that he was taken sick. Of course, we will have to believe him because his looks bore out his statement.

The traps and shells seemed to vie with each other for best record. The traps made but one miss and there was not a single misfire or balk among all the Ideal or New Victor shells used.

The Birmingham squad—Eastham, Brown, Baugh, Smith and Fowlkes—held their own and took down a good share of the purses. Mackie was here, there and everywhere, one of the busiest men on the ground.

Mr. Vaughn, cashier, had the money ready for the boys the second day by 4 o'clock; also the averages figured out. That speaks well for both the cashier and the management.

Abe Frank, of Memphis, we can't say much about, as everyone knows him; but we think his name ought to have been Hermann No. 2 from the tricks he played on the boys at the grounds.

The photographer took a picture of Lemcke, Avery, Kaufmann and Mackie, the representatives of the P. C. Co. The united beauty of these gentlemen, however, was more than any extra heavy plate glass could stand and smashed the plate the instant the shutter was opened.

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NEBRASKA PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

Nebraska sportsmen speak in high praise of Governor Poynter's attitude respecting game protection and his recent action in prodding the sheriffs to do their duty is deserving of hearty commendation. As related in our Omaha correspondence, while the State has an abundant supply of law and adequate machinery for protecting prairie chickens, the market-hunters have actually been in the supremacy in certain districts and have had things all their own way. A vigorous campaign is now waging to suppress them, and in this Governor Poynter is taking commendable part. In this he is making a record worthy of emulation by other executives.

The known attitude of the Governor of a State has a prodigious effect upon the way in which the game and the fish protective system is administered. When a Governor of Illinois a few years ago vetoed a measure for the protection of introduced game birds on the ground that it could not rightly be made an offense to kill game birds, his stand had an immediate and appreciable influence to weaken the popular respect for and observance of all game and fish laws. In New Jersey to-day the well-known aggressive hostility of the Governor to game and fish protection has seriously weakened those interests. On the other hand, when the present Governor of New York recognized the importance of the protection of fish and game, calling attention to it in his message and promising for it his official support, that action was recognized as a distinct and effective impetus. The case of the Nebraska prairie chicken appears to be a desperate one, but the citizens of that prairie State have no reason to abandon their game protective activities so long as they have a chief executive who is ready to do his duty.

WASTED DAYS.

Not even the royal sportsman has all the heart desires. It is related of King Humbert that one of the unsatisfied wishes of his life was to come to America for a Rocky Mountain hunting trip after mountain sheep. His business of being King held him too closely; and even had the assassin's shot not found him out, it is improbable that he would have resigned his throne before becoming too old to think of a mountain climb for sheep.

On the other hand, there died at his Adirondack camp the other day an American railway king, who, with every opportunity for game, big and small, and game fish right at hand, had never paid the slightest attention to either. His Adirondack "camp" was a camp in name only, being one of those elaborate and luxurious summer residences which mark the new Adirondack era and have about as much woods camp character to them as a sportsman's "den" with pictures on the walls has to the lair of a grizzly. In it was not even the atmosphere of camp life relaxation, for in his Adirondack camp this wonderful man of affairs kept busy a force of stenographers and clerks, while he exercised that capacity for continuous labor which made him a prodigy among the business giants of his time.

With free access to all the well-stored game countries penetrated by his railroads, and with the choice fishing adjacent to his Adirondack summer home, C. P. Huntington never knew what it was to sight a rifle or wind a reel. One of his boasts was that he had never wasted a day in fishing or hunting. It would be simply a matter of tallying to find a million people who might say the same thing, but who are not by virtue of having wasted no time with rod and gun any the nearer being Collis P. Huntingtons or railway kings. There are others, too—and it would be only a matter of tallying to count a million of them—who have made a life success which amply satisfied them, yet who have found time to get some of the pleasures of the fields and the streams as they have gone along, and have not by any means counted their fishing and shooting days as wasted hours.

The doctrine of the merit of persistent industry is so familiar that we are wont to ascribe to continuous labor an inherent virtue which it does not possess. It is no credit to a person that he sticks to business so persistently that he never takes time for recreation. "Wasted days"—those days are wasted which a person who has enough already devoted to getting more. There is such a thing as inordinate wealth getting, just as there is inordinate fishing for a score. The young man is in less

danger of wanting appreciation that he must hustle, than his elder is of not finding out that there is something in the world besides business. Everywhere about us we see the melancholy spectacle of old men holding their noses to the grindstone because they have never learned, and are now too set in their ways ever to learn, that there are green fields and solemn forests and the open sea, not to mention the diversified resources of a dignified leisure in the town. We may count on the fingers of one hand the cases we know of those who have missed success in life because they wasted their time with shotgun or fishing line, while the city directory is full of the names of those who would to-day be vastly better off had they learned the art of rational recreation.

THE DOG FOR PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

In the good old years of long ago, yet years which are not so far in the past as to be beyond the memory of men now still alive and active, at this season of the year the members of the literary canine world were agitated from its center all around to its circumference over the momentous issue as to which breed of dog, or which individual dog, was the best prairie chicken dog. Under the impulse of vindicating his own convictions and convincing or confounding his opponents, each writer contended as nature best fitted him, thus the debates were vivacious to a degree; for, being participated in by the wise and learned, the witty and stupid, the men of peace at any cost and the literary gladiator of war as a pleasure, the discussions were conducted with that figurative nicety and directness of pen and pencil which is said to materially prevail when the shillelachs are swinging through the air and cracking every head in sight. Alas! have the glories of the chicken dog, as a matter of common debate, departed? Where now are the lengthy and involved theses of the dog, brindle in color and bob-tailed in expression, which was uncompromisingly held forth as the only true type which could run three days from sun to sun, and find more chickens the while than all the rest of the dogs in the country collectively? Where is the contention that the native was better than the imported dog, the reds were better than the blues, the Irish were better than the English, the Gordon better than the Irish, and the pointer better than all?

The glories of the shooting world have not been the least impaired; they exist to-day to a greater degree than ever, but the ignorance and the opinionated vehemence of the old days have gone. At the present day, the sportsman knows that the right kind of chicken dog has a bob tail or a long tail, is red or white or blue or yellow or all combined, is setter or pointer, his merit resting on usefulness as a worker. The agreement which has been established came about naturally when left to the arbitration of the true sportsman instead of the multitude who at that time were commercially crying their dogs for revenue as the huckster cries his wares. When we compare the literature of the canine world of to-day with that of the years some time since, we can congratulate ourselves on the greater knowledge, the tolerance of opinion and the decrease of the vulgarian, though there may not be so much raw enthusiasm.

THE CAMPERS' CRIMES.

If all men were what they should be, the camper would be a joy and a delight to all his kind. He, of all others, is the man whose life, while in camp, should be innocent and void of offense. He has left behind him the cares, the worries and the temptations of every day life; he has nothing to do but enjoy himself. He should be happy himself and a cause of happiness to others.

Notwithstanding all this, the camper is sometimes an injury to his fellows, and a curse to the country where his vacation is spent. The damage that he does is seldom or never willful, but is due to ignorance and thoughtlessness, causes which may be as criminal and as harmful as if the blackest intent provoked hurtful act.

To-day the newspapers tell us of terrible forest fires raging among the mountains of Wyoming and Colorado, which are said to have been started by campers. In the West the past winter was one of very light snowfall, and to many sections the spring and summer brought no rain. The forest floor has lost much of its moisture, and is ready for the spark. The match carelessly thrown away, the pipe knocked out, the half-burned cigarette dropped on the ground may any of them start a blaze

which no human effort can control. Far more dangerous than any of these, however, is the neglected camp-fire, from which the live coals may be scattered by a puff of wind, or the fire from which, attacking some dry root, may eat its way along under the ground for hours or days, and at length, under favorable conditions, start the blaze whose results no living man can foresee.

It is bad enough to witness the results of such a fire in the timber, to ride for days through what was once a forest of living green, abounding in life of plants, insects, birds and mammals, now dead and barren of any living thing, a forest of naked sticks, charred black by the fire or weathered white by the winter storms, where the only sound is the humming of the wind through the treetops or wailing scream of two crossed and rubbing branches. All this is sad enough to behold, but in itself is only a sentimental injury. Besides this there are economic damages which we cannot measure in money, although we know that their cost is enormous.

The neighboring range may be burned off and the live stock accustomed to feed there must be moved away or starve; the ranchman's hay, his buildings, even his stock or his family may be destroyed; finally the water supply of a considerable area may be so diminished that its productiveness may be greatly changed and great loss or even ruin may result to the dwellers in the section. All this may happen because some man or boy—a camper—was too careless or too lazy to put out the spark of his tobacco or to carry a bucket or two of water to throw on the fire.

The pleasure-seeking white man might profitably imitate the Indian whom he is so likely to despise, but who has been taught to care for himself and for others. Like the red man, he might well crush out with his fingers the last spark on the extinguished match, spit upon the burning end of his cigarette until it no longer burns, and pull apart his camp-fire an hour or two before leaving camp, so that for the most part it may have gone out. Let him think a little, and realize the injury that his carelessness may work for others.

When Thomas Best issued the ninth edition of his "Art of Angling," he wrote in praise of the pastime: "Not only kings and princes, but even queens and ladies of the first rank, have taken a delight in this rational and pleasing recreation." And to give emphasis to the participation of the fair sex in fishing, he embellished his little book with the frontispiece which we copy to-day in our angling pages. Here she is just as she went fishing one April day in the year 1810, and a pretty picture she makes in costume quaint to modern eyes. The flies are interesting. Some of them are known to the present day; Best describes eighty-nine, and tells how to make and use them. The artist who drew this picture had one trait well developed among his successors of to-day; he has given us a bent rod and a loose line, two things which are never found in conjunction in nature. There were artists two thousand years ago who were more technically correct in those little details to which the sportsman's eye goes first. Here in outline is a fresco from a house in Pompeii. It is Venus and Cupid angling, and while Cupid has hooked a fish, the mother has made him her prize. There are no lax lines to the rods in this picture; its author had perhaps been fishing himself in the Bay of Naples and knew that when the rod is bent the line is taut. This interesting example of Pompeian art is now in the possession of Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the London Fishing Gazette.

Bob White is making his way around the globe. From New Zealand comes a favorable report of the work of introducing the American quail into that country. The birds were sent from Kansas via San Francisco, and after a long and tempestuous voyage, which proved fatal to a large number, 430 of the first consignment reached their destination, but the death rate then proved to be very high. Subsequent shipments were more successful, and lots of from 20 to 200 have been distributed at a dozen different points. In its fifteenth annual report the Wellington Acclimatization Society notes that the quail are doing well in their new home. One serious drawback to the enterprise is found in the poisoning operations which are carried on extensively for the suppression of the rabbit pest. Large numbers of the birds are known to have perished from this cause.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Canoeing in South America.

[Concluded from page 123.]

I had hardly recovered from the "steamer" fright when, as I was passing very close to a bluff along the bank, standing perpendicularly about twenty feet high, a rush and a grunt denoted that a drove of *capybaras* on the top of it had been surprised from their repose. The brutes, acting upon the impulse, scenting danger, plunged headlong for the water, regardless of the direction of the object of their surprise. Imagine my horror when a dozen or more of those monsters darted from the precipice directly at me, as it seemed. All but one struck the water short of me. That one jumped a few feet over the canoe. They were in weight from 60 to 200 pounds each and raised quite a commotion about my craft. It was only good luck that saved me from being sunk by them, for if any one had landed in or on the edge of my loaded boat nothing could have prevented such a catastrophe. This animal is of the rodent family and abounds in great numbers in central South America. It is killed for its flesh. Persecuted by the crocodile and hunted upon land by the tiger, it must often wonder if life is worth living. When in motion it has the appearance of a hog, but when seated on its haunches "it looks like nothing but itself" is the best description one can give of it.

Alternating from paddling to drifting, often dozing throughout the evening until midnight, I find myself hard aground on a sand shoal. Overcome by my constant work for three days and nights, I resolve to tie up and for a few hours have quiet rest. Before daylight I was aroused from my slumber by the sound of human voices. Throwing off my *muscetero* I looked out upon the river and saw below me in the moon's rays a canoe being pushed against the current by two Indians, the first human beings I had seen since leaving my starting point. As they came along they passed close to me and cried out in poor Portuguese, "Sobier se amego meo, amana aque" (Arise, my friend, the morning is here).

Before breakfast time I had reeled off a good number of miles to my credit toward Curumba. Shooting a fine wild turkey I landed, built a fire and roasted it, greatly enjoying the meal after the early morning run.

Then resuming my paddle, I sped before the current, feeling in the best of health and spirits, passing bend after bend of the river, whirlpool after whirlpool safely at each point, and little thinking what awaited me before the sun designated the hour of noon. At 10 o'clock I had come to within two or three miles of the most northerly point of the Dorado Mountains, where the river divided, and I chose the *riacho* instead of the main river and was emerging from this to the main river, having no thought in the least of danger. The swift current rapidly carried me out in the cross rip, when to my horror I saw dust and leaves rising in the air through a deep valley and from the mountain sides. The whirlwind struck the river, covering several acres of space, and rapidly moved in my direction, kicking up the water in spray as it advanced. Being a half mile from shore, I knew my situation to be a bad one. In less time than it takes to tell it the squall had struck the rip. The spray became so dense that I could hardly see beyond it. There was no time to retreat, for in a minute it surrounded me, kicking up short waves that tumbled into my craft from head to stern, filling it instantly. My load being about all dead weight and stowed well forward, the canoe dipped head first. As I jumped to clear the suction the sinking canoe would cause I remember saying aloud, "Well, I'm in for it this time." Swimming off a few yards, I looked back to see if anything of the load had floated. I saw my bolsa, containing some clothing and some illustrated magazines; also my camera and a hand satchel containing my valuable papers and journal of eight months' writing, with about two hundred photos and pencil drawings.

The satchel being of the most importance, I swam for it, and when within a few feet it turned over on the side, having filled with water, and sank out of sight. Turning my attention then to my camera in a waterproof case, I secured it, swam to the bolsa again, opened and deposited the camera in it and tied it up again, resting my left arm upon it for a life preserver. Seeing my paddle drifting, I secured that also. The bolsa, being water proof and air tight, gave me great confidence.

The squall that had so suddenly come upon me passed as quickly and left the river again as calm and tranquil as if nothing unusual had happened. The country on the west side was flat and inundated for miles away back from the river, and the east side for a considerable distance was also covered with water, although the mountains were plainly in view, and toward that shore I began to guide myself and baggage. Looking from the middle of the stream toward either bank one could see no sign of the inundation, for hanging from the tree tops and branches grew dense masses of *lemnias* matting together to the edge of the water; but upon coming near to where the shore seemed to be I found the water very deep and the bank of vines so thick as to render it impossible to find a safe landing. When going up the river several weeks previously we had passed an Indian village of the Guato tribe, which I reckoned to be only a few miles distant. Being comfortable in the warm water and drifting rapidly, I concluded to continue my downward course until I should arrive at their settlement, unless I became exhausted, rather than to seek for refuge among the branches of a tree, where one could possibly wait for many days before a passing steamer of a *charta* might come that way to offer assistance. In all these rivers, along the shores there exists a small, ravenous, golden colored fish called *peranu*. These now attacked my ankles and bare feet with their exceedingly sharp teeth and rendered it necessary for me to again work out to the center of the stream, where they never go, as larger fish are sure to prey upon them, and in deep water there was less danger from alligators, so abundant. It was from my situation quite interesting to notice the *caranchas*

or vultures, everywhere present, especially in cases of distress. From their distant soaring high up overhead, hardly discernible to the naked eye, often like black meteors they pierced the air in my direction. Coming to within a few feet of my head they would dart up again with a whirring sound, mournful in the extreme to me, and then circle back again to their lofty place of observation. There were at times hundreds of caranchas crows with their sharp eyes upon me, ready to pounce down and pick out my eyes at the first evidence of weakness on my part. Days seemed to pass instead of the five hours from the time I entered the water until, upon turning a point, there appeared before me a long line of shoal above water, at the end of which was staked a log canoe, and its occupant, who appeared to be an Indian, fishing with a rod and line. His sharp eyes caught sight of me as soon as I saw him. Standing upright and shading his eyes with his hand, he quickly saw the nature of the object drifting toward him, and hastily pulling up the stake that held the canoe he paddled into midstream in my way. While yet several yards off he began to jabber in his Indian tongue to me, but not being able to understand him at all I kept silent myself. As I drifted in reach of him he reached out and caught hold of my bolsa and dragged it into his canoe, then grabbed the paddle from me, leaving me helpless in the water. I must confess that it looked much as if he intended to steal my life preserver and paddle and leave me for the fishes and alligators or vultures, and then made a motion as if to paddle away.

Two or three violent strokes brought me in reach of the gunwale of his canoe, which I grabbed with both hands and worked hand over hand toward the bow, and to save me from upsetting him the Indian could do nothing more than to stay in the stern and balance it until I had pulled myself up astride the bow. There I sat for a minute looking at him and he at me. The Indian had an expression of "Get out of here," while I would have liked to have said, "What are you going to do about it?" Had he made a move toward me I would have turned the log over instantly; but after making a few grunts and gesticulations he picked up his short paddle and headed down stream, where about two miles below was the Guato village, at which place we landed.

A large croud of braves, squaws and their children at once surrounded me in evident curiosity. My rescuer also seemed to receive a good share of attention. He was looked upon as a great hero. The naked children, at first shy and not a little frightened to find a white man in the midst of them, soon became confident, and as I opened the little baggage saved with me they crowded around and expressed great curiosity as one after another of my effects were spread out to dry. While opening the bag to put my camera in it some water entered and ran down among the illustrated journals at the bottom. As they were spread out on the beach to dry the Indians pounced upon them like vultures, being completely carried away with the illustrations they contained. After a few minutes of consultation among themselves, they motioned me to follow a guide they seemed to have deputized for my special benefit.

He took me to a small hut made of bamboo with a palm leaf roof about 200 yards back from the river and ushered me into it with all the grace of a more civilized individual, with a few grunts, as they seemed to me then, and much gesticulation conveyed the information that all the hut and all the surroundings were at my disposal. Expressing my thankfulness as best I could, I proceeded to make myself at home as he went back to his people. This Indian I soon learned was their chief cacique and medicine man.

Shortly after donations in the shape of food enough for a dozen men were brought to me from different directions in calabash or mata shells, but neither knife, fork nor spoon to aid in feeding myself. The food consisted of cooked meats, fish and beans all together in chowder form. All during my stay with that tribe of nearly a month the same course of food was served.

My first occupation in this new element was to manufacture the, to me, most indispensable knife, fork and spoon of wood, which served me thereafter. Much of my spare time was put in by making such articles of hard wood for many of them as presents, seeing their appreciation and desire for them.

Much of my time was occupied while a guest of the tribe upon the bank of the river watching for a passing charta or possibly a launch by which I could make my departure to some more modernized habitation. Curumba was still nearly 300 miles down the river and Cuyaba 600 or 700 north. During my stay with these Indians I had an opportunity to see a little of their habits in life, upon which I might write at length, were it not best for me to hurry along with my adventures. They subsisted by means of hunting, fishing and raising cattle that roamed over the mountain sides and broad *esteros* beyond. They made great show of affection for their wives, husbands and children. It was quite an affecting scene to witness the departure and the arrival of a band of hunters. Their departure was given to a great show of lamentation and affection on the part of the squaws, particularly, and upon their return into the village again their coming seemed to have been heralded far in advance, for the women and children would hurry out to meet them and to relieve their husbands or lovers of their burdens and bring in the trophies.

When called upon to mourn the death of any of their people it was a custom among the squaws to sit upon the ground, put their head down between their knees, and then roll around and around the corpse until exhausted, and again, after they have sufficiently rested, they fall in line with those already dancing in a circle around the body.

One cannot describe the horrible torture they endure and inflict upon themselves during these orgies, tearing their hair and cutting their flesh from head to foot with a sharp stone or flint which they hold between thumb and finger and jab into their flesh at intervals. When they fall bleeding and exhausted they are dragged out and their places in the circle taken up by others. During the day time the men take no part in this ceremony, but at night they indulge in hideous howling and contortions. They hold in each hand some vegetable shell resembling a long slim squash shell. These they fill with stones and swing about with all the energy they possess until they too fall exhausted, to be dragged away. The

Diety they despise and worship or propitiate the Evil Spirit only.

Having been told that these people sometimes indulged in flesh of their own kind for food, as soon as I could talk with them at all I asked one of the squaws who brought me the every day *potchara* why they did not make a feast of me. She answered by poking at my ribs and shaking her head doubtfully, as much as to say, "You are not fat enough." Happening to be one of the lean kind was no doubt my salvation. My conversation among them was conducted principally by the means of my pencil through picture language. After I had been with them nearly a month I was surprised one morning to see them engaged in launching a large canoe, and then they loaded it with hides, tallow, beeswax and jerked beef. They were evidently preparing to go on a voyage to some trading station, and as Cumaba was the nearest I hoped they were going in that direction. My hopes were not vain, for after all was ready they sent one to inform me that I could go with them.

The canoe was manned by six stalwart braves, who after taking a very affectionate farewell seated themselves three on each side as near the bow of the canoe as they could sit and began paddling down stream. They had taken on board several hunting dogs, and their bows, arrows and spears. Whenever the banks of the river along the course would admit of the dogs running they were let on shore, and when their barking denoted game at bay the Indians would land and in a short time return with the skin or bring the whole animal with them. Twice they had brought on board tiger skins, and as we were nearing Curumba, having a desire to see them kill a tiger, I made it known to them that when the dogs had stalled another I wished to go with them. We had not long to wait, for the barking of the dogs brought again the excited ejaculations from the Indians: "Tegre! Becho! Becho!" Following the savages, who went through the dense undergrowth of weeds, thorns and brambles like so many snakes, we soon came upon the object of our pursuit. Looking up into the branches of a large tree that the dogs were guarding, there, crouching on one of them, gazing down with an expression of confidence, sat the tiger. After taking a careful survey of the surroundings, five of the Indians took their stations with spears in hand, while the other came over to me with a bow and arrow and asked me to shoot the brute with it. That was a new departure for me, but realizing their purpose, I took the bow, fixed the arrow to the string, took aim and let it go; but as the bow was so stiff for me to pull back, not being accustomed to it, resulted in a very weak effort to drive the tiger from his perch, the arrow striking him and glancing off into the forest beyond. The savages were much amused at my poor shot, but called out to me to try it again. Fixing another arrow, I took deliberate aim and hit the tiger on the head, but the force was so weak that the arrow fell back to the ground. The tiger evidently did not like to have his ears pierced with a sharp stick like that, and seeming to comprehend that I was his persecutor, turned toward me, lashing his tail and showing his teeth defiantly. Concluding to defer my tiger shooting until I could avail myself of another rifle, I handed the bow to an Indian and walked off to a safe distance to witness the combat. I had not long to wait to see the finish, for one of them took the bow, lay down upon the ground, fixed and sighted the arrow, holding the bow between the toes of both feet. Away went the arrow with a twang from the bowstring, striking the tiger in the shoulder and piercing him to the arrow head. With a snarl of pain and rage he jumped from his perch about 10 feet high, and not being able to gain a new hold upon the branches fell back to the ground, to be caught in its descent on the points of two spears in the hands of the Indians that ran under him as he fell. It is needless for me to say that after those two thrusts and an arrow through its vitals no danger existed from contact with it. Hastily removing the skin (which is valued at about \$10 in gold in that country), we returned to the canoe and resumed our journey, reaching Curumba the next night.

There I met a former acquaintance who was in charge of a small steamer running monthly trips from Asuncion, Paraguay. He granted me a first-class passage to Asuncion on his craft, where I was obliged to stay for three months before I could secure funds from New York.

J. G. KING.

Sooner.

A HAZY, still, Indian summer day, with scarcely a breath of air stirring; a grove of beech and maple, each tree aglow with gorgeous coloring of red and gold, set like a flaming jewel in the deep green of the surrounding forest of pine and hemlock, spruce and cedar; in the grove a spot where two runways, faintly traced in the carpet of red and gold under foot, crossed each other, and at their intersection, the only blot upon the landscape, the only thing to mar the beauty and the perfect harmony of this scene, where all else harmonized—a man with a gun, and that man myself.

The picture immediately loses half its charm. I felt it then. I felt my presence to be a profanation of this fair temple of nature. I felt—but just at that moment my ears were greeted with a sound that sent all further thoughts and feelings scattering among the dead leaves at my feet; a sound that is music to the ears of all lovers of the rod and gun, the far-away baying of a hound hot on the trail of a deer.

In a moment I was all eagerness. My sense of unworthiness vanished and in its place came a desire for slaughter, and I made ready to desecrate that lovely spot by murdering one of the most beautiful of God's creatures. The deep voice of the hound sounded nearer and nearer, coming from the trail on my right. This was strange, thought I, for the deer had gone in that direction on that runway not more than an hour before. I expected him to do as other deer had done before, circle around and come in on the runway on my left, which led to the lake. Evidently this one had doubled on his tracks or something was happening. The dog was very near, but where was the deer?

Down the trail he came, giving tongue at every other jump—not the deer, not the antlered buck I had pictured in my mind, but only the hound—only Sooner in all his glory.

"You fool!" I shouted in my wrath. "You blankety blank idiot, you! You are running on your back track."

He was somewhat startled and pulled up so short that he performed a peculiar evolution of his own invention before coming to a standstill. He gazed at me reproachfully and withdrew to a safe distance and sat down to think out the situation. It had been such a fine run and he had been having such a beautiful time until my harsh voice broke in on his dream and brought him back to earth. True, he was running on his back track, but it was an unintentional mistake, and mistakes were liable to occur among the best of us. And then Hogarth's warning came back to me and my anger evaporated.

"Sooner's Sooner," he had said to me when I started out. "At times he's all right, an' at times he's a dern fool. You'll git mad as thunder at him, but 'twon't do you no good. Ef he spoils yer huntin' with one o' his smart tricks y' needn't be s'prised. Yessir, Sooner's Sooner, an' when you've said that it covers the hull bizness."

I lit my pipe and with a "Come on, you fool dog," started back to camp. Sooner trotted at my heels looking bored. That was my first hunt with the most entertaining dog I ever knew.

In appearance he was a strong, well built, deep chested hound. His color was liver and white and he was well marked. He had a fine head and eyes that could almost speak. So much for externals. It was his internal mechanism—the working of that wonderful, fertile brain—that made Sooner what he was.

He never did a thing twice alike. There was a delightful uncertainty in his every act. He was as full of surprises as an Arkansas mule—if you have any idea what that implies.

It is a strong comparison, but Sooner's history will bear me out in it. These surprises were not always of a pleasant nature. One moment you would be astonished and filled with admiration at that dog's sagacity; at the next you would be wondering if a bigger fool on four legs ever walked the earth.

Old Hogarth had a Yankee's keen sense of humor and enjoyed Sooner hugely. He was very fond of him; but for that matter so was everyone that knew him. He was always such a "good fellow." After some especially brilliant achievement of an idiotic nature he would look at you with his big brown eyes and say, in dog language:

"Never mind, old man, it will be all the same a hundred years from now. We made a mistake this time, but we'll try and do better next time."

That was one of his strong points—the faculty of always making you a party to his blunders. His manner never implied the use of the personal pronoun. It was always "We." Sooner would have made a good editor. He displayed such sublime sang froid when he should have been in disgrace and shirked responsibility so easily.

Although he was five or six years old when I first knew him, he still retained many of his puppyish ways. He had an utter disregard for what he ate. All food looked alike to him, and moreover, he had the reckless, devil-may-care disposition of a puppy. He weighed consequences after a thing was all over. He lived entirely in the immediate present. When he had an object in view he went at it with all his energy in an undeviating path. He never took a roundabout course. If a windfall were in his way when he was anxious to get anywhere he went through, or over, or under, the windfall. This might take more time than going around the obstacle, but it fitted in with his idea of the proper way of attaining one's object. On the other hand, if he just "went out to see," as Hogarth expressed it, the longest way around was always the shortest way home.

His expression was deceiving. It was that of a thoughtful, studious-minded dog whose one object in life was to do right. He had a habit of puckering up his brow, like a person in deep thought, as though he carried the affairs of the forest on his shoulders. This expression was usually intensified after he had made a bigger fool of himself than usual.

Bill and he were great friends. Sooner understood Bill better than Bill understood Sooner. When Bill got the "buck fever" and threw his rifle in the lake at a buck, Sooner appreciated the act as something worthy of himself. It may be that he did not thus reason it out, but it was very apparent that Bill was imbued with the selfsame reckless disregard for consequences that predominated in his own actions.

Hogarth's other hound, the Old Gal, had a great contempt for Sooner, but this did not worry the latter in the least—in fact, he seemed to reciprocate the feeling because of the Old Gal's conservative disposition. Of course, there were other dogs about the place, but they were all of a nondescript character and not worthy of mention on the same page with Sooner.

Sooner was a waif, or, more correctly speaking, a soldier of fortune. No one knew his antecedents. He had dragged himself into Hogarth's yard one day, worn out and exhausted, after a long run on the trail of a buck. There was no telling how far he had come, as a fast hound will cover many miles in a day and keep it up for two or three days. But he had driven the buck into the lake and the Hogarth boys had killed it; therefore they treated the dog well, and as he liked the place he remained and became one of the household. For reasons already given, Hogarth named him Sooner.

The time Sooner discovered he had fighting blood in his veins marked an epoch in his life. He overestimated his ability, it is true, and suffered in consequence. A new settler moved into that part of the country and established himself about six or seven miles from Hogarth's. Regarding the size of his family he was far behind Hogarth, but when it came to dogs, it was simply a walkaway. Several breeds were represented in this collection, but the "yaller dog" predominated.

Sooner undertook to clean out the entire crowd alone and unaided. It was something of an undertaking and he spent six out of seven days in the hospital while the war was on.

"He doesn't seem to be much of a fighter," I remarked to Hogarth one day when the subject was under discussion.

"Oh, he kin fight all right," Hogarth replied; "it's his judgment what's wrong. Sooner's a fust-rate fighter, but he's a dern poor judge of dogs."

He was game, though, and stuck at it until he had conquered each one of the new dogs in turn, with the exception of a huge brindle bulldog. With this dog he employed strategy. He bowed down before him and addressed him with smooth words and made friends with him, and then one day he enticed him over to his own home and all the dogs there pitched on the brindle bull and half killed him. Sooner became more blasé than ever after this achievement. It so plainly showed his superiority to all the rest of dog creation.

This fighting trait was unusual in a hound, for as a rule they are peaceably inclined. It served to accentuate the fact that Sooner was not like other dogs.

"He's the derndest cuss y' ever see'd," said Hogarth on one occasion, when the conversation had drifted around to Sooner. "He's did a few things what can't be beat by no dorg livin' or dead. Ever tell you 'bout the time I got ketched in a b'ar trap? No? Waal, 'twas this way:

"One day I got a 'idee in my head I'd do somethin' smart consarnin' a big b'ar what was foolin' 'round these yere parts, so I got out a big b'ar trap I had an' fixed 'er up ready fer bizness.

"'Whar y' goin', an' what y' goin' t' do?' sez the old woman to me when she see'd me start out. Now, the old woman's allers wantin' t' know somethin' what don't consarn her, nohow. She axes sech plum foolish ques-chins. As they ain't no sense in arguin' I jest sez: 'I'm goin' out t' see,' sez I. 'Twas plain 'nuff I warn't goin' shootin' with a b'ar trap. Course I took my rifle 'long in case of accidents, as you never kin tell when you're goin' t' need it most.

"Waal, that was onct I didn't show up so all-fired smart after all, the way things turned out. I sot the trap all right an' sot her t' hold any b'ar fer keeps ef he got to monkeyin' 'round it. I had 'er fastened 'round a tree with a slipknot in the chain. After workin' 'bout two hours, mebbe more, an' jest as I was ready to start fer hum, I made a mess of the hull bizness gener'ly by steppin' in the trap myself. Don't know how on airth I come t' do sech a dodgasted foolish thing, but I done it, an' thar I was ketched 'round the ankle tight 's I'd want to ketch any b'ar, b'gosh. I was five miles from hum, an' night comin' on, an' 'twas cold at that. 'Twarn't what y' might call a cheerful layout. My gun was leanin' up 'gainst a tree out of reach, an' I couldn't let nobody know whar I was. An' seein' I hadn't said nuthin' to nobody 'twarn't likely they'd find me in a hurry. Y' see, that's whar I warn't so smart arter all in not answerin' the old woman. They's no tellin' when you're right when you're dealin' with wimmin.

"Waal, that-air trap hurt worse'n the devil, I kin tell you, an' did consid'able cussin' to sort o' ease the pain. That helped some, but it didn't loosen the trap, an' I couldn't git at it proper to open it. I forgot t' say that Sooner'd come 'long with me. He'd struck a trail the fust thing, near whar I was settin' the trap, an' gone yelpin' off on it, same's usual. Now, here's where the funny part o' this yere bizness come in. As I was settin' thar wonderin' how things was goin' to end, all to onct I heerd Sooner 'way off in the woods, an' it seemed 's if he was comin' toward me. I listened close, an' you bet yer life the next twenty minutes seemed like years afore I could know fer sartin that he was a-comin' my way. When he got whar I thought he could hear me I hollered an' whistled like anythin', but he never heerd me, but kept on comin' nearer an' nearer. Seein' they warn't no sign of a deer, I made up my mind Sooner was runnin' on his back track. An' sure 'nuff he was. He come nigh runnin' plum into me, but when he see'd me he pulled up short an' stared fer a minit or two, an' then he sort o' took his bearin's an' sot down to think things over.

"I called to him purty loud an' he come up lookin' sort o' s'prised an' innocent like. When he see'd what was wrong he looked at me as much as t' say: 'Waal, you're a bigger fool 'n I thought you was.' An' then he did some thinkin' fer a spell. After a bit he raised his head an' sniffed 'round, 's ef he was gittin' his bearin's, an' then he lit out an' left me. I was mad, 'cause I wanted to use him some way, ef I could, an' I was sure I wouldn't see him again. I yelled an' whistled an' cussed at him, but he never noticed me, but jest kept a-goin', an' I never see'd him run so fast afore.

"'Twas gittin' dusk when Sooner left me an' it got dark purty soon, an' thar I was with nuthin' t' do but trust-t' luck that somebody'd find me. An' 'twarn't much of a chanct to gamble on, at least fer that night. 'Twas three or four hours arter that, I reck'n—seemed like years—when all t'onct I heerd a rifle shot an' bimeby Sooner's moosical voice j'ined in with the shootin', an' then I knew what that-air dorg 'd bin up to. He'd gone 'way back hum fer help. Arter a while he led 'em to me—Bill and the boys—an' they onloosened me an' rigged up somethin' like a stretcher an' carried me hum. Sooner didn't make no fuss over what he'd done, as some dorgs might have done. He acted jest 's ef he was used to savin' people's lives every day.

"When I got hum the old woman was layin' fer me, an' she said, sez she:

"'Stepped in a b'ar trap, did you? What did you do that for? Next time mebbe you'll ansur a civil queschin, an' then ef y' git lost we kin find you,' sez she. 'Serves y' right, this time.'

"They ain't much use in arguin' with wimmin, so I said nuthin', but I've allers had more respect fer Sooner since that time—likewise fer the old woman's ques-chins."

Such was Sooner. Many years have passed since I last saw him and it is doubtful if he is still in the land of the living. I have an idea that he "died with his boots on," if I may so express it, for he was not fated to come to his end like an ordinary dog.

When I think of Sooner my thoughts stray back to the old haunts and I smell the pines and the hemlocks and the spruce, and I listen to the wind whispering and sighing, and even moaning (it must be a sad tale it tells over and over again so many times) and I feel—ah, well, you know the feeling.

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

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The Sliding Rock of Papase'ea.

"Oh, I say now!" exclaimed the Captain of the British gunboat then on guard duty in Apia Harbor, "you can't expect a man to believe that sort of thing, you know. Of course, whatever you say about the political affairs of this beach I must believe, for that's your line of country and I'm here to do your shooting for you whenever it becomes necessary. But it is pretty stiff to ask me to believe that you sit in the wet and go sliding down a face of rock without hurting yourself."

"Still, it is a fact, none the less, and a very exhilarating fact, indeed, as you will confess if only you will try it for yourself."

"Now, madam, that is rather too much. You have entered into a conspiracy with my wardroom officers to make this tour of guard duty memorable to me. First you got me bragging as to putting up heavy weights, and it is true I can put up more pounds than any one of the ship's company, and then you whistled up the bow oar in your boat and had him beat me at my own game. Next you led me on to make the remark that it would be easy to include that waterfall of yours in some morning stroll; it took me all of fifteen hours of breakneck work to get there and back in one day, and I was in such a state that I could not go to the German Consul's 'bier-abend'. Now you are trying to get me to give an exhibition of coasting down a hard rock for the amusement of your fellow conspirators in the wardroom country. At my time of life, and having attained command rank, I must decline to assist in the undertaking."

"But, Captain, will you accompany us if I promise you solemnly that the First Luff shall do all the experimental sliding, or the Engineer or even the Paymaster?"

"Why, it's positively absurd. You know that the human body will sink in water. And this water you say is only 2 inches deep. Now, in the name of all hydraulics, how are you going to slide like a bubble on the surface of the water and not touch the rock below? But on your solemn assurance that I can inspect all the conditions before venturing on any such exhibition, and that you will interpose no objection to my sacrificing all of the junior officers in turn, I am willing to join your outing party."

It was because the captain of this particular British gunboat was just as good as gold and as strong as an ox, to say nothing of his being as green as grass about Samoa, that the preceding conversation was due. He had been induced to make a few trips into the bush, and after the hard experience he was beginning to be a trifle suspicious. But as to the Sliding Rock at Papase'ea there was no reason for such suspicion, as will be made clear in this story of the trip.

Fortunately for Capt. Rason's peace, the trail to Papase'ea is so regularly traveled by the residents of Apia and the few tourists who have the time that it is open to equestrians all the way from the beach to within 100 yards of the bathing place. That in itself was a great thing, for foot travel in Samoan bush is anything but easy, and one learns to welcome any spot for the terminus of an excursion which will obviate the wearisome footsteps in the steaming atmosphere under the thick shade of the tropical forest. Here comes in the advantage of having a practically amphibious boat's crew. The first of their duties was to row the boat and sing, but on shore excursions it was their duty to attend on horseback, and the opportunity was offered them to carry on little speculations on their own behalf by renting ponies when such an opportunity arose, as in this case, when it became necessary to mount the greater number of the officers of the H. B. M. S. Royalist.

A trip to Papase'ea is always a picnic and a merry-making, for there is something invigorating about the water of the mountain stream, which is so much cooler than any water on the beach as almost to seem cold, that it is impossible to avoid growing rapidly hungry. And there is something so unusual about the sport on the rock as to set even the morose in good humor. At the same time it must be remembered that the Samoans regard it a solemn duty to eat on all occasions when there is anything edible. But in the islands it is just as easy to extend dinner hospitality in the bush as it is in the best domestic appointments. It resolves itself down to an enumeration of the number of cans that must be opened and the number of corks that must be drawn, and those are operations that can be done just as well in the woods and by the streams as under the roof of a house.

The boat's crew were sent out ahead, each armed with the necessary provision for the picnic. But even with them out of the way, it was an imposing cavalcade that set out from the Consulate on the road to the woods. With the British officers and the Samoan girls and the interpreters and the inevitable Talolo, the party amounted to more than twenty, and that is a large number in Apia except on steamer days. It made a long and sedate cavalcade down the beach road in strict obedience to the municipal ordinance against riding faster than a walk. The Royalist contingent had come so freshly from a long cruise that none of them felt like galloping and probably all were just as well satisfied to know of the state of the law. This was made quite manifest when the party turned back from the beach and into a long stretch of good road exempt from any restriction on speed. Here the Samoan girls started their half-broken Tongan ponies into a speedy gallop and laughingly challenged their respective officers to catch them. To attempt to chaperon the next two miles of horse race was about as futile as it would be to play propriety to a three-ring circus. By wise use of a seemingly impracticable short cut (this was due to the wisdom of Talolo) along a sappy trail through a taro swamp and then a clump of sugar cane with a few water jumps and a pig fence of stone to clear, it was possible to get ahead of the race, and to capture the First Luff and the girl who had taken the lead. As the other galloping pairs came up they too were stopped, and last of all came the Captain, pounding steadily on in the rear with a much winded little rat of a pony that had never carried the weight before. All were then content to settle down to a more sober and decorous pace, for the naval contingent were beginning to feel that no matter how experienced they might be in riding the waves it called for a different seat when it came to a flat race in Samoa.

Since turning inland from the beach the road had been a straight causeway in the swamp, known as Tiger Bay, and the only thing to see was the taro, the cane and the banana—no shade for this whole stretch of race course, and no breeze, for the trade wind has never the force to make itself felt behind the coastal fringe of cocoanuts. But when the higher ground was reached, the character of the scene underwent a change—the swamp was left behind, the road now lay under the grateful shade of tall trees and between clumps of bushes loaded down with gorgeous blossoms. Samoan houses began to appear under the shade of the breadfruit trees, with their great and jagged leaves, and around a bend in the road we came upon the town green of Vaimoso, with its chief's orator standing in the shade to hail us with the never omitted question, "Whither go ye?" and to propose that we alight and drink kava. But Talolo, whose delight it is to do all sorts of mannish things, replies in form that America and Britannia are out upon important affairs of state and cannot delay, but that some day we will return to see this lovely town of Vaimoso, and will talk wise politics with its chief. In studying Samoan it is not so much a question of grammar as of learning to lie gracefully. Talolo was born that way.

Beyond the village we began to breast the hill, and climbed and climbed over a broad road half overgrown with weeds, until we came upon the few houses which make the little settlement of Lotopa, where a few settlers have cleared the bush and set out plantations of coffee. Here the government road stops short in a clump of bushes. Here also were the boat's crew in waiting with the supply of refreshments. There was the beginning of a mutiny when Samuela and his outfit discovered that this was not to be an eating station, although he had gone to the trouble of gathering nuts and bananas and leaves for plates. But as it was only an hour from the Consulate, and as, in addition to whatever breakfast they may have had with their own families, each of the crew had consumed a pound-tin of corned beef, half a tin of salmon, unlimited cabin biscuits, and all the sugar soup or tea wanted, it was felt that they could manage to bear up for a little while longer. It was not so much that they were individually hungry as that they were disposed to yield to the Samoan national hunger, which is invariably excited by the presence of food.

At this end of the road a broken-down stone wall gave an opportunity to squeeze through the close clump of bushes, and then it was seen that there was a narrow trail behind. Here there was no tendency to gallop or scamper, for the trail is too narrow and too crowded with stones to permit of any relaxation of the attention. The path was cut up with the roots of the high trees, and every root in the soaking mold was a trap for the feet of the unwary, for with the closest care one or other of the ponies would slip on such a root and then would follow a series of wild gymnastics which were the reverse of steady to the rider, no matter how much they might tend to restore the equilibrium of the pony. Another forest danger was from the low-hanging branches and from the lianas pendent from tree to tree. These frequently hung so low as to sweep a rider from the pony's back. I had long since trained my boys when going ahead and encountering any such obstruction to give warning and to use the cry, "Low bridge." That seems plain enough for most people to know what to expect. But it bothered at least one of these young Englishmen.

About five minutes after Samuela had set up that shout for the first time, and it had passed back all along the line, we had stopped in a fairly smooth and open place for the duller members of the party to overtake us. One of the junior officers then said: "Do you know, I just made a most stupid error. All the Samoans shouted something that sounded almost exactly like 'low bridge,' and ever since I have been looking out for a bridge. But of course there wouldn't be any real bridges in this jungle, and of course I was misled by the similarity of words in the two languages. But it was a droll blunder, now, wasn't it?"

With the assistance of a diagram and a concise recapitulation of the history of the Erie Canal, I thought that I had made my explanation of the phrase sufficiently clear. "Yes, yes; I understand," my navy boy replied. "When you say 'low bridge,' that's only a figure of speech. But, don't you know, it's rather misleading. You see, you are looking out for a bridge that would be underfoot, and so you have no warning about the low branch overhead, don't you know; and then you are swept off the pony's back. Of course, it's only one of your ways, but you have so many odd ways, you Americans. The idea of calling a branch a bridge, it's most extraordinary."

At last the trail through the damp depths of the forest led our party to the sound of dashing water, and we found ourselves in an open space which afforded grazing for the ponies. The sound of the falling water was plain, but no water was in sight. Struggling through the high grass of this small meadow—grass that measured more than 6 feet—we came to a jumping-off place, where a steep and wooded slope led down to a small mountain stream, which was making noise enough for a river. Here we scrambled down the bank with the assistance of roots and projecting rocks and hanging vines, and at every step regretted that we were not monkeys. Once safely at the foot of the descent we were at the summit of the waterfall.

So far as goes the geography of the unusual, there are but two such sliding rocks in the world—one in the Negri Sembilan region of the Malay Peninsula, the other in the bush at the back of Apia. They depend for their interest on the feature in common that a deep pool is overhung by a slant of rock, over which trickles a stream, and that by sitting in the stream at the top of the rock the swimmer may be plunged with high speed over the rocky surface and forced deep into the pool below. It is said in behalf of the Samoan Papase'ea that the slide is longer and steeper, the plunge more rapid, and the submersion in the pool deeper than in the Malayan example.

This waterfall in the Samoan bush is, in fact, triple. The lower cascade has only about 5 or 6 feet of fall, and the basin at the foot is shallow. The middle one of the series has a fall of no more than a dozen feet, and the basin is only slightly deeper than the one below. The upper cascade falls 30 feet, and the basin is so deep that the swimmer coming over the fall does not touch bottom at the end of the plunge, although his velocity is

excessive. The Samoans call these respectively the swimming places for children, for women and for men. It is to the latter only that the name of Papase'ea properly applies; and very few travelers ever think of looking at the lower cascades of the series.

The breakneck trail down the hill slope lands us in a leafy amphitheater, where stepping stones enable us to cross and recross the stream, while overhead the branches mix and meet to form a grateful shade. The lower side of this bowl in the valley is marked by a dike of volcanic rocks, worn smooth by the coursing waters, which pour along in an ungovernable torrent when there are storms in the hills. The upper ring is filled with a pool some 6 feet in depth and bounded by the smooth rocks and the trunks of tall trees. Into this pool flow several rills, which trickle at ordinary stages of the water from several slopes of the hillside. It is probable that these rills are all parts of the same stream which has been split up by obstacles above. Nothing at all is known about the stream higher up in the mountains, for its bed is quite impracticable for travel—what with the rocks in one place and the fathomless bogs in another and always the dense tangle of low-lying branches and interlacing lianas. And if the explorer comes upon a stream higher up in some clear place, it is impossible to identify it as the Papase'ea stream, for there are so many brooks on the Samoan mountains that one cannot be safely distinguished from another. It is probable that the stream is one of those which drain the central morass on the Tuasivi, for its waters are so cold as to point to a source at a high altitude. Wherever these waters come from, they all collect in the pool.

This reservoir serves as a pressure regulator for the falls. After the heavy rains the stream is a raging mountain torrent, into which it would be suicide to plunge, as any one can see who will watch the force with which it tears out trees and great blocks of rock from the banks. But at ordinary stages, when there has been no storm in the higher altitudes, the water scarcely trickles over the portion of the volcanic dike which constitutes the sliding rock.

The first 3 or 4 feet of this dike are nearly level, and, owing to the wearing of the frequent floods as smooth as so much glass. The water trickles in a narrow channel worn but a few inches below the common level. The next 40 feet pitch downward at a sharp angle of the same glassy smoothness. Then the rock breaks off abruptly about 10 feet above the surface of the water in the lower basin. This lower pool has been excavated by the floods to a depth of more than 30 feet, and has nearly vertical sides, so that there is only one small area of shallow water near the lower outlet. A geologist would probably class it as a large pot hole with a diameter of about 40 feet. Into this pool the length of the slide is about 50 feet, the last 10 of which are in the air, the slide along the rock being some 40 feet of length, with a vertical descent before reaching the final plunge.

When the water in the stream is low—that is, in general, when it is safe to essay the slide—there is not enough water going over the dike at the right spot to make it advisable to slide, for much escapes over other channels, and those channels are so filled with rugged rocks as to discourage any travel which involves the principles of sliding friction. But by damming the other outlets the water held in reserve in the upper pool can be concentrated until its whole volume passes over the smooth channel in the dike, where it can make the sheerest plunge to the basin below. When thus gathered the stream is about 3 feet wide at the brink of the fall and 2 inches deep.

Capt. Rason was still more than ever disinclined to engage in such sport after he had looked the ground over and had measured the depth with his finger. He took refuge in the science of hydraulics and proved to his own satisfaction that the slide could not be made in 2 inches of water without damage some how.

Meanwhile the others of the party were going to see the thing through without regard for mathematics at all. One of the Samoan girls undertook to carry one of the young lieutenants over the rock just to show how. Down in the stream she sat and instructed him to sit behind her. The attitude was just the same as in coasting on a double-runner sled in the lands where there is snow. The principal point to be observed is that the lieutenant shall look steadfastly over the girl's left shoulder while she wears her head to the right, for if the two heads should come together when they strike the water in the basin it might do damage. Having received all the necessary instructions, the pair inched along the rock until the full force of the stream caught them. Then they went at breathless speed on the surface of the falling cascade down to the final flight through the air, and were submerged in the basin at the foot.

The Captain, being in no restricted sense responsible to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty for the well-being of the officers committed to his care, watched the flight with anxiety, which was not relieved until he saw his officer climb out of the basin in good order and start to clamber up the face of the rock. Then, convinced that the impossible was the easiest sort of thing if only you saw how it was done, the good Captain hastened to be the next to go over. Declining all aid, he sat in the stream, but he was too eager in hitching himself forward to the place where the current overcomes gravity. The force of the water took him broadside, and before he could correct his position he was sent rolling as well as sliding. Thus he came to the final flight head downward and made a magnificent dive into the basin. Thenceforward for an hour or more there was a steady succession of dripping humanity, Samoan and European each awaiting the turn to go over the rock. Only one anxiety tended to mar the enjoyment—an anxiety voiced by my young Talolo between plunges when he asked, "Bimeby I think so we eat for you, for me?" Reasured on that point, Talolo subsided, and the fun went on.

The last plunge was the most daring of all. The engineer officer undertook to walk down the slope in the water. He explained that he was sure it was not as dangerous as we might think it, for the whole of his weight would tend to keep him on the rock, and the only purchase the water would have on him would be his ankles. He did walk steadily down the slope in the swirling water for at least 20 out of the 40 feet of the slide. Then, as the current was carrying his feet out from under him,

he gave a jump forward and apparently into the basin. But he said—and it is more probable—that he landed on his feet lower down the slope and took a second jump thence into the basin. Such a thing had never been heard of before at the sliding rock, and the Samoan witnesses may be counted on to put this record slide into their traditions.

But sunset was fast approaching, and no Samoan is really comfortable in the bush after dark. As soon as we reached the Lotopa road again the sunset and then the ride home was made in brilliant moonlight.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

One Day in a Sonora Camp.

I HAD a very strong impression that we ought to move camp. Our surroundings were picturesque; there was abundance of feed for our horses; wood and water were right at hand; it was only seven miles to a base of supplies, but— The but meant that the dry bed of a river at the commencement of the rainy season is an excellent place to leave. So we went about ten miles up the Santa Cruz, where the little cañon terraced back from the springs that are the source of the river, and on a shaded platform some 8 feet above the stream we pitched our tents. Expecting to be here for at least two weeks, the ground was leveled off in front of our principal street, and our artist even went so far as to bring agaves and cactus from the adjacent hills and lay out parterre after parterre in the howling wilderness—a wilderness it was indeed, but no desert. Ash, sycamore, walnut and willow shaded us. Festooned over these were gigantic creepers. Gaudily colored birds with harsh voices chattered from branch to branch, and large squirrels, similar to our eastern fox squirrel, offered tempting marks for our .22s.

We knew that we should have plenty of sport in the quail, partridge and pigeon line, but we were not calculating on any large game for at least a four days' journey. Then we expected to find numbers of antelope, bears, lions, besides very good fishing in the Yaqui River. So on this particular July afternoon when Q. and Will came in from taking the horses some four miles away to pasture, and reported that they had seen a couple of brown bears and had probably wounded one, and that fresh deer signs were to be found within 150 yards of camp, we were undecided whether to give them the horse laugh or to be filled with unwonted enthusiasm. I had seen deer tracks up the cañon only the week before, so I knew that deer were somewhere in the country, but the bear proposition I took no stock in. Nevertheless a hunting party was made up and started out at daylight for whatever luck might throw in their way.

A dozen birds that were waiting to be classified and skinned and a press full of plants that needed changing stood between me and the trip. Furthermore, I knew that a twenty-five-mile tramp and lying out for a night or two would be on the programme for the boys, and I had no desire to risk either the time or strength on any such uncertainties. I worked patiently hour after hour until my stomach indicated the approach of noon. Then I was interrupted by a quick step, some more birds were thrown upon my work bench, and Van, breathless from running, asked:

"Say, do you know anything about bee trees?"

"So far as reading Thoreau and Burroughs and FOREST AND STREAM, and listening to John Muir expatiate on bee trees in Yosemite, I am pretty well posted, but I've never had any practical experience in the matter. Why?"

"Oh, I think I've got a bee tree down here—not a very big one, and it may not be a bee tree at all, but I think it's worth looking into."

It did not take many minutes for those of us who were left in camp to hit the trail down cañon. The first who started was armed with a pint cup and a teaspoon. The rest were somewhat better prepared for the work before them. Twenty minutes later we turned out of the gorge into the rolling grassland, where rocks are covered with maiden-hair fern and, making rare patterns in the green, an oxalis is found strikingly like the wood sorrel of the New England mountains. Nor was this all; for the fragrance of the jasmine was wafted to me for the first time, and I felt that violet, orange blossom, magnolia or any other perfume was not to be compared with the odor that now filled the air. I wanted my botany press, but before I could make up my mind to return for it the tree that we had come to examine was located.

It was indeed a very small oak, the trunk proper being only some 5 feet in height. Near the top of the trunk was just such a hole as a high-holder back in the Eastern States would have pre-empted for a nest. A very few bees were passing in and out of this very small hole in the very small tree. I began to think that the pint cup and teaspoon would hold more honey than we could possibly get. Fortunately for the rest of us, Van had faith, and believed that faith without works is dead. So he encased his head in a mosquito-proof helmet, put on his gloves and commenced to chop into the tree about a foot below the hole. The music of a circular saw in a country saw-mill was just about duplicated in the heart of that old oak. It was a gentle, suppressed rumble at first, with a gradual crescendo, until the saw seemed to be making 250 revolutions a minute. Then came the shrill wail of agony that indicates that a knot has been struck, and out of the hole the bees poured—big and little, young and old, but each especially desirous at that particular time to make use of his business end.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided and from a safe distance the rest of us saw Van standing as still as a statue, his helmet covered with bees, we held a little council of war and determined to try the effects of a smudge. A fire was kindled about three rods away, and under cover of the dense smoke that arose from the damp oak leaves we pushed it nearer and nearer, until the bee song ceased and Van was able to resume work with the axe. Before the tenth stroke a thin streak of sweetness came out with the blade and commenced to drip in golden lines down the rough brown bark. Two vertical blows and a section of bark was split off, exposing the mass of comb that filled the central cavity. This filled two large pails, and then a second hole was chopped near the ground, a second section was split off, and our hard work was done.

We forgot the pigeon potpie, and the squirrel stew that had been simmering over the fire for three or four

Natural History.

What Cows Were These?

hours. We were not even envious of the bear hunters. We simply went back to camp and proceeded to extract honey by the most primitive method. Two flour sacks were filled with comb and hung in the sun. The honey that dripped into the vessels beneath was clear and of a rich amber color. It was much more fragrant than any honey that we had seen before, and the five gallons that we carried were as acceptable to us as anything in the provision line that could have been purchased. Supper was over. The day's work was done. Bees and birds had alike gone to rest. The last rays of the sun were yet playing in the walnut leaves overhead as though reluctant to give the new moon a chance to show herself. As we were sitting, half-dreaming, at our tent doors, there came from the cañon the sound of a rifle shot, and then another. It was not like the boys to shoot simply to let us know that they were nearly home, and they would not waste their ammunition on small game. While we were yet wondering, Will staggered into camp under as pretty a load of game as one would want to see. Over one shoulder hung a bear cub, and over the other a deer that was yet almost smoking hot. We relieved him of the task of skinning and dressing, as well as of getting his own supper, and soon his comrade, Talton, came in, and as the two sat by the camp-fire they told the story of the day's adventures.

They had gone about two miles from camp, following up the creek, when they jumped a deer. The boys greeted it with a fusillade, but apparently it got away unhurt. The boys didn't care very much, and besides it was bear that they were after. A deer was only good to practice on for elevation. An hour more of stiff walking and the sun was beginning to beat down very hot upon them. Hughes and Hanson were in the lead, and at the same time that they were endeavoring to locate some carrion of which they had just got a sniff an old she-bear with two cubs sprang up in the very direction in which they were looking. Over a little hill and down into a cañon before the two H.'s had fairly gained their senses bruin jogged. Then the lead commenced to fly. Others of the party came up, and a great butte, a mass of caves and cliffs, was surrounded. The report was—and it has since proved true—that there were lion dens galore as well as bear dens in that rocky fortress. However, the boys tracked and scoured the region for the rest of the day and not a sight of the old bear did they catch, though they killed both of the cubs. Four of them agreed to stay out all night for a possible morning shot. Will and Talton were to come in and tell us, so that there would be no cause for anxiety in camp, and they had jumped up the deer that Will brought in, Talton waiting to get a shot at its mate.

It was the next night before all the boys came in, and they brought more venison, the other cub, two foxes and a few pigeons. Almost a week has passed, but the old she-bear cometh not to bag. Almost every morning we see her fresh tracks within a quarter of a mile of camp, and the horse wranglers get daily shots at the brown, unwieldy mass that hides among the cliffs. Even as I have been writing the report has come that she has taken refuge on a ledge from which she may be easily dislodged. Five of the boys have gone to get her, but I have lost no she-bears. I prefer just now to watch the sunlight in the walnut leaves, to listen to the creek, to smell the jasmine. When the game comes in I like to hurrah with the boys and to eat my share.

The deer that we get are much smaller than the black-tail. They dress from 50 to 60 pounds. Our cubs dressed about 40 pounds each. Have not yet seen a sign of a rabbit on this side of the line. One little pest visits us nightly. The little skunk is altogether too common for pleasure. He is smaller, slimmer and varies some in his markings from the Northern skunk. Withal he is inclined to be vicious, and will often use his teeth in preference to his natural mode of defense. The Mexicans are more afraid of him than they are of snakes or lions, claiming that a skunk bite invariably produces hydrophobia. But I doubt if there is any kind of a bite that the Mexican and Yaquis cannot cure with the herbs of this land. The Yaquis especially have a most wonderful pharmacopœia, and I believe that some day they will add greatly to our materia medica. Far from being the savages that newspapers represent the Yaquis, they are more intelligent and more honest than the average Mexican, and an American can travel among them without the least fear of molestation.

SHOSHONE.

RIO SANTA CRUZ, Sonora, Mexico, Aug. 6.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

13

Two boys—Jerry Coons and Frank Lyons—while trout fishing in Black Creek, near Coalton, Pa., found the skeleton of a man in a hollow tree at the foot of Roaring Falls. A tin box, 6 inches square, lay by the side of the skeleton, which was standing erect in the hollow trunk. The box contained \$135 in gold coin, the latest date being 1855. There was nothing in the box or anywhere about the skeleton that threw any light on the identity of the remains. The boys divided the money between them and the bones were buried in the Methodist graveyard. The old hollow oak has been known for many years. It is a gigantic one and it was known to have been hollow, but was never explored. There is no possible way of determining who it was who chose this grave or how he died.

14

A cave was found by some hunters, who accidentally discovered it while chasing a wounded wildcat near Red Bud, Ill. The cave is situated in the region known as the "Sinkholes," which is eight miles west of Red Bud. The entrance to the cave is about 7 feet in diameter, but after entering the size varies, it being 20 to 25 feet to the ceiling in some places. In the center of this cave flows a stream of clear water, which contains numerous small, eyeless fish. A number of them were caught and placed upon exhibition, but they lived only a few days.

IN my capacity of cowpath inspector, I have usually been able to recognize all the quadrupeds I met with. Just now, however, in an excursion into colonial history I have come upon the trail of some herds of uncertain breed. I have been reading extracts from the reports which the French Jesuits stationed among the Indians of central New York sent to their superiors. The "Jesuit Relations," to use their own title, are a mine of natural history as well as of ecclesiastical, political and ethnical history. Readers of Parkman's works will remember how deeply he delved among them.

These missionaries to the Five Nations were sent from lower Canada, and, excepting those going to the Mohawks, they commonly went by the St. Lawrence River, Lake Ontario and Oswego River. The journals of their voyages abound in interesting incidents and observations. Simon Lemoine with a companion went from Montreal to the Onondaga village, near the site of Syracuse, in the summer of 1654, when northern New York was an unbroken wilderness, with no white inhabitants. He repeatedly mentions encountering herds of "cows" or "cattle," as the French word is translated, and it is not quite clear what animal is meant. Perhaps some reader of FOREST AND STREAM has considered the question and is prepared to answer it.

Five days out from Montreal, and beyond all settlements, Lemoine made this entry: "July 22.—The rapids, which for a season are not navigable, compelled us to carry our luggage and canoe on our shoulders. On the opposite side I perceived a herd of cattle [wild cows, another translation words it] grazing at their ease in perfect security. Four or five hundred are sometimes seen in this region in one drove."

Having completed his errand at Onondaga and returned to Lake Ontario by the Oswego River, with an Indian escort, he notes: "Aug. 22.—Coasting quietly along the shores of this great lake, my sailors kill with a shot from a gun a large stag. My companion and I content ourselves with looking at them broiling their steaks, it being Saturday, a day of abstinence for us."

"28 and 29.—The chase stops our sailors, who are in the best possible humor, for flesh is the paradise of the man of flesh."

The Frenchman's "stag" may well enough have been a Virginia deer, and offers no puzzle. Two days later Lemoine writes: "First day of September.—I never saw so many deer, but we had no inclination to hunt. My companion killed three, as if against his will. What a pity; for we left all the venison there, reserving the hides and some of the most delicate morsels."

Evidently the game hog of to-day is the same old game hog. It is pleasing to find that in old times, as in our times, his witless slaughtering was reported with a protest.

Again the missionary meets with the questionable "cows." It is Sept. 2, and apparently back in the St. Lawrence again, that he writes: "Traveling through vast prairies, we saw in divers quarters immense herds of wild bulls and cows. Their horns resemble in some respects the antlers of the stag."

"3d and 4th.—Our game does not leave us; it seems that venison and game follow us everywhere. Drove of twenty cows plunge into the water as if to meet us. Some are killed for sake of amusement by blows of an axe."

A certain idea of amusement is always to be expected in a certain class of persons. These savages who preferred to amuse themselves with the vivisection of their prisoners had on this peaceful occasion to content themselves with knocking down cows too unsophisticated and tame to escape them. Their lineal descendant mentally and morally is the "sportsman" who hammers a swimming deer's skull with an oar in default of chance of ability to kill one legitimately.

In 1655 the Jesuit Francis le Mercier with others made the trip to Onondaga. The party ran out of provisions on the way up the St. Lawrence, found poor hunting for a time and was reduced to straits. "At this juncture," writes Mercier, "we made prize of a wild cow. The poor beast had been drowned; its flesh was already in a state of decay, but appetite being a superior cook, without salt or spices, we still found this meat not only very acceptable, but exceedingly well flavored." In short, it was "high," skyhigh perhaps, but high and appropriate to the most aristocratic palate. The missionary continues:

"On the 15th [October] God caused us to pass from destitution to abundance. Eight bears had fallen into the hands of our hunters. Immediately all our people became butchers and cooks. Nothing was seen but flesh and grease and skins. Four pots boiled continually, and when it came to the knives and teeth no one asked for bread, wine, salt or sauce. It was most excellent, without seasoning."

"On the 17th the abundance continues; our people killed thirty bears. One man killed ten for his single portion. A singular ceremony followed this great carnage, which was to drink the grease of these bears after a meal, as we drink hypocras in France. Afterward every individual rubbed himself from head to foot with this oil."

"24th.—We arrived at Lake Ontario, a very beautiful lake. Five stags were killed this evening at the entrance of the lake. The incident was sufficient to stop our party. * * * It is pleasant to witness the swimming of herds of cows from island to island. Our hunters often intercept their path as they return to firm land and place themselves at the landing places, conducting them to death at the most desirable spot."

Now what were the animals that these educated men agreed to call by a name which other educated men agreed to translate "cows"? It would hardly have been natural to apply such a name to the small common deer, and they seem to have used the word stags for these and to have distinguished them from the "wild bulls" by saying that the horns of the latter resembled the antlers of the former. The moose roamed northern New York and the females might naturally enough have been called

cows, but neither they nor the deer could have been expected in droves of hundreds. Some of the Jesuits' references suggest the buffalo, but did they ever throng these dense eastern forests? And how could their horns be said even to "resemble in some respects the antlers of the stag"?

Should we not conclude that these wilds of New York were stocked in that earlier century with the elk, now so long unknown in the East? The language of the travelers seems to fit the appearance, the gregarious habit and the comparative tameness of that animal. What is known as to their former existence in our North Woods? And as to their disappearance if they once were here?

Leaving the "cows," whatever they were, whether elk, moose, buffalo or caribou, we find in the Jesuits' reports frequent mention of more familiar denizens of the woods and waters. In the summer of 1656 a company of French went from Canada to Onondaga Lake to make a permanent settlement. The priest who reported the trip wrote that on the shoals of the Oswego River "our people took while journeying thirty-four salmon, spearing them with their swords and striking them with their oars. They are so numerous that we could strike them without difficulty."

It is well known how the salmon swarmed in these streams before their passage was blocked by dams and the forest which had shaded their spawning grounds was turned into sawdust to pollute the water. Their capture was an important industry on the Onondaga River after the settlement began.

The Indians pointed out to the Frenchmen the salt springs, which have figured so largely in the history of Syracuse, and one of the Jesuits observed that "in spring there gather around these salt fountains so great a quantity of pigeons that thousands are caught in a morning."

There were less desirable visitors also, which we recognize easily enough from the description, though the Canadians had not met them in their more northern home. "There are found here," says the "Relation," "certain serpents, unseen elsewhere, which we call serpent à sonnettes, because in creeping they make a noise like a locust or grasshopper. They bear at the end of their tails certain round scales, connected with each other in such a manner that a simple motion produces this peculiar noise, which can be heard twenty paces off. These rattles continue to make a noise after the death of the serpent, though not so great as when alive. The inhabitants of the country say that the scales are an antidote to the poison, which is very virulent. The flesh is said to be as well tasted as that of the eel, and is efficacious in fevers; the flesh is much used for food. Its body is about 3 feet long, larger than a man's wrist and marked over the back with dark and yellows spots, except the tail, which is nearly black. It has four teeth, two above and two below, long and sharp like needles. They bite like a dog and cause the venom to flow into the bite through a little black spur, which they draw out of a sac in which the poison is inclosed. The person bitten presently swells and dies after a peculiar manner. We know not whether they are attracted by the salt; but this we know, that at our residence, surrounded by springs of fresh water, we are not troubled with them."

Nor do I know whether the decline of the salt business at Syracuse is associated with the disappearance of the rattlesnakes, but to the best of my knowledge the snakes have gone with the pigeons. May the pigeons get back first.

BRISTOL HILL.

[The question asked by your correspondent is answered by another extract from the "Jesuit Relations" to which reference was made in FOREST AND STREAM two months or more ago, and which we here reprint. It was written in the autumn of 1646 by the good Father Hierosme Lallement from Quebec. He says:

"There is found here a species of deer different from the common ones of France. Our French call them 'wild cows,' but they are really deer; their branching horns have no likeness to the horns of our oxen, and their bodies are very dissimilar and of much greater height. These animals go in troops, but to assist one another during the winter they follow one after another, the first ones breaking the way for those that come after; and when the one which breaks and opens up the path is tired it places itself last in the beaten path. The deer in France do the same in crossing a river when they happen to be in a herd. According to report, these animals hardly stop in one place, continually traveling within these great forests. The Elks do the contrary. Though they walk together, they observe no order, browsing here and there, without straying far from the same shelter. This is what prompted some days ago a Savage, who wished to become sedentary, to say that the Elks were French, and that other sort of roving deer Algonquins, because the latter go to seek their living hither and thither within these great forests, and the French are stationary, tilling the earth at the place where they make their abode. Besides these deer, there are two other species—one of which is similar or which has much likeness to our deer of France, the other of which is believed to be the Onager or wild ass of the Scripture. It would be using repetitions to attempt to speak of them in this place."

Here the "wild cows" are obviously what we to-day call elk; the "Elks," what we call moose; the deer similar to those of France, the Virginia deer; while "the Onager or wild ass of the Scripture," which, Father Hierosme intimates, has been sufficiently described in the Good Book, is, of course, the caribou.]

Forest Business Problems.

DR. C. A. SCHENCK, Forester to the Biltmore Estate, Biltmore, N. C., has prepared a valuable pamphlet entitled "Some Business Problems of American Forestry." The problems "were compiled with a view to showing the American wood owners the financial character of professional forestry. The object in forestry, as in any other business, is the production of high and safe interest in capital." The problems cover a wide field. Under the conditions named one shows that a Florida longleaf pine tract of 100,000 acres is worth \$9 per acre; another that the owner of a yellow poplar tract in the Claw Hammer Valley, N. C., should dispose of all trees having a diameter of 2½ feet or more; another that it is more profitable for the owner of a spruce forest to cut down to 14-inch diameter trees only, than to 10 inches or 12 inches; another that under conservative lumbering a Minnesota white pine tract will pay 7 per cent. on the investment; and so on, with a variety of cases. The pamphlet is supplied for one dollar, by the French Broad Press, Asheville, N. C.

Cranes.

TROY, N. Y., Aug. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you state if the brown or sandhill crane (*Grus canadensis*) is the young of the white or whooping crane, (*Grus americana*)? Some of the writers make this claim, but I have never heard any one in the West make such a statement, and it does not seem reasonable, as where I shoot in North Dakota there are 500 sandhill cranes where one white crane is to be seen.

Very few white cranes are shot in the West, but I understand that there is no difficulty in getting them in Florida. There is a white crane that frequents the marshes near the Everglades that has a fine-toothed comb on one of the toes and has beautiful white feathers. Can you give me the name for this bird? C. E. W.

The brown crane (*Grus canadensis*) is not the young of the white or whooping crane (*G. americana*). The young of the last named bird is in general color white, more or less patched and overlaid with rusty. The head is completely feathered—has no bare patch on crown or cheeks. There are two species of brown crane (*G. canadensis* and *G. mexicana*), which differ chiefly in size, the first being slightly the smaller of the two. In neither of these are the cheeks normally naked, as they are in the white crane. The "white crane" of the Florida Everglades, referred to by our correspondent, is not a crane at all, but a heron (*Ardea occidentalis*), a species equaling in size or larger than the great blue heron (*A. herodias*).

Great confusion exists in the popular mind as to what is a heron and what a crane. A very large majority of people no doubt believe the two terms synonymous and apply either to almost any large wading bird. As a matter of fact, however, the similarity between cranes and herons is wholly superficial. They are different in structure and in habits, and persons accustomed to see both birds are not likely to mistake one for the other.

Setting aside the physical differences, which are those to which the naturalist would first call attention, the many obvious differences in habit will readily be detected by any one whose attention is called to them.

Those who have had an opportunity to see any of our cranes on the wing know that they fly with the neck stretched out at full length before them. As a rule they fly during the migration in large companies, and are very noisy, calling to one another at frequent intervals with loud resonant—if guttural—cries. Often they fly so high above the earth that while these cries may be heard, the birds which utter them are too far up in the sky to be seen by the human eye. Sometimes in such a case a long search of the sky may reveal a few black specks, seen for a moment, only to be lost again, which are the migrating cranes.

In western North America cranes cannot in any sense be considered birds of the marsh. Although, of course, they often alight on sandbars in the rivers and along streams, yet they are, in fact, birds of the upland, of the high prairie, feeding, marching about and dancing—for they do dance—far from wet lands.

The heron, on the other hand, will be seen to fly with the neck bent upon itself so that its head seems to rest between its shoulders and to be supported from below by this bent neck. Herons are usually—but not always—solitary in their flight, and at all events never gather in great companies during the migration, as do cranes. They breed, however, in colonies, which the cranes do not. The greatest number of great blue herons that we have ever seen together was at daylight one April morning, when twenty-eight—flying in a loose company—were seen to reach the Connecticut shore—apparently from the South—and alight there. Herons as a rule are silent birds, the night heron being perhaps the most noisy of our common species, and this only utters an occasional croak. They are distinctly birds of the marsh, delighting in wet places, from which they draw their food. Indeed, one of the physical characteristics of the herons is closely related to this life, passed in large measure where heavy grass, reeds and bulrushes grow close together. This is the extreme compressibility of the body in certain species by which the process of squeezing its way among the close-set stems is made easier, a character which reminds us not a little of the same adaptation in the rails. The cranes, on the other hand, usually have stout, robust bodies.

The herons are most closely related to the storks and ibises. There are about seventy-five species, scattered all over the world, and usually inhabiting tropical or temperate regions. Some of the forms are quite extraordinary.

All herons, except the so-called hammerhead (*Scopus*) are provided with the curious powder down tracts—"greasy, yellow spaces covered with tufts of gray or black filaments, disintegrating into bluish or whitish powder." These tracts are found on the back, breast and belly in different species. They have been stated to be phosphorescent and to give out a light which aids the bird in its nocturnal fishing!

The plumage of the herons is loose in contrast with that of the cranes, which is decidedly compact.

The true cranes are few in number by comparison with the herons, there being only about fifteen species, of which America has the three already mentioned. Their nearest relations in America are the courlans or crying birds of Florida and the rails and coots.

A Poison Ivy Poison Antidote.

CARTHAGE, O., July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time in July, 1899, Mr. Henry Talbot alluded to that bane of camp sites, poison oak or ivy. I wrote an article describing an ever ready antidote, sending a stalk of the herb known locally as "ragged milk weed"—and as I have since learned also as "China lettuce"—and asked for the botanical name. In a foot note to the published article you said that you were unable to identify it and requested a pressed leaf and if possible the flower. By this mail I send in package a full plant cut in three sections. Also upper sections of two at different stages and tops after branching and flowering. I have been unable to see a flower, but the final stage is like what follows the blooming of the dandelions. I also send some pressed leaves, and hope that you may be able

to identify it, and will give the botanical name. Used as a wash after scraping or macerating, it is the best remedy I have ever seen used, and should be generally known. E. S. WHITAKER.

The plant is the prickly lettuce (*Lactuca scariola*—LINN.).

The Plover's Southern Flight.

OLATHE, Kan., Aug. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I heard the first note of fall to-day, the clear, bubbling treble of the upland plover high in the clear sky. They have raised their broods and now by twos, threes and half-dozen separated by many yards in the air they are flying leisurely to their winter home in the South. Of all the signs of the fall, this is the earliest. They nest early. I found many of their nests in the prairie grass here when I was a boy. Four beautiful, buff-colored eggs, spotted with maroon, very pointed, always completed a set. Their eggs are as large as a prairie chicken's, but the bird does not look to be one-tenth as large in body. One would not believe the eggs belonged to the bird unless he were assured that it were so. The prairies in central Kansas are covered by these birds now. They are bursting with fat and are delicious eating. They are nearly all gone in eastern Kansas, and I kill but a half-dozen once or twice a year here now. FRANK HODGES.

Game Bag and Gun.

Duck Shooting with Fred Mather.

[It may be remembered that in the autumn of 1898 Fred Mather published in FOREST AND STREAM a note saying that he would like to make a cruise in congenial company on Long Island Sound. Our correspondent, Mr. W. H. Avis, responded, and out of the correspondence grew a duck shooting excursion, of which Mr. Avis writes pleasantly as follows:]

Somehow this note seemed to hit me. Not that I supposed it was intended for me personally, but I had often engaged in just such trips on the Sound. I penned regrets that I was unable to join him on such a cruise at that time, owing to the heavy rush for war materials, and the inability of gun workers to get time off. But I proposed a cruise just as soon as the war should end. This brought an immediate response, and opened the way for a most pleasant correspondence, which continued to just before his lamented death.

The season was too far advanced before an opportunity offered for a cruise. Then came a chance for a vacation, and duck shooting being in season, I secured the use of Mr. William Barker's cottage at Sachem's Head, Conn., and invited Major Mather to choose a companion and join me. He accepted, and invited Dr. Bashford Dean. I met them by appointment at New Haven on the arrival of an evening train from New York on Nov. 9. Through some juggling of the railroad management, the time table had been recently changed. The train which I had figured on getting in fifteen minutes or so had been taken off, and this necessitated a wait of over three hours. We visited my brother, G. E. Avis, and passed a couple of hours listening to selections on the piano, singing, and in telling yarns. Major easily led in the story telling, and he kept us in a roar with his ready wit. It a letter written Oct. 19, 1898, he had said, "I am old, but don't grumble about it, and hate the old duffers who do. I was sixty-five on Aug. 2—not as spry as a boy, yet I somehow consider myself to be one." The curtains of gloom rolled back in his presence, and jollity reigned supreme.

We landed in Guilford near midnight, and a box on wheels dignified by the name "stage" and with just seating capacity for four was awaiting our arrival. A small lamp burned in the forward end and cast dim, sickly rays, which scarcely lighted the interior. A rough, jolting ride through a night as black as Erebus landed us at our destination.

At 1 o'clock we had what the Major termed "breakfast No. 1." A look at the weather before turning in revealed a threatening aspect. The darkness was so intense you could feel it, and masses of ill defined blobs scurried across the sable dome; right out of the southwest they came. Falkner's light burned like a living coal in the chilly gloom, and the surf tolled a solemn requiem on the sands. A drop of rain gave ominous notice of foul weather for daylight. We retired at 2 o'clock.

"Though the fog be dark around us,
And the storm blow high and loud,
We will whistle down the wild wind,
And laugh beneath the cloud."

Daylight came foggy, cloudy and wet with rain. The wind roared fiercely out of the east, and whirled the mist curtains in fantastic distortion across the tumbling, white-crested, leaden seas. The surf lashed the somber, streaming rocks with sullen fury, and its steady roar intermingling with the heavy downpour on the shingles resembled the sullen boom of artillery amid the rattle of musketry. Not much of a day, indeed, for duck shooting, but "what a day for ducks!"

I had overcome the habit long ago of growling at the weather, yet I was sadly disappointed this morning. I cared little on my own account, but I did want the Doctor and the Major to get as much shooting as possible, especially on account of Dr. Dean's time being so limited. It was absolutely necessary for him to reach home on Sunday evening, as his classes needed his attention on Monday. But he and the Major seemed perfectly contented. "Harry," said the Major, "don't worry over trifles. We realize that you feel for us, and know that you never ordered this. You are exceedingly long of limb, but not lengthy enough to turn the faucet off. Let us let her sprinkle unmolested. We are satisfied, the ducks are satisfied, and after you referee one of Dean's pancakes you will be satisfied—and there you are!"

The pancakes were decidedly a revelation, and set off a substantial breakfast to perfection. After dishes were washed decoys were overhauled, guns were put in order and ammunition was got out. When all these matters were attended to the day was well advanced. Then while the Doctor and the Major took a whirl at chess I donned rubbers and went in search of a boat for the morrow.

Rain fell in torrents all day, but what cared we? It was chess; joke, song and laugh; and when we retired late in the evening it seemed as though we had never been strangers.

Morning broke in light and shadow. Fierce blustering squalls swept across the water out of the west, and it was miserably cold. Heavy cloud masses scurried over the heavens and cast swiftly moving light and shade patches over the green, white-crested surges. The shore was a line of seething breakers, and the sea was churned into foam on the off-shore rocks. Intermingled with this tumbling world of turmoil could be seen the outlines of a few close-reefed vessels and swiftly moving flocks of ducks.

After a hot hastily prepared breakfast the dishes were left to take care of themselves. Rubber boots, sweaters and overcoats were donned; then the decoys, guns and other plunder were lugged down to the boat, which rode in comparatively smooth water in a depression of the beach.

Something had been left behind, and the Doctor and I returned to the cottage for it. On our way back to the boat we saw the Major and the proprietor of the Sachem's Head House leaping and running over the rocks along the shore; they were shouting and pointing seaward. The cause of their excitement proved to be the boat adrift—decoys, guns, shells, oars and all! She rose and fell on the waves and courtesied at us in a tantalizing manner, and she drove on before the wind just about 50 feet outside the line of breakers. We had left her untied with the tide rising and the wind off shore.

The shore trended northeast, and I knew something must be done quickly. Should the boat cross the bay she might strand on Vineyard Point, which forms the east shore of the bay, but there was a possibility of her missing that point—then good-by boat, guns and all! As she wouldn't come to us I went into the breakers. It was a case of getting soaked, but it solved a vexatious problem. We bailed the boat out and the Doctor volunteered to get her out through the breakers. It took a stiff argument to keep him from tackling the job, but I was already wet, and there was no use of two of us being in that condition. After three or four attempts I managed to get her through, and the fun was ended.

How to set decoys in such a wind and sea presented another serious problem; but after a rough and tumble bout with the elements Dr. Dean and I solved it. The wind persisted in a dogged attempt to sweep us into a seething vortex, where the sea boiled over a jagged reef just north of Hump Rock, but we couldn't see it that way. After the task was finished I returned to the cottage for a change of clothing.

Ducks were not plentiful, but the few that flew shoreward liked the appearance of our decoys. They came in singles and small bunches, and "Mark south" and other directions was soon the only talk. A bunch of broadbills came out of the southwest straight for the decoys. Right heartily were they fusilladed, and two dropped to our music—one dead and the other wounded.

It took a slashing tussle with wind and wave to circumvent the cripple. Then on our way back the Major keeled over an inquisitive broadbill which swam to the decoys while we were in plain sight.

It was cold on those rocks, and the Major stood the exposure well for one of his years. Now and then he would rise from his cramped position in a cleft in the rocks, raise his arms above his head and stretch. Then he would stamp around and say, "Boys, I am stiff enough to cut up into railroad spikes!" Then he would wipe his glasses, pull his corduroy hat more firmly on his head, take a good look around and drop out of sight again. Not a murmur—not the least word of complaint ever came from him; but there was ever ready a joke on his lips.

The wind shifted to northeast, and as the tide lowered the sea lessened in the cove. The Doctor and I had managed to keep warm chasing cripples and drifting decoys, but the decoys now stopped drifting and cripples were getting scarce. By lunch time we were four broadbills and one coot ahead of the game, to say nothing of a ravenous appetite!

Ducks were scarce indeed that afternoon, our limit being an old squaw and a coot. There was enjoyment, however, in patronizing the sheltered nooks and in breathing the pure outdoors. We watched the vessels sailing through the Sound and examined the barnacles and other marine life which grew on the rocks. It was after sundown by the time the decoys were up and the boat made snug for the night.

It is generally claimed that coots and old squaws are worthless as food. This theory is decidedly erroneous. Dr. Dean took the breasts of the coots and the old squaw, boiled them in onion water for ten minutes, wiped them dry, then broiled them just enough to sear on each side. They were then cut checkerboard fashion on either side, had a lemon squeezed over them and were salted, peppered and buttered. They were then placed in the oven a short time and served hot. That was decidedly the best tasting dish I ever sampled. Perhaps it was the appetite, but we were blessed with a bountiful abundance of other food, there being on the table pancakes, potatoes, beans, raw onions (in a letter relating to the commissary the Major had said, "Onions first, last and forever"), sliced ham, bread and butter, cake, jelly, jam and apples; but the king dish was the coot and old squaws.

Supper over at last, and the guns having been thoroughly cleaned and oiled, finally came the gathering round the table, and good-natured banter on the events of the day was followed by an exceedingly well-told story of travel and adventure in Italy by Dr. Dean. Then came anecdotes and a witty recitation by the Major, who let himself loose, because, as he confessed, "I feel like a boy to-night." In one of his letters he had said: "I am not young, but like a lively companion, because I am mentally lively." We retired fairly sore from laughter over the Major's wit. It could indeed be said of him:

"Over manly strength and worth,
At thy desk of toil, or hearth,
Played the lambent light of mirth."

Saturday broke fair and mild. There was a little wind and a slight swell rolled out of the southwest. The off-shore rocks were covered, and this necessitated our set-

ting the decoys off the point again. Ducks were exceedingly scarce, especially in the cove. Few came to the decoys, and they were coots and old squaws exclusively.

The Major and I partly killed the monotony of waiting for shots by getting the Doctor's 10-gauge shells mixed with our 12-gauge ones. This caused us to have business on hand. Two coots came for the decoys, and our guns failed to work. The Doctor had a monopoly of the shooting for a while. It took half an hour to rectify our mistake.

The Doctor passed most of the time lying in the sun and reading a book. I crawled over to the Major and said, "I am sorry that ducks are so scarce. People here informed me that they were plentiful."

"The Major looked over the top of his glasses and replied, 'I have known you but a short while. I took you to be a person who counts the success of a trip by the fun and rest one gets out of it, rather than by the amount of game one shoots. I hope I have not been mistaken?'"

"I hope not, Major, but you and the Doctor have come."

"Tut, tut. Now don't worry about us at all. We are enjoying ourselves immensely. Just see Dean lying on his back over there. He is totally oblivious of the absence of ducks and is so interested in his reading that he doesn't hear us talking about him. Only see what a beautiful vermilion the sun is painting his nose. This is freedom for him and for me too. The Doctor has forgotten for the present that there are such places as colleges and lecture rooms."

We watched a flock of old squaws feeding in the dazzle of the sun just outside of Hump Rock. Presently the Major looked up and half in soliloquy said: "Yes, this is freedom, indeed; for me—this is rest. If you had read between the lines of my note to FOREST AND STREAM you might have discovered the wail of an old man who wanted to get out into the sunburn. The wail, in fact, of one who has outlived his comrades of the rod and line. Yet somehow I don't feel old. No, I feel as if I never could be old. I wanted to engage in one more campaign before I die and for two months have assisted in organizing a regiment. Then came disappointment. The Governor promised to take us and went back on his word; but let it pass. I got discouraged, tired and weak."

"Major, if I only had sand enough to go to war I think I would like to enlist in a regiment commanded by you."

The Major smiled and said: "I would like to command a regiment of sportsmen. I think they would prove good soldiers, who would take things as they come and not grumble about the weather or grub. War, you know, is the grandest game that man plays, and hunting tigers, bears and other wild animals doesn't compare with it. The game, you see, lacks arms and intelligence. I missed my vocation in not going to West Point; but in times of peace the army would be a dull place for me."

The tide was half out and the wind gone entirely when we returned to the point, after lunch. The Sound was smooth as glass and not a cloud flecked the deep indigo sky. Long Island hung an even defined mirage far down on the southern skyline, and away in the east wings of pearl seemed to float against ethereal blue. They were sails. The outermost rocks showed 3 or 4 feet above the surface and just beyond them a flock of ducks showed as large as ostriches.

The decoys were taken up and we rowed out to the rocks, where we set them again. We found some difficulty in secreting ourselves, but the slowly falling tide aided us in overcoming this.

The Doctor was absorbed in the contents of his book and appeared to be oblivious of his surroundings. Appearances are sometimes deceptive, however, and this proved to be such a case. The magic word "Mark!" caused the sportsman to overcome the student. Quickly dropping his book he grabbed the ro-bore. There was a commingling of flash, roar and smoke and a duck tumbled from somewhere out of the air and lay motionless on the water far beyond the outermost limits of the decoys. It was the most remarkable shot made on the trip and fully 80 yards away.

We stayed until the sun dipped like a burnished shield of gold into the emerald sea. Then a faint night air breathed raw and chill across the darkening waters. It came out of the corner where Falkner's eye was flashing and caused infant waves to murmur low complaints against the somber rocks. We got our decoys and left, and five ducks—old squaws and coots—lay in the bottom of the boat.

When we reached the cottage the fire was out and it was chilly. This puzzled us, for we had left a good coal fire at noon and had adjusted the drafts so it would keep. A fresh blaze was started, the kettle was filled with water, and we drew close around the stove; but it grew colder. A look revealed the fire barely blazing. "It evidently needs lubrication," said the Major, reaching for the shovel and kerosene. The flames roared and the pipe got red hot. "Just a little coaxing, you see, and there you are." In about three minutes we began to freeze again. "It is singular it doesn't burn," said the Doctor. "The wood was perfectly dry."

"We will pump oil as long as it lasts," replied the Major, and suited the action to the words. Again there was a roar and the pipe turned red. For a while we were nearly roasted; then gradually began to freeze. Once more was oil applied, but with no better success. Finally the kettle got to snapping and hissing in a way that portended an explosion. One of us lifted it from the stove and it was empty! I had filled it to the brim, and the mystery was solved. An examination revealed a large hole in the bottom, and it had been a contest between fire and water.

After supper we had company. An elderly gentleman with a red nose and high-pitched voice called. This individual developed a nervous tendency to absorb all the red-eye in camp. Between imbibitions and expectorations of tobacco juice on the front lids of the stove he imparted the information that he was a veteran of the Civil War and a church deacon. He grew sentimentally eloquent and told us of his deep love for his neighbors and about the way they persecuted him. Then came army reminiscences, and he frankly and unblushingly

owned that but for his valuable services the war would have ended differently. We admitted that the man's modesty was ghastly.

"What corps were you in?" asked the Major at the first chance.

"Fifth—noble Fifth. Experience, did you ask? Gad! You bet I've had experience. Why, why, you won't believe me, I know. Most people I talk with get jealous of what I saw, and did, too. Gad! I rode seventy-five miles!"

"Pardon me, comrade," interrupted the Major; "your narrative, I have no doubt, will prove interesting, as well as pathetic; but before you proceed I would like a little information. Tell me, was it in the Fifth Army Corps that you learned to stew rum in tobacco juice?" And he pointed at the top of the stove.

Our caller blinked and was phased. Then he tried to assume an injured air, couldn't, and finally compromised by pouring out four fingers without being asked. Then he buttoned his coat, extended a cordial invitation to himself to call at any time and drifted away in the darkness.

"Nerve counts for much in the fight for existence," said the Major, "and that duffer has plenty of it and will get through life without hurting himself. I'll bet the commissary saw more of him than the firing line did."

There was more shooting on Sunday than we had heard at any time, but not by us. After breakfast the Doctor and I voted for a walk, while the Major preferred to work on some promised manuscript.

Our walk took us to Chimney Corner, where the club house stands. To the northwest the water was alive with coots and old squaws; and there was a sprinkling of broadbills. Down in the west a long line of boats extended from shore far out into the Sound. There was a constant popping of guns, and all in open defiance of game laws.

The morning sun shone warm and touched with soft luster miles of this romantic shore line, and the island-dotted waters. Five miles to the west lay those emerald gems of the Sound, the wondrously beautiful Thimbles, with which legend has connected the pirate Kidd. On one of these islands a curious hole in the solid rock is said to have served as a punch bowl for Kidd and his crew. In another there is a harbor named after the pirate captain, and it is perfectly invisible a few yards away. The supposition is that Kidd's vessel found refuge here, as by lowering her topmasts she could be completely concealed.

Returning to the cottage, we found that the Major had made not the slightest headway with his manuscript. The deacon-veteran had paid him a visit.

Dr. Dean left us that night. We missed him very much during the rest of our stay.

We had just cleaned the dishes when the owner of the boat we were using dropped in. The conversation drifted to a discussion of game and fish laws. Like many other misguided people, our visitor argued that laws of this kind are made for the benefit of the wealthy to the disadvantage of the poor. "I would like to know," said he, "what right any man or set of men has to tell me that I can't shoot a bird whenever I want to. What right have these people to tell me when and how I shall take a fish? They didn't make the birds and fishes and they don't own them, neither." This argument was emphasized with a resounding thump on the table and a dull look of wisdom.

The Major toyed with a fork and asked: "Do the birds and fishes belong to you?"

Our visitor looked puzzled an instant, then answered: "No; but they don't belong to them, neither."

"Who are the owners, then?"

This was a poser—something our friend had not thought of before. His natural antagonism to wealth and intelligence had ever laid at their door the blame for what his contracted mind considered an injustice. He sputtered and stammered and finally said: "They belong to me as much as they do to them."

The Major tapped the table with the fork. "Yes, my man," he said, "these things belong to you just as much as to them, but no more. The game and fish belong to all of the people, and the people rule in this country. You should understand that all the people of a State have more right to tell one individual when and how he can take their fish and kill their game than one individual has to kill and take what belongs to all. Now, what right have you to kill and take the game and fish which belong to all when the established rules of all distinctly say you shall not do so? Ought you to hold special privileges over all the people?"

"That's nice soundin', but," with a look of triumph, "what right has this game got roamin' 'round on my land? And what right have these fish to swim in the water that flows through my land? What right have people got to fish and shoot on my land?"

"The fact that game roams over your land and that fish swim in the waters which happen to flow through your land gives you no right whatever to kill and take fish and game out of season. You must know that the State specifies conditions even under which you are privileged to hold and own land. Fail to pay your taxes and the government under which you live will confiscate that which it has allowed you to hold under conditions. If a man's cow or horse gets on your land, that neither establishes your ownership to the animal nor gives you the right to kill, although there are laws under which you may collect damages. The State reserves conditions under which game can roam over the land and fish live in the waters within its limits. If people trespass on your posted land that authority which tells you when and how you may take fish and game will prosecute them."

Our friend had evidently struck a hard proposition. He scratched his head and said: "Well, jest to be agreeable, we'll allow you're right. But what hurt can it do to catch fish at any time?"

"When I was a young man I saw the Western plains covered with thousands of buffalo. Do you know that at the present time there is not a herd of fifty wild buffalo on those plains? There were no laws governing the slaughter of the animals at that time. Let me tell you that wise game legislation at that time

would have preserved the buffalo and that eyes as young as yours could have feasted on just such sights as mine did. Wild pigeons used to darken the sun. They have gone with the buffalo. Game laws would have kept them with us indefinitely and they could have been hunted today. Men who believed as you do, rich and poor alike, deliberately exterminated them. As it has been with the pigeon and buffalo, so it would have been with the fish. I have been connected with State and National fish commissions and can speak with authority when I tell you I know many rivers and streams which used to swarm with fish, but which became barren through lack of judgment in fishing them at all times and in all ways and never replenishing the diminishing supply. Wise laws and scientific fishculture have reclaimed some of these waters and they are once more prolific. This has cost time, study, work and a heavy expenditure of money; and this has benefited you as well as the richest man in the United States. Now, my man, are you in favor of protecting or destroying this great work?"

"The words, 'Are you in favor of protecting or destroying this great work?' acted like an electric shock. He slapped his knee and heartily said: 'Well, I swear, I never heard such a lecture about fish and game afore. From now out you can count me in on fish and game protection. I'm mighty glad I come over to-night; it's done me a pile of good.'

When he had gone I congratulated the Major. "You are a most successful fish and game protection evangelist," I said. "I would have got mad at the start."

"Yes," he answered, "and lost your man. I never argue with such material unless I think there is a chance to convert it. It would not do to get mad, for it is just as essential in life to know how to land your man as it is to know how to land your fish. Keep cool, don't get excited, and you may land both; and there you are."

Monday broke beautiful indeed. The sun shone with summer warmth and the surface of the Sound rose and fell in measured, unwrinkled undulations. The soft sighing of the infant surf curling on the sands resembled the low, even respirations of a weary sleeper. Hump Rock's ebony head barely showed, for it was flood tide and the smooth-running sea, dipping to within a foot or two of the rock's crest, scintillated like a silver crown circling the head of some black chieftain. Imagination conjured Falkner's Island, with its lofty lighthouse, directly amidships, as a giant ocean greyhound anchored in a burnished sea. Sails dotted the water like snowy wings of living things, and flocks of ducks here and there resembled silent, gondola fleets.

Few ducks decoyed that glorious morning, but it was here, on Vineyard Point, that I suffered the mortification of discharging my gun prematurely. While ducks were scarce, yet the Major was present to observe things. "See that little old squaw out there?" said he. "There he goes, down to the bottom. Does it occur to you that the little fellow isn't doing all of that diving for fun? While we are talking he is skirmishing around on the bottom for something to eat. He may find a clam, but the chances are against him. The little chap is working—working that he may live. There are human grunTERS who whine through their existence and claim that the world owes them a living; but nature teaches that the right to exist depends on the ability to gain a living by work. The world knows and cares nothing about such presumptuous duffers, and it's a pity they were ever born." I think the Major was right.

After lunch the Major preceded me from the cottage to the boat. When I arrived at the beach he was conversing with an elderly gentleman, the driver of a grocery wagon. "There's a fine flock of ducks jest beyond the p'int," the man was saying. "I see 'em as I druv over the top of the ridge. Ef you git t'other side of the p'int you kin sneak on 'em dead easy an' kin knock over a hull lot at one shot."

"Thanks, my friend, but we neither shoot nor eat such ducks as those. That breed is juiceless, indigestible and bad for the liver."

"Good gracious! Is that so? What in thunder kind uv ducks be they, anyhow?"

The Major's face was as solemn as that of a Sphinx as he answered: "They are wooden, my friend. We set them out there this morning."

"Git 'ap, Jack! Git 'ap, I say! Dang yure lazy bones! Wooden—wooden, hey? Well, I'll be blowed!" A bend in the road hid the outfit.

It was nearly low water, so the decoys were shifted to a point off Hump Rock. A few ducks were lured and we got an occasional shot. A coot puzzled us by swimming to a rock out of range, where he waddled out of the water and began to preen himself in the sun. He seemed decidedly at home and our firing failed to disturb him. I finally started after him with the boat. "He will fly before you get in range," said the Major. I expected he would, but he did nothing of the kind, for I rowed to within 25 yards and knocked him over. The Major declared the performance very unusual. The duck was not a cripple and an examination revealed no sign of blindness.

A few ducks lay in the bottom of the boat when the keel grated on the sand after sundown. Two little girls tripped toward us. One carried a tin pail. "Please, Mister, get me a pail of water?" said she. I got the water while the Major joked with them. I have failed to mention that these little ones met us with the same request every evening. The Major hugely enjoyed chaffing and joking with them and always "wondered" if they would meet us on our way in. He evinced a deep love for children, and I mention this simply to illustrate this good feature of his personality.

Next day proved peculiar—the most peculiar day for successful duck shooting, perhaps, that could be imagined. We failed to get out until near noon, and the falling tide was not 3 feet below the crest of Hump Rock when the decoys were anchored off that spot. Not a ripple disturbed the surface—not even a noticeable swell. There was not a breath of air, and it was uncomfortably hot in the sun. The Sound resembled a limitless vat of molten metal, owing to a gauzy haze. Out of the edge of the mist curtain from all directions Soundward came ducks in singles, pairs and bunches. An incessant string swept to the decoys and we lay on top of the rock in plain sight and fusilladed to our hearts' content. It was

hard to distinguish the ducks at times in the dazzle, and after the sun had made some westering it was utterly impossible to see those which came out of the west straight down a blazing path which made the eyes ache to look into. I never saw ducks decoy so well, and our guns got too hot to hold. Under the prevailing conditions we were wretchedly off in judgment and killed but few. After firing all our ammunition we had just nine ducks—all old squaws and coots. Then the distance to the nearest decoy was measured, and it was just 45 yards. It looked not an inch over 20 yards. No wonder we missed so many.

I went after ammunition, and when I returned the tide had receded so that it was possible to get 10 yards nearer the decoys. This afforded better opportunity, too, for concealment; but as the sun neared the horizon a breeze sprang up and the ducks stopped decoying.

Next day broke chilly, with rain. So exceedingly miserable was it that we decided not to go out. As the Major had a lecture on for Friday night and would be compelled to leave next day at the latest, we voted to end the trip. Then, at 12:15 P. M., we bundled our belongings into the deacon-veteran's grocery wagon and after a three-mile drive through rain and mud we boarded the train for home. The last thing I heard the Major ask our driver ran like this: "Comrade, does it particularly benefit your horse when you squirt tobacco juice all over his gambrel joints?"

Blunt, jovial Major Fred Mather! The last I saw of him was as he wended his way to the lunch counter in the New Haven depot, after a farewell handshake. He had a wait of forty minutes for the express. He, Dr. Dean and myself had arranged for a trip through Chinatown after New Year's, and I anticipated a royal time. The Major, however, was subpoenaed as an expert witness in a trout brook case at the last moment and the Doctor and I were compelled to make the trip without him. I was sorry, for the Major missed a capital time and we missed him.

I received a number of letters from Wisconsin from him and cordial invitations to visit him. He seemed to enjoy my discomfiture over the premature discharge of my gun and usually mentioned it whenever he wrote. In one of his last letters he said: "When near Duluth, Minn., pull my latchstring, but don't shoot off your gun when a flock of bears is coming in."

His letters suddenly ceased and I wondered over it, for he was always prompt about answering. There came a ride home from the city with FOREST AND STREAM in my pocket. The horse stopped at a wayside trough to drink and I opened the paper. Two heavy black words nearly took my breath away—"Fred Mather." He would never write again, more's the pity.

Personally I had known the Major but a short while, but through his writings he had been a friend from my boyhood days. Somehow I contracted a deep liking for this man, who was old in years but not in spirit. Like wine, with years this liking will improve.

In one of my first letters to him I expressed admiration for his writings. His answer was characteristic. He said: "You have said that you read my articles in FOREST AND STREAM and that you admire them. I am glad to know this. They are what I have observed in a lifetime of fishing, and there is a heap we all have to learn. You will be disappointed when you meet the writer." "Disappointed" should have read "delighted."

I quote what appeals to me as a beautiful pen picture: "On the wall of my den hangs a pair of buffalo horns saved from the slaughter of that day. Below them are a pair of snowshoes and the sword of an officer of the line. Sometimes an old man rests his eyes upon these relics until the present is forgotten. The rushing bison with their thundering tramp and grunting snort go by in countless herds, which somehow change into battalions of armed men with glistening bayonets and ragged colors, which afterward fade into the brown of the forest and the stillness only broken by the fall of the snowshoe, until he is aroused by a soft hand on his shoulder and a soft voice by his side says: 'Haden't you better get ready for dinner? You've been asleep.'"

Perhaps the great hereafter holds as delectable a region as the beautiful Indian belief, and that the author of the beautiful pen picture above has found that place. Who knows but that an "old man" has found perpetual youth and his "comrades of the rod and line" on shaded shores by mystic waters where spirit zephyrs softly sing?

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Nebraska Prairie Chickens.

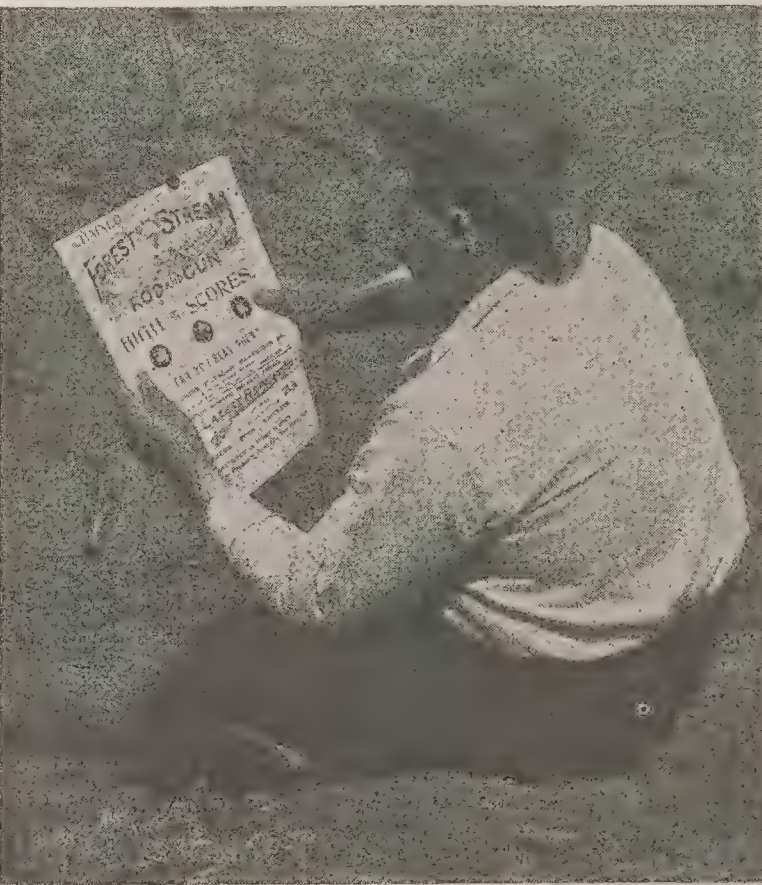
OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 20.—The lovers of sports afield are just at present having a serious time of it in this State as a result of their vigorous efforts to preserve the prairie chicken and quail from extinction. The market-hunter has made such inroads through Nebraska in the past few years that sportsmen fear that the birds will totally disappear if severe measures are not resorted to. But the market-hunter is not easy to curb, and as he has a certain sort of following in the northwestern section of the State, he is making a fight for existence that is surprising the opposition. Agents of the State Association are making arrests in different parts of the State daily, and a very vigorous campaign is being carried on to stop illegal shooting. C. H. Curtis, of Omaha, is the State agent who has charge of the prosecutions. The State Association has found systematic work necessary, as the authorities in the western counties appear to be in sympathy with the market-hunters and do nothing against them, except in a perfunctory way that is not effective. Governor Poynter last week sent an open letter to all Nebraska sheriffs, recounting the charges that prairie chickens are being slaughtered in open violation of the law and threatening to have some officials impeached if they did not enforce the law. Following this up, Mr. Curtis, making his headquarters at O'Neil, the center of the finest chicken grounds in the world, has begun to make arrests.

It is against the law to ship birds by express or freight during the closed season, but a common trick is to ship the birds in trunks and boxes under cover of merchandise, but when the game is to go to New York, Chicago or some other remote point this trick cannot be resorted to in hot weather. Mr. Curtis last week caused the arrest of a number of Northwestern trainmen at O'Neil for participating in a new trick. The market-hunters fix up

a deal with certain trainmen, and when a train runs into the town where they have brought their supplies the big box with ice is loaded on the end of a train like the news-boy's box of stock. The trainmen see to it that the box is delivered at its destination. Thus, if a game inspector suspects that birds are being shipped by express or freight from a given point, he can only watch the offices of the company, and thus the game is shipped out under his very nose without danger of detection. Since the State Association has discovered the new trick, however, thousands of chickens have been confiscated.

The market-hunter in Nebraska has been shooting chickens since June 15. At that time the chicken is not fully feathered and cannot fly very far at a time. He is not protected and thus is easily exterminated. Market-hunters who are unable to ship their stock out as fast as killed, place them in cold storage until Sept. 1. Last year 1,200 chickens were found in one house at Alliance, Neb., by the State agents and confiscated.

The market-hunters find the business very profitable. On the Omaha market a dozen young prairie chickens were worth five dollars. If they can be gotten to Chicago or St. Louis the price is just doubled, and if they can be gotten into the New York market the chicken is very nearly worth its weight in gold. The market-hunter himself gets about 40 cents each for the chickens, and his expenses are very light. Even as scarce as chickens are in Nebraska to-day, a market-hunter can get ten to fifteen daily. This means twice as much money as can be



THE ORIGINAL SHIRT WAIST MAN.

earned at any other vocation during July, August and September. By that time the fields through Nebraska have been swept so clean that it ceases to be profitable to hunt for the market. The birds have been thinned out so and so badly scattered that a hunter must cover many miles in a day to get a few birds. Ten years ago when the market-hunter began his work in Nebraska it was no trick for a man with a single gun to get a hundred chickens a day.

In 1893 the writer visited Holt county, Nebraska, with a party of Chicago sportsmen. In a single afternoon's shoot each gunner killed more than a dozen chickens. This is the center of the chicken country and the birds are plentiful there if anywhere. Two years ago I went back there with the same company of Chicago shooters. After a hard day's work seven chickens were secured, divided between six guns. This was the record. Where covies were to be found in every stubble field to the number of twenty-five in 1893, single birds were to be found last year. These were badly scared and would hurdle off into the brush a mile ahead of the dogs.

Chicago and Eastern gunners might as well stay at home this year. Two years later, if the present campaign succeeds, perhaps some sport may again be had on Nebraska's flower-studded prairies, but not now. Even the lobelia, the bright, blue prairie flower upon the seed of which the pinnated grouse feeds, seems to be disappearing from the prairie of western Nebraska as if in sympathy with the birds that once regaled themselves beneath its cooling leaves. This bright blue blossom was at one time as common to the prairies of Nebraska as the goldenrod, and wherever it was to be found near the open stubble the chickens were sure to be.

G. C. P.

Long Island Snipe.

MASSAPEQUA, L. I., Aug. 21.—It may interest some of your many readers to learn of the snipe shooting to be had in this section. The snipe are with us now, and some good bags are being made. The outlook is very good.

Mr. W. K. Benedict and friend, of New York, spent the day with the snipe yesterday, killing forty-two large ones, including plovers, yellowlegs, robins and willets, also a basketful of smaller snipe.

The guides report an unusually large quantity of meadow hens this season also.

E. M. B.

Bay Birds at Barnegat.

BARNEGAT CITY, N. J., Aug. 20.—Bay birds are flying in far greater numbers now, and out on Sea Dog Shoal they are killed by the score and the hundred daily. Samuel Hufty, City Controller of Camden, has a record of 72, 58 and 60 in three successive days, many of them bittern and willet.

FLASH.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicken Country.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 19.—From very trustworthy sources I have to-day the following information regarding good prairie chicken country in Minnesota and North Dakota: "With reference to your verbal request regarding information as to points where there is pretty fair chicken shooting, please note the following list:

"Bellingham, Halstad, Thief River Falls, Warren, Argyle, Stephen and Hallock, in Minnesota, and points on the Ellendale line, Hankinson, Rutland, Ellendale, etc., and others in North Dakota. In the vicinity of Willmar, Atwater and Litchfield on the Willmar line.

"These are a few points from which I have received good reports of the numbers of chickens. There are other localities which I have no doubt are equally as good, but these, I have reason to believe, will prove very favorable for the first two weeks of the season."

Protection in Ohio.

Hon. O. C. Brown, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Dayton, O., has issued the following call to the farmers and sportsmen of that State to join in a protective movement for the game birds:

"The present unsatisfactory and contradictory laws enacted by the last Legislature, ostensibly for the purpose of better protecting the birds, fish and game of our State, furnish ample proof that there is a great lack of accurate information as to what measures will best accomplish the purpose aimed at.

"Some of the most useful and beautiful song and insectivorous birds are not protected at all. Certain migratory game birds, useful only as food, which breed in Ohio, are lost to us entirely, by being protected so late in the season that none remain when the hunting season opens.

"In accordance, therefore, with the resolutions adopted and the instructions given me at and by the convention of fish and game protective clubs, held in the city of Columbus, February last, I hereby give notice that a meeting will be held in said city at 10 o'clock A. M., Tuesday, Sept. 4, 1900, at the Chittenden Hotel, for the purpose of organizing and forming a State Fish and Game Protective Association, and all farmers' clubs, fish and game protective associations, gun clubs, fishing clubs and all organizations having as one of their objects the protection and preservation of birds, fish and game are hereby earnestly invited to attend, to unite in and form a State organization for the object above stated.

"The State fair will be in progress from Sept. 3 to 7. Half-fare rates will doubtless prevail upon all railroads running into Columbus.

"Let us have a strong turn-out, as the importance of the subject should command the attention and support of all thoughtful men.

"By direction of the committee.

"O. C. BROWN, Chairman.

"R. T. DOBSON, Akron, O., Secretary."

Back from Alaska.

Mr. Harry Lee, well known as a big-game hunter in the West, whose successful Alaska hunts have been chronicled in the FOREST AND STREAM, called at this office to-day with Mr. Crane, of the Savage rifle, to pass the time of day. Mr. Lee is just back from a two months' trip in the West, this time to the Yellowstone National Park and other parts of the Rockies. He reports a splendid time, and Mr. Crane reports a splendid business.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Massachusetts Shore Birds.

C. A. BROWN, who is summering at Plymouth, says that the boys, mostly local gunners, are getting a good many graybacks, yellowlegs and peep of the shore side at Plymouth. He continues to have good luck bass fishing in Great East Pond in that town, taking six good ones on a trip the other day. L. J. DePass, son of L. W. DePass, a boy of only twelve years, has spent a week gunning at a camp owned by his father and another gentleman, on an island off Ipswich Bay. He has a little 16-gauge gun, and loads his own shells with two drams of powder and half an ounce of shot, or thereabouts. On the present trip he has killed eighty shore birds, the most of them game of good size, including yellowlegs and snipe. His ammunition gave out for his little gun, but the shooting was too good to leave, and he took the big 10-gauge of his father's partner and used it with good success. He said: "I had to hold her pretty solid or she would kick me over."

Aug. 20.—Two Boston gunners brought up a good bag of shore birds from the vicinity of Essex Bay and Annisquam Saturday. They disposed of their game in the market, although they would scarcely like to be termed market-hunters. They say that some good flights of graybacks, yellowlegs and other snipe have gone along. Several gunners went down to Plum Island Saturday, and several started for the vicinity of Monomoy. They say that they do not intend to shoot Sunday, for there is no Sunday down there. All the summer guests, at every point along the beaches, are sailing, playing golf, or at some other amusement, every Sunday; not the slightest difference can be noted from any other day. "Why should we not shoot?"

SPECIAL.

Game in the Indian Territory.

VELMA, I. T.—In the Indian Territory August finds us with quite an unusual supply of game. The heavy floods which last year destroyed our quail crop have missed us this year, and the result is, I believe, twice as many quail as I ever saw here before. The woods and fields are just simply teeming with them. I think I am safe in saying I could easily kill 100 in a single day within a radius of one mile. The prairies now are covered with upland plover, as they are every summer in this locality, and although there is hardly any game law here, very few quail are shot before October—it's too hot I guess for the market-hunter to keep his game, and the netter waits until the weather is cooler so he can ship his "dressed

poultry" to Kansas City or Ft. Worth. It is pointedly a breach of the law to net quail or ship them out of the Indian Territory, but they do it just the same, and I for one am going to try to prevent some of it. I am now in communication with the proper authorities, and I will let FOREST AND STREAM readers know of the developments.

Regardless of the fact that deer for some time have been a "scarce article" in this country, I learn from recent reports that further north from the Rush Creek country, on northeast even into the thickly settled Oklahoma, an abundance of deer have been seen of late. I have it from reliable authority that on Little River in the "Pot" country (Pottawatomie county, O. T.) there is quite a number of white-tailed deer which are exceedingly tame. We have here also the pinnated grouse in great abundance later in the season, and quite a number remain here through summer, nesting and rearing their young on the adjacent prairies. Altogether, considering the small number of sportsmen in this country, the prospects are flattering for a good time when the leaves begin to fall.

W.

Sea and River Fishing.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club Open Tournament.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 17.—The third open tournament of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club began to-day under rather discouraging circumstances, though this was purely on account of unfavorable weather. The skies were threatening all the morning, with showers of rain, and by 11 A. M. the downpour was so heavy and continuous as to cause the discontinuance of the work at the buoys, the judges being fairly drowned out of their position on the boat. This brought the contests late into the afternoon, when at last the rain ceased and there appeared promise of a better day to-morrow.

The grounds at Garfield North Lagoon to-day were arranged with the expectation of a pleasant time, and indeed the time was pleasant in spite of surly weather. Three tents furnished accommodations for the working force, the dining force and the guests and members. The latter had a large marquee just back of the western platform, and this was resident for the most of the attendance during the frequent squalls. Lunch was served in the open tent at about noon, during a let-up in the rain. The local arrangements were all that could be required.

There were just three communities represented in the tournament—two only besides Chicago—yet there were present without doubt the best casting talent of the country, and the display of casting was a great one. From San Francisco came Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Mansfield, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Mocker and Mrs. A. E. Lovett, all the above gentlemen members of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club, and anglers not only of reputation, but of great skill. These men to-day showed in the front rank of every competition, and are to be expected well in the front at the end of the tournament. This may be said in spite of the fact that every one of the California men is suffering with illness caused by the change of climate, and is feeling much below his personal average of fitness. Mr. Mocker is perhaps better physically than the others, as he has been in this part of the world for several days, coming on ahead of the others for a little fishing over in Berrien county, Mich. Mr. Mocker made a hard run in the dry-fly work to-day, ranking very high in delicacy, and losing out only at the hands of the accuracy department. Mr. Lovett and Mr. Mansfield took first and second in the distance and accuracy contest with the fly, and they made a very fair start in the team contest; all-round casting, in which only the bait feature was run off to-day.

The representation from Grand Rapids, Mich., could not have been better chosen. With the veteran John Waddell came Mr. Chas. B. Kelsey, Mr. Douglas Berry, Mr. Asa Stewart. The Grand Rapids men made a hard fight for first in the dry-fly, and each of them showed himself in perfect control of his implements in that trying competition. It was thought at first that Mr. Waddell had this event safe, then Mr. Kelsey veered into favorite's place, Mr. Stewart also making a good try for it. Grand Rapids does not so much run to bait-casting, and not so much was asked of her men in that line. Neither was it expected that the Coast men would care so much for this art as the Chicago boys, who have perhaps mastered this work better than any anglers in America. The end is not yet, however, in the bait work, and we may have surprises in store to-morrow.

Chicago did not want to win anything in this tournament, but yet must try her sportsmanlike best to do so, of course. To-day Chicago was first in the bait work of the team contest, and she took first in the dry-fly, second in the same event, and tied two men for third. This is a great honor for this city, for dry-fly is the past mastership of the angle, and her men met the best in the land to-day.

Valuable Prizes.

The club list of special prizes is a long and attractive one, as is shown hereinafter. Special mention should be made of the handsome trophy brought along by the San Francisco boys from their club, to be offered for the prize in distance and accuracy, both bait and fly. The diamond of this trophy is a beauty, and the enameled flies and leader loops which are let into the gold facings are samples of really artistic design and execution. It is a vast and lovely world, that of the great American West Coast, and it is in the forefront of artistic as well as material things. Fine men and fine women grow there among other fine things, and so far as Chicago can see, the main occupation on the Coast seems to be that of casting the fly.

Rules of the Competitions.

The following are the general rules governing the competitions of the tournament:

RULE I.

All persons competing for prizes shall pay an entrance fee as follows: One event, \$3; two events, \$5; three events, \$7; all events, \$10. Entries to each event close 30 minutes before contest commences.

RULE II.

The captain shall be the executive officer of the day, and shall examine and approve all tackle used in the events. The secretary-treasurer shall receive all entrance fees and issue cards to contestants, designating their number in the order of competition. The time-keeper shall start and close all events. He shall signal the judges with a flag, and call time to the contestants.

RULE III.

The contests shall be governed by two judges and a referee. In case of disagreement the referee shall decide. The decision of the referee shall be final, except as to a question of interpretation of rules. In such a case contestant shall have a right of appeal to the executive committee, provided that notice of such appeal is given to the captain before the close of such contest.

RULE IV.

All casting shall be done single-handed only.

RULE V.

Competitors may consult their own wishes in choice of reel and line, but lines must not be knotted, leaded or weighted, and bait-casting reels must be free running.

RULE VI.

The leader shall be of single gut, and shall not be less than 6 nor more than 9 feet in length. One fly only shall be used, of a



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size not smaller than No. 12 or larger than No. 6. Snell must not exceed 6 inches in length. Hooks shall be broken off at the bend. Half-ounce rubber frogs used in the bait-casting events will be furnished by the captain.

RULE VII.

No cast shall count after the judges have notified contestant that fly is missing until same is replaced.

RULE VIII.

If tackle breaks contestant shall be allowed to replace same if in the opinion of the judges it was defective.

RULE IX.

All ties shall be cast off immediately after the contest. The loser shall be entitled to the prize next in order.

RULE X.

No one except active contestants and captain shall be allowed nearer the judges or casting pier than 10 feet; and any contestant distracting the attention of the judges, time-keeper or active contestant in any manner whatever, shall forfeit all rights or claims and be barred from any future contest of the club.

RULE XI.

The general rules and usage of the club shall be used in deciding any question that may arise not covered by the rules in this programme.

First Event, Accuracy and Delicacy, Fly.

Shortly after 11 o'clock A. M. the first event was begun, that of accuracy and delicacy with the fly, sixteen entries. The sky was lowering, the wind very puffy and hard to gauge, the buoys being shifted several times in the attempt to escape its caprices. The conditions could not be called good, yet were not outside of sporting conditions. Judges were W. H. Talbot, of Nevada, Mo.; Douglas Berry, of Grand Rapids, Mich. Referee, Geo. A. Murrell, secretary of the club. The Chicago men made a fair showing in this competition, though hardly in the same class with the two Coast men, who went to their work with a confidence that seemed to show a perfect familiarity with the winning points of the game. Mr. Mansfield used a very heavy line in his work, size D, which also was apparently used by Mr. Lovett. The lines of these two casters cut straight and true across the buoys, there being only two requirements, to get the fly the right distance, and get it inside the rings. The Chicago man most nearly approaching this straight, heavy, slashing tournament gait was Harry Hascall, of Chicago, who also appeared to use the Coast form of full body work rather than the canonical wrist motion which is of such small avail in tournament casting. Mr. Bellows, a favorite for place at this game, made a fair showing only. Had it not been for Mr. Hascall the two Frisco experts would have been in a class by themselves

and several grades away from the rest of the talent. The scores of 98, 97 1-3 and 96 were the one, two, three places.

At the short buoy Mr. Mansfield lost but one point. On the second he made a little bobble, the wind coming up in a gust just then, and here he took a demerit of 4. On the third hoop he was set back 3. Mr. Lovett's work was very consistent, and he scored perfect three times at each ring, losing four points, each time one foot from perfect, certainly a very memorable exhibition of careful casting. Mr. Hascall lost his gait on the second ring, losing 2 on the first, 6 on the second, 4 on the third. Mr. Waddell lost 4 on the change to his second buoy, a bit of hard luck, as he was centering his rings admirably up to that point. Mr. Kelsey, of Grand Rapids, also cast in very good form, and his work was model in many ways, he losing points chiefly on the swing from one buoy to the next. A close heat was trotted between Capt. Letterman and Mr. Rev. C. A. Lippincott, the former 92 2-3, the latter 92 1-3. The scores:

First Event.—Fly-casting, fixed distance and accuracy, at rings 25 inches in diameter, 50, 55 and 60 feet. Rod not to exceed 8½ ounces. There shall be made five casts at each ring. One minute shall be allowed in which to extend line to 50-foot buoy. When the contestant has extended his line and is ready, he shall call "Score," and the next cast thereafter shall be counted. When five consecutive casts have been made at 50-foot ring the judges will announce "Next ring." Contestant, if he so desires, can make not to exceed five dry casts before dropping his fly at the 55-foot ring. A like procedure shall be followed between 55 and 60 foot rings. If fly falls inside of ring it shall be scored perfect; for each foot or fraction of a foot from ring a demerit of 1 shall be scored. Fly striking ring will be scored outside. The sum total of such demerits divided by 3 shall be considered the demerit per cent.; the demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the percentage. The contestants having the largest percentage shall be declared the winners.

I. D. Belasco 78 1-3; J. H. Bellows 92, L. I. Blackman 70 2-3, C. F. Brown 76 2-3, H. Greenwood 90 2-3, H. G. Hascall 96, E. R. Letterman 92 2-3, C. A. Lippincott 92 1-3, F. N. Peet 93 1-3, H. W. Perce 87 1-3, A. C. Smith 92 2-3, A. P. Stuart 85, C. B. Kelsey 89, J. Waddell 91 2-3, A. E. Lovett 98, W. D. Mansfield 97 1-3.

First prize, diamond medal, Chicago Fly-Casting Club; A. E. Lovett, Leonard rod, 8 1-2, 98 per cent.

Second prize, English fly-rod, value \$15, Montgomery Ward & Co.; leader book and two dozen leaders, value \$12, Wm. Mille & Co.; total value of second prize, \$27; W. D. Mansfield, Leonard rod, 8 1-2, 97 1-3 per cent.

Third prize, one year's subscription to the American Field, value \$4, American Field Publishing Co.; extension rod case, value \$3, Lanz, Owen & Co.; gold-plated fly-pin, value \$5, Geo. H. Burtis; total value third prize, \$12; H. G. Hascall, Devine rod, 8 1-2, 96 per cent.

Fourth prize, expert reel, value \$2, A. F. Meisselbach & Brother; one-half dozen bass flies, G. H. Burtis, value \$1.25; two dozen bass flies, value \$2, Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.; total value fourth prize \$5.25; F. N. Peet, Leonard rod, 8 1-4, 93 1-3 per cent.

Fifth prize, artificial minnows, value \$1, F. A. Pardee & Co.; four dozen flies, value \$4, Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.; total value fifth prize, \$5; A. C. Smith, Devine rod, 8 1-2, 92 2-3 per cent.

Sixth prize, two alligator bait lines, value \$2, J. L. Van Uxem; one P. S. ball bearing bait, value 50 cents, P. & S. Ballbearing Bait Co.; one revolution bait, value 50 cents, Wm. Shakespeare, Jr.; total value sixth prize, \$3; E. R. Letterman, Chubb rod, 8 1-2, 92 2-3 per cent.

Second Event, Team Contest, Bait.

Judges, Mr. Mat Benner, Mr. A. Stewart; Referee, Mr. A. C. Smith.

The bait section of the team contest was next taken up, but was discontinued for a time on account of a heavy rain, which made it impossible either to cast or to score. Three teams entered for this, one each from Chicago, Frisco and the Rapids. Messrs. Mansfield and Lovett made the Coast team, Messrs. Waddell and Kelsey the Michigan team, Messrs. Hascall and Peet the Chicago team. This was a very interesting competition and was closely watched by all present. Individually, it was hot for a time between Messrs. Hascall and Lovett, and it was thought once that Hascall was next to top man, but the figures proved his running mate, Fred Peet, to be entitled to second place. Hascall's last shot at the blue buoy was a 3, and Lovett followed with a 2, both men meeting applause, as it was then thought they were practically tied.

Mr. Mansfield does not claim to be a master of the free reel, but he showed himself a thinker and an original man in this as in his fly work. He had his reel screwed tight up, so that it ran far from free. It was his theory that this would prevent the fatal backlash, and give him better control of his bait. He did well in practice on this basis, somewhat dangerous to attempt, but in his trials in the contest he met two or three facers which set him back pretty badly. Twice he struck perfect, but once he caught a sharp stop, which landed him 50 feet away from the buoy, a distance which he could never make up.

Mr. Peet scored 3 perfects in this work, and maintained a very killing average throughout. Mr. Waddell was perfect twice, but twice he came to grief, and landed 60 feet away from the mark, which gave him a sad task to make up. Mr. Hascall was perfect 3 times, but once made the fatal "bad one," going wide 17 feet. Mr. Lovett, winner, was perfect twice, and 9 feet was his worst deviation from the buoy, a very even and regular gait indeed. Mr. Kelsey was a beginner with the bait, but pluckily held on through the somewhat annoying ordeal of the free reel. Scores:

A. E. Lovett.....	97 14-15	
W. D. Mansfield.....	86 2-3	92 3-10
H. G. Hascall.....	96 10-15	
F. N. Peet.....	97 7-15	97 1-15
John Waddell.....	85 8-15	
C. B. Kelsey.....	74 8-15	80 1-30

Third Event, Dry Fly.

Fourteen men entered for this exacting contest. Of these, Mr. Lovett was perhaps favorite, on the showing of practice during the afternoon, where he was watched closely by some of the knowing ones. He was a favorite also late into the actual competition, and in the opinion of the writer was given just a shade the worst of it, if anything, in the delicacy side of the scoring. The wind was not so fresh then, but the fresher wind is an advantage and not a disadvantage in this work, for a little ripple of water disguises a ripple by the fly. However, all this scoring must, of course, be much a matter of opinion, and the result was that given only after dividing the scores of two judges for delicacy (Mr. Babcock and Mr. Letterman), and of two for accuracy (Mr. Benner and Mr. Berry). I liked Mr. Lovett's theory of dry-fly fishing very much. His retrieve is especially good, hardly leaving a discoverable mark upon the water. Mr. Mansfield has, as usual, a different theory, and I would not call it impractical, and no doubt it would catch fish. His accuracy is, of course, very great, but his retrieve is not

line is much quicker and more impetuous, not requiring the time which is used by such casters as Kelsey, Waddell or Lippincott. The latter gentleman was favorite for this contest in many minds, and surely made a grand showing, his retrieve being especially good. Hascall also did fine work. Mr. Ainsworth is a new member of the Chicago Club, and did creditably indeed. The third of the Coast men, Mr. Mocker, was in the very first flight in the delicacy part of the contest, but fell away a bit on the accuracy. Mr. Babcock, one of the judges, scored the following demerits on his sheet, which tallied pretty closely with those given by Mr. Letterman: Lippincott, 6 off; Lovett, 8 off; Mocker, 6 off; Kelsey, 6 off; Hascall, 8 off; Dr. Brown, 20 off; Mansfield, 8 off; Peet, 12 off; Smith, 6 off; Bellows, 4 off; Perce, 32 off; Waddell, 2 off; Ainsworth, 12 off; Stewart, 28 off. Mr. Waddell's score for delicacy was the best made in the lot, only 2 points from perfect. So much for fishing rainbows in a quiet pool. Space lacks to present in full the scoring of the other judges. Totals follow:

Third Event.—Dry fly-casting for delicacy and accuracy, at rings 25 inches in diameter, 35, 40 and 45 feet. Rod not to exceed 5-4 ounces. There shall be made five casts at each ring. Contestant allowed 30 seconds to extend his line by dry fly casting to 35-foot ring. Scoring shall begin the first time fly strikes water. When contestant has made five casts judges will announce "Next buoy." Contestant must then lift his line, and in not less than one nor more than five dry casts, reach the 40-foot buoy, scoring to begin first time fly strikes the water. A like procedure shall be followed between 40 and 45 foot rings. If fly falls inside of ring it shall be scored perfect; for each foot or fraction of a foot from ring a demerit of 1 shall be scored. Fly striking ring will be scored outside. The sum total of such demerits divided by 3 shall be considered the demerit per cent.; the demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent. Each contestant, if he so desires, can make not to exceed five dry casts between each score cast. In addition, there shall be kept an account of delicacy; 100 per cent. being considered perfect. The delicacy percentage shall be determined by the two judges and referee; if necessary in this event more judges shall be appointed, each of whom shall mark the per cent. in which, in his opinion, the contestant is entitled. The sum total of such percentage as so marked, divided by 3, shall be the delicacy per cent. The delicacy per cent. and accuracy per cent. shall be added together and divided by 2, and the result shall be the percentage.

A perfect cast is: (1) Fly to fall by its own weight without a splash. (2) On first cast fly must float. (3) Leader to fall on the water with no apparent disturbance of surface. (4) Retrieve must be made without cutting the water by leader or fly. Demerits are: (1) Splash of fly, 2 to 10 off. (2) Failure to float fly on first cast, 2 off. (3) Splash by leader, 2 to 10 off. (4) Bad retrieve, 2 to 10 off. (5) If fly strikes water on first cast between buoys, 10 off. (6) Failure to retrieve on last cast, 10 off. Two or more demerit charges may be added together on each cast to obtain total demerit. Loose line on platform or coil or line in hand is not permitted in this event. Contestant may begin with fly extended from tip the length of rod. Each retrieve must be made with rod, excepting that contestant may grasp line and make partial retrieve by stripping line once only.

I. H. Bellows 97, C. E. Brown 89 1-3, H. G. Hascall 96 1-6, C. A. Lippincott 96 1-2, F. N. Peet 94 1-6, H. W. Perce 89 1-3, A. C. Smith 96 1-6, A. E. Lovett 95 1-2, E. A. Mocker 95 2-3, C. B. Kelsey 94 1-6, W. D. Mansfield 95 1-2, Douglas Stewart 91 1-2, H. H. Ainsworth 96, John Waddell 94 2-3.

First prize, diamond medal, Chicago Fly-Casting Club: I. H. Bellows, 97 per cent.

Second prize, split bamboo rod, value \$30, Von Lengerke & Antoine: C. A. Lippincott, 96 1-2 per cent.

Third prize, Martin automatic reel, engraved, value \$20, Martin Novelty Works: Divided by A. C. Smith and H. G. Hascall, 96 1-6 per cent.

Fourth prize, fly-book and three dozen flies, value \$7, Montgomery Ward & Co.; tourist repair case, value \$7, Wm. Mins & Son; total value fourth prize, \$14: H. W. Ainsworth, 96 per cent.

Fifth prize, four dozen flies, value \$4; artificial minnows, value \$1; total value fifth prize, \$5: E. A. Mocker, 95 2-3 per cent.

Sixth prize, two alligator bait lines, value \$2, J. L. Van Uxem; Divided by A. E. Lovett and W. D. Mansfield, 95 1-2 per cent.

Visitors.

There were several ladies who attended to-day, among them Mesdames Mansfield and Mocker, of San Francisco; Mesdames Bellows, Peet, Russell, Murrell, Perce, Letterman, with others.

A prominent guest was Mr. W. H. Talbot, the maker of the well-known Talbot casting reel, who was in evidence upon the grounds in person, as well as in the form of his popular product. He brought with him as a special gift to Mr. F. N. Peet, the handsomest reel the latter ever saw, a pure silver, gold-mounted, diamond-set reel with spindle running in bored agates, a handle of red agate and an exquisite ornamentation. The work on this reel is of the very finest. Mr. Talbot says he would not like to duplicate it for \$100. Three years ago he promised to make Mr. Peet a fine reel if he would win the club medal for bait-casting with a Talbot reel. This is how the promise was kept—certainly very handsomely. Members of the club very generously offered to enter a sweepstakes for it if Mr. Peet would put it up, but he had to decline.

Gear.

Mr. Mansfield used an English fly-reel and line in his work, with an American rod. Most of the bait rods are of the short, 7-foot pattern which was originated in Chicago. The long-distance fly-rods are, of course, of the clumsy, powerful, 11-foot type, more forceful than elegant of look. The display of fine angling goods is a notable one, for every man here is an expert, which means something of a crank, and each with a half-dozen outfits of the finest sort.

Looks.

Mr. Mansfield, as earlier mentioned in these columns, is a man of medium height, stocky, strong, sanguine of temperament, with sandy moustache and blue eyes. Mr. Lovett is an older man, taller, a bit gray, with powerful form. Mr. Mocker is younger than either of his companions from the Coast, in the middle weight class, and of heavy, muscular build. John Waddell is a sporting figure as he stands at good, lean, angular and active, and he turns away with a good strong walk which he got on the Pere Marquette. Mr. Kelsey is a bit lighter than Mr. Waddell, and Mr. Stewart is older, grown a bit gray in good works. Harry Hascall and his friend, Ashley Smith, of the local forces, are much alike—youthful looking, slim, dark and active. Mr. Bellows is heavy and powerful of build. Mr. Perce, the Club President, is very slender and tall. Mr. Lippincott is a spare and muscular man, who would be a hard one on a trail if trained to it. And so it goes. It is hard to pick a type for a fly-caster. The good ones come in all sorts of packages. We have the best packages here that the country can scare up to-day.

Saturday, Second Day, Aug. 18.

To-day ended the tournament, and it was a day to be remembered. The weather was awful. The fickle Chicago climate made one of its kaleidoscopic changes.

Yesterday we had rain all day. To day we had a heat—a terrible, dense, moist, sweltering heat—the worst which any of us have felt in Chicago this summer, which has been the worst summer ever known here in the opinion of many citizens. At the top of the Auditorium tower down town, where the cooler breezes from the lake had sway, the thermometer stood at 92 degrees. What it was in the hot little valley near the lagoon, surrounded by trees and houses and large buildings of the car barns, exposed to the full rays of the sun, and cut off from every breath of air, is something which must be left to guesswork, since there was no thermometer on the grounds. It was no doubt 98 or 100 degrees, probably more in the sun. This, and this alone, prevented the tournament from being a very satisfactory meet in every way. It did not stop the jollity, but it left Chicago under a deep cloud in the minds of all the visitors who have come so far to attend this meeting. It would seem unwise to chance another meet in August, though it is much a matter of chance in this climate at any date.

Californians Sick.

Under these oppressive weather conditions the San Francisco men suffered very much, Mr. Mansfield worse than any of his friends. He tried to do some work in the morning events, but by 2 o'clock collapsed under the ailment which has nearly brought him down for the past few days since leaving home. He was forced to retire from the accuracy bait contest and did not enter for the long distance fly-casting event, his own specialty, and that for which he came all the way to Chicago. He hoped to make a new record. No man could make a record here to-day with the fly. The air was dull and heavy and the best of the visitors said it was like casting against a brick wall to try to get a line out. There was not a breath of air to aid. In these trying conditions John Waddell, of Grand Rapids, failed of doing half what was his due. Mr. Mocker, of the Coast, made a nice showing with the long fly, but was not at his customary gait at all. The hardy, active, well-seasoned athlete from Frisco, A. E. Lovett, quite captured the honors at the long fly, being alone in his rank at 105 feet, though disgusted at what he called a poor showing. Mr. Lovett has made a good record here both days. He takes back to San Francisco the handsome special trophy offered by his club for best average in accuracy at bait and fly, the beautiful matchbox mentioned in the list of prizes. The Chicago boys wanted this very much, but they could not reach it.

In the long distance bait-casting (distance and accuracy combined, properly speaking), which was held on the green, nothing of interest turned up, unless it might be termed interesting to see a lot of the best bait casters in the country go all to pieces in a contest like a lot of beginners. Everybody went wild. This event has not been popular with the Chicago boys for three years and the visitors were not partial to it. Mr. Salter's win was on a better average adherence to the line, though he did no very long work with the frog. Others had a bit of hard luck here and there from a bouncing frog, which scored off from a cast otherwise much better. Nearly all kept safe in the court, but the best of the experts made fluke after fluke.

Records Broken in Bait Accuracy.

One event of to-day was worth going far to see and gave a distinguishing quality to this tournament. This was, the accuracy bait contest, which brought all the talent on hand. All the records of the country, and indeed of the world, were broken to pieces. No club record has ever approached those of to-day in open tournament. Every man seemed at his best, and for some occult reason the conditions seemed as good for bait casting as they were poor for fly-casting. Time and again the buoys were hit plump with the frog at 60, 70 and 90 feet from the score. It would have been a hardy bass that would have lingered near the marks in this contest. It was more like pistol shooting than casting. Especially gratifying was it to see that Mr. Kelsey, of Grand Rapids, who had such hard luck yesterday at bait work, to-day made one of the best scores and went ahead of some of the best men in America. So marked an improvement is as much a source of felicitation as though he had really won first, and it is not all of the game to win all the time. Mr. Kelsey's score of 97 would have been easily top score two years ago on these very grounds, and might be again at any future time, for the entire entry seemed to be outclassing themselves. Smith, Peet and Hascall, of the locals, took all the premier honors, but they put up so hot a game that there was no getting a look in. The Coast came in here after Grand Rapids, Mr. Lovett putting up 96 4-5, certainly enough to win at any ordinary gait.

Team Contest Fails.

The team contest was decided on a two-thirds basis, only two of its features being worked out, the long distance fly being discarded, since Mr. Mansfield could not cast, and his team was therefore unqualified. Grand Rapids withdrew, and Messrs. Peet and Hascall, the Chicago team, having won in the first two features—delicacy and accuracy fly and accuracy bait—were left unopposed and were declared winners.

Long Distance Fly Disappointing.

The long distance fly-casting, the event which was watched for with greatest interest by all and which brought out the best part of the crowd perhaps, was a disappointment, as above indicated. There was not a man who felt that he had done his average work in this specialty, and both workers and spectators were disappointed. Many wished to see Mr. Mansfield cast, but there is no reason to believe that he would have approached his own average records had he competed to-day. The weather was a fluke of the worst sort and the fly-casters are lucky to get off alive.

The Pacific Coast party goes on East from here tomorrow and will visit points on the Eastern seaboard in the hope of striking a decent climate. The Grand Rapids men say there is no place like home. Really, the Chicago club must apologize for the weather it put on tap. It need apologize for nothing else.

There was a big crowd out to-day, perhaps 400 per-

sons, forty or fifty of these ladies, relatives of members and visitors and all much interested in the work. These made themselves as comfortable as possible under the trees and in the tents. Even at sundown the heat had abated but little.

One very well satisfied gentleman was Mr. W. H. Talbot, the reel maker from Nevada. "I am from Missouri," said he, "and you will have to show me if any reel is better than mine. It won every prize in all the bait events, all the winners using it except Bellows, Belasco, Greenwood and Letterman. I am thinking now of moving the club to Nevada."

Team Contest, Dry Fly.

The first event of the day was the second lap of the team contest, that at dry fly, delicacy and accuracy. Air heavy, wind imperceptible. Messrs. Hascall and Peet won by a scant margin over the Coast men. Mr. Peet was perfect three times on the first buoy, lost 8 on the second and 7 on the third, his delicacy bringing him up better. Mr. Hascall lost 6 on his first buoy, 9 on No. 2 and 7 on No. 3.

Mr. Mansfield was perfect five times in all, though he lost 7 on No. 1, 6 on No. 2 and only 4 on No. 3, the furthest buoy. Mr. Lovett was perfect twice, both on No. 1, losing 3 on No. 1, 9 on No. 2 and 8 on No. 3. His delicacy saved him out.

Mr. Waddell, of the Grand Rapids team, was perfect once, and he lost on his accuracy side, falling back 6 on No. 1, 9 on No. 2, 13 on No. 3. At delicacy he was better. Mr. Kelsey improved clean through, losing 8 on No. 1, 13 on No. 2, and only 2 on No. 3. In delicacy he did well. Scores.

Chicago Team.—F. N. Peet 96 1-2, H. G. Hascall 95 1-3; total 95 11-12.

San Francisco Team.—W. D. Mansfield 95 1-6, A. E. Lovett 96; total 95 7-16.

Grand Rapids Team.—John Waddell 94 1-6, C. B. Kelsey 94 1-6; total 94 1-6.

The Chicago team having won also the contest, as reported yesterday, and the long distance fly contest being abandoned, the Chicago team was declared winner of the team contest. The Judges to-day were E. R. Letterman, Douglas Berry; referee, E. A. Mocker.

Event No. 2, Long Distance Bait.

Judges, L. F. Crosby, Geo. M. Lee; referee, E. A. Mocker. There were seventeen entries, the best of those present. They all cast like a picnic of drunken sailors, man after man retiring with a short fluke to think about. Sometimes the frog bounced, but more often it was the reel. Fred Peet was picked to win this and went out after it hard, but caught a crab at the last cast. Bellows, Hascall, Smith, Lovett—all the standbys—fell down one after the other. Mr. Salter was the most consistent performer and kept to his knitting. His average of 103½ feet, it must be remembered, is really not so good in figures as on the ground, the demerits for side cast being subtracted. The scores:

Bait-Casting for Distance and Accuracy Combined.—Casting to be on a lawn within a court 30 feet wide, with tape line extending down the center. Five casts shall be made with half-ounce rubber frog. Score is made from spot where frog rests. If frog first strikes outside of court, cast is lost. If it first strikes inside court and bounds out, cast is counted. Perfect cast is within 1 foot of tape line. For each additional foot or fraction thereof from tape line a demerit of 1 shall be scored from the distance indicated by nearest point on tape line.

G. W. Salter 103 1-12, A. E. Lovett 100 2-15, A. C. Smith 96 1-6, F. N. Peet 93 17-20, C. A. Lippincott 86 13-60, H. G. Hascall 76 17-30, I. H. Bellows 74 7-12, H. W. Perce 73 59-60, J. Waddell 72 5-6, E. R. Letterman 72 1-60, W. D. Mansfield 69 12-20, C. B. Brown 64 1-5, N. C. Heston 63 13-60, L. I. Blackman 62 9-60, C. F. Kelsey 62 37-60, D. Berry 53 14-15.

First prize, diamond medal, Chicago Fly-Casting Club: Geo. W. Salter, 103 1-12 per cent.

Second prize, Wilkinson split bamboo bait rod, value \$15, L. S. Wilkinson Co.; C. & N. ticket, value \$10, Chicago & Northwestern. R. R. Co.: A. E. Lovett, 100 2-15 per cent.

Third prize, Shakespeare reel, value \$15, Wm. Shakespeare, Jr.: A. C. Smith, 96 1-6 per cent.

Fourth prize, Bristol steel rod, value \$6.75, Horton Mfg. Co.; two Burtis baits, value \$2.50, Geo. H. Burtis; total value fourth prize, \$9.25: F. N. Peet 93 17-20.

Fifth prize, four dozen flies, value \$4, Montgomery Ward & Co.; two artificial minnows, value \$1, F. A. Pardee & Co.; total value fifth prize, \$5: C. A. Lippincott 86 13-60.

Sixth prize, Harrimac landing net, value \$2.25, A. F. Meisselbach & Brother; one Burtis bait, value \$1, Geo. H. Burtis; two artificial minnows, value \$1, F. A. Pardee & Co.; total value sixth prize, \$4.25: H. G. Hascall, 76 17-30 per cent.

Seventh prize, two alligator bait lines, value \$2, J. L. Van Uxem; one P. & S. ball bearing bait, value 50 cents, P. & S. Ball Bearing Bait Co.; one revolution bait, value 50 cents, Wm. Shakespeare, Jr.; total value seventh prize, \$3: I. H. Bellows, 74 5-12 per cent.

Third Event, Accuracy Bait

This was the big show and was worth the price of admission. Such bait-casting was never before seen in the West, and as the West is the originator and perfecter of this system it is likely its equal was never seen in all the world. It looked very easy, man after man taking the pace and swinging in close behind the nearest rival and cast after cast landing against or in and around the distant buoys. There were three rounds at the sets of five buoys, distances of 60, 70, 80, 90 and 100 feet from the score, change of distance arbitrary. Each man thus had fifteen casts and the element of chance was eliminated. It was a long and hot contest, but it was eagerly watched throughout in spite of the burning sun. At 80 feet Harry Hascall hit the buoy plump on top, the frog taking a long bounce. At 70 feet he struck against the side of the buoy support. At 100 feet he was time and again around the point, and he never had a fluke of the reel. Neither did Kelsey, of Grand Rapids, who this morning could not have cast downstairs with the windows open. At 70 feet he was against the buoy, and at 100 feet he hit it plump. After that he could not miss. Peet was never far from center at any station and held an even, killing gait all through. He struck the yellow buoy, 100 feet away, full with his frog on one cast. Smith, wiry and lean like his fishing companion Hascall, seemed also unable to miss the buoys, and his was the best exhibition of accurate bait-casting that has ever been put up in any contest, club or open. His control over the bait was marvelous. Lovett followed his own system of casting beyond and pulling down on the mark. He made pretty work, all the more remarkable from the fact that he did it with a strange rod—one of the club rods—he having broken his own this morning. Salter was doubted able to win this event also, and he did not. Waddell was in hard luck, though his 80-foot work was fine.

Perce, the resident of the club, was only 5 inches off on the 70-foot buoy. Lippincott missed the 80-foot buoy once by a scant 2 inches. Letterman did nice work also, and indeed it seemed as though everybody in it was doing good work. It was not known for some minutes after the close of the contest who was the winner, Mr. Hascall being thought first so far as the spectators could tell. It was a near enough thing to leave every man plenty of comfort. Judges, W. H. Babcock, A. Stuart; referee, Geo. M. Lee. The scores:

Fifth Event.—Accuracy bait-casting at buoys 60, 70, 80, 90 and 100 feet. Three casts shall be made at each buoy with half-ounce rubber frog. The order of buoys to be announced by the captain. All contestants to finish casting at first buoy before the next is announced by the captain, and a like procedure throughout the contest. If frog falls within 1 foot of buoy cast at, it shall be considered perfect; for each additional foot or fraction thereof that frog drops from such buoy a demerit of 1 shall be made; the sum total of such demerits, divided by 15, shall be considered the demerit per cent.; the demerit per cent, deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent. Free-running reel only allowed:

1. B. Armstrong 75 2-5, I. D. Belasco 96 11-15, L. I. Blackman 88 2-5, C. F. Brown 89 1-15, H. Greenwood 96 2-3, H. G. Hascall 98, N. C. Heston 80 2-5, E. R. Letterman 96 2-3, C. A. Lippincott 94 3-5, F. N. Peet 98 2-15, H. W. Perce 82 2-3, G. W. Salter 96 2-15, A. C. Smith 98 2-5, H. H. Ainsworth 91 14-15, A. E. Lovett 96 4-5, G. Hinterleitner 94 1-5, C. B. Kelsey 97, J. Waddell 79 8-15, D. Berry 85 13-15, H. Parker 93, I. H. Bellows 95 1-3.

First prize, diamond medal, Chicago Fly-Casting Club: A. C. Smith, 98 2-5 per cent.

Second prize, Talbot reel, value \$28, W. H. Talbot: F. N. Peet, 98 2-15 per cent.

Third prize, spiral fly-rod, value \$20, F. D. Devine Co.: H. G. Hascall, 98 per cent.

Fourth prize, Gayle reel, value \$15, Geo. W. Gayle & Son: C. B. Kelsey, 97 per cent.

Fifth prize, split bamboo fly-rod, value \$15; two dozen flies, value \$2; total value \$17; Montgomery Ward & Co.: A. E. Lovett, 96 4-5 per cent.

Sixth prize, one Lenson fly-book and four dozen assorted flies, value \$12, Wm. Mills & Son; one All Right reel, value \$1.75, A. F. Meisselbach & Brother; total value sixth prize, \$13.75: I. L. Belasco, 96 11-15 per cent.

Seventh prize, one dozen Burtis flies, value \$2; one-half dozen leaders, value \$3; Yawman & Erbe automatic reel, value \$8, Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.; total value seventh prize \$13: E. R. Letterman and H. Greenwood, 96 2-3 per cent.

Eighth prize, tapered fly-line and half-dozen leaders, value \$6.25, W. J. Cummins; two dozen flies, value \$2; total value eighth prize, \$8.25: H. Greenwood won tie on 7.

Ninth prize, Burtis baits, value \$2, Geo. H. Burtis; two artificial minnows, value \$1, F. A. Pardee & Co.; total value ninth prize, \$4: G. W. Salter 96 2-5 per cent.

Tenth prize, two alligator lines, value \$2, J. L. Van Uxem; bait, value \$1; total value tenth prize, \$3: I. D. Belasco 95 1-3 per cent.

Fourth Event, Long Distance Fly.

Only ten men qualified, Mr. Mansfield at the last moment deciding not to compete. A rather hollow victory was won by the husky and fit looking Lovett, who cast as though his future happiness depended on reaching the further shore with his fly, and who distanced all competitors, Fred Peet being nearest to him with 102 to his 105 feet.

Mr. Peet was first at the score. It was blazing hot, and he was dripping with perspiration from the hard work with the big rod. He changed rods twice and seemed to have rather hard luck in keeping control of his line sometimes. The air was heavy and dead. Mr. Peet was irregular, part of the time away from the floats, but his pluck and strength brought him in for two or three long ones, and he came in second.

Mr. Kelsey followed Mr. Peet. A fine high back cast, but he lacked driving power to the font, reaching the end of the float line rarely and weakening in the ordeal of heat and stifling air.

Dr. Brown, third at the score, made hard work of it and did not get on the floats more than once or twice.

Mr. Smith followed. He handled his back cast with a sweep that kept it high and he showed good control of his line, though tiring at the hard work.

Mr. Bellows was next and showed good form with the big tournament rod, as is his custom, but he said it seemed impossible for him to get his leader straightened out. It may have been that a slight air met the fly at that part of the course.

Mr. Mocker was next. He showed much strength and carried a nice back line. He went to the floats at once and repeatedly, showing a very good control over his line.

Mr. Hascall was next and made a good impression, though slight for such heavy work. He knows the game and was soon along the buoys, with three very nice lies and a very fair average of direction and control.

Mr. Belasco also made a good impression. Mr. Lovett says he could teach Mr. Belasco to do 115 feet in a week. He is large and strong, though yet shy in a few points of the game. His work improved under Mr. Lovett's coaching.

Mr. Waddell again played rather in hard luck, though he showed a mastery of his tools and knew the game nicely. He could not account for the folding up of his best casts and retired with a puzzled look. It may have been that the air was now freshening against the score.

Mr. Lovett was picked for winner before he had done a half dozen casts. He was not there for any other purpose, either, and was eager, indeed a bit nervous. He was on the point of asking for a change of direction in the line of the buoys, for a faint air could be plainly felt coming in now and then toward the score, though it was baffling and shift. Mr. Lovett at once went along the buoy line and clung there handsomely, his win being very decisive. The scores:

Fourth Event.—Long-distance fly-casting: No limit to rod or line. Ten minutes shall be allowed to extend fly to greatest possible distance. No time allowance for replacing fly.

Judges, E. R. Letterman, Douglas Berry; referee, E. E. Critchfield; timer, C. H. Chadwick.

1. D. Belasco 91 feet, I. H. Bellows 100 feet, C. F. Brown 80 feet, H. G. Hascall 100 feet, F. N. Peet 102 feet, A. C. Smith 93 feet, C. B. Kelsey 92 feet, E. A. Mocker 95 feet, J. Waddell 75 feet, A. E. Lovett 105 feet.

First prize, diamond medal, Chicago Fly-Casting Club: A. E. Lovett 105 feet.

Second prize, Silkyne fly-rod, value \$30, John M. Kenyon: F. N. Peet, 102 feet.

Third prize, Emeric fly-book, value \$5, Clabrough, Golcher & Co.; Mackinzie box, with one dozen leaders, value \$10, A. Carter & Co.; total value third prize, \$15: H. G. Hascall 100 feet.

Fourth prize, one dozen leaders, value \$5; two dozen flies, value \$2; total value fourth prize, \$7: I. H. Bellows 100 feet—lost on tie with Hascall.

Fifth prize, two artificial minnows, four dozen flies: E. A. Mocker 95 feet.

Sixth prize, two alligator bait lines, value \$2, I. L. Van Uxem: A. C. Smith 93 feet.

Evening Meeting.

The casting was concluded a trifle after sundown, in

heavy, murky, dead air. The handshakings of farewell soon began and the pleasant party dispersed, the greater part to assemble a little later at the Park refectory, where a little collation had been prepared by the Chicago Fly-Casting Club. Freshened up by the change of surrounding, a pleasant hour was passed by the members and visitors, speeches and presentation of prizes being the closing order of the day and of the tournament. The prizes were awarded as hereinbefore mentioned, the San Francisco special prize going to Mr. Lovett on a score of 98 at distance and accuracy with the fly and of 96 4-5 in accuracy with bait, a total of 97 2-5 per cent. Mr. Salter took the bait average on 99 89-120, receiving the Van Uxem rod. At an early hour the meeting adjourned.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Boy and a Salmon.

QUEBEC, Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Official business recently called me away for a few days below Quebec. I spent July 23 and 24 at Matane, about 200 miles below Quebec, on the south shore of the estuary of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

A little over a mile up the Matane River is a large saw mill belonging to the firm of Price Brothers, of Quebec, and at the foot of the dam of this mill begin the salmon pools belonging to the Matane Fish and Game



A POMPEIIAN WALL FRESCO.

Club, composed of a few gentlemen residing in Quebec, Ottawa and other cities. The fly-fishing having been very satisfactory this season and the people not poaching nor otherwise causing any trouble, the club rewarded them by throwing open the fishing to the villagers, who all thoroughly enjoyed it while I was there. Unfortunately, I did not bring my salmon rod with me. Had I done so I should have had capital sport.

I saw one fine salmon killed by a man who had only an ordinary bamboo pole and line, with no reel. I saw another party, who had a fine salmon rod and reel, lose three salmon running. But the strangest fish capture was by a young boy, who had a rather long common bamboo pole with a line tied at the top. He fastened a good-sized salmon fly to the line, without leader, and tried his luck for sea trout. After two or three casts he found his fly taken by a fresh-run 15-pound salmon, which, after leaping twice, made a dash and broke the line off at the top of the pole. The boy felt awfully cut up at losing his fish and his line and fly. After thinking over his misfortunes for a few moments, he decided he would take a boat, row out, and try and recover his line and fly. He soon discovered his line floating on the water, caught it and began hauling it in, when the salmon, which was still fast, showed decided resistance. The boy, fearing to lose his line again, quickly took a turn around the thwart or seat of the boat, which stopped the salmon from going any further. He then rowed ashore, towing his salmon, which was fortunately well hooked by the big fly-hook well fastened back of the tongue. Then the boy triumphantly hauled the fish ashore.

When I returned here, I told this story to some of my friends at the Garrison Club, who appeared to think I somewhat exaggerated. I therefore wrote my friend, Mr. John H. Patton, the Collector of H. M. Customs at Matane, and asked him whether what I related was really the truth and nothing but the truth. I inclose Mr. Patton's letter, giving the age and name of the boy and vouching for the truthfulness of my story, and adding another, which you are welcome to publish if you think they interest brother anglers, fish stories being just now fashionable and in order.

J. U. GREGORY.

MATANE, Aug. 13.—My Dear Mr. Gregory: I duly received yours of the 3d inst. The circumstances you

allude to respecting the boy catching a salmon with a bamboo rod and no reel is a fact. He is a son of Mr. Jos. Lavasseur, fourteen years old, and an expert fisher.

A rather singular circumstance happened, when I was present, many years ago on a salmon fishing excursion up the River Matane with the late Sir A. T. Galt and his son, John (now one of the firm of Galt & Galt, of Winnipeg). We were up in two canoes, and arriving at a salmon pool named Boncannien. We told Jack Galt to put up his trout rod to see if there were any fish in the pool while we were camp making. After fishing a short time, he called out, "I have hooked a fish." We at once joined him and witnessed as hard a fight between fisherman and fish as could be wished; it lasted over one hour, and when the fish was played out one of our boatmen waded out and took up the fish, and to his astonishment could not find the fly in the fish's mouth, but after further inspection found that the gut had made a half-hitch around the salmon's tail, and Galt had been playing him in that extraordinary position, the fly hanging about 6 inches below the tail of the fish. Yours sincerely,

JOHN H. PATTON.

Tarpon Fishing.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If you will furnish the necessary space in your columns I shall write a series of letters on "Tarpon Fishing," addressed to the readers of your paper, with the intention of starting a discussion on the subject, for the purpose of making more popular this finest of piscatorial sport and providing all necessary information for those who purpose giving it a trial.

Tarpon fishing has obtained among fishermen in general a reputation of being rather slow sport, involving a great deal of long and tedious waiting for few if any strikes. This is due to the fact that the fishing has generally been done in a wrong manner and in wrong places. It has often been told to me that certain parties have spent two or three weeks in Florida in winter, fishing every day and all day long for tarpon, with the result that they caught either none at all or only one or two fish. Such an experience as this no tarpon fisherman or even would-be tarpon fisherman need ever again anticipate, for there are times and places where the silver king bites often and fiercely, and where a man who knows how to do it can land several fine fish per day.

The series of letters that I purpose writing will be upon the following subjects:

- First—Where to go.
- Second—Tackle and outfit.
- Third—How to fish for tarpon.
- Fourth—Allied fishing.

Before commencing this task, I am going to ask each tarpon fisherman who reads your paper to contribute his quota of information to the general fund by taking a hand in the discussion of these papers, criticising whatever he may disagree with, and supplementing them wherever possible with data from his own experience or from that of others upon whose word he can rely.

The information thus amassed would prove of great interest and usefulness to anglers for the "grande écaille," consequently I would ask the privilege of collecting it later on into book form, so as to make it available for everybody.

Tarpon fishing is only in its infancy; and no matter how popular it may become it will for the following reasons never be exhausted:

- First—The supply of fish is practically unlimited.
- Second—Tarpon fishing is recreation for only the well-to-do, as the expense that it incurs is comparatively great.
- Third—This fishing involves nearly always a long journey to and fro; and
- Fourth—The fish is unsalable in the market, and only the very small ones are really fit for food.

Such being the case, no one need fear that, by making public what he knows about tarpon haunts, he will be ruining good fishing grounds and spoiling his future sport, as would be the case were one dealing with bass fishing in a small lake or district.

Before beginning my labors on the proposed series of letters I would like to obtain some encouragement from a few of your readers by having them notify me, preferably through your columns, that they will help me out on the work by taking part in the discussion.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

Megantic Club.

REPORTS from the Megantic preserve continue to note the best of fishing, with members and guests well satisfied. The latest reports say that bass fishing is good in Megantic Lake, in the vicinity of the club house. F. A. Nichols has taken a black bass of 4½ pounds there. The same reports say that partridges are really very plenty, and excellent shooting is promised as soon as the season opens.

SPECIAL.

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On Bayou Teche.

FROM the souf de wind am blowin,
In my dugout I is goin
Down de bayou to dat eddy whar
de catfish loves to hide;
Whar de gray moss am er swayin,
An de pearches dey is playin
Roun de roots of dat old cypress
down by de rivah side.

Den I baits em wid a fish worm,
An I lay I make some fish squirm;
I'll des show dem finny beauties
dat der aint no flies on me.
But ob skeeter dar's er plenty,
An Ise shore dars more dan twenty
Hundred tousand round yer. Shoo!
Dey's so thick I skase kin see.

Ob de pearches dar is many,
An dars catfish more dan any,
An Ise shore ter cotch er plenty
foh de comin ob de de night.
But long time I tries er minner
An as shore as Ise er sinner,
I done fished foh half an hour
an I didn't git er bite.

Whar dem sunfish an dem daces?
Deys done hid in fohty places.
Ise des honin for dem fishes, an
I nevah likes ter wait.
Now dat beats de berry debbil,
Dat I nevah gets er nibble
When I sees dem lazy fishes er
swimming roun de bait.

All de day de fish am risin,
An its mighty nigh surprisin,
But I specs dose fish aint hungry
an dey aint er gwine ter bite.
Some fine day dey'll be er nappin,
An er line I'll gently drap in,
When dar appetite am better an
I'll catch em des fur spite.

Now de ebenin sun am sinkin,
An Ise done er heap ob thinkin
Bout dem fishes. Specs deys done been
hooked des as like as not.
Ise done tired ob dis yer fussin,
An Ise done right smart ob cussin;
An fur me I spec old Satan will
make it mighty hot.

Dar de gators gin to beller;
An I knows fur dis ole feller
It am much safer up de bayou
endurin ob de night.
Tho Ise mighty fond ob fishin,
Yet I lacks a heap ob wishin
To be bait fur a gator, cos he
takes so big er bite.

Now de whipporwills am callin,
An de chillens am er squallin,
De ole woman's in de cabin wid
her stew pan clean and bright.
Roun de harth she goes a-singin,
Cos she thinks dat Ise er bringin
Home a mess ob peach or catfish,
but I nevah got er bite.

Now de white man when he fishes
Am de very first who wishes
For to wake up all de neighbors
wid de blowin of his hon.
If I is an ole lame nigger,
I dont cut no sich er figger.
For dar is about dis fish tale
no lies, as sho's yo bon.

BAYOU TECHE.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Zulu Fly.

A LETTER that came to me at my home while I was in Canada was written by Mr. Charles Stewart Davison acknowledging a copy of an extract from the Forest, Fish and Game Commission containing an article by Prof. E. P. Felt, the State Entomologist, on "Insects Injurious to Forest Trees." The article has three colored plates (and I will send copies to those who may desire them until my supply is exhausted), showing the insects described in different stages of development, and one of them arrested the keen eye of Mr. Davison, who writes of it as follows:

"One thing which will not come amiss to your piscatorial mind I note—i. e., Plate 2 (Fig. 16), two specimens of the maple borer moth; at rest and expanded seem to indicate a reasonable basis in nature for the "zulu," especially the small scale-wing variety of that on occasion useful lure; but equally they point (if we are to follow nature in our flies) to the desirability of a light yellow hackle tied palmerwise over the black body. I suppose Prof. Felt would be horrified to think of his accurate and excellent plates being considered, even momentarily, from the point of view of 'guides to fly-tiers.' Apologize for me to him for my audacity in so doing."

Mr. Stewart need make no apology to any one, for any person who can give a sound reason for the existence of some of our wonderfully made artificial flies is to be commended, and I am sure that Prof. Felt will be delighted that he has been discovered to be the means of accounting for the existence of the zulu as a counterpart of something in nature rather than the product of an angler's mind, who has moments of aberration, or lucid intervals, whichever way one chooses to put it, when artificial flies are to be constructed or created.

The Zulu has never been an especial favorite of mine, and I am not particularly familiar with it, but I recall the

red tag which the maple borer possesses, and that the fly has a black hackle tied palmer-fashion and wound in with either silver or gold tinsel, and it is quite possible that the creator of the Zulu had the maple borer in mind when he gave the fly to the angling world. The Reuben-Wood I considered the fancy of some angler who desired to add to the already long list of flies, until Uncle Reuben told me that he had simply copied a natural fly he saw on the water. The Lord-Baltimore I first saw as a black bass fly, and accepted it as another fancy, until the late Prof. Mayer told me he first tied the fly as a trout fly, copying an insect that he had found on the water in Maine. Observant anglers may yet find the Ethel-May, the Genevieve and the Sairy-Ann to exist in nature under some long Latin name, and thus justify their creators for building the flies, even if they never can be justified for their selection of names.

Salmon River.

Since writing the last batch of "Angling Notes" I have visited Salmon River, N. Y.; in fact, only returned from there this evening. The State having made an appropriation for building fishways in the stream, I went to see the conditions which existed and find what necessity there was for fishways. Last year at least fifty to seventy-five salmon appeared in the river at the lowermost dam on the stream in the village of Pulaski and attempted to jump the dam, which has a long apron below it. The fish were unable to scale the dam, as at every jump they fell on the apron. There are four dams on the stream between the lake and Salmon Falls, all within a distance of a mile, and not one of them would stop a salmon for one minute if there was a sufficient amount of water running over them at the time the fish appear, but the fish came into the river the last of August, and the dams at that time were dry. So much of the water is used for power purposes and diverted through races to mills that I found all the dams absolutely dry. The lowermost dam—four miles from the lake—is the only one having an apron, and it is also the highest, being — feet. This dam is very old, except at one end, where a log sluice has been constructed with an apron 26 feet long, and is to be rebuilt. The next dam was being rebuilt while I was there. The entire bed of the stream is rock and gravel, and contains no fish other than trout above the lowermost dam. The gentlemen I met at Pulaski are of the opinion that a considerable number of salmon were taken by questionable means last year. Above the uppermost dam there is an abundance of water, and if the salmon can be helped over the dams, and before and after escape the poachers, they will find spawning ground, as they did when the river teemed with this fish early in the century. The salmon have reappeared in the river as the result of plants made in the stream by the United States Fish Commission, and I have no doubt that after the fishways are built—as they will be as soon as possible—Mr. Costello, the member from Oswego county, will introduce a bill for their protection until they can have a chance to re-establish themselves in Salmon River. It would be interesting to know the season of the year salmon formerly entered the river, as August seems late, even considering the distance the fish have to travel from the sea to reach it, when it is considered that they enter the St. Lawrence in May. Possibly there are those who can throw light on this subject.

Brook Trout from the Sea.

Every salmon fisherman is, I presume, more or less annoyed by trout taking the fly when casting for salmon. I think that trout under these circumstances have been characterized by one writer as "vermin." The salmon fisherman makes no effort to hook the trout that rise to his salmon fly, but often they will hook themselves, and they then have to be taken in and removed from the hook. This year I was troubled less with trout taking the salmon fly than in former years; but one day the conversation at luncheon turned to the subject of sea trout fishing late in the season, and in the afternoon the canoe men said that the run of trout from the sea was just beginning in the Ristigouche, and that all the trout went down to salt water and came into the river again when the smelts ran up from the ocean to spawn, as they followed the smelts and fed upon them. I had caught trout that were very silvery, showing that they certainly had been in salt water to acquire the prefix "sea" to the common name "trout," but I had also caught trout that showed no signs of having been to salt water. Every evening when returning to the house from up or down river the shore opposite the farms would show a number of children and older folk fishing from the bank for trout, and one evening I left the canoe and walked the last half mile and examined a number of strings of trout caught by the children. Some of the fish were unmistakably sea-run trout, but each string had fish that had not been to sea to acquire the silvery coating which is an indication of this journey, and from what the settlers told me the trout had not been up from the sea long enough to lose the sea livery, I noticing that all the small trout, which I should call yearlings, had not a suspicion of coloring to indicate the influence of sea water and food, and that many of the two-year-old fish (I am assuming their age from comparing them with trout in confinement in hatchery ponds) also lacked the silver over the spots. So I was led to believe that yearling trout do not go to sea, and that all two-year-old trout do not remain in fresh water all the year. In fact, I did not see any trout that I thought had been regularly to sea. They had been down probably to the tidal portion of the river in brackish water, and the run of larger trout, which comes later in the season, may be fish that are regular old salts; but I am satisfied in my own mind that it is a mistake to say that all trout in the Ristigouche go to sea, for I cannot believe that any of them go until they are of a size that I would call two years old.

New York Fish Commission and Yearling Trout.

Ever since the creation of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of New York, in 1895, when the rearing of fingerling and yearling trout was inaugurated in the public hatcheries of the State, the output of fish of these sizes has steadily increased, and the demand for them has increased far beyond the means of the Commission to supply. The fingerling trout are sent out in the fall, as a rule, when they are from six to eight months old, and the yearlings are sent out to be planted when they are from

twelve to fourteen months old. Trout will spawn the second fall after they are hatched, and though they are about eighteen months old they are still generally called yearlings. Last year the Commission introduced a bill in the Legislature which provided that it should have power to close streams that they were planting to restock them for a term not to exceed five years. The Commissioners of other States have this power granted them by their Legislatures. With this power the Commission could rear trout until they were twelve months old and then close a stream for a year and plant the yearling in it. Before the trout could be taken legally they would have had an opportunity to spawn in the stream once at least, for closing a stream is to prohibit all fishing in it. When the bill I refer to finally passed and became a law it provided that the Commission could close streams that it was trying to restock, only when requested so to do by a majority of the town board in which the stream was situated. One solitary town board has made such a request. This law left the Commission as powerless as it was before, and as the law now stands the Commission may plant a lot of yearling trout in a stream and the planting will occur about the time that the trout fishing season legally opens. The yearlings planted by the State are from 5 to 9 inches long, nearly all over the legal limit of 6 inches, and the hatchery men may put the fish in the stream one week and the next day or the next week the fishermen may catch them all practically, and the stream is no better off in the way of permanent restocking than it was before, and the only result is the turning in a lot of yearling liver-fed trout that the State has reared at considerable expense to furnish very poor sport and worse food for a lot of men and boys who will not look forward beyond the ends of their respective noses, but will clamor for more yearlings to be treated in a like manner. At the August meeting of the Commission the State Fish Culturist recommended to the Commission that no more yearlings be reared by the State until the Commission had power to reap the benefits to be derived from rearing yearlings by closing the streams in which they may be planted until they have had an opportunity to spawn at least once. By this arrangement the State will save the expense of feeding the fish through the winter, from six or eight months of age up to twelve or fourteen months of age. The Commission very promptly adopted the recommendation, and the days of yearling planting in New York are over until the end aimed at in rearing yearlings can be accomplished legally.

Last spring I caused to be planted in a brook near where I live 500 yearling trout, and I did it against my judgment, but at the request of my physician and others who are earnestly interested in restocking a splendid natural trout stream that had been overfished. Every possible means was taken to keep the planting of the stream a secret. The wagon with the fish drove to one stream and the men made a pretense of planting the trout and then they were taken elsewhere and put in the water. While it was of necessity known that the trout were planted somewhere, it was believed with good reason that the precise stream was not known. I wrote a letter to the local papers saying that the fish had been planted in streams in the vicinity, and if the fish were not caught this season they would spawn in the autumn and do much to repopulate the brook with trout. Furthermore, the fish were liver-fed and not the best of food until they had fed on the natural food of the streams.

I might as well have addressed myself to the north wind, for one young man caught some trout 7 to 9 inches long most unexpectedly (thirty or forty fish), and he informed other young men of same caliber that he had discovered where the fish were planted, and they set to work to catch all that they could of them, and from what I can learn I think they have succeeded. The first young man boasted that no cock-and-bull story about being poisoned with liver-fed trout would frighten him, and he would take what he could, liver-fed or otherwise.

A former Fish Commissioner planted some yearling trout near his home, and the next year he was asked if he desired another lot of yearlings, and he said, "No," very emphatically, and then explained that when the first plant was made fishermen followed the wagon containing the trout from the car to the streams and began fishing before the men who did the planting had left the stream.

Streams can be restocked if the fish are given a chance to live for a year in it before they are killed, but it is useless to try and stock a stream if the stock fish are taken out within a month after they are planted. If the lawmakers give the Fisheries Commission power to throw safeguards around the fish they plant I presume the Commission will resume the planting of yearling trout. The men composing the Commission are presumably selected for the office because of their fitness for this special work, and it is fair to suppose that as they make this their business they are better fitted to judge of the needs required to make fish planting successful than any town board in the State, and then too they are not influenced by local influence. They desire to be known by their work and take pride in it that it shall be successful, and it is pretty safe to trust them with the details that will make it successful, for if it were not so they would not in all probability have been appointed to fill the office. A man who devotes his time and his thoughts to the work of a forest, fish and game commission may not know how to tune a piano or on which side to milk a cow, but the chances are that he will know more about forest, fish and game than a justice of the peace or a town clerk who has never been called to exercise his judgment in these matters.

A. N. CHENEY.

"Fishes of North and Middle America."

We have received from the National Museum Part IV. of "Bulletin No. 47, the Fishes of North and Middle America," by Dr. David Starr Jordan and Dr. Barton Warren Evermann. This fourth and concluding volume contains numerous addenda to the text of the first three parts, and illustrates more than 950 of the fishes included in the work. This descriptive catalogue is a monument of industry and erudition. The Systematic Arrangement as given in this last volume shows that "the fish fauna of North and Middle America, as now understood by the present authors, embraces 3 classes, 30 orders, 225 families, 1,113 genera, 325 subgenera, 3,263 species and 135 subspecies."

Barnegat Fishing.

BARNEGAT CITY, N. J., Aug. 20.—When the bluefish are about, few sportsmen spend much time on any other kind of fishing. There is an exhilaration about hauling in bluefish from a fast moving boat, with the swirl and break of the waters on the shoals all about you in the narrow inlet, the dart and plunge of the gamy fish, the roll of the yacht, the salt spray in your nostrils, even the pair of fingers torn and cut by the friction of the swift-moving, stout squid line, that captures alike the novice and the old-time sportsman.

For a fortnight past the blues have been in the inlet occasionally, and for the past few days all the time. It is a sight to be remembered to see twenty or thirty yachts sailing about the bar, their white sails gleaming in the bright sun one moment, and purple or orange in the shade as they go about on the other tack. While they have not caught bluefish in such large numbers as often happens, still nearly every yacht has gotten its share. Captain Joel Ridgway, for many years keeper of the Life-Saving Station here, but who was retired by a grateful Government last year because of advancing years, has been showing that he is still good for something when he has salt water under him, by sailing fishing parties this summer. On Friday he had out Mr. W. C. Mackie, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, and they made a catch of forty-five bluefish. Some of these were as heavy as 7 pounds. On Saturday and Sunday the catches ran smaller in numbers, but were well distributed among the various boats.

Kingfish, or barb, which many sportsmen consider one of the gamiest of inlet fish, have been biting finely of late. Mr. E. G. Chandlee, of Philadelphia, was out Saturday with Capt. Al Sprague, who seems to have an instinctive knowledge of where fish should be found, and returned with forty-eight barb. Ex-Senator John Taylor has also been here from Trenton, trying the barb, and has been very successful in attempts.

The catch which excited the most comment on Sunday was of four big black drum, caught by Dr. Walhauser, of Newark, who was out in the yacht Olive, Captain Henry Brown, of Forked River. These big fish were brought in to the dock and were admired by everybody. Two of them weighed from 50 to 60 pounds each; the other two were 20-pounders. The fishermen had caught a few bluefish, but had anchored and were chumming for sea bass and porgies, when the drum happened along. There were more in the school, but it isn't every one who can land a 50-pound drum, and so some of them escaped.

Sheepshead are always one of the most desired of all fish by the anglers, who boast as much over a 12-pound weakfish as they would over one of those 50-pound drum. Messrs. G. W. Savage, of New York, and V. H. Skirm, of Trenton, have been among the most successful sheepshead fishermen this week. Their catches ran up to 10 and 8 pounds to a fish.

Mr. T. W. Synnott, of Glassboro, N. J., has been having fine sport fishing, and so has General Superintendent Frank Sheppard, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who has had his sail and power yacht Sculpin.

REVOLVER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Western Salmon Fishers.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 19.—Mr. W. B. Merston and friends, of Saginaw, Mich., are back from his salmon water on the Cascapedia. The party was made up of Mr. and Mrs. Merston, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Morley and Mrs. Jack Morley, with a boy or so, nine of the party in all. They had a fine time, and though late for the salmon, were lucky enough to get some anyhow. Mr. Geo. Morley killed three, his best one of 31 pounds, and his first salmon. Mrs. Harvey killed one of 29 pounds, and Mr. Merston one of 23 pounds, which, added to his fine take on his earlier trip, surely gives him a nice season to remember. Of trout, Mr. Harvey took one of 4½ pounds, one of 3¾ pounds. Others were taken of 2¾ pounds, etc. The trip was most delightful for all, and the ladies return exceedingly well pleased with the experience.

On the York.

Rev. C. A. Lippincott, of this city, is one of our best known fly-fishers, and his name figures prominently in the annals of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club. Mr. Lippincott is lately back from a most pleasant visit on the York River, of Quebec, where he fished three weeks as the guest of Mr. Reid Murdock, of Chicago, who controls that entire river. Mr. Murdock has been on this stream for twenty years or so, and has bought thirty miles outright and leased the balance of the fishing waters, so that he has a grand property, with three lodges and several guardians. Mr. Lippincott had never before killed a salmon, and his luck was most gratifying. He killed twenty fish in all, his heaviest 30 pounds, and on the day he got this biggest fish he also had fish of 26, 20, 11 and 10 pounds. His average for the stay was 16 7-9 pounds. A salmon of 37 pounds is the record on the York, where the fish ordinarily do not reach the great weights. The experience was one which deeply delighted Mr. Lippincott, and he speaks in greatest admiration of that region.

From the Rockies.

Mr. Leonard Goodwin, of this city, has returned from his angling trip in the Rockies. Most of his fishing was done near St. Anthony's Falls, Idaho. He had grand sport, and is in love with the Rockies. Fish (mountain trout) of 3 pounds they had in abundance, and Mr. Goodwin says he could ask no better sport.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Big Bass in Brome Lake.

SUTTON JUNCTION, P. Q.—Among the many beautiful lakes for which the Province of Quebec is noted, Brome may be mentioned as one of the best known and most centrally located. It is situated sixty miles from Montreal and forty miles from Sherbrooke; and extending as

it does from Knowlton to Foster, it taps the branch and main lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The former crosses an arm of the lake about two miles out from Knowlton, thus rendering Wah Wah's dream of "Bass Fishing from the Car Window" a practical possibility, as the railway bridge is one of the best known locations for pickerel and powt, with an occasional bass.

In Brome Lake fishing is always good, but this year it is better, probably due to better protection during the spawning season. The citizens of Knowlton, alive to the interests of their town, subscribed liberally toward the maintenance of special wardens during the months of April and May. In the early part of the season many fine strings of pickerel were taken, but the month of August has been a record breaker for large bass, one man taking thirteen, which weighed 60 pounds, and a few days later he again landed twenty, ten of which tipped the beam at 50 pounds after they were taken ashore. Another party landed 100 pounds in a day, and still another captured an 8-pounder, which, I believe, is the record for the lake. Such sport as this is hard to find, and the man who could not appreciate it would be content with little short of pie three times per day and ice cream Sundays.

A. W. WESTOVER.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1900, Saturday, contest No. 11, held at Stow Lake, Aug. 11. Wind, light west; weather, windy:

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Del. %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
Battu 87	93.8	91	80.6
Brotherton ... 116	86.4	91	82.2
Brooks 105	73	86.8	78.4
Edwards 100	84.4	80.4	83.1
Hiller 83	84.8	77.8	70.11
Muller 103	95	78	77.4
Reed 106	92.8	86.8	80
Young 98.6	93.4	94	83.8

Judges, Battu and Young; Referee, Muller; Clerk, Smyth.

Medal contests, series 1900, Sunday, contest No. 11, held at Stow Lake, Aug. 12. Wind, light west; weather, foggy:

Battu 95	85.8	90	70.10	80.5
Brotherton ... 120	84.4	91.4	80.10	86.1
Brooks 92	85.4	84	68	76.4
Everett 105				
Daverkosen ... 114	82.8	90.8	73.4	82
Foulks 90	85	79.4	73.4	76.2
Hiller 74	77	70.10	73.11	
Muller 100	89	86.4	81.8	84
Young 96	88.4	88	77.6	82.9
Reed 105	95	86.4	75	80.8

Judges, Foulks and Everett; Referee, Battu; Clerk, Smyth.

Lake Auburn.

BOSTON, Aug. 18.—Salmon fishing at Lake Auburn, Me., has held out well into the hot weather. It has not been particularly brilliant at any time this year, only an occasional fish being taken. But the catch has been sufficient to keep up the interest, with a great many boats out. Last week Dr. Jenkins, of Philadelphia, caught a salmon of over 4 pounds, and a few days before a citizen of Auburn got one of 6-pounds. Now the alarm begins to be spread that the waters of that lake are being contaminated by fishing, and particularly by the fact that a number of summer cottages are located along its shores. Both Lewiston and Auburn draw their water supply from Lake Auburn. Prominent citizens have come out in newspaper articles claiming that the drinking water of the two cities should not thus be polluted. They would ask that all fishing be stopped, and that all the cottages be torn down. Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley has been called upon for his opinion. He ridicules the idea of contamination by what fishing there is done on the lake, and by the few cottages along the shores. He regrets that the fishing has held out so well. He would have preferred it to have stopped short off at about the same time as on other seasons; so late and successful fishing draws hard on the supply.

SPECIAL.

The Black Bass Record.

THE record weights for black bass so far as known to us are as follows:

Small-Mouth, 10 Pounds.

This fish was caught in Round Lake, Warren county, New York. It was weighed and the weight vouched for by Mr. A. N. Cheney.

Small-Mouth, 11¼ Pounds.

Another fish, caught in Glen Lake, Warren county, N. Y., was reported to have weighed 11¼ pounds; and Mr. Cheney believes the record to have been authentic.

Large-Mouth, 23½ Pounds.

Caught in Florida and recorded in FOREST AND STREAM. The head is preserved in this office.

The Salmon Rivers.

BOSTON, Aug. 18.—The salmon fishermen are returning, and the general report is that the catch has not been as good as usual. The Ristigouche fishermen are not generally well satisfied, so far as heard from, while fishing in the Tobique has not been satisfactory. Dr. John Bryant, the well-known yachtsman, has returned with his boys from the Tobique. He found the fishing very poor. Still, there are some exceptions to the reports of poor luck. Mr. D. H. Blanchard has returned from his river, the Southeast Branch of the St. Marguerite, and had good sport. He took about thirty salmon, some of them up to over 30 pounds. Mr. Walter M. Brackett, the salmon painter, has returned from the same river. Mr. Brackett's portion of the river is a little further down, or below Mr. Blanchard's. He has taken a salmon of 41 pounds, a very fine fish, with several others. On the other hand, Mr. Blanchard's partner in the salmon river, a Philadelphia gentleman, fished the pools of their river before Mr. Blanchard got there, with the result of scarcely a salmon.

SPECIAL.

The Salt Water League.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen was held at Wall's Hotel, in this city, on Monday evening, Aug. 20, President Theodore Biedinger presiding. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer showed a flourishing condition of affairs in the League, and much enthusiasm was manifested by the members present.

President Biedinger announced that an agreement had been reached with the Hudson River Netters' Organization whereby the latter will co-operate with the League in its efforts to have a law enacted obliging the netters to raise their nets three days of each week, and thus give the fish a chance to go up the river. The League introduced a measure at the last session of the Legislature to this effect, but it was vigorously opposed by the Netters' Organization, and was defeated. The information that the netters are now supporting the League in its efforts to pass the bill is very encouraging.

The League will also introduce a measure at the next session of the Legislature prohibiting the menhaden fishermen from netting within five miles of the shore. Senator Depew, one of the directors of the American Fisheries Company, who operate the menhaden nets, has promised to support the bill.

Mr. F. Felger, of Newark, N. J., informed the members that he has organized an association to aid the League in its fight by having laws enacted to protect the Jersey shore from netters. This association already has a membership of seventy-five.

A letter was read from Col. Milliken, of the Board of Directors of the League, to the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, requesting that, inasmuch as the League has done more to protect the salt water fish than any other organization, it be consulted in the matter of appointments of game wardens. The reply of the Commission was that the protectors appointed by the old Commission are protected by the Civil Service law and cannot be removed without cause. As there are no charges against these protectors, there are now no appointments to be made, but the request of the League would be placed on file and receive proper consideration.

Mr. L. H. Johnson, of Asbury Park, N. J., spoke of the conditions confronting the fishermen of the Jersey shore. He recounted some of his experiences in the good old days before the shore was lined with nets. When 10-pound bluefish caught on hook and line were not scarce, and when one could get a good catch of weakfish in places where there are now none to be had. Mr. Johnson attributes the change in affairs to the net fishing. Formerly, he said, one could see hundreds of pounds of menhaden on the shore, whence they had been driven by the bluefish, which came in close to the shore. Now these menhaden are caught in nets 1,800 feet long, and there being nothing for the bluefish to feed on, they no longer come within reach of the surf fishermen. At Seabright there are two nets each about half a mile long, and every morning from four to six tons of fish are taken from the nets. These fish bring two cents per pound in the New York market. In answer to the contention of the netters that the League is attempting to deprive honest men of a means of earning a living, Mr. Johnson said that before netting was carried on to its present extent the Jersey coast was alive with small boat fishermen, fishing with hook and line for the market. These men greatly outnumbered the netters of to-day, but they have been driven out of business by the advent of the nets, and have been obliged to seek other means of employment. Mr. Johnson advises the use of the sea clam for bait for striped bass in preference to the shedder crab and blood worm so commonly used.

President Biedinger said that enormous loads of fish are sent each day to Barren Island to be converted into fertilizer. Many cases of good fish, packed in ice, just as they were received from the Jersey coast, are sent down each day, because the marketmen cannot get their prices for them from the peddlers. It is this wanton waste of fish that the League is working so hard to prevent.

The next meeting of the League will be held at Wall's Hotel, 160 West Thirty-first street, New York, on Monday, Sept. 17.

Tarpon and Remora in Rhode Island Waters.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 11.—Editor Forest and Stream: If for nothing else, Narragansett Pier will become noted this season for the capture of fish rare in these waters. The latest acquisition is a remora or sea sucker, whose home is in the waters of the China Sea and the east coast of Africa. The specimen was caught on Tuesday evening off Billington's dock by Frank Chase and Fred Whitford. This inhabitant of far-away waters is of peculiar formation, with a body similar to that of an eel, while one side of the head is round and the other flat. The one caught is only 14 inches in length. Another tarpon has also been secured in the same trap in which the first one was caught at the Pier some two weeks ago. The last specimen is almost identical in size with the first fish caught, being about 5 feet in length and weighing some 55 pounds.

Large catches of squiteague continue to be reported from all parts of Narragansett Bay, though the individual fish are somewhat smaller than those of last season.

W. H. M.
[There is one remora (*Remora remora*) which is found in Atlantic waters north to the latitude of New York; and another (*R. brachyptera*) which extends to Cape Cod.]

A Big Brook Trout.

ELLENVILLE, N. Y.—A brook trout caught by Dewitt Low in feeder of the Lackawack Stream, near here, weighed 6¼ pounds, and measured 26 inches. R. L. C.

Wisconsin Fishing.

Good reports of muscallonge fishing come from Rhineland and Manitowish, Wis., with pike and bass for variety.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 21.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Third annual field trials of the Iowa Field Trials Association. M. Bruce, Sec'y, Des Moines, Ia.
 Aug. 28.—Sioux Falls, S. D.—Inaugural field trials of the South Dakota Field Trials Association. Olav Haugtro, Sec'y, Sioux Falls, S. D.
 Sept. 3-4.—La Salle, Manitoba, Can.—Western Canada Kennel Club's annual field trials. A. Lake, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
 Sept. 6-7.—Brandon, Manitoba, Can.—Third annual field trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. J. Elliott, Sec'y.
 Sept. 11.—Carmen, Manitoba, Can.—Fourteenth annual field trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.
 Oct. 30.—Seneca, O.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's sixth annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
 Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.
 Nov. 7-8.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
 Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
 Nov. 20.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.
 Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.
 Nov. 20.—Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
 Nov. 22.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. Barret Gibson, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
 Nov. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
 Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Mad Fits and Other Fits.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is humorous to notice the positiveness of some people and the credulity of others who observe their positiveness. Let them say a mad dog was killed and the fact is settled. They know all about the disease and can diagnose without a possibility of error.

But I leave these wisecracks to speak of several cases of fits that came under my notice. I had a pointer that had been poisoned with strychnine, but which, by the timely use of laudanum and tannin, recovered. After that he would occasionally have a fit, which I could quite easily distinguish from the spasms caused by strychnine. One day, as I was sitting in my house, somebody called, "There is something the matter with your dog!" I ran down stairs to find him pitching and falling, and trying to get on his feet. To prevent him from plunging against objects, I held him down until his symptoms passed off.

At the time there was a young man near who seemed half scared to death; and the way he vaulted the fence was a credit to a double-somersault acrobat.

Another man who was at work on the roof of a house nearby yelled with the voice of a catamount, "Kill him! He's mad!"

He was then four years old, and lived to do service in the field for about seven more years.

I had a fine Gordon setter that was taken sick, and I had reason to think he had been given poison by some person with whom the Golden Rule was no more than honesty with a thief. He kept in his kennel, and a sicker dog I never saw, to all appearance. His mouth was flecked with foam, and when I offered him food or drink he would turn away his head, as if to say, "Don't urge it; I loathe it." Perhaps nine persons out of ten would have declared he was mad; but he showed not the least inclination to bite anything. Seeing that death was inevitable, I led him out and shot him, which in my sorrow I would not have done could I have trusted the policemen and others, whom I had known to do the most bungling work of this kind.

Incidentally, white froth is not an indication of rabies, but a stringy, ropy saliva is.

A dog was taken with a fit in this city, and was at once shot at. Wounded, he ran, with a lot of boys and men after him with shotguns, wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement and vengeful impetuosity. They shot him after he had crept under a house to escape his tormentors.

Dogs and cats are liable to fits. Cats sometimes act strangely. I had one that would start on a sudden to run around the room with uncommon swiftness, as if being hotly pursued. One day the door stood half open and she leaped over it as though it was a fence but 4 feet high.

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.

International Field Trial Club's Derby Entries.

CHATHAM, Ont.—The Derby will be followed by the All-Age Stakes, open to all pointers and setters, irrespective of former winnings, the entries for which close on Nov. 1.

At a meeting of the executive committee held at the Garner House, Chatham, on the 8th inst., the following gentlemen were invited to act as judges: Dr. Totten, Forest; J. S. Armstrong, Detroit, and A. Harrington, Leamington.

English Setters.

Charles Mills' Nell's Dash (Dick—Brighton Nelly).
 John Kime's Lady Dot (Druid, Jr.—Lady Dell).
 W. B. Wells' Selkirk Hope (Tony's Hope—Luna).
 J. B. Dale's Lady Sparkle (Dan Thiers—Lady S. Gladstone).
 Geo. Kime's Dell's Pride and Tripley's Grace (pedigree not given).
 H. M. Graydon's Hidden Mystery (Brighton Bob—Venus).
 H. M. Graydon's Top Gallant (Roy of London—Fanny).
 J. B. Evans' Nelly Evans (Roy of London—Fanny II.).
 F. W. Shaw's System (Druid's Count—Belton Girl).

L. H. & M. A. Smith's Rhoeb's Kate Wind 'Em (Tony's Boy—Rhoeb Wind 'Em).
 L. H. & M. A. Smith's Rhoeb's Dan Wind 'Em (Tony's Boy—Rhoeb Wind 'Em).

Pointers.

Marcon & Morton's Lord Jingo (Lad of Jingo—Blacksie).
 J. W. Aitken's Count of Kent (Duke of Kent—Belle).
 J. W. Aitken's Duchess of Kent (Duke of Kent—Belle).

Points and Flushes.

Mr. R. B. Morgan, well known as a trainer and field trial handler, but more specially in later years as a trainer for field work specialty, has settled in Pryor Creek, Indian Territory, and has already achieved a distinctive popularity with his new neighbors. The Pryor Creek Clipper devotes three columns to Mr. Morgan and his kennel, and therewith publishes a portrait of Mr. Morgan's famous English setter, Mandan, a celebrated winner in his day, back in the 80's. Mr. Morgan was one of the first to be identified with field trials in America, and his name is conspicuous in their history as being among those who achieved success.

The prize list of the nineteenth annual dog show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, to be held on Oct. 2 to 6, at Danbury, Conn., can be obtained on application to Mr. G. M. Rundle, the Secretary. Mr. James Mortimer will superintend the show. The judges are Messrs. Dudley E. Waters, Grand Rapids, Mich.; St. Bernards; George Jarvis, New York, pointers; Dr. H. Clay Glover, New York, setters and fox hounds; A. D. Lewis, Hempstead, L. I., collies and sheep dogs; Geo. F. Reed, Barton, Vt., beagles; Henry Jarrett, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, fox terriers; Wm. M. Caswell, Rye, N. Y., Irish terriers; Chas. H. Mason, New York, all other breeds. Entries close on Sept. 20.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

23. Plymouth, open, Plymouth Harbor.
 25. Haverhill, third championship, Haverhill, Mass.
 24-25. Inland Lake, Lake Geneva, Ill.
 25. Royal St. Lawrence, Lake of Two Mountains regatta.
 25. Duxbury, open, Duxbury, Mass.
 25. Nahant, dory class, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
 25. Huguenot, annual, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
 25. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
 25. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
 25. Penataquit Cor., special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
 25. Jamaica Bay, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
 25. Kingston, club, Kingston, Lake Ontario.
 25. Corinthian, championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
 25. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
 25. Quannapowitt.
 25. Seawanhaka Cor., Center Island memorial cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
 25. Queen City, 11ft. special, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
 27. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown, Mass.
 27-31. Seawanhaka and Philadelphia Corinthian, interclub matches, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
 28. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet, Mass.
 31. Wollaston, open.

It seems that the 70-footers are not the only yachts which are suffering from lightness of construction. Here we have the 51-footers Shark and Altair hauled out, with their bows twisted in much the same manner as the 70-footers, only worse. It is said that Shark's stem resembles a letter S. This sort of experimenting may undoubtedly bring out a Cup defender which will put the challenger for 1901 up a hollow tree, but there is not much satisfaction in it for the men who have had these boats built.—Boston Globe.

Cruise of the Crescent.

The Skipper's Yarn.

Next morning, after a swim (abridged but not abandoned because of the A. F.'s shark stories) and breakfast, the Crescent was once more gotten under way and went dancing across Great Bay and past the fish factory without incident until she grounded in the bight of a bar at the Anchoring Islands, back of New Inlet. A little maneuvering in the teeth of a strong ebb tide soon got her clear, and she was once more in the deep water of the inlet, and courtesying to Father Neptune like the little lady she is. Crossing the inlet the Skipper trolled with the only remaining squid on the boat on the chance of striking a bluefish. He caught nothing, however, but bunches of floating sea grass, which necessitated constant reeling in and—remarks. The Cook said the remarks were uncalled for, until he was invited to try it himself. A heavenly smile illumined his features a moment later and he reeled in a huge tangle of seaweed. When he saw what he had caught—well, the Skipper was justified. By noon the Crescent was moored at the wharf of the Beach Haven Y. C. and dinner was in order. After that important feature of the itinerary was disposed of the Skipper lay down for a pipe, and owing to the satisfying nature of the Cook's performance fell asleep almost immediately. The crew thereupon meanly deserted him and went over to the beach for a walk and a surf bath, and the Skipper slept peacefully until their return about 4 o'clock. As soon as a supply of fresh water had been put on board from the Hotel de Crab we sailed out to the fishing grounds and enjoyed an hour's good sport before supper. After that meal the biting fell off until the Skipper noticed that some kind of fish were feeding on minnows at the surface of the water. Taking everything off the line but one hook, he baited up with a nice juicy joint of crab, having a long streamer of white meat attached, and allowed the tempting morsel to float out on the tide. The bait was snatched almost immediately, and after a struggle the largest weakfish of the cruise was boated. The surface fishing for weak-

fish was a new wrinkle to the Crescents, and the absence of any lead on the line, allowing the fish more play, made better sport than any they had yet enjoyed. At this anchorage we spent another fine moonlight evening, enlivened by the presence of some gay sailing parties from Beach Haven. During the night we were awakened by a terrific jolting and creaking and found that a northerly gale had risen and a strong flood tide was holding the Crescent stern-on to it, while the big waves beat away as though they were trying to batter her to pieces or at least tear the rudder off. Making the tiller fast, we turned in again and slept as best we could until morning. The gale continued and the Cook refused to get breakfast with the boat dancing around like an unbroken colt. This necessitated running in to the Beach Haven wharf, where the water was quiet. After doing full justice to the Cook's weakfish (and beans) we got under way for Barnegat Bay. By the time the upper end of Little Egg Harbor was reached the gale had died away to a zephyr. The reefs were shaken out, but still in the narrow channel of lower Manahawken Bay our progress was slow, wind and tide setting against us. Walt, in an abbreviated costume, stood in the bow and sang out "Hard a-lee!" whenever he saw yellow water ahead. Between times he deftly netted the crabs as they sprawled on the surface. Then he would give the net a twist and send the lively crustaceans sliding aft over the top of the cabin, to create a panic in the gentle breasts of his shipmates.

After a tedious beat against wind and tide up a channel averaging 70 feet in width we reached the Tuckerton Railroad bridge. Through an error of judgment in trying to pass the wrong side of the draw there was a momentary mix-up of boat and drawbridge. The Skipper called for assistance to get the Crescent clear. There was no response. Walt, Koons and the Cook were gazing enraptured at a group of fair mermaids who were bathing from a boat moored nearby. There was no moving the crew. They did not wake from their trance until the unaided efforts of the Skipper had swung the Crescent clear of the bridge, fortunately without damage. Then they wanted to know what the hurry was, anyhow.

Wriggling out through the tortuous channel into the open bay, we anchored to wait for the tide to cover a few of the bars and incidentally to discuss the ever-welcome lunch. The sail up the bay in the afternoon was rendered interesting by the entire disappearance of the channel. We searched all the way across the bay for it. Then the Crescent ran aground, and all hands, wading alongside, sailed her about a hundred yards through a bed of mud and grass. Finally the rising tide simplified the search for water and we rounded Gulf Point and were once more in Barnegat Bay. The wind was rather light from the N.N.E. and the Crescent bowled merrily along, apparently relieved, as were her crew, to feel *aqua salus* under her keel, in place of *terra mudda*.

Five o'clock found the Crescent off Cedar Point and her crew fishing for their supper. Then, as the rising wind and darkening sky portended a rough night on the bay, we ran into Cedar Creek, where we obtained fresh water and found a delightful anchorage in the lee of the pine woods. Soon the aroma of coffee and frying fish (and beans) mingled with the odor of the pines and the crew gathered about the homely board and did full justice to the fare.

The next morning, Friday, after the usual preliminaries, we ran up before a fresh southerly breeze to Island Heights. By the time we reached Good Luck Point the wind had increased to a gale and we were obliged to reef for the run up the river. The post office and other points of interest in the borough were visited, including an ice cream saloon and a provision shop, after which we sailed over to Swiss Cottage Cove, our first anchorage, for a swim and dinner. After dinner the Skipper kept ship while the crew went ashore to pick huckleberries in the woods.

In the afternoon it dawned upon the Cook that the next day would end the cruise, and as a fitting finale for the outing he set to work to prepare a stew that should eclipse all his previous efforts in the culinary line. The result would certainly have been a finisher in more than one sense had the Crescents not been mercifully provided with ostrichlike digestive apparatus. The Cook is an economical cook. He was determined that nothing should be wasted. He overhauled the stores and put them all in his pot and stirred them up. Some of the ingredients of this delectable concoction were a can of tomato soup, a can of chicken soup, a can of baked beans, salt pork, meat of two weakfish, potatoes, new onions, pickled onions, eggs, doughballs, more baked beans and other things. The Cook said he could eat some for supper and the rest would do for the next day. It did. Walt says his share did for several days and the Skipper was waked during the night by Koons tossing about and trying to batter down the centerboard trunk, apparently under the impression that it was the Cook. However, beyond these slight expressions of discontent there were no bad results, which shows beyond peradventure that there's a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-stew them as we may. Koons has been worried ever since. He is afraid his failure to die at sea that night proves that he was born to be hanged.

The gale from the south had continued all day, and toward evening we went out close reefed to see how it looked on the bay. As we ran out from the sheltering woods the wind caught our bit of rag and the good little Crescent heeled over until the water was boiling along the bottom of the cockpit combing. The water was smooth, but out beyond Good Luck Point the whitecaps were running, and as we ran into them a big one struck the bow and came aft in a sheet over the top of the house, the most of it catching the skipper in the eyes and mouth. Koons, who, as has been remarked, is not a sailor, always expressed the utmost confidence in the Skipper's judgment, but when that first wave came aboard his pathetic reference to his wife and little ones indicated that what little confidence he had left had been transferred to Providence. It didn't seem to comfort him much either. It was rough weather, but easing the sheet and humoring her, the Crescent took it very well, if she did wet her crew pretty thoroughly.

Landing at the pier at Seaside Park, we strolled over and took a look at the ocean, which seemed to us scarcely so rough as the bay we had just crossed. Then the Cook heated up his stew and the crew were so hungry he had to go and buy some ham and eggs to supplement

what was left of the stew for breakfast. We had intended to run down to Cedar Creek that night, so as to be on the fishing grounds early in the morning, but the gale showed no signs of abating and the drawbridge was impassable against such a wind and tide. At 4 A. M., however, when some one rudely awakened the Skipper by yanking him off the seat where he slept the sleep of the just, the conditions were more favorable, and after a hasty breakfast the Crescent was once more got under way and headed down the bay. It was almost 7 o'clock when we came to anchor at the shell beds. This time we were after fish to take home, therefore they bit very slowly. After a time the Skipper discovered a reason for this in the fact that the fish were feeding on minnows at the surface, while we were fishing near the bottom. Quickly putting on a small float with 2 feet of line below it and a long white streamer of crab meat for bait, he made a cast, and in about two seconds was playing a lively weakie. The other fellows adopted the same method, and in an hour and a half we had boated some forty fine fish, including two hake which the Cook had enticed from the depths. We were much amused during this time at the antics of a little silver-sided fish about 3 inches long which played leapfrog. Koons was fishing with a small, spindle-shaped float and the little fellow would leap over it and immediately turn and leap again. He kept this up for perhaps ten minutes. When Koons had a strike the fish would wait until he made another cast and then begin the game again. But now it is time to weigh anchor for the last sail, for the wind is light and railroad trains, like time and tide, wait for no man. So put by your faithful rods and hoist the sail and take your last look at the broad bay, the sand beaches, the light-house, the green meadows backed by the darker green of the pine woods, and whisper a prayer that you may live to come again next year. Then get to work and clean those fish while I hold the tiller and enjoy the sail. Now we are rounding Good Luck Point, the fish are all cleaned, the duffle is packed in that much-abused trunk and the end is near. Koons and the trunk were put ashore at the Island Heights Station and a little later we brought the Crescent up to Mr. Kirk's wharf at Toms River and left her. With many regrets we turned our backs on the happy, free life of the past two weeks and took the noon train to town, with all that that means of drudgery, convention and commonplace. The cruise was over.

Beverly Y. C.

WING'S NECK—BUZZARDS BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 18.

THE open race of the Beverly Y. C. on Aug. 18 was sailed in a moderate S.W. breeze, the times being:

25ft. Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....	3 00 09
Ulula, W. H. Winship.....	3 12 22
Brunhilde, S. R. Dow.....	Not timed.

21ft. Knocabout Class.

Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	2 20 02
Cyrilla, R. W. Emmons 2d.....	2 21 20
Sylvia, S. D. Warren.....	2 24 11
Amarita, L. Bacon.....	2 25 51
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney.....	2 26 01
Edith, C. M. Barker.....	2 26 02
Bohemia, R. L. Barstow.....	2 27 00

Fourth Class Cats.

Howard, H. O. Miller.....	1 53 03
Weasel, F. Burgess.....	1 53 57
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	1 57 05
Daisy, Howard Stockton.....	2 01 16

15ft One-Design Class.

Uarda, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	2 06 22
Flickamaroo, N. F. Emmons.....	2 06 47
Vim, F. W. Sargent.....	2 10 11
Teaser, R. M. Emmons 2d.....	2 10 27
Peacock, R. Winsor.....	2 10 49
Go-Bye, S. G. King.....	2 11 15

Hull Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 18.

THE regular weekly race of the Hull Mosquito Fleet Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 18 in a light west wind, the times being:

First Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Swirl, W. A. Comey.....	2 13 45	2 13 45
Caterpillar, W. Keyes.....	2 24 53	2 21 53
White Crow, A. L. Crowe.....	2 28 35	2 26 35
Majove, C. Berry.....	2 28 45	2 26 45
Beth, S. W. Crooker.....	2 32 27	2 28 27
Shyessa.....	Withdrew.	
Douglas.....	Withdrew.	

Second Class.

Ripple.....	2 25 09	2 23 09
Tech, H. E. Lynch.....	2 29 34	2 29 34
Marion, H. Manson.....	2 37 42	2 36 42
Esefsee, Geo. Johnson.....	2 41 13	2 41 13
Oom Paul.....	Not timed.	

Columbia Y. C.

CITY POINT—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 18.

THE third championship race of the Columbia Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 18 in a light westerly wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Acme, Hiram Patterson.....	1 14 11	1 09 11
Catbryn, J. R. Young.....	1 17 35	1 10 50
Strideaway, Clarence Snow.....	1 17 30	1 12 07
Nelka, G. H. Coy.....	1 23 01	1 13 46
Annie A., James Leveredge.....	1 20 50	1 14 05
Katie M., John Murray.....	1 27 41	1 18 13
Uranus, Thomas Mitchell.....	1 27 51	1 18 21
Josie M., Harry Houston.....	Withdrew.	

The judges were Com. E. J. Powers, C. F. Heath and A. J. Beckenhuis. The race of Aug. 4, which was not finished, will be resailed and the championship decided on Aug. 25.

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 18.

THE 18ft. knockabout class of the Duxbury Y. C. sailed a race on Aug. 18, the times being:

Oom Paul, George F. Cushman.....	1 48 23
Lobster, C. C. Clapp.....	1 50 02
Spider, H. H. Hunt.....	1 50 30
Dazzler, Goodspeed Bros.....	1 51 06

Annisquam Y. C. Series.

ANNISQUAM, MASS.

August 16, 17, 18.

PREPARATORY to the Annisquam Y. C. series of three open races for Y. R. A. classes and the H. O. boats on Aug. 16, 17, 18, three of the latter and the 25-footer Early Dawn sailed over from Hull to Gloucester on Aug. 15, the prize being a \$50 cup. The wind was light and variable all day, shifting between south and east. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	3 34 30	3 34 30
Empress, Hayden & Parker.....	3 36 25	3 36 25
A Kyris, J. F. Brown.....	3 43 39	3 43 39
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	3 57 57	3 54 31

Hanley wins the \$50 cup.

On Aug. 16 there was a heavy rain and fog until late in the afternoon, the race being postponed to the following morning. In the evening there was a band concert, vaudeville show and dance, at which many were present.

On Friday morning there was no wind, the race being started in a calm at 11 o'clock to sail once around the small triangle, 5 miles, with a time limit of 1h. 45m., which was afterward extended to 2h. A light breeze came in, very fluky and variable, but enough to make a race, the times being:

25ft. Class.

Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	1 48 09	1 47 24
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	1 59 58	1 59 58
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	2 01 15	2 00 30
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	2 01 31	2 00 46
Empress, Hayden & Parker.....	2 00 48	2 00 48
Al Kyris, J. F. Brown.....	2 01 38	2 01 38
Cartoon, H. Parker.....	2 05 14	2 05 14

Handicap Class.

Althea, Colby & Smith.....	1 45 13	1 45 13
Opitsah II., S. H. Foster.....	1 56 50	1 55 32
Quiretta, F. A. C. Hill.....	2 09 08	1 58 50
Tabasco, Pear & Richards.....	2 08 45	2 04 00

21ft. Cabin Class.

Runaway Girl, H. Tweed.....	1 52 08	1 52 08
Ariel, A. W. Gosher.....	1 55 26	1 55 26
Usona, J. Terry.....	1 55 42	1 55 42
Rambler, B. Pomeroy.....	1 56 00	1 56 00

18ft. Class.

Dauntless, Benner & Patten.....	1 47 21	1 47 21
Snap Shot, J. Perry.....	1 49 30	1 49 30
Nymph, A. B. Perkins.....	1 50 05	1 50 05
Circe II., F. L. Pigeon.....	1 51 05	1 51 05
Ida B., J. C. Merchant.....	1 52 30	1 52 30

15ft. Class.

Evelyn, D. H. Woodbury.....	1 45 24	1 45 24
Lynx, F. L. Cunningham.....	1 47 08	1 47 08
Gaboo, W. O. Adams.....	1 48 12	1 48 12
Wink, D. G. Langland.....	1 53 18	1 53 18
Tabasco III., S. H. Wiggins.....	1 54 09	1 54 09
Squab, F. L. Pigeon.....	1 55 43	1 55 43

15ft. Class.

Only One, J. F. Perkins.....	1 41 16	1 41 16
Dorothea.....	1 41 30	1 41 30
Zaza, A. D. Friend.....	1 45 28	1 45 28
Duno, M. W. Parker.....	2 06 45	2 06 45

18ft. Class—Skiffs and Dories.

It, J. D. Riley.....	1 37 32	1 37 32
Tizadore, H. V. Friend.....	1 38 20	1 38 20
Naomi, P. G. Saunders.....	1 39 20	1 39 20
Victor, Chester Chase.....	1 57 02	1 57 02
Oom Paul, F. Blatchford.....	2 01 20	2 01 20

16ft. Class—Skiffs and Dories.

Tabasco, W. R. Rowe.....	1 40 33	1 40 33
Maude, F. P. Boynton.....	1 44 08	1 44 08
Rag Time, E. W. Noyes.....	1 52 15	1 52 15
Bob Evans, L. F. Allen.....	1 55 47	1 55 47

By 3 o'clock, the start of the afternoon race, there was a light southerly breeze, which freshened during the afternoon. The triangular course was badly laid off, one side being very short. The times were:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Empress, Hayden & Parker.....	1 23 28	1 23 28
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	1 27 42	1 25 49
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	1 26 27	1 26 27
Al Kyris, J. F. Brown.....	1 29 39	1 29 39
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 34 02	1 32 09
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	1 35 10	1 33 17
Cartoon, H. Parker.....	Withdrew.	

Handicap Class.

Alethea, Colby & Smith.....	1 36 12	1 36 12
Opitsah II., S. H. Foster.....	2 13 52	2 09 03
Tabasco, Pear & Richards.....	2 28 00	2 20 58
Susan, Quincy Bent.....	2 43 00	2 33 55
Quiretta, F. A. C. Hill.....	2 58 00	2 43 17

21ft. Cabin Class.

Runaway Girl, H. Tweed.....	1 48 15	1 48 15
Rambler, B. Pomeroy.....	1 54 30	1 54 30
Usona, J. Terry.....	1 58 43	1 58 43
Priscilla, D. W. Taylor.....	2 38 42	2 38 42

18ft. Class.

Dauntless, Benner & Patten.....	1 52 10	1 52 10
Snap Shot, J. Perry.....	2 02 18	2 02 18
Nymph, O. B. Perkins.....	2 15 20	2 15 20
Ida B., J. C. Merchant.....	2 20 35	2 20 35
Circe II., F. L. Pigeon.....	Withdrew.	

15ft. Class.

Evelyn, D. H. Woodbury.....	2 49 38	2 49 38
Gaboo, W. O. Adams.....	3 03 00	3 03 00
Lynx, F. L. Cunningham.....	3 21 22	3 21 22
Wink, D. G. Langland.....	3 27 00	3 27 00
Tabasco III., S. H. Wiggins.....	Withdrew.	
Squab.....	Withdrew.	

15ft. Class.

Only One, J. F. Perkins.....	2 56 12	2 56 12
Dorothea.....	Withdrew.	

18ft. Class—Skiffs and Dories.

It, J. B. Riley.....	3 03 52	3 03 52
Naomi, P. G. Saunders.....	3 30 00	3 30 00
Tizadore, H. B. Friend.....	3 33 00	3 33 00

Class F, dories, did not sail, the race being postponed till Saturday.

On the last day there was a light S.W. breeze in the morning, but just at the start it shifted to west or west by north, and continued to freshen until there was all the boats could carry without reefing. The times were:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	1 23 00	1 23 00
Al Kyris, J. F. Brown.....	1 23 45	1 23 45
Empress, Hayden & Parker.....	1 25 14	1 25 14
Cartoon, H. Parker.....	1 27 03	1 27 03
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 30 21	1 28 28
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	1 30 50	1 28 57
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	1 34 05	1 32 12

A. Y. C. Handicap Class.

Quivette, F. A. C. Hill.....	1 44 24	1 30 15
Opitsah II., S. Foster.....	1 38 40	1 33 09
Onda, J. Greenough.....	1 33 59	1 33 59
Alethea, Colby & Smith.....	1 34 15	1 34 15
Tedesco, Pear & Richards.....	1 45 21	1 36 51
Susan, Quincy Bent.....	1 47 58	1 40 28
Kamadore, Lovell Bros.....	1 53 33	1 43 56

21ft. Cabin Class.

Rambler, B. Pomeroy.....	1 33 30	1 33 30
Usona, J. Terry.....	1 34 50	1 34 50
Runaway Girl, H. Tweed.....	1 37 03	1 37 03
Ariel, A. W. Gosher.....	1 40 02	1 40 02

18ft. Class.

Dauntless, Benner & Patten.....	1 26 50	1 26 50
Circe II., F. L. Pigeon.....	1 29 10	1 29 10
Nymph, O. B. Perkins.....	1 42 10	1 42 10

15ft. Class.

Evelyn, D. H. Woodbury.....	0 45 30	0 45 30
Gaboo, W. O. Adams.....	0 45 02	0 45 02
Wink, D. C. Langland.....	0 47 18	0 47 18
Squab, F. L. Pigeon.....	0 46 25	0 46 25
Tabasco II., H. H. Wiggins.....	0 46 32	0 46 32

15ft. Class.

Only One, J. F. Perkins.....	0 47 20	0 47 20
Dorothea, Alec. Findlay.....	0 48 55	0 48 55

18ft. Dory Class.

It, J. D. Riley.....	0 50 15	0 50 15
Naomi, P. G. Saunders.....	0 51 42	0 51 42
Tizadore, H. W. Friend.....	0 52 58	0 52 58
Kathie, E. W. Frazer.....	0 59 53	0 59 53

16ft. Dory Class.

Tabasco, W. P. Rowe.....	0 54 04	0 54 04
Maud, F. P. Boynton.....	0 56 30	0 56 30
Rag Time, E. F. Noyes.....	1 01 27	1 01 27
Victor, C. Chase.....	1 08 52	1 08 52
Iola, C. Daggett.....	1 12 30	1 12 30

The judges were Arthur G. Wood, Chairman; Com. Luther S. Bent, F. W. Hastings, Felton Bent, Com. W. A. Tucker, Capt. D. H. Follett, Benjamin L. Knapp, Walter E. Stone and Arthur Millet.

The visitors received every courtesy and attention from the home club, tugs being provided to meet the yachts and tow them in. In addition to the races, entertainments were given every evening.

American Y. C.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Wednesday, Aug. 15.

THE American Y. C., of Newburyport, sailed its postponed open regatta on Aug. 15 in a light south wind, the course being 8 miles, naut. The times were:

Class T.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dauntless, Benner & Patten.....	1 43 14	1 43 14

Class S.

Usona, E. E. Prior.....	1 48 36	1 48 36
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Special First Class.

Metoxen, G. W. Rodgrass.....	2 12 09	1 46 35
Tuant, William Balch.....	2 14 25	1 46 53
Aeolus, R. Jacoby.....	2 28 15	2 03 35

Newport Y. R. A. Special Races.

NEWPORT—OFF BRENTON'S REEF.

THE fifth race of the Newport Y. R. A. series for the 70ft. one-design class, which was to have been sailed on Aug. 16, was sailed on Aug. 17. On the first day there was a fresh breeze, but with so much sea as to make it dangerous for these delicate creations. There was very little wind early in the morning, but at 11:40 the time of starting the race, a light S.W. breeze was blowing. The course was a triangular one of 15 miles and repeat. Rainbow was the first to cross the line, 24s. after the gun, followed closely by Mineola. On the reach to the first mark Yankee gained 1m. 23s. on Rainbow, the times at the first mark being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Rainbow	12 02 00	0 21 36
Mineola	12 03 10	0 22 46
Yankee	12 04 50	0 20 13
Virginia	12 05 15	0 22 15

Baby jib topsails were set on all the yachts for the beat to the second mark, 5½ miles. On this leg Yankee continued to gain, and rounded the mark first, the times being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Yankee	1 11 40	1 06 50
Mineola	1 11 42	1 08 32
Rainbow	1 12 21	1 10 21
Virginia	1 13 14	1 12 59

The third leg was a run to the lightship, 5½ miles. Spinakers were set, but were soon taken in. Mineola and Rainbow had a close race of it, Yankee still leading as the times were taken at the third mark:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Yankee	2 03 30	0 51 50
Mineola	2 05 55	0 55 13
Rainbow	2 07 00	0 54 39
Virginia	2 10 00	0 51 46

On the reach Yankee lost several seconds by carrying a baby jib topsail. In a freshening breeze, with lee rails awash, the yachts were timed on the first leg of the second round:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Yankee	2 25 50	0 22 20
Mineola	2 30 10	0 23 15
Rainbow	2 30 45	0 23 45
Virginia	2 23 10	0 23 10

The second leg to windward was sailed in a good breeze, Rainbow taking the lead from Yankee, the times at the mark being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Rainbow	3 22 25	0 51 40
Yankee	3 23 15	0 57 25
Mineola	3 25 35	0 55 25
Virginia	3 20 25	0 53 15

As the run to the finish line was started a squall approached from the N.E. Rainbow and Yankee were able to finish before the storm broke, but Mineola took in all sail and was towed into the harbor. Virginia finished under jib and mainsail while the storm was at its height. The times at the finish were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rainbow	11 40 24	4 02 48	4 22 24
Yankee	11 42 37	4 04 09	4 21 32
Virginia	11 43 00	4 13 21	4 30 21
Mineola	11 40 28	Withdraw.	

On Saturday the start was postponed nearly an hour for lack of wind, but at 12:25 the start was given over the 15-mile triangle, the first leg to windward. Rainbow, Mineola and Yankee crossed promptly, but Virginia held back until the time was nearly up. Rainbow gained in the windward work, the first mark being timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Rainbow	1 26 20	0 58 57
Virginia	1 27 30	0 57 37
Mineola	1 28 15	1 02 38
Yankee	1 34 15	1 08 24

With spinakers to starboard, they ran off the second leg as follows:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Rainbow	2 21 45	0 55 25
Mineola	2 24 30	0 56 15
Virginia	2 25 00	0 57 30
Yankee	2 30 55	0 56 40

They then jibed and ran to the line, the round ending:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Rainbow	2 45 00	0 28 15
Mineola	2 48 30	0 24 15
Virginia	2 49 15	0 24 15
Yankee	2 55 40	0 24 45

On the wind again, Yankee broke tacks with the others and lost badly, the time at the first mark being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Rainbow	3 35 30	0 50 30
Mineola	3 38 05	0 49 35
Virginia	3 40 00	0 50 45
Yankee	3 50 30	0 54 50

Spinakers were again set to starboard and they ran over the second leg in almost the same time as before, except that Yankee brought up a breeze with her:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Rainbow	4 32 45	0 57 15
Mineola	4 34 50	0 56 45
Virginia	4 37 40	0 57 40
Yankee	4 42 40	0 52 10

The race finished:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rainbow	12 25 23	4 56 23	4 31 01
Virginia	12 29 53	5 02 26	4 32 33
Mineola	12 25 37	4 58 32	4 32 55
Yankee	12 25 51	5 09 54	4 44 03

The eighth race was sailed on Aug. 20 in a very light and variable wind, but one round of the triangle being sailed. There was no wind at 11:30, and a postponement was ordered, but at 11:55 the boats were sent away with a light breeze on a reach for the first mark. Rainbow went over first, with Yankee close under her lee and Virginia just astern of Yankee, Mineola being the last, with 5s. handicap. A little while after the start a shift of wind to S.E. gave Mineola the best position, and the first mark was timed:

Mineola	12 27 00	Yankee	12 31 00
Rainbow	12 27 35	Virginia	12 43 00

The wind was on end, but very light on the second leg, and the race was slow. Virginia tried the inshore tack and was badly left. The second mark was timed:

Yankee	1 44 51	Mineola	1 49 02
Rainbow	1 45 20	Virginia	2 26 01

Rainbow and Yankee turned close together, the former taking the better position. As they ran down wind she managed to make a clear lead on Yankee, and finished just ahead. The last leg was run under spinakers until near the line, when the wind headed the yachts and they came in on a reach. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt	11 59 32	2 40 34	2 41 02
Yankee, H. P. Duryea & H. P.			
Whitney	11 59 42	2 40 58	2 41 16
Mineola, August Belmont	12 00 00	2 42 11	2 42 11
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.	11 59 56	3 02 42	3 03 46

The score now stands: Yankee, 9 points; Mineola, 8; Rainbow, 6; Virginia, 1. The ninth race will be sailed on Aug. 22. The owners of the 30-footers have offered a cup for a special series of heat races for the 70-footers, the yachts starting in pairs.

30-Footers at Newport.

The 30-footers sailed a race on Aug. 11 in a strong S. breeze over the Dyer's Island course, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy, H. V. Dolan	5 33 01	2 11 01
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan	5 33 52	2 11 52
Wa Wa, R. Brooks	5 34 45	2 12 45
Vaquero III, W. Rutherford	5 35 29	2 13 29
Pollywog, A. H. Paget	5 37 14	2 15 14
Asahi, W. S. Miller	5 38 11	2 16 11

On Aug. 14 a race was sailed over a 12-mile course in a N. breeze, which later shifted to S., the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa	3 38 00	5 33 12	1 55 12
Hera	3 38 00	5 33 34	1 55 34
Vaquero III	3 38 00	5 33 44	1 55 44
Dorothy	3 38 00	5 34 57	1 56 57
Asahi	3 38 00	5 36 40	1 58 40
Pollywog	3 38 00	5 38 03	2 00 03

On Aug. 16 a race was sailed in a good N.E. breeze. The start was made at 4:08, and the times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera	5 34 32	1 26 32
Asahi	5 38 01	1 30 01
Pollywog	5 39 58	1 31 58
Wa Wa	5 44 12	1 36 12
Vaquero III	5 45 07	1 37 07

The Herreshoff 51-Footers.

THE following is from the Providence Bulletin of Aug. 15; it is corroborated by similar reports from other sources:

The two new yachts of the 51-foot racing class, Altair, owned by Cord Meyer, of New York, and Shark, owned by Lothrop Ames, of Boston, arrived at Bristol from Newport yesterday afternoon in bad condition from the rough seas they experienced in the Astor cup races of Monday. They are, if anything, in a worse condition than were the 70-footers after the last race in the series sailed for the Newport cup. Both had their bows twisted very badly and lifted upward to a greater angle at the forefoot than were the 70-footers. Cocked up in the air as are their forebodies, from a point below the waterline, the stems from a point just abaft of where the forestay leads to the deck bend downward, making the twist somewhat suggestive of the form of the letter S.

Shark was hauled out on the marine railway last evening to be repaired and have extra bracing. The frames were twisted and there were indications of the rudder post having started, one of the planks was broken, and the underbody showed indications of the planks working violently as the white wood of the edges of the planks could be seen. Oakum hung out of the seams forward also.

Altair was hauled out on the Walker's Cove marine railway this morning, and was probably a trifle worse off than Shark in her underbody. Shark having had metal braces on each side of her forefoot two weeks ago, which probably made her a trifle stiffer. Altair had her stem scarf started by the strain forward so much that there was a seam open nearly its whole length a quarter of an inch in width above the scarf. The oakum hung out in strings under the forefoot, while water trickled out of the seams down toward the bottom of the lead. The absence of metal keelsons in the construction of the boats naturally makes them weak when in a seaway, working the frames out of shape and making the planks see-saw with each other when carrying sail.

Mineola, Mr. Belmont's 70-footer, arrived this morning for a new boom.

The Fisher Cup.

ON Aug. 18 Mr. Frank M. Gray, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., went to Charlotte, N. Y., as the representative of the club, bearing a formal challenge for the Fisher cup, now held by the Rochester Y. C. The cup will be defended by Genesee, now owned by C. M. Van Voorhis, of the Rochester Y. C., and the challenger will be represented by either Beaver or Minota. These two yachts were sold after the Canada cup races of last year, Beaver to Dr. Garratt and others, and Minota to Mr. Beaumont Jarvis, all of the R. C. Y. C. Within the past two weeks Minota has been hauled out at her builder's yard, Oakville, and the lead added last year, on top of her original lead keel, with some inside ballast, has been transferred to the fore end of the keel, deepening it there, thus increasing the stability and adding to the lateral plane. Beaver has been unchanged since last year, and carries the same sail plan. Trial races between the two will be sailed this week, Mr. Æmilus Jarvis handling Beaver and Mr. H. C. McLeod Minota. The cup races will probably be sailed off Charlotte on Sept. 8, 10 and 11.

Joke.

I note with some interest and not a little concern the protest printed in the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 10 over the signature of Theo. Bering, Jr. The latter seems to think that I have much damaged the State of Texas by referring to it as a land of "famine and pestilence," and goes on to give statistics showing the size and dignity of his native land. What I wrote regarding this commonwealth was not primarily intended to cause the State to stop doing business, I called it, playfully, with a bit of

Chicago persiflage, a land of "famine and pestilence." Pistol. P-i-s-t-o-l. I reckon Mr. Bering knows where the expression "famine and pestilence" came from, and perhaps he may remember the former reputation Texas bore as the land of the pistol. I ought to have labeled that joke. Indeed, perhaps the proofreader killed it by correction, I don't know. I am sure. The main thing is to assure Mr. Bering that I have eaten many square meals in Texas, and hope to eat some more, and that I have a greater affection for no State and no people than for this same. If the wheels of her commerce have been temporarily clogged by this unlabeled joke, I trust she may now begin to do business again. Privately, I am of the opinion that the above joke might have been better, but it was as good as I could afford for the money I am getting. I savvy all that deep water improvement, etc., for I have been there. This was a deep water joke.

E. HOUGH.

A. C. A. Membership.

Western Division—R. H. Henkle.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 5.—At the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club on July 15 few were in attendance, the majority being out camping and shooting game. Scores, Columbia target:

Back scores, rifle class medal: N. Robinson 199, Dr. H. C. Trask 150.

All comers' rifle medal, 200yds.:

A B Dorrell (Pope .32-40)..... 5 5 3 3 5 6 17 2 4 6—56
2 10 10 1 3 6 6 10 8 8—64

Rifle record:

Dr J F Twist(.22-15 Winchester)..... 99 115 120 124
22 and .25 rifle medals, 50yds.:

A B Dorrell..... 20 26 29 29 31
Dr J F Twist..... 23 24 27 28 39 41 43
Mrs C F Waltham..... 30 36 38 41
G H Taubles..... 37

Pistol record scores: Dr. J. F. Twist 75, N. Robinson 63.

Twist revolver medal: Dr. J. F. Twist, 99, 99.

Aug. 5.—Many of the members have returned. Dorrell is on the sick list; Washburn, Daiss and Dr. Twist came to the range, but previous exertions at camp had destroyed their shooting equilibrium at targets. They rested. Dr. Twist invited us to feast upon his first buck, and such a banquet seldom falls to our lot! He held it at his bachelor quarters, and only one married man (O. Feudner) got in. Drs. Trask and Hunsaker are in the wilderness hunting bear and deer. If they are as successful as Dr. Twist and as generous we shall have venison enough for this season. This luck has followed us. We, with Hoadley and Becker, spent two weeks at Mr. M. W. Fairbanks', 27 miles out of Cloverdale, and we sat down to venison at his table the first night out. He is one of the old-time hunters, sixty-two years old, and a fine shot now. He killed a spike-buck from his house while we were there with his .22-15 Maynard. The Maynard is his favorite. Little hunting was done by us, we preferring to talk and shoot with Mr. Fairbanks, who gave us much of his experience in the past. He has a houseful of firearms, ancient and modern. Becker and Hoadley were greatly taken up with them, and he very generously presented them each with an old-fashioned Colts powder and ball revolver. The .45 which Becker got was similar to one which, Mr. Fairbanks said, was the only weapon he carried while tending his 20 miles of bear traps. He said he had shot as high as three deer a day with it, and kept a dairy farm of 250 head supplied during the season with venison. Hoadley's relic was a small Colts powder and ball revolver, ivory handle, gold-plated cylinders, and remainder silver-plated and highly engraved with an eagle in relief on the handle. Becker and Young took their revolvers, and used them largely during their trip. Becker used King's No. 1 Smokeless powder, both Becker and Young doing very satisfactory work. Young's last four shots were four kills—two squirrels and two bluejays—one squirrel being over 50yds, and the jays about 40yds. Becker killed a rabbit at 70yds. At 20yds, with King's Smokeless and his Colts service, he welded four consecutive bullets together in an oak tree. They penetrated 3½in.

Young placed four consecutive with King's Smokeless and his bullet (which weighs about 218grs.) in the 1-ring at 20yds. These welded, but did not penetrate over 2in., being softer. Becker shot the regular bullet (.44 Russian), but hardened to about 1 to 20. This seems necessary to get the best results with nitro powders. There is more joy in hitting small game with a revolver or pistol than in killing large game with rifles. Young laments the loss of his pistol and revolver, which were cracked and ruined by nitro powder.

Now for our home scores, which were made under trying weather conditions. Class medals, one entry, members only, rifle, 200yds., off-hand shooting. Experts:

A H Pape..... 11 4 9 1 3 5 9 6 4 7—59
Back score..... 9 3 5 4 3 1 5 8 2 14—55

Sharpshooters:

G Barley (.25-20 Winchester repeater)..... 5 9 7 2 4 11 9 14 8 10—79
Marksman: Mrs. C. F. Waltham 122.

Pistol, class medals, 50yds. Experts: F. O. Young '57, G. M. Barley 64.

Marksman: Mrs. G. Mannel 78, Mrs. C. F. Waltham 84, G. Mannel 86, O. Feudner 113.

Back scores shot with revolver:

O Feudner..... 119 107 95 104 78 101

Feudner likes this weapon and will excel with it undoubtedly if he persists with it as he has the shotgun.

All comers' re-entry matches, 50yds. Pistol medals:

Ed Hovey..... 4 4 4 4 4 6 3 1 8 4—42
8 7 3 5 7 2 6 4 3 3—48
3 5 6 11 7 3 7 6 1 3—52

Other scores were: F. O. Young, '55, '59; P. Becker, '58; Mrs. Mannel 85.

Twist revolver medal:

P Becker..... 58 60 67 80 81

F O Young..... 62 62 62

O Feudner..... 125

.22 and .25 rifle medal:

Capt F Kuhnle..... 20 18 23 23 26 28 31

G Mannel..... 31

O Feudner..... 32 32 33 38 39

Mrs Waltham..... 32 40

Rifle, 200yds.:

F O Young..... 5 2 5 4 8 4 3 4 7 1—43
9 2 6 2 11 3 6 12 6 4—61

Other scores were: A. H. Pape 69, G. Mannel 74, 86.

Military and repeating, Creedmoor count: P. Becker (.30-30 carbine), 46, 45, 44, consecutive.

Record scores, 50 yds. Pistol: Mr. Prichard 49, 61, 64; G. Mannel 72; Mrs. Mannel 72.

F. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

Elite Schuetzen Corps.

BROOKLYN.—At the regular semi-monthly shoot of the Elite Schuetzen Corps on Aug. 4 at Cypress Hills Park the following scores were made:

P Andrassy..... 22 15 23 22 18 23 22 23 22 25—215

22 18 23 25 20 23 16 21 23 22—213

22 22 24 21 16 25 16 17 23 20—206

I Martin..... 21 21 16 22 21 23 20 20 20 19—207

19 19 22 21 17 16 22 23 23 23—205

17 19 20 22 20 21 23 18 19 21—200

J Kaufmann..... 19 16 23 22 22 23 19 23 18 20—205

19 15 25 19 23 17 22 19 21 16—196

21 20 15 15 21 22 17 21 20 20—192

F A Schlitz, M.D..... 20 21 18 18 12 21 20 23 18 19—190

19 16 14 23 17 19 23 17 14 18—180

20 15 14 19 18 19 20 18 17 17—179

CHARLES K. HOERNING, S. M.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association on Aug. 20 at Four-Mile House, Reading road. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard American target. Hasenzahl was declared champion for the day with the fine score of 91. Thermometer registered 98. Light wind, 4 to 8 o'clock:

Hasenzahl	8	9	8	10	10	10	8	9	9	91
Roberts	10	9	8	8	7	10	6	8	9	83
	8	8	8	10	7	7	6	10	8	82
	8	10	8	8	10	8	7	8	9	87
	6	10	7	8	8	8	10	9	9	83
	7	9	10	7	7	10	9	7	7	83
Payne	7	10	9	9	6	9	9	10	9	84
	9	9	7	9	10	6	8	7	7	82
	9	10	9	8	9	6	10	6	6	82
Gindele	10	9	10	10	8	6	9	8	8	84
	9	9	7	10	9	8	5	10	6	82
	9	9	8	7	10	10	9	5	6	81
Drube	8	8	9	6	10	7	9	9	5	79
	6	10	6	8	9	3	7	9	9	76
	8	10	7	6	8	7	8	6	6	72
Jonscher	7	7	7	7	9	7	9	5	10	78
	10	8	6	9	10	8	6	7	6	78
	7	6	7	9	8	10	9	8	5	76
Trounstone	8	5	8	7	7	8	7	8	10	76
	10	5	7	8	6	8	9	6	9	72
	7	5	9	8	7	5	7	8	8	71
Topf	6	7	9	8	9	5	6	7	9	74
	10	9	8	6	8	9	3	7	4	71
	6	6	10	4	6	5	3	9	8	62

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 13.—The weather conditions at Shell Mound range were unfavorable yesterday, as it was foggy. The range, however, was well patronized. Capt. L. Siebe, the proprietor, is making improvements preparatory to the big "Bundesfest" next July. All Coast marksmen are a unit in their efforts to make this shooting festival a success. We hope to have a large delegation from east of the Rocky Mountains. Scores of yesterday:

Germania Schuetzen Club monthly class medal shoot: First champion class, F. P. Schuster, 227, 216; second champion class, R. Stettin, 206, 201. First class, J. F. Bridges, 218, 207; second class, D. Salfeld, 202, 200; third class, J. Beutler, 177, 171; best first shot, J. F. Bridges, 24; best last shot, F. P. Schuster, 25.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein monthly medal shoot: Champion, D. B. Faktor, 449; first class, R. Stettin, 405; second class, not filled; fourth class, J. Beutler, 365; best first shot, D. B. Faktor, 25; best last shot, F. Schuster, 24.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club monthly bullseye shoot: F. P. Rust 368, R. Rothjuni 460, J. P. Schuster 340, J. De Wit 358, G. Schultz 309, F. Koch 932, H. Stelling 1,069, D. Salfeld 1,175, H. Huppert, 1,198, J. Gefken 1,287, A. Moeker 1,297, W. Gottschalk 1,298.

Independent Rifles' regular monthly medal shoot: Corp. P. Schonig 43, C. Iverson 27, Sergt. G. Mitchell 38, C. Schefer 23, R. Bither 29, J. H. Kuhlke 44, H. Gaetgen, Jr., 20, H. Felix 26, H. Gaetgen 34, Lieut. E. Moenning 34, J. W. Reiley 8, F. Brinkmann 21, D. Steffens 27, A. Wolfgramm 14, Dr. W. A. Meierdierks 34, Sergt. J. Heinbokel 17, H. Marzhoff 35, F. Schmidt 29.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club rifle scores.—Gold medal: D. B. Faktor, 222; A. B. Dorrel, 213, 213, 220. Silver medal: J. F. Budges, 201, 211; H. Hinkle, 210, 206. Bushnell trophy: D. W. McLaughlin, 216, 214, 223, 217; F. P. Schuster, 207. Second class trophy: J. Killmann, 208, 197, 199, 193; G. Tammeyer, 194.

All comers' pistol, 50yds.: J. E. Gorman, 93, 95; M. J. White, 91; W. Bennett, 79; L. C. Hinkel, 78.

Rifle Notes.

At Riverhead, L. I., a rifle club was recently formed, with officers as follows: President, Col. James Storer, of Aquebogue; Vice-presidents, George O. Benjamin, of Riverhead, and John H. Corwin and Oliver Corwin, of Aquebogue; Secretary, John Bagshaw, of Riverhead; Treasurer, W. F. Flanagan, of Riverhead.

The Zettler Rifle Club's programme for the remainder of the season is as follows: Aug. 26, Sept. 9 and 23, and Oct. 14.

The Savage Arms Co., of Utica, N. Y., have received a cablegram from Paris, conveying the information that they have been awarded the gold medal for the finest firearms.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.

Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

Aug. 22.—New Haven, Conn.—Tournament of the New Haven Gun Club, John E. Bassett, Sec'y.

Aug. 22-23.—Oswego, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club's tournament; \$100 added. G. W. Tully, Sec'y.

Aug. 23-24.—Worcester, Mass.—Grand tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Open to all. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

Aug. 23-24.—Lafayette, Ind.—Tournament of the Lafayette Gun Club, under sanction of the League. J. Blistian, Sec'y.

Aug. 23-25.—Arnold Park, Lake Okoboji.—Amateur Park tournament.

Aug. 21.—Watson's Park, Chicago, Ill.—J. A. R. Elliott, challenger, against E. S. Graham, holder, in a contest for the Dupont Smokeless Powder Championship trophy. Begins at 2 o'clock P. M.

Aug. 24.—Walhalla, S. C.—Shotgun tournament of the Semi-Centennial, under auspices of the Walhalla Gun Club. J. A. Steck, Sec'y-Treas.

Aug. 25-26.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs.

Aug. 23-31.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—The Indian tournament; \$700 added. T. A. Marshall, Sec'y, Keithsburg, Ill.

Sept. 1-3.—Hamilton, Ont.—Hamilton Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 3.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Fourth annual Labor Day tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club; bluerocks and magautrap.

Sept. 3.—Trenton, N. J.—Labor Day tournament of the Walsrode Gun Club. George N. Thomas, Sec'y.

Sept. 3.—Seven Stars, Near Pottsville, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Pottsville Game and Fish Protective Association.

Sept. 3.—Haverhill, Mass.—Haverhill Gun Club's open tournament; distance handicap.

Sept. 3.—Meriden, Conn.—Fifth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club; \$25 added. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Blondan Park, Richmond Va.—First annual tournament of the Virginia Trapshooting Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. Live birds and targets. Franklin Stearns, Mgr.

Sept. 3-4.—Muncie, Ind.—Two-day tournament of the Magic City Gun Club. One day at targets, one day at sparrows. Chas. E. Adamson, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Sylvan Beach, Oneida Lake, N. Y.—E. D. Fulford's live-bird and target shoot.

Sept. 4-5.—North Platte, Neb.—Tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club on Col. Cody's Scout's Rest Ranch; \$250 added. Geo. L. Carter, Mgr.

Sept. 4-6.—Wichita, Kan.—Tournament of Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. G. Farham, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-7.—Sherbrooke, Can.—Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sept. 12-13.—Homer, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Triangular Gun Club; one day targets; one day live birds. C. B. Wiggins, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Pensacola, Fla.—Two-day shoot of the Dixie Gun Club; bluerocks and live birds, V. J. Vidal, Sec'y.

Sept. 14.—Salem, N. Y.—Live-bird shoot of the Osoma Valley Gun Club. William L. Campbell, Sec'y.

Sept. 14-15.—Platte City, Mo.—Trap shoot of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 19-20.—Zanesville, O.—Tournament of the Zanesville Gun Club. L. A. Moore, Sec'y.

Sept. 27-28.—Erie, Pa.—First annual target tournament of the Erie Rod and Gun Club; \$100 added money. W. S. Bookwalter, Cor. Sec'y.

Sept. 28 and Nov. 13.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Under auspices of the Greater New York Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Oct. 2-4.—Swanton, Vt.—Robin Hood Gun Club's three days' tournament.

Oct. 11.—Greensburg, Ind.—Tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. C. D. Tillson, Sec'y.

Oct. 12-14.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.

Oct. 9 and Nov. 23.—Hackensack Bridge and Rutherford Road, N. J.—Under auspices of the Moonachie Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber managers.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Aug. 23.—Interstate Park, Queens.—August contest for the Dewar trophy.

Aug. 25.—Interstate Park.—Two-men team race, at 50 live birds between Dr. Wm. Wynn and T. W. Morley vs. Dr. A. A. Webber and G. Hagedorn.

Sept. 3.—Interstate Park.—Labor Day shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club; live birds and targets.

Sept. 11 and Oct. 26.—Interstate Park, Queens.—Under auspices of Medicus Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any regularly organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Interstate Association's trapshooting tournament given for the Osoma Valley Gun Club, Salem, N. Y., Sept. 12 and 13, has a programme of ten events each day—seven at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance, and three at 20 targets, \$2 entrance. Bluerocks 1½ cents each, included in all entrances. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock the first day and 9 o'clock the second day. To reach the grounds from the south, trains leaving Troy, N. Y., at 7:45 and 10 A. M. and 1:55 and 5 P. M. reach Salem in less than two hours. From the north, trains leaving Rutland, Vt., at 8:30 A. M. and 3:45 P. M. reach Salem in less than two hours. The club's shooting grounds are about five minutes' walk from hotel headquarters. The Rose system will govern the division of moneys in the ratios 8, 5, 3 and 2. Guns and ammunition forwarded to The Ondawa, Salem, N. Y., will be delivered on the shooting grounds free of charge. Loaded shells will be for sale on the grounds. A special purse of \$15 will be presented by the Osoma Valley Gun Club to the expert shooter making the highest percentage shooting through the entire programme; and a \$10 gold piece to the amateur making the best percentage shooting at not less than three-quarters of the targets specified in the programme. On Friday, Sept. 14, the club will hold a live-pigeon shoot, of which the events are as follows: Five birds, \$3, four moneys; 7 birds, \$5, five moneys; 10 birds, \$7, six moneys; 15 birds, \$10, two moneys for every ten entries or fraction thereof; high guns. Other events to suit the shooters. Birds 25 cents. Handicaps, as far as possible, to be arranged according to the schedule of the Grand American Handicap. Headquarters for sportsmen, The Ondawa House and the Central House. The eminent trapshooting general, Elmer E. Shaner, will command on the firing line, during the tournament. Mr. William L. Campbell is the club's secretary.

The programme of the Schenectady Gun Club's Labor Day (Sept. 3) shoot presents twelve events at bluerocks thrown from a magautrap. There are two events at 5 pairs, \$1.15 entrance; four at 15, \$1.25; four at 10, \$1.15, 65 cents and 40 cents; one at 20, \$1.30, and one miss-and-out, 25 cents. Money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., except No. 6, at 10 targets, 65 cents entrance, which has two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent., and No. 9, which has 16 targets, 40 cents entrance, one money. Targets 2 cents. Manufacturers' experts and professional shooters may enter for targets only. Others may shoot for targets only if they wish to do so. Lunch and shells may be obtained on the grounds. Take the Union avenue trolley cars at the Edison House, going east to the golf links, at 7, 22, 37 and 42 minutes past every hour. Shells, guns, etc., sent care of V. Wallburg, captain of the Schenectady Gun Club, will be delivered on the shooting grounds free. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock.

The Times states as follows: "Aug. 18.—Members of the Keystone Shooting League are preparing for their coming match with the Phoenix Gun Club team, which will be shot on the grounds at Holmesburg Junction next Saturday. As the team match calls for 50 targets per man the shoot yesterday was at a like number, a prize being awarded to the high gun, which was won by Howard Ridge, who broke 47 out of 50. The targets were thrown very fast, and aided by a strong wind they made very difficult targets for the marksmen to hit. The shooting was in two strings of 25 each. In the first string Ridge broke out straight, Mink second with 23. In the second string Ridge lost his first target and finished with 22. Early in the afternoon John Hallowell and B. F. McFadden shot a match at 50 live birds, Hallowell winning by killing his 50 straight."

For some weeks Mr. T. W. Morley, Chief of the Bird Department at Interstate Park, and by grace of good shooting, chief of shooters about New York, has been considering the matter of openly challenging any three shooters of New Jersey to a match at 100 birds each, the three matches to be shot on the same day at Interstate Park. When asked about the jar and fatigue of shooting at 300 birds in one day, he tilted up his nose scornfully and declared it was as easy to shoot at 300 birds in one day as it was to drink a lemonade in August. But first-class shots are nearly as plentiful as first-class mosquitoes in New Jersey, and if they (the first-class shots) should hear of Morley's craving there might be blood on the moon, figuratively. Still, Morley is a gladiator at present. So there you are.

Elsewhere in our columns will be found an acceptance of Mr. Elliott's challenge to Mr. Gilbert, to contest for the E C cup, emblematic of the inanimate target championship of America. Aug. 31 and Arnold's Park, Ia., are the time and place fixed upon for the match. The indications are that Mr. Elliott will be a busy shooter in the latter part of the month, for Mr. E. S. Graham has accepted his challenge to contest for the Dupont trophy and fixed upon Aug. 24 and Watson's Park as the date and place.

Mr. L. A. Moore, secretary-treasurer of the Zanesville Gun Club, under date of Aug. 15, writes us as follows: "Please announce through FOREST AND STREAM the change of dates for the tournament to be given by the Zanesville, O., Gun Club. In place of Sept. 27, as formerly announced, change to Sept. 19 and 20. At the request of numerous prominent shooters who have signified their desire to be present, the above change was made. From present indications, the attendance will be very large, the team event alone insuring forty-eight shooters booked to date. As this is a handicap tournament, the amateur here has protection all sufficient, and no doubt will be largely in the majority. The programme will be out soon. Any one desiring a copy can receive same by writing to L. A. Moore, secretary."

Concerning the Twin City Gun Club, of Royersford, Pa., the Press has this to say: "The old Twin City Gun Club has disbanded, and Aug. 11 a new club was organized, which will continue to use the same name. These officers were elected: President, Samuel Hines; Vice-President, George Quay; Secretary, George Diethl; Treasurer, Jacob Johnson; Captain, H. E. Buckwalter. Seventeen names were secured on the charter. The club decided to change its present quarters, and will locate its club house in D. Sower's meadow, along the trolley line near Spring City. They also decided to hold an all-day shoot on the new grounds Tuesday, Sept. 11."

Capt. A. W. du Bray (Gaucha), the distinguished representative of Parker Brothers, recently visited the city of Winnipeg, Man., and, as will be noted on referring to his communication, "Reminiscences of Winnipeg," published this week in our trap columns, he is profoundly impressed by the genuine sportsmanship and hospitality of that far Northland, though, strange to say, the far North, to residents of Winnipeg, is considered as being a thousand miles further toward the North Pole. Frankness compels us to say, however, that Capt. du Bray's experiences in Winnipeg were not a one-sided affair, for the true sportsmen of that city were gainers in forming his acquaintance as he was in forming theirs.

The programme of the Annual Summer Target Tournament, held under the auspices of the Hamilton Gun Club, Hamilton, Conn., Sept. 1 and 3, announces \$279.25 in cash and prizes. There are twelve events on each day, 10, 15, and 20 targets, based on 10 cents entrance, excepting No. 10 on the first day, a merchandise event at 10 targets, 50 cents entrance, and Nos. 6 and 10 on the second day, the first of which is a handicap at 25 targets, \$3 entrance, for the Bell organ, and the second a three-men team race, 25 targets per man, \$2 per man, entrance. These special events are open to Canadians only. Manufacturers' agents and experts may shoot for targets only. The Rose system will govern the division of the moneys.

The New Utrecht Gun Club will open its fall season at Interstate Park with an all-day shoot on Labor Day, Sept. 3, when, in addition to the regular club shoots, a series of open sweepstakes will be provided at both pigeons and inanimates. These events will be open to every one, but the club reserves the right to reject any entries that may be objectionable. In addition to the sweeps, the club will offer appropriate trophies to the winner in both club and open events.

Mr. F. E. Sinnock, of Newark, again made good his title to hold possession of the E C cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, in his contest last Saturday, with Mr. H. H. Stevens, the challenger, of New Brunswick. The score was 46 to 45. Immediately after the contest the holder was challenged by Mr. Wm. B. Widmann, of Yardville, N. J., and the challenge was accepted.

On Saturday of this week there will be a two-men team race at Interstate Park, Queens, between the redoubtable gladiators Dr. Wm. Wynn and Mr. T. W. Morley on the one side, and Dr. A. A. Webber and G. Hagedorn on the other. It is a handicap race at 50 birds, the contestants standing respectively at 30, 33, 30 and 28yds. This should be a close and interesting race under the novel conditions.

The programme of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, published elsewhere in our columns, is of special interest to shooters, particularly New England shooters. There will be a contest for the championship of New England, and a three-men team race, besides the other programme events. Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, has donated \$50 in cash to the tournament.

In our report of the match between Messrs. Widmann and Page at Yardville, N. J., published in FOREST AND STREAM last week, it was mistakenly stated that the match was for 50 cents a side, whereas it was for \$50 a side. The match was at 50 live birds, and the very excellent scores of 48 to 47 were incomparably above any 50-cent limitations.

Mr. Ansley H. Fox, of Baltimore, writes us under date of Aug. 18 that "Out of the local and out-of-town shoots which I have attended this week I have scored 510, an average of over 95 per cent. on the entire 542 shots. I have only been using a pump gun for the past ninety days."

The October shoot of the series given under the management of Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, at Outwater's grounds, is fixed for Oct. 9, instead of Oct. 19, as at first announced. The dates of the series will be found fully set forth in our "Trap Fixtures."

At the Brantford Gun Club's shoot, Brantford, Can., Mr. C. A. Montgomery, of Brantford, won the silver cup given by the club for high average, he making the excellent performance of .923 per cent.

The Dansville, N. Y., Gun Club has fifteen events in the programme of its Labor Day shoot, Sept. 3. The events are at 10, 15 and 20 targets, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance, with a liberal guarantee of money. Targets 2 cents. Shooting commences at 9:30.

In the contest for the championship of the Yonkers, N. Y., Gun Club recently, a 50-target event, the second one for the cup, Mr. A. Rowland was the winner with a score of 39.

BERNARD WATERS.

Brockton Gun Club.

BROCKTON, Mass., Aug. 11.—It was a very hot day, and we all did some very poor shooting. Nos. 1 to 5 was the handicap prize shoot; No. 7 the handicaps; Nos. 9 to 11 were singles; Nos. 12 to 14 doubles.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Le Roy	8	9	10	8	9	44	3	47	6	...	8	7	10	
Worthing	8	7	8	8	7	88	9	47	7	6	9	6	6	6
Wood	6	8	8	8	8	33	11	49	8	6	...	7	5	...
Hepner	9	10	9	9	7	44	8	50
Leonard	8	8	6	7	8	37	13	50	7	6	7	8	7	...
Stork	9	7	9	6	8	39	11	50	5	6
Taylor	8	8	7	4	6	33	10	43
Grant	5	8	8	7	5	7
Horace	9	10	8	7	8	9	6	7
Porter	6	7	6	7	7
Pratt	5	5	7	6	6	9	7

A. F. LEONARD, Sec'y.

In the Louisiana Lowlands.

Appearing first in FOREST AND STREAM, these little stories are rescued from the oblivion of yesterday's newspaper in answer to the demand of many readers. Col. Mather stands sponsor for the genuineness of the incidents upon which the sketches are based in his statement that they happened while he was engaged in the Louisiana Lowlands collecting specimens for the United States Fish Commission. The dialect is wonderfully well imitated, the incidents amusing, and the character studies admirably done. Breezy, sound and entertaining, these stories are among the best Southern tales that have appeared for many a year.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Trapshooting in the Past and Present.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is so many years since I fired my first shot over the traps that I hardly realize how the years have slipped away. I had been shooting in the covers in this section for some time, and although my first attempts on our fast-flying ruffed grouse and elusive woodcock were rather unsatisfactory, I kept on, and constant practice, combined with a little common sense, brought a most decided improvement.

To me then, as to others who were new to such work, killing a pigeon at 21yds. rise looked very easy. Practical work, however, showed that I could not always kill them. In those days trapshooting meant 21yds. rise, ground trap, one barrel, gun below elbow until the bird was on the wing, with an 80yd. boundary.

As I look back to the old days on the grounds of the Tremont Gun Club, of Boston, I think we enjoyed ourselves fully as much, if not more, as at any of the more recent tournaments where graven images took the place of live birds, and where the principal object seems to be to use up as many targets and cartridges as possible, and to give every one so much shooting that one day is all an ordinary shooter wants for some time.

At tournaments in times past the gun was held below the elbow until the bird was on the wing. Only one barrel used. Now, I claim that with the expert of to-day holding his gun at the shoulder, pointing at the trap before the word "Pull" is uttered, and with the use of both barrels (even though the rise be 30yds. instead of 21yds.), a pigeon stands much less chance of getting away than under the old rules. I do not wish to underestimate in the least the skill of the present expert. Will any of them undertake to equal some of their best scores as made under present rules by shooting at selected birds, gun below the elbow, use of one barrel, 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary?

With the advent of the artificial targets, the Legowsky clay pigeon, and its successors of asphalt make, tournaments multiplied in all parts of the country. It was always easy to have an abundant supply of the graven images on hand, whereas with live pigeons it was often the reverse.

While the supply of wild pigeons held out it was easier to get enough oftentimes, but what birds they usually proved to be! After being crated about, they no more resembled a wild pigeon in its natural condition than does a crow in its flight resemble a ruffed grouse. Plunge traps usually had to be used to get them off the ground at all.

To return to the tournaments: At first, such events at artificial targets were well attended. They were open to all. In my time I have taken part in shooting contests in many parts of the country from Canada to New Orleans, and the tournament having the largest attendance of actual shooters and where the money was paid in freely was at the first Legowsky clay pigeon tournament at Grand Crossing, Chicago, in the spring of 1884.

About a year after the above event, the "kicker" began to be heard from, and he and his relatives have been very much on hand ever since. The kicker as I have met him was never much of a shot. He came of the stock which might shoot for a generation without improving. When he made numerous misses they were accepted as a matter of fact, and the usual remark, "It is of no use, I cannot break such targets!"

The men who became good shots (some of them no better adapted physically than those who did not improve) and who therefore won were those who took pains to improve who when they missed certain shots knew that it was on account of poor holding.

At the third tournament of the Legowsky Clay Pigeon Co., at Springfield, O., in the spring of 1885, the question arose of what to do in order that the men who could not shoot (and who apparently never would take pains enough to learn) would win as much as the good shot. It seems to me that this question has been a puzzle ever since, and bids fair to continue so.

No doubt many of the shooters who attended the Legowsky tournaments at Chicago, New Orleans and Springfield remember Ben Teipel, of the Cincinnati Club. Teipel could shoot as well as the best of us, both with his gun and his mouth. Should there be what Edger, of Marlboro, Mass., called a "jaw" going on, Ben was sure to take part. Eloquence, however, was not his strong point; yet at a well attended meeting one night during the tournament at Springfield, O., where the question of handicapping or barring certain good shooters came up, Teipel made the first and, so far as I know, the only speech of his life. His language may not have been as choice as it could have been, yet it was practical.

As I remember, he said: "I started out as a trapshooter a few years ago. I could not shoot very well, and when I went to tournaments I put in my money and never saw it again. I made up my mind that I must learn to shoot better or stay at home. I kept pegging away, and now I can shoot as well as the fellows who used to beat me. Now some of you say, 'Bar him out,' or 'Handicap him so that he cannot win.' To — with such rules. Learn to shoot as I did or stay at home."

Now I am out of trapshooting, and have been practically for some ten years past. When I was in it I claim that I was second to no one from New England, and my record then as made in open competition will prove it. To-day I am one of the "has beens." I am told, however, by some of the old-timers that tournaments, particularly in New England, are growing poorer every year (as far as attendance of men who shoot through the programme, win or lose, is concerned).

I recently attended a tournament of the Boston Association at Wellington, Mass. This tournament was advertised as one at which the poor shot would compete on even terms with the expert. The manager of the above tournament is one of New England's best expert-amateurs. His showing as such was proven time after time. My first meeting (to my recollection) with this gentleman was some years since at the outlet of Lake Rossignol, in Nova Scotia. It was just coming out with a bull moose which I had shot, while he was just starting in. I certainly admire his courage in attempting to run a tournament satisfactorily to all. Settling the Chinese question (to me) would be as easy. Well the tournament was well attended. When our party reached the grounds there were in all some twenty men with guns on hand. I was glad to see the old grounds again (I had not been there for some ten years).

The veteran O. R. Dickey said, "Stark, I am glad to see you once more. I have not seen so many men on the old grounds for a long time." As the time passed, shooters (or at least men with guns) kept arriving. They did not show up with the promptness of the old days. Still there were a good many. The programme gave a certain number of events, and in some cases there were something over sixty entries; but it seems that quite a percentage entered for the targets only. In no event was the entrance fee over \$1.30, including targets. Just think of it! Shooting simply for practice. Tournaments were different in the old days. Nevertheless, I am glad I was there. A few of the old-timers were on hand. Most of them plainly showed they were old fellows. T. H. Keller, of Peters cartridge fame, was on hand, and I was glad to meet him again, even if I have a slight grudge against him, inasmuch as he gave me a little advertising some years since, as being present at a New England tournament armed only with an umbrella. Tee Kay had a sort of irritating effect on me, however, at our last meeting. He is not as young as he was once, and what is provoking he does not show his age as he should. It is very evident he has an easy time and nothing to think or worry about except getting a good dinner, and the way in which he kept the scant supply of waiters busy proves my statement. I never had any cause to think Tee Kay was much of a shot, and I really think he has lost none of his skill.

There was a time when it would have been a picnic for me to have tackled him. To-day—well! I have nothing to say except that if he will come up to Concord on Labor Day, Sept. 3, I will shoot him a friendly race on the grounds of the Concord Club for a box of quickest-on-earth cartridges, or any other reasonable stake. Or should he prefer to visit me at the old homestead after Sept. 15 I should be happy to entertain him, and will guarantee that if he will follow me through our covers for a couple of days I will give him some shots at our elusive ruffed grouse and guarantee him that he will not exterminate many of them, and also that he will lose a few pounds, which I think he can spare. You are a good fellow, Tee Kay, and I mean all I have said. You are the only one of the old gang on whom age leaves no trace, and whose skill with the gun neither grows more nor less. Come up and visit me, and I will introduce you to some good fellows, and you can either sell or give away a few of your quickest-on-earth cartridges, and thus combine business with pleasure, and you may have all the grouse both of us kill.

C. M. STARK.

Platte Gun Club's Programme.

THE Platte City Gun Club has issued the programme of its fall shoot as follows:

"We do not think you can afford to miss the fall shoot of the Platte City Gun Club at Platte City, Mo., Sept. 14 and 15. We have as fine a background as you could ask, and a magautrap and a set of expert traps. We will charge only 1 cent for targets, and divide the remainder of the purse by the Rose system, viz.: 15-target events, four moneys, 6, 5, 4, 3; 25-target events, five moneys,

7, 6, 5, 4, 3; 50-target events, six moneys, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2. Interstate Association rules.

"On Friday, Sept. 14, events 1 to 9 will be at 15 bluerocks, entrance \$1.50; event 10 at 25 bluerocks, entrance \$2.

"On Saturday, Sept. 15, events 1 to 9 will be at 15 bluerocks, entrance \$1.50; event 10 at 50 bluerocks, entrance \$4.

"This being purely an amateur shoot, experts and manufacturers' agents will not be permitted to share in the division of the purses, but we will be glad to see them and have them shoot for the price of the targets.

"We will furnish tents and camp on the grounds during the entire shoot, and Friday night have a good old time around the camp-fire, feasting upon fried fish and old-time Virginia burgoo, prepared by two Kansas City epicurian sportsmen whose reputation as burgoo masters is second only to their prowess at the traps.

"Our club boasts of perhaps the best fisherman in the State, and as the Platte River abounds in excellent fish he assures you all you can devour, and you will be interested in hearing how he caught them.

"This combining an outing with a shoot is a novel thing, and we think a good thing—twill add years to your life.

"Come, shoot, eat, drink and be merry with us, for to-morrow you may die. A. D. Park is president; S. Redman, secretary."

Worcester Sportsmen's Club's Programme.

THE following invitation and programme has been issued by the Worcester Sportsmen's Club for its grand tournament at Worcester, Mass., on Aug. 23 and 24. We suggest to the management, not as from fault-finding, but from friendly interest, that its handicaps are very faultily arranged, as 18yds. is practically no handicap at all for an expert, nor is 14yds. any advantage to the novice. The true theory is to set the expert back so that he will have real difficulties and thereby bring him down to the level of the average shooter, who should be at a mark whereat he can perform best. At 18yds. the expert has no such difficulties, while the novice at 14yds. has practically all the faults and failings that he has at 16yds.

Following is the circular:

"We extend an invitation to all shooters to come, and we trust this programme will be satisfactory to all. If you cannot come pass this programme to your friend and invite him to come. We hope to have 100 shooters, and will be prepared to accommodate them, and give them all the shooting they want. Shooting will begin each day promptly at 9 o'clock, and the following programme will be shot:

"On Thursday, Aug. 23, Nos. 1, 2, 5 and 6 are distance handicaps at 10 targets, with an entrance fee of 70 cents; Nos. 3 and 4 are open events at 15 targets, entrance \$1.30; No. 7, 25 targets, open, entrance \$2; No. 8, 25 targets, open, entrance \$5.

"On Friday, Aug. 24, Nos. 9 and 10 will be distance handicaps at 10 targets, entrance 70 cents; Nos. 11 and 12 are open events at 20 targets, entrance \$1.40; Nos. 13 and 14 are distance handicaps at 15 targets, entrance \$1; No. 15 is an open event at 25 targets, entrance \$5; No. 16 is an open event at 25 targets, with an entrance of \$2.

"In all distance handicap events experts will shoot from 18yds.; semi-experts from 16yds., and amateurs from 14yds.

"Events 7 and 8 on Thursday will constitute one-half of a 100-bird race for the championship of New England for 1900, and events 15 and 16 on Friday the other half; but any shooter who cannot attend both days will be allowed to shoot the whole 100 on either day. The shooter who breaks the most targets in the 100 will receive \$25, and the amateur who breaks the most targets in the 100 will receive as a prize a silver loving cup emblematic of the amateur championship of New England for 1900, donated by the well-known jeweler F. A. Knowlton, of Worcester, Mass.

"Event 12 will be a three-men team race, and the teams will be made up as follows: Cards bearing the names of two amateurs will be put in a box and will be drawn by the expert shooters; each expert will add his name to the two on the card which he draws and thus complete the team. The prizes will be \$4 to the first, \$3 to the second, \$2 to the third, and \$1 to the fourth.

"Mr. A. B. F. Kinney has very generously donated \$50 to make this tournament one of profit as well as one of pleasure to you, and we have tried to place the money in such a manner as to be satisfactory to all shooters; \$15 will be given for the highest averages of the two days' programme—\$10 to first and \$5 to second.

"Secretaries of clubs will please distribute programmes among their members. All of the popular loaded shells will be for sale on the grounds. Dinner at the club house at 12:30. Take Green-dale cars for the grounds, stop off at Huntington avenue. All sweeps optional. Sweepstake moneys divided 40, 30, 20, 10 per cent., class shooting.

"A. B. F. Kinney, President; A. W. Walls, Secretary."

ON LONG ISLAND.

Talkisms.

A RECENT issue of the Brooklyn Eagle has the following:

"There is some talk of Mr. Jim Elliott being matched to shoot one of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club cracks at Interstate Park early in the fall, the local man to be backed up by the club; but who the selection will be cannot be told at the present writing. When the subject was broached at the shooting grounds the other day, Mr. Bobby Welch was spoken of, but the latter remarked that he would be very busy during the balance of the year, and respectfully referred the job to Capt. A. W. Money. The veteran stated that he would not be able to shoot such a match, as all his time would be taken up in trying out new guns, and that he did not think he would be able to get one to suit him in time to shoot Elliott a match. He believed that if such a match were made Mr. Tom Morley would be the proper man to represent the local contingent. Morley replied that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to show Elliott that the latter did not know a little bit about trapshooting, but that on account of gathering in his crops he would be unable to undertake the job. Several others were spoken of, notably Mr. Ed Banks, but as he was not present his views could not be learned. However, if Elliott should come on there would no doubt be a dozen ready to relieve him of some of his cash if a match on terms fair to both could be arranged.

"The remark made by Morley about gathering in crops really has some truth in it, as Tom has branched out as a farmer since he took up his residence at Interstate Park. He has an able assistant in Mr. Herbert Dressel, and the pair have been studying so hard of late that they can now tell potatoes from cabbages. Dressel claims that he is particularly fitted for a country life, and that he had often thought of marrying a farmer's daughter and spending his days among the butterflies and the birds. Morley's farm is quite an institution. One cannot help seeing it as he enters the main gate, stretching away to the left as far as the house, and Dressel is authority for the statement that there are at least twenty different kinds of cabbage planted in that big patch."

It is hardly to be assumed that the farm work would interfere with a match, as a deer standing in the middle of the aforementioned cabbage patch could browse around its outer edges. At the present time no raw cabbages could interfere with any match if Mr. Morley and any other great artist were seriously inclined to meet. Nothing tends to decrease the list of champions as does competition. Nothing tends to add to the laurels of the champion as does competition and victory. However, Mr. Elliott is not a man who comes under the head of delicatessen as an opponent in a shooting match, and however such race might end, if it ever came to pass it would be a great one.

Eureka Gun Club.

Interstate Park, Queens, Aug. 18.—All the events were 5 birds, \$2 entrance, high guns:

Hagedorn, 28.....	1210	02102	1221*	20120	12021
Dr Wynn, 29.....	21110	20021	122*2	1211*	21212
Dr Webber, 30.....	22022	22222	2*222	2*222	22222
C M Lincoln, 28.....	21122	11*22	02020	02122	
Webber, 31.....	20222	22222	22222	22222	
Wynn, 30.....	2122*	11112	12112	12112	
Hagedorn, 28.....	21112	11111	1111*		
Dr Jones, 30.....	12121	22212	2211*		

Chesapeake Gun Club.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., Aug. 17.—The regular weekly shoot of the Chesapeake Gun Club yesterday afternoon for 50 birds resulted in the following scores: G. B. James 43, T. F. Stearns 43, Dr. Charles 40, B. B. Semmes 40, E. W. Milstead 38, Rufus Baker 34, A. G. Fifer 33, W. K. Stowe, Jr., 30; Dr. Lee Robinson 25, D. M. Ausley 22.

The shoot in Richmond on Labor Day (Sept. 3, 1900) will, I think, be well attended. We hope to take with us at least ten men, and Portsmouth will have as many.

THOS. F. STEARNS,
Pres't. Chesapeake Gun Club.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Owatonna.

At Owatonna, Minn., the Twentieth Century Gun Club has been organized with the following membership: President and Captain, F. G. Schuman; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward Zamboni. The members of the club are as follows: F. G. Schuman, Edward Zamboni, Silvy Zamboni, William Gumboski, H. Sanders, Jr., Emil Buboltz and Albert Markson. The club will hold bi-weekly meetings on grounds northeast of this city.

Indians.

The bills are out for the Wild West show at Okoboji, Ia., Aug. 28-31. This programme book is done into verse by Mr. F. C. Riehl, of Alton, Ill. The portraits are good, and the descriptions pat and clever. As to the shoot, watch the smoke. It will be a warm one; \$650 cash. Three big trophies. All the shooters will bring their wives and families, and any Indian leaving his family at home must pay a fine of \$50. This shoot will be the most sociable one ever held in the West, and following the amateur shoot earlier in the week at the same place, will surely close the Western season with the best of good feeling.

H.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 18.—The following scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fifteenth trophy shoot of the season. K. Kuss and W. P. Northcott tied for honors of the day, winning the medals in Classes A and B respectively on a clean score of 25 straight, while J. D. Pollard and A. McGowan tied for C medal on scores of 20.

The day was excessively hot and the atmosphere, owing to the great amount of humidity, was very enervating, making it an extremely unpleasant day for trapshooting. The attendance was fair, considering atmospheric conditions, twenty-two members participating in the trophy event. The scores:

Fifteenth trophy event, 25 targets:

A McGowan	1111101110111011101111	—20
P McGowan	0101011011101110011110	—17
W P Northcott	1111111111111111111111	—25
Tramp	1110001101111111101111	—20
R Kuss	1111111111111111111111	—25
L Thomas
C Kuss	0001101100001111100001	—12
J D Pollard	1110111000111111111101	—20
C P Richards	1111111111010101011111	—21
Dr J W Meek	1111101111100111111111	—22
A Hellman	1110111101111111011110	—21
T L Smedes	1010001111111101111111	—21
F I Cooper	0110111111111101111110	—21
S E Young	0110101111111111010101	—19
A D Dorman	1101101111111110010011	—19
H Delano	1100110101010101010010	—18
N H Ford	1010001110110111110111	—18
F G Barnard	1110100110110101111001	—17
Dr C H Graves	1110010100101001001010	—17
J Wolff	1101111001011111010101	—19
Dr C C O'Byrne	1110101001010010111001	—15
M J Lowry	0110100111011100011101	—15

Team shoot, 15 targets per man:

Kuss	12	Northcott	12
Dr Meek	14	Hellman	12
C P Richards	13	Young	13
Smedes	14	Pollard	13
Tramp	13	J Wolff	8
Cooper	9	A McGowan	9
Dorman	12	Ford	14
Lowry	8	Barnard	11
Dr Graves	3	Dr O'Byrne	6
P McGowan	6	H Richards	4
Delano	6	Marshall	5
C Kuss	5—115	C Kuss	5—112

Sweepstakes:

Targets	15	10	5p	15	5p	Targets	15	10	5p	15	5p
A McGowan ..	9	4	4	Young	9	4	9
P McGowan ..	11	6	5	5	8	Dorman	8	3	12	14	5
Northcott	14	9	7	12	..	Delano	5	3	9	7	4
Tramp	12	9	7	12	..	Tommy	7
R Kuss	15	8	Barnard	9	4	15	14	5
Thomas	9	6	R Kuss	10
C Kuss	10	Ford	3	9
Pollard	10	8	9	12	..	J Wolff	8
Richards	11	9	5	12	..	Dr O'Byrne ..	8
Dr Meek	11	6	A Smedes	1
Hellman	14	7	..	12	7	M J Lowry ..	8	..	14	4	..
Smedes	8	6	5	6	6	Dowd	11
F I Cooper ..	10	6	H Richards	3

Dr. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 18.—In No. 3 the conditions were walking toward unknown targets. The scores:

Medal shoot, 25 targets:

Vietmyer	11011111111110011110011	—20
Milliken	111101101101111001101	—19
O J Buck	111011111111111000111	—20
Dr Morton	0010001001111101011111	—16
Boroff	11101110100111001011011	—17

Monthly trophy, 15 targets:

Vietmyer	10111110111101—12	111110110—8
Milliken	1011000010000—6	
O J Buck	1001111111011—12	11111011—10
Dr Morton	1111001011111—12	1111011011—9
Boroff	10010101110001—8	

Sweepstakes:

Targets:	25	5p	10	15	Targets:	25	5p	10	15
Vietmyer	21	7	7	14	Dr Morton	16	3	4	11
Milliken	10	5	3	9	Boroff	4	..	11	
O J Buck	20	5	6	13					

Minneapolis Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 16.—The attendance at the shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club was not as large as usual, owing to the absence of several of its members, who are attending the southern Minnesota State shoot at Rochester. Some very good scores were made, considering the wind, which blew direct in the shooters' faces. The following are the scores in the different events, shooting at Intercity Park:

Val Blatz diamond badge, 15 targets: Johnson 13, Mrs. Johnston 9, Hawkins 8, De La Barre 11, Neeley 9, Noerenberg 9, Gerber 11. Johnston won badge.

Schlitz diamond badge, 25 targets: Johnston 22, Mrs. Johnston 22, De La Barre 23, Hobbs 15, Neeley 15, Noerenberg 15, Gerber 18, Stone 21. Mrs. Johnston won badge.

Faegel diamond badge, 25 targets: Johnston 22, Mrs. Johnston 21, De La Barre 21, Neeley 19, Noerenberg 16, Gerber 17, Stone 19. Johnston won badge.

Club badges, 10 singles and 10 pairs: Johnston 16, Mrs. Johnston 15, Neeley 11, Noerenberg 12, Gerber 17, Stone 12. Johnston won senior badge. Mrs. Johnston won junior badge. Gerber won amateur badge.

Jackson—Feckford Contest.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Aug. 18.—Herewith are the scores of the Jackson and Feckford match for the possession of the Kilgour medal. Jackson's score was 72 to 61 for Feckford. The match took place to-day and the weather was fine. There was not much wind. Jackson has held the medal for a long time. Feckford challenged him to contest for it and Saturday, July 25, was fixed upon for the contest. That time Feckford won the medal by a score of 63 to 61. This was the first time that Jackson lost a race in three years. Jackson challenged Feckford immediately and the contest was set for Aug. 18. In the latter match, Jackson won by 11, the score being 72 to 63.

Mr. Jackson is the expert of the South End Gun Club, of Troy. He has won the Rensselaer Co. trophy for the past three years and some fine medals also. He also is a member of the Schenectady Gun Club, as is Mr. Feckford, the latter residing in Albany. They will shoot again on Saturday, Aug. 25, for the Kilgour medal, on the Schenectady Gun Club's grounds, and on Monday, Sept. 3, this club will hold its fourth annual Labor Day tournament.

In the Matter of Handicaps—I.

In target shooting, handicapping by distance is now coming into such general vogue that some information concerning it may be of special interest to new clubs, and even to older clubs, which have given the subject but little if any thought. Before treating of its particular details, let us consider some of the principles on which it rests.

As every one knows, the trapshooters, compared one with another, vary greatly in the skill which they possess in the use of the shotgun. Among the thousands of them there are degrees from the lowest to the highest; but, as in most every other interest, the majority of approximate skill will be found between the two extremes, the intermediate degrees.

For the sake of illustration rather than for any nicety of precision, let us assume that the average of tournament skill is from 70 to 100 per cent. It probably varies even more, but at this estimate it is evident that there is a wide difference in the capability of shooters who enter a competition. Indeed, it not infrequently happens that there are extremely variable degrees of ability in the same individual, which may manifest themselves one event after another many times during the same day, or perchance the in-and-out shooter performs phenomenally well one day and unaccountably poorly the next.

The high class men—those who can shoot up to a certain high standard of excellence with reasonable certainty day after day—are few indeed as compared to the great sum total of shooters. On the other hand, the shooter who does not improve with practice and who has not an ever lively belief that he can do better next time is rare indeed.

But in tournament matters the amateur—by the way, a misnomer as it is generally used, for it is mistakenly applied to him who shoots poorly instead of to him who is not a professional—long since discovered that he could not be even moderately successful in competition with the expert on even terms, and therefore he for a time competed very little or not at all in such sections of the land as had afforded the best opportunities for his trapshooting schooling. The modesty of the beaten trapshooters, exhibited by refraining from competition, was regrettably observed as a matter of course, and a cure for it was sought.

However, instead of directly considering the matter of skill as between man and man, the point wherein lay the true equity, there were by wise men evolved many "systems" more or less intricate which governed the division of the moneys, and which, though professing to make a more equitable division and competition for the "amateur," were fallacious, misleading and inadequate. It requires but little thought to perceive that juggling with what a shooter is competing for detracts not a jot from the skill of the man opposed to him, nor adds a jot to his own chances. When one considers the irrelevancy of such efforts and their absurdities in practical use, it will appear strange that they should ever have had so much serious consideration.

It may be safely assumed that a poor shot and an expert, standing on the same mark in competition at a target tournament, are not in equitable competition, regardless of what mathematics may be applied to the division of the moneys. Under these conditions the winner is known before a shot is fired. As a matter of figures, it is conceded that the money can be so divided that the tailender will receive a part of it, but, so far as having an equal chance with the expert—a chance to have the honor of beating him as well as to have the honor of winning the prize—the poor shot has none, though under such systems he had a constant chance to be a tailender.

Let us assume that there are two shooters, A and B, in competition, and that A is a 95 per cent. class man, while his opponent fluctuates about 80 per cent. Let us further assume that they have \$10 as the subject of competition, \$5 put up by each. Now, if we juggle with the \$10 with any kind of a system, as a matter of equity it does not even remotely affect the competition between A and B. A breaks his 95 per cent., and B his 80 per cent. just the same, regardless of how the money may be divided. There thus is no competition between them in its true sense. A knows to a certainty that he can beat B. He therefore does not need to extend himself. On the other hand, let B exert himself to his utmost and there still is such a distance between him and his opponent that there is not, excepting as a matter of trapshooting fiction, any race.

If we consider that the \$10 are so divided that A gets \$5.10 and B gets \$4.90, and that B after all is but 10 cents loser, we are then confronted with the proposition that he quite as well might have shot for 10 cents in the first instance, and furthermore that if he shoots times enough with A, it is but a question of the number of times before the money is transferred from his pocket to that of A.

Now the common sense method of establishing an equity between A and B is to deal directly with them. We observe the differences of skill and we proceed to establish a handicap. B can perform best at a certain mark, which let us assume to be say 16yds., and we place him there. Put A at 20, and if he is still too strong for B, put him back still further. Do not for a moment consider that there is any difficulty in the problem of making A equal to B in a competitive sense. There is none. Nothing can be done to make B shoot better, but much can be done to make A shoot worse. It is only a matter of putting him back far enough, whether he is shooting at either live birds or targets. There is a distance point at which there is a reasonable equity of competition between A and B, at which both will have to exert themselves to their utmost to win, and at which there is a real race between the two opponents, instead of a mere juggle for the money. This principle holds good among a greater number of competitors as well as it does between A and B. It establishes an uncertainty as to who can win, and so long as this uncertainty is maintained there is interest and competition.

However, tournament managers, up to within a very recent period, seemed reluctant to meddle with the experts seriously by setting them back to a greater distance, and hence any kind of other makeshifts which were plausible on their face and sufficiently well supported to get a trial, served to divert the multitude of shooters till such time as numerous practical tests exposed their fallacies.

Under many of the old "systems," so far as any equity of competition is concerned, the weaker shooters never had it. It was a cinch from first to last for the expert. The neglect of the true solution is all the more astonishing in view of the fact that the true principles of handicapping were observed in live-bird shooting, as well as in other forms of competition. In running races the superior horse carried a greater weight; the faster sprinter gave his weaker competitor some yards of start; the trotters were guarded by classification, etc., but, strange to say, target shooters were supposed for a long time to be properly safeguarded by some intricate mixing up of the moneys which were to be shot for. Such was not unlike the system of the old doctor who gave an emetic to remove a splinter from the foot of a patient.

The recent Grand American Handicap Target Tournament at

Interstate Park, while not the first that adopted the principle of a distance handicap in a target tournament, was the first which adopted it in a comprehensive and efficient manner. Some managements had rather timorously adopted 14, 16 and 18yds. as containing the elements of a handicap, and some had even used the 20yd. mark, but it remained for the Interstate Association to adopt distances which would establish a true equity among the shooters. This tournament determined a great deal in respect to handicapping and to the ability of the experts, all valuable for future reference. It determined that the latter were so far superior to the average shooter that the matter of a couple of yards back of 16 was too insignificant to be worthy of consideration. It determined that the 16yd. mark as a standard is too close for the average shooter of to-day. It should be reserved in a handicap for the weakest shooters. However much this mark may have been correct in the early days of trapshooting, or, rather, after the early days, what with improved guns and loads and the greater skill of the multitude of shooters, it for a standard is too close now; 18yds. would be better.

The average tournament shooter, standing at 18yds., is not handicapped in the least, and as for putting the expert at 18yds. with the idea that he is thereby handicapped, it is absurdly erroneous. Placing a shooter at 14yds. with the idea that he thereby receives an advantage is still more erroneous. A shooter who is not good enough to have a fair chance in a tournament on his own skill from the 16yd. mark cannot be benefited by standing nearer, for if the No. 1 and No. 5, at 14yds., are as wide apart as at 16yds. the angles of the targets are much more acute, the field of vision is not so wide, and the load of shot has not time to scatter so for if the Nos. 1 and 5 traps at 14yds. are as wide apart as at 16yds. mark, his chances to win in any tournament are very remote indeed. He should bear in mind that no handicap can compensate for an absence of a reasonable degree of skill. There is, or should be, a distinction between a handicap and a school of shooting. If, however, a novice chooses to enter a competition, knowing that his skill is inadequate to reasonably insure success, it is his own affair, and yet he could obtain equally as good schooling at much cheaper rates. If he enters with an idea that a handicap will compensate for the absence of skill, he deceives himself if there are any important differences in the skill of the contestants—and in tournaments there generally are such differences.

It was shown at the recent Interstate target tournament that targets could be broken with much success from the 30yd. mark. At the 16yd. mark the shooter can see his target well, the target angles are not particularly acute, and the targets are well within reach of his gun even when near the end of their flight. This should be the closest mark. The real handicapping begins after the 18yd. mark is passed. The distances then begin to be more in harmony with the ability of the better shooters and the powers of their guns and loads, and to tax their skill.

The matter of handicapping will be further treated in following papers. BERNARD WATERS.

Reminiscences of Winnipeg.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Chatting one evening in South America with Gottschalk, the famous pianist, I ventured to ask him how it was that he had named one of his beautiful compositions "Recuerdos do Para." Why Para and not some other larger city? Said he, in a dreamy way, "Well, friend, I have been about this world a great deal, but I never have left a place with more genuine regret than Para. To me there is a charm about the place which I cannot describe, and can still less shake off; so I dedicated that piece to the memory of Para."

And so it is, for while it may be true that the wanderer seldom forms a lasting attachment for any one place it is equally certain that some particular spot rivets itself into his mind with far greater force than many another—he it for some person or persons for whom a warm attachment is formed; be it for some special attraction in the way of scene or episode; some startling surprise, coming as it does to break the monotony of routine travel; or some series of such affairs, clinched the more firmly by acts of universal kindness and good fellowship extended to one far away from home and friends.

Possibly Gottschalk, though encountering less tinsel and glitter in Para at the mouth of the Amazon than in Paris on the Seine, felt that his reception there was of more spontaneous sincerity and therefore more charming to him. Hence we now have "Recuerdos do Para" and no "Recuerdos de Paris."

To me, then, in an humble way, I say "Recollections of Winnipeg," for a combination of all the pleasures that go to make some phases of life brighter and happier than others overtook me at Winnipeg, that bright and shining spot in the far-away North, whence my mind constantly reverts with feelings of deepest admiration, gratitude and delight.

An attempt to analyze in a cold-blooded way why we like or dislike some places, people or things is an unsatisfactory task—a tedious one. We are aware that children and dogs intuitively know their true friends, and so it is with the genuine born-in-the-wool sportsman. There is an unseen and indescribable bond which, intangible though it be, fastens one man to another, regardless of religion, politics, creed or nationality, and that bond is sportsmanship. We remember with unflinching fondness the chum who divided his last few shells when birds were flying low and fast. We remember the men who shoot on their own side. We never forget those who, though loving their horses and dogs best, have still breadth enough of soul to see good points in ours where they exist, and we love them the more for it—for these are the manly men, who most heartily applaud a good shot, a bold leap, or a plucky act of any kind. These are sportsmen, and I verily believe that no place of equal population can boast of more of such men, take them as they come, than can Winnipeg.

Naturally my mind reverts to Winnipeg, Land of the Far North—albeit cold and bleak in its long winters, yet fostering as it does warm-hearted men, sportsmen.

Dense centers of population are not calculated to develop in man the same noble traits of character that we find in more sparsely settled localities, so perhaps it comes about that the bold and sturdy men who first pitched their tents in far-away lands, removed by many miles from civilization, develop many sterling traits of character which might have remained dormant had they lingered around the old homestead fireside in ease and luxury, independent of help, excepting that which their wealth procured.

Whatever be the cause, the effect is the same. The chivalrous hospitable Southern strides into your affections by his genuine politeness, affability and spontaneous generosity. Every well-bred traveler has commented on this, nor could he do otherwise, for it is all as apparent as the blazing sun, the moss-covered grand old oaks, the singing of the mockingbird, the glorious Mississippi surging down its widespread banks.

Whatever else he may have lost in the way of shekels and chattels, the born Southern gentleman has these traits, and they have proclaimed him what he is—a prince in his power, a hospitable host always, perchance with only a meager meal to divide, but always with an open heart and a free hand, and therein lies the charm of it.

My first visit to Winnipeg, though a flying one, brought back to me many of the fascinating traits of the far sunny South, and though getting but a hasty glimpse I stood amazed at the similarity of its people. Now, having seen and known more of its men, I find a still greater resemblance, for never in my life have I been received with more cordial hospitality, courtesy and bon camaraderie than at Winnipeg—Land of the North—cold and bleak in the winter though it be!

So I say with reluctance and deepest regret, au revoir, you big, brawny men, whose handshake savors of a tug of war; au revoir, my friends, whose lusty, hearty cheers make the woodland ring; au revoir, brother sportsmen, but not farewell. Think kindly as you may of your erstwhile guest of one who can never forget Winnipeg. GAUCHO.

"No, you kaint go swimmin'," cried old Farmer Hardman; "I got this here axe tew grind, an—"
"Oh," protested his young son, "I don't want to be a-grindin' that ole stone all the time."
"Why, you worm! How dare ye? Ye'll do as I say."
Then, tradition has it, the worm turned.—Philadelphia Press.

The Brant County Rod and Gun Club.

BRANTFORD, Canada, Aug. 17.—Appended are the scores of our tournament, held Aug. 13 and 14. Mr. C. A. Montgomery, of this city, won the handsome silver cup given by the club for high aggregate, with .923 per cent. Mr. Forest H. Conover, representing Dupont Powder Co., was a close second.

There was a good attendance of both shooters and spectators, and the presence of Mrs. Draisey, a lady shooter from Galt, created a decided interest in trapshooting in this city:

Monday, Aug. 13, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total.
Targets:	15	15	20	25	20	15	25	15	15	15	128
Bates	8	12	12	22	15	11	24	13	11	11	128
Price	10	13	17	21	19	13	24	13	14	14	144
Conover	14	13	20	23	16	14	23	15	14	14	162
Summerhays	13	12	19	24	19	14	21	13	14	14	149
Carter	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Draisey	11	11	13	13	13	13	13	12	12	12	120
Wayper	13	13	18	22	17	15	23	14	14	14	149
Reid	9	13	16	14	15	11	20	11	12	12	121
Stevens	12	12	17	22	16	13	23	14	15	14	144
Mud	11	17	17	21	13	7	16	10	10	10	112
Westbrook	14	12	17	20	17	15	20	13	11	11	139
Mrs. Draisey	12	15	15	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	160
Montgomery	13	14	18	23	20	13	22	15	15	15	163
Cutcliffe	13	14	18	25	16	14	19	13	13	13	147
Birdsall	14	14	20	22	12	19	15	13	13	13	147
Wilson	16	19	16	16	13	23	14	12	12	12	142
Hunt	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	110
Bugger	16	22	16	13	20	12	11	11	11	11	140
Fletcher	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	160
Mitchell	14	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	170
Smith	14	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	170
Marmalade	14	18	15	12	13	9	11	11	11	11	140
Robins	19	16	16	11	20	11	11	11	11	11	140
Cline	17	22	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	140

Tuesday, Aug. 14, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total.
Targets:	15	15	20	20	15	25	15	20	15	118
Bates	10	14	14	12	11	19	13	12	13	118
Conover	15	14	18	19	12	25	14	17	13	147
Reid	9	11	19	18	11	17	10	10	10	110
Stevens	12	10	16	11	22	11	19	12	12	120
Summerhays	14	14	18	15	23	10	19	12	12	143
Price	13	12	15	16	12	24	12	15	12	132
Montgomery	13	15	17	20	13	25	13	17	14	147
Westbrook	11	10	14	16	11	20	11	13	11	131
Cull	12	8	11	11	11	15	15	13	13	120
Charles	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	150
Wayper	12	12	18	18	13	23	13	19	14	142
Mud	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Cutcliffe	14	13	16	15	10	18	12	19	13	131
Gray	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	130
Mitchell	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	130
Newlands	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	120
Mrs. Draisey	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	120
Draisey	13	16	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	130

A. B. CUTCLIFFE, Sec'y.

Zanesville Gun Club.

ZANESVILLE, O., Aug. 21.—Herewith find scores made at practice shoot on Thursday last. This change of date was made at the request of numerous gentlemen who desired to attend, but found if held the latter part of any month the usual necessary trial balance would prevent. So numerous were such requests that the club quickly saw the impossibility of pulling the tournament through in one day, so they decided as above.

The programme calls for five 10 and 15 target events and two 20-target events for each day, with an entrance of \$1 and \$1.50 for the two former, per se, and \$1 only for the 20-target events. The latter being for merchandise prizes only, and for amateurs only, no one ever having made over 70 per cent. is eligible to these last two events.

Money divided in the first two named events Rose system, 5, 3, 2 and 1, with privilege for targets only, should satisfy the most pronounced amateurs.

The main feature of the tournament naturally centers in the team event, to which the club adds a very handsome and valuable prize. Five men and one substitute to constitute a team. All members of a team must be members of one club and enter as a club team. Each team pays an entrance of \$25. Each to shoot at 125 targets per day for the purse and prize. Purse divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

At this writing eight teams are entered for this event. The tournament will be a handicap one, 90 per cent. men being placed at 22yds., and 70 per cent. at 16yds.

Shooting will be done over a magatrap and one set of expert traps will be rigged up in case of accident to the magatrap, or the impossibility, owing to a very large number of shooters, of carrying out the programme over the magatrap.

The club is an old and very popular one, its membership consisting wholly of merchants and business men. It has had a wide experience in giving tournaments, hence those desiring to attend can be assured of a royal welcome and an enjoyable time. For programme and particulars write to L. F. Moore, the secretary.

Scores made at practice shoot by the Zanesville Gun Club Thursday, Aug. 16:

Shot	at	Broke.	Av.	Shot	at	Broke.	Av.
Porter	50	46	.92	Hull	50	34	.68
Hall	50	45	.90	Cary	50	73	.66
Kemp	100	89	.89	Chappelle	50	33	.66
Ensign	50	41	.82	Inglar	50	62	.62
Reviere	50	40	.80	Brown	50	31	.62
Moore	75	57	.76	Mercer	100	61	.61
R E V.	100	75	.75	Reasoner	65	40	.61
Wiles	50	37	.74	Powers	50	28	.56
X Y Z.	75	55	.73	Dennis	100	54	.54
Holloway	50	35	.70	Jones	75	36	.48
Warner	125	88	.70	Lilienthal	50	22	.44
Hartmeyer	50	35	.70				

L. A. MOORE, Sec'y.

Staunton Gun Club.

STAUNTON, Va., Aug. 18.—Herewith find scores made by the members of the Staunton Gun Club this week:

Event at 50 targets on Aug. 17:	Score
Opie	000.00.001100100000000000101110101000000101011—17
Steinbuck	001101001101101101111111000110100101000101111—33
Garber	1111110101111011011111110110110110110110111—40
O E Smith	111111011111100110110111111111110110100001—37
Dawson	010000110010100100010001000000000111000101—18
Kiracofe	0011001001111111010110101111111111111100101—37

Event at 50 targets on Aug. 14:	Score
Quensen	1101011010010111110110111101100010101101111—36
Steinbuck	1100001111101001011111011011011010101101101—33
Garber	101111011111101101111001110111101101100001111—39
McCoy	1111110111111011111101111011101100011111111—44
Merriken	100110111111101011111011011011011011011011—40
O E Smith	0010000101011101111010110101000000010000101—23
Summerson	111111101111101101101111101101101000010111—37

Event No. 1, 25 targets:	Score
Quensen	110111101111111111101111—22
Summerson	01111100111111000011101—17

Event No. 2, at 25 targets:	Score
Quensen	1111111101010111111111—22
Summerson	1011110001010101111111—19
McCoy	11010011111101111101111—20
Sprout	1110110111111111110001—20
O E Smith	1110100101010101010100—15

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE shall begin next week the publication of two important series of papers of practical sportsmanship, each of which will extend through several issues. The first series will be on

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.

By George Bird Grinnell. The chapters first to be published will give a general description of the duck family as useful to man, together with a particular description of each individual of the family, including the swans, geese, brant and ducks, with illustrations by Edwin Sheppard, the well-known illustrator of Baird, Brewer and Ridgway's "Water Birds" and other works. By means of the text and pictures to be given in FOREST AND STREAM it will be practicable for the novice to learn his ducks and for the older gunner readily and certainly to identify any strange fowl that may fall to his gun. The second series of papers will be on

Training the Hunting Dog for the Field and Field Trials.

By B. Waters. This is an exhaustive and in every sense practical manual of instruction for developing the field dog for its highest usefulness as an adjunct to the gun in the field; and the successive chapters will command attention by reason of the common-sense and efficient system set forth. These are among the features which in the months to come will maintain the interest and usefulness of the FOREST AND STREAM as a sportsman's journal.

IN THE WILD RICE FIELDS.

SCATTERED over the northern country between the Hudson River and the Missouri are many thousands of reedy swamps and shallow lakes, and great stretches of wet meadow land, where the wild rice grows. In the spring, so soon as the water is warmed by the genial rays of the advancing sun, the tiny pale green spears show themselves above its surface, and, all through the hot summer, grow taller and stouter, until, when August comes, the tasseled heads begin to bow with the weight of the flowers, and a little later the soft, milky grain appears in a waving crop. In the good old times, before the white man's foot had explored every recess of our land or his plough furrowed every prairie, or his crooked gray fences disfigured each landscape, these rice fields were the homes of innumerable wild creatures.

On their borders the herons built their nests, and in the open waters, among the stalks, they did their fishing. In and out among the stems, the wild ducks and grebes swam in daily journeyings, while the rails and the coots ran or waded or climbed among the stalks undisturbed. Here the muskrat had his home, living, in the summer, perhaps, in a hole on some higher piece of ground and in winter building for himself from the reeds and the stems of the rice a house, solid, substantial and impervious to the cold. Here too lived the mink, taking his daily toll of fish or frogs from the water, sometimes killing the muskrat and now and then feasting greedily on the eggs or the young of some bird whose nest he had despoiled.

Among the rice or the reeds the blackbirds built their hanging nests of grass, supported by three or four natural columns, and all through the heat of the June days the mother bird brooded her pale blue, black-streaked eggs, swinging easily to the movement of the rice stems, like the sailor in his hammock at sea. More solid and substantial were the houses built by the marsh wrens; round

balls of grass, deftly woven about a stalk of the rice, roofed over as well as floored, and with only a narrow hole for the passage in and out of the tiny owner. Sometimes a single pair built half a dozen of these nests near one another before making a habitation that pleased them, and those that they had left were taken by the bumblebees for homes in which to do their housekeeping.

Rarely, in such marshes, might be found the nest of the great gray goose; the female brooding her eggs on a solid nest placed on a foundation of reeds and grass, the faithful gander not far from his mate, ready at an instant's warning to fight bravely in her defense, should prowling fox or coon or wolf approach his home. Then, after the yellow goslings were hatched, the pair led them by well-known paths hither and thither through the rice fields, telling them where the best food was to be found, where danger might lurk, and teaching them how to live their lives.

But it was when autumn came and the ripened grain, loose now in its husks, began, as the breezes blew, to drop down into the water below, that the greatest accessions came to the life of the wild rice fields. Now from the north, singly and by tens and hundreds and thousands, came flying the hordes of water fowl which had been hatched and reared toward the borders of the Arctic Sea. Their numbers were beyond belief, and such as no man of the present day can hope to see again.

Flock after flock, they came dropping down into the marsh, until the open spots were crowded with their dark bodies, and from the concealment of the reeds, where no water could be seen, tumultuous clamorings told of other thousands hidden there. In those days, when ducks were food for the infrequent dwellers of those regions, the single discharge of a gun would supply the hunter with birds enough for several days; then, no one thought of shooting ducks or geese except to eat, and indeed ammunition was often far too valuable to be wasted on birds. In the old days it was the practice of the Indians, when camped on the borders of the wild rice lakes of Minnesota and Manitoba, to enter the water, and, fixing a chaplet of grass or rushes about the head, to wade very slowly close to the flocks of unsuspecting fowl, and, seizing them by the feet, to draw them, one by one, beneath the water until enough birds had been obtained to satisfy their wants.

To such lakes and sloughs, where the birds regularly came to feed on their migration, the gunners of years ago used to resort, and, taking station on some point of land or on a muskrat house or in a boat concealed in reeds, to have, without the use of decoys, such shooting as to-day is hardly dreamt of.

SNAP SHOTS.

In the autumn of the year 1540 the first white explorers of California, whose adventures were forcibly told in 1898 by our correspondent Mr. H. G. Dulong, reported that in the waters of the Gulf of California they saw a great serpent. As described by Martinez, who chronicled the adventures of the little band, its head was of the bigness of a wine cask and it had eyes about the size of a breastplate and long white teeth. As it swam fast through the water about 200 paces from the shore it held its head high above the surface, and over the waves were seen from six to nine folds of its swimming body. In the summer of 1900—360 years later—certain Americans who were engaged in the contemplative pursuit of fishing in these same waters—off Guaymas—saw and promptly reported another sea serpent whose description would well enough fit the one reported by Martinez. Thus, after three and one-half centuries comes to us confirmation of the observations of Father Jayme, Martinez, Estreda and Bejar.

There are many idle hours in camp—hours when for one reason or another neither fishing nor hunting is in order. He gets the most out of camp who has resources to employ these by-hours in something besides simple, vacuous indolence and laziness. A fortunate principle of human nature is that study of a subject awakens and promotes interest in it. If we investigate any branch of the outdoor world—bird life, the growth of vegetation, entomology, the structure and distribution of the rocks—indeed, any such subject, simple or complex, we discover the universal experience that such study gives enlarged opportunities of entertaining one's self amid woods sur-

roundings. And so it is well to make provision for increased camping enjoyment by equipping for it with a knowledge of some one of these branches of natural history. The more one knows the more one is eager to know. Thus, by the principle we have referred to, of the growing interest which always comes with the acquisition of increased information, one may return from his outing with a gain of something more than the moose head or the shoulder of venison. All the realm of nature is the sportsman's for his study and gratification. It is not to any one's credit that the camp hours unoccupied by hunting or fishing hang heavily, when the day, from dawn to nightfall, might be full to the minute.

The action taken recently by the American Fisheries Society looking to the erection of a monument or memorial tablet to the late Professor Spencer F. Baird is worthy of all praise. The project deserves the support of every one interested in fish or fisheries and ought to be carried through successfully in a very short time. Prof. Baird was one of the greatest of scientific Americans, but was at the same time so modest and retiring that his achievements were for the most part known only to men of science and not to the great public. It is high time that steps were taken to erect a lasting monument to his memory, and the Fisheries Society may be congratulated on having set on foot the plan. It is proposed to erect this memorial at Woods Holl, the scene of much of Prof. Baird's work in connection with fish-culture and marine biology. The members of the committee having the matter in charge are Dr. H. M. Smith, chairman; Hon. E. G. Blackford, Dr. E. W. Blatchford, Hon. Geo. M. Bowers, Frank M. Clark, Vinel N. Edwards, Dr. Bushrod W. James, Hon. Geo. F. Peabody, Hon. Redfield Proctor and W. de C. Ravenel.

Acting Superintendent Goode, of the Yellowstone National Park, under date of Aug. 27 reported to the Secretary of the Interior the welcome news that forest fires, which had been raging in the Park, had been extinguished. The conflagration was for the most part confined to dead and down timber, and the telegram says:

"The last report from the scene of the fire is to the effect that it is completely extinguished. Was held at a point about two miles from the road until extinguished by the rain. The burned district is out of sight of any travel, and damage to the beauty of the Park is remarkably slight."

The financial value of forests as pleasing elements in the landscape are beyond compute in regions which depend upon the attractiveness of their scenery to promote the tourist business. From the White Mountains and the Rockies this summer have come stories of forest destruction by the lumbermen in New Hampshire and by fire in Colorado, which threatens seriously to impair their tourist value. The marring of the sweep of forest seen from Glenwood Springs would be nothing short of a national calamity; and when we read of the passive acquiescence in the skinning of New Hampshire mountains we marvel that the citizens of a State which draws its revenues so largely from scenery-allured summer visitors can be so fatuous as to make no effective protest.

The prize of \$100 or a gold medal of equivalent value presented to the Military Service Institution by Dr. Louis L. Seaman for the best paper on "The Ideal Ration for an Army in the Tropics" has recently been awarded. It was won by Capt. E. L. Munson, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., whose contributions to FOREST AND STREAM will no doubt be remembered by many of our readers. Dr. Munson's energy and ability have kept him well to the front during these late years of war, and as time goes on he is likely to be more often heard of.

"There are many lakes in Lapland abounding in fish to a miracle," wrote a historian of the country nearly two centuries ago, "and these lakes are called by the Laplanders Saivo—i. e., Holy—because they look upon them as sacred, and will not allow the least dirt to be thrown into them." If during the last two centuries the people of America had shared something of the Lapps' reverence for the waters stocked with fish, so that these should not have been converted into sewers and poisonous and deadly drains, our fishery resources would have been the richer for it to-day.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Weed that Catches Fish.

In the Vaiala Reef there is in particular one pool that attracted me from its first discovery. It is easy to find, for the bearings are plain. Stand on the beach in front of the Consulate, in which for years this country has tried vainly to find some rhyme or reason in the affairs of Samoa, set your back against the tall flagstaff and wait until the one clear spot in the outer fringe of breakers shows the false passage which has more than once been mistaken for the entrance to Apia harbor, a mistake which even a rowboat cannot afford to make. Then wade out in the warm water of the lagoon along that line and about two-thirds of the way to the barrier reef the pool will be found; in fact it is the first really deep water.

My first experience with it was accidental. Wading at first, and then swimming when the coral would permit, I suddenly found myself floating where the water was 30 feet deep. It was as clear as crystal, blue as the cornflower, and my downward gaze saw every detail on the white sandy bottom and on the coral walls.

I swam across the pool and took a position where I could study its details.

Experience alone can yield any faintest conception of the marvelous beauties of these pools in South Sea reefs; mere words of description would seem turgid, and no one would venture to put on canvas the brilliant colors which alone could do justice to the oceanic garden. The corals are covered with vivid colors such as the rainbow alone can match, the tip of every stony spray and twig in this submarine shrubbery is as gay as the brightest flowers in longshore gardens, and the gentle flow of the water gives them a semblance of motion such as they would possess if they were really plants instead of stalks of solid limestone that cut and tear whatever is dashed upon them. In and out among the trunks and branches, the water seeming almost a sort of atmosphere, fly schools of painted fish, which in their thousand hues rival the brightest birds and butterflies of the upper air.

It was the fish that most attracted me in this pool. I had become familiar with the bright colors and odd shapes of these denizens of the tropical sea, but never before had I seen fish exactly like these, which seemed to have a monopoly of this basin, and I seldom saw them elsewhere in the same waters, and then only singly and not in schools as they were here. The pool was about 60 feet in diameter and roughly circular in its outline. Of just how many of these fish were in it I should hesitate to express an opinion, but there were at least half a dozen distinct schools, and in each school were many individuals. They were shaped like the mackerel, almost uniformly less than a foot in length, in color a brilliant violet, with a quieter shade down the backbone and on the fins and tail, which were a dull drab; gill covers, bright scarlet, the same color appearing on the rays of the fins and in a series of smoothly circular spots along the median line of each side graded from one as large as a cent just behind the gills to a mere pin head at the tail.

The name of the fish I never learned. We have no museums or works of ichthyological reference in Samoa to help me out. I described the fish with painstaking accuracy of detail to Tanoa when I returned to shore, but his only reply was that he did not know it. Then I made him wade out with me to the pool, and gave him an exhibition of the living animals. He looked with much care at them, then he soused his head into the pool to get a better view under the surface. When he came dripping to the surface he gravely pronounced that they were "ia sa," which meant no more than that they were fish tabooed for the benefit of the chiefs, and that he was not high enough in rank to know anything about them. I fear that this was a vain delusion, for the density of the ordinary Samoan ignorance on the most common questions of natural history is seldom illumined by a single ray of comprehension.

Not satisfied with Tanoa's general ignorance nor content with the mere looking at this living picture of one of tropical nature's own aquaria, I could not rest until I had caught some of the fish themselves. The first day was confined to observation. I waited until the alarm of the school at my sudden and terrifying appearance in their zenith had subsided, then worked around to a stem of coral on which I could rest without casting a shadow into the pool. From this inconvenient perch I watched them feeding with an eye to learning what bait would most attract them.

In waters so crowded with animal life of the lower orders, it was by no means easy to see just what these gaudy violet and scarlet fish were feeding on. Clearly they were not bottom feeders, for each of the schools was hovering in the middle depth, never sinking to the sands, and only rarely making rapid dashes to the surface; it was equally clear that they did not feed on the corals, and in general it seems that the coral pulp is displeasing to all the South Sea fish, although the crustaceans find much of their sustenance in the living tissue of the reef-forming corals. So far as I could observe the food of these fish, it seemed to be the small jelly fish and the zoea stage of the crustaceans. It was observed that all the feeding was done from below upward; no amount of food below the school attracted any attention, but anything above the school was followed upward to the surface or until the animals dodged below their finny pursuers and there found immediate safety. Later on I found that there was an anatomical reason for this upward feeding. Under each eye was a ridge or shelf of hard bone or cartilage which served as a blinder to cut off all the view downward—in fact, the fish could not look over their lower eyelids, and were necessarily blind to all that was going on in depths below them. In addition to the purely marine food supply any small bright insect that floated on the surface caused a wild rush of all the fish, and in most cases the insect, unless it was one of the hard-shelled beetles, was snapped up.

This seemed to give me all the necessary information as to the taking of violet fish with scarlet trimmings, even though they were held under a taboo for the high chiefs for I had my own opinions as to the relative rank of coffee-colored magnificences and the American woman—in fact, the best was not a whit too good for me if only

I could catch it. This may not be altogether in harmony with the general official instructions that my husband had received to pay strict attention to native ideas of rank and the pomp of circumstance so long as they did not affect our foreign relations, but the diplomacy does not exist which shall interfere with the rights and privileges of the American woman who would go fishing. Tanoa had instructions to collect a bait can full of young jelly fish and another of the zoea stage of the crustaceans. My own more scientific task was to whip up a few flies that should suggest the gorgeous brilliancy of the native butterflies. It was not difficult to get the materials—a stone thrown with the skilled aim of any Samoan boy would bring out of the leafy coronet of the nearest cocoanut palm a native parrot, gay with all the shades of red and blue and green that one could desire. My supply of crewels furnished all the rest of the chromatic scale, and a good long dip in cocoanut oil would fix the silks so that the contact of the salt water would not change their colors or soak them into a soggy tangle. Furthermore, Samoan experience argues that the cocoanut oil is a good lure in itself for the fish of the islands. My lightest rod and strong silk line completed the equipment. For the rest I needed no more than my bathing suit, for in the neighborhood of the reef barrier there was no telling when some larger wave might leap over the coral wall and set me afloat. To my preparations I added a much worn camp stool, for the coral is not a comfortable seat, and I preferred to take no chances.

I must record that all these preparations were in vain. I tried the rainbow fish with jelly fish and with young crustaceans. The bait was attractive enough to the rainbow fish. As soon as it reached the water, they rushed for it immediately, but they were wise enough to see the hook, and with a derisive whisk of their tails they shoved the lure away and returned to something less dangerous. When I found that this was useless, I tried chumming. The fish gobbled up the bait as it sank through the water, and the little that did reach the sands was without effect, for chumming can never be of any good with fish that have brackets under their eyes which cut off the view downward.

Next I tried my gorgeous flies. It is not a little hard to cast under the steady blast of the trade wind, but I felt that I was sifting my confections of crewels and parrot feather on the surface of the water in much the same style as a fluttering insect would swamp itself in the foreign element. The fish seemed to think the same, for they came rushing to the surface in what seemed eagerness to snap up the pleasant food. But again the little glint of Kirby blue showed the falseness of the pretense, and the rainbows flashed away. Probably when the schools were in safer depths some wise old fish quoted to them sage finny proverbs such as "All's not fly that flutters," and "Beware the good meal that has a string tied to it." I do not know that Samoan fish have such proverbs, but from my experience I suspect it. At any rate, bait and fly proved absolutely useless.

By this time I was not alone. All children are curious, and the Samoan youngsters are no exception. One can hardly blame them for wanting to see what was going on. It does excite attention that cannot be avoided if the marine landscape presents such a prominent picture as that of a woman in a bathing suit sitting three-quarters of a mile out in the Pacific Ocean on a camp stool with a green-lined white sun umbrella over her head. Without being a savage, almost anybody would wonder what such a spectacle might mean. Accordingly I found half a hundred of the little children of Vaiala wading out to me, content to sit quietly on the coral blocks and watch what might happen. In a general way I had come to recognize long since that my movements provided these small and laughing savages with their closest approximation to the juvenile delights of the circus.

Having all these spectators, I put them to use. I recognized that rod and line would serve me not at all in this tide pool so provokingly crowded with these gay fish that scorned the hook, no matter how cunningly concealed. But I had some hope that a net would prove effective. Therefore, I dispatched some of the children to shore to borrow nets for me. They brought back a magnificent assortment, for I had not followed all the niceties of the language in describing just what sort of net I needed. There is a single word for all this sort of fishing gear, and that was the word I used, not remembering that each variety of net has its own name, and that no Samoan ever knows enough to use the slightest particle of common sense in aid of one who is not adept in the niceties of their language.

I had asked for fishing gear, and it was fishing gear they brought me—gear of every sort that they knew. Here came a youngster packing out a length of rope covered with tassels of cocoanut leaves, a thing that could be of no imaginable use in my deep pool. Next was a quartet struggling with a wooden hand barrow heaped high with a hundred-fathom seine, of which the meshes were so large that it would hold nothing smaller than a codfish. Others carried small dip nets, which could be used only in the shallowest pools. I had asked for nets and it was nets that they had brought me, according to the best of their lights. Some had even brought out a stock of fish traps of basket work, but they were of no more service than the nets. Yet from the mass of material placed at my service, and for which I knew I should have to reward each youthful bearer, I did manage to put together a purse net that would fit within the pool. With the assistance of the children I succeeded in setting this in the pool, but, of course, all the fish had been frightened into the safe seclusion of the coral forest. After the net was set I waited for the fish to come back. It was altogether useless. The fish swam up to the outside of the net and looked at the meshes, then they swam back under the coral and told the others that there was something wrong. At every twig of coral I could see a fish gazing curiously at the pool and its treacherous contents, but not one would venture out where I might gather it in.

The stir on the reef and the errand of the children on the shore had interested Talolo. He did not know what I was doing, but that I was doing something was enough to bring him to me. I explained that I had been trying to catch these rainbow fish with bait and with the fly. His first comment was that fish of this sort were forbidden to all but chiefs. That was a thing I knew already, for Tanoa had told me, and anyway, I explained that it made

no difference to me in the least, for I was entitled to the best there was going. Then he explained that they would not take the hook under any circumstances. I thought I knew this already by dint of experience. Next I showed him my purse net, only to be told that it was impossible to net these fish, a truth of which I was rapidly becoming convinced.

"What shall I do, Talolo?" I asked. "If you and the rest of the chiefs eat these fish there must be some way of taking them, and you must show me how."

There were few things that Talolo liked better than bossing a job, and particularly when by so doing he could give me a new demonstration of his theory that I had no business to tackle the natural history of Samoa without his guidance. To the crew of small children he delivered a set of positive orders, which set them at work collecting the nets, including the purse that I had set in the pool. With surprisingly little delay they lugged their gear back to shore, and to one of the more trustworthy youngsters my rod and appurtenances were intrusted, with directions that he wake Tanoa up from his afternoon nap and tell him to dry it carefully, because, while it was no good in Samoa, I might want to use it some time in my own home.

Then Talolo found a seat in the water alongside of my camp stool and proceeded to tell me stories. He told me how much he loved me, but by this time that was a well-worn fiction and was understood to be no more than a preliminary step to the request for the satisfaction of his manifold wants. From this he branched off to the solemnity of the taboo that existed over these fish, and the dreadful happenings that were bound to make themselves felt in the insides of any man or woman who should venture to eat them without being to the manner born. Even the one method which would catch them was forbidden to those of low estate under most unpleasant penalties. After all, he was of the opinion that my rank and station was sufficiently high to admit me to share in these fish, and my goodness of heart toward him was so great that he was sure that I would bestow on him some slight gift in recognition of his services in my assistance.

By the time this harangue was finished and Talolo had received assurances that he would not go unrewarded, the children came wading back, and each one bore a back load of green vines with large round leaves. The plant was in a general way familiar to me. That is to say, I had often noticed it growing on the beaches just above high-water mark. But I never had seen it in flower, nor did I know of any reason why it should be held above any beach weed. It was not at all ornamental, and I was unaware of the fact that it was useful.

The children built up a platform of coral blocks on the reef and carried it above the level of the water. On this platform the back loads of vines were deposited and each carrier set at work making them up into tight bundles a yard or so in length and about a foot thick, tied around carefully every few inches. When the bundles were all made up, one of the children gave Talolo a stout stick, with which he beat each bundle several smart blows. Then tying to one of the bundles a few sinkers of coral rock, he cast it into the pool as near the center as possible. The same was done with the others, and a considerable area of the sandy bottom was covered with these green fagots.

Of course the very first bundle frightened all the fish away to their hiding places in the coral thickets, but as soon as the last bundle had made its splash the schools of fish returned to their feeding ground. We sat on the brink of the pool to await developments. For fully five minutes nothing happened. The vines were anchored at the bottom, the fish swam above, and I was ready to vote Talolo's efforts as great a failure as my own. But then a change began to make itself manifest in the deepest school. Instead of swimming lazily the fish began to dart hither and thither on irregular courses and then to swim hurriedly to the surface, where they clustered nearly straight up and down, with their mouths out of water and gulping air. The surface current and the breeze drifted these fish to the edge of the basin, where the children picked them up and put them in my creel. In a few moments another school floating a trifle higher was similarly affected, and came stupefied to the surface, and was caught.

It was clearly one of the vegetable fish poisons of which I had heard as being extensively in use in the South Sea islands. The clubbing which the bundles of weeds received set free the active sap, and it gradually mixed with the water at the bottom and thence extended upward in the still basin. This could well be the case, for at the bottom the coral walls were practically solid, and whatever current of the moving tide there might be was confined to the upper levels. The stupefying influence of the weed seemed to extend actively upward for 10 feet—at least above that depth the fish were not sufficiently affected to bring them to the surface. I noticed also that in the case of fish which were brought to the surface the effect of the poison seemed to wear off in about five minutes, and after their recovery they seemed to suffer no ill effects, but swam about placidly in search of food.

Talolo convinced me by actual test upon himself that the weed is harmless to the human system. I nibbled one of the stems and found nothing but a slightly sweet sap, which reminded me more of the juice of a watermelon than anything else. But on taking some salt water into my mouth with the sap I found the taste changed to a sharp and pungent acid. It is probably that sea change that acts upon the fish.

By the time my creel was filled to overflowing, and the last few fish had been strung on a stem of the weed that caught them, the seat of my camp stool was awash. I gave the word for the return to shore, for I never could feel at ease with my brown kindergarten in deep water, even though I knew full well that every smallest baby of the lot could swim before it had learned to walk on dry ground. It always brought me into sympathy with the clucking Dorking that has hatched out a clutch of ducklings. Accordingly, I gave the word for the long wade back to the glistening beach. But Talolo would not have it so at all. Even if I were forgetful, he knew that there were several things yet to do. With a national facility at speech-making, he harangued the small tribe, and laid down the law to them with all the authority that a chief's son could exercise. Immediately

every one of the children took a prompt header into the pool and swam to the bottom, from which they collected all the poison vines, and did not rest until they had dragged them into a tide channel, where they might float away. I should hardly have thought of that last detail, but it argues in Talolo a recognition of the principles of game preservation. When that had been accomplished Talolo told off the detachments of youngsters who were to carry ashore my various belongings, reserving for himself the fish, and then I noticed that the taboo on the fish had proved so strong that not one of meaner rank had so much as touched them.

On the beach he and I conducted the important operation of counting the catch. As he laid them out in order on broad banana leaves, I reckoned twenty-eight, but Talolo positively announced seven. When I first encountered that proposition I had found it hard to understand, but in time I became reconciled to the mysteries of Samoan counting, even though I never really acquired the art in all its niceties. The "tasi, lua, tolu, fa" became as familiar to me as my "one, two, three," but I was always forgetting when two were one and when one was one, and when three were one. Coconuts are an example; two drinking nuts count one; palusami, if I remember correctly, it takes three to be counted as one. Evidently with these tabooed fish the unit was four. After the count Talolo claimed two, meaning eight according to my count, for his father Le Patu, inasmuch as he was chief of the village, and therefore entitled to his rake-off in accordance with the principles which are found universally applicable to rank and station.

As to my own "five" of the gayly painted fish (really twenty according to my arithmetic), I lost no time in putting them to the pan test. Like all the smaller fish of the coral waters, they were good eating, yet not so conspicuously good as to account for the chiefly taboo that has been placed upon them. But I had an amusing experience with Tanoa when it came to cooking the dinner. He had a shadow of title to rank as a talking man in some distant village, and indeed he had no greater delight than to bawl ceremonial speeches on my behalf, but a talking man is far removed from a chief, and he explained that he was not high enough to touch these fish. After a long argument, I did succeed in convincing him that he could do for me what he could by no means do on his own account. So he dressed the fish and put them on the pan, but I could see that he was by no means at his customary ease. We had some for dinner and some for breakfast, and still there were several left over, since not one of my domestics would dare touch the fish for their own food. After breakfast I heard Tanoa shouting a speech on the village green outside of our compound, and the burden of his address was that out of the goodness of my heart I was presenting to the chiefs of Vaiala "three" of the tabooed fish, which of course meant a dozen. This was as good as any way of disposing of them, for there was no way of keeping them for the next dinner. The talking man of Vaiala made a long speech in acknowledgment, and then the highest chief there present stalked out from the great house of the village, picked up the leaf on which the fish lay, raised them formally to his head and carried them from view. As it was not long before the smoke began to curl up from the village pit ovens, I have reason to believe that my fish fed the chiefs.

LEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Natural History.

Three Feathered Fishermen.

ONE summer afternoon not so very long ago I was lying in the shade of some alder bushes on the bank of a little Connecticut stream pulling at a friendly old pipe and watching the pale blue smoke curls roll gently out over the water. I had been fishing, or pretending to fish, for nothing in particular, and had been as successful as such indifference deserved. In other words, I had not had a nibble, and I thought I would just finish my pipe and then saunter up the river to a spot where the fish were more enthusiastic and would usually bite at anything, providing there was a hook attached to it.

I arose and stretched myself and was about to pick up my rod and make a start, when, from a dark opening in the woodland which lined the further shore, a large slate-blue bird came flapping slowly across the water toward a strip of grassy bank some 50 yards above me. With his graceful neck curved back between his shoulders, and with his long, black legs trailing rudder-like in his wake, there was no mistaking the majestic form of that prince of fishermen—the great blue heron. He alighted, and with a few long, deliberate strides took up his position near a small clump of reeds, where he stood as motionless and inconspicuous as a weather-beaten stump. I sank down again in the shadow. There were now several reasons why I would not walk up the stream. In the first place, I could not violate the etiquette of the sport by disturbing a fellow member of the Walton brotherhood, particularly as his supper depended on his success. But apart from all courtesy, I had a great curiosity to see this master craftsman display his skill; I felt that interest and respect which nearly all amateurs feel for the work of a professional.

As he stood there with his head drawn close to his body, his attitude appeared to be meditative rather than alert, but I knew that his eyes were taking note of every ripple on the water, and every movement beneath its surface. For some time he remained absolutely motionless, but presently I thought I noticed the head moving stealthily forward. Then, as though propelled by a steel spring, the spear-like bill was hurled into the water, and a moment later my friend was beating to death the first fish of his "string." He swallowed the head first, and with his bill and crest still wet and shining he resumed his attitude of meditation. There was no unseemly hurry or excitement as we sometimes see displayed by other birds; just quiet confidence, silent dignity. I instinctively felt that I was in the presence of a gentleman; unobtrusive himself, and for reasons of his own desiring to be left alone. Again there was a lightning thrust, and an unfor-

tunate green frog was soon following the fish. Before the surface of the water had become quiet again, the heron was standing impassive as before. Now he slowly raised one leg, and tucking it under his wing, stood perfectly steady upon the other one.

It was some time before he struck again, and in the meantime he might have been a snag sticking out of the bank for any evidence of life which he gave. At last, however, the seeming snag leaned slightly toward the river. There was a movement which the eye could not follow, a swirl in the shallow water, and the heron jerked his dripping head into the air. He had missed his aim. There was nothing but the fact to show that he had not been successful; not the slightest visible irritation or impatience as he quietly resumed his former attitude.

I watched him fishing thus until the long shadows of



BLACK-CROWNED NIGHT HERON.
Photo by E. H. Baynes.

the trees across the river crept over the water, and until at last he mounted slowly into the air and disappeared over the wood from which he came.

Thus did I first become personally acquainted with this noble bird, and I felt myself a privileged character, as one who is taken into the confidence of some old and illustrious family, and day-dreaming, my thoughts went back to the time when the ancients regarded the heron as an augur and consulted him concerning the coming of storms and tempests. Then, in imagination, I followed the bird to the middle ages. I was out upon a great plain, bordered by a wood on one side and by a river on the other. The wood was the home of a thousand pairs of herons, and in the early mornings the sun shone upon the plumage and spear-like bills of an army of birds as they winged their way at vast heights toward the river.

It was afternoon now, and the herons were beginning



LITTLE GREEN HERON.
Photo by E. H. Baynes.

to return from their feeding grounds, singly and in twos and threes. Presently a gay party appeared upon the plain; knights and ladies in quaint costumes, mounted on spirited and richly caparisoned horses, and all laughing with good-nature and the anticipation of amusement. It was a royal hawking party, equipped for heron-hawking. They were accompanied by four Dutch falconers and a man on foot carried six couples of trained peregrine falcons on an oblong frame of wood padded with leather. This man walked in the middle of the frame, which hung by two leather straps from his shoulders. All the hawks had leather hoods over their eyes, and sweet-toned tinkling bells were hung upon their leg rings. One of the knights called the chief falconer and made some inquiry about the wind. The man pointed to a few fleecy clouds which were drifting against the blue sky in the direction of the heronry. This appeared to be satisfactory to the knight, who nodded his head, and immediately the falconers began to take the falcons from the frame. When each had a bird upon his wrist, they mounted their horses

and sat watching the sky in the direction of the river. Presently a heron flying at a great height appeared, coming homeward on the wind. Two of the falconers rode out again upon the plain and stationed themselves directly in his path. When he was almost above them, they slipped the hoods from the heads of the falcons, which, looking upward, were but a moment in catching sight of the heron. The straps which held the birds to the wrist were quickly loosened, and encouraged by the cries of the falconers, the hawks dashed away skyward. They rose in a spiral, and the heron, seeing the approaching danger, also began to soar. The falcons, however, being much swifter of wing, soon gained upon their prey, which, the better to evade the expected attack, disgorged his cargo of three or four fish in mid-air. One of the hawks, now rising well above the heron, half-folded her wings and descended like feathered lightning upon her prey. The latter, however, alive to every movement of his pursuer, shifted from under at the critical moment, and the falcon, missing her aim, shot far below him. The second falcon now coming up, "stooped" in her turn, to be evaded as skillfully as the first one had been. Six times did the noble bird escape the merciless talons of the hawks, and each time did the latter return to the attack. At the next "stoop," however, the heron, doubtless wearied by his many efforts to escape, was unable to evade the furious onslaught of the falcon, who struck him full upon the neck. The other falcon now made her "stoop," and "binding to," all three birds on outspread wings came floating down together. As soon as they reached the ground, the heron began to thrash about with his bill, and a falconer running up grasped him by the neck to prevent him from injuring a falcon. As a reward for their work, the hawks were given a live pigeon, which they tore in pieces and devoured in the presence of the falconer.

In the meantime a couple of fresh hawks were let loose at another heron, which also succeeded in dodging its enemies for some time. At last, becoming tired and seeing a falcon swooping down upon him, he threw back his head as though to ward off the blow, and received his adversary upon the point of his long, sharp bill. The force with which the hawk struck was sufficient to drive the bill through her body, and hawk and heron came tumbling to the ground together. The hawk was dead, but the heron was taken alive, and later in the day sent up for a single falcon, who struck it down at the first "stoop."

As they came to the ground, the scene changed, and I imagined myself wandering with Alexander Wilson in one of the great cedar swamps of southern New Jersey. Now we were wading knee deep in water hidden by green scum, and stained to the color of coffee by the decaying vegetation of ages. Now we were forcing our way through tangles of close-growing laurel, or scrambling over rotting, moss-covered tree trunks. Overhead the tree tops were locked together, shutting out the sun and causing a perpetual gloom. At times the stillness was broken by the hammering of a woodpecker, or the guttural croaking of a frog; and occasionally from the depths of the lonely forest came the hoarse scream of a heron. We pressed on through treacherous bogs and almost impassable undergrowth to a dismal spot where a score of giant cedars stood with their gnarled roots squirming like water snakes in the slimy ooze. In the top of each of these trees waved a great mass of sticks, and above them majestic birds flapped back and forth, honking loudly like wild geese. We were in a heronry of great blue herons. We climbed up to some of the nests and found them rather shallow and lined with smaller sticks. Some of them contained four large light blue eggs, and others pearl-gray young. The latter were fat and heavy, and were doubtless well-supplied with fish and frogs by their untiring parents.

As I watched them I thought I heard Wilson calling me, and as I started up to go to him I found myself still lying on the bank of the little Connecticut stream. It was already dusk, and my clothing was damp with the falling dew.

I took up my rod and creel and started homeward along the river. Frogs were tuning their bagpipes near the bank, and bats could be seen flitting and wheeling against the western sky. A voice from the air almost above me called "Quok," and I looked up to see the dim form of a large bird hurrying along toward Long Island Sound. An instant and the gloom had swallowed him, but from the rising mist there came to me that lonely cry, each time more faintly than before, which always has for me a subtler charm than the brilliant music of the brown thrasher or the little flute-like whistle of the Baltimore oriole. It was the voice of the black-crowned night heron, whose black, white and gray plumage makes it the most conspicuous member of its family to be seen in New England. Night herons are much more numerous than their big, blue cousins, and some single heronries contain the nests of more than a thousand pairs of birds. Nevertheless, owing to their nocturnal habits they are not so frequently seen, except in the breeding season when the voracity of the young often causes them to visit their muddy feeding grounds both by day and night. Their food consists chiefly of small fish, which they capture along the shores of both fresh and salt water. The young birds in their first plumage are totally unlike their parents. They are grayish brown in color, and for a long time they were supposed to be the female birds. As a matter of fact, however, the latter so closely resemble the males that it is almost impossible to distinguish them without resorting to dissection.

If we leave out of account their more distant relations, the bitterns, but one other member of the family besides the two herons mentioned nests in New England. This is the diminutive green heron or poke. We see the little fellow most frequently along the shores of ponds and creeks or the banks of wooded streams, where he wades for his food of small fish and frogs. Sometimes he may be found standing perfectly rigid, waiting for fish to come within striking distance, or watching for the reappearance of a frog which is hiding in the mud. In the latter case the moment the luckless batrachian pokes his nose out of his hiding place, he is seized in the heron's bill, beaten to death on the bank and swallowed at the convenience of his captor.

Unlike most other members of their family, little green

herons do not usually nest in colonies, single pairs often reigning over a considerable area of woodland. That they do sometimes nest in colonies, however, I know, for only last spring I saw two heronries, one of which contained twenty-three nests. It was on a wooded island some three or four hundred yards long by perhaps a hundred yards wide, covered with saplings averaging about twenty feet in height, and with an undergrowth of wild azaleas and other bushes. The nests were all built in the saplings from twelve to fifteen feet from the ground. Most of the nests consisted of a mere handful of black sticks, so loosely put together that in many cases the eggs could be seen through the bottoms of them. I examined several nests, none of which contained more than five eggs, though these herons do sometimes lay six. They were of a uniform pale blue color, and had a beautiful dull surface. Even those in the same nest in many cases differed greatly in size and shape, though "elliptical" would describe the outline of most of them. The birds themselves were very much agitated and flew rapidly back and forth above their nests, squawking loudly. Occasionally one of them would alight on a tree and walk along a branch to some point commanding a view of the nest. Here he would crane his long neck and watch me suspiciously, all his movements being accompanied by a nervous twitching of the tail.

The young birds bear a strong resemblance to their parents, from which they can be distinguished, however, by the blackish streaks on the neck and underparts and the wide buffy margins of the wing coverts.

All the herons are fishers, and they are not only among the most skillful, but also among the most quiet and orderly members of their craft. Moreover, they take only what they need for food. They are true sportsmen, relying entirely upon their own skill, and have never been known to use nets, dynamite or poison. Therefore, they should be treated as sportsmen by their less skillful human brethren, and should not be subjected to the uncourteous and sometimes cowardly and inhuman treatment which they now receive. Their ancestors have fished in these streams for thousands of years, and in spite of most grievous provocation, not a member of their family has been guilty of a breach of the peace. Lower your gun then, take up your heron snares and makes these timid, harmless birds your welcome guests. No more picturesque bird than the heron exists, and the sight of him standing motionless on the bank of a stream or pond is worth many fish. In him, moreover, you have an opportunity to entertain a distinguished guest—a friend of Alexander Wilson and a companion of Izaak Walton.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

STAMFORD, Conn.

Game Bag and Gun.

Game North of the Line.

KIPP, Mont., Aug. 20.—Years ago, not so many years either, but a long, long time when measured by the changes which have since taken place, there was a broad, deep wagon trail scarring the prairie from the head of navigation on the Missouri River in Montana to the rivers of northwestern Canada. In the days I speak of, the International Boundary Line had not been surveyed, and no one knew where Uncle Sam's territory ended and the Queen's began.

The prairie was covered with buffalo and antelope in those days; the breaks of the rivers and the cottonwood groves swarmed with elk and deer. On every high ridge, along every range of river bluffs, bands of the wary big-horn cropped the short, rich grasses, comparatively safe from the pursuit of man. And along the streams, by the borders of prairie lakes and springs, were to be seen the smoky lodges of the prairie people—the Blackfeet, the Bloods, the Piegiens, Gros Ventres and Sarcees—lords of an almost illimitable domain, oppressors of surrounding tribes, enemies of the white men who ventured to penetrate their country and exploit its wealth of robes and furs.

Regardless of the dangers which daily and nightly beset them, a band of bold-hearted traders annually started from the Missouri River, and with wagon and pack train penetrated the wilds of this Northwestern country. Indian arrows and bullets could not stop them; they traveled northward to the St. Mary's, the Belly and Old Man's rivers, and further to the Little and Big Bow, the Red Deer and the Saskatchewan, and with axe in one hand and rifle in the other, built impregnable forts, where they stored their goods—dry and wet, but principally wet—and fleeced the Indian of his hard-earned robes. And why not? Sentiment and ethics were all very well in their place, but they had no place in the grim realities of those days. The Indian wanted alcohol, yet would murder those who furnished it when he had a chance. The trader risked his life to supply it; consequently, if he could make the Indian pay a \$7 robe for a drink of diluted spirits, was he getting more than he earned? In those days might made right, and, after all, that is nature's inexorable law. In spite of our boasted civilization, does not that law rule the world to-day? Read the daily papers and—think.

Nothing now remains of the traders' trail but dim and grass-grown furrows. The buffalo were exterminated. Railways penetrated the country, and the long strings of "bull trains" freighted with robes, with the pelts of elk and deer, wolf and beaver, became a thing of the past. And the traders, one by one, in time were buried under the sod or drifted to other climes. Only three or four remain who can tell of those wild and exciting days.

Recently the writer had occasion to revisit the Northern country, but instead of going by bull train or on horseback or in a dead-ax wagon drawn by a pair of wall-eyed cayuses, we boarded the sleeper of a Great Falls and Canada train at Great Falls and steamed rapidly out of the station, following practically the route of the old wagon trail clear to Lethbridge, Alberta, the present terminus of the road. Leaving the Missouri, we followed up the Valley of Sun River, past the painted houses of ranchmen, past vast fields of timothy and alfalfa and

waving grain, where formerly we had seen the painted lodges of the Blackfeet in a setting of red, drying buffalo meat and white-fleshed robes. Kok-sis-stuks-kwi (River-of-the-Pile-of-Rocks) is the Blackfoot name of this stream. The word sounds something like that for sun; likely some early adventurer made the mistake, and as Sun River it has ever been known to the white men. The north fork of this stream, instead of starting from the summit of the Rockies and flowing directly eastward, as most streams on this slope do, follows a wide timbered and prairie valley for over a hundred miles straight south from its source before it breaks through a deep cañon out into the plains. Probably this valley and its bordering mountains afford the best big-game shooting now to be found in Montana. The few parties who have tried it report plenty of elk, deer, big-horn, goats and bear.

Leaving the Sun River, the railway climbs out and over a wide stretch of high, dry prairie land, and then down into and across the Valley of the Teton. And then we climb out again onto the high table land, and in an hour or so come to Maria's River, so named by Lewis and Clark after one of their sweethearts. Kai's-i-sakta (Bear River) the Blackfeet named it in the long ago, and even in the writer's time it deserved the name, for grizzlies were uncommonly plentiful along its breaks and timbered bottoms. Here, where the railway crosses the stream, was once a trading post, a quadrangular construction of log buildings and palisades. Fort Conrad we named it, and for many a year it was the center of a large fur trade. Not a trace of the fort remains; the ever-changing river has been eating away the bank upon which it stood, and at last taken it all down in its yellow flood. It was here in the spring of 1882 that the last Indian skirmish in northern Montana took place. We had a large band of horses, which were corralled every night, and turned out to graze during the day time in charge of a herder. In the afternoon of this day, the herder left them to graze on the hills until dusk, while he came in as usual to get his supper, but when he went out again, not one of them was to be found; where he had left them, a long, befeathered "coup stick" was planted in the ground. He hurried back to the fort, gave the alarm, and there was a grand rush by every one for rifles and cartridge belts, saddles and bridles. Fortunately, some thirty lodges of Piegiens were encamped across the river, and they not only gladly loaned what saddle horses were needed, but insisted on joining in pursuit of the thieves. It mattered not to them who they might be, for they were at war with all surrounding tribes. It was quite dark when the pursuit began, so dark that the trail of the marauders could not be seen, so one party rode away to the south, one to the north and a third, under the leadership of Jack Miller, eastward over the hills bordering the river.

The raiders were a band of about 100 Crees, and as we found out later, they had lain in the brush several miles below the fort for some days watching for an opportunity to get away with our herd, or that of the Piegiens. Through some misunderstanding or unforeseen circumstance, when they took our band, five of the Crees failed to be on hand in time, and three or four miles below the fort Miller's little party ran right into them. Likely the Crees thought they were their friends bringing them some horses to ride, but when they saw their mistake they fired a volley at the approaching horsemen and ran down into a deep hollow between the hills. It was so dark then that they could only be seen by the flashes of their guns, but on the other hand, their pursuers, standing or riding about on the rim of the basin and outlined against the starlit sky, afforded a very fair mark. Bullets flew thick and fast from the Winchesters on both sides. Miller's horse was shot from under him and tumbled over and over, throwing its rider a heavy fall, but luckily doing him no harm. Tail Feathers got a glancing shot, which neatly cut his scalp open from his brow to the back of his head, exactly on the line where he parted his hair. He fell to the ground as if the bullet had penetrated his brain, and was unconscious for some little time. Little Dog was the next victim, getting a shot in the thigh, and then Bear Paw had two fingers shot away. But despite wounds, the little party kept shooting away into the dark hollow, and gradually the fire of the Crees dropped away, until one gun answered them, and finally that ceased too. Then, with perhaps more valor than discretion, Miller, Tail Feathers and Bear Paw charged down the steep incline. Three of the Crees were dead, one dying and the other had fired away his own and his comrades' last cartridges. But he was game to the last; he rushed at them with his gun clubbed, but he fell, pierced by several bullets, at their horses' feet. It was a proud moment for the Piegiens. They scalped the enemy, took their arms, and cut off several feet and hands for their women to kick and knock about the camp.

We never recovered our horses. Likely they were sold and traded, or kept concealed in the country far north of the Saskatchewan until we gave up trying to trace them.

The Marias was always a great country for sharp-tail grouse and sage hens, and a ranchman who boarded the train at this point said that they seemed to be as plentiful as ever, few of the settlers having the time or caring about shooting them. We also learned that a number of white-tail deer are to be found in the river bottoms, and are rapidly increasing, the ranchmen having all agreed not to molest them, even in the open season. They are said to be very tame, allowing teams and horsemen to pass within a couple of hundred yards of them without paying any heed whatever. South of Marias and particularly between Fort Conrad and the Knees, a couple of buttes thirty miles distant, antelope are said to be fairly plentiful.

A run of ten miles northward from the Marias brings us to Shelby Junction, where we cross the tracks of the Great Northern Railway. Leaving the Junction, the train runs up the left side of what we used to call the Alkali Flat. This was, in the rainy season, the *bete noir* of the old-time traders and freighters; even a light shower would make such a sticky paste of the soil that it was impossible to cross it with loaded wagons. For a dis-

tance of eleven-miles in this flat the railway runs by the side of a narrow, shallow, grassy lake. It is a great breeding place for all kinds of aquatic and shore birds, and we saw thousands of them floating on the water and walking about on the bars. It was May 18 when we passed there, and we were surprised to see a flock of some twenty or more snow geese rise from the shore in front of the engine and circle out into the lake. Conductor Waghorn told us that last year a flock of about the same size remained on the lake all summer, which was still more surprising, for we had always believed that these fowl never stopped south of the Great Slave Lake country. Is it possible that, as Mr. Waghorn thinks, they breed in these northern Montana lakes?

And now, after a little, we approach the Rocky Spring Ridge. I would that I had time and space to tell of the part this long range of frowning bluffs has played in the history of northern Montana; of the battles between the different Indian tribes, and between the Indians and white men, which have been fought along its slopes and rocky walls. But that is not the purpose of this article. What I started to do, and have been so long getting at, was to tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM something about these Northwestern plains and the shooting to be found here. Probably there is no other place in all America which affords such splendid antelope, sharp-tail grouse and water fowl shooting combined as the country lying between the International Boundary Line and the South Saskatchewan, in the vicinity of the Great Falls & Canada Railway. Going over and returning, we saw each time numerous small bands of antelope from the windows of our car, especially in the vicinity of Milk River, which is crossed thirteen miles north of the line. Those who dread the fatigue and vexations of a pack trip in the mountains, and who yet wish to get out for a breathing spell in the high, dry altitudes of the Northwest, cannot do better than to give this country a trial. Starting from Coutts, at the Boundary Line, or from Milk River Station, further north, one cannot help having a successful trip, no matter which way he goes. Personally, I would prefer to go down the river, camping along its brush and timbered bottoms. A four-horse team and wagon for carrying the tents and supplies, and a gentle saddle horse for each sportsman, would be all the outfit required for such a trip. Except for one or two ranches, and a station of the Northwest Mounted Police in the vicinity of Writing Stone, twenty miles east of the railway, the country is yet uninhabited. For some years the Canadian Government has not allowed its Indians to go forth and butcher antelope, and as a consequence the shy and beautiful animals are rapidly increasing. However, they never have been scarce in this vicinity; the almost illimitable and deserted plains stretching away to the east and north afford a vast breeding ground for them, where they are seldom disturbed by man.

At the place called Writing Stone, the river rushes through a rock-walled cañon, on the sides of which in by-gone days the Indians were wont to picture their deeds of war, their encounters with fierce animals, and their dreams. These pictographs show up as plainly now as they did the day they were so laboriously cut into the rock by patient hands. With rude flints, and perhaps later with steel, the simple red men have here left a record of their life well worth traveling a long distance to see.

Below Writing Stone the bottoms are heavily timbered with cottonwood, affording shelter for white-tail deer, which are fairly numerous. In the breaks and cowloirs of the river ridges, and especially northeast of the Sweet Grass Hills, mule deer can be found in sufficient numbers to insure good sport. Still further eastward, where the wild plum and cherry grow in profusion, the patient hunter may be rewarded by a shot at a grizzly. Several have recently been seen by the Mounted Police.

As yet this country has never been shot over by sportsmen, excepting Lord Swansea, of England, who several years ago bagged six antelope, several wolves and coyotes and any number of chickens in less than a week. He is a large shareholder of the railway, and slept every night in his private car on some side track along the line. Sergeant Farver, of the Mounted Police, told me that, with a good dog, he could raise from fifty to one hundred coveys of chickens (sharp-tails) a day along Milk River. This stream, along most of its course is very sluggish, with innumerable slews and pond holes, where ducks and geese breed, and which afford a resting place for the great flight of fowl to and from the North. There are also hundreds of shallow, grassy lakes, some many miles in extent, lying north and south of the river, where the best of shooting can be had from Sept. 1 until winter. Canvasbacks and red-heads are almost as plentiful as the other ducks after Oct. 1.

Let not the pot or market hunter who may chance to read these lines think that he can come out here and ply his nefarious trade. The game laws of Canada are strict; the Mounted Police, here, there and everywhere, are ever on the lookout for just such men, and their shrift would be short. What has been written here is solely for the benefit of FOREST AND STREAM sportsmen readers whose creed is moderation, and who believe in fair play. Such will receive a hearty welcome from the guardians of the Boundary Line, true sportsmen themselves, and they will do all in their power to insure the visitor a pleasant time.

J. W. SCHULTZ.

North Dakota Prairie Chickens.

FARGO, N. D.—On the opening day of the chicken season, the 20th ult., at Tower City, N. D., our party bagged forty, and on the 21st thirty-eight. The weather was suffocatingly hot. The hemp fields were uncut and many birds, especially second broods, were still under cover in the flax. The shooting will be better later on. The sportsmen here consider that the season opens too soon. Sept. 1 would be early enough, and I think that Sept. 15 would be still better.

A. W. DU BRAY.

New Jersey Shore Birds.

BAYVILLE, N. J., Aug. 25.—There are very few bay birds flying, and the fish seem to have moved, as they are not biting very fast.

HERE.

Tame Deer but Not Tame Work.

PERHAPS the following details of a little rifle shooting I did a few days ago, under conditions which at the first glance seemed quite incompatible with the necessity for skill with the rifle, may be of use to those of your readers who may be placed under similar circumstances and want to get a little sport out of unpromising materials.

The house where I am at present residing in England has a large park surrounding it of some 400 acres; the wall is partly of brick and partly oak palings; the ground is undulating with clumps of trees of great age, and several ponds. I have a herd of some 100 spotted fallow deer (*Cervus dama*), some seventy black fallow deer (*Cervus dama norwegi*—these are very rare), and a dozen Japanese deer (*Cervus sika*). As the deer increase very rapidly, it was necessary to kill four of the largest bucks of the light or spotted fallow deer.

There being ladies and children often passing through the park, I selected a rifle of as small a caliber and small powder charge as possible, to reduce the danger of any one being hit by a glancing bullet. My rifle was a double-barreled .36-cal., hollow express bullet, with wooden plug in hollow, and carrying some 8 grains of black powder. The deer being intended to give away to friends, as venison, I decided only to shoot for the brain.

Starting about 4 in the afternoon, I found that it was impossible to still-hunt. The bucks (it being Aug. 9 and their horns still in velvet) were lying in a bunch under some trees, where it was impossible to crawl up to them unperceived. With park deer the wind does not much matter, as they are so used to people passing to and fro. I therefore walked up to them. They got up and stood looking at me, bunched up so close that I did not dare to try and shoot at the head of any one for fear of hitting the body of another. I slowly walked round them, at the distance of about 50 yards, trying to get them strung out a little, and after about twenty minutes I was just getting a big one to step out from the rest, when two ladies came walking down a path behind them and started them off on a run.

They went right across the park and picked up a lot of does and the Japanese deer. These were a nuisance during all my subsequent shooting, as they are so bold they will come right up to one and get in the way of a shot, and then go and stampede the fallow deer. The Japs are so rare and difficult to get over alive in England that one must be very careful not to shoot one by mistake. Besides this complication, two fallow bucks which I had recently purchased to cross with my deer, joined the bunch, and I had to be most particular to keep my eye on both of them for fear of shooting one of them by mistake.

After a lot of hard walking and occasionally running, I cut off a small lot of about fourteen deer, which included a very fine buck, and induced them to get toward the brick wall at the bottom of the park. There was a round pond here, and I used the bank (the water being very low at the time) to get within 30 yards of the buck. He was standing a little apart from the rest, his tongue out from running and looking back over his right shoulder at me. Standing up, I took a steady aim and put the bullet between the lower lid of his eye and his eye, dropping him in his track without a kick. On skinning him we found the skin was not cut, and curiously enough his eye was not injured, only slightly pushed out of its socket. The bullet had gone on into the brain and broken up there. His horns had seventeen points. This had taken me nearly an hour and a half's hard walking and running.

Next day at 10 o'clock I started to get the remaining three bucks. When I went out I found all the deer were now thoroughly alarmed, and did nothing but bunch up as close as they could, the bucks lowering their heads and pushing into the middle of the bunch, and every time I leveled the rifle there was a wild stampede. I therefore got old Blackstone (2:20) into the road wagon and got my man to drive round the herd constantly, "rounding them up" whenever they tried to break away. In this way, after about half an hour, we got a small lot containing a good buck by themselves. I got them to stand close to where I had shot the buck the day before, but made a bad miss when I shot at his head, as he dodged and shook his head at the shot. I think I must have gone just over between his horns, as I aimed high for fear of breaking his jaw. He rushed up toward the stable, and just as I was getting up to him for another shot, my coachman's two smallest children came running out almost onto him. He whipped round and went under a clump of trees by the kitchen garden, and stood looking to the right. Resting my rifle against a tree trunk at 30 yards, I put the bullet in at one ear and out at the other, dropping him stone dead, shot through the base of the brain.

The rest of the bucks in this lot were too small, so I left them and went to look for some more. My trotter worked out another small bunch out of the big herd, and I went round two of the ponds at the lower end of the park for over an hour, trying to get a big buck without hitting the two big ones I had bought for breeding, and which, unfortunately, were also in this bunch. At last I got a long shot, about 80 yards, at a big buck, who stood clear for a moment, but the bullet went through his left ear. I took out the telescope and had a good look at him, but saw that no damage was done—only a clean hole through the ear.

In a few minutes I got a shot at another one facing me, nearly in the same place, at about the same distance. At the shot there seemed to be fireworks of blood all round his head, and he made a big rush and dive, and then went and stood among the other deer. On looking at him with the telescope, I found that I had hit his right brow point, close to the head, and splintered it into fragments, these fragments being held together by the velvet of his horns and hanging down his face. He was not quite as big a buck as I had at first thought, and after very carefully examining him I came to the conclusion that there was no serious damage done, and so left him. To-day I saw him feeding with the rest of the deer, quite well, and the place all dried up and nearly healed.

I at last got this bunch down near the nightingale walk, and a big buck stood under an oak looking back at me. I took an off-hand shot at 35 yards and got him in the poll clean through the brain, and he fell stone dead.

He had thirteen points, but was heavier than either of the others I had shot. I now needed one more. There was one buck with the points half-way down each horn in the form of a cross which I particularly wanted to spare for breeding purposes, as I wanted to perpetuate that form of horn, but unfortunately he was just the one I got for my last shot. I was so intent not to shoot any of the other bucks I wanted to spare, that I forgot him for the moment, and his horns being in velvet, he did not show these crosses distinctly, the points not having reached their full development. I worked a bunch round almost the same way as the last, and he stopped almost where the other had fallen and got the bullet at 40 yards through the brain. He had twenty points, and was the biggest buck in the park, barring the two new ones I have just imported.

The above rather long-winded description shows how I got two days' hard exercise and the need of fine work with the rifle, out of what at first sight looked like shooting which would require no skill.

W. W.
KENT, England.

Game Prospects in New Hampshire.

As the open season draws near, it may be of interest to know what the prospects are. From what I have seen, I am inclined to think ruffed grouse are rather scarce. I have not, however, been looking about to any extent. In years past I always saw quite a number of birds while driving along our country roads. The past summer has been an exception, and I do not recall seeing over half a dozen grouse in all. Not long since I went out late one afternoon to try a dog, intending to buy him for a friend. It was very hot, and dry, and I went over some ground before finding anything, and then started four grouse, which seemed to be all in that brood. The birds were about half-grown and very wild, getting up some 35 yds. ahead of me and making a long flight. I wish to say something regarding the above dog. He is a good-looking pointer, said to be six years old. His owner said he would point and trail a bird well, but would not retrieve. As I could buy the dog for the small price of \$5, I advised my friend to take him, which he did. Since, I have received word from him that he would not take \$50 for the dog. From what some of my neighbors tell me, I should judge there may be a fair number of young grouse in this section. Of course such reports are usually circulated just before any season opens, and often they fail to materialize.

As for woodcock, from my experience of nearly thirty-five years in this section, they seem to be following our former supply of wild pigeons. Some seasons we get a fair number of flight birds, but the supply of those locally bred seems to be a thing of the past.

At the last session of our Legislature, during the winter of 1898, an ineffectual attempt was made to adopt the Platform Plank of the FOREST AND STREAM. Various States were realizing the necessity of such a law. Massachusetts was one where it was most needed. Boston had long been looked upon as the free dumping ground of all sorts of game from all parts of the country. The game dealers there were a hard crowd to beat. Yet Massachusetts got ahead of New Hampshire in the matter of prohibiting the sale of game. Great credit is due to those men of the Bay State who were untiring in their efforts to preserve from utter extermination what grouse and woodcock were left.

I was talking recently with a man about the closing of the Boston market. He has in the past killed a good many birds and usually sold most of them wherever he could get the best price; yet he said to me, "We want such a law here in New Hampshire if we are to have anything in the future to shoot."

There are market shooters, however, who see, or think they do, a chance to get higher prices than ever with the open market of Massachusetts closed. I know a young fellow who formerly lived near here. I think he is the best bush shot in the State. As an exterminator of ruffed grouse, he is hard to equal. This man can and does earn good wages at his trade, yet when the open season draws near he quits work entirely and spends all the season (day after day) hunting. He is a market hunter in every sense. Every bird means so many dollars or cents. He wants every one he starts, and the way in which he will follow up a wild and wary old grouse has caused many of them to think life not worth living. Now, this man said to me recently that just before the season opens he should come to New Hampshire and locate the broods of birds, and when the open time came he should put in all the time hunting and that he expected to sell his game in Massachusetts for a higher price than ever. I told him then and there, before some of his friends, that if I could hear of his shipping game out of the State I would do my best to convict him, and I would put my friend Wentworth, of the Game Commission, on his track.

Unfortunately we cannot prevent at present the open sale of game in this State. The market shooter can and will kill ten times his share. We can, however, make it hot for the fraternity when they try to ship their game out of the State. Last year, after the season closed, I heard from a reliable source, of a party from Massachusetts who spent some time in a certain section of New Hampshire and took home with them seventy-five of our grouse, which they sold for a high price in the then open Boston market. Now, should this party attempt the coming season to repeat their performance of last year (and as I understand of previous years) I will endeavor to see that they make the acquaintance of Mr. Wentworth just about the time they cross the line, and I will guarantee them they will have good cause to remember the meeting. In all probability, what I have said will not be read by the party I refer to. The fraternity of which they are shining lights, as a rule, do not read FOREST AND STREAM, nor anything of an elevating nature.

We have here to-day a fair supply of ruffed grouse, and with the protection they should have they would last to a certain extent indefinitely. To the genuine sportsman, the man who goes out with dog and gun for recreation, and who is well satisfied with what birds he can use, or perhaps, if unusually fortunate, enough to spare for some friend who is "chained to business," we

extend a cordial welcome. As a rule, they pay well for what grouse and woodcock they bag. They surely leave an equivalent in dollars and cents.

I have been told that practically there was no difference between the man who shoots for the market and him who shoots for sport, and that both would kill all they could. This may be true to a certain extent. There are men who never think of selling any of the game they kill, yet at times some of them will kill for the sake of killing when an opportunity offers. They, however, are exceptions. In the market shooting class there are no exceptions; they always kill all they can, and only regret not being able to kill more.

I am glad to say that the Granite State has to-day a Governor who is heart and soul interested in its welfare. He is not a sportsman. Nevertheless, he is a credit to old New Hampshire. He is young and he is progressive. He is the originator of "Old Home Week." Other States are following his example. Unfortunately his term soon expires. Doubtless he will have a worthy successor. Yet I cannot but think, could we have him for another term New Hampshire would gain thereby.

It may seem somewhat incongruous to speak of our State's chief executive under the heading of "Game Prospects of New Hampshire," yet I take the liberty of so doing, knowing how keenly he is interested in all things pertaining to the good of his native State. To show that he is interested in game protection, I will quote a few words from his last address at an Old Home Week gathering. "The fostering of those resources which make for the pleasure of the sportsman and the naturalist would be of incalculable value to us as a State."

New Hampshire has to-day a fair supply of game, both fur and feather. It is not what it has been; yet such as it is it is well worth protection, and the most practical protection is to stop the sale.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Aug. 22.

Illinois Prairie Chickens.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 25.—Mr. Allen W. Jones, of Clinton, Conn., writes me under date of Aug. 20 regarding his chance of getting a chicken if he comes to Illinois.

State Game Commissioner Harry W. Loveday is a prairie chicken shooter himself, and he has a great many invitations to come out for a chicken shoot at the opening of the chicken season with one or other of the many local wardens. Hence he may be supposed to have a better knowledge of the chicken crops at different places than almost anybody else. He to-day told me that the supply of birds is reported to be very flatteringly large in many different parts of the State. He thinks La Salle county is about as good as any. Minonk, in that county, has a lot of birds now. Rochelle, in Ogle county, is another good place. Grand Detour, also of Ogle county, is good. Still another point in this county is Earlville, and I have advised Mr. Jones to go to Earlville and to inquire for Mr. J. J. Poole, who is Congressional warden at that point.

Other points which are reporting a lot of birds now are Streator, Ill., Galesburg, Ill., and Henry, in Marshall county. That is down toward the duck marshes. At Le Roy, in McLean county, there are birds reported in numbers at this writing. Mr. Robt. Simple is warden there. Belleville, in St. Clair county, is yet another point which is said to be good. It is thought that these places are all more or less well patrolled, and so far as is possible to determine these are as good points as any in Illinois to try for a chicken hunt in season. One should get there as close to the opening day as possible. I was amused to-day by a gentleman who took me to task for mentioning a point where he went hunting four years ago and had poor luck. The same point is very good this year. He at length admitted that one resident told him he had himself killed seventy-five birds in one day at or just before the opening of the season. That is where the birds go. The chicken crop is swiftly harvested, no matter where you go for it, in these days.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Further on the Same Subject.

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I have been much interested in Ransacker's exposition of the term sportsman, but think his conclusions all wrong. To arrive at a correct definition of the word "sportsman" we must first look at the meaning of the qualifying word sport. It is defined as pastime, diversion, amusement, etc. A sportsman must therefore be one fond of sport. Anciently almost the only pastime of the upper classes was field sports, and gradually the term sportsman was restricted to those who enjoyed this particular form of amusement.

It seems to me plain that Webster, when he defines a sportsman as "one who pursues the sports of the field," and adds, "one who hunts, fishes or fowls," intends the last as only explanatory of what these sports are. If a man hunts or fishes or fowls for his diversion he is a sportsman; if for any other reason, he is not. He may adopt these pursuits for gain, or because his physician has recommended them, or for many other reasons, but unless the pleasure of the occupation is the incentive he is no sportsman, but simply a hunter or a fisherman.

That a man who follows hunting or fishing for a livelihood takes pleasure in his occupation does not make him a sportsman, for the simple reason that business, not pleasure, is the determining factor. Many mechanics take a certain pleasure in their work, but we would hardly be justified in speaking of a shoemaker, for instance, as engaged in the diversion of making shoes.

On the other hand, a sportsman is not necessarily a gentleman. He is no more apt to be so than are the devotees of any other form of amusement. He may be a game or fish hog; he may be a low blackguard, but when he pursues game or fish for amusement he is a sportsman and no amount of abuse, however well deserved it may be, can affect his position as such. It is a pity all sportsmen are not also gentlemen, but such is very far from being the case. A taste for field sports no more makes a man a gentleman or fits him for their

companionship than does a preference for football or golf; in fact, I believe any candid sportsman will admit that out of fifty men who go afield with guns or betake themselves to the waters with rods or fish poles for sport, a greater proportion will be ignorant, worthless characters than would be found in the same number who sought almost any other respectable amusement.

It is for this very reason that *FOREST AND STREAM* is essentially a sportsman's paper. There is no other class so desperately in need of instruction as they. Not instruction as to how to get the largest bag, or the longest string of fish, but how to get the greatest amount of pleasure with the least destruction of the sources of that pleasure.

If every sportsman in the country would read *FOREST AND STREAM* regularly for five years, there would be a wonderful elevation of sentiment among them; but as that is too much to expect I can only wish it to be in the hands of as many as possible, especially of those who need it the most, the sportsmen who are also fish and game hogs.

LEXDEN.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

15

Harvey Wolf, while hunting recently near Galesburg, Ill., made a peculiar discovery a mile from the village in a piece of woods belonging to the heirs of the late Lyman Qua. It is an excavation some 8 feet square and 5 feet deep, which was evidently an enlargement of a natural depression. In one corner was evidence that fires had frequently been maintained, and empty cans were in great abundance. A wild cherry tree growing near the excavation was cleated from the ground to the height of its lower branches, a distance of probably 25 feet. It is evident that the tree had at some recent period been used as a lookout. Notwithstanding its apparent accessibility the locality is, owing to its peculiar situation, a retired one. Many people connect the discovery with the numerous petty depredations which have at various times disturbed citizens there. Others are inclined to the belief that more serious offenses may have made a hiding place desirable to those who constructed this one.

16

Weldon F. Fosdick, of Hackensack, N. J., found five \$1,000 7 per cent. gold-bearing bonds. He went to the Bergen county almshouse to transact some insurance business. Being a hunter, he took a short walk in the woods near the almshouse and was attracted by a squirrel, which led him to investigate a hollow tree. He saw a piece of newspaper sticking out of a hole in the tree. He pulled the paper out and found the bonds wrapped up in it. They were wet, but otherwise in good condition.

17

While hunting foxes in Essex, Conn., the deep baying of hounds at a certain point attracted the attention of the sportsmen. Investigating, they found the dogs in an immense thicket of briars. After many attempts they cut into the thicket, when to their surprise they saw a large cave at the foot of a heavy ledge of moss-covered rock. A fire was built at the mouth of the cave, and when a fox sprang from the hole it was shot. The vault was about 20 feet in length and 17 in width and from 9 to 10 feet high. Within it were two old candlesticks, a number of lead bullets and an old-fashioned flintlock gun with a decayed stock. It is believed that this cave was once the hiding place of settlers when beleaguered by Indians.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Trout and Acids.

Never do I go into Sullivan, Ulster and Delaware counties in summer but I am impressed with the number of boarders to be found in every village and every farmhouse. It is one of the most picturesque regions within the borders of the State, and it is not to be wondered at that the people from the hot cities flee to this mountain region of pure air and good country living. Every habitation seems to harbor its quota of summer boarders, and boarding appears to be the chief industry of that region. Great flocks of broiling chickens at the farmhouses, and acres upon acres of garden truck in the rich valleys, and herd after herd of Jersey cows in the pastures indicate that the summer boarders in the counties I have named are well nourished by the food provided by the host. The summer boarder desires something more than good air and food and shelter. He seeks rest and change, and desires to be amused. I shall not attempt to recount the various forms of amusement to be found in the country, but fishing is one of them, and the region I have referred to is rich in trout streams and trout lakes, and waters where coarser fish may be found. The State has one fish hatchery in Sullivan county, and is to build another in Delaware county, and one would think that the people who entertain the summer boarder and thereby live, would rise every endeavor to foster the trout fishing to amuse and entertain their bread and butter. On a recent visit to the region of which I am writing, I found it infested with acid factories that were running their refuse into the streams and thus killing the fish. I was in a measure prepared to find that injury was being done to the fish

in the streams by a letter I had received from Mr. E. R. Hewitt, of New York, who said he found dead trout in a stream he was fishing near Fallsburgh, and he said the fish were killed by an acid factory on the stream which permitted its refuse to run into the water. Mr. Hewitt is a chemist and knows whereof he speaks. However, I was not prepared to find the acid works so numerous as they are. One of the acid factories was on Spring Brook, one mile from the point where it empties into the Beaverkill, and the brook is two miles above the State hatchery. I sent a man to procure some of the water and send to me, and also to dip a bucket of it from the stream and put a trout of known size into it and note the result. He reported that a 6-inch trout placed in the bucket of water lived four minutes, and when I saw the sample of water, I was surprised that the fish lived as long as it did. I was informed that the owner of the factory was "largely interested in the boarding business," but the boarding business and the acid business will not mix any more than oil and water. The owner of the factory having heard that an agent of the State had been investigating the cause of the death of trout in the stream, at once removed the poison from the stream and ran it into vats, which he built at sufficient distance from the brook to insure that it would not seep into the stream. As soon as evidence can be procured, the State will bring an action against other owners of acid factories if they do not, upon proper notification, cease to poison the streams and kill the fish. One thing is sure, as I have reason to believe—the State will not in the future furnish trout for any stream that is in any way tainted with refuse from an acid factory, for it would be a waste of fish to plant them in such waters.

One stream that was recommended for the proposed Delaware county hatchery had on it a saw mill and an acid factory. It is for the interest of the people in that section who are in the "boarding business" to be active in taking measures that will put a stop to the poisoning of the trout streams, for unless this is done it would be far better for the State to abandon the hatchery in Sullivan county and devote the money now used for its maintenance in hatching and planting trout where they will not be killed by acids as soon as they are put into the water.

I believe, however, that the people when they realize the injury that is being done to the fishing by these factories will of themselves take action to abate it, and that their apparent apathy on this subject is because they do not understand how their own interests are being damaged by stream pollution.

Water Pollution Generally.

Our present law upon the subject of water pollution is not definite enough, as to be effective it should prohibit pollution absolutely. The English sporting papers have for months been devoting much space to the subject of river pollution, and one article in *Land and Water* is so to the point and appears so nearly to conditions in this country that I shall make extracts from it:

"That some need for legislation exists may be readily gathered from accounts in newspapers of fearful and wholesale destruction of fishes, and gross pollution of streams, only perhaps in a short paragraph pitifully describing the terrible results of the incursion of injurious matters into a well-stocked water. People seem to regard such waste of life as a mere nothing. The Legislature has been exercised as to the matter on occasions, and has brought forth one or more bills on the subject of the repression of the evil. We still read that further legislation is absolutely needed, legislation of a practical character. * * * There must be as little as possible discoverable in the acts that may cripple industry, a strong guard against anything that may cripple free use of water for fishculture."

That the sanitarians should be ready to join with the sportsmen and pisciculturists follows as a matter of course. They both want one and the same thing. Why have they not made common cause before, and made their voices duly heard in formation and demonstration of a strong public opinion? Such a force, if only properly used, cannot well be resisted by any body, however influential it may think itself.

If only people would but interest themselves more in this question of pure water, river pollution and waste of polluting matters would very soon automatically come to an end. If we only look with sufficient care and eyes that want to see, there is seldom any real difficulty in finding some useful outlet for "wastes" of manufacture.

A way having been found for neutralization or other remedial treatment, the next question is the best manner of presenting the subject to the persons affected; in other words, the polluters. The whole gist of the matter resolves itself into one problem.

Given a strong public opinion, determined to stop existing evils, respecting or resulting from injurious matters in any way admitted from any source into waters, would not the existing powers of the Legislature be strong enough to cope with the existing evil?

Is their present form of a really practical and workable nature? If it is not, how could it be altered?

Such inquiries, whatever their source, Government or other, so far from harassing an honest industry, might in the future, as in the past, throw some new scientific light on the source of danger and so remove it, as well as suggest or indicate ameliorations in the processes, for which the manufacturing interests would be ultimately grateful.

A manufacturer does not like to have his special work overhauled. As long as he commits no nuisance he need have no apprehension of interference or inquiry. The scope of any inquiry should be strictly confined to cases wherein pollution of water or air has actually occurred, and none but offenders can complain with justice of any proposed inquiry or legislation. This point amply suffices to disarm opposition of, or on the part of, any right-minded person, and no trade secret would be violated.

All opposition to a law which would absolutely prohibit the pollution of our waters comes from manufacturers who apparently have little regard for the rights of others. Sawdust and acids and other poisons are permitted to run into the streams on which mills are situated simply because it is cheaper to foul the water in this way than to remove the cause of pollution and dispose of it on the shore. A representative of one of the large paper mills

in northern New York said to me when I told him that the lime from one of his mills was killing the fish below the mill: "Would you have us throw all these men out of employment because the refuse from the mill kills a few fish that some rich fisherman might otherwise catch?"

"No," I said. "I would have you employ more men and build vats on shore and let all your refuse run into it and then dispose of it, and not injure the people below you on the stream who got a fair amount of fish from the river to add to their food supply before you built your mill; and I think you would feel better if you ceased what I consider a high-handed outrage and a violation of the spirit of the law, even if your dividend were decreased in consequence one one-hundredth of one per cent. per annum." It is always the same old story of throwing men out of employment to please idle fishermen, and it's absurd on the face of it. One mill on the Hudson was threatened by the State with an action for polluting the water, and they erected vats and conducted the waste into them, and within a month a man came along and paid the mill owners 25 cents per ton for the waste, but the mill owners never sent a note of thanks to the State for compelling them to do something that added to their revenue and their self-respect.

A large saw mill, also on the Hudson, ran its sawdust into the river until the river bed for miles was a mass of decomposing sawdust. It could not possibly remove it from the stream, and what were a few fish compared to an industry that employed labor! The mill finally found they could save money by burning the sawdust in an allied industry, and at once troughs were constructed under the mill, belts with scrapers were placed in the troughs and soon the sawdust was gathered automatically and conveyed from a central sawdust pit by team to the adjoining mill, where it was burned. The truth is, the industries as a rule find it cheaper to run all the waste and poison into the streams, and apparently they care not one sou what becomes of it or what damage it may do to the public at large if they are permitted to save themselves the expense of taking proper care of it, and the evil will go on until the law, a law that cannot be dodged or evaded, compels the owners of the mills and factories to remove the waste from the streams. It is wrong, absolutely wrong, to permit such a state of things to exist, and the chances are that once the factory and mill owner is made to abate the nuisance he will find a market for his waste. It is his business to do this, not the business of the general public, so long imposed upon by those who poison our streams and fill them with waste. The labor question has never entered into the question at all. It has been and is a matter of dollars and cents required to remove the waste and dispose of it on shore, and some day a long-suffering people will arise in their might and insist that laws of health, decency and economy in the food supply shall be complied with.

Stocking with Adult Trout.

Dr. Drummond told me in Montreal that in 1892 the Laurentian Club placed 132 adult trout, fish 3 to 4 ounces, in Lac au Foin, a body of water of about fifteen acres that never before contained trout. This lake was connected with two other lakes, one three by one miles in size. Now all three of the lakes are well stocked with trout, and on Aug. 3, 1899, two dozen were taken that averaged 2 pounds in weight, and one weighed 4 pounds. It is unnecessary to say that all the lakes were abundantly supplied with food for the trout, and that after the planting in 1892 the lake was not fished to death by the club members to see if they could catch the 132 trout planted for stocking purposes, as would have been done had the trout been planted in public waters in New York. This example shows what can be done in the way of stocking a body of water if moderate fishing only is indulged in after the fish have had time to establish themselves in it.

Late Salmon Fishing.

Hurrying to a train in the Union Station at Albany one day last week I met Mr. William Sage, and finding the train ten minutes late, we had a little fish talk. He said that after I left the Ristigouche heavy rains raised the river, and apparently many salmon passed up river to spawning grounds above the rod fishermen, but as the river ran down again, the fishing was good, and he believed it would be good to the end of the season, as limited by law. He said that Mr. Kennedy, President of the Ristigouche Salmon Club, killed over seventy fish in the Ristigouche and Cascapedia, and on two days at least he had to stop fishing because he had killed the limit, which I think is eight fish, though it may be ten.

An Ancient Reel.

A gentleman who has on several occasions furnished me with interesting information on fishing subjects, has put me under fresh obligations by sending me an old fishing reel, of which he says: "The reel was given to me by a man who told me his grandfather made and used it seventy years ago. The man is now forty years old, so it is quite probable. I do not know that there is any particular history connected with the reel or whether it ever helped any one to land a fish. You will see that one of the bars which hold the disks together is removable by taking out two screws in either end, and when the bar is removed a screw driver can be inserted to reach a screw hole in the reel seat, and this makes it evident that the reel was fastened to the butt of a rod with a screw. Reel seats were probably not in use when this reel was made, or if so the maker did not know of them. I think I would prefer to fish with a hand line than such a weapon. Do not sent it back, as I will present it to you as a relic of old times."

If my correspondent had said the reel was reputed to have been made 170 years ago, the reel itself bears no evidence to dispute it. The disks are of brass and the spindle a bit of iron wire bent on the outside to form a crank handle, and the reel has no click or check of any sort, but otherwise it closely resembles a modern reel in form. The bearings of the spindle are much worn, and other indications are such as to convince me that the reel has seen much service. I think a proper abiding place for this relic is the case in *FOREST AND STREAM* office, and there I will send it to bear witness that long ago some enthusiastic fisherman made for his own use, in all probability, a reel that was "the best he knewed."

A. N. CHENEY.

The Great Back Bay of Lake Champlain.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In more than one of my very pleasant chats in the past, I have been told by you that if any angler discovers, or thinks that he has discovered, anything new in regard to black bass, it is his duty to give it to the world, and that the only way in which he can do so is through the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

I have just returned from a two weeks' trip to the Great Back Bay of Lake Champlain, which is near the northern end of the lake, and where most of the black bass in the lake are to be found. The most noted resort for anglers who visit these fishing grounds is known to the Post Office Department as the Lake View House, but to the angler it is known as Samson's. Why the United States Government should take delight in misleading anglers and giving most absurd names to fishing resorts is past finding out.

For many years, running through the forties, fifties and sixties, the most magnificent and best known stream in this State was the Beaverkill, lying largely in Ulster county, and there are very few veteran trout anglers in this State who have not spent many days and weeks at the delightful retreat known as Murdock's, and the post office on this stream should have been known by that name, but the post office through which alone Mr. James Murdock could be reached has always, until recently, been known by the ridiculous name of Shin Creek. Why this name should be imposed upon the post office can be easily understood. About two miles below Murdock's there is a little tortuous stream emptying into the Beaverkill, which comes down from the mountain side, full of small trout and running through ravines in many places between high and ragged rocks and full of ugly stones, and no angler ever followed the body of that stream with unprotected shins without feeling that the name of the post office was eminently appropriate, and we must look elsewhere than to the United States Post Office Department for sentiment.

In the fifties many anglers discovered that the upper part of the Rondout Stream was a fair rival to the Beaverkill, both in the beauty of its surroundings and the wealth of its trout, and an angler impressed with his discovery exclaimed "Eureka!" and somebody caught the expression and in the early sixties a post office was established about two miles below the delightful resort known as Smith's at Sundown on the Rondout with the dignified name of Eureka, and many an angler has failed to reach either of these streams, because he did not know the post office address of either James Murdock or David B. Smith.

It is quite in line with the above suggestions that I had a peculiar experience in trying to reach the fishing resort generally known as Samson's, and situated on the east shore of the Great Back Bay, about six miles from St. Albans. Like many other anglers, I have known of the fine fishing at this place for many years, but have always known of the resort as Samson's, and when I stepped from the cars about 5 o'clock one morning in the last week of July and was met by a person who asked if I was the angler who was to go to the Lake View House, I very promptly answered "No," with the result that I had the privilege, after getting my breakfast at the hotel, of hiring a team to take me to the Lake View House.

After arriving there I found that the person who was sent for me was impressed with the dignity of his position as driver for the Lake View House, but very promptly condoned the matter on his promise that hereafter when he goes to the depot for visitors he will reveal himself as simply representing Samson's, so that other anglers will not fall victims to his mistaken ideas of his true position.

Those desiring to reach this delightful resort can leave New York on the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad at 8:45 A. M., reaching St. Albans at 7:55 in the evening, which means an evening ride to Samson's, or they can take the train leaving New York at 6:25 P. M., reaching St. Albans at 5:25 in the morning, and by telegraphing to W. J. Samson at St. Albans, which will be forwarded by telephone, a team will be found at the depot, and boats provided, so that anglers taking the night ride can be assured of substantially a full day's fishing on the next day.

The name of this place—Lake View House—is quite as appropriate as that of Shin Creek. The house, which will contain about thirty guests, is situated on the east of the Great Back Bay; to the southeast can be seen the majestic outlines of Mt. Mansfield, the highest of the Green Mountain Range, being something over 4,000 feet in height. To the southwest can be seen Mt. Marcy, the highest peak in the Adirondacks, with its crest some 5,400 feet high, while all the adjacent mountains of the Adirondacks are in full view. In front stretches the Great Back Bay of Lake Champlain, containing several large islands and extending some twenty miles north and south, and from six to eight miles to the west.

This bay contains many reefs and shoals, where the water is from 10 to 15 feet in depth, and in many places the water is from 75 to 100 feet in depth, where those who are fond of deep-water fishing can take a large amount of wall-eyed pike.

The fishing during the last week in July and first week in August was only moderate, as might have been expected, and I visited the place for rest and recreation with a knowledge that it was too early for good fishing. The habits of the bass are perhaps a little more pronounced here than in many places, and that on account of the depth of water in the lake. In the latter part of May or in June, when the water has become somewhat warm, they are to be found mostly on spawn beds along the shore, as there are no streams running to or from the lake which they could frequent for the purpose of spawning. After brooding their young they may be found along the shores eating crustacea, fresh-water crabs, etc., for a short time, and then as the water becomes warm they sink into the deep water.

In the latter part of July they form in schools and can frequently be taken on the reefs, which are quite abundant, but the larger bass, which frequently weigh from 4 to 5

pounds, are generally taken in the latter part of August or in the month of September in water from perhaps 15 to 20 feet in depth. My largest catch during my trip consisted of twenty small-mouthed bass, ranging from 1 to 2½ pounds, not counting, of course, seventeen bass weighing less than a pound, which were returned to the lake alive.

My main object in writing this article, however, is to state a fact in regard to the black bass in this bay which came within my personal knowledge, and which I think is peculiar to the present year.

During the last week in July and the first week in August I saw quite a large number of the largest female bass which were taken and which would weigh from 1 to 3 pounds, cleaned, and noticed that in many of them the spawn was fully ripe, while in many of the others I noticed incipient spawn, which in the course of nature would not mature until next spring.

The season, it is true, has been about two weeks later than usual on account of the late spring, but, in any event, the bass should have been through spawning not later than the first week in July. Mr. Samson also informed me that many of the bass which I did not see also contained spawn fully as ripe and perfect as that found in fish taken earlier in the season from the spawn beds, and yet these fish were taken from the schools which were roaming over the reefs and shoals, and I could see nothing in the lake to indicate that the fish were not entirely through spawning.

I write also to say that if the present practice of taking bass in the lake with nets, which is permitted at certain seasons under the laws of Vermont, and also from the spawn beds, is continued, they will be practically destroyed in the next few years. The State of Vermont, which owns this part of the lake, has passed laws sufficiently stringent to prohibit illegal fishing, but those who should enforce them simply wink at all the violations of them, unless, perhaps, they should catch some luckless stranger coming from a distance, and by arresting him make a show of enforcing the laws.

While on my trip I met a couple of residents of St. Albans, who told me that the fish protectors did not pretend to enforce the law against the residents of that place or against those who live on the shores of the lake, although they knew of its violation, and to corroborate their statement, they told me that it was a common custom for persons living in St. Albans to take bass during the close season from the spawn beds, and they further informed me that during the last spring or early summer they visited the lake with the knowledge of the fish protector during the close season, and that on one of these visits they took from the spawn beds, between 4 and 7 o'clock in the afternoon, eighty large bass, some of them being of the weight of at least 3 pounds.

It is due to Mr. W. J. Samson to say that he refuses to furnish bait to those who violate the law, and endeavors to discourage its violation, but if those who thus violate the law cannot take the bass in any other way, they simply take them with a naked hook from the spawn beds, and the larger the fish the more easily can it be taken in this way.

The question is a very simple one, and it is this: If the taking of bass from the waters of the Great Back Bay with nets is permitted at all hereafter under the Vermont law, and if those living in the vicinity are permitted to take them from the spawn beds or during the close season without risk of prosecution, then these magnificent waters are doomed as the natural home for the small-mouthed black bass. As it is, the fishing in these waters has already suffered seriously from the practices to which I have referred, and unless they cease, and that immediately, they will be entirely abandoned by anglers in the near future.

I found while on my trip that the people living near these waters have an impression that the bass are so abundant and their chances for reproduction so great, that their numbers are not likely to be reduced to any great extent, either by illegal fishing or fishing with nets; but this is a grave mistake. The grounds in this portion of Lake Champlain suitable for spawning purposes are not very abundant; there is no large stream running into or out of the lake in this vicinity where the bass would naturally go for the purpose of spawning, as the bass of Lake Ontario go down the River St. Lawrence, or those of Lake Erie down the Niagara River to within half a mile of the falls, and where the small fry would be largely protected against destruction by their natural enemies, but the bass are forced to spawn in the lake itself, and as it abounds, among other fish, with yellow perch and rock bass, it is only a question of time in the near future when the bass will be reduced to a point where these natural enemies of the small fry will prevent recuperation. Some twenty years ago the waters of the St. Lawrence teemed with black bass, and anglers visiting this river were always sure to find sport, but these bass largely came from Lake Ontario and went many miles down the river for the purpose of spawning, and were taken before their return to the lake in large numbers and without reference to size, with the result that the black bass fishing in this river is at the present time so indifferent that anglers for them are forced elsewhere for the purpose of enjoying their favorite sport.

Ten or twelve years ago there were no better waters for taking large black bass than the Bay of Quinte, but the Canadian Government has allowed, and still allows, fishing for them at certain seasons with nets, with the result that the large fish particularly have been to a great extent destroyed.

Those who now visit the Great Back Bay are, as a rule, not content with a few large fish, but save and destroy all that are taken, little and big, and when they have more than needed for their own use, frequently pack them in ice and ship them either to their friends or to market.

It is not too late to save these magnificent waters, but in order to do so the taking of bass with nets must be prohibited, the laws protecting the spawn beds and establishing a close season must be respected and enforced; all small bass must be returned to the waters alive and the daily catch to an angler or to a boat limited, as it is now under the laws of Canada and those in the State of New York, and the State of Vermont must also provide a sufficient number of protectors, especially for these waters, with the same powers to

make search and arrest those violating the law that are now given to fish protectors under the laws of this State.
J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Aug. 20.

A Novice's First Fish.

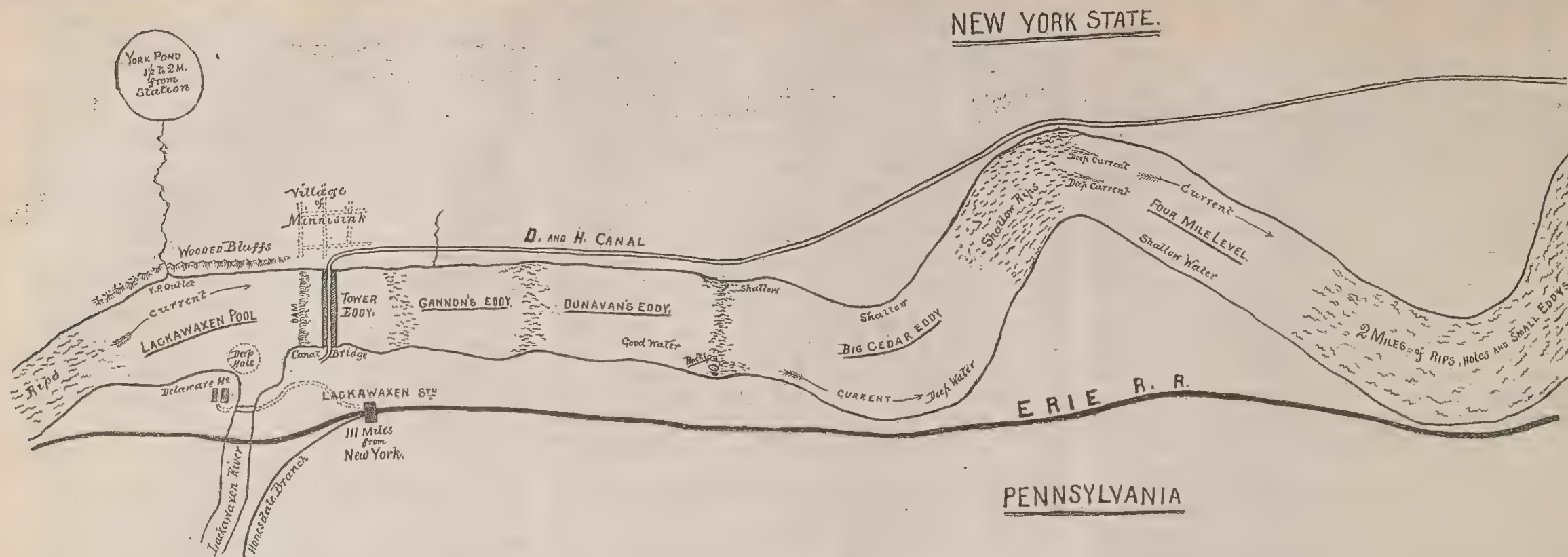
BOSTON, Aug. 25.—Mr. S. C. Dizer has just returned from a fishing and canoeing trip from Moosehead, through the Carry, the West Branch, the lakes, and down the Allagash to New Brunswick. He says that this is one of the most delightful trips to be imagined. There is scarcely carry or tramping and toting enough to give a man good exercise. Still, there is paddling, which the voyager may always do, if he chooses. At Long Lake he made a pause for fishing, and had remarkably good success. He landed four or five doubles, weighing as high as 2½ pounds to the fish in one case. In another case the double was a trout and a big chub. Here the skill of the guide was required to land the slow and down-pulling chub attached to the sprightly trout, bound to come to the surface. The net was first worked under the chub, and then it was the matter of a moment to get it under the trout. Each of the five doubles of Mr. Dizer was netted without losing a fish. They counted fifty-six deer in all, many of them at Long Lake. They also saw six moose, two or three with good antlers, already far advanced in the velvet. One deer was noted with a remarkably broad and full pair of antlers. The guide suggested that they would be out of the velvet in a couple of weeks. The guide paddled Mr. Dizer up to within about a canoe length of a white doe. The light was splendid. What a chance for a camera! But, alas! Mr. Dizer had no camera. One old doe stood and stamped her feet at the canoe men with the greatest independence. "A most beautiful sight," says Mr. Dizer. Mr. Dizer planned and the guides cut a new trail down to Chase's, on the left side of the river, and along by the river. He says that it is shorter and better than the old trail on the right side of the river. It does not leave the river, which makes it much pleasanter for tourists than the old trail, which leaves the river for a long distance.

Mr. L. George Brown has just returned from a camping and fishing trip to the Upper Dam, Rangeley waters, and he brings back a pretty good story of a Lewiston, Me., business man who had suddenly become an angler, whom he met there. The Lewiston man had evidently never caught many fish, although he hardly admitted but what he was an expert angler of many seasons. He arrived with his party one night, to do some summer fishing. Early the next morning he was at the Dam, rod in hand, and descended to the apron to wet his line. The rest of his party were not quite as anxious as he, and stood on the bridge watching. Almost the first cast the angler felt a tremendous pull. He lost all control of his nerves and all care for the opinion of his brother anglers in a moment. Dropping his rod he grabbed the line with both hands. Luckily, it was a new and a strong one. He drew the fish in, hand over hand, in a moment, and had him out on the apron. The fish was leaping and writhing at a great rate. The man was excited. The fish would get off the apron and into the water. Jumping on the fish with both feet, the man soon had him under himself. Holding him down with both hands, his knees and body, he shouted to his companions on the bridge: "How shall I kill him? How shall I kill him?" They directed him to get his hands about his gills and hang on. This the excited fisherman did, and soon had a 6-pound landlocked salmon under control, which he triumphantly held up before the astonished gaze of his friends, with the question, "Who says I don't know how to fish in Rangeley waters?" No one presumed to argue the question of the angler's skill, while congratulations were in order.

Aug. 27.—Members of the Inglewood Club, with invited guests, have lately been enjoying an outing at their club belongings, Loch Alva, New Brunswick. In the party last week were Hon. Henry E. Cobb, ex-Mayor of Newton; Mr. and Mrs. Morton Cobb, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Follett, Austin Follett, Wm. Done Follett, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Brown, all of Newton; Mr. and Mrs. Burt March, Master Buster March, Col. and Mrs. Hopkins and family, Judge Dunbar and Mr. John C. Curtis, of Boston and Mr. Creelman, of Colorado. The fishing has been fairly good for August, and was pretty generally indulged in. Mr. Follett and his two sons were about the most persistent fishermen of the party, and one evening Mr. Follett took twenty-six trout, all on the fly. "But," he remarks, "this was one of the best catches of the trip." Mr. Brown fished about all of one hot day and caught two little trout, from a spot near the lily-pads, which the Follett boys had located. Every member of the party is charmed with the location, and the Inglewood Fish and Game Club is a permanent institution. By being members of this corporation or guests of the same, the visitors are saved the disagreeable bother of fishing licenses, such as have been troubling anglers from the States so much the present season, and concerning which appeals have been taken to the Government at Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Crane, of Boston, have ended their vacation and fishing at the home of the Megantic Club. Mr. Crane had caught 1,000 trout on the trip up to last Thursday, and says that he could have caught a great many more, had he desired. Nearly every one of these trout, be it remembered, has been returned to the water uninjured. The fixed rule of the club is that no fish shall be saved, except they are wanted for the camp tables. Mr. Crane says that the fishing has been poor of late in Big Island Pond, doubtless due to the hot weather. But L. Pond is all that the angler could wish. He says that he could easily take 100 trout there in a day.

Fishing in Maine waters is holding out most wonderfully. The great question is, Can the stock stand up under another such season? A Mr. Mitchel has lately taken a salmon of 6¾ pounds and one of 4½ pounds, and a Mr. Lilly one of 5 pounds, at the Mountain View House, Rangeley Lake. A lady, Mrs. Coburn Haskell, of Cleveland, O., caught a salmon of 6 pounds and 10 ounces at Bemis last week. Mr. Walter Raymond, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is having remarkable success with illuminated flies of his own invention, at Pleasant Island.



Camps, Cupsuptic Lake. He brings in handsome strings of trout almost any evening when he tries his flies. Possibly here is one of the secrets of the unusually great catch of trout and salmon from Maine waters the present season—new and improved fishing tackle. I thoroughly believe that very many of the trout and salmon taken from the Rangeley waters late this season have been on the Stanley and other spinners. Other inventions are also rife for the taking of trout and salmon. What is to be done to keep up the supply of fish against the improved apparatus? Others are alarmed concerning the supply as well as I, and the best-posted anglers of the country are asking what the Maine Legislature will do this winter toward restocking. The Shilo Fishing Club, of Kingfield, Me., is to stock Tufts, Dutton and Grindstone ponds out of its own pockets. It will also ask to be allowed to screen the outlets. SPECIAL.

A Few Miles of Fishing on the Upper Delaware.

By the Upper Delaware we mean that part of the river which runs from Deposit down to Port Jervis and Milford, Pa. For successful bass fishing in these parts of the river, the water must be in the right condition; it is so when it is low and clear. Fishing is never very satisfactory in the Delaware when the water is high or colored, or both.

We present to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* a rough pen and ink map of the Delaware River from about a mile and a half above the Lackawaxen station on the Erie R. R. to about three miles below the Shohola station, a distance by the river of nearly eleven miles, but by the railroad only about eight. This stretch of water includes some of the finest pools and holes in the river, and consequently some of the best fishing. Before proceeding further with our subject, we can advise our readers that the condition of the river from Port Jervis up to Deposit can always be learned promptly by applying by letter and inclosing postal card for reply to any of the station agents along the line of the Erie R. R. from Port Jervis to Deposit, or by application to the general passenger agent, New York office.

Should any fisherman start when the water is right, but on arrival at the proposed fishing grounds find that something has happened in the meantime to throw it out of condition, his trip and time are by no way lost. Should he make Lackawaxen his objective point, York Pond is only a mile and a half or two miles from the station; he can take his guide, outfit and bait up to this little lake, and as it is entirely formed by springs it is never out of condition; it is only a question of whether the bass are on the feed or not. Should the bass not be on the feed, the angler can give his attention to pickerel, which are numerous and average a good size. York Pond is as pretty a little piece of bass water as any angler ever wet his line in. If Shohola should be the point of arrival, and the river is found to be out of condition, Washington Lake is only three or four miles away, and is always an excellent bass and pickerel water.

If the angler finds the Delaware in proper condition—and it is seldom otherwise during the fall season—we can guarantee him a warm reception from the gamiest family of black bass that ever strained a rod either in lake or stream.

The best live baits for the Delaware River are small catfish, grasshoppers, crickets and helgramites. The best artificial baits are the Delaware-belle and black-princess trolling baits and the following artificial flies: Black-princess, Montreal, yellow-Montreal and silver-doctor. The black-princess will take, on an average seven or eight bass while either of the other flies is catching one. When trolling in the eddies or casting in the rips with minnows we always use a No. 2 silver Skinner's casting spoon.

We will now make a start at Lackawaxen from the Delaware House dock, having Fred the guide as our motive power and companion. He knows the river well, and is an honest, faithful, trustworthy guide. The only trouble with Fred is that he is rather inclined to get one up pretty early in the morning and keep one out until long after the dinner bell has ceased to ring in the evening. Weariness of arms and hunger are things unknown to Fred when the bass are on the feed, and if there is an old bouncer anywhere prowling around seeking what he can devour Fred is almost sure to run across him and shake a fin before the sun sets over the western hills.

From the Delaware House dock we will row across the river and commence trolling up stream close to the New York shore, this being the deepest side of the pool and the current being a little stronger there than anywhere

else. Explanatory of how to fish this water, we will use two rods—one on each side of the boat. On one line we will have a No. 2 silver Skinner's casting spoon with a minnow on the hook; on the other a Delaware-belle. About half way up the pool we cross the outlet of York Pond. It is always well to circle that point of water two or three times before moving any further up. It is seldom that one passes over the mouth of York Pond outlet without getting two or three bass, and generally pretty big ones. From here we will continue along the New York shore to the head of the pool. We will now take our boat up into the rips about the center, where the current is running swiftest, cast anchor, take off the spoon from the hook with the minnow on it and fish the boiling water as it enters the eddy with the plain minnow. It is well to allow the minnow to run down as far as 50 to 75 feet into the pool. As soon as this boiling water has been fished with minnows, we let our boat run down about 75 or 80 feet, then cast anchor again and fish the smooth water with crickets, grasshoppers or helgramites if we have any. When we have thoroughly tried this water, we again put on our trolling rigs and work down the Pennsylvania shore until we come to the point on which the Delaware House stands. Just off this point there is a deep hole, which we have marked on the map. The water is about 14 or 16 feet deep. We anchor our boat on the edge of this hole and still-fish it with whatever live bait we have. There are always some very large bass lying in this hole, and if fished in the evening, just before sunset, one is almost assured of getting two or three good fish out of it. It is no uncommon thing to take into the boat twenty-five or thirty bass out of the Lackawaxen pool, and generally a few thoroughly good ones.

We will now leave our boat and scramble around and get below the dam while Fred "shoots the chutes." We will enter the boat again below the canal bridge and swing out into the river. This pool is known as Tower Eddy; it is very uncertain at all times. Occasionally a few good fish are taken, but more often only a few small ones. We will shoot the rips on the New York side and anchor directly our boat strikes smooth water. Just below this point there is a little drain running into the water, probably from the canal. One very often picks up one or two large bass still-fishing here. From this point we will commence trolling again, crossing the eddy and working the Pennsylvania side. From Gannon's Eddy we will run down to Dunavan's (a few short rips only divide the two). This eddy should be thoroughly fished by trolling, keeping principally on the Pennsylvania side. At the foot of Dunavan's Eddy on the Pennsylvania side there are two rocks standing well out of the water in about the center of the rip. The first rock is about 75 feet from shore; the second one about 100 feet from the shore. Just below the second rock—say 30 or 40 feet—there is a deep hole; we have had several good catches from it. On one occasion we got four fish, every one running between 4 and 5 pounds. This hole should be fished with live bait.

We will now drop down to Big Cedar Eddy, which is very much like Dunavan's Eddy, in that the bottom is full of big boulders, which are first class hiding spots for the big bass. The principal fishing is from the center to the Pennsylvania shore.

From the foot of Big Cedar the river takes a sharp turn and forms almost a semi-circle of shallow rips; these are not worth fishing. Around the bend of the river the rips end at the commencement of the pool known as Four-Mile Level. Here the conditions change; the deep water and the fishing is on the New York side. Anchor your boat on the right hand side of the first strong current, shown in our map, and fish it with live bait. From this point move 50 feet nearer to the New York shore and fish this current in the same way. They are two excellent spots for big fish. Troll the eddy well before leaving it, as it is all good water on the New York side.

From Four-Mile Level down to Shohola, a distance of nearly two miles, the river is one continuous mass of rips and big holes. Magnificent catches can be made in this water by casting, but there is not 10 yards available for trolling. The first pool of importance that we strike again is known as Little Cedar Eddy, and is situated just above the bridge which leads from Shohola on the Pennsylvania side to Barryville on the New York side.

Commence fishing this pool at the foot of the rips; anchor your boat a little distance up into the rips and use minnows and helgramites. A little distance down on the New York side, just off the pine trees, is a deep hole. This is a good spot for large fish. On the Pennsylvania side, just above the bridge, there is a clump of rocks; just above and a little off these rocks is an-

other very deep hole. This is a good spot for wall-eyes. After still-fishing the above-mentioned spots, the eddy can be trolled up and down and alongside the main current, which starts in at the head of the pool on the New York side and crosses over about half-way down to the Pennsylvania side. Just below the bridge there are a good many rocks, some of which show out of water. This is an excellent spot for bass. Anchor your boat and still-fish with live bait among them. As the current is very swift, a heavy anchor is necessary to hold the boat. Just below these rocks and rips there is a small eddy known as Shohola Eddy. It is not of much account. The angler may be lucky and pick up one or two small fish. From this eddy the river for about a mile and three-quarters is one continuous mass of holes and rips. The water is very swift, and requires an expert guide to successfully take the boat down through it. No novice to the river, however good oarsman he may be, should attempt to go down these rips without first taking some one who is acquainted with the currents to point out the peculiar turns and twists they take.

Nevertheless, this stretch of water is a magnificent fishing ground. One hole in particular has always been a favorite of ours. It lies running in on the Pennsylvania a favorite of ours. It lies at the mouth of the Shohola Brook, which is quite a large stream running in on the Pennsylvania side.

After leaving this turbulent and rapid water we enter one of the grandest pools in the Delaware. We have no hesitation in saying that it contains more big bass of 4, 5 and 6 pounds than any other pool in the river. The water on the Pennsylvania side is very, very deep, and probably stands next to Narrowsburg as a wall-eyed pike hole.

The best way to fish this eddy is first to commence at the head and drift with the current along the Pennsylvania shore, using live bait. The ground should be gone over, up and down, at least a dozen times. Occasionally anchor in some good water and still-fish for about half an hour. At the lower end of the eddy on the New York side, just at the commencement of the rips, the water takes a sharp little turn and runs up quite close to the canal. This is known locally as the Horseshoe. It is probably not more than 50 feet across. The water has a circular sweep, as shown by the arrow marked on the map. It is probably 12 to 16 feet deep and is always literally alive with enormous big black bass. We have stood on the canal wall when the water has been clear and counted as many as thirty to forty bass lying on the bottom or moving gently around. We would make a big wager that not one of these bass would scale less than 3 pounds, while the majority would run 4, 5 and 6 pounds each.

Any clear day when the water is bright this school of fish can be seen. The best way to fish the hole is to anchor your boat about 20 feet from shore at the upper end of the horseshoe, where we have put an X on the map; use for bait the biggest minnows you can get, or little catfish 5 or 6 inches long. Cast your bait toward shore and run off line fast enough to allow the current to carry it along its natural course. Do not draw the line in until you find the bait has left the horseshoe and is being carried down into the rips. Some of the biggest bass we have ever taken in the Delaware have come out of this little hole. But the funny thing is, you will never get more than one or two at a time.

We make it a rule always after catching one or two to leave the spot and go back into the eddy for an hour; then try it again.

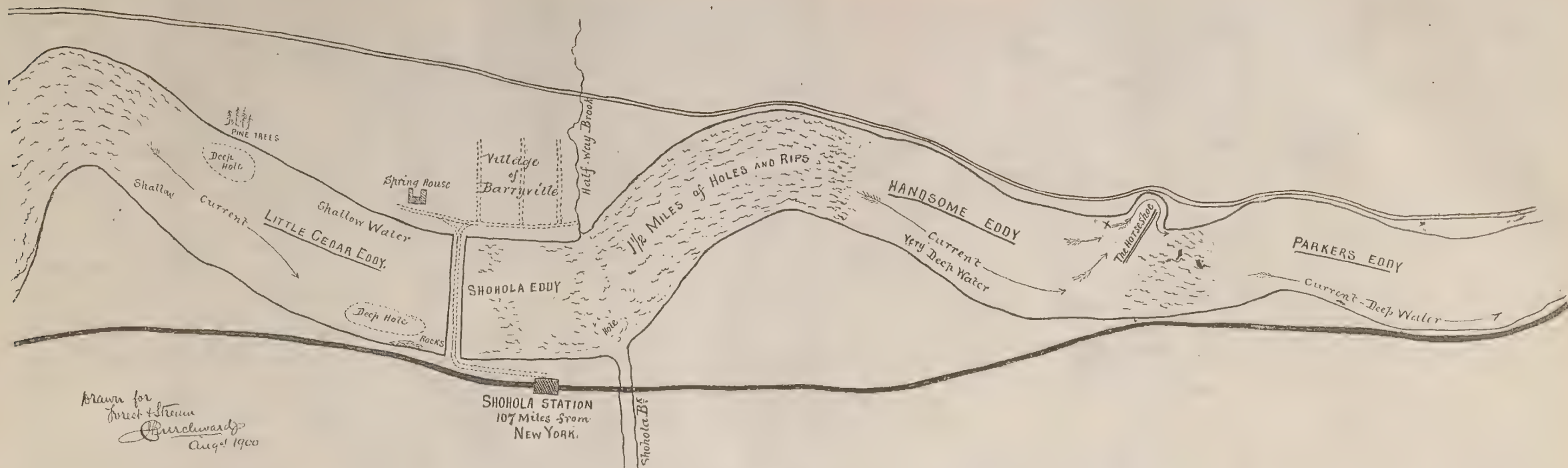
If the angler is of a nervous temperament and is leaving Shohola to fish Handsome Eddy we would advise him to get out just below Shohola Eddy and walk along the canal towpath until he strikes Handsome Eddy. It is only about a mile and a half, and by the time he gets there his guide, if he is a good one, will be in waiting for him, with a nice dry boat; but if the guide is a duffer (like some we have seen come down these rips) the angler will meet a sorry looking individual, having the appearance of a "drowned rat," his boat upside down, and his oars scampering merrily down the next rip.

The probable reason why Handsome Eddy is such an exceptionally good pool is that it is so seldom fished. No one has a boat on it, and being about midway between two stations on the railroad anglers very seldom either go up or down it, and is generally religiously left alone.

JAMES CHURCHWARD.

New York, Aug. 10.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much as possible as practicable.



Newfound Lake.

NEWFOUND LAKE, Bristol, N. H., Aug. 25.—The fishing season for lake trout and landlocked salmon at this lake has about gone by, and closes one of the most successful seasons we have ever had. Of course, there are the usual grumblers, men who are too "tired" to row a boat, or too dilatory to start out in the morning. These have had their usual luck (o), but with the diligent fisherman the story has been *Veni, vidi, vici*.

To recapitulate all of the lucky or, more properly speaking, the earnest fishermen who have been rewarded with fine catches of trout or salmon, would tax your readers' patience too much. It will suffice to say that outside of the State a few may be mentioned whose business engagements only allowed of a day or two to fish. From Massachusetts the Boston Eames-Coburn party took seven trout, largest 14 pounds. From Gloucester, the Smith party, a fine string of salmon, average 5 pounds. From Northampton, the Kingsbury party, trout and salmon. From Danvers, Wm. Burns and party, trout. From Springfield, D. Campbell and party, salmon and trout. From New York we had a devotee of fishing in Ex-State Senator Wm. L. Sweet, of Waterloo, who, by the way, said he would like to bring with him in 1891, B. B. Odell, now talked of for Governor of New York.

We had the pleasure of again meeting Mr. Wm. D. Kelley, of Philadelphia, president of the Clearfield Coal Corporation, who was accompanied by his son and daughter, the latter gracefully landing a 10½-pound trout after fifty minutes of steady strain on rod and reel. A lady from Braintree, Mass., made a remarkable catch of five fish (total 39 pounds) one forenoon, the largest a salmon of 12 pounds.

The next in order in this county is the open season for game, which begins Sept. 16, and indications are that game of all kinds indigenous to the State is plenty, especially deer, as numbers have been seen this summer swimming in the lake for their health and sniffing around the hotel piazzas, presumably to get a look at the other "dears."

Fishing at Asbury Park.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 25.—The past week has given us a small taste of surf fishing and of small fishes. What are known as school bass have been quite plentiful all along, running in size from 1 pound to 3 pounds in weight. What we need is a regular shake-up of old Neptune, which will send the big fellows in. I have on several occasions taken three and four on a single tide. While they are always welcome, still the "big one" is always looked for.

On Thursday morning we saw what was a most welcome sight, reminding us of yesteryear. A school of blues broke inshore within 50 feet of the sand, cutting and slashing a school of menhaden. Not a man had squids along, and, of course, there was nothing to do but let them take their departure with ranks unbroken.

The fishing in river and bay is not up to the standard in most places; the extreme heat has no doubt had something to do with the matter, and sport should improve from now on. The Shrewsbury and Raritan at Keyport are giving about the best returns so far as large weakfish are concerned. Some good catches have been made at both points the past week. Bluefish and channel bass are biting freely at Barnegat Inlet. I expect to visit that point within the next two weeks for a few days and try my hand at that most interesting game.

LEONARD HULIT.

Alaska Grayling.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The mention by your correspondent of grayling in the northern tributaries of the Yukon is interesting. This, of course, is Backs' grayling, which is different from the Michigan and Montana varieties. Lt. Schwatka mentions having found them in the main river in 1883. In the near future a trip down the Makenzie River by steamer and via the Ft. McPherson trail to the Porcupine country in Alaska will be a pleasant summer outing, or the tourist may cross the divide from the Peace River to the Pelly, an eighty-mile portage.

CHAS. HALLOCK.

Rhode Island Landlocked Salmon.

FISH COMMISSIONER WM. H. BOARDMAN has stocked Sneach Pond at Cumberland Hill with a large quantity of landlocked salmon fry. The ponds in the immediate vicinity of this village would also have been stocked, but the law requires that a brook must empty into the pond, and as there is no brook emptying into Scott's Pond or the new river, both of them were omitted in the distribution.

The Kennel.

Points and Flushes.

The Philadelphia Dog Show Association begs to announce that its dates have been changed from Nov. 21, 22, 23 and 24 to Nov. 28, 29, 30 and Dec. 1. The show will be held at Horticultural Hall, and the committee now have under consideration the matter of the prize list and the list of judges. The following bench show committee will be in charge of the show: Clement B. Newbold, President; Edward Moore Robinson, Alexander Van Rensselaer and Louis A. Biddle, Vice-Presidents; Marcel A. Viti, Secretary; S. Boyd Carrigan, Treasurer; John C. Groome, C. Leland Harrison, Reginald K. Shober, James W. Paul, Jr., Robert Toland, John W. Geary, Francis Edward Bond, Mitchell Harrison, D. Murray Bohlen, Henry Jarrett, Sidney W. Keith, George R. Packard. Mr. James Mortimer will be superintendent of the show, and Dr. C. J. Marshall veterinarian. All communications may be addressed to Marcel A. Viti, Secretary, 320 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.

Entries for the third annual bench show of the Texas Kennel Club, to be held at Dallas, Texas, Oct. 9 to 13, close Sept. 25. Entry blanks and all necessary information can be obtained of the superintendent, Dr. Geo. W. Clayton, Box 914, Chicago, Ill.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. Fred Wolters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Harry Ford, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.

Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

Fixtures.

September.

- 1-3. Toronto, club cruise.
8. Toronto, fall regatta.
15. Toronto, sailing races.

American Canoe Association.

Twenty-first Annual Meet.

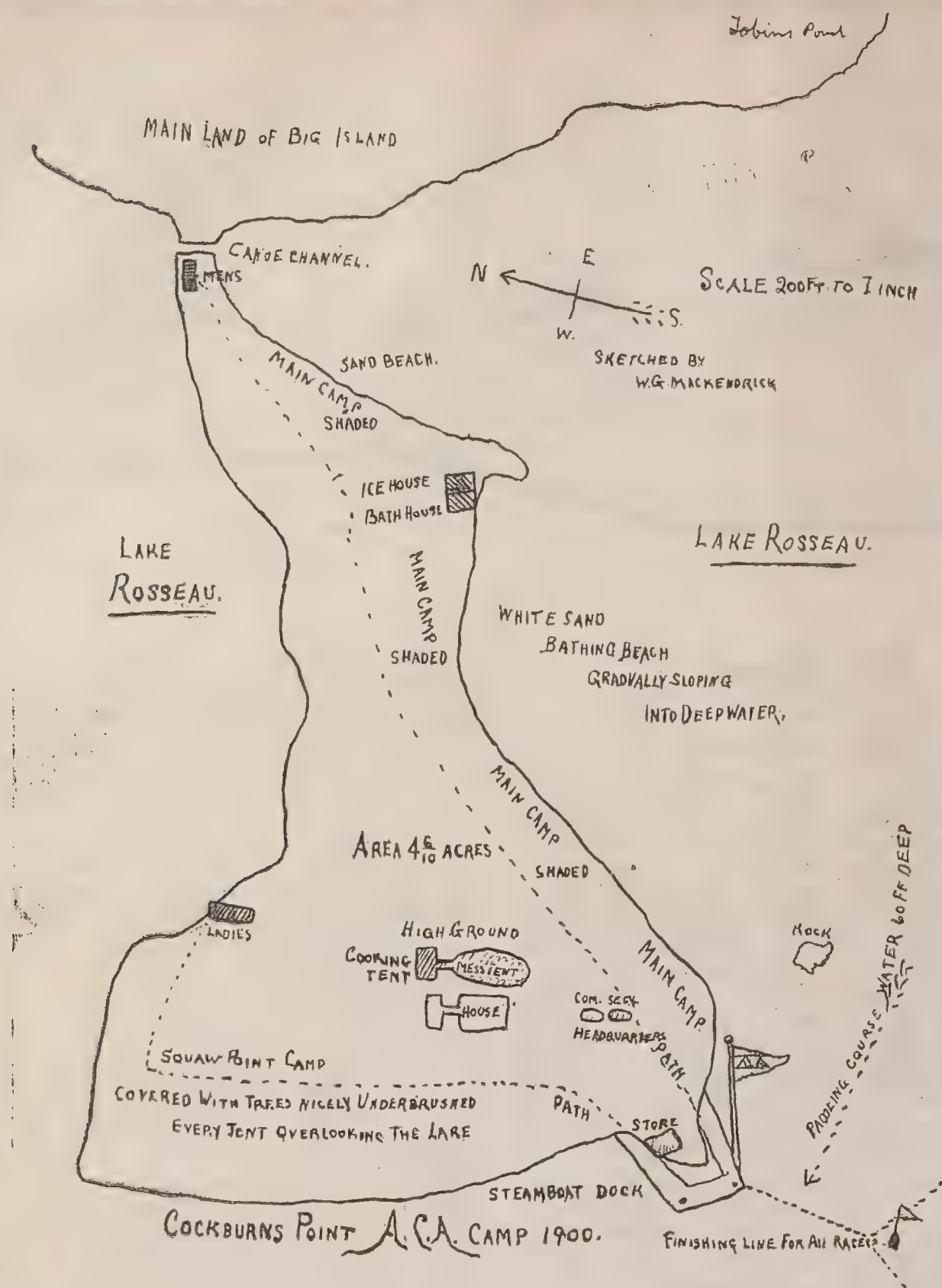
COCKBURN'S POINT, BIG ISLAND, LAKE ROSSEAU, MUSKOKA.
Aug. 3-17.

WHILE in its annual search for pleasant camping grounds the American Canoe Association is bound to no one locality, but is free to choose within a very extensive area a new site each year, as a matter of fact the meets are held for three out of four years among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River, with an occasional excursion into some new and distant region. In the course of twenty years of this wandering the Association has visited Lake George four times, Lake Champlain four times, the Thousand Islands nine times, the Canadian lakes once, the Hudson River once and the seaside once. After four successive camps on or in the immediate vicinity of Grindstone Island in the

St. Lawrence, there was last year a desire for a change, and as the Northern Division was willing to take, though out of its turn, the commodoreship and the meet, the choice most naturally turned to the interior of Canada. The beauties of the Muskoka lakes, of which all Canadians are justly proud, have been extolled at many of the meets, and when this locality was named as its first choice by the Northern Division, it was accepted by the Association without objection. To those who, without having visited Muskoka, had looked into the question of its availability for an A. C. A. camp at some future time, two objections presented themselves—the distance from the geographical center of membership, and the nature of the ground, which is generally unsuited for a large camp. While some misgivings were felt on both points, and as it proved with good reason, the proposition of Com. MacKendrick and the Northern Division for a meet at Muskoka was willingly accepted by all other officers and members, and there was a general disposition to make the meet a success. That this has been accomplished will probably be conceded by practically all who attended the camp, especially those who were there for the longest time. At the same time, it will probably be a very long time before another A. C. A. meet is held on the Muskoka lakes.

The lakes themselves proved all that their many admirers claimed—a clear, bracing atmosphere, beautiful scenery on every hand, rocky and wooded shores and islands, many studded with picturesque cottages, and yet with only a remote suggestion of civilization, as the houses were well hidden in the thick woods. The water was, if possible, finer than the air, clear and pure to a remarkable degree, with a softness that made it perfect for bathing. The weather was all that could be asked; in common with all other parts of the country, the hot wave was felt about Muskoka, and in the early part of the meet one could sleep all night with hardly a sheet for covering, while as a consequence of the intense sultriness there were several heavy showers. On the whole, however, the campers were far more comfortable there than in Toronto, New York, Montreal or even the summer resorts. In ordinary seasons the climate must be all that is claimed for it. The camp itself, in personnel and amusements, was a thoroughly enjoyable one; a pleasant lot of people, many well acquainted from former meets, and with a larger proportion than usual of ladies, managed to make the two weeks pass very quickly, with nothing startling or sensational, but with constant occupation of one sort or another appropriate to the occasion—paddling about the islands, fishing, bathing, watching the races, excursions on the lake steamers, camp-fires at night. The number registered—175—was comparatively small, as the remote location prevented the usual casual attendance of old A. C. A. men who run up for a Saturday and Sunday in camp; all hands, however, were canoeists, or, at least, campers, and prepared to enjoy themselves in camping fashion. There were no tourist or hotel parties; no invasion by the country people, and there was no attempt at elaborate dressing. The matter of dress, once much discussed, has settled itself; those who raced, especially the paddlers, wore jerseys and white duck trousers, while those who lounged about the camp and did no racing and little or no paddling wore the usual yachting rig—cap, blue serge coat, outing shirt and white ducks. The ladies contented themselves with plain clothing, well-suited for every-day wear about the camp or afloat.

The two difficulties inherent to the general site—the distance and the nature of the ground—were felt by all, and they will probably prevent another meet at Muskoka for many years. The distance—or rather the time—from Toronto is a serious obstacle, especially to those who have already made a night's journey to the secondary starting point. The writer left Toronto at 11 A. M. on an express train and reached camp at 7 P. M., after a most tedious journey of only a little over a hundred miles, with many delays both on the train and the steamer. Coming home, the steamer left camp at 9:30 A. M., and the train reached Toronto at 6 P. M. As Toronto is about fifteen hours' ride from New York and Boston, it was practically a matter of a full day and night. The camp ground was selected only after many searches by Com. MacKendrick, and others who were more familiar with the Muskoka District, and from all that we can learn, it is one of the few sites which were at all available. Though wild enough to all appearance, in passing in a steamer, the shores and islands have been pretty nearly all purchased by summer residents, from Pittsburgh, Pa., in particular, and other distant points in the States and Canada, and comparatively few spots are left. Of these, all are marked by the same characteristics—hilly and very rough ground, with numerous rocks, and few beaches and landing places, and an abundance of second growth trees, and probably underbrush as well.



Being private property, with a summer cottage in the midst of the grounds, and held at the regular summer rental, the camp site was selected only after a thorough search had failed to discover anything else at all suitable. The island, for it is practically such, though nominally peninsula of Big Island, is entirely too small for a A. C. A. camp. The ground is quite high in the center, very rough and rocky for walking. The tents in mar cases were pitched on an incline. Only portions of the shore gave access to the water, and there was but one beach where the canoes could be hauled up easily and safely. Though the racing courses could be seen from the wharf, which was in a convenient and central location, many of the tents had of necessity no outlook over the water, owing to the growth of trees in front. In leasing the ground, the Association was obliged to give guarantee that no trees should be cut or injured. Shown by the sketch, the camp ground was excellent in its general layout, but it was entirely too small. The main camp and Squaw Point were within easy earshot and everything was a little too crowded. Had the island been about double the size and had it been possible to trim out all underbrush and many of the smaller trees, it would have made an excellent camp ground. The wharf was conveniently placed, with the camp store, headquarters and the mess tent near at hand; the ladies' camp was on a pleasant hillside well up over the water, and the men's camp would have been all right with a little more room to spread. The house was, of course, out of place in the midst of a woodland camp, but it was there and could not be dispensed with. During July Com. MacKendrick and his family occupied it, also living there during the meet. The drawing room served for the business meetings, and the wide piazzas were very pleasant of an afternoon, all being welcome when Mrs. MacKendrick dispensed tea. The necessity of locating the mess tent immediately alongside the house was unfortunate, as it made the tent very hot by shutting off the breeze. Of the mess itself, run by a caterer from Toronto, it is only necessary to say that it was better than last year, but by no means satisfactory in the quality of the food and the nature of the cooking.

In comparison with the Thousand Islands, there is very little to be said in favor of Muskoka for an A. C. A. meet. While the climate may be superior, the change is one that is felt but slightly by those from the coast. To a man from Boston or New York, the difference in sky, water and air on the St. Lawrence and on Muskoka is a small matter; both make a change from the salt air that is grateful for a time. In the matter of scenery there is little to choose, but the broader waters of the St. Lawrence, with the shores now wooded and now in open meadows, have nothing to fear beside the steeper and more densely wooded shores and the narrower waters of Muskoka. Either place is good enough for a summer outing, probably the best to be found among the summer resorts of the East, but in the two important points of accessibility from the States and Canada alike, and of the number and excellence of the camp sites, the advantages are entirely on the side of the St. Lawrence. Those who have seen Muskoka this year through the medium of the meet, will never regret it; but where the time is limited to

two weeks, one could see the three lakes to far better advantage by omitting A. C. A. meet for one year and simply making a thorough tour of Muskoka.

Of the administration this year, it can with justice be said that it has been energetic, business-like and systematic, and so far as can be seen prior to the annual financial reports, the Association has been managed successfully. A great deal of work has fallen upon the shoulders of Com. MacKendrick, and for this year at least the office has been no sinecure. The various committees were made up of good and reliable men, but it has so happened that many of them have been able to do but little work. The immediate arrangements for the camp, preparing for wharf, tent floors, etc., were in the hands of Mr. R. Osler Wade, of Toronto, who after doing the preliminary work was prevented by a change in his business from attending the meet, so that in the absence of all but one of the original committee, this work fell upon Com. MacKendrick personally. His lieutenant and aid was his nephew, once the little Mac of the Jessup's Neck meet, now a strapping young man. The arrangements in this department were very satisfactory. Those who ordered in advance found their tents ready pitched, with floors and cots, the tents and cots being rented. The regatta committee, after the many-sided troubles of last year, was picked by Com. MacKendrick with great care, and was an exceptionally

good committee, but at the last moment Mr. R. Easton Burns was detained at home by business, leaving only Mr. Goodsell and Mr. Ford to manage the thirty races. Mr. H. R. Tilley took Mr. Burns' place, and proved a capable and efficient substitute. The committee was further strengthened by Messrs. W. J. English and W. C. Jupp, as starter and judge, and by Mr. C. F. Wolters, as clerk of the course. The judges were both experienced and skillful, and in the hands of Mr. Wolters the records were kept in perfect form, every event being recorded in full in the book immediately on the return of the committee from the finish. The regatta work was done entirely from the shore or from boats and canoes, no launch being hired. There were few protests and no general complaints. The races were bulletined in season and run off as nearly to the schedule as the weather permitted.

The work of the transportation committee, owing to various circumstances, was practically done by two members, Mr. D. D. Allerton, of New York, and Rear-Com. Hall, of Boston, the local arrangements with the Grand Trunk Railroad being made by Com. MacKendrick. It is but fair to say here that in addition to his other duties, and through Sec'y-Treas. Begg being unfamiliar with this work, Com. MacKendrick edited the Year Book, and personally secured the very large number of advertisements which it contains.

In accordance with the wishes of the executive committee, a very simple arrangement was this year adopted for the headquarters. A small tent was pitched for the Commodore and a double one beside it, with a fly in front, for the Secretary-Treasurer, who was in attendance all the time. In this tent the trophies were displayed and the office and post office were located. On the platform in front, beneath the fly, a long table of pine boards was built, where pens, ink and paper could be found at all times, a great convenience that was duly appreciated by men and ladies alike. For those naturally thirsty ones who had accepted the hearty invitation of the Commodore to leave their bars at home, a big, new washtub was filled with official lemonade, a truly temperance beverage that was free to all. The contracted area and the nature of the ground, made in part of decayed trees, left but few places for camp-fires. There was one in front of headquarters and one in Squaw Point.

The attendance this year was distributed between the Northern, Atlantic, Central and Eastern divisions, the Western Division sending but two men, one, of course, being Vice-Com. Jupp. The Northern Division was naturally well represented, especially from Toronto and from summer residents of Muskoka, who took part in the races. The Atlantic Division sent a party of over fifty, including a number of ladies, the New York C. C. party numbering about twenty. Among those present were Vice-Com. Allen, M. D. Wilt, R. J. Wilkin, P. F. Hogan, L. J. Hall, J. J. Armstrong, C. F. Wolters, H. R. Tilley, Hugh Neilson, J. N. MacKendrick, C. P. Forbush, J. McD. Mowatt, R. B. Burchard, W. P. Stephens, R. J. Wicksteed, L. W. Seavey, Paul Butler, R. N. Cutter, S. R. Upham, F. C. Moore, H. H. Smythe and C. V. Schuyler. Mr. Butler had no canoe, but lived on a house-boat with his nephew and nieces, the brother and sisters of Mr. Butler Ames. The list of old members who were not present would be a very long one—Vaux, Whitlock, Gibson, Oliver, the two Wackerhagens, Freddy Mix, Winne, Barney, Ford Jones, Edwards, Col. Harry Rogers and many more who once were the A.

The following was received during the meet from two old members:

Dawson City, Aug. 10, via Toronto, Aug. 17.—Regret being unable to attend. Kindest remembrance to old friends.

EDWIN E. FRENCH.
CONSTANCE G. FRENCH.

The sailing canoe, so far as the evidence of this meet goes, is a thing of the past. There were in camp eight decked sailing canoes, one being a new one. Mr. Archibald had his famous Mab, and with her was the older Mab I, sailed by Mr. G. T. McMurrich, a Toronto yachtsman, but a novice in canoe sailing. Mr. Moore had a new canoe, Pioneer II, a very handsomely built boat of Spanish cedar, the work of a local builder on Coney Island Creek. She was of much the same model as the four canoes built for the New York C. C. last year, with little freeboard and no sheer at all, but greatly superior workmanship. The old Az Iz was present, also Mr. Sparrow's old Eel, and hidden away in a clump of bushes near headquarters, apparently not floated this



A. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE IN CAMP.



HEADQUARTERS—COM. MACKENDRICK AND SEC'Y-TREAS. BEGG.

season, was Com. MacKendrick's old racing canoe Mac. This year the Sailors' Union was not to the fore. There was not the requisite number, ten, to make the trial race compulsory, and none was sailed. From such opinions as were expressed during the meet it is evident that there is no ardent desire on the part of any one to revive the sailing canoe, either in the racing machine class, a restricted fast cruiser class or a one-design class. As far as we heard any opinion as to the new Royal C. C. cruising class, it was unanimous to the effect that these craft were too large for such transportation as is necessary in this country.

The great interest this year was in the paddling racing, there being an unusual number of paddlers, and some very good ones, in camp, largely from the Toronto C. C. With the finest sailing waters in the country at its very doors, Toronto C. C. has no sailing canoes except Mab, and there is not a sailing man in the Toronto C. C. today. The club brought up two war canoes, the only ones in camp, and several good races were paddled, but between scratch crews, as it was impossible to get any other and even difficult to make up the requisite number.

The programme of the races was as follows:

Record.

Event No. 1: Paddling and sailing combined, ½ mile alternately; total 3 miles; time limit 1½ hours. Start to be made under paddle. The same seat shall be used as in event No. 3.

Event No. 2: Paddling, ½ mile with turn.

Event No. 3: Sailing, 4½ miles; time limit 2 hours.

Note.—The rules governing the record events will be found in Rule 5 of the Racing Regulations.

Sailing.

Event No. 4: Trial race, under Rule 1 of Sailing Regulations; 6 miles; time limit 2½ hours. Starters in the trophy sailing race to be selected from this race under Rule 5 of Racing Regulations.

Event No. 5: Trophy sailing, 9 miles; time limit 3½ hours. See Rule 5 of Racing Regulations.

Event No. 6: Dolphin sailing trophy, 7½ miles; time limit 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in event No. 5 will not be allowed to compete in this event.

Event No. 7: Novice sailing, 3 miles; time limit 1½ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1899.

Event No. 8: Cruising canoes, 3 miles; time limit 1½ hours. See Rule 1 of Racing Regulations.

Event No. 9: Open canoes, paddle ½ mile to windward, and return under sail.

Event No. 10: Open canoes, 1½ miles.

Event No. 11: Atlantic Division cup.

Event No. 12: Central Division cup.

Event No. 13: Eastern Division cup.

Event No. 14: Northern Division cup.

Note.—In events Nos. 9 and 10 canoes must conform to regulations governing canoes for paddling races. Events 11 to 14 will only be held if not sailed at Division meets. Regatta committees will arrange their own races.

Paddling.

Event No. 15: Trophy, 1 mile straightaway.

Event No. 16: Novice, ½ mile with turn; single blades. Open only to members who have never paddled a race outside their own club races.

Event No. 17: Open canoe, ½ mile with turn; single blades.

Event No. 18: Tandem, ½ mile with turn; open canoes; single blades.

Event No. 19: Decked or open canoes; single paddling; ½ mile with turn; double blades.

Event No. 20: Rescue race No. 1, men proceed in usual



A. C. A. WAR CANOE TROPHY.

way. No. 2; men to be lined up on shore. When gun is fired No. 1 upsets his canoe and No. 2 launches and proceeds to the rescue, picks up his man and tows the capsized canoe across the finish line. Open canoes; single blades; ¼ mile straightaway.

Event No. 21: Fours, ½ mile with turn; single blades; open canoes.

Event No. 22: Tail-end race, ¼ mile; open canoes; single blades. Paddler to kneel in stern and paddle stern first with the wind.

Event No. 23: Relay race; open canoes; single blades; 1½ miles over sailing course; three men from each club or division.

Starters paddle around first buoy, pass an article to second men, who paddle around second buoy, passing to third men, who paddle to finish.

Event No. 24: Ladies' tandem; ¼ mile straightaway; open canoes; single blades.

Event No. 25: Hurry-scurry; run, swim and paddle. A short portage will be introduced in this event if practicable.

Event No. 26: Tournament; poles to be provided by the committee.

War Canoes.

Event No. 27: A. C. A. championship, 1 mile with turn.

Event No. 28: Tug of war, 1 minute heats; best out of 3 heats.

Event No. 29: Division race, ½ mile with turn. Each Division may enter any number of crews.

Event No. 30: Race between picked teams from the A. C. A. and the Muskoka Lakes Association, for a trophy donated by G. R. R. Cockburn, Esq.

If three clubs from the Northern Division enter teams the Division will put up a trophy for a Northern Division race.

Notes.

All canoes entered for paddling races will be measured and weighed.

All events in which less than two entries present themselves will be canceled.

In events where less than three start only one prize will be given.

In paddling races all turning buoys will be left to port. The committee reserves the right to add to this programme at the meet by notice posted.

R. EASTON BURNS,
Kingston, Ont., Chairman.
HARRY FORD,
D. B. GOODSSELL.

Entry List A. C. A. Races 1900.

Mab II., C. E. Archbald.....	Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto
Mab I., G. T. McMurrich.....	Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto
Pioneer II., F. C. Moore.....	New York C. C., New York
Chance, H. H. Smythe.....	New York C. C., New York
Vana, Woolsey Carmalt.....	New York C. C., New York
Az Iz, Geo. W. McTaggart.....	New York C. C., New York
Eel, J. W. Sparrow.....	Toronto C. C., Toronto
.....A. McNichol.....	Toronto C. C., Toronto
.....E. McNichol.....	Toronto C. C., Toronto
.....P. J. Syms.....	Toronto C. C., Toronto
.....R. R. Woods.....	Toronto C. C., Toronto
.....T. Simpson.....	Toronto C. C., Toronto
.....Geo. H. Dill.....	Toronto C. C., Toronto
.....R. N. Brown.....	Toronto C. C., Toronto
.....J. J. Vaughan.....	Toronto C. C., Toronto
.....Wm. Alexander.....	Toronto C. C., Toronto
.....H. G. Dilmuth.....	Toronto C. C., Toronto
.....E. A. Blackhall.....	Toronto C. C., Toronto
.....M. D. Wilt.....	Red Dragon C. C., Philadelphia
.....J. McD. Mowat.....	Kingston Y. C., Kingston
.....E. R. McNeil.....	Britannia B. C., Britannia Bay, Ont.
.....A. L. Lynch.....	Britannia B. C., Britannia Bay, Ont.
.....L. Turcotte.....	Britannia B. C., Britannia Bay, Ont.
.....W. R. Percival.....	Britannia B. C., Britannia Bay, Ont.
.....E. J. Minett.....	Toronto R. C., Toronto
.....S. A. Minett.....	Toronto R. C., Toronto
.....F. C. Bloomfield.....	Hamilton, Ont.
.....H. C. Allen.....	Park Island C. A., Trenton, N. J.
.....T. Henry.....	Cleveland C. C., Muskoka
.....W. J. English.....	Peterboro, Ont.
.....W. W. Crosby.....	Innison
.....Wm. Carter.....	Wawbeewawa
.....D. S. Pratt, Jr.....	Wawbeewawa

Event No. 1—Record Combined.—Aug. 13, 1 A. M. Wind N. to N. W. light; water smooth; start 10:38.

Eel, J. W. Sparrow.....	Finish.....	Elapsed.
G. W. McTaggart.....	Withdrew.	
	12 00 16	1 22 16

Event No. 2—Record Paddling.—Aug. 15. Wind S. by W. light; water smooth; start 10:00:47.

G. W. McTaggart.....	Finish.....	Elapsed.
Eel, J. W. Sparrow.....	10 05 30	0 04 43
	10 05 35	0 04 48

Event No. 3—Record Sailing.—Aug. 14; start 11:00.

G. W. McTaggart.....	Finish.....	Elapsed.
Eel, J. W. Sparrow.....	12 07 05	1 07 00
	Withdrew.	

Event No. 4—Trial Race.—No entries.

Event No. 5—Trophy Sailing.—Aug. 15. Wind S. by W. moderate; start 3:00.

Mab II., C. E. Archbald—							
3 17 35	3 34 50	3 54 55	4 13 45	4 32 45	4 52 21	1 52 21	
Az Iz, G. W. McTaggart—							
3 21 30	3 39 40	4 02 40	4 22 30	4 45 00	5 05 00	2 05 00	
Jaoni, G. T. McMurrich—							
3 24 10	3 44 30	4 06 45	4 28 35	4 53 00	5 16 45	2 16 45	
Chance, H. H. Smythe—							
3 23 10	3 43 20	4 07 10	4 29 40	4 53 40	5 17 55	2 17 55	
Vana, W. Carmalt—							
3 28 00	4 02 30	4 30 00	4 55 55	5 19 45	6 53 15	2 53 15	
Pioneer II., F. C. Moore—							
3 18 10	Withdrew.						

Event No. 6—Dolphin Trophy.—Aug. 16. Wind W. by S. moderate; start 3:48:05.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	Finish.	Elapsed.
Az Iz.....	4 12 35	4 30 55	4 48 45	5 06 20	5 25 45	1 38 40
Chance.....	4 12 30	4 31 20	4 51 10	5 10 50	5 32 30	1 44 25
Pioneer II.....	4 10 55	4 29 20	4 48 05	Withdrew.		
Vana.....	Withdrew.					

Event No. 7—Novice Sailing.—No race—only one entry.

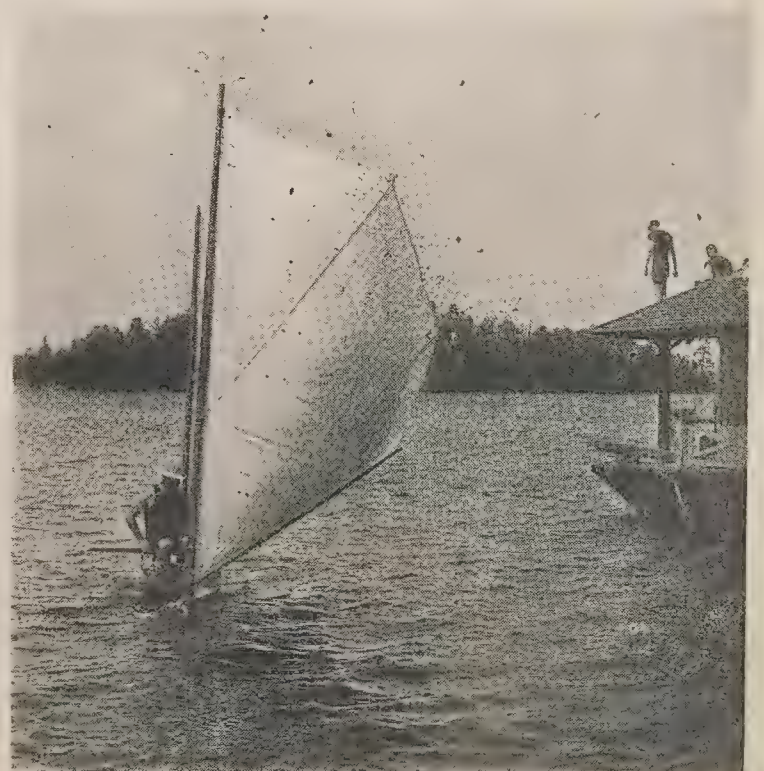
Event No. 8—Cruising Canoes.—No race—only one entry.

Event No. 9—Open, Paddle and Sail.—Aug. 14; start 12:18:38; paddle ½ mile to windward and return under sail.

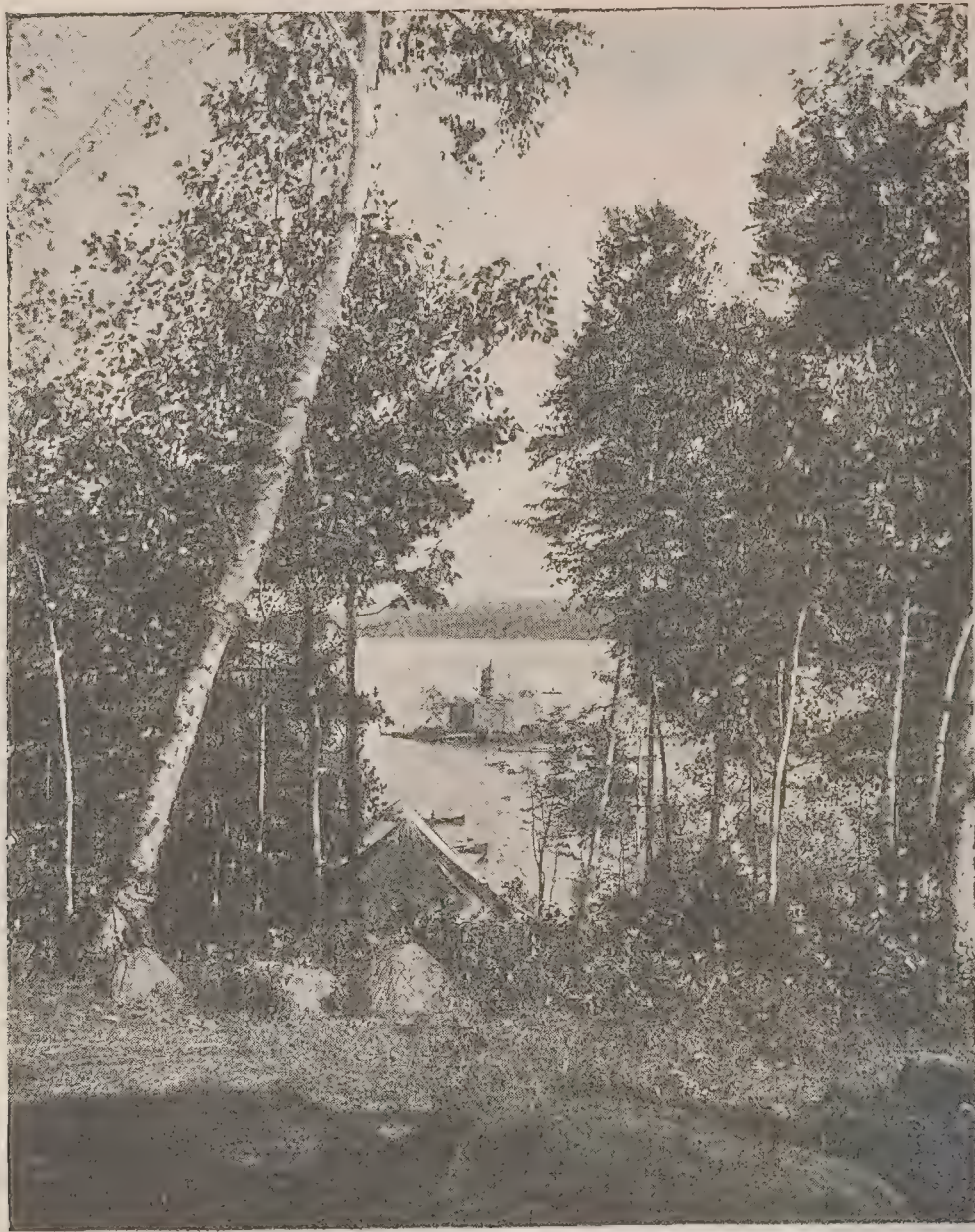
	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
F. C. Bloomfield.....	12 25 30	12 31 40	0 13 02
A. McNichol.....	12 25 00	12 31 55	0 13 17
C. E. Archbald.....	12 26 10	12 32 45	0 14 07

Event No. 10—Open Canoe Sailing.—Aug. 16. Wind light; little sea; start 11:49.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mab III., C. E. Archbald.....	12 27 43	0 38 43
Az Iz, G. W. McTaggart.....	12 31 30	0 42 30
E. McNichol.....	12 48 50	0 59 50



PIONEER II—F. C. MOORE, NEW YORK C. C.



THE TAKU FORT—SEEN FROM THE CAMP.

Event No. 11—Atlantic Division Cup.—Aug. 16. Wind W. by S., moderate; start 3:48:05.

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Pioneer II.....	4 10 05	4 29 20	4 48 05	1 00 00
Az Iz.....	4 12 35	4 30 55	4 48 45	1 00 40
Chance.....	4 12 30	4 31 20	4 51 10
Vana.....	Broke rudder—withdraw.			

Event No. 12—Central Division Cup.—Canceled; no entries.

Event No. 13—Eastern Division Cup.—Canceled; no entries.

Event No. 14—Northern Division Cup.—Canceled; no entries.

Event No. 15—Paddling Trophy.—Aug. 15. Wind S.W. by W., light; water smooth; start 11:42.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
R. R. Woods.....	11 50 57	0 08 57
E. J. Minett.....	11 51 16	0 09 16
J. McD. Mowatt.....	11 51 28	0 09 28
E. McNichol.....	11 51 45	0 09 45
F. C. Bloomfield.....	11 52 05	0 10 05
M. D. Wilt.....	Withdraw.	
D. McNichol.....	Withdraw.	
H. C. Allen.....	Withdraw.	

Event No. 16—Novice, Single Blade.—Aug. 13. Wind light; water smooth; start 3:42.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
P. J. Syms.....	3 46 51 1-5	0 04 51 1-5
G. W. McTaggart.....	3 46 59	0 04 59
J. Simpson.....	Disqualified for fouling.	

Event No. 17—Open Canoe, Single Blades.—Aug. 15. Start 2:33:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
E. J. Minett.....	2 37 45	0 04 10
R. D. Woods.....	2 37 48	0 04 13
A. McNichol.....
T. Henry.....
F. C. Bloomfield.....
R. N. Brown.....
E. McNichol.....
J. J. Vaughan.....

Event No. 18—Open Tandem.—Aug. 14; start 10:00.

F. C. Bloomfield and Minett.....	0 03 48 1-5
R. Woods and T. Henry.....
E. McNichol and A. McNichol.....
E. R. McNeil and W. R. Percival.....
A. L. Lynch and L. Turcotte.....
R. N. Brown and George Dill.....

Event No. 19—Decked or Open Canoes; Single, with Double Blades.—Wind light; water smooth. Aug. 13; start 3:00.

E. J. Minett, disqualified.....	0 03 52 2-5
H. C. Allen.....	0 04 02
E. McNichol.....
J. McD. Mowatt.....
F. C. Bloomfield.....
M. D. Wilt.....
A. McNichol.....	Withdraw.

E. J. Minett was disqualified for fouling buoy at turn.

Event No. 20—Rescue Race.—Aug. 13; start 5:00.

S. A. Minett and E. J. Minett.....	Disqualified.
E. McNichol and A. McNichol.....
A. L. Lynch and D. Pratt.....
E. R. McNeil and W. R. Percival.....
R. D. Woods and T. Henry.....
Minett brothers disqualified for failing to fill canoe on capsize, as per racing instructions.	

Event No. 21—Fours.—Aug. 13; start 3:30.

E. R. Neil, W. R. Percival, L. Turcotte, D. J. Lynch.....	1
H. Jacks, D. Pratt, J. J. Vaughan, R. Woods.....	2
G. E. Dill, E. McNichol, A. McNichol, R. N. Brown.....	3

Event No. 22—Tail-End Race.—Aug. 15; start 11:30.

E. McNichol.....	1
T. Henry.....	2
A. McNichol.....	3
F. C. Bloomfield.....	4
G. W. McTaggart.....	5
W. R. Percival.....	6
Geo. H. Dill.....	7
R. D. Woods.....	8

Event No. 23—Relay Race.—Aug. 16; start 10:37:49.

	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	Finish.
E. McNichol.....	10 42 40	10 49 30	10 53 45
R. N. Brown.....
A. McNichol.....
R. Woods.....	10 42 30	10 49 20	10 53 50
J. J. Vaughan.....
T. Henry.....
E. J. Minett.....	10 42 42	10 49 10	10 53 58
F. C. Bloomfield.....
D. Pratt.....

Event No. 24—Ladies' Tandem.—No entries. By request a tandem race for tandem canoes, 1/4 mile straightaway, open, single blades was sailed.

A. McNichol and Miss Allen.....	0 02 01 3-5	1
E. McNichol and Miss Powell.....	2
M. D. Wilt and Mrs. Wilt.....	3

Event No. 25—Hurry-Scurry.—Aug. 15; start 5:30.

A. L. Lynch.....	1
E. McNichol.....	2
D. Pratt.....	3
W. R. Percival.....	4
F. C. Bloomfield.....	5
A. McNichol.....	6
M. D. Wilt.....	7
J. W. Sparrow.....	8

Event No. 26—Tournament.—Aug. 16, 6 P. M.

E. McNichol and R. N. Brown.....	1
M. D. Wilt and D. Pratt, Jr.....	2
H. C. Allen and A. McNichol.....	3
E. Minett and T. Henry.....	4
N. A. Powell and J. McD. Mowatt.....	5
G. W. McTaggart and F. C. Moore.....	6

Event No. 27—War Canoe Trophy.—Aug. 14; start 5:30; wind S.W., strong with sea; course almost to windward.

Toronto C. C.—R. N. Brown (stroke), A. McNichol, E. A. Blackhall, George Dill, D. Cuff, T. Simpson, H. Jacks, J. J. Vaughan, R. Woods, H. Dillmuth, W. R. Percival, L. Turcotte, E. McNichol (coxswain).....	0 07 51
Park Island C. A.—F. C. Bloomfield (stroke), E. J. Minette, D. Pratt, Geo. W. McTaggart, T. Henry, W. W. Crosby, R. R. Woods, Wm. Alexander, E. R. McNeil, A. L. Lynch, H. C. Allen, Wm. S. Carter, W. J. English (coxswain).....	0 07 59

Event No. 28—Tug-of-War, War Canoes.—No entries.

Event No. 29—Division Race, War Canoes.—No entries.

Event No. 30—War Canoes, Picked Crews.—Aug. 13; start 4:30.

A. C. A. Crew—R. N. Brown (stroke), Geo. Dill, A. McNichol, J. J. Vaughan, D. Pratt, A. Cuff, H. Jacks, F. Simpson, J. McD. Mowatt, E. R. McNeil, A. L. Lynch, W. R. Percival, L. Turcotte, P. J. Syms, E. McNichol (coxswain).....	06 06 4-5
Muskoka Lakes Association Crew.—T. Henry (stroke), B. Minett, A. G. Bell, S. McK. Brown, J. D. Dunn, G. Monteith, M. Henry, A. Minett, J. McCulloch, V. Robinson, W. A. Smith, P. S. Blackford, W. Woods, E. Minett, J. D. Murrich (coxswain).....

Extra Race—Ladies' Hand Paddling.—Aug. 16; start 11:00.

Miss Jessie Ames.....	1
Miss S. H. Ames.....	2
Miss Bertha Allen.....	3
Miss Powell.....	4
Mrs. H. C. Allen.....	5
Mrs. M. D. Wilt.....	6

Special Event—Gunwale Paddling.—Aug. 16; start 6:30.

E. McNichol.....	1
A. McNichol.....	2
G. W. McTaggart.....	3
R. N. Brown.....	4

Port Carling Cup—Paddling.—Aug. 16; start 4:00.

E. R. McNeil, W. R. Percival, L. Turcotte, A. J. Lynch.....	1
R. Woods, R. N. Brown, T. Henry, E. McNichol.....	2
Geo. Dill, A. McNichol, J. J. Vaughan, E. H. Blackhall.....	3

As will be seen from the above list, the entries were almost all for the paddling events, and in open canoes without names, the day having gone by when a canoeist was known as a mark of fame by the name of his canoe. The races began on Monday, Aug. 13, and continued until Thursday night. There were no outside spectators, the camp throughout being remarkably free from visitors, only an occasional party in a launch or sailing boat stopping for a time. The record races fell through entirely, only two men competing, and only one of these finishing in two of the three races. The trial race, Event No. 4, was dropped for lack of the requisite ten entries, as there were but six canoes entered for the sailing trophy. This, the great race of the meet, was practically a duel between Messrs. Archbald, who has held the cup in 1894, 96, 97 and 99, and Moore, of New York. The race was sailed in a moderate and rather puffy breeze, with clear weather and smooth water, the second leg of the course being free and the first and third reaching. Mab II. took the lead at the start, but Pioneer II. made a good race over the first round, being but 35 seconds astern. They sailed very evenly on the first and second legs of the second round, Pioneer catching Mab at the second mark; but here Mr. Moore's slide broke and dropped him many fathoms deep into the drink. He came up and righted his canoe, but she rolled over the other way; then he regained his slide, floating at a little distance, and again mounted the canoe and tried to ship it, this time splitting it into two separate pieces. After his withdrawal, it was only a sail-over for Mab. The other sailing races were uninteresting—the novice sailing and the cruising classes had no entries and the Dolphin trophy and the Atlantic Division races were very tame, the other three division races failing entirely.

The paddling trophy race was well contested, and in good water, the course being straightaway. Unfortunately the boats were thrown together near the start by the lack of room between two islands, and several fouled and either spoiled their chances or withdrew entirely. Mr. Minett led for over half of the course, but was finally passed by Mr. Woods, who sat in his canoe and paddled a very short, quick stroke, which he held from start to finish. It was not a graceful or apparently an effective stroke compared with the long steady swing sometimes seen, but being sustained steadily it drove the boat to the front in the last quarter.

The paddling race for decked or open canoes with single or double blades resulted in the disqualification of Mr. Minett for fouling the mooring line of the buoy at the turn with his paddle, and thus swinging the canoe around quickly. In the Rescue race he was also disqualified for tossing his canoe over quickly without filling her with water and then emptying her, as the instructions demanded. Several war canoe races were scheduled, the principal one being for the permanent war canoe trophy presented this year by Messrs. McCaskill, Dougal & Co., of Montreal. This is a large panel of polished oak bearing a copper shield very handsomely etched, the central portion bearing a photo-etching of a war canoe at speed. It is the work of Mr. R. Hemsley, also of Montreal. The Toronto C. C. made up a club crew, and Vice-Com. Allen undertook to make up a second crew from such paddlers, regardless of divisions, as were in camp. The result was that two men from the T. C. C. fifteen had to go with the eleven men, all that could be mustered for the other crew, thus making two crews of thirteen men each. The course was a mile straightaway, and as it happened, to windward in a fresh breeze and a lively sea, the boats being in pretty rough water at times. The T. C. C. crew won, after a well-contested race.

During the first part of the meet the members made excursions about the lakes. One day a number went over to the Muskoka Lakes Association at Beaumaris, where the two war canoes with scrub crews paddled a race. The principal entertainment of the meet was the storming of the Taku forts, of course under the management of Mr. Seavey. The whole affair was entirely impromptu. While about the camp, with nothing to occupy his time, Mr. Seavey noticed the small, rocky island about a hundred yards from the point, and made plans to utilize it for the benefit of the camp. Sufficient funds were raised by a public subscription to purchase a supply of boards and joists and to send to Toronto for rockets, Roman candles, red fire, etc. With the aid of some volunteers, in particular Mr. R. J. Wickstead, of Ottawa, one of the old A. C. A. men, a high fence was built, in the outline of a fort, surmounted with a very celestial pagoda. A few dry colors were procured and with but one old paint brush and some rags and sponges, the amateur artists set to work under Mr. Seavey's instruction, and by literal daubing turned the structure into a very fair imitation



THE STORMING OF THE TAKU FORTS.



"ALL OVER"—THE MEET OF 1900.

of a stone fort. The natural color of the wood was left in places, and by the use of black, red and yellow, the fort at a distance of 20 yds. would pass for a very good piece of scene painting. The pagoda was decorated by several rows of Chinese lanterns around the different roofs. The part of Li Hung Chang was taken by Mr. Seavey himself, with various Boxers to support him in the defense of the fort. The allied fleet, of war canoes and other craft, was headed by the British war canoe, under command of Admiral Wicksteed, the American in command of Admiral Wilkin, the Japanese under Admiral Allerton, while the German navy was under the personal command of His Imperial Highness, William II., impersonated, without permission, by W. F. Gouinlock, of the Toronto C. C. What, with torpedo boats, sampans, junks, dispatch boats and other small craft, a very formidable fleet was mustered in the bay at sunset. Owing to a lack of harmony among the allies, it was nearly 9 o'clock before the fleet advanced, the band, a cornet on the shore, proudly pealing "God Save the Queen." The American navy was greeted with "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle," while William II. led his warships into action to the stirring and appropriate national anthem, "Ach Du Lieber Augustin." The firing began from the fort, and was returned with spirit by the fleet. One rocket from a warship struck squarely in the center of the fort, in close proximity to the fleet of Li Hung Chang. The battle lasted for about half an hour, making a beautiful spectacle, the many rockets crossing under the dark skies. In the end the forts were fired, but being built of wet lumber, they burned slowly, and long after midnight they were smoldering, though only a pile of ashes remained in the morning. The photo was taken by leaving a plate permanently exposed in the camera during the entire engagement. The affair passed off most pleasantly, the only drawback being the presence in camp through the rest of the night of a large horde of Boxers, who in language and manners quite sustained the reputation given to them by the newspapers. The efforts of the Commodore succeeded in driving them to their tents at last, but even then it was nearly sunrise before the camp was quiet.

The subject of rowdiness in camp came up again this year in more public form than usual, and in spite of the earnest efforts of the executive to secure a reasonable amount of quiet, decency and order in camp. After the disgraceful lack of discipline last year, a number of members who are not teetotalers or more than ordinarily rigid in their ideas, were of the opinion that some change was necessary if the camps were to be kept up. In view of this feeling, quite generally expressed by old members, and of his own ideas on the subject, Com. MacKendrick has for the past year used his personal influence to induce men to come to camp without the private and club bars, and to assist him in restraining the few turbulent ones who are certain to turn up at any large gathering. The result was not specially gratifying, as the vaudeville performances began on one of the first nights in camp by the singing of an obscene song to an audience, including some of the officers and more prominent members, who accepted it without rebuke. With this beginning, the noise and disorder increased to such a point within the first few days that Com. MacKendrick called a meeting of the executive committee and tendered his resignation of the office. This was not accepted, and promises were made that every aid would be given him in maintaining his authority and suppressing the growing disorder. This year, as in the Hay Island camp of last year, the ladies' camp was so close to the main camp that the singing and foul language about the camp-fires late at night could be plainly heard—in fact, the sort of noise which has characterized many A. C. A. camps between taps and sunrise can be heard only too plainly for upward of a mile on a still summer night in a clear atmosphere.

After this trouble was settled for the time, there came to camp a member of one of the largest canoe clubs, a man who had not been to the meets before, and in spite of the presence of ladies about the island by day and of the neighborhood of the ladies' camp at night, had his own ideas as to the amount and kind of both language and liquor which were appropriate to a gathering of gentlemen sportsmen. After two nights, a second meeting of the executive committee was called and the offender was invited to leave camp, which he did, one of his fellow club members, though not directly censured by the committee, accompanying him. Prior to this, however, the noisy all-night revels of this party disturbed a camper, a member of the Toronto C. C., who undertook to argue

with the party, and met with some pretty striking language. He left camp next day and returned to Toronto, taking up the matter in the paper with which he is connected. This article aroused a great deal of feeling among the members, and resulted in several letters to the various Toronto papers.

The earnest efforts of the Commodore and some others to maintain order in camp have met with a very discouraging reception from the men at large, even though they do not partake in or approve of the disorder. In almost every case a few words at the outset from any of the officers or the older men would stop matters before they were fairly under way, but most men will at least hang around the crowd to see what is going to happen. We remember well the quiet, gentlemanly and decided way in which at a very pleasant camp-fire at the meet of 1889 at Stave Island, Mr. D'Arcy Scott, of Ottawa, then quite a young man, requested a gentleman to stop a song he had just begun. The evening had passed up to that time with music by mandolins and banjos, and the singing of "Alouette" and the regular camp songs, but one then popular member had come to camp with a private repertoire of his own. A very few words at the right time settled the matter for that evening at least.

Offenders in these cases are of three kinds. First, the common hoodlum, who shows just what he is by day, as well as by night; fortunately such are quite rare, as there is little in canoeing to attract them, and they are usually so bad that there is no trouble in expelling them. Second, the younger men who are not particularly bad in themselves, but who think there is something smart in playing the "bad man," so far as liquor and bad language will let them. They are generally as easily influenced for good as for evil, and if kept within bounds by the example of the older men and the officers, and a judicious word now and then, they make little trouble. The third class is composed of men of good social and business standing at home, prominent in social and other clubs, sometimes active canoeists. For fifty weeks of the year they masquerade as gentlemen, but they come to the meet for a couple of weeks of relaxation, with a trunk full of bottles and a mind well stored with choice songs and stories. It is this class which makes the trouble in camp. Secure in their recognized position, these men can laugh at the efforts of a few of the officers to discipline them. In fact it has even at times happened that they controlled the executive committee. To oppose them at all requires a great deal of nerve and moral courage on the part of the Commodore, and to oppose them successfully a great deal of tact is also necessary, as they are clever and apt to secure the sympathy of a great many. Even in the present case, there were quite a number of men who professed to be in favor of a clean and decent camp, and yet thought that it was very hard that a man should be expelled from the camp for merely being publicly drunk and offensively and foully noisy. The popular idea seems to be that the unquestioned harm to the Association, the direct insults to the officers and to the ladies in camp, and the annoyance to the men who wish to sleep at least between midnight and 7 A. M., and who object to a continual flow of foul and senseless noise, all count as nothing if the offender is known as a "good fellow."

This year the division meetings were held within the divisions, except the Northern, which met on Aug. 14 and elected the following officers: Vice-Com., G. A. Howell, Toronto; Rear-Com., R. Easton Burns, Kingston; Purser, Norman Brown, Toronto. Committee—Walter English, Peterborough; E. D. McNeill, Britannia Bay.

The question of the meet of 1901 proved quite a serious one. At the meet of last year the prospects were discussed, as is usual, and it was decided that as the Northern Division was willing to take the present meet out of its turn, the meet of 1901 might be open to the new Western Division should it prove willing and able to take it. The matter came up again at the annual meeting of last November, most of the members being favorable to a meet in the West, provided the conditions were favorable. This year the Western Division sent but two members to the meet, and there was no indication that it would be able to manage a general meet next year. This being the case, it was the turn of the Northern Division, according to the regular rotation. The other divisions were not particularly anxious for the meet, the Eastern having in view a possible salt-water meet in a year or two, but not being ready for it now. The Northern Division agreed to take the coming meet, and nominated Mr. H. R. Tilley, of the Toronto C. C., for Commodore, but Mr.

Tilley, who was in camp, declined to serve for private reasons. The meeting for the election of officers was held on Aug. 14 and adjourned to the following day. As Mr. Tilley then declined the nomination, Mr. C. E. Britton, of Gananoque, was nominated, and notified by telegraph. A final meeting was held on Aug. 23, and Mr. Britton having accepted, was unanimously elected. The election of Secretary-Treasurer was left open until the Commodore-elect could be consulted as to an associate officer from the same locality. It was the unanimous opinion that the next meet should be held on the St. Lawrence in the immediate vicinity of Gananoque and Clayton. A number of points in connection with the administration of the Association were discussed at the meetings, and a special committee was appointed to present a uniform system of accounts for the Association in all years and for the divisions. The executive committee will meet again in October or November at the call of Com.-elect Britton, and probably in Kingston or Gananoque, so that it can inspect such sites as are proposed for the next camp.

The prizes were presented on the evening of Aug. 23 in the mess tent, the regular prizes being shields of gold and silver mounted on polished oak, the design of Mr. J. D. Kelly, of the Toronto C. C. Special votes of thanks were passed to Mr. Cockburn and Mrs. Eaton for prizes donated and to the donors of the war canoe trophy, also to Mr. Seavey for his labors in amusing the camp.

The photos were taken by D. J. Howell, 5 King street, west, Toronto, who has a large number of views of this and previous meets.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

SEPTEMBER.

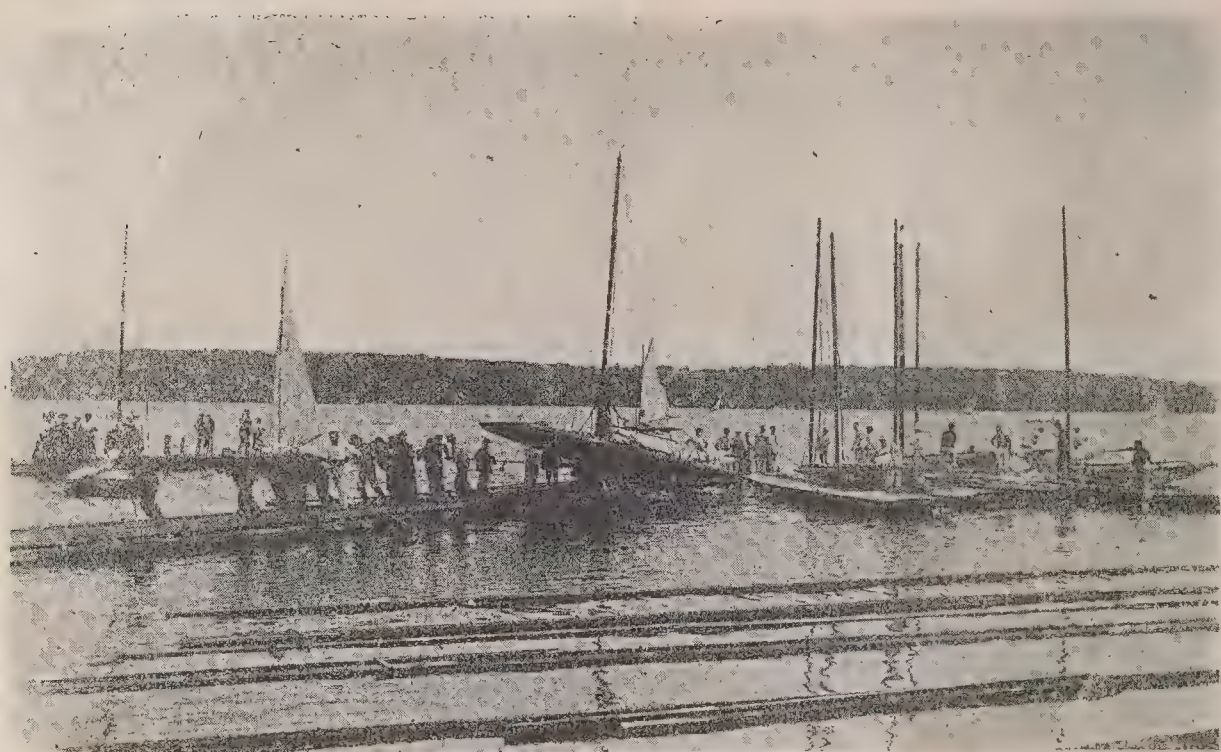
1. Quincy, open and club handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
1. Mosquito Fleet, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
1. Indian Harbor, fall regatta, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
1. Hartford, special.
1. Larchmont, special classes, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
1. Hudson River, fall cruise, New York, Hudson River.
1. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Boston Harbor.
1. Queen City, cruising race, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
1. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
1. Winthrop, handicap, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
1. American, club, Newburyport.
1. South Boston, sailing dinghies, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 1-2-3. Columbia, cruise to Marblehead, Boston, Massachusetts Bay.
- 1-2-3. Squantum, cruise.
- 1-2-3. Corinthian of Marblehead, cruise.
1. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
2. Haverhill, race and chowder, Haverhill, Mass.
2. Atlantic, 36ft. and smaller classes, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
2. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
2. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
2. Nahant, dory class, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Sachem's Head, annual, Sachem's Head, Conn.; L. I. Sound.
2. Norwalk, annual, Long Island Sound.
2. Canarsie, ladies' race, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
2. Newport, club, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
2. Norwalk, annual, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
2. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
2. Penatquit Corinthian, fall race, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
2. Jamaica Bay, club, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
2. Corinthian (Phila.), club, Essington, Delaware River.
2. Portsmouth, club, Portsmouth, N. H.
2. Winthrop, swimming and rowing, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
2. Lynn, open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay.
2. Quannapowitt, yacht and canoe races.
2. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
2. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
2. Hull-Massachusetts, invitation race, Hull, Boston Harbor.
2. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
2. Larchmont, schooner cup, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
2. Queen City, 22ft. knockabout class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
2. Haverhill, club, Haverhill, Mass.
2. Penatquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
2. Manchester, handicap, Manchester, Mass.
2. Columbia, cruise to Hull.
2. Winthrop, cruise to Hull.
2. South Boston, handicap race to Hull.
- 2-3. Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, rendezvous at Hull.
- 2-3. American, cruise, Newburyport.
- 2-3. California, cruise to Suisun, San Francisco Bay.
11. New York, fall sweepstakes, New York, off Sandy Hook.
15. Manhasset, closing race, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
13. Atlantic, fall race, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
15. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
15. South Boston, sailing dinghies, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 22-23. California, cruise to Martinez, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
22. Riverside, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
22. Canarsie, Commodore's cups, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
22. Haverhill, fourth championship, Haverhill, Mass.

Inland Lake Y. A. Regatta.

August 20-23.

LAKE GENEVA, Wis., Aug. 20.—The third annual regatta of the Inland Lake Y. A. began this morning under very pleasant auspices, and if the outlook shall fulfill its promise of this date the event will prove all that could be asked. This is a very pleasant and suitable place for the regatta, the lake itself quite large enough and deep enough to give good sea room and steady breezes, and the local arrangements of a nature to make everything run smoothly. This is one of the most distinguished of the Northern summer settlements, and the pretty sheet of water is surrounded with the pleasure palaces of men who can afford to have chocolate ice cream and pie for breakfast every day if they want to. The local club is endeavoring to give all the visitors a good time, and doing the best it can, as are the local hotels, to take care of an unexpectedly large contingent of outside tourists and yachtsmen. The enterprising Northwestern Railroad with good foresight some time ago issued a pretty and valuable little folder descriptive of the lake and of the proposed regatta, and this of itself has done much to bring a handsome crowd of handsome people. The village bears a very prosperous look to-day.

The weather promises to be better this week than it was last, during the extremely hot spell, and if the wind holds to we shall see keen work here this week. The races are set for 11 and 11:05 daily for the two classes—the twenties and the seventeens—this allowing ample time for the finish and a long afternoon for rest and entertainment. A busy programme of excursions, dances, stag parties, smokers, etc., has been laid out for the pleasure of the visitors, and it is likely that things will be



HAULING OUT THE YACHTS.

merry as one or more marriage bells throughout the week.

Camp and Boat Accommodations.

A very commendable feature of the local arrangements is the long row of tents, nearly a score in number, which stands under a beautiful row of leafy maples on the bank of the lake opposite the starting point. Here the visiting clubs have their quarters for crews and owners, and this is really the center of affairs, though all the hotels are crowded. Just beyond this comely spot are the big boat houses of the Geneva Y. C., and here there are ample accommodations for all the visiting craft. At the close of each race the yachts are to be brought around to this dock, run up on a floating track and trundled on a truck to a berth for each on trestles, where she can be thoroughly inspected aloft and aloft, and where she is perfectly safe from injury. This work is all done by the men employed for the purpose, and the skipper and crew after a race have only to get into dry clothes and take a rest. In time for the race each boat will be put into shape at the dock for the hands of her crew, all the hard work being done by the local workmen. This relieves the crews very much and is a feature which has elicited much favorable comment.

Officers.

The following are the officers and members of the I. L. Y. A.:

Members of the Association—White Bear Y. C., Green Lake Y. C., Delavan Y. C., Pine Lake Y. C., Lake Beulah Y. C., Fox Lake Y. C., Milwaukee Y. C., West End Y. C., Lake Geneva, Wis.; Lake Geneva Y. C., Minnetonka Y. C., Oconomowoc Y. C., Pistakee Y. C., Pewaukee Y. C., Oshkosh Y. C., Nodaway Y. C., Neenah, Wis.; Oconomowoc Lake Club, Chicago Y. C., Neenah Y. C., Lakeside Y. C., Fond du Lac; S. & C. Boat Club, Edgewater.

Officers—J. W. Taylor, Pres., White Bear Y. C., address Globe Building, St. Paul, Minn.; Benjamin Carpenter, Sec'y and Treas., Lake Geneva Y. C., address 208 South Water street, Chicago, Ill. Executive Committee: Frank H. Libbey, Oshkosh, Y. C.; Henry L. Hertz, Pistakee Y. C.; Benjamin Carpenter, Lake Geneva Y. C.

Following are the officers of the Lake Geneva Y. C. H. H. Porter, Jr., Com.; Byron Boyden, Vice-Com.; Julian Rumsey, Rear-Com.; H. A. Beidler, Sec'y and Treas. Executive Committee: H. H. Porter, Jr., Chairman; Benjamin Carpenter, Julian Rumsey. Directors: H. H. Porter, Jr.; Byron Boyden, H. A. Beidler, Benjamin Carpenter, Julian Rumsey, Lawrence Heyworth, Wallace Fairbank. Entertainment Committee: J. H. Moore, Chairman; H. G. Selfridge, Lawrence Heyworth. Press Committee: Lawrence Heyworth, Chairman; H. H. Porter, Jr.; Benjamin Carpenter.

Programme and Rules.

The daily programme, showing the order of the week's work, follows:

Monday, Aug. 20—Lake Geneva Y. C. regatta, open to all boats in the 20ft. and 17ft. classes of the Inland Lake Y. A. Prizes presented by the Lake Geneva Y. C.

Tuesday, Aug. 21—First race in each class for the 1900 championship of the Inland Lake Y. A.

Wednesday, Aug. 22—Second race in each class for the 1900 championship of the Inland Lake Y. A.

Thursday, Aug. 23—Third race in each class for the 1900 championship of the Inland Lake Y. A. The Inland Lake Y. A. gives a first and second prize in each class for the series.

ORDER OF RACES—TO DECIDE WINNERS.

The I. L. Y. A. championship cups shall be awarded as follows: There will be three races in which all qualifying boats may compete, then: (a) If the same boat wins all three races she shall be declared the winner of the cup. (b) If one boat wins two races and another boat one race, they shall race against each other until one of them has three races to her credit. She shall then be declared the winner of the cup. (c) If three different boats each win one race, these three shall sail one race, the winner of which shall be declared the winner of the cup. These rules apply to both classes. Each club is entitled to one entry only in each class.

Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24 and 25, will be reserved for the sailing off of postponed races, etc.

COURSES.

Monday, Aug. 20, in the Lake Geneva Y. C. regatta, the course for the 20ft. boats will be from the starting line off the city of Lake Geneva, around buoy No. 4, at

the head of the lake, and return. The course for the 17ft. boats will be from the same starting line, around buoy No. 3, between Kaye's Park Hotel and Williams Bay.

Tuesday, Aug. 21, Wednesday, Aug. 22, and Thursday, Aug. 23, in the races for the championship of the Inland Lake Y. A., one of two courses will be determined upon by the judges on the morning of each race. At their discretion both classes may be sent twice around a triangle in Geneva Bay, or from the usual starting line, once around the buoy No. 3, between Kaye's Park and Williams Bay, and return. All buoys must be left on the port side. The finish line will be the same as the starting line, which will be between the home buoy and the judges' boat.

START.

A preparatory gun will be fired on the judges' boat at 10:45 A. M., and a red flag displayed for ten minutes. A warning gun will be fired at 10:55, and a blue flag displayed for five minutes. The starting gun for 20ft. boats will be at 11 o'clock, and a white flag shown. At 11:05 the gun will be given for starting the 17ft. boats and the signal of the Lake Geneva Y. C. will be hoisted. If a race is postponed until afternoon three guns will be fired and a blue flag will be hoisted over a white one. In such event the preparatory gun will be given at 2:15 P. M., a warning gun at 2:25 and the start of 20ft. boats at 2:30, and of 17ft. boats at 2:35.

Should a postponement until the following day be then decided upon, three guns will be fired and a blue flag hoisted over a white one.

STEAMERS.

The owners and captains of steam yachts, public steamers and all power boats are earnestly requested to keep off the course. The yachts Tula, Ethel Mary, Admiral and Cygnet will act as patrols. These will fly a white flag crossed with red. The public will confer a favor and aid greatly to make a fair race by obeying their instructions.

The Entry.

The following boats are here, with names of the nominating clubs shown. In this list are the best boats of this year that have come out of the West, as well as the standard winners of last year and the year previous. The delegations from each competing club are very full, and as each boat is well manned and is here to win, there is all probability of a very interesting as well as exciting week of sport. This is the most typical and valuable meeting of yachts and yachtsmen ever held in the West. There is a feeling that we are getting close to type in the best of the 1900 boats that we have here. Individual comment on different boats will be more proper later in the week:

20FT. CLASS.

1. Oshkosh Y. C., Caroline.....F. H. Libbey
2. Fox Lake Y. C., Louise.....H. D. Ford
3. Pine Lake Y. C., Aderyn.....Geo. Brunder
4. Oconomowoc Y. C., Problem.....Walter H. Dupee
5. Milwaukee Y. C., Meteor.....Robt. Nunnemacher
6. Green Lake Y. C., Imp.....C. D. Peacock
7. Pewaukee Y. C., Argo.....Giljohann & Starke
8. White Bear Y. C., St. Paul.....L. P. Ordway
9. Neenah Y. C., Anita.....W. L. Davis
10. Lake Geneva Y. C., Mahoohoo.....H. H. Porter, Jr.
11. West End Y. C., Duchess.....Hudson & Taylor

12. Delavan Y. C., Henrietta.....
14. Pistakee Y. C., Harriet H.....Henry H. Hertz
15. Lake Beulah Y. C., Lassie.....Byron Boyden
16. Chicago Y. C., Juanita.....D. B. Southard
17. Cedar Lake Y. C., Algonquin.....Geo. Braun

17FT. CLASS.

30. Fox Lake Y. C., Flying Fox.....W. H. Lyford
31. Nodaway Y. C., Tramp.....C. B. Clark
32. Neenah Y. C., Sox.....R. R. Davis
33. White Bear Y. C., Attila.....L. P. Ordway
34. Pewaukee Y. C., Serapis.....J. W. Sheets
35. West End Y. C., Runaway Girl.....Mark Healey
36. Pine Lake Y. C., Fortuna.....A. H. Vogel
37. Chicago Y. C., Annie.....D. B. Southard
38. Lake Geneva Y. C., Coon.....Kellogg Fairbank
39. Saddle and Cycle B. C., Neola.....G. M. Pynchon
40. Lake Beulah Y. C., Sakita.....A. D. Erskine

The Course.

The daily course is one of two which are laid out, the longer one being up through the narrows of the lake, the shorter a triangle laid out in the bay off the town, and in view of the boat docks throughout. The longer course was sailed to-day in the open regatta, for the four handsome cups offered by Lake Geneva Y. C., two in each class. The outcome of to-day's sailing shows that everything is practical and very well calculated to bring out the actual quality of the entry.

Monday's Race, Lake Geneva Y. C. Regatta.

The free-for-all to-day for the handsome special prizes offered by the entertaining club was watched with great interest, and by none more eagerly than those who are concerned with the development of the Western designs in these craft. Would the past year, as has so frequently been the case, prove as far behind the procession as though it were a century ago, or would the best of last year's boats prove close rivals of this year's product? There were the two new St. Paul boats of Amundson, one for each class, the St. Paul and the tidy little Attila, the latter a mere shell, whose hull would weigh not over 400lbs. and whose whole lines and finish are of the most cobwebby sort. Another by the same designer is the old Avis, once owned by Wm. Hale Thompson and now sailed as Henrietta, of the Delavan Y. C. This boat was good enough to win everything at Oshkosh two seasons back, but is not thought dangerous now. Then from Oshkosh comes the brand new Caroline, two months old, a freakish looking thing with forked bow and stern, concave under hull and a general half catamaran look, which may or may not prove dangerous. Jimmie Jones designed this new and odd one. Davis, also a Winnebago builder, is on hand with Aderyn, one of his last year's boats, and a good one, and he is also the designer of Anita, a new one of this season and much liked on the bigger water to our north in Wisconsin. Mahoohoo is a local boat designed by Mr. H. H. Porter. Problem, sailed by Walter Dupee for the glory of Oconomowoc, is a 1900 boat, and Gus Amundson, her builder, is here to watch her try. It may be imagined that it was anybody's book before the start, and the results, as reviewed this evening, leave it anybody's book still, for if there are any such things as in-and-outers in boat building these twenties show it.

It was a last year's boat that won the coveted honor in the 20ft. class to-day—Aderyn, the tried and faithful Winnebago craft, whose record of last year is so well sustained by this victory to-day.

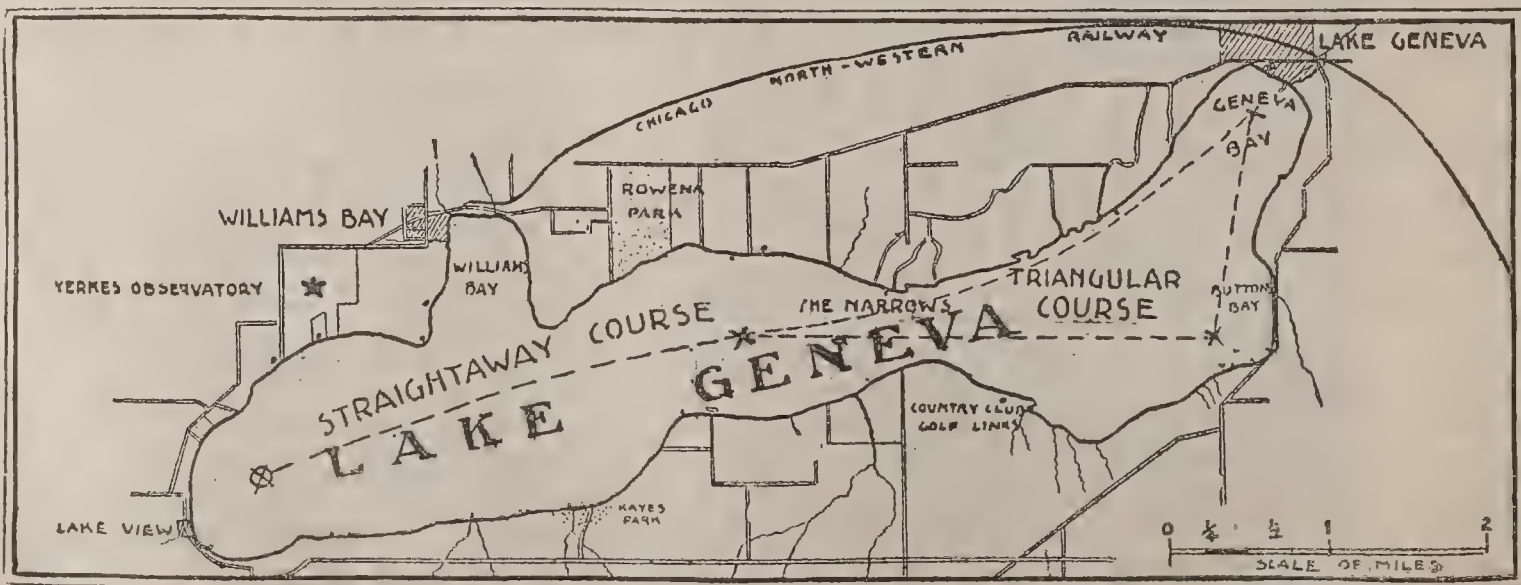
In the little fellows the march of time in boat building was more apparent. It was all Attila, and the fragile creature did not give her competitors a look in at the proceedings.

The White Bear pennant received another elevation in Problem, which sailed a clever third next to Mahoohoo, the local entry, which was in second place, to the general surprise.

In the seventeens first and second went to Neola and Sox, both this year's boats, and very likely looking ones. Annie, the new Chicago seventeen, capsized and her crew had to be picked up, her skipper, D. G. Roblin, sticking to the hull for quite a watery wait of it till towed in.

Accidents.

The wind was fresh and gave some of these lightly built craft all they wanted. Caroline, the bootjack from Oshkosh, broke a traveler and could not effect any repairs. Another Winnebago boat to come to grief was Anita, which carried away her mast clean and high about broke the hearts of her admirers, who, however, found comfort in the fact that her rival, Caroline, did not take the race herself. Algonquin was another to capsize, and old Henrietta parted a throat halyard, while Harriet H., the Fox Lake boat with the weird history of good and bad luck, kept up her record with a jib that went out of commission at a very bad time. Mahoohoo could tell a hard luck story also, her spinnaker boom giving way on the run home. In the seventeens the chapter of acci-



dents was continued, though not to so great extent, Runaway Girl parting a shroud and withdrawing from the course.

The Course.

The course sailed to-day was something like seven miles and return, being from Geneva Bay to a point well toward the other end of the lake, near Lake View. The general direction was southwest, and as the wind was close to that point, most of the first half of the course was to windward, and the return practically free. The first mile or more was a beat a windward, with a little easier sheet for the last portion of the course on the first leg.

The 20-footers crossed the line in the following order: Aderyn, Mahoohoo, Meteor, Juanita (the old Chicago boat Bald Eagle renamed), Problem, Argo, Harriet H., the rest scattering; but the start on the whole was good. There are no time allowances and there has been hard work to get them all down to the rule, Caroline sacrificing quite a section of canvas for one. St. Paul, Aderyn, Caroline and Anita were apparently out for a hot fight, for they all drew in and took the best of the windward positions. Inside the half mile Meteor led Harriet and Louise. Harriet, however, drew well to the front, and at the Narrows challenged Aderyn for a smart brush through, until the Fox Lake boat met the misfortune that temporarily crippled her. Problem bettered her rather bad position clear through to the rough weather beyond the Narrows. Anita clung to Aderyn and liked the lumpy water apparently very well, closing up within a hundred fathoms of Aderyn not far from the turning buoy, at which point she lost her mast and was out of it for the day. Aderyn was well sailed, and she showed good windward work. St. Paul was not so good in pointing as was expected of her by the more sanguine.

Aderyn won her race on the first leg, having a lot of water between her and her next rival after Anita was disabled. Harriet H. had fought up into a good place for the turn, but could not quite reach it when she stood for it and had to go about again, giving place to Mahoohoo. Old Henrietta was in the running at the buoy, but here met her misfortune. At the turn the order and times were as below:

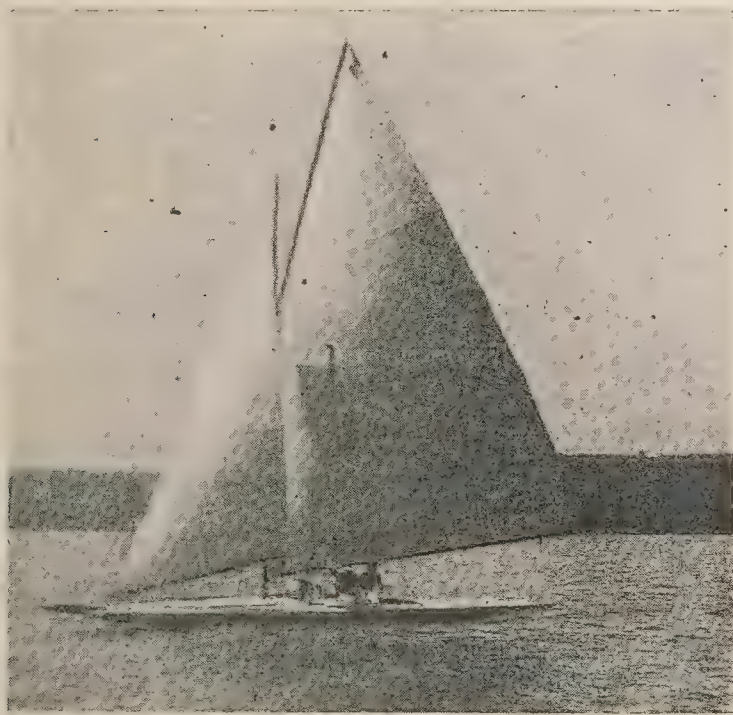
Aderyn	12 25 30	Duchess	12 31 05
Mahoohoo	12 28 50	Problem	12 32 15
Meteor	12 30 10	Imp	12 39 00
Harriet H.	12 30 25	St. Paul	12 39 55
Argo	12 30 55		

All broke out spinakers for the run home, and at this Walter Dupee found something to his liking with Problem, which drew up into third place from a bad berth in seventh. Mahoohoo also liked this free work and cut down the lead of Aderyn sharply, and St. Paul did better at this than at the beat. Aderyn, however, was not to be robbed of her long advantage and she romped in with a bit to spare, the following being the times:

Aderyn	2 13 48	Meteor	2 19 00
Mahoohoo	2 14 20	St. Paul	2 20 15
Problem	2 16 59	Imp	2 23 19
Harriet H.	2 18 37	Juanita	2 30 19
Argo	2 18 39	Lassie	2 30 53
Duchess	2 18 59	Louise	2 31 19

The Seventeens.

The little boats sailed the shorter course, turning at the Williams Bay buoy, about four and one-half miles and return. They did as well as the big ones in what sea they found. Attila was an easy first, working well forward in the windward work and displacing Tramp,



CAROLINE.

Designed by Jimmie Jones, Oshkosh, Wis.

which was best away. Attila passed Coon, which at one stage led her. Neola and Sox were the only ones that gave her any bother, and these she shook off before the turning buoy was reached. Her stock to-night is very high. The smaller boats do not seem so closely matched as the twenties. The times were:

Attila	1 54 30	Sakita	2 03 06
Neola	1 57 11	Tramp	2 05 09
Sox	1 59 27	Coon	2 11 53
Flying Fox	2 01 15		

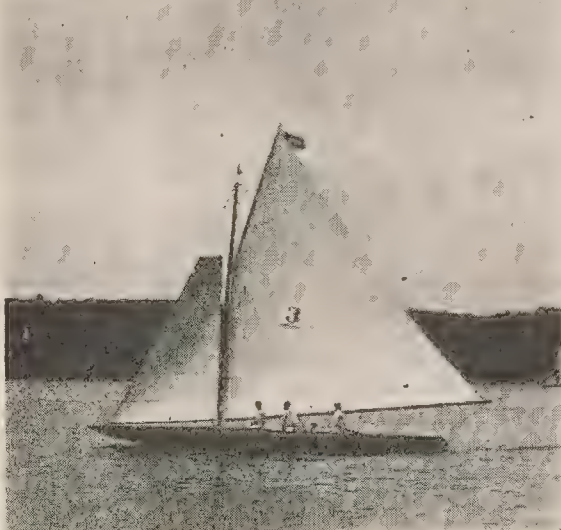
Tuesday—First Championship Race.

To-day brought out a surprise and set yachtsmen to wondering yet more strongly if the end has not been nearly reached on the present lines of improvement in these small craft. There was a fair field and no favor and it was not a this year's boat that won, nor was it a last year's boat. It was the old grandmother Avis, now known as Henrietta, which was built in 1898. She was considered a good boat "in them days" and she seems to be worth a casual thought to-day. She gave the smart Anita, considered one of the best of this year, nearly two minutes of a beating. One may call it luck of the wind puffs or fortune of good sailing—and Henrietta

was well sailed—but here are the facts, and the designers are looking down their noses and wondering if they have not perhaps conquered all the world.

The Start.

The course to-day was about the inner or Geneva Bay triangle, twice around, or eleven miles in all. The wind was fresh, though none too regular, and was from southeast. The first leg was sailed free, the second reaching, and the run home was a beat to windward. The start was a lovely sight both for yachtsmen and lay spectators. The boats were all well maneuvered and went over the line close packed, all under balloon and spinaker and offering a vast mass of canvas. The seventeens were sent off five minutes astern of the twenties. There was any quantity of jockeying and crowding, and at this some of the boats lost valuable time, though it was hard to break away from the ruck of craft that massed in together for some distance beyond the line. The fight indeed continued up to the last leg of the race, when



ADERYN.

Designed by Jimmie Jones, Oshkosh, Wis.

one or two of the well placed ones got finally pocketed and could not pull out in time.

Argo, winner of the Oconomowoc regatta this summer, slid into rather the best berth to one side of the bunched boats and held on well in the lead, reaching the first turn with a bit to spare, close followed by Aderyn, Henrietta and Problem. Argo took the lee berth of the nearest ones on the second leg, and here Anita saw her chance, for she set a balloon jib and raced past Argo. This trick pleased Problem, which also passed Argo in similar fashion. Aderyn and St. Paul stood up above Henrietta and went on, lapping Problem and crowding her out of her chance for the second buoy, the order at the second turn being Anita, Aderyn, St. Paul, Problem, Argo, Henrietta, Mahoohoo.

On the weather leg they went into a merry war of jockeying again, splitting tacks and keeping a jealous eye each on the other. Henrietta stood out into the lake further than the others and was rewarded by a better breeze. Henrietta on her first tack showed ahead of Argo, Mahoohoo and Anita. Problem had by this time out-maneuvered St. Paul and Aderyn and challenged Henrietta and Argo, which were now a near thing together. Between Argo and Problem there now ensued a hot fight, and in their close attention to their personal matters of luffing and jockeying they apparently forgot Henrietta, which led the procession at the first turn of the home stake by over two minutes.

Running free for the second round, Problem found something much to her hand and put up a stiff gain on Henrietta, which now had become a favorite in spite of her two years of antiquity. Argo kindly put up a blanket for Problem and cut down her speed, but at the turn Argo was badly handled and made a poor showing when she rounded to. The time at this fourth buoy was:

Henrietta	12 06 49	Meteor	12 08 48
Problem	12 08 14	Argo	12 08 55
St. Paul	12 08 22	Anita	12 09 12
Mahoohoo	12 08 32		

Thus it was still a very close question between the old boat and several others. The boats back of the leaders, however, began the old fight with one another all the way down the next leg. At the fifth buoy the order was Problem, St. Paul, Mahoohoo, Meteor, Argo, Anita. Problem went furthest inshore, but played in bad luck and got squeezed out by St. Paul and Mahoohoo, which put her in a tight pocket. These three now fought out a bitter little battle and allowed the next three back of them to creep up and take a hand in the internecine war. They fought it on out. Meantime, Henrietta held calmly on and won nicely. The time was:

Henrietta	1 46 14	Meteor	1 51 25
Anita	1 48 05	Harriet H.	1 53 25
St. Paul	1 49 03	Algonquin	1 57 05
Argo	1 49 07	Juanita	1 57 25
Aderyn	1 49 37	Duchess	2 00 05
Mahoohoo	1 49 47	Caroline	2 01 11
Imp	1 50 20	Lassie	2 01 30
Problem	1 50 50	Louise	2 06 35

Man Overboard.

Young Hertz, son of Com. Hertz, of Pistakee Y. C., was one of the crew of Harriet H., and in tending the spinaker boom was knocked overboard. He was promptly rescued by means of a life preserver that was tossed to him. The loss of time was not very considerable.

Weeds.

Caroline, a strong tip by the knowing ones, finished in the last division, much to the surprise of many of her friends from Winnebago. Seeking for excuse for this, her crew found that she had picked up a mass of weeds on her board, quite enough to account for her dull and logy work.

The Little Fellows.

Meantime, the seventeens were following the same course. It became obvious that the races in this division are apt to be fox chases. It was all Attila again, and

Gus Amundson must have felt a certain pride at seeing two of his boats—Henrietta and Attila—designs of the past and of the present, take first honors respectively to-day.

Neola was first over the line, Sakita second, Attila taking the last place in the start. They held these relative positions well on through the free leg, Sox and Annie pulling up into it a shade as the first turn was neared. Reaching, on the second leg, Neola bettered her lead, the rest of the fleet being still well behind, with Attila in the fourth place. Attila now had a brief duel with Annie, the new Chicago boat, but soon took her measure and passed her as she liked. Attila now went out after Sakita and collared Neola for the lead at the home stake on the first round, Neola, however, holding the weather berth to the turn. They now straightened out for the second round, and on the first leg, running free, Attila simply sailed away from everything else and won with a lot to spare, the times recorded by the judges being as follows:

Attila	1 52 25	Sox	2 00 38
Neola	1 56 22	Flying Fox	2 02 48
Sakita	1 58 10		

Time was not taken on Tramp or Annie.

A review of the fleet to-night finds Henrietta certainly with one win to her credit, though she is not feared for to-morrow by some of the others. Caroline insists she can beat the lot when she carries no weed ballast under her keel. Anita, sailing with a new mast to-day, gives warrant that she is to be reckoned with. Problem is a good possibility. Aderyn does not look so likely and St. Paul has rather lost favor, though White Bear neighborhood has glory enough left to-day at that.

Wednesday—Second Championship Race.

Anita, the Winnebago 1900 boat, won first to-day in the twenties. Attila made it two straight for the championship and leaves the issue for the second class out of doubt.

Caroline, the Winnebago bootjack, was second in the twenties, and a very close second indeed. The wind was only a fluke and either boat might have had the better of the varying airs in the inner bay where the finish came.

The day was fair, the southeast breeze light and puffy, especially in the bay where the home stake was located. The course was twice about the inner triangle, the first leg running free, the second hauled and the last reaching, broad.

At the start Harriet H. was first over the line, Aderyn second, the rest not so well off. As they lined out the order was seen to be Harriet H., Aderyn, St. Paul, Argo, Duchess, Caroline, Problem, Henrietta, Anita, the last five pretty well bunched together. They did nothing important on this leg and rounded the first buoy in the following order: Harriet H., Aderyn, St. Paul, Argo, Problem, Henrietta, Anita, all the others in a close bunch back.

On the windward work of the second buoy Harriet and Aderyn led on the starboard tack. Argo came up betimes and St. Paul for a short time was in the argument. Imp, Caroline and Meteor stood off on the port tack, and when Imp came about she was crowding up on Harriet. Anita held well up into the wind and gained a very enviable position, which now seemed to be coveted by the bootjack Caroline, which began to split tacks, though well to leeward, so that it could not be told which boat had the lead until they ran close on to



ATTILA.

Designed by Gus Amerudson, St. Paul.

the second buoy. It was on this leg that Anita and Caroline showed their heels to the fleet, and thenceforward these two boats had most of the attention. The order at the second buoy was Anita, Caroline, Henrietta, Aderyn, and back of these a way were Imp, Argo, St. Paul, Harriet, Mahoohoo.

Harriet and St. Paul had a warm brush to the buoy at this second turn. At this point a strange sail was seen in among the others and proved to be the 17-footer Attila, which started five minutes after the twenties and had here run up among the bulk of their fleet. On the reach home Harriet the capricious got sulky and quit, not pointing where she should. The pace grew too hot for a lot of them and the duel between the two Winnebago boats went on. At the home turn the order was Anita, Caroline, Henrietta and Aderyn together, Argo, Imp, St. Paul, Harriet H., Mahoohoo.

They now were off for the second round. Anita set a balloon jib and began to outfoot the fleet. She outran everything but Caroline, which also put up her balloon and clung on desperately, though with Argo creeping up now and again on Caroline in third place. At the approach to the first buoy of the second round Argo

had passed Henrietta and Aderyn, the rest strung out. At the turn they stood Anita, Caroline, Argo, Henrietta, Anita having a lead of nearly one minute over Caroline, the others rounding to about thirty seconds apart in the procession.

For the fifth leg the skippers took different courses and those who made the longest tacks to starboard seemed to lose by it, among these Harriet, Henrietta, St. Paul and Mahoohoo, Problem now coming up and passing the three boats that were next ahead of her.

It was on this leg that the duel became bitter between Anita and Caroline. They stood off on the port tack and then began a series of short tacks, tit for tat, all down the leg. This was much to Caroline's liking and she cut down Anita's lead and finally challenged her, laying a course across the bows. Caroline was too anxious and the wily Davis made her luff, but she hung on and came back again, so that at the turn she was a scant thirty seconds astern of Anita. Aderyn was one minute thirty seconds back of Anita, Argo two minutes later, and then Henrietta, shaving the buoy close, ahead of Imp and Harriet H.

The run home, reaching, was an exciting continuation of the duel between Anita and Caroline, and would have been a still hotter matter had the wind held steady all through the leg. As it was, under the shifting conditions of the air off the high bluff, Caroline actually took the windward berth away from Will Davis, which is considered a hard thing to accomplish. It gave her no eventual advantage, for as she came on Anita caught a better puff of air ahead and slowly forged on, while Caroline lay almost becalmed. Thence in it was a luffing match, with all the skill of both clever skippers in play. Caroline got a bit of a breeze and crawled on and on, so that within a hundred fathoms of the home stake it seemed that she lapped Anita, though it was claimed that she did not. Aderyn now got some wind and closed up a bit on Caroline, but no one had eyes for anything but the blood-curdling, waiting, crawling duel between the two Winnebago boats in the lead. It was no longer a matter of seamanship, but a matter of luck. The boat first to get a slant of air would be the first to cross. Fortune favored Anita, which caught enough wind to carry her slowly over in advance. Anita finished fourteen seconds ahead of Caroline, Aderyn, which had laid a long course and got a nice slant of wind, crowding up into third place within four seconds of Caroline, benefited largely by the scrap between Anita and Caroline. Argo came in for fourth place. Times:

Anita	2 03 42	Harriet H.	2 03 04
Caroline	2 03 56	St. Paul	2 08 05
Aderyn	2 04 02	Juanita, Disqualified ..	2 09 27
Argo	2 04 54	Meteor	2 10 33
Henrietta	2 06 12	Duchess	2 12 16
Problem	2 06 33	Algonquin	2 13 13
Mahoohoo	2 06 52	Lassie	2 15 30
Imp	2 07 30	Louise	2 22 04

There were no mishaps in this race, except that at the start Juanita, the one-time Bald Eagle, fouled one of her competitors at the line, going over before the gun and then getting into trouble when she came about for a second try.

The Seventeens.

There was nothing but Attila in the second class, and she administered another decisive beating to her associates. From the position on the observation boat not much could be told of the little ones, as the twenties were followed closely. It was easily to be seen, however, that the championship is a hollow thing for Attila. That she will win to-morrow is accepted as a matter of course. To-day Annie did not finish the course. The official times of the seventeens were as follows:

Attila	2 07 44	Sox	2 19 52
Neola	2 16 38	Flying Fox	2 20 21
Sakita	2 19 27	Tramp	2 21 32

Thursday—Third Championship Race.

The interest was raised to yet greater pitch to-day. A third winner was produced in the first class, Aderyn, winner last Monday, which to-day proved a very dangerous one for the best of them, though she has reached the dignified old age of one year. Problem took away the honors from Caroline in a weird drifting finish for second place. The whole finish in this race was unsatisfactory, it being a fluky wind for Aderyn and a still more fluky one for Problem in second place.

In the seventeens Attila made it three straight for the championship, as was expected, there being but a languid interest in this affair, so far foregone. To-night Attila was bought by Mr. B. B. Felix, of Fox Lake Y. C.

The Start.

The weather was fair and warm, the faint wind S.W., the start being made to windward, and the course set being the long run up the lake to the buoy opposite Williams Bay, thence home, the race being thus windward going out and nearly free for the run home.

The boats crossed the line in the following order: Aderyn, Problem, Juanita, Mahoohoo, St. Paul, Duchess, Anita, Imp, Caroline, Meteor, Lassie, Argo, Harriet H.

Back of the first-class boats the seventeens were started in this order: Attila, Sakita, Tramp, Sox, Neola, Fortuna. Three-fourths of the way in on the home leg Attila again showed in among the 20-footers.

In the line-out of the big fleet after they spread across the line at the gun, St. Paul, Anita and Louise stood far inshore on the port tack. Adern kept well out in the middle of the bay, followed by Caroline and by Meteor and Duchess. The inshore boats seemed to have made a mistake and did not catch the slant of wind they expected for their long tack to the Narrows. Mahoohoo was sailed as though she intended to go ashore on the point, and everyone wondered what was the idea in standing so far inshore. The example of Aderyn might have taught the inshore boats a lesson. She caught a better breeze out in the open and forged steadily ahead, pointing up splendidly and apparently being out on a race all of her own. She did not tack once until she had gotten far out into the Narrows. Her only rival was Caroline, who pointed well up. Duchess and Meteor had their measure taken, but the bunch was far astern of these, well strung out. No one spoke of Problem and the latter was not at any early stage of the race a feature in the game. The first and second boats stood on this tack for over twenty minutes. Meteor at the Narrows

found her jib was pulling her head off and tried to use a storm jib, the change doing her no good at the gait which was then going in the first flight of the twenties. Caroline was first to go about at 11:28, Aderyn going about at 11:29.

They had to beat through the Narrows, and at this point Duchess again showed in the game. The main interest was already centering in Aderyn and Caroline, Anita, winner of yesterday, being far back among those who had misjudged the fickle Geneva wind and that had lost their chance in the race on that account, and engaged in a scrap with St. Paul. Caroline made up a lot of way under this split tack work, and fought Aderyn as hard as she had Anita the day previous. It was thought at that stage that Caroline would win. The wind was fresher when the boats passed out through the narrower part of the lake and began to figure on the turn.

At this point, well within sight of the buoy, a peculiar thing was going on. Far up to windward above them all and sailing so close to shore that one could have tossed a biscuit from the boat to land, the game little Problem came edging rapidly along, as independent of the others as though she were out for a leisure sail. Gus Amundson, her designer, had her tiller, and Walter Dupee, her owner, was tending sheet. She was doing lovely work and all the guest boats and pleasure steamers saluted her repeatedly as she came right in among the gallery and held on high into the wind until she had the buoy well in view. At this point Argo retired from the race and went to her dock.

Sudden interest now attaching to Problem, which had come up out of absolutely nowhere, speculation began as to her chances to win. Her work free in light wind was reviewed, and she at once became a hot favorite for winner of the race. Her stock rose yet higher when it was found that when she went about at last and stood over toward the buoy she crossed the bows of both Aderyn and Caroline. This was at 12:01.

Meantime, Caroline and Aderyn were chopping away at short tacks and it was seen that Caroline had earned first place over Aderyn, for she crossed Aderyn's bows twice as they rushed desperately near on opposite tacks. While they fought it out Problem made a spectacle of them both by rounding the buoy five minutes ahead of them at 12:25:13. Problem at once broke out her balloon and set a great pace back for home, going almost hull down before the nearest rival got around the turn. Caroline displaced Aderyn at last and was about the buoy at 12:30:13, Aderyn at her heels in 12:30:17.

Straightening out for the run home, Caroline set her balloon jib and made chase for Problem, that was slipping down the lake like a ghost. Aderyn here apparently deliberately threw the race away, for she stood far inshore on a port tack, and went back on practically the same line upon which Problem had come up when she made her big gain on the first leg. Problem and Caroline kept down the middle of the water. Now Mahoohoo came up out of nowhere in particular, and Louise for her first time got a brief look at the leaders. Mahoohoo shaved the buoy too close and apparently fouled the cable with her board, for she lost a lot of time and lay still for the best part of a minute, going about at 12:38:15. Duchess made it in 12:39:12 and Lassie, another unexpected appearance, in 12:39:28. Mahoohoo on rounding to broke out spinnaker and Duchess a balloon jib. At this point the little Attila again showed, out of her class and well in among the big boats.

Caroline and Problem both winged out now, and at this Caroline, which is tipped to be a rough water boat, showed she could do a thing or two in the light wind as well and began to gain very rapidly on Problem. Far off to their leeward was Aderyn, but the latter now began to surprise everybody by beginning to come up in the front position, apparently having caught the breeze which she sought inshore. The race was thus still unwon and might go to anybody. The three leaders as they approached the Narrows on the return began to draw closer in together and there was a prospect of a grilling finish. Such, however, was not to be the case.

The wind, which had been none too steady on the way out, now became still more faint and freakish. It seemed to come not in any steady, even quantity, but in long slants and streaks, which might or might not strike any given boat, even closely as they were now placed together. It was not, therefore, a yachting finish which now came off, but a mere drifting match, in which luck was the determining factor.

Problem had a bit of trouble with her spinnaker at the start of her run home, but it then began to draw better, and she footed it handsomely for a mile or more. Caroline also broke out her spinnaker and seemed to do as well at this free work as vaunted Problem. Caroline began to crawl up on the latter slowly but steadily and had the air held at this stage would have passed her. They seasawed away in exasperating fashion, Aderyn meantime sailing fathoms to their inches in the air she was getting now. At 12:56 Aderyn passed Caroline, and at 12:57 she drew on ahead of Problem, every inch of her canvas drawing. It was now getting too close to the home stake for many incidents of this sort to happen without some one getting a beating, and at this point Aderyn was picked to win.

Caroline still hung on Problem's stern and bitterly fought for the lead. She crept up in a slant of wind, lapped Problem and blanketed her, but the next moment lost the puff which drove her up. At this time Aderyn was a hundred fathoms in the lead of both. Problem had just enough wind left in her shaking sails to push her nose on in advance of Caroline. A half minute later Caroline again tried for it and passed Problem by a nose for the first time on the home run. For six minutes Caroline held the leading position over Problem, with no gain to mention, the jibs of both boats filling and collapsing almost alternately. Then Problem got a breath of fresh air and at 1:14 she lapped Caroline. At 1:16 she passed Caroline, her canvas now drawing full, Caroline lying becalmed a biscuit toss away from Problem. Problem challenged Aderyn for the lead, the latter now having a turn in the doldrums. Now the spinnaker of Problem seemed to be of more hurt than help, the wind shifting a point or so, and she took it in, first Aderyn and then Caroline following this maneuver. They now all three lay in irons. A steamer gave Problem and Caroline a bit of wash, from which Aderyn was more free. All this time the wind was fresher back up

the lake, as it had been for these three leaders, and Mahoohoo, Duchess and Louise came bowling on down into the field of vision.

At 1:26 there came a little rippling puff of air upon the water, wrinkling up the surface into tiny ripples, in a line which gradually worked on out from shore toward where the three boats were lying, less than a quarter of a mile from the line—indeed, only a few hundred feet. It was seen that the first boat to get this puff would be the winner. Aderyn, lying slightly in advance, was the lucky one, and she got under way, leaving Problem and Caroline becalmed. Then the little wrinkle on the water reached out as far as Problem and the latter drew away a few feet from Caroline, which lay further out in the lake by a dozen yards. There it failed and faded away and Caroline was lying idly waiting while Problem began to travel. Meantime Mahoohoo came boiling on down in a stronger flow. It was too late for any hope for Mahoohoo or for either of the two boats which had fought for an hour so stubbornly for the advantage. Aderyn crossed the line a trifle in advance. The sailing times for the ten or eleven miles course were as below:

Aderyn	2 28 32	Henrietta	2 40 32
Problem	2 29 27	St. Paul	2 40 47
Caroline	2 30 35	Anita	2 43 48
Mahoohoo	2 32 20	Meteor	2 49 13
Duchess	2 35 55	Imp	2 51 46
Louise	2 36 07	Harriet H.	2 54 07

There was thus another winner in the field and there are to be three boats in the final contest to-morrow. Surely it is an even thing among the Western boats this year.

Attila Wins in Second Class.

It was so empty a contest in the little ones that the judges did not even keep the time on any of them except Attila, who won her fourth race of the week with amusing ease, the sailing time over the same course as that of the twenties being 3:00:01. If ever the old nautical joke about there being "no second" was true it was in this case. The new owner of this fair craft may feel that he has got a winner. If the closeness of the 20ft. competition continues to-morrow as it has all through the week the man who owns the winner dare not say that he actually has a winner, for there are two or three others which are nearly as well entitled to the name, so very even is it between them. For instance, Caroline to-day, after her technical defeat, remains quite in the class with either Aderyn or Problem, and would be as safe a boat to back as any of the three for a series of a dozen races.

The Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Inland Lake Y. A. was held to-night at the "headquarters" at the public library, though why the title of headquarters was given this place is a mystery, as no one has been able to find there any member of the local club, which is host of the meet this year. The meeting began with practically only visitors present, Mr. Taylor taking the chair at about 9 o'clock. The following clubs were present by delegate or proxy: White Bear, Green Lake, Delavan Lake, Pine Lake, Lake Beulah, Fox Lake, Milwaukee, West End, Oconomowoc Lake, Oconomowoc Y. C., Chicago, Lake Geneva, Neenah, Pistakee, Pewaukee, Oshkosh, Nodaway and Saddle and Cycle.

The rules were suspended and Saddle and Cycle Boat Club, of Chicago, which had no formal delegation present, was allowed to vote through two unofficial representatives.

The first thing taken up was the vote for place for the next meet, and here there was a hot fight. It was known that Pewaukee Y. C. wanted the meet, and Com. Conway was there to take it home in his pocket. Upon the other hand, Green Lake Y. C. was equally eager to get the 1901 meet and had a strong delegation solid. Com. Conway held proxies from most of the lower clubs, his defeat being due to the vote of Fox Lake Y. C., which did not vote as did its near neighbor, Pistakee Y. C.

Oshkosh and Neenah each put in a feeble bid for the meet, both admitting that it might be the turn of some other club now, though it is conceded that Winnebago is the best sailing lake in the Association country. Com. Conway explained that Pewaukee could offer good hotel and restaurant accommodations, would take care of all boats daily and receive and ship same, and would board the crews free and furnish a guest steamer, a band and other features. Com. Conway alluded feelingly to the near location of Waukesha, whose water has made Wisconsin famous. He showed maps of Pewaukee Lake and made a strong case.

Mr. Edward Rosing spoke for Green Lake. He said he was not there to try to buy the meet, but could offer good boat accommodations, boats hauled free, good hotels and the best sort of a sailing course. The informal vote that was taken showed Green Lake with 7 votes, Pewaukee 5, Oshkosh 1, Neenah 5. Com. Libby withdrew the name of Neenah. On the formal ballot Green Lake received 10 ballots, Pewaukee Lake 8, and the meet goes to Green Lake. Com. Conway moved that the vote be made unanimous and it was so ordered.

Sec'y Carpenter now came in and his report ensued, showing that the Association has a balance of \$100 or so with all bills paid. Two new members were admitted—Cedar Lake Y. C., of Indiana, and Saddle and Cycle Boat Club, of Chicago.

Com. Gilbert, of Neenah, suggested September as a better month than August for the meet. It was decided to refer the time of the meet to the executive committee, the latter being advised to set a date in September when the moon was full or nearly so.

Professionals Barred.

Rather important action now followed. Com. Ordway, of St. Paul, moved that henceforth the by-laws should prevent the admission of any professional sailor into the competition as skipper or member of crew. Com. Ordway said: "We want to get back to the pure Corinthian basis on which we started, and which obtains in the East. I know it is a temptation to use professional help in this way, and one likes to see his boat developed to her best possibilities, but it is far more important that we develop young sailors of the amateur sort, who will order new boats of these same professionals and sail them for themselves. By a profes-

sional I mean any man who works in making and sailing boats, not a designer or fitter."

A long discussion followed Com. Ordway's proposition, though it was of a favorable sort. It was explained that this should not take effect until the 1901 meet. Com. Ordway then attempted to define the term "professional" and found this difficult, as have a great many men before him. The definition was at last left to the executive committee, which was instructed to report to a special business meeting this coming October in Chicago. It is very likely that the committee also will find it difficult to make a complete definition of the term professional, but there is practical agreement as to the policy of the Association, in this regard.

Change in Measurement Rules.

This was very proper action and it was followed by Com. Ordway with another matter of yet greater importance—not less than the change of the measurement rules now in use by the Association. It is apparent to all that the boats now produced are rarely fit for more than a single season, and Com. Ordway said he had seen boats in the East which were so strained even in their trial races as to be ruined and worthless. It seemed to him that the proper thing would be to work toward a stronger and more enduring type of boat, so that one could feel that he had a boat, one which he could sell if he wanted to and one which would last more than one season if one cared to keep it for further sailing. He therefore proposed an amendment to the rules abolishing the waterline measurement, and using the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. scantling rules, cutting down the measurements solely to sail area. This he said would allow a builder to build his boat of any length he liked and any water line he chose, and if he cared to make it 30 ft. he could, if he thought he could drive such craft with 500 ft. of sail. He thought the result would be a better craft as a type, a boat and not a rule-beating machine. Com. Ordway was asked to send copies of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. rules to each member and the matter was referred to the October meeting of the Association's executive committee. Com. Hertz, of Pistakee, moved that this fall meeting be held and that it be given full power to pass upon the proposed changes of these rules. This was carried.

A vote of thanks was extended to Com. Norton, of the West End Y. C., of Geneva Lake, for the handsome cup which he presented to the winner of the 20 ft. championship. This cup must be won two succeeding years to be owned by the winner.

Election of officers resulted as follows: Mr. J. W. Taylor, of St. Paul, re-elected President; Mr. Ben Carpenter, of Chicago, re-elected Secretary; Messrs. W. L. Gilbert, of Neenah Y. C.; C. D. Peacock, of Green Lake Y. C., and W. H. Lyford, of Fox Lake Y. C., Executive Committee.

Friday—The Final Race.

Anita won by ten seconds. Thus say the judges. A half-dozen newspaper watches declared it to be only six seconds, four seconds, two seconds. It was but a ghost of a win.

Aderyn, the 1899 boat, sailed by her owners, H. O. and George Brunder, of Milwaukee, with R. F. Schorse and A. C. Riebrock as crew, made a rare fight for the honor. She was well sailed except in one instance. On the home leg of the first round she was too slow in breaking out her spinnaker, and allowed Anita to close in on her and make the best lead which had been attained at any part of the race.

Henrietta, which was hardly able to look in at the race for the first five legs of the course, gained more than either boat on the last leg, and made a respectable third.

Anita was sailed by her owner and designer, W. L. Davis, of Neenah, with Will Krueger, Frank Levins and Jimmie Jones as crew. It has been said that the two best sailors in Wisconsin are Will Davis and Jimmie Jones, and Anita would seem to show this to-day. Jimmie Jones, it will be remembered, designed Caroline, which has fought Anita so hard all through the week, and which in one's personal opinion better belonged in the finals than at least one other. Mr. Davis designed Aderyn last year himself, and perhaps he was guessing several times to-day which was the better boat of the two. Aderyn came up close enough plenty of times for them all to talk it over in sociable fashion.

Anita this morning before the races was favorite for winner, with Henrietta as well backed for second as Aderyn.

The Start.

The start was a pretty thing. The night previous there had been rain, but the morning cleared, and a wind of steady and fairly fresh quality came in from east. It was seen that there would be a whole sail breeze, outside at least, and it seemed that the regatta was about to end with at least one yachting finish.

The fifteen-minute gun found the three boats, each turned up within an inch of her life, exercising around in the bay, as eager and active as race horses. They made a beautiful picture as they flitted back and forth and made passes at the line and returned to wheel again with the swallow-like speed and ease peculiar to these rule-breakers and record-makers, the 20-footers of the inland lakes.

They got the five-minute gun and came back behind the line, in view of the packed boats and docks. Each skipper knew his business, and it was sure to be a close thing. Davis timed Anita to the very second. He edged her up to the buoy and let her lie motionless for a moment. Her boom swung a trifle at the right moment, and she crossed at the gun without a lost fathom of space to cover. Lapped on her was Henrietta, with Aderyn in the lee berth, only five seconds back of Anita.

It was reach, beat, and free this time, respectively for the first, second and third legs of the inner triangle, though really it was something of a beat at times on the first leg out. The course was twice around the triangle, perhaps about ten miles.

Anita whipped over to windward berth at once after the start, Aderyn next to her, but not so high into the wind, Henrietta further to leeward. Aderyn, after a short run, took a notion to cross old Henrietta's bows,

and did so, and not content, repeated the trick a moment later, as both dropped over inshore, hunting for more wind, which is a common occupation of a yacht on this freakish lake. Then a bit of sailing happened which surprised nearly all who witnessed it. The old grandmother drew up on Aderyn on the lee side and lapped her, apparently having caught the wind she wanted. A moment later she sailed clean past Aderyn to leeward and ran ahead of her a couple of hundred yards, laying chase to Anita, which was running for dear life out further in the open. Henrietta made a pretty try for windward berth over Anita. Each boat was now reaching with main sheet slightly started, and it was no walkaway for any one of the three. They rounded the first buoy in following order:

Anita	11 15 30	Aderyn	11 16 48
Henrietta	11 16 12		

They now came to the crucial test of the windward work, and at this Henrietta did not do so well, and began to fall off rapidly. Anita was held up stiff, and as the wind was fresh here at the time, both Anita and Aderyn heeled far over, Anita showing a glimpse of her center-board more than once above waterline. All the crews were out, legs and all, and it was a really pretty bit of yachting here for the spectators. Aderyn outpointed both the other boats here unmistakably. Anita was first to tack, going about to port at 11:20. Aderyn challenged her on the opposite tack, but Anita luffed up and declined, going to starboard. Aderyn pointed up handsomely, and swiftly ran up into the windward berth and passed Anita decisively, easily outfooting her at this stage of the game. Henrietta stood far down to leeward, a quarter of a mile at least, and did not come about on port tack till 11:26:04.

Aderyn's windward work was wonderful, and she sprang to favorite's place at once. She seemed able to make the buoy on the one reach. Anita meantime tacked four times within a couple of minutes. This looked like amateurish sailing, but it was not, and was on the other hand very good sailing. Davis was simply feeling around for the wind that Aderyn was getting. He could not find it, and so saw the Milwaukee boat rapidly slipping away from him. Aderyn, however, had to make a port tack, which she did at 11:31:06. She then set out for the buoy straight, followed at 11:31:34 by Anita, which made a close thing of it after all at the turn. Henrietta came up on a long tack from far down the bay. Times at the second turn:

Aderyn	11 32 08	Henrietta	11 36 38
Anita	11 34 23		

They now came to the test of running free, and to this the Milwaukee boat took very kindly forthwith, though she set no extra canvas. Anita upon the other hand was keener to see the advantage she had here, and it was right here that she won the race. At once she sprung a big cloud forward, and it was seen that she was using her big spinnaker as a balloon jib. This was at 11:37. Anita began to overhaul Aderyn hand over hand, though the latter had established a good lead before Anita was well straightened away on this leg. Aderyn showed a very culpable lack of seamanship here, for she must have seen what the balloon was doing for Anita. To make it still worse, Aderyn, now getting well up into the inner bay, where, for some mysterious reason, the home stake has been established—the very flukiest part of a fluky lake—lost her wind, and even her working jib fell flapping. This was easy for Anita, which bowled on down upon her with every inch drawing full. Aderyn now fumbled about, lying actually in irons, and losing all her beautiful start, while she tried to get up some sort of canvas. She broke out spinnaker just in time, or Anita must surely have passed her. Meantime, from every throat came the cry, "Look at Henrietta!" The latter liked this side of the course. She came down with a big kite-like balloon floating high at her masthead and pulling like a team of runaways. Never was a prettier sight seen on a yachting course than that offered by this grand old one both times she came down the free leg in this race. She would have done them both at this sort of thing, and as it was, made a distinct gain on both.

Now Anita ran into Aderyn's calm streak. Everybody anathematized such a place for a yacht finish, the air in this little bay failing entirely at the very place it was wanted to be regular and calculable. In the luck of the wind, Anita had a shade the better of it, and took a bit of air from Aderyn now and again, as she crossed her. It was a pass by courtesy of the wind, however, for just at the home stake the two were nearly lapped. With one of his smooth dodges, Davis jibed his boat square around the buoy with his spinnaker still up, and was off, with the big sail coming down, for the reach before Aderyn was about. Time at the home buoy, first round:

Anita	11 46 28	Henrietta	11 48 32
Aderyn	11 46 33		

On the reach, second round, where Anita had stood up furthest the first time around, Aderyn again took the honors in the pointing, and she was handsomely sailed by the Brunder combination. Henrietta, as before, got a quarter of a mile to leeward, and Anita drew further inshore than before on this leg. They got out into a fresh and steady wind here, and all the boats were well heeled over. Aderyn once more insisted upon first place, and it was exciting at the fourth turn, where the times were:

Aderyn	12 03 08	Henrietta	12 05 00
Anita	12 03 13		

Henrietta was first about after turning this buoy, Anita and Aderyn standing pretty well on. Aderyn went about before Anita, and she held the windward berth. Close hauled, she now led Anita 150 ft. The latter, however, seemed this time to redeem herself a bit as to windward work and apparently pointed as well as Aderyn. She gained upon Aderyn, and it grew a see-saw up to the buoy, all the boats now showing plenty of wind and needing seamanlike handling. To the wonder of everybody, both Anita and Aderyn stood up so well that neither needed to tack for the full leg, both having judged the distance perfectly when they stood on past the last turning buoy. They made the second buoy as follows:

Aderyn	12 14 42	Henrietta	12 16 08
Anita	12 14 53		

The last boat was thus making a gain over her former position. Aderyn was again in the lead at the same station as on the last round, but Anita was now only eleven seconds astern of her, whereas Anita was two minutes and fifteen seconds astern at the same point upon the former round.

The Finish.

On the run home Aderyn was first out with the spinnaker, Anita following, winging out. Henrietta broke out her big balloon and again made a grand sight as she came down before the wind on her gallant, though hopeless, chase of the two leading boats, her balloon far aloft, seemingly detached from the boat and impelled by some invisible hand.

Anita and Aderyn had but eleven seconds between them at the turn, and they had to work through the zone of varying and baffling airs. In the luck of it, Anita drew alongside, and the two lay side by side, the two big spinners folding and flapping. As they were able they feebly zigzagged in tiny tacks, fighting for the better berth of it. Aderyn tried to cross Anita's bows, but Davis would not permit, and managed to keep his boat on the better side of the last fluky chance, luffing across Aderyn's bows. Again Aderyn tries for it, but her spinnaker falls hopelessly against the stays, and Anita crawls over the line, inch by inch, not over four seconds ahead, Aderyn not rounding the buoy, and Henrietta sweeping also inside the buoy. Time officially taken:

Anita	2 24 51	Henrietta	2 25 35
Aderyn	2 25 01		

Review.

The regatta can be called nothing but successful, and it brings forward some very interesting deductions, which, however, may go for naught next year. As to Lake Geneva as a place for holding this regatta, it is hardly likely the village could get a vote from those who were visitors there this year. The boats were splendid, and they were sailed in a sportsmanlike manner, and the local camp and care of the boats were perfect. Socially—and there should be a social side to these pleasant meets—the week was one of frost and chill, and in regard to this there was much quiet comment among the visitors, which Green Lake Club would do well to avoid next year. As to the village accommodations, they could not by any possibility have been worse. The hotel which was the "official hotel," perhaps by virtue of some contribution, though that is not stated, was good enough to raise its rates to nearly double its customary charge, and more than treble what its accommodations were worth. It furnished neither light to work by, table to feed by, nor bed to sleep by, and on the whole was all that a hotel at such a time should not be. There was also a firm of "official photographers," who charged \$2, \$1 or 50 cents apiece, as they could get it, for pictures of indifferent sort, by virtue of its appointment, presumably. It would be very much more pleasant not to make such comment upon an event otherwise exceedingly pleasant, but it is due to the Association that the facts be known to those who were not present. Let there be no more club frosts or village hold-ups.

A heavy rain fell this afternoon and put a hard task on those who were shipping boats home. As the train pulled out for the East, nothing was heard by way of an echo of the regatta except the low murmur of the waves upon the shore, and the harsh, strident crunch of the jaws of the millionaire cottagers eating their evening pie.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

[Several photos of the yachts are unavoidably left over until next week.]

The Fisher Cup.

THE proposed match for the Fisher cup between the Rochester Y. C. and the Royal Canadian Y. C. has been arranged, and the races will be sailed on Sept. 8-10 and the following days, until one yacht has won three races. The match was first proposed by the Royal Canadian Y. C. in the following letter:

Toronto, Aug. 2, 1900.—Secretary Rochester Y. C., Rochester, N. Y.: Dear Sir—At a meeting of the sailing committee of the Royal Canadian Y. C., held last night, it was stated, in conversation with some of our friends of the Rochester Y. C. on the occasion of the recent meet at Cobourg, that your club was anxious to receive a challenge for the Fisher cup from one of the 35-footers built by us for last year's Canada cup races, but on referring to the printed conditions of the Fisher cup it was found that ten months' notice was required. I was requested, however, to write to you to ascertain whether the proper notice would be waived if the R. C. Y. C. sent a challenge to race for the Fisher cup, off Charlotte, between Sept. 8 and 15 with a yacht in the 35 ft. class.

Our club has not yet official knowledge that the owners of our three 35-footers eligible for such a race would be willing to put their yachts in the club's hands, but we believe that they would. Meanwhile, we are writing this letter to ascertain if you would entertain such a proposal. I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

F. J. RICARDE-SEEVER, Hon. Sec'y.

A favorable answer being received from the Rochester Y. C., the following was sent:

Toronto, Aug. 11, 1900.—John F. Griffin, Esq., Corresponding Secretary Rochester Y. C.: Dear Sir—I have to inform you that the Royal Canadian Y. C. have the honor to challenge for the Fisher cup, at present held by your club, with a yacht in the 35 ft. class.

If agreeable to you, Mr. Frank M. Gray, chairman of our sailing committee, will present a formal challenge in Rochester, and arrange all details of races, on Saturday evening, the 18th instant, on arrival of steamer Toronto at Charlotte.

An early reply advising us that this date for meeting is satisfactory, or arranging another date, will greatly oblige.

I have the honor to remain, yours, etc.,

F. J. RICARDE-SEEVER, Hon. Sec'y.

On Aug. 18 Mr. Gray went to Charlotte, and after a meeting with the officers of the Rochester Y. C., every-

thing was arranged to the satisfaction of both parties and the following formal acceptance of the challenge was sent:

To the R. C. Y. C., Toronto, Ont.: We hereby accept your challenge of Aug. 14 for the Fisher cup. We name the yacht Genesee as the defender of the same. Yours truly,
A. G. WRIGHT, Com.
Rochester Y. C., Aug. 18.

The full conditions of the race were drawn up at the conference and signed by both parties, the yachts to be of the 35ft. class, in which the Canada cup was raced for last year, and up to the scantling tables in construction.

Both Beaver and Minota are still in the Royal Canadian Y. C., and in commission under new owners. No changes have been made since last year, except that in view of this match being made, Minota was hauled out at her builder's yard, Oakville, the first of this month and some extra lead, which had been added on top of the fore end of her original lead keel, with some carried inside, was molded on to the fore end of the keel, thus lowering the weight and increasing the lateral plan. Both have the same sails as used last year. On Aug. 18, in a club race in a light breeze, Beaver beat Minota, both being sailed by their owners. On Aug. 20 a trial race was sailed, Minota being sailed by Mr. McLeod, her designer, and Beaver by Mr. Jarvis; the wind was light and Beaver won by 1m. 32s. On Tuesday afternoon a second trial took place, again in a light and variable wind, the times being:

First Race—Start, 4:25:02.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Minota	5 03 25	0 38 23	
Beaver	5 03 30	0 38 28	
Second Race—Start, 5:10:22.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Minota	5 52 22	0 42 00	
Beaver	5 54 00	0 43 48	

The race of Wednesday was in a very light air, only a drifting match, each being favored in turn, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Beaver	4 58 05	6 23 45	1 25 43
Minota	4 55 22	6 24 15	1 28 53

On Thursday two more races were sailed in a whole sail breeze from the east, the times being:

First Race—Start, 4:22:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Beaver	4 55 50	0 33 45	
Minota	4 56 00	0 34 00	
Second Race—Start, 5:05:00.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Beaver	5 38 30	0 33 30	
Minota	5 39 10	0 34 10	

The races will continue daily, starting shortly after 4 P. M.

The races will attract much attention from the yachtsmen of the lakes, and it is probable that a large number will be present at Charlotte. The Royal Canadian Y. C. fleet will cruise over, and other races are probable between the Toronto and Rochester boats, as the Hotel Ontario cup is also open for competition. Genesee will be sailed by Mr. C. G. Davis, who handled her so successfully in the Canada cup races of last year, in which she defeated Beaver.

Newport Y. R. A.

SPECIAL MATCHES.

Newport, Aug. 22-24.

THE ninth race of the 70ft. series, sailed on Aug. 22, resulted in a foul between Yankee and Mineola II. at the first mark, the latter being so disabled that she withdrew, both making protests. With a fresh S.W. breeze, all carrying second club topsails, they were sent away at 11:40 to the eastward, to sail two rounds of the 15-mile triangle. Yankee crossed to windward and 8s. astern of Mineola, while Rainbow was nearly handicapped. As the two leaders reached way fast in close company, Yankee to windward set a protest flag, claiming that Mineola fouled her. As they nearer the first mark on starboard tack to luff round, Yankee was clear ahead, and as she rounded, Mineola crossed her wake and luffed round inside and to windward of her. The two came together, a man was swept off Mineola's bowsprit, and Yankee with her bowsprit demolished Mineola's headgear. They dragged along together, the man being picked up by a boat from Mineola after he had caught a life buoy. When they were cleared, Mineola had lost her jib, stay-sail and bowsprit and withdrew, being towed to Bristol. Yankee was somewhat damaged, but she continued, both Rainbow and Virginia being astern in the turn. They beat to the second mark and reached in, the round being timed:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yankee	1 12 59	1 32 27
Virginia	1 14 51	1 33 35
Rainbow	1 15 57	1 37 14

The second round was timed:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yankee	11 40 32	2 46 34	3 06 02
Virginia	11 41 10	2 48 46	3 07 27
Rainbow	11 44 43	2 49 04	3 04 21
Mineola	11 40 24	Withdrew.	

This race made the record, Yankee 10 points, Mineola 8, Rainbow 8, Virginia 1.

The last race was sailed on Aug. 24 in stormy weather, the wind being strong from S.E. varying to S.W., with heavy rain, though there was little wind near the end. All set second club topsails, but Virginia parted a halyard and dropped hers to the deck, fortunately with little damage. She set a jib-header in its place, her crew, a green one, working slowly. At the start at 11:55, Rainbow went over promptly, and just to windward Mineola, while Yankee crossed just before the handicap gun. They beat out to the outer mark with a heavy rain and plenty of wind. As the catboat had drifted, the committee boat took its place as a mark. The turn was timed:

Mineola	12 48 00	Virginia	12 56 28
Rainbow	12 49 01	Yankee	12 57 25

They reached to the second mark under balloon jib topsails, and then trimmed down for a close reach to the line, where they were timed:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola	1 34 25	1 39 17
Rainbow	1 35 25	1 40 15
Virginia	1 43 10	1 46 37
Yankee	1 43 51	1 44 05

Virginia attempted to set her club topsail, but was

unable to do so and withdrew. Yankee did excellent work to windward on this leg, her time being 44m. 50s., as compared with 48m. 35c. for Rainbow and 49m. 35s. for Mineola. They carried spinakers over the second leg and reached home in a light breeze, the final times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola	11 55 08	3 19 24	3 24 16
Rainbow	11 55 10	3 21 06	3 25 56
Yankee	11 59 46	3 25 17	3 25 31
Virginia	11 56 23	Withdrew.	

New York Y. C.

THE LIPTON CUP.

New York, Sept. 13.

As was announced on the flagship at the rendezvous for the annual cruise, the \$1,000 cup presented to the club by Sir Thomas J. Lipton, will be offered in Class H (single-masted vessels and yawls, not over 80 and over 70ft. racing length), and will be sailed for on Sept. 13 over a 30-mile windward and leeward course, out from the Sandy Hook Light Vessel. Should there be no finish within the time limit (6½ hours), the race will be started on successive days, Sunday barred, until decided. Sailing directions (with chart) can be obtained at the club house after Sept. 1.

The steamer Cepheus (Iron Steamboat Company) will be put on for members and their guests. She will leave the foot of West Twenty-second street at 9 A. M., landing there on her return. Members' tickets, \$2; extra tickets, \$3. All tickets will include lunch, exclusive of wines, etc., and may be obtained from the committee at the club house.

S. NICHOLSON KANE,
CHESTER GRISWOLD,
WM. BUTLER DUNCAN, JR.,
Regatta Committee.

Sag Harbor Y. C.

SAG HARBOR—PECONIC BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 18.

THE Sag Harbor Y. C. sailed its first race on Aug. 18 in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa	1 50 37	3 39 25	1 48 48
Mehanatack	1 50 55	3 49 55	1 59 00
Winifred	1 50 16	3 51 00	2 00 44
Taylor	1 50 52	4 01 00	2 10 08
Ghibe	1 51 05	Withdrew.	
Haganock	1 52 00	4 05 40	2 13 20

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.

Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

Sept. 1-3.—Hamilton, Ont.—Hamilton Gun Club's tournament.
Sept. 3.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Fourth annual Labor Day tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club; bluebirds and magatrap.
Harry Strong, Sec'y.

Sept. 3.—Trenton, N. J.—Labor Day tournament of the Walsrode Gun Club. George N. Thomas, Sec'y.

Sept. 3.—Seven Stars, Near Pottsville, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Pottsville Game and Fish Protective Association.

Sept. 3.—Haverhill, Mass.—Haverhill Gun Club's open tournament; distance handicap.

Sept. 3.—Meriden, Conn.—Fifth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club; \$25 added. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Blandon Park, Richmond Va.—First annual tournament of the Virginia Trapshooting Association, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. Live birds and targets. Franklin Stearns, Mgr.

Sept. 3-4.—Muncie, Ind.—Two-day tournament of the Magic City Gun Club. One day at targets, one day at sparrows. Chas. E. Adamson, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Sylvan Beach, Oneida Lake, N. Y.—E. D. Fulford's live-bird and target shoot.

Sept. 4-5.—North Platte, Neb.—Tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club on Col. Cody's Scout's Rest Ranch; \$250 added. Geo. L. Carter, Mgr.

Sept. 4-6.—Wichita, Kan.—Tournament of Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. G. Parham, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-7.—Sherbrooke, Can.—Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sept. 12-13.—Homer, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Triangular Gun Club; one day targets; one day live birds. C. B. Wiggins, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Pensacola, Fla.—Two-day shoot of the Dixie Gun Club; bluebirds and live birds. V. J. Vidal, Sec'y.

Sept. 14.—Salem, N. Y.—Live-bird shoot of the Osoma Valley Gun Club. William L. Campbell, Sec'y.

Sept. 14-15.—Platte City, Mo.—Trap shoot of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 19-20.—Zanesville, O.—Tournament of the Zanesville Gun Club. L. A. Moore, Sec'y.

Sept. 25-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Fifth annual target tournament of the Dupont Gun Club. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.

Sept. 27-28.—Erie, Pa.—First annual target tournament of the Erie Rod and Gun Club; \$100 added money. W. S. Bookwalter, Cor. Sec'y.

Sept. 28 and Nov. 13.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Under auspices of the Greater New York Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Oct. 2-4.—Swanton, Vt.—Robin Hood Gun Club's three days' tournament.

Oct. 11.—Greensburg, Ind.—Tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. C. D. Tillson, Sec'y.

Oct. 12-14.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds. Emile Prago, Sec'y.

Oct. 9 and Nov. 23.—Hackensack Bridge and Rutherford Road, N. J.—Under auspices of the Moonachie Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

and G. Hagedorn.
Sept. 3.—Interstate Park.—Labor Day shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club; live birds and targets.

Sept. 11 and Oct. 26.—Interstate Park, Queens.—Under auspices of Medius Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any regularly organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of John Parker's tenth annual international shooting tournament is now ready for distribution. The tournament is open to all, and will take place on Rusch House grounds, Jefferson avenue, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 11 to 14. Shooting on the first three days at 9 o'clock; on the fourth day at 8 o'clock. There are ten events each day, of which five are at 15, four at 20 and one at 25 targets. To each event each day \$5 is added. The entrance is based on 10 cents per target, except in the special events. Of these No. 6, for the Peters Cartridge Co.'s international handicap trophy, at 25 targets, has 75 cents entrance. Event 6, the King Powder Co.'s two-men team international handicap trophy, is at 25 targets, \$1.50 per team. Event 6 on the third day is the Peters Cartridge Co.'s international expert trophy—no handicap, every one at 21yds., entrance 75 cents. The price of targets is included in all entrances at 2 cents each, excepting events 6. Five dollars in cash is given to the best average on the first day. Sept. 14 is live-bird day. The programme is: Event 1, 5 live birds, entrance \$3; divided 60 and 40 per cent. Event 2, 7 live birds, entrance \$7; divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Event 3, 10 live birds, entrance \$15; divided 40, 30 and 20 per cent. Gillman & Barnes' international live-bird trophy, value \$150; handicaps 26 to 32yds. Event 4, 25 live birds, entrance \$25, \$50 added; divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Entrance includes price of birds. The management adds important information as follows: "Messrs. Hodgson, Howard & Marks donate an expensive and handsome trophy to any Michigan or Canadian shooter making the highest average any one day on targets during the tournament. All target events shot under handicaps—14 to 21yds. There is a good chance to take in the excellent bass fishing on St. Clair Flats, also a little duck shooting, though rather early. Take car in front of Wayne Hotel and transfer to Jefferson avenue through car, which runs direct to grounds. Ship all shells, etc., to Hodgson, Howard & Marks, 93 Woodward avenue, and they will be delivered free of charge on grounds. First-class up-to-date meals at Rusch House on grounds. Fish, frogs and chicken a specialty. Shooters protected from weather. Plenty loaded shells on grounds. Extra live-bird sweeps shot every day. Birds and traps ready for practice at all times through tournament. Practice shooting Monday, Sept. 10. Rules and conditions: American Association rules. No targets will be thrown over 50yds. Target money divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. All of the target trophies become the property of the winner. The Gillman & Barnes' live-bird trophy must be won three times, not necessarily in succession. Nobody has won it over once. Class division in live-bird events. Plenty of help. Come and see a first-class up-to-date shoot. If anybody by his shooting on the first day proves that he is unfairly classified the mistake will be rectified the next day. Address all communications to John Parker, 465 Junction avenue, Detroit, Mich. Paul Weise is the manager."

A long list of merchandise prizes is enumerated in the programme of the Virginia Trapshooting Association's first annual tournament, Sept. 3 and 4, at Blandon Park, Richmond, Va. There are eleven events for the first day, of which the fifth is defined as follows: "Event No. 5, to be contested only by five-men teams representing trapshooting clubs in Virginia, 50 targets per man, the winning team to be the holder of the Virginia Trapshooting Association's team cup (solid silver \$50 cup) until the next annual contest, the club first winning the cup three times to be entitled to permanent possession. A medal to be given the highest individual score in any competing team. Ties to be shot off in the next succeeding event or events. Gold stick pins to be given the five shooters composing the winning team; high scores to choose." Nos. 8 and 9 are at 20 targets, a handicap on the total of 40 bluebirds for a Remington gun. No. 11, at 20 targets, \$2.40 entrance, is a consolation race, governed as follows: "Winners of merchandise prizes in previous events are barred from competition for same in event No. 11. This event must be shot through by those contesting for the high average medal, and the scores in the same will be counted in awarding sweepstakes. Time permitting, ties for prizes in this event will be shot off at 10 targets per man; otherwise they will be decided by 'toss up.'" Sept. 4, the live-bird events will be arranged to suit the pleasure of the shooters. Birds, 5 cents. Target entrance based on 10 cents. In target shooting, the programme of the preceding day will be followed. Magatrap and one set of expert traps will be used. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock each day. A permanent organization of the Association will take place at the store of T. W. Tignor's Sons, 1219 E. Main street, Sept. 3, at 8:30 P. M. Guns and ammunition sent in care of this firm will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Shooters "caught" dropping for place will have their entrance money returned, and will be barred. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets. Free wagon will take shooters from the cars to the grounds. Lunch served to shooters free of charge. Murphy's Hotel will be headquarters. Mr. Franklin Stearns is manager, and his address is P. O. Box 6, Richmond, Va.

The programme of the Sherbrooke Gun Club, Sherbrooke, Can., for the two-day tournament, Sept. 6 and 7, is alike for each day. There are twelve events—two at 10 targets, \$1; eight at 15 targets, \$1.50, excepting one at \$1; and two at 20 targets, \$2 entrance. The Rose system will govern the division of the moneys. There will be a merchandise event at 12 targets, 18yds. rise, expert traps, unknown angles, 50 cents entrance, entries unlimited. Ties in this race will be shot miss-and-out. Concerning its policy, etc., the club sets forth the following: "Sherbrooke again invites all amateur trapshooters to come and break bluebirds. This year we have changed our date to Exhibition week. The Eastern Townships Agricultural Association holds its great show Sept. 3 to 8. It is the biggest thing of the kind in the Province, only excelled in all Canada by that of Toronto. It is very largely patronized by Americans as well as by Canadians, and for this reason the railway fares are reduced to nominal rates from all points in Canada and the Northern States. The regular events of our programme will be shot over the magatrap. For this style of shooting our ground is particularly well adapted, as it is perfectly flat, while the background is good from all positions. We have made a little innovation in the system of division of moneys, which we think will meet with the approval of everybody. Instead of using the same ratios in all events, we have varied the divisions so as to make some appeal to the hitters and some to the missers, while in every case each will get exactly what he earns. Of course we are Rose systemists all the time. We always use the best of paid help in every department, and can promise a nice, smooth-running shoot. When we say that John W. McNicol will fill the office of cashier, everybody will know that that important position will be in the best of hands. Professionals and agents are particularly desired for the sake of their company, but will shoot for targets only."

The Triangular Gun Club, of Homer, Ill., offers an attractive programme for its tournament, Sept. 12 and 13. The first day is devoted to targets, of which there are twelve events, eight of which are at 20 targets, entrance \$1.50 to \$4. There is one event at 10 yards, \$2; one at 10 targets, \$2; one at 15, \$1, and one at 25, 20yds. rise, use of both barrels. The second day will be devoted to live birds. There are six events, two at 7, three at 10 and one at 15 live birds, \$7, \$10 and \$15 entrance; handicaps, 26 to 31yds. Magatrap rules govern the target shooting. No bang, no bird. Refusing difficult birds not allowed. Targets 2 cents; pigeons 25 cents. The programme also contains the following: "The club extends a cordial invitation to all trapshooters to attend our fall tournament, and it is our desire to give our patrons and fellow sportsmen two solid days of shooting. Although we have held a number of small tournaments (all of which were well attended), this is by far the largest we have ever undertaken, and you can rest assured we will bend every effort to make it a howling success. Our grounds are inside the corporate limits, being only a few blocks from depot and hotels. They are equipped with a magatrap and set of live-bird traps. We also have a set of expert traps, which will be called into use if occasion requires. Sufficient canvas will be erected to protect shooters from any kind of weather. Also plenty of seats will be at hand, and everything made as comfortable as possible. Guns and ammunition shipped to C. B. Wiggins will be delivered on the grounds free of charge."

In the team race between Dr. Wynn and Mr. T. W. Morley on the one side and Dr. A. A. Webber and Mr. G. W. Hagedorn on the other, at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., on Saturday of last week, the former won by a score of 88 to 85. The race was closely contested throughout. The two medical gentlemen stood at 30yds., Morley at 33 and Hagedorn at 28. Each one shot at 50 birds, \$12.50 per man, losing team to pay for the birds. The birds were a mixed lot, averaging well as to good quality, with an occasional swift, strong bird, which taxed the skill to the utmost.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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TWO PRACTICAL SERIES.

We begin to-day the publication of two important series of practical papers. The first is that on "American Wild-fowl and How to Take Them," by George Bird Grinnell. The chapters which are to follow will give a particular description of each individual of the family, including the swans, geese, brant and ducks, with illustrations by Edwin Sheppard, the well-known illustrator of Baird, Brewer and Ridgway's "Water Birds" and other works. By means of the text and pictures in FOREST AND STREAM it will be practicable for the novice to learn his ducks and for the older gunner readily and certainly to identify any strange fowl that may fall to his gun.

The second series of papers, of which the first chapter is printed to-day, has to do with "Training the Hunting Dog for the Field and Field Trials," by B. Waters. This is an exhaustive and in every sense practical manual of instruction for developing the field dog for its highest usefulness as an adjunct to the gun in the field; and the successive chapters will command attention by reason of the common-sense and efficient system set forth.

These are among the features which in the months to come will maintain the interest and usefulness of the FOREST AND STREAM as a sportsman's journal.

THE TIME OF YEAR.

THE season of maturity is at hand. The rye and the wheat fields that in midsummer shone with yellow stubble are hidden now, by the green of the ragweed, which through the winter will furnish food for many birds. In the cultivated fields, vegetation is dying down and the tall stems of the corn are yellowing as the grain grows hard. Already from some trees, crisp brown leaves are falling to the ground, while others are beginning to show the colors that denote their ripening. The spikes of the goldenrod are brilliant now with orange blooms, and the white panicles of the wild carrot wave in the breeze above the green rowen of the mowing lots. Whitened by the dust tossed up by every passer, the asters bloom along the roadside. The drone of the cicada is less sharp now than it was a month ago, the nightly cry of the katydid slower and more sleepy; yet, beneath the stone in front of the house or hidden under the floor near the fireplace, the cricket trills his song with as much energy as ever.

The farmer has begun to gather his crops; the birds and the mammals have reared their young and are resting from their labors; the larvæ of insects are spinning their cocoons; seeds are dropping off the weed stalks. All things are making ready for the long rest which is to prepare the way for the production of another year.

It is at this time that the gunner fares forth to harvest for himself the fruits of the field, now, alas! so much more scanty than in days gone by. Aside from the summer woodcock shooting, still practiced in a few States, the first shooting is that of shore birds and rail, which is desultory and local and often very unsatisfactory. Then follows the first shooting at prairie chickens, which happily promises this year to be very good. The long dry time which brought anxiety to the farmer's heart, insured a good crop of birds to the sportsman.

It will not be until a month or two later, however, that shooting can be enjoyed at its best, for it is when the weather is cool and crisp that men and dogs alike show the greatest energy and are able to put forth their best effort to follow up the wary denizens of field and copse. Then, when the ground at morning is hardened by the frost, when the air is clear, fresh and bracing, so

that each respiration delights and stimulates; when the leaves have for the most part fallen from the trees, so that it is possible to see even at a considerable distance the gray shadow which, darting among the branches, reveals the prey for which he longs, the gunner may enjoy to the full the pleasures of the field.

And yet in the old days there was surely a charm about the sport of rail shooting. The gunner who stood silent in the bow of the skiff as it moved slowly through the swishing grass never knew precisely what fortune might have in store for him. The next bird that rose before the boat might be a silent rail, flapping off on uncertain wing; or an awkward bittern, complaining with raucous voice against the disturbance of his solitude; or a heavy black duck, quacking a loud alarm to all his fellows; or a bunch of bluewings, rising in a close mass and then separating into fragments like an exploding shell. Sometimes, if the boat passed close to the shore, a brood of quail might even rise with startling rattle from some weed patch where they had been resting, or out in the river a ruffed grouse might wing his silent way from shore to shore.

In those days, though we shot with muzzleloaders yet sometimes the spoils were great. Perhaps if they had been less great we might have more birds to shoot to-day.

BRINGING IT HOME.

THE shooter who is looking up the seasons and the shooting restrictions as given in his *Game Laws in Brief* is apt to be perturbed when he finds that he may not bring home from the shooting country he plans to visit the game which he fondly trusts will fall to his gun. The average sportsman has just enough human nature in his composition to make him want to bring his game home both as a substantial evidence of his success and as a good thing which he would enjoy sharing with his family and friends. To be denied this privilege is in many instances regarded as a harsh deprivation; and there are many considerations which support the contention that the non-resident shooter should be permitted to take home with him a reasonable amount of the game he has killed.

When a non-resident shooter pays a sum of importance for the privilege of killing game within the boundaries of a State which by statute discriminates against non-resident sportsmen, he should in common fairness have the privilege of taking home his game, just as the resident sportsmen take theirs home. If he is prohibited from taking with him any game without the limits of the State, he is deprived of all advantages other than the mere pleasure of pursuit and capture. The State therefore is almost the sole beneficiary from the effects of such non-resident legislation. By the license fees it adds to the resources of its treasury, the game killed by the sportsman is kept within the limits of the State, and therefore adds materially to its food supply, while large sums of money are expended by the visiting sportsmen for the ordinary expenses of living, thereby adding to the common wealth. Hotels, livery stables, railroads—in short, all such institutions within the State—are gainers from the influx of sportsmen.

As a matter of equity, the payment of a considerable sum of money directly to the State would imply the giving of a commensurate consideration in return. It cannot be said on good grounds that the mere privilege of pursuing and capturing the game is such a sufficient material return for the license fee, for the reason that the capture of the game adds materially to the food supply of the State, and therefore contributes a material benefit to the people. Besides, there is nothing in the license which guarantees any game or any capture. The licensee merely has the privilege of finding game if he can and taking it if he can under certain restrictions. As few sportsmen ever sell their game, there is nothing to reimburse them aside from the mere pursuit and capture.

All sportsmen take a just pride in returning with trophies of their prowess and skill. To take fish or game, and then to be forced to leave it behind one, constitutes an outing without a climax. If one were permitted to take with him without the State a certain limited quantity of game as his absolute property, it would not in the least detract from the purpose of game preservation, yet would give a material and equitable return for money

directly contributed to the treasury of State, and indirectly contributed to its welfare through the common channels of business and living expenditure.

In equity, the giving of a material consideration requires a material consideration in return. Such non-resident game laws as exact all the material advantages while conceding in return only the immaterial, violate this principle of equity.

By conceding the ownership in a certain limited amount of game to be taken out of the State by the non-resident sportsman who has complied with all the laws pertaining to it, the game supply of the State would not thereby be the least endangered. The common restrictions as to amount, and that the owner must accompany the game—restrictions now in force in many States—are formed properly to safeguard the people's interests. In such manner the law abiding sportsman who has paid well for all privileges would arrive at his domicile with something to exhibit and enjoy instead of a mere memory of things which have been.

The purpose of the absolute non-export law is, of course, to check the shipment of game to market; and if the strictest prohibition were necessary to secure this end, there would be no complaint. But the experience of several States has abundantly demonstrated that the market shipment may be stopped without depriving the sportsman of taking his game home with him. A law absolutely forbidding the carrying of game out of the State is therefore unnecessarily harsh.

THE SPORTSWOMAN AND HER WEAPON.

THE sportsman who is the father of a family very naturally looks forward with pleasant anticipations to the time when his boys shall become his pupils and companions in the field. But if he have the misfortune or good fortune to have no boys, but to be blessed solely with girls, what then?

Nothing can be pleasanter than to share enjoyments with one's dearest friends, and this certainly ought to include both sexes, yet some consider it an impropriety in woman to engage in field sports. That must depend largely on the view that is taken of field sports, whether they are cruel in their nature or rather whether that element is predominant, for it cannot be denied that suffering is inflicted in their exercise. But one sportsman's implement there is, with which the sportswoman may secure her trophies of the field, with the absolute certainty of inflicting no pain, and which demands no more time than the gun to become skillful in its use, while more caution, patience and woodcraft are called for, to get within proper range of the object.

The sportsman may stalk his game to within two or three hundred yards and obtain as fair a shot with his rifle as he desires, or with the smoothbore to the shorter range of that weapon, and be reasonably sure of cutting down the flying bird or running animal; but the wielder of the camera must gain a closer range to secure the game. Yet when secure, it is for all time an unmangled trophy, entire amid its actual surroundings, not a pair of antlers or a head jutting from a blank wall, nor brush nor tanned pelt telling no story. There are no close seasons to be heeded, and rarely a trespass sign prohibiting the use of this harmless instrument.

The grouse strutting on the drumming log, his brown wife sitting on her nest among the arbutus blushing blossoms and rusty leaves or blustering and fluttering in defense of her scurrying chicks; the woodcock nesting in the tussocky swamp side; the hare in her summer suit of brown—are all as fair game, as when the grouse—cock, hen and full-grown brood—skulk in frost-painted thickets; or the woodcock lies close under the golden leaved birches on a sunny October hillside; or the hare when she sits in her form as white and silent as the snow around her.

In all this hunting with a camera there is the same faithful exercise, the wholesome exhilaration, the need as much woodcraft to insure success as in hunting with the deadly gun. Having all these advantages with no tendency toward hardening the heart and without a suspicion of unwomanliness, it offers our wives, sisters and daughters all that they can desire in the way of outdoor recreation.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In the Philippines.

MINDANAO, P. I., June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you by this mail a box containing the skin of a bird killed in a marsh near this station about a month ago. As it may be lost or injured in its journey of 10,000 miles or more to New York, I will describe it. A curved and jagged scarlet colored beak, black head, tawny crest and neck, black body and wings, white spreading tail of ten feathers (like a white-headed eagle), with black tips, black legs and talons.

A chief of Duganob sent me a bolo, and said that he would try to obtain a Moros Lantaca from the Moros of the hills, who, I am informed, still have in their possession two or three iron helmets and a chain armor taken from the Spaniards in early days.

The town of Dapitan was settled in 1531 by a Balaoano named Pagbaya, who held the title of Prima of Dapitan, and established the Fort Ilihan with 800 families. Later, on the arrival of the Spaniards in 1564, they received them cordially and established the Church of Dapitan.

There is a tradition that there was once a very beautiful woman here whom the Sultan of Zolo wanted very much. He sent for her, but she refused his advances. Thereupon the Sultan sent sixty ships and there was a fierce fight in the bay, which left the Sultan ten ships and much disappointment.

When the natives went on board of the first Spanish ships, they were naturally astonished to see the sailors eating stones (sea biscuit) and fire (cigars), and letting loose thunder and lightning.

In 1717 this Province was established, and a civil force of natives organized and maintained until the Spaniards left in December, 1898.

According to the records, this Province contains 13,000 native Christians and 20,000 Supanos, or unbelievers. These are the fellows that the Spaniards used to fire square bullets at. To hold these people in check, to maintain order and see that the civil laws are properly administered, one company of U. S. Volunteer Infantry is stationed here.

The climate is delightful and dry, with cool nights. Prior to April 1 there was no rain for several months. Since that time we have had about 10 inches. The country is hilly and mountainous, covered with forests. Monkeys abound. It may be said that we have monkeys to burn. It is as common to see the soldiers leading their monkeys down to the beach to catch sand crabs as it is to see (in the States) a lady with her lap dog.

Cocoanuts are plentiful. The soil is sandy and affords good natural drainage. The products are: Hemp, 8,000 picos; rice, 50,000 cavanos; corn, 10,000 cavanos; copra, 5,000 picos; sweet potatoes, 1,000 picos; gave, 1,000 picos; ube, 1,000 picos; lumbia, 100 cavanos; buri, 50 cavanos. A good quality of tobacco is raised. Schools are the great institutions here, and much attention is paid to them. The boys form in company line and go through the setting up exercises. They are learning English rapidly, and are polite and neat. The women weave from hemp the banana and pineapple fiber, a beautiful fabric of variegated pattern, as filmy and soft as lace, which they make up into waists and blouses.

Life is easy here, with fruit in abundance, fish in the sea and hogs and chickens running at large, consequently there is not much ambition to work, but I think they do very well considering the climate and conditions. Though there is no priest here, the people seem devoted to their church, and there is a constant clanging of bells and succession of services and feast days.

There is a fruit here that grows on a tree of good size, that tastes like a mixture of mango and muskmelon, as large as two cocoanuts, with a green rind, rough like a hubbard squash. The bananas are the finest I have seen anywhere, and supplied almost at nature's price. Good cigars are obtainable at \$2 (Mexican) per hundred.

In the hills a small species of deer is found. On the island of Mindaro is found a wild buffalo, so-called—small, fierce, with curving horns. The soldiers had in captivity here a small dark-furred animal, with large brilliant dark eyes, rarely surviving captivity. The captain of the Manila told me the name of it the other day, but it has slipped my memory. To our great regret, it died. A noisy bird, like our meadow lark, has been noticed. Snipe are plentiful.

[The bird above described, which came duly to hand, is one of the hornbills (*Cranorrhinus leucocephalus*), a species found only in the Islands of Mindanao and Camiguin, in the Philippines. The species is evidently not common, for the Smithsonian Institution in Washington had none until this one was presented to it.

The hornbills are an interesting group of old-world birds, not very distinctly related to the todies and kingfishers. They are of great size, unwieldy, slow of flight and have enormous beaks, ornamented with a huge horny crest or casque. The bones are large, but very light, their walls being very thin, and they are much permeated by air. The hornbills are thought to be the survivors of a very large family, which is now for the most part extinct.

Of some of their habits of life, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace writes as follows: "They have powerful wings, but their heavy bodies oblige them to use much exertion in flight, which is therefore not very rapid, though often extended to considerable distances. They are (in the Indian Archipelago at least) entirely frugivorous, and it is curious to observe how their structure modifies their mode of feeding. They are far too heavy to dart after the fruit in the manner of the trogons; they cannot even fly quickly from branch to branch, picking a fruit here and there; neither have they strength nor agility enough to venture on the more slender branches, with the pigeons and barbets; but they alight heavily on a branch of considerable thickness, and then, looking cautiously round them, pick off any fruits that may be within their reach, and jerk them down their broad throats by a motion similar to that used by the toucans, and which has been erroneously described as throwing the fruit up in the air before swallowing it. When they have gathered all within their reach, they move sideways along the branch by short jumps, or rather a kind of shuffle, and

the smaller species even hop across to other branches, when they again gather what is within their reach. When in this way they have progressed as far as the bough will safely carry them, they take a flight to another part of the tree, where they pursue the same course. It thus happens that they soon exhaust all the fruit within their reach, and long after they have left a tree the barbets and Eurylaimi find abundance of food on the slender branches and extreme twigs."

The breeding habits of the hornbills are extraordinary. The eggs are laid in holes in the trees, and after the female has entered to sit upon her eggs, the male walls up the hole, leaving an aperture large enough only for his mate's bill to pass through. Through this narrow opening she receives her food, which usually consists of fruit of one kind and another, often of figs. The hole as described by Mr. Horne is finally but little wider than a man's finger. A great deal has been written about these birds, whose curious habits have attracted the attention of many observers.]

Bill.

BILL was Hogarth's eldest son. As I have had occasion to remark before, he was a big, red-haired, red-bearded giant, slow of speech and bashful to a painful degree. He was a simple child of nature—a big, overgrown boy—the kind of a man that never grows old. Sooner was the same kind of a dog.

Bill's age was anywhere from thirty to thirty-five. No one seemed to be very well posted on this subject. Old Hogarth's information was rather vague and indefinite.

"Don't know," said he, "jest how old Bill is. He's somewhar 'round thirty, more or less. Can't say which. Y' see, they was one or two what come afore him an' died. An' they come so fast in them days, me an' the old woman sort o' lost track on 'em, an' never could zactly place Bill, nohow. Can't see as how it makes much diffrunce, 'cause he won't live no longer from knowin'."

Bill was the least concerned of any regarding the date of his advent into this world of misery. He was a stoic, in a way, and took everything for granted. I had known him for some time, and had hunted with him several seasons before I discovered that he possessed ideas outside the ordinary routine of his daily existence—in fact, that he was a true "backwoods philosopher." I doubt if he had anything that might be called a religion. Such things were apt to be overlooked in the education of Hogarth's children. But Bill had theories of his own that served him very well, in lieu of something more definite—more orthodox—and so he fretted not his soul.

It was a pleasure to watch him in whatever occupation he was engaged for the time being. He never went at a thing in a half-hearted way, but always with a great rush, and he threw his whole soul into anything he undertook, and worked himself up into a state of wild excitement. He always had "buck fever" when he saw a deer—always. This seems almost incredible when you consider that he had been born and bred in the woods. Some of his deeds while under this spell are almost past belief.

We would start out early of a morning with the dogs—Sooner and "the old gal"—running on ahead. We all knew that Sooner was liable to err at times, and our interest was never greatly aroused until "the old gal" added her treble to Sooner's deeper bass. But this knowledge made not the slightest difference to Bill. Let either dog give tongue, and away he went with wild yells, covering the ground with great strides, and clearing logs, and other impediments in his path, with mighty bounds.

He would "keep a-goin'" until he struck a runaway, then he would sit down and wait for the rest of us to come up, occasionally giving a loud halloo to let us know his whereabouts. We would place ourselves at our respective stands, and Bill would generally make for the shore of the lake, to be on hand in case the deer should take to water. If this happened, there was sure to be much excitement in his neighborhood for the time being. I remember one incident that is apropos.

A big buck broke cover near Bill's stand, and dashed out into the water. Bill fired and succeeded in wounding the animal, but not seriously, and it struck out for the other side of the lake. Bill was immediately "possessed," and with a yell that brought us all forward on the run, he hurled his rifle at the deer, and then plunged in the lake in pursuit of the game.

He was a powerful swimmer, and gained rapidly on the wounded buck. He reached his side just as the dogs dashed out of the woods, and just as Jim appeared on the shore some distance below. This was Jim's first deer hunt, so we forgave him after it was all over, but it was exciting while it lasted. Bill had seized the buck's antlers in his powerful grasp, and a mighty battle was on. The dogs were drawing near, to lend a hand in the fight, when Jim opened up with his repeater and commenced blazing away indiscriminately. In vain did we shout. He kept it up until he had emptied his rifle, and then he "came to" and sat down in a state of collapse. Fortunately the bullets went wide of the mark. That is the greatest sensation Jim ever created in his whole life.

Bill was oblivious to his surroundings. Let thunder crash and mountains fall—what mattered it to him so long as he had a deer in hand? In spite of his great strength, unarmed as he was, he had all and more than he bargained for, and it was an even match between him and the buck, when Sooner arrived on the field of battle. That ever-ready dog sailed into the fight with the confidence born of blissful ignorance, and they made an end of the buck just as Jack and I arrived on the scene. We hauled the exhausted but triumphant Bill aboard, and likewise the much-disfigured Sooner.

But apart from these outbursts, Bill was a silent, easy-going, good-natured giant. You could not impose upon him, for the simple reason that he was so far above any thought of self that imposition was entirely out of the question. It was second nature for him to sacrifice his own for some one's else comfort. I first got an insight into his true character one fall when he and I were alone

in the woods for three or four weeks. Jack and Jim had each "married a wife," and therefore they could not come. Foolish men.

Sitting about the camp-fire of an evening, Bill's tongue would become unloosed, and at first bashfully and then gradually gaining confidence in himself as I proved an appreciative, sympathetic listener, would he unbosom himself of his strange thoughts and fancies. All that was needed was a little maneuvering on my part, a little gentle coaxing, and when once under way his shyness wore off, and he sailed along—if I may use the expression—like a ship without a helmsman, blown in whatever direction the varying current of his thoughts might direct.

Civilization as embodied in myself—the civilization of a big city—was one of the problems of life he could not grasp.

"Hit's a dern funny thing," he said to me in his slow, easy drawl, one night as we were sitting at the camp-fire, "how you folks come way up here huntin'. Seems 's ef half the fun was in jest sprawlin' 'round in yer old clothes. Can't see why y' don't wear 'em to hum. Don't seem 's ef 'twould be much what y' might call sport, havin' to go 'round all togged out an' oncomf'table, 's ef y' was goin' to a fun'ral, the hull blessed time. Hit beats me why y' do it. I sh'd think a man what likes the woods the way you do would jest naterly live in 'em where he could be comf'table.

"Now, all I wear most the year, when 'tain't cold, is a flannel shirt an' a pair o' blue jeans, an' a pair o' shoes—sometimes. The shoes is jest as it happens. I'd rather go barefoot any day. Barefoot 's a heap more comf'table 'n shoes, an' more naterl like. Dad's old woman's great on style—sometimes. She'd have a feller wear shoes the hull blessed time when they's strangers 'bout. The old woman's got consid'ble what y' might call pride.

"Clothes is funny things t' me. You city folks think a heap more of 'em than y' orter—clothes an' money, too. Guess y' ain't no happier 'n I be, nuther. Guess y' ain't no more what dad calls edefied, seein' the tall houses an' the cars an' all them other contrapshuns y' have to hum in a b'iled shirt than I be in my old flannel one here, a-seein' all they is t' see in the woods an' a-smellin' the pines an' the hemlocks an' the spruce, an' all them things all day long.

"Seems to me they's more fun lyin' with yer back up 'gainst a mossy log, watchin' the red squirrels fightin' an' jawin' each other 'bout nuthin', jest like the old woman gits at dad 'casionally, an' listenin' to Sooner makin' a fool of hisself on a trail of his own make up an' all the time knowin' 'tain't nuthin'; or ef y' feel sort o' like doin' somethin', jest cuttin' yerself a pole an' goin' down to the stream an' yankin' out a few leetle speckled cusses fer supper, or else in jest sittin' 'round the fire, same 's we be now, chinnin'. Seems to me all that's a heap more fun an' more edefyin'—as dad says—than sweatin' in a big city, with a b'iled shirt on an' a collar, jest tryin' to make more money 'n some other feller, an' never gittin' anuff at that, an' ef y' want a breath of good, fresh air havin' t' come way up here to git it, as y' say y' do; I say hit beats me why on airth y' live like that when the woods is so much better. I know the feelin', 'cause when I go up to Peshtigo fer fun or anythin' else I'm allers alfred glad t' git back to the woods again. Hit beats me how you kin stand it."

It beat me also, and so I changed the subject.

"Bill," said I, "you ought to get married and have a home of your own. Have you never thought about it?"

Bill blushed like a school boy.

"Onct I did," he replied, grinning sheepishly. "I got all I wanted that onct, an' I reck'n me an' no gal ain't goin' to jine hands right away in a hurry. As dad sez, 'Wimmin's queer.' He's bin married a long time, an' had a hull lot o' kids an' sperience, an' ef he ain't 'fmilyer with their trail by this time 'tain't likely I sh'd know much 'bout the bizness. 'Tain't my line, nohow, marryin' ain't. I only tried onct, an' that was more'n nuff fer me.

"I sez to myself, as you was jest sayin':

"'Bill,' sez I, 'hit's 'bout time you was a-hitchin' up with some gal an' gittin' married,' sez I.

"'Twas in the spring o' the year, when a feller gits kind o' restless like, an' I'd bin doin' some loggin' in the winter, an' had a leetle money saved up—mebbe sixty or seventy dollars—so I thought 'twas as good a time 's any fer huntin' up a gal, as they was no tellin' how long my pile would last, an' I hitched up an' druv to Peshtigo.

"They was a hull lot o' loggers in Peshtigo, spendin' their money an' gittin' drunk, an' raisin' the devil gener'ly. I put up at a hotel an' begun lookin' 'round fer a likely gal to sot up to. Seein' 's I was a-courtin', I thought I'd put on a leetle style, so I bought a bran' new pair o' shoes an' a pair o' red socks. My! but them socks was red—redder'n my hair, b'gosh, an' that's some red.

"Waal, 'twarn't till next day I 'spied the gal. I went into a eatin' house to git some grub, an' thar I seed her. She was waitin' on the men what was eatin', an' a-sassin' of 'em plenty. She had the reddest hair I ever seed, harrin' my own, an' was freckled as a turkey egg. She was a right smart size fer a gal, an' had a deep voice. I sot over in a corner an' watched her, waitin' fer the men to git out so's I could have a clear trail to work on. While I was sittin' thar a-waitin' an' a-wonderin' how to begin my courtin' them new shoes begun hurtin' an' burnin' like fire. I stood it 's long 's I could, an' then I jest naterly pulled 'em off an' sot thar with them red socks more'n loomin' up. They certainly was red, an' no mistake.

"Bimeby most the men left, an' the ones what stay'd was too drunk to notice much, an' the gal come over to me.

"'Waal,' sez she, sort o' snappy like, 'what kin I do fer you?' sez she.

"'Thinks I, 'I'll have t' say somethin' perlite,' so I up an' sez, 'That's purty hair o' yourn,' sez I.

"'None o' yer lip,' sez she, 'or I'll have you thrown out. People what lives in glass houses shouldn't throw no stones,' sez she.

"'I ain't throwin' no stones,' sez I; 'I meant what I said, an' I reck'n I orter be a good jedge, 'cause my own hair is sort o' reddish.'

"Go 'long!" sez she; 'ef y' want some grub say so or else git out. I ain't got no time fer foolin'."

"Not knowin' what t' say, I sez, 'Give me some grub,' and she went arter the grub.

"She's got sperit," thinks I. 'But sperit 's all right. Dad's old woman's got a heap o' the same artickle, an' dad's managed t' git on somehow. I guess she'll do.' Jest then she come back. She sot the grub down with a bang, an' started t' go.

"Let's talk," sez I.

"'Bout what?" sez she.

"'Bout gittin' married," sez I, not knowin' what else t' say.

"What y' givin' us?" sez she. 'Fer ever sakes, what do y' mean, anyway?"

"I mean what I say," sez I. 'Let's talk 'bout me 'n' you gittin' married,' sez I.

"Go 'long," sez she. "You've bin drinkin'," sez she.

"I ain't nuther," sez I. 'I mean every dern word I say.'

"You're crazy then," sez she, laffin' at me.

"No more'n you be," sez I, gittin' my dander up. I jest naterly hate to be laffed at.

"You're a queer un," sez she. 'My! what red socks!' sez she, lookin' at my feet. 'They're redder'n yer hair. Be them yer courtin' socks?"

"Skuse me," sez I, feelin' purty cheap; 'I plum forgot my shoes was off,' an' I tried t' pull them new shoes on, but I'll be cussed ef they'd go on. They'd shrunk up or my feet had growed bigger, I never could tell which, 'cause I ain't tried t' git 'em on since. Anyhow, I couldn't no more'n git my big toe inside 'em, an' she stood thar, laffin' more an' more.

"Dern the shoes," sez I, gittin' riled. 'The queschin is, will you marry me, red socks an' all?"

"What y' want to marry me fer?" sez she.

"'Cause I come here to find a woman," sez I, 'an' you're her. An' cause you've got sperit an' are large, an' 'cause you've got sech red hair, like mine,' sez I, thinkin' I had her fer keeps.

"You're guyin' me," sez she, an' before I could say I warn't she up with a big dish of boiled cabbage an' squashed it over my head so hard the dish broke. An' then she ran out the room, laffin' fit to kill.

"I dug the cabbage out my hair, an' picked up my shoes, an' went out an' hitched up, an' druv hum. I sorter laid it to them red socks, but I ain't hankered arter no winnin' since. Guess I'll git 'long all right by my lonesome. Dad's right. Wimmin's queer.

"Guess we might 's well turn in ef we want t' git up early in the mornin'." Hope I ain't talked too much."

"Not enough, Bill," I made answer. "But it's getting late, so we might as well call it a day. Good-night, and don't forget to call me early." And then we turned in.

Dear old simple-minded Bill. I envied him many things, but most of all his honest simplicity, and his contented mind. Bill was a gentleman. The very best of them all—one of nature's gentlemen.

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

Gens des Bois.

VII.—Simeon J. Moody.

UNTIL ten years ago the Tupper Lake section was a wilderness. Scattered here and there were sportsmen's hotels of a rather primitive type, but the trapper and squatter still had things pretty much their own way, and there were no stores and no trade aside from an occasional peddling fur buyer. Then came John Hurd with his railroad, and almost in a night the second largest town in the Adirondacks sprang up in McLaughlin's cow pasture—a sprawling, unpainted and unlabeled conglomeration of frame shanties, with the scarf marks of the saw still fresh on the raw lumber. The town swarmed with pot-hunting Canucks from over the border, who hunted on Sundays and did their best to exterminate the game by every illegal device known to man, while along with the smooth talking commercial men came the land owners filled with an inflated appreciation of the value of their forest areas that boded ill for the old settlers lacking deeds for their fire-scarred clearings. The subsequent history of Tupper Lake is best told in figures, with a plentiful sprinkling of dollar marks. About all that connects the town to-day with the uncommercial era are the few old-timers who remain. The pioneer of these is William McLaughlin, who was born in Calais, Me., in 1812, and who came to Tupper Lake with a lumber company forty-seven years ago. Gardiner Simonds was then trapping from his camp at Simonds' Pond, and a hunter named Cole had cleared an acre on the shore of Raquette River and supported his family on venison and fish as a mainstay, with a few vegetables by way of a relish. Saranac Lake village was the nearest point where supplies could be had in summer, and in winter there was little communication with the outside world, except by way of Potsdam, forty miles away.

McLaughlin started the typical backwoods lumber farm, which is designed primarily to furnish hay for the horses. The first year hay was drawn all the way from Lake Champlain, sixty miles through the center of the Adirondacks, across frozen lakes and over mountain ranges by the poorest of makeshift roads. At times when storms delayed progress some of the teams ate up all their hay and turned back without ever seeing Tupper Lake. It was customary for three or four teams to travel in company, and all were fed from the load of one of the sleds.

White pine was the only timber cut. It was floated down the Raquette River to Hewittville, three miles from Potsdam, and there sawed into lumber. The river was then in much better condition for floating the logs than it is to-day, and only thirty-five days were required for the drive, whereas logs that go by this route at present are from seventy-five to one hundred days on the way. Continuous driving has scooped out the banks and widened the stream, and with less water, it is a vastly more difficult and tedious matter to get the logs through than it was in the early days of lumbering.

Aside from the lumbering, hunting and trapping furnished the only inducement to settlement.

A hunter named Clark came in from Vermont about the same time McLaughlin reached Tupper Lake, but left after a two years' residence in the woods, and was succeeded by Simeon J. Moody.

Sim Moody.

Though a nephew of Mart Moody, Sim Moody is three years his senior, having been born March 1, 1830, at Saranac Lake, where his father had gone from Keene, N. H. At the age of twenty-four Sim moved to Tupper Lake. McLaughlin had not made much headway with his farm, and there was then not more than half a dozen acres of cleared land about Tupper Lake. To the south the forest stretched unbroken a hundred miles. The woods were full of game and fur, and trout abounded in all the streams and lakes.

Moody was already an expert hunter and a fine rifle shot, despite the fact that he had only recently acquired the art of shooting left-handed. This was necessitated by an accident. Some years before, while standing on a fallen tree chopping, the log had given way and he had been precipitated on the upturned edge of his axe, severing the principal chords of his right hand, and making it impossible for him to pull trigger with it.

Moody's First Bear.

Like most backwoods boys, born with a love of hunting, Moody began shooting as soon as he was able to carry a gun. His first game was a bear, shot in a trap. Some men who were coming up the Saranac River twelve miles below the village happened unexpectedly upon seven bears feeding on chokeberries at the edge of one of the little natural meadows of the river bottom. They had a rifle, and fired at the bears, but did not succeed in killing any. Sim's father heard of the occurrence and traveled post haste to the spot, carrying three traps with him. He set the traps, and the first time he visited them he had two bears, and eventually he succeeded in capturing the entire seven, a striking instance of his skill as a trapper.

Sim visited the traps with his father, and was allowed to kill one of the bears. Apparently the old gentleman was breaking in the boy much as he would have broken in a dog to hunt. Soon afterward Sim killed a yearling buck while alone in the woods, and though only twelve his career as a hunter had begun.

Bears and Deer.

The same year that Sim killed his first bear his father shot a bear in its den within sight of the Lower Saranac. He was on his way back to start a deer, accompanied by a mongrel bulldog. The dog ranged off through the woods, and presently the elder Moody heard him barking furiously at a hole under the roots of a birch tree. Moody thought the dog had a hedgehog in the hole, and hurried over to pull him off, but when he reached the spot he found that larger game had been located. He climbed upon the roots of the tree and stamped, and seeing the bear's nose cautiously thrust out from the gloom he pushed his rifle barrel down between the roots within a few inches of the head and fired, putting a ball directly between the bear's eyes.

The bear had made a snug nest of leaves and bark, and Moody had quite a task clearing away the debris before he could pull his bear out. "Bears come out in the spring in good condition," remarked Sim. "It is the same with a woodchuck; when they first come out woodchucks are always fat. They claim bears come out the 2d day of February. I knew one to come out that time. It was a tame bear at Dannemora Prison that was left out doors and had to hustle for himself pretty much the same as if he had been in the woods. He came out the 2d of February and wallowed all around over the snow drifts. That was the first time he had been out of his den since fall.

"Jess Corey had one on Indian Carry that used to den up. Old Baker had a big one that denned up every winter for four or five years till he sold him to be sent to Italy.

"Those bears were left out where it was cold, and they had to den up to keep from freezing, whether they got food or not. They would make themselves some kind of a nest, and then when it snowed on them they were all right. Bears generally manage somehow to den up just before a storm.

Bear Trails and Tracks.

"At Indian Carry I once saw where four bears had gone along in the snow, and you couldn't have told whether there were four or a dozen, for each bear stepped exactly in the footprints of the bear ahead. I followed the trail a piece till I saw where the old bear had turned and walked up a road a little, and the three cubs behind had cut across lots, each one taking its own course. When the cubs came to the road they all got into the old bear's trail again. It would have made a man feel funny to see those four bears snaking along nose and tail through the woods about dark. I have often seen where two bears traveled together on snow, and they always made but the one trail.

"A bear toes in like an Injun. Hedgehogs' tracks and coon tracks are like a bear's, but there is a considerable difference when you come to examine. A coon has a foot a good deal the shape of a child's, except that it is more peaked at the heel. A hedgehog's track is broader and more stumpy.

Natural Curiosities.

"I've got a white hedgehog skin by way of curiosity. I killed a big buck over here late one fall with little nubs of horns only half an inch long. He ought to have been carrying a heavy set at that time of year. He was all right physically, and I never could see what ailed his horns. Another time we killed a doe in the river that had wool on her just like a sheep. You could pull the wool out by the handful. It was nearly white and longer than a deer's hair, and it was curly just like a sheep's wool.

Trapping and Hunting.

"I've always trapped since I lived in the woods here, and I've ketched my share of fur, I guess. I've ketched

hundreds of mink, otter, black cat and 'sable,' and I guess there ain't anybody better on foxes. In war times mink brought as high as \$12 and \$14. I've sold lots for \$10. Good otter and fisher were worth \$10, and 'sable' \$1.50. My trapping lines ran to Raquette Falls, and down the river to Sol's Island, and south to Little Tupper Lake.

"The deer I shot were sold to Bartlett and Baker at Saranac and shipped to New York. I helped kill 125 deer one fall with father and McLaughlin. Hi Averill hunted with us, too. We killed them on the river and around Tupper Lake, still-hunting or with dogs, according as we could do best.

"In rutting time bucks run to water soon when a hound is after them. Their necks are swelled, and they can't stand to run far.

When Deer Were Plenty.

"I hunted for the market for years. Thirty or forty years ago game was plenty. There were ten deer then to one now in the very best hunting ground that is left. I went out one afternoon from my house and killed three nice deer in two hours, and the next morning I got two more, and all five were hung up there in a little piece of woods, where you could see from one to another.

"I was still-hunting on a light fall of snow out by a swamp. I followed a trail up into a little sag of spruces and saw a buck feeding. I put my knee on a big log and fired at him and then dropped back behind the log and loaded. When I had a charge in the old gun I got up again, and over to the right I saw a doe looking at me. I shot at her, and she went off out of sight, and when I got another charge in I followed her. I hadn't gone three rods, when I saw another buck. I shot him, and he lay down, and I went to look for the first deer, and found the doe lying dead close to him.

"I hung up my three deer and went home, not having been away from the house much over two hours.

"The next morning I went out to get my deer, and near the place where they hung I ran on to two more. I was just coming out of some thick balsams into a little glade, when I saw a buck standing there. I fired at him, and he circled within a rod and dropped right close up. Before I could get my rifle loaded I saw the doe looking at me. I hurried, but she went off in the woods before I was quite ready. It must have been my lucky day, though, for she stopped before she went far, and I followed her up and got a sight and dropped her handy to the others. All five deer were then within a few rods of each other, and the three bucks and two does were full grown and as fine specimens as you ever saw."

Wolves and Foxes.

"I haven't seen a wolf in this country for thirty years. The last wolf's track I saw was in the snow on Little Tupper twenty years ago. Now that the wolves are gone, I think the foxes kill a great many deer in the spring of the year, when they are dropped. They often find where foxes have killed the little fawns. I think a bounty should be put on foxes, for deer ain't any too plenty now, and we need all we can raise.

The Last Moose.

"The wolves went off into Canada. I think the moose did the same. My brother Phineas got the last moose killed in this country. Bullard and Leonard, of Malone, were with him in the boat, and they were jacking on Bog River, below Mud Lake. Bullard had a single barrel rifle that carried a ball bigger than my thumb, but when he saw the moose the critter seemed so big he didn't dare shoot. The moose walked right up to the boat and put its head over the jack and looked at them, and Bullard never shot till after it had turned and was walking away. The ball hit the moose in the side and killed her. She was a big cow, and after that no more moose were killed in this country that I heard of. I don't remember the exact year Phineas killed the moose, but it was just before the war, for he went to the war, and died as a result.

Travels of a Beaver.

"There are some beaver on the St. Regis now at Whitney Pond. Only two beaver were killed on the Raquette since I have been here. The last one was killed fifteen years ago. That's it over the door. I had it stuffed and mounted as a curiosity. My father killed nine beaver over on the St. Regis and broke up their colony. The next year one of the boys saw some work on Wolf Pond. He brought me a stick a beaver had cut and asked what did it. I went over there with him and saw the work, but the beaver hadn't stopped there.

"Later on, I went up the Raquette to a bend, where I had killed the other beaver a long while before, and here I found the second beaver had stopped, too. There was a lot of driftwood in the bend, and he was living in the bank in under the drift. He had his trail where he got his alder and popple for food, and in one place where a logging boom was in his way he cut right through it instead of going around.

"That beaver had traveled a long way to get to the place, and I don't see how he ever found it. From the St. Regis he had crossed over by way of Fish Pond to Long Pond, and then into Floodwood on Rollins Pond on the Saranac. After that he got into Big Wolf Pond on the Raquette by way of Pink Pond; Meadow Pond and Long Pond, and then through Little Wolf into Raquette Pond and the river. Animals know a lot more than most people give them credit for knowing. That beaver was in water most of the time, but there were places where there wasn't even a little brook to follow, and he never got off the trail, and went right through to the spot he set out to reach."

First Growth Pine.

Neatly banked up beside the fence at Moody's farm last winter was a pile of several cords of shingle blocks cut from first-growth white pine trees that had been dead nearly half a century. All were sound and serviceable, though some of the sections were much whiter and closer grained than others. Moody explained the difference by stating that part of the pine had been cut with the sap in it, while other trees had been killed by fire or flood, and stood till the sap drained out.

Natural History.

The Copperhead.

It is strange and regrettable how little true information the general public has about snakes. Careful studies, and observations on living individuals, enable me to give a good description of the characteristics of the copperhead, which is in my opinion the handsomest and most interesting of our venomous snakes. I shall be well pleased if the plain and truthful statement of my experiences in this line shall give some satisfaction to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

The copperhead, scientifically named *Ancistrodon contortrix*, or *Agkistrodon*, as it is more recently spelled, belongs to the family of pit-vipers. This latter name is derived from a curious, blind depression on the upper jaw, between the nostril and the eye on each side of the head. It is, according to the size of the individual, from one-eighth inch to nearly a half-inch deep. Nobody, as yet, has found out in what consists the function of this pit.

The color of the copperhead varies according to locality, the condition of soil on which it lives, age, and particularly the time before and after sloughing, or, popularly termed, shedding. About three or four weeks before this process is accomplished the color of the snake becomes dull and the markings of the skin nearly, or often completely, disappear. But as soon as it appears in its new raiment, it is like a new being, and is with difficulty to be recognized as the same snake as before.

The coloration does not always correspond with the name of the reptile; there are far more specimens clad in shades of gray and brown than the really copper-colored ones, which are most beautiful. The original of the

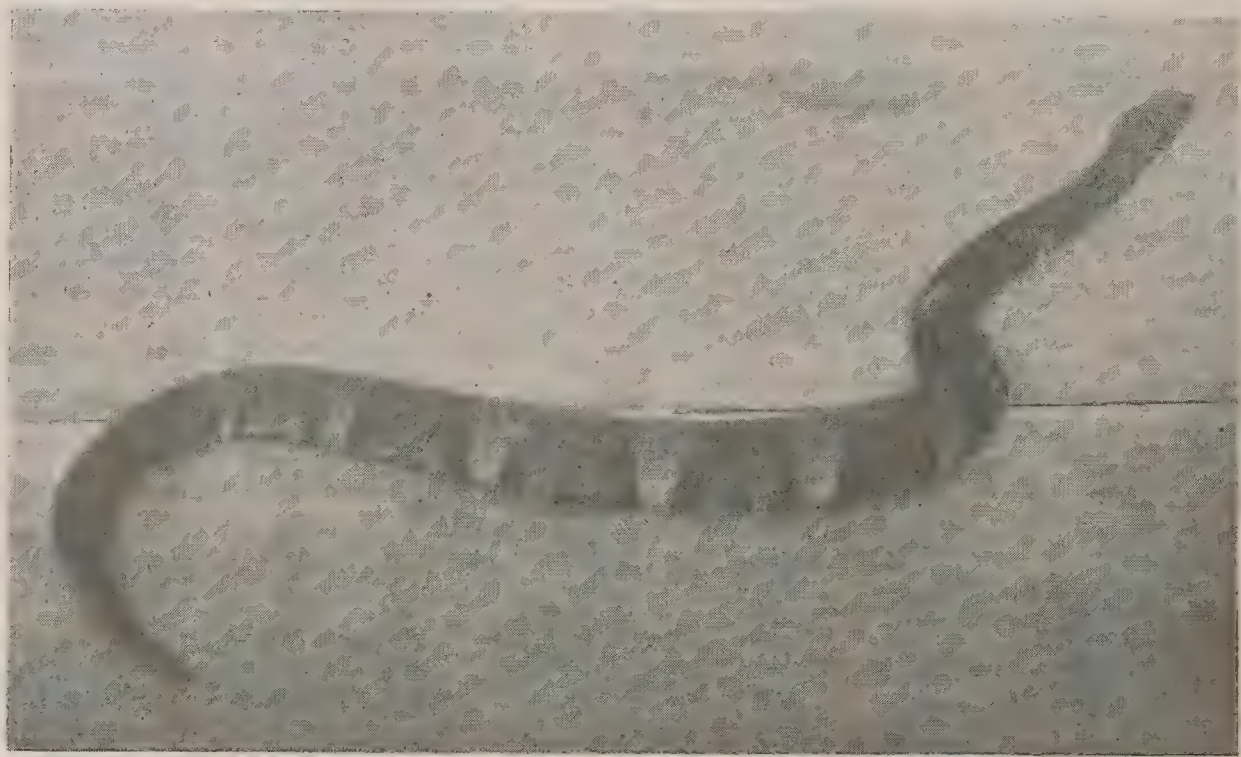
Leonhard Stejneger, one of our most prominent authorities concerning the poisonous snakes of North America, says: "The distribution of the copperhead in a general way is co-extensive with that of the banded rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*), though as a rule it does not extend quite so far north. As a compensation, it goes considerably further south in the western portion of its range, extending into the southern part of Texas."

From Texas came the two beautiful specimens which I have been so fortunate as to observe during an extended period of time. Besides man, its worst enemy, the copperhead has many others in the animal kingdom which work for its destruction. Owls, hawks, weasels, skunks, cats and hogs, and, last but not least, several kinds of snakes—for instance, the black snake, popularly called racer; the king snake and others—not only kill, but devour the venomous reptile.

It is therefore wise not to destroy indiscriminately these and other harmless species, against which only people afflicted with prejudice or ignorance can wage war. Nature herself seems to check the increase of this dangerous serpent, for it is not very prolific. The female copperhead produces, so far as known, only once a year, bearing from eight to ten young ones, which are born alive. This is quite at variance with the accounts of some sensational writers, who put the number as high as fifty and more.

I am sorry that I cannot give this handsome reptile any other testimony but the worst in regard to its character. In spite of the best treatment, the two snakes described above remained violent, indomitable, vicious to a degree, from the day of their arrival to their very end. All naturalists, some of them, as for instance, Garman, having observed numbers of this kind for years, declare unanimously that the copperhead can never be tamed.

I regret it very much, because the sight alone of these gorgeously colored and marked creatures was a treat



THE COPPERHEAD—PHOTO FROM LIFE BY A. W.

present illustration is one of these, and if the camera had been able to reproduce the color as faithfully as the very characteristic markings, there were no need whatever to give any further description. This copperhead is of a bright terra-cotta color, even with a tint of coral red, particularly on the head. The lighter ones of the transverse bars are shaded in pink, and almost white, while the dark markings in rich chestnut-brown are in striking contrast to the shiny red of the general color. The abdomen is of a very pale coral tint with symmetrically disposed dark patches at the sides of the ventral scales. Toward the tail the pink fades into yellow on the lower side, while on the upper the red turns into dark green.

A second specimen was of an altogether different coloration, but had identically the same markings. It was of a soft ash-gray with a most delicate hue of pink, with alternating cross bands of nearly milk-white and hazelnut-brown. The abdomen was cream-colored. It was a very handsome snake too, but not nearly so beautiful as the other.

The exaggerated photographic perspective gives here the head of our reptile far smaller than it is in reality. It is rather large in proportion to the body, triangular in shape and bearing nine large, lustrous crown plates well in front between the tip of the nose and the eyes, over which the superciliaries project and give them a peculiarly fierce expression. The yellow or reddish eyes have elliptical pupils, indicating nocturnal habits. The back part of the head is covered with small, wart-like scales that continue on the conspicuously slender neck, but become large and keeled along the body and stand in twenty-three rows. There are 150 to 160 abdominal plates; the subcaudals are entire, except the last twelve to eighteen, which are divided. The tail is short, conical and ends in a curved, pointed horn; it occupies only one-eighth of the length of the body, which scarcely ever exceeds 3 feet in full-grown individuals.

I refrain from giving a description of the working mechanism of the poison apparatus, which is about the same as in other snakes of the viperine order; it is a topic for itself. But I can say that the venom of our reptile is considered less virulent, compared volume for volume, than that of the rattlesnake. A bite of either of these snakes may cause but little trouble, under some circumstances, or may prove absolutely fatal under different ones. The venom itself is a viscous, greenish-yellow fluid, closely resembling the white of a raw egg.

As abiding places, the copperhead favors marshes or meadows with high grass, shrubbery and rocks, where it finds sufficient shelter and can lurk for its prey, which consists of small mammals, chiefly rodents, birds and frogs.

to me every time I looked at them, the red specimen in particular.

The copperhead in all its actions conveys so thoroughly the idea of wickedness, of malice, that the superstition of those poor people who see in every snakelet the impersonation of the evil one, may be excused when the reptile in question is concerned.

What magnificent attitudes of challenge and defiance the creature assumes when its ire is roused by the slightest provocation! How the threatening eye sparkles, the tongue darts in rapid succession, the tail quivers with excitement! Every nerve and muscle is ready to throw forward the back-bent head, mouth open and fangs erected, to deal the fatal blow. And yet the snake is only on the defensive; it relies upon the terror which its appearance inspires to keep intruders at bay; it never attacks so long as it remains unmolested, or pursues those who retreat in time, whether human being or animal, except when it is hunting for food. Moreover, it is only too glad, after so much display of animosity, to retire to a place of shelter for its own security—a trait characteristic to most of the dangerous reptiles, which denotes cowardice.

The photograph of this snake was taken under particularly trying circumstances, with the result of many spoiled plates. A badly lighted room, a very refractory subject that could scarcely be induced to keep still for a moment, while a time exposure of at least twenty seconds was needed, and with no understanding whatever on the part of the "sitter" for an artistic arrangement, calculated to enhance his beauty, made a complete failure of a first attempt. The repeated handling, poking and waving at the snake, although most gently done, to get it into one of its strikingly characteristic positions, roused its temper to such a degree that in a fit of violent contortions it fell from the table and struck wildly at everything used to lift it up again. Finally, in the paroxysm of rage, it bit itself twice—once very near the neck and once in the middle of the body. From the latter wound, distinctly visible punctures, oozed two drops of blood, drying soon after. In consideration of the excited state of the animal, the hope to obtain a good picture was given up for the day, and it was put back in its cage not without apprehensions that the self-inflicted wounds might have had consequences. And so it was indeed. Contrary to the belief of many—even scientists—that no venomous reptile can poison itself or any other of its kind, our beautiful copperhead soon gave unmistakable signs that it was seriously and, as the end proved, fatally affected with its own deadly venom.

It lost first some of its exuberant vitality, and on the third day after the accident a whitish eruption, simi-

"Some of the blocks are from the tree old Clark cut to cover this house forty-seven years ago," said Sim. "I believe they are just about as good now as they were then. These first-growth pines are noble trees to last."

"Yes," said Fred Moody, Sim's son; "seems as if some of them never would rot. At Wolf Pond we wanted to get out some shingles, and we shaved them from an old first-growth pine that had fallen so long ago it had birch trees growing on it half the bigness of my leg. The Northern Adirondack Railroad cut through a point on Wolf Pond Brook, and in the sandy soil and muck they found trees buried two or three feet under ground just as sound as they ever were."

"Tell you what I see up at Corey's," said Sim. "They dug a ditch to drain a pond and took from it a balsam stick that had been cut by a beaver. It laid there on the table, and somebody asked me when it was cut. 'Don't know,' I said. 'Looks new.' Well, sir, it came from under three feet of solid ground."

"Hardwood rusts and moulders away," said Fred. "Pine and cedar and such wood lasts a long time under the right conditions."

The Horns in the Tree.

A local newspaper contained an item which seems at one time or another to have been printed in half the newspapers in the United States relative to the set of deer's antlers embedded in an oak tree, which are on exhibition in the State Museum at Albany. The item gains its point by its explanation that the horns became embedded in the tree while on the head of the living deer. It cites the familiar fact of deer fighting trees and brush to rid their horns of the velvet, and draws the conclusion that this particular deer did the thing a little too well, and drove his horns into the young oak with such force that he could not extricate them, and so perished.

Sim grunted his disgust at the theory. "Some hunter put them there after the deer was dead," he said, with the positive assurance of a man who knows. "Dave Cronk, of Saranac, has a set he cut from a beech tree that had been laid up there years before and were covered by the solid wood. Didn't you ever notice how when the lower limbs drop off the second-growth pines the wood covers the nubs? You'd think the trees were clear as a whistle till you came to saw them up, and then you found them full of knots. A growing tree covers anything it gets a chance to cover, as a matter of self-protection. It would cover the ends of those deer horns just as it covers an old limb. That's the natural way to look at it. Don't need any fish story to explain the thing."

J. B. BURNHAM.

Night Witchery on the Lily Pond.

"Won't you get some pond lilies?" These words came from sweet lips—long since but dust—to the farmer's boy, at a time when the pressure of farm work forbade the loss of time for what was looked upon by those having authority as foolishness. But the wish and the will found a way, and so at night the light boat was loaded into the wagon, the old torch used on so many night excursions by brook and river was filled and trimmed, and darkness found the boy on the shores of the little pond where the lilies grew. A few moments sufficed to unload the boat and drag it through the border of tall grass and water plants out to the open water; then the torch was lighted, the oars put in place and a journey which opened up to the boy a new world was begun.

On one side the familiar meadows of the Agawam stretch away into the darkness; on the other the hillside, covered with trees, rises abruptly to the upland. The lilies which through the day are open, are closed at night, showing through a jacket of green just a bit of white as the light of the torch reaches them. A few strokes of the oars send the boat among the lily pads, and the gathering begins, at first just the prosaic picking lilies. But gradually the spirit of the darkness, brooding over water and meadow and hillside, takes possession, and the boy feels as if he were intruding where no mortal had right to enter. The air, damp and heavy, is so laden with the sweetness of the lilies, that if it were possible one were drunk with their perfume. The trees massed against the sky take the form, here, of men and beasts striving for the mastery, there of castle, turret and battlement. The meadows, lighted by thousands of fireflies, reach away like a fairyland. The cry of the plover coming clear and distinct from the darkness overhead seems like the wail of some lost wandering spirit. A little bird, stirring in its sleep, gives out a few notes so liquid and sweet that they but add to the glamor of the night. The old logs on the hillside, glowing with phosphorescent fire, seem like the campfires of the Spirit Land. The waters of the pond within the circle of the torchlight are as black and pitiless as those of the river over which the old Charon ferries his unwilling passengers. The boat seems lifted up and floating, not on water, but upon some liquid between water and air. A floating branch brushing against the boat seems like hands from some invisible power reaching up to draw the boatman down to destruction; and so when the cry of some stricken wild creature comes from the hillside, in very terror the oars, resting in their locks, are seized and the boat is sent for shore and safety. But a few strokes break the spell of the night-time, and with a low laugh at his own fears, the boy remembers the beloved and his errand, and the gathering of the sweet plunder goes on. The night heron, disturbed in its fishing, flaps heavily away; the muskrat, resenting the intrusion of strangers in its domain, disappears in the liquid depths; the frogs, with notes of bass and treble, keep up the concert of the night, and sometimes the hand, reached out for the jacket of green and white that holds the heart of sweetness, closes unsuspectingly on the clammy, squirming white and green jacket of a froggie sitting motionless on a lily pad—and with what energy the little fellow is sent out into the darkness. But soon enough lilies are gathered to satisfy even the greed of the lover. So the boat is sent ashore and the boy, tired but happy, goes to home and rest.

All around us are new worlds if we but have eyes to see and ears to hear.

PINE TREE.

EMPORIA, Kan.

lar to mildew, broke out, first about the nose and the wounds, later spreading all over the body, until it was completely covered with an ugly looking tetter, and death came within a week. As soon as the first white spots began to extend, another attempt to obtain a successful photograph of the snake was made in haste.

In spite of a beginning sluggishness, the creature was still so lively that it was necessary to cover a table with glass plates, on which the rapidity of its locomotion was not only considerably impeded, but also easier to be controlled.

Animal photography—even under favorable circumstances—always requires quite an amount of patience, but a camera and a copperhead are a combination to test the equanimity of an angel, particularly when the operator takes it at heart to obtain a real good picture. The last time, when the snake behaved tolerably well for once, it remained quiet during fifteen seconds, but soon became nervous again, beginning to shake the tail. This necessitated the capping of the lens before time. The result was, of course, far from perfection, and I feel inclined to apologize for presenting it to the public. It may only be accepted for the reason that it shows nevertheless how the reptile looks. The photograph was intended originally just for private use, in memory of my beautiful copper head.

A. W.

Hints on Pheasant Rearing.

DR. T. S. MCGILLIVRAY, of the Canadian Pheasantry, Hamilton, Canada, has written some useful data about the birds and their rearing; and these, though intended for the author's own correspondents, will prove of general interest and value. He writes:

English, Chinese (Mongolian), versicolor, Reeves and Elliotts are in full plumage at five months old and breed freely the following spring, sometimes before they are a year old. The young hens of the English, Chinese and versicolor (Japanese) usually lay better than the old ones. The young Reeves are sometimes so wild that they will not breed the first year; but when kept tame they breed freely at a year old. The males of silver, Swinhoe, Lady Amherst and golden are not in full plumage until after they moult the second summer, when they are a little over a year old; but the golden and Lady Amherst will breed freely at a year old. Our young golden hens did better this past summer than the old ones, and the chicks are

wish to sell, as the feathers alone of the adult male will bring about \$8.

4. How long do pheasants' eggs take to hatch?

Golden from twenty-one to twenty-two days, Amherst about twelve hours longer, Chinese, English, versicolor and Reeves twenty-four to twenty-five days; silver and Swinhoe twenty-eight days.

5. How many hens to a cock?

Golden, English, Chinese, Elliotts, versicolor and Reeves you can keep one cock with four or five hens; silver and Swinhoe should be kept in pairs.

6. Is there custom duty on pheasants?

Pheasants pass free of duty between Canada and the States.

7. Why is it so hard to get purely bred golden pheasants?

The golden and Lady Amherst belong to the same genus, and interbreed so freely that there can scarcely be found in Great Britain or America, a golden pheasant that is not tainted with Amherst blood or vice versa. The first cross gives a beautiful bird far handsomer than either parents, and this has tempted most fanciers to cross them, but after the first cross the colors run together and produce a mean mixture, with no decided coloring.

8. What is the best way of hatching pheasant eggs?

We find Cochon bantams the best incubators for pheasants' eggs. They should be set on clean ground, out of doors, where there is no impure air.

9. What time of the year is the best to buy pheasants?

We always advise new beginners to buy their pheasants in the early fall, for besides getting the same birds for half the money, it gives them an opportunity to study the habits of the birds before spring, when the breeding season begins. In fact, there are some of the wilder varieties of pheasants that will not breed the following spring if shipped from their original homes and to strange caretakers later than December. Most pheasants should be in their breeding pens a month before the laying season begins, and should not be disturbed till the season is over.

10. What is the cheapest way to make a pen for a pair of pheasants?

The cheapest pheasant house we know of can be made by taking three 12-foot boards, 14 inches wide. Then take a piano box which is just 6 feet across the front. Take out the lower front 14 inches from the floor up. The piano box (6 feet) and the piece you cut out of the piano box (6 feet by 14 inches) will make one end; that with the other three boards (14 inches by 12 feet) will

Yes, vastly, at the present day—after you have once secured for yourself the stock. We will here reason it out. A pound of pheasant flesh can be produced as cheaply as a pound of chicken flesh. Now we will compare the profits of raising chickens with those of golden pheasants as being the favorite and most profitable of pheasants. We will take say ten pairs of the best bred large breeds of chickens. Out of these ten pairs, no matter how well bred, you cannot get more than two pairs that will sell for fancy prices, the defects in fowl are so numerous. Put it that the two perfect pairs will sell for the same price as the pheasants, or balance them off at \$10 per pair; the other eight pairs bringing market price at say 60 cents per pair—\$4.80, which makes in all \$24.80 for the chickens. There are no culls among well-bred pheasants. The pheasants, ten pairs at \$10 per pair, \$100. Allow that the fowls will weigh 15 pounds per pair and the golden pheasants 5 pounds per pair; this will give you \$2 for every pound of pheasant you have raised, and about 16½ cents for the chicken flesh. If the hens when raised are all sold at market prices (say 60 cents per pair), the proportion would be as 4 cents to \$2 in favor of the pheasants—i. e., every pound of pheasant raised would sell at \$2, and hen flesh at only 4 cents, and yet it costs as much to produce a pound of hen as a pound of pheasant. Besides, if an old cock pheasant dies in full plumage you sell the feathers for from \$6 to \$8. If a rooster dies it is all a loss. We find that pheasants' eggs are much more fertile than the domestic hens' eggs, and with us, young pheasants are more easily raised than chickens.

Our final advice is—Beware of cats.

A Strange Chinese Deer.

RECENT dispatches from the vicinity of Peking, the seat of the Chinese fighting, tell of a scout made by American troops through one of the hunting parks of the Emperor of China, which lies close to the city, and which is known as Nan-hai-tzu. This park is famous as one of the places where the Emperor of China takes his pleasure, and it is also of especial interest to naturalists as being the one place in the world where the remarkable deer known as *Elaphurus davidianus* is known to exist in the wild state. This species, which is known to the Chinese as "the four dissimilarities" and is said by them to show points of resemblance to the deer, horse, cow and ass, was named for the celebrated missionary and traveler, the Rev. R. P. David.

Some years ago we printed in the *FOREST AND STREAM* a picture of this strange deer, which is now reproduced, together with the following notes:

In its conformation this deer is very different from the others of the family *Cervidae*. The head is somewhat short, the hips very heavy, and the feet very deeply split. The tail, which is much longer than in any other kind of deer, terminates in a bunch of long hair, being thus like the tail of a bison. But perhaps the most remarkable character of this strange animal is the horns, which seem to be placed on its head backward. All known deer have the frontal prolongations so disposed that the antlers have their points directed forward, but in the present species this is not true, for the points of the antlers are directed toward the animal's hips. If these antlers should be put in the hands of the taxidermist, he would be almost sure to direct the points forward, thus exactly reversing the natural position.

This animal is timid, excitable and fierce. A mere nothing suffices to excite it. It moves about but little in the day time, but seems much more active at night.

Until within recent years this animal was unknown to naturalists. The first ones brought to France were obtained from officers of the household of the Emperor of China by M. De Bellouet, the Minister of France to Peking, but before this pair reached the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris, the Zoological Gardens of Berlin had already received one.

We do not know whence this deer comes, nor of what region it is a native. We only know that for centuries the species has lived in freedom in the parks of the Emperor of China, as the fallow deer lives in our European parks.

This animal is a dweller in the forests, and fears neither cold nor storm. It has a rough coat, doubled in winter by a warm fur, which it sheds in spring. Its color is dirty white or a pale fawn. Every year in the spring the females in the Jardin d'Acclimatation each give birth to one young one, whose growth is altogether remarkable, for in the autumn the young, then about six months old, are almost as tall and heavy as the adults.

Besides having bred in the gardens at Paris, a number of these deer have been raised of late years in the park of the Japanese Emperor at Uwino at Tokio, as well as in the zoological gardens at Berlin. The species seems to be hardy and easily reared, and perhaps might adapt itself to captivity in any land.

It would be interesting to learn whether during their scout through the Imperial Park at Peking, our troops saw any of these deer or had an opportunity to taste their flesh.

Not the Passenger Pigeon in Cuba.

Six or eight months ago, when the old yet ever new question of the passenger pigeon was interesting our readers, Mr. C. H. Ziegenfuss wrote to us that near Santiago de Cuba, where he resided, pigeons were abundant, which were said, by persons who should know, to be passenger pigeons.

We wrote Mr. Ziegenfuss, asking him to send us some of the remains of the bird to which he referred. For a long time nothing was heard from him, but at length a letter came containing some fragments of a pigeon, but the letter having been mislaid we are only now able to announce the identification of the bird sent on. It is *Columba squamosa*, Bonn., a species found in several of the West India Islands, and common both in Cuba and in Porto Rico. The general color of the bird is dark bluish or purplish slate color, and it does not in any respect resemble the passenger pigeon, for which it appears to have been taken.



A CHINESE DEER.

stronger birds. The Swinhoe may lay at a year old, but seldom does, and the silver not till two years old.

The most common questions are the following:

1. Give a full description of all the pheasants you breed.

We have ten varieties of pheasants, all of unique beauty, whose plumage is as varied as the rainbow, and it is impossible to give a description in a letter or circular. We would recommend a book on pheasants which will give as nearly as is possible, in black and white, a description of the different kinds of pheasants.

2. Do pheasants require artificial heat in winter?

No. Most breeds of pheasants will stand as much cold as the prairie chicken. Some of our birds we leave in the open air the frostiest days and nights, when the thermometer is far below zero.

3. If a person wishes to start pheasant raising with but one breed, what variety would you recommend?

If the birds are wanted for shooting preserves, we would recommend the English or Chinese (Mongolian); but for pets there is none so suitable as the golden. They require but little room (12 x 12), and are very hardy, easy to raise, readily tamed and always in demand if you

give you a square yard of 12 feet. Fasten the corners with hooks and eyes. Do not nail. Then nail woven wire on a 2 x 2 scantling frame, which raises the wall of the yard another 2 inches, making 16 inches high, which is enough for pheasants when covered in with woven wire. Better to have the covering in two or three pieces. A small door should be cut in one of the side boards for the convenience of food and water. Unscrew the sloping boards on top of the piano box, put hinges on and convert it into a lid that can be lifted up or locked down. Put roosts in the piano box, and all is complete for a pair of pheasants. When the ground becomes soiled this pen can easily be moved.

Pheasants should not be allowed to see out of their pens during breeding season. They should know no world but the world within the walls of their pen.

A common shed with a waterproof roof, and no cracks between the boards to cause a draught, facing the morning sun, is a first-class place for pheasants—except the Swinhoe and silver, which might require a little more protection in this cold Canada of ours.

11. Is there more money in raising pheasants than fancy poultry?

Game Bag and Gun.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

I.—The Duck Family.

No group of birds is more important to man than that known as the duck family. They are called the *Anatidæ*, from the Latin word *Anas*, a duck, and belong to the order *Lamellirostres*, or birds whose bills are provided with lamellæ, by which are meant the little transverse ridges found on the margins of the bills of most ducks. Sometimes, as with some geese, the lamellæ appear like a row of white blunt teeth; in the shoveller they constitute a fine comb-like structure, which acts as a strainer, while in the case of the mergansers they have the appearance of being real teeth, which, however, they are not, since teeth are always implanted in sockets in the bone of the jaw; and this is true of no known birds, except some Cretaceous forms of western America and the Jurassic, *Archæopteryx*.

The bill is variously shaped in the members of the duck family. Usually it is broad and depressed, as in the domestic duck; or it may be high at the base and approach the conical, as in some geese; broadly spread, or spoon-shaped, as in the shoveller duck, or almost cylindrical and hooked at the tip, as in the mergansers. Whatever its shape, the bill is almost wholly covered with a soft, sensitive membrane or skin, and ends at the tip in a horny process which is termed the nail. From this fact the family is sometimes called *Unguirostres*, or nail-beaked.

The body is short and stout, the neck usually long; the feet and legs are short. The wings are moderately long and stout, giving power of rapid and long-continued flight. There are various anatomical characteristics, most of which need not be considered here.

One of these, however, is common to so many species, and is so frequently inquired about by sportsmen, that it may be briefly mentioned. In the male of most ducks the windpipe just above the bronchial tubes on the left side is usually expanded to form a bony, bulbous enlargement, called the labyrinth. Except in one or two species the female does not possess this enlargement, and there are some of the sea ducks (*Fuliginæ*) in which it is not found. The labyrinth varies greatly in different species. In some it is round and comparatively simple, in others large, and instead of being more or less cylindrical in shape it has the form of a long three-cornered box. The labyrinth has been stated to have relation to the voice of the bird, but what this relation is has yet to be proved.

In addition to the labyrinth, some species of ducks have an enlargement of the windpipe near the throat, and the swans have the windpipe curiously coiled within the breast bone.

The plumage of these birds is well adapted for protection against wet and cold. All possess large oil glands, and the overlying feathers, which are constantly kept oiled, protect the down beneath them from moisture, and form a covering whose warmth enables the birds to endure an Arctic temperature. There is a great variety in the coloring of the plumage. The sexes in the swans and most geese are alike, but in the ducks the male is usually more highly colored than the female. The males of some species are among our most beautiful birds, as the mallard, harlequin, wood duck and the odd little mandarin duck of eastern Asia, while in others the colors are duller, and in the female and young are often extremely modest and subdued. Most of the fresh-water ducks possess a patch of brilliant iridescent color on the secondary feathers of the wing which is usually either green or violet. This is called the speculum. A less brilliant speculum is seen in some of the sea ducks.

The males of certain species possess peculiar developments of plumage or of bill, such as the curled tail feather of the mallard, the long pointed scapulars and long tail feathers of the old squaw and the sprig tail, the peculiar wing feathers of the mandarin ducks, the stiff feathers on the face in some sea ducks, the crests of many species, and the peculiar processes and swellings on the bills of certain sea ducks.

The duck family is divided into three sections—the swans, the geese and the ducks proper. These last again are subdivided into shoal water or river ducks, or diving ducks, and mergansers or fish ducks.

The swans are characterized by their large size and extremely long necks, and are usually white in color, although the Australian black swan forms a notable exception. The naked skin of the bill extends back to the eyes. Only two species—with a European form attributed to Greenland—are found in North America. One of these, the common swan, covers the whole country, while the slightly larger trumpeter swan is found chiefly in the West. The swans constitute a sub-family of the *Anatidæ*, and are known to ornithologists as the *Cygninæ*.

Less in size than the swans and in form intermediate between them and the ducks are the geese. They have necks much longer than the ducks, yet not so long as the swans. Like the swans, they feed by stretching down their necks through the water and tearing up vegetable food from the bottom. Geese and swans do not dive, except to escape the pursuit of enemies. Most geese are found within the limits of the United States only in autumn or winter, and breed far to the north, although up to the time of the settlement of the western country the Canada goose commonly nested on the prairies and along the Missouri River, sometimes building its nest in trees; that is to say, on the tops of broken cottonwood stubs, standing 30 or 40 feet above the ground. The settling up of the country has, for the most part, deprived these birds of their summer home, and it may be questioned whether they now breed regularly anywhere within the United States, except in the Yellowstone Park, where protection is afforded them.

With the geese are to be included the tree ducks, a group connecting the sub-families of the geese and the

ducks, and known by naturalists as *Dendrocygnæ*. They are found only on the southern borders of the United States, and thus will but seldom come under the notice of North American sportsmen. They are really duck-like, tree-inhabiting geese. There are several species, occurring chiefly in the tropics.

The true ducks are divided into three groups, known as *Anatina*, or shoal-water ducks; *Fuliginæ*, or sea ducks, and *Merginæ*, fish ducks, or mergansers. These three groups are natural ones, although the birds belonging to them are constantly associated together during the migrations, and often live similar lives. No one of the three is confined either to sea coast or interior, but all are spread out over the whole breadth of the continent. In summer the great majority of the birds of each group migrate to the further north, there to raise their young, while others still breed sparingly within the United States, where formerly they did so in great numbers.

As is indicated by one of their English names, the fresh-water ducks prefer fresh and shallow water, and must have this last because they do not dive for their food, but feed on what they can pick up from the bottoms and margins of the rivers and pools which they frequent. The sea ducks, on the other hand, are expert divers, many of them feeding in water from 15 to 30 feet deep. The food of the mergansers is assumed to consist largely of small fish, which they capture by pursuing them under the water. They are expert divers.

The food of the fresh-water ducks is chiefly vegetable, consisting of seeds, grasses and roots, which they gather from the water. That of the sea ducks is largely animal, and often consists exclusively of shellfish, which they bring up from the bottom. Yet with regard to the food of the two groups, there is no invariable rule, and many of the sea ducks live largely on vegetable matter, while the fresh-water ducks do not disdain any animal matter which may come in their way. Both groups, with some possible exceptions, are fond of grain, which they eat greedily when it is accessible. The far-famed canvasback derives its delicious flavor from the vegetable food which it finds in the deep, fresh or brackish waters of lakes, slow-flowing streams and estuaries, while the widgeon, which is one of the typical fresh-water ducks and is equally toothsome, feeds only in shoal water.

The flavor of any duck's flesh depends entirely on its food, and a bird of whatever kind which is killed after living for a month or two in a region where proper vegetable food is to be found will prove delicious eating, whether it be canvasback, redhead, widgeon, black duck or broadbill. On the other hand, a black duck, redhead, broadbill or canvasback, which had spent a month or two in the salt water, where its food had been chiefly shell fish, will be found to have a strong flavor of fish. Thus the fine feathers of a canvasback are not necessarily a guarantee that the bird wearing them possesses the table qualities that have made the species famous.

Hybrids between different species of the fresh-water ducks occur quite frequently, and many perfectly authentic examples of this have been examined by competent authority, although in many instances a supposed hybrid is nothing more than some species with which the gunner is unfamiliar. In his great work, "The Birds of North America," Audubon figured a hybrid under the name Brewer's duck. Hybrids between the mallard and the muscovy, the black duck and the pintail are not uncommon. One of the latter, which I still possess, I killed in Wyoming, and I have killed several black duck-mallard hybrids in North Carolina. Besides these, ducks have been killed which appear to resemble a cross between mallard and gadwal, between teal and pintail, and even between wood duck and redhead. On the other hand, some years ago, when my gunner picked up a male English widgeon which I had killed, he suggested that it was a hybrid between a redhead and a widgeon.

It is to be noted that the hybrids supposed to be a cross between the black duck and mallard, while possessing the general appearance of the black duck, appear to exceed either parent in size, and that the males often possess the curved tail feather of the male mallard.

Ducks and geese are to a great extent nocturnal in their habits. Many, if not all of them, migrate by night, and in localities where they are greatly disturbed on their feeding grounds they are likely to pass the hours of day in the open water far from the shore and not to visit their feeding grounds until evening or even dark night. In many places along the New England coast it is the practice during cloudy nights, when the moon is large, to visit the hills in the line of flight to shoot at the ducks and geese which fly over from their daily resting place on the salt water to their nightly feeding ground in ponds, rivers and shallow bays, or before daylight in the morning, to resort to the same places, in the hope of getting a shot at the birds as they fly back toward the sea.

During moonlight nights the birds frequently feed at intervals all night long, and in many places advantage is taken of this habit to shoot them either by moonlight or by fire lighting.

Ducks are found all over the world, and appear equally at home in the tropics and on the borders of the Arctic ice. There are about 200 known species, of which not far from sixty are found in North America. Their economic importance is due not merely to the fact that they occur in such numbers as to furnish a great deal of food for man, but also because of the feathers and down which they produce. To the inhabitants of many regions they furnish clothing, in part, as well as food. In some parts of the world, whole communities are largely dependent for their living on the products of these birds, subsisting for portions of the year entirely on their flesh and eggs, and deriving a large part of their revenue from the sale of feathers and down. Many examples might be cited of northern latitudes where the gathering of eggs, birds or feathers forms at certain seasons of the year the principal industry of the people.

A familiar species, whose economic importance to dwellers in high latitudes can hardly be overestimated, is the well-known eider duck. This bird is occasionally shot on the Long Island coast in winter, and is then a common visitor to northern New England. Its slightly differing forms breed on the sea coasts of the northern parts of the world, and are very abundant in the Arctic regions.

In Greenland, Iceland and Norway the breeding grounds of the eider duck are protected by laws which have the

universal support of the inhabitants. Indeed, these breeding grounds are handed down from father to son as property of great value. Every effort is made to foster and encourage the birds. Sometimes cattle are removed from islands where they have been ranging in order that the ducks may breed there undisturbed, and a careful watch is kept against depredations by dogs and foxes. According to Dr. Stejneger: "The inhabitants [of parts of Norway] take great care of the breeding birds, which often enter their houses to find suitable nesting places, and cases are authenticated in which the poor fisherman vacated his bed in order not to disturb the female eider which had selected it as a quiet corner wherein to raise her young. In another instance the cooking of a family had to be done in a temporary kitchen, as a fanciful bird had taken up her abode on the fireplace."

On many of the breeding grounds in Iceland and Norway the birds are so tame as to pay little attention to the approach of strangers. Often the nests occur in such numbers that it is difficult to walk among them without stepping on them. On the little island of Vidoe, near Reikjavik, almost all the hollows among the rocks with which the ground is strewn are occupied by nests of the birds. Here, too, they occupy burrows especially prepared for them, as with the sheldrakes in Sylt.

In "Baird, Brewer and Ridgway's North American Birds," Dr. T. M. Brewer quotes Mr. C. W. Shepard, who, in a sketch of his travels in northern Iceland, gives the following account of the tameness and breeding there of the eider:

"The islands of Vigri and Oedey are their headquarters in the northwest of Iceland. In these they live in undisturbed tranquillity. They have become almost domesticated, and are found in vast multitudes, as the young remain and breed in the place of their birth. As the island (Vigri) was approached we could see flocks upon flocks of the sacred birds, and could hear their cooing at a great distance. We landed on a rocky, wave-shorn shore. It was the most wonderful ornithological sight conceivable. The ducks and their nests were everywhere. Great brown ducks sat upon their nests in masses, and at every step started from under our feet. It was with difficulty that we avoided treading on some of the nests. On the coast of the opposite shore was a wall built of large stones, just above the high-water level, about 3 feet in height and of considerable thickness. At the bottom, on both sides of it, alternate stones had been left out, so as to form a series of square compartments for the ducks to nest in. Almost every compartment was occupied, and as we walked along the shore a long line of ducks flew out, one after the other. The surface of the water also was perfectly white with drakes, who welcomed their brown wives with loud and clamorous cooing. The house itself was a marvel. The earthen walls that surrounded it and the window embrasures were occupied by ducks. On the ground the house was fringed with ducks. On the turf slopes of its roof we could see ducks, and a duck sat on the door scraper. The grassy banks had been cut into square patches, about 18 inches having been removed, and each hollow had been filled with ducks. A windmill was infested, and so were all the outhouses, mounds, rocks and crevices. The ducks were everywhere. Many were so tame that we could stroke them on their nests; and the good lady told us that there was scarcely a duck on the island that would not allow her to take its eggs without flight or fear. Our hostess told us that when she first became possessor of the island the produce of down from the ducks was not more than 15 pounds in a year; but that under her careful nurture of twenty years it had risen to nearly 100 pounds annually. Most of the eggs are taken and pickled for winter consumption, one or two only being left in each nest to hatch."

Although breeding in great numbers on the coast of Labrador and in other Canadian waters, the eider duck is practically not protected there, and indeed is scarcely made use of commercially in America. We have not yet advanced sufficiently to take advantage of our opportunities.

Dr. Leonard Stejneger, in the "Standard Natural History," writing of the European sheldrake (*Tadorna*)—which must not be confounded with any of the birds (*Mergus*) which we of the United States call sheldrakes—almost parallels Mr. Shepard's account, but on a smaller scale. He says: "The inhabitants on several of the small sandy islands off the western coast of Jutland—notably, the Island of Sylt—have made the whole colony of sheldrakes breeding there a source of considerable income by judiciously taxing the birds for eggs and down, supplying them in return with burrows of easy access and protecting them against all kinds of injury. The construction of such a duck burrow is described by Johann Friedrich Naumann, who says that all the digging, with the exception of the entrance tunnel, is made from above. On top of small, rounded hills, covered with grass, the breeding chambers are first dug out to a uniform depth of 2 or 3 feet. These are then connected by horizontal tunnels and finally with the common entrance. Each breeding chamber is closed above with a tightly fitting piece of sod, which can be lifted up like a lid when the nest is to be examined and plundered. Such a complex burrow may contain from ten to twenty nest chambers, but in the latter case there are usually two entrances. The birds, which, on account of the protection extended to them through ages, are quite tame, take very eagerly to the burrows. As soon as the female has laid six eggs the egg-laying commences, and every one above that number is taken away, a single bird often laying twenty or thirty eggs in a season. The birds are so tame that, when the lid is opened, the female still sits on the nest, not walking off into the next room until touched by the egg-gatherer's hand. When no more fresh eggs are found in the nest, the down composing the latter is also collected, being in quality nearly equal to eider down."

The importance of the wild fowl to the natives of northern climes has been indicated, and it is well known that in the United States the killing of these birds on their migrations and during their winter residence is a matter of some commercial moment, giving employment to many men and requiring the investment of not a little capital. Years ago, when the birds were far more numerous than now, isolated posts of the Hudson Bay Company in Canada depended for support during a part of the year

on the geese that they killed during the migrations and dried or smoked. Gunning for the market occupies many men during the winter, and the occasional great rewards received for a day's work in the blind or the battery lead many to make a serious business of it, though it is quite certain that, taking the season through, the work will not pay ordinary day's wages to the man who guns. Nevertheless, we knew of a gunner who in January, 1900, killed \$130 worth of birds in a day, and of another who in February, 1899, killed \$206 worth in one day. It must be remembered that this gunning is going on during the whole winter all over the South every day except Sunday. The number of birds killed must be very great and must far exceed those hatched and reared each year.

Moose Hunting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The season is fast approaching which brings to mind sweet recollections of past vacations in the wilderness, spent in pleasant company, during the most beautiful time of the year. It also rekindles in the heart of him who is a lover of rod and rifle that irresistible desire to go back to lake and river, mountain and valley, buckboard and tote road, tent and camp-fire. The nearest thing to the actual enjoyment of a hunting or fishing trip that the city man can get is the pleasure of reading the experiences of other sportsmen in *FOREST AND STREAM*. Though some of them are highly colored, they are, nevertheless, very interesting. Some are more than interesting—they are surprising, as is the one entitled "Mr. Mulate's Big Moose," *FOREST AND STREAM*, Nov. 4, 1899. I quote this from it: "Your correspondent knows of a resident of New York city who has just returned from Canada with the heads of three large bulls," etc. In what part of Canada, I would like to know, can any one legally kill or have in possession at one time three bull moose?

Mr. Noah Palmer's article on "Moose Calling" in the number for Jan. 27, 1900, was very interesting to me, particularly as his experience accords with my own regarding the abilities of guides in "calling" moose. My experience, extending over a period of nearly twenty years, leads me to believe that there is not one guide in fifty who can "call" moose, and I have studied the art for many years, and have "called" many moose; still, I am sure there is much for me to learn. My studies have been made with Indian hunters of the largest experience, and much has been learned by listening to the vocal pyrotechnics of the moose ladies themselves, and sometimes at close quarters. I cannot help believing that the number of moose killed by calling is very small, and that there is little danger of their extermination from the practice.

Regarding the propriety of "calling" moose, I cannot agree with Mr. Alden Sampson, *FOREST AND STREAM*, Jan. 20, 1900. "Calling" is just as sportsmanlike as "sneaking" upon them, which any one can do when the conditions are favorable on the snow. To "call" successfully, the hunter must have patience, be willing to suffer loss of sleep, cold and discomfort; he must be able to so control his nervous system that he can defy "buck fever" when a moose is approaching. To call successfully, the hunter needs a musical ear, and a musical memory, and even then it is difficult to remember and reproduce the call and whining of the female moose. Many men can make sounds that will elicit an answer from a bull under certain conditions, but it requires skill and experience in the art to make him come into the open, or into the water. There are times when moose, like other animals, will come, apparently through curiosity, to almost any sound. I have known a moose to come to the sound of the axe while my guide was felling a tree. Caribou are inquisitive, and will come to investigate a noise, just as deer will sometimes return after being unsuccessfully shot at to see what it was that frightened them.

If moose calling be practiced at night, a moonlit one and absence of wind are essential. It is almost useless to shoot at these animals, however close you may be to them, on a dark night, and if there be any wind they are almost sure to get one's scent and run away. Moose do not always come "straight as an arrow" to the "call." They will sometimes mistake the direction from which the sound comes, as did one which I called on Oct. 11, 1896, on a bog in Maine.

A few minutes before 6 o'clock that evening, in company with my guide, the ground was reached where we intended to camp until morning, but as it was so calm and still, and we had yet a little daylight, the guide prevailed upon me to call. An answer came before I had time to remove the horn from my lips. The moose, accompanied by a cow, which tried to stop him by whining and a short call, came to the head of the bog and passed down behind the bushes almost to the lower end of it, about half a mile, grunting as he went.

When I found that he had mistaken my position, I wanted to call again, but the Indian said, "No; he find us; he find us." It was rapidly growing dark, and at last the moose stopped grunting. I called again. He answered and came back toward us, but it was so dark when he reached the base of the knoll upon which we had taken our position that we could not see him. He and the cow could be heard tramping around near us, and breaking sticks for some time afterward, then wind and rain came and they moved away, apparently without scenting us.

It is rather remarkable how moose sometimes act when shot at in the night time. Ten years ago I shot a very large bull on a clear moonlight night; he was standing 80 yards away in a shallow lake facing me. Two bullets from a .45-70 Winchester rifle were placed in his chest, and he came straight for the canoe, but dropped 30 yards from it.

Three years ago I called a moose for a friend. The animal came to a stand about 15 to 20 yards from us on the edge of a lake; he was looking toward us as we approached in a canoe. At the first shot he made three leaps straight for the canoe, and one more leap, it seemed, would have landed him on top of us, but he suddenly changed his direction, went by the canoe, and came to a full stop in the water a few yards to the right of us. With his broad side in view, one shot from a .30-40 Winchester dropped him immediately, but he was almost as quickly

on his feet again, when a second "put him out." Why the two moose should have come straight toward the canoe I cannot explain, except that becoming rattled they simply jumped in the direction in which they were headed. I don't think it was for the purpose of attacking the canoe.

Much has been written in your journal about the relative merits of the various rifles used in moose hunting. It seems to me that the man behind the gun is a greater factor in determining success or failure than the weapon used.

Almost any of the ordinary calibers are good enough for moose if steadily aimed at the right part of the animal. The .30-40, .40-65, .45-70, .38-56 are all good enough for the distance within which game animals are usually shot—viz., 150 yards. I prefer the .30-40.

Now about the reports and advertisements from the big-game regions. Why do not the reporters from these places tell us about a few of the unsuccessful parties who have hunted there? I hunted nearly six weeks in New Brunswick last fall and saw only one fair head in all that time, and saw the tracks of only two large moose. I went into the Province again on snow in December, and found an abundance of small tracks, and this in a region that has a reputation for moose. I met the late S. L. Crosby, of Bangor, returning from the left-hand branch of the Tobique last fall; he told me he had seen twelve moose on his trip, only one of them a bull, which he shot, and it had a very good head. Last year I saw three heads on a train coming from New Brunswick. One of them had a fair set of antlers and the other two were the heads of young moose, having two to four points on a side, but they were all reported as fine heads (to *FOREST AND STREAM*, I think).

In New Brunswick one misses the deer. At the rate caribou are being killed there, it probably won't be long before a close time will have to be called upon them. New Brunswick has shortened the season for moose and caribou. The season now opens on Sept. 15 instead of Sept. 1, and the license fee, which was \$20, is now \$30. This looks as if the Provincial authorities believe that the game is disappearing too rapidly and too cheaply.

I have met more hunting parties on my trips to the Province than on similar trips in Maine. I have hunted in the Miramichi, Tobique and the Canaan River regions of New Brunswick, and very extensively in the best regions for game in Maine, where I secured some fine moose heads. I should reply if questioned about the game countries as follows: Maine and New Brunswick are about equal for moose, mostly cows and calves. Deer are wonderfully abundant in Maine, and only fairly plentiful in parts of New Brunswick. Caribou seem plentiful in some parts of New Brunswick. Some ten years ago I hunted in Nova Scotia, and moose were more abundant there than in any country I had ever visited, and from what I hear about the Province I am inclined to think they are still plentiful there.

I think the game interests of Maine and New Brunswick are being more efficiently guarded than ever before, and still there are men who, when an opportunity offers, kill more moose and caribou than the laws allow—in other words, take what does not belong to them and therefore must belong to some one else, or to the State, for the State inflicts the punishment. I am wondering whether larceny would be too hard a name to apply to this offense. The railroad, the pulp mill and the forest fire are fast robbing the north woods of their beauty and attractiveness, and the time is coming when something will have to be done to save the woods, in order to preserve the water sheds, for 'tis well known that cutting away the timber causes the streams to dry up. Sportsmen should do all they can to prevent forest fires, while they are powerless to help in other ways.

CAMPER OUT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Opening of the Shooting Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 1.—To-day is opening day for the West. All the city is on foot, on horseback, or on wheels, and is moving out into the fields and marshes. Not for a half-dozen years has the outpour of city shooters been so great as it is this week, and not for very many years have the prospects been so good that those who go out will get something to show for their pains. It may be stated with every confidence that this is a good game year, not only for Illinois, but for the entire Northwest. It is something of a surprise to discover that, in this time of threatened extinction of the prairie chicken, the latter bird is by no means a thing of the past tense, but is strictly within the plans of the shooters of to-day. So far from the chicken being exterminated, even in Illinois, it is more abundant this fall than it has been since the first year following the three years close season we once had in this State. With changed habits, and shorn of many of its erstwhile lovable characteristics, it is true, yet none the less as big and brown and comely as ever, this old-time Illinois product is to be found in numbers enough to entitle it to a front rank position in the possibilities of the week current. By the middle of the month there may not be so many birds, and they will know more than they do to-day, but to-morrow, and for the next week or so, there will be many a man who will get good chicken shooting, and get it without going to Dakota or Minnesota.

Reports continue to point to La Salle and De Kalb counties as the best chicken grounds for this State, though, of course, this by no means covers the situation for so large a bit of country as the big State of Illinois. The southern half of the State, naturally a better breeding ground and at least shot no harder than the northern end, has perhaps a better stock than the average of the upper part of the State, but in that lower country it is practically all corn, and the shooting must be expected to be mostly an evening hour along the edges of the corn and stubble. At least so advises me my friend, Warren Powel, who says he can show me some chickens, but only a half-hour before dark each day. In mid-day the birds "hole up" in the wide cornfields, and are almost impossible to work to any advantage to the dog.

I hear there are some chickens out at Waterman, west of Chicago, a local warden saying that he knows of eight

coveys there upon which he can put his hand without any trouble as soon as it becomes legal to do so. This tip is to be used by two or three shooters, who will probably go out there to-night. Others are going to De Kalb county, among these Oswald von Lengerke, who will try it at Minooka first to see what validity there is in a strong tip he has from that town, where a local shooter advises him he is sure of sport this week. At this point last fall one shooter killed 200 prairie chickens in thirty days to his own gun, which is extraordinarily good for this State in these days. He said he never had any trouble in getting a dozen birds a day, not hunting very hard at that, and he thinks there are more birds there now than there were last year.

Lee county has a lot of birds this fall, but that is a hard place to break into, the farmers having a number of associations for the prevention of outside hunters coming in on their grounds. It was in this county that the old Rising Sun Game Park was formed, of which I wrote some years ago, at which time a friend, and myself had very nice shooting near Ashton, in Lee county. The big grouse have always hung around those old-time feeding and breeding grounds, and without doubt many of the boys at Ashton, Lee Center, Amboy and other local points, to say nothing of the few Chicago shooters who have the entree there, will get a grand bit of sport there.

Ducks.

The chickens will not be the only birds to occupy the attention of the men who are starting out this week-end, for September also opens the duck season for the Northwest. It is pleasant to be able to say that this year is a good wet one on the old-time Horicon Marsh, and the club men who have fought the bitter fight for those preserves will have a substantial reward this fall, if they can keep the bandits at arm's length. There is a nice stage of water, and water is all that was ever needed there to assure good sport. A few of the Chicago contingent are going up to Horicon to-day, though others think it still too warm for a duck shoot, and will wait until a cooler time comes. The bulk of the Northern flight will not come down for thirty, forty or sixty days, of course, and any shooting on the Wisconsin marshes in September is on local birds.

It used to be the case that we could get some fun along the good old Kankakee on Sept. 1, on the wood ducks and teal which breed there. I have recorded bags of two or three dozen birds to the gun on the Kankakee on opening day, within the last five years, and this all served to keep up the reputation of the stream, though the shooting rarely lasted for more than a week on these local-bred birds. This fall, I am sorry to say, the crop of local teal or wood ducks does not seem to amount to much. There may still be a few plover hanging around. After a while there will be a few jacksnipe, but not very many in any likelihood, and perhaps in October a scant and hurried flight of Northern ducks, but the ruining of the Kankakee progresses so steadily that it is hardly fair to tout that region as a burning success any more, or at least not for this particular fall.

Quail.

One thing is sure beyond the remotest peradventure, and that is that we are going to have more quail this fall in Illinois and Indiana than we ever had, or at least more than is remembered by any of our shooters. Ducks will be a poor or a patchy crop. Chickens will be a better crop than the average by a long way. The quail crop will break the records. This bird seems to be the salvation for our Western sport. There is no finer sport on earth than Bob White affords, so that our local men may feel quite happy at the prospect of the season.

Extraordinary News from Northwestern Game Fields.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 31.—This entire city is up and moving away. The streets are crowded with hunters, and many a wagon goes by with a dog tied to the tail gate and a portable boat in the wagon bed or trundling on a truck behind. It is said that the exodus of chicken shooters and duck shooters was never so great as it is to-day. It is a pleasure to be directly upon the spot at the opening of the season, when the opening really means something by way of game. The men here are very businesslike in their outfit, and there are a hundred perfectly lovely dogs to be seen about the stores, the streets and the depots. (I have counted sixty-five bird dogs in this town at odd moments to-day, some of them very likely lookers.) Roger Kennedy bought him a new dog by mail this week, and got him this morning by express. He was in luck, for the dog is a beauty, with as handsome a marking and as good a set of running gear as I have seen for a long time. He has a head big as a tin kettle, but he isn't meant for the bench, and I prophesy he is a bird dog, without ever having seen him work. You can pretty nearly tell whether a dog has sense by the way he acts.

Local gun stores say there will be from 200 to 500 shooters leave this city to-night on the way to the chicken fields, among these a few Eastern parties, one from Massachusetts, who have gone, and left no names behind them. The counters of the gun stores are crowded by all sorts of men and all sorts of dogs, and all in all, this is the loveliest shooting spectacle I have seen for many a day in the old Northwest, toward which the thoughts of our upland shooters turn so instinctively these days.

Lots of Birds.

There are lots of birds, thousands of birds, birds almost everywhere. This is what every shooter you meet here tells you to-day. This statement applies for Minnesota, North and South Dakota. There has not been for ten years so grand a crop of birds, and perhaps not for twenty years have so many young birds been produced in proportion to the breeding stock left over. The conditions have been simply perfect, not only for breeding, but for the shooting, now that the shooting season is here. At first the weather was phenomenally dry, hence just right for the domestic plans of the grouse. Then there was a dry summer, though not too dry for good feed. Lastly, within the past thirty days, there have been copious rains over much of the Northwest, so that it is sure the dogs will be able to run without any trouble. The heart of the chicken shooter has much license to be glad.

Chickens Raise Two Broods.

Of course, we all know that the quail will very often rear two broods in one season, though usually this occurs far to the south of this latitude. It is not of common knowledge, however, that the prairie chicken ever raises a double brood in the same year. Indeed, in all my life time of acquaintance with this bird, I never heard it even mentioned that it ever did such a thing. M. F. Kennedy, of St. Paul, tells me that he once knew it to happen, more than a dozen years ago, but never but that once. This year, the "double clutch" is again not only a possibility, but an actual fact. The report comes in from different localities, notably from the neighborhood of Bird Island, where it is proved beyond a peradventure. What this means for the current and the future chicken crop of the State may easily be figured. I do not hear that the birds bred twice in Dakota, but there is as much reason to suppose it there as here, subject to exceptional local conditions. This does not mean the not extraordinary instance of a second laying after the first nest has been destroyed by accident, but the successful rearing of two full broods of young. In very many instances double coveys have been seen this summer, the young birds of two sizes, but all under care of one hen. The old bird seems to keep the two coveys under charge, the same as she does one. The first brood at this time may be very likely almost full grown.

What to Use.

A writer in the current issue of a New York magazine states that in the month of September $2\frac{3}{4}$ drams of powder and a load of No. 8 shot is about the right thing for prairie chickens (perhaps for a 16-gauge). I remember that two years ago in the Red River Valley of Minnesota I was out on Sept. 1 with some gentlemen who found it difficult to stop the wilder birds with No. 6, and one shooter was using 5's. Fred Merrill, with whom and his brother, Dick, I shot at Stuart, Minn., a few years ago, used No. 4, and excused this rather unusual choice of a load by saying that he did not like them to get up and go away out of range. It is not necessary to state that no shooters now use so light a load as that mentioned, which is below the proper quail load for anything but a 16-gauge. The average gun used by the shooters of this country is the 12-gauge, and the load is ordinarily No. 7 at this date, with 3 drams or more of stiff nitro. These big birds are getting fast and strong very rapidly. They cannot be handled now as they could in July and August. It is wonderful how quickly they get educated after the full forces of the shooters.

Points.

There are different points which seem to be commonly accepted as good ones for chickens this fall. Minnesota men, of course, patronize home chickens a little bit more than they would were there no gun license in North Dakota. Crookston, Minn.; Hallock, Minn.; Litchfield, Minn.; Bird Island, Minn.; Windham, Minn.; Heron Lake, Minn.; Avoca, Minn., are all points which are spoken of very well to-day by those with whom I have been talking. South Dakota is alive with birds this fall, they say. Webster or Preston will be good to remember there, or almost any place well out on the new line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. New roads mean good shooting for a year or so.

Out here, upon the edge of the actual shooting grounds, we are in closer touch with the shooting game than in Chicago, but by this time to-morrow there will be a good lot of Chicago men through here on their way out for a share of the fun in what is no doubt to be the best season known in the Northwest for many a long year.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Maine Guides.

BOSTON, Sept. 3.—The celebrated Snowman case is to be tried again at the September term of the Supreme Court at Farmington, Me. It will be remembered that Elmer Snowman, of Rangeley, one of the older and best known guides of that region, believing that the guide law of that State infringes upon his constitutional rights as a citizen, has declined to take out the requisite license; that he has once or twice been prosecuted and brought before the courts for guiding without a license, and been beaten and fined by the lower courts. Last year his case was carried up on the question of constitutionality of the guide license law. The Law Court, after retaining its decision for many months, decided that the law is constitutional, but sustained exceptions preferred by Snowman's counsel. These exceptions related chiefly to the judge's charge to the jury, and their being sustained gives Snowman a chance for a new trial. Snowman is an unmarried man, with no one to look out for but himself, and hence his brother guides look upon him as just the one to carry their case through the courts. How well they love the guide law is shown in the fact that almost the entire cost of Snowman's defense and carrying the case up to the full bench has been paid out of a fund contributed by the guides themselves. The cost of the coming new trial will also be paid by them. The guides all over the State are deeply interested. In a newspaper interview Snowman is reported to have stated that there is still \$250 at Moosehead, contributed by his brother guides, that has not yet been touched. The feeling is so intense at Rangeley that it has been carried even into the school question, and the teacher of the high school has been ousted because he was favorable to the side of the Fish and Game Commissioners and the local game warden. The guides are reported to have turned out in a body for the purpose of defeating the warden faction, at a recent town meeting. A well-known Rangeley guide said to me the other day, "I wonder that Commissioner Carleton has so little tact and is so stubborn concerning the guide license law. He makes enemies of the guides in that way, where they should be his friends. The guide law, as I understand it, amounts to little or nothing to the State. Though the Commission taxes every mother's son of us \$1 a year, the License Bureau, that has had to be established at the State House, has cost for clerk hire, etc., about all the license fees have come to. If he had given us some

sort of a law that would have helped us, a law whereby we could have entered into some sort of a competition as to our ability, and then have rewarded the best and most experienced of us with a State license and a badge, we would have gladly paid even \$5 for the same. But, as it is, any boy who can row a boat, and some who can't, can get a license, and is just as good as the best and most experienced of us under the law. I have a case in mind now where last year the brother of a gentleman in Boston took out a license, just to evade the law requiring that non-resident sportsmen hunting in Maine must be in charge of a registered guide. The brother is a Maine lumberman, and did not even accompany the hunting party of his brother, only to show them where to camp, going back to his mill at once."

The case mentioned by the guide above is not the only one. I know of a Boston party fitting out to hunt deer in Maine, and they don't intend to employ a guide at \$2.50 per day. The brother of one of the party lives in Maine. He has already taken out a guide's license, although he has not yet guided a single day. He will accompany his brother's party on their hunting trip.

Sept. 1 opens the season in Maine, when sportsmen may lawfully take a single deer for camp purposes, by taking out a \$6 license. But the deer may not be transported from the State. Still, "the antlers will be left to be transported later." A Bangor report says that this is the second year of the September license law, and by the Commissioners it is regarded as a success; since no more deer are killed than before the law's passage, the State receives something for its game. Last year nearly 3,000 licenses were issued, for which it is estimated that about \$16,000 was received by the State, while not more than one man in four killed a deer. This law applies to the counties of Oxford, Franklin, Somerset, Piscataquis, Penobscot, Aroostook, Hancock and Washington.

SPECIAL.

Meadow Hens Plentiful.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., Sept. 3.—The meadow hen shooting has never been better than it has been since the open season began on Aug. 16. The birds are found on the flats along the edge of the meadows and around the salt ponds. They are easily shot and a good bag may be obtained in a few hours.

Sea and River Fishing.

The Rise of Don Antonio.

HE was a very superior person, this Don Antonio Oromo, and interest in him was accentuated by certain legendary wraiths, possibly of the imagination, that drifted in and out and were common talk about the gayly decorated boat stands of Santa Catalina. Don Antonio certainly never claimed to be a descendant of Montezuma, or that his ancestor was a great captain of Viscaino's fleet, which visited the island in 1602; in fact, nothing could be traced to him except a statement that his grandfather once owned the island and traded the property, now worth millions, for a white horse; why white no one knew. I had fished with him as the guest of a friend on divers occasions, and the only words he uttered were, "Si, señor," in a mellifluous voice in response to the stern demand for more chum when, possibly, he had fallen asleep. Yet despite this, Don Antonio had "an ancestral reputation," which a certain manner, suggestive of romance, lent color to. No one had ever heard of him as a boatman or fisherman; indeed, a Mexican rival in the gaffing line, of no particular ancestry, laughed loud and long when he learned that Tony was going to row during the tournament season.

"What, him!" said Nicola. "He never see a gaff in his life. He fish? Why, he don't know a tuna from a skipjack. He mak' me tired, he do, there's a fac'. Tony rowin'? Eh! who say he's a don? He better be up Middle Ranch grubbin' cactus; there's wha' he b'long."

Don Antonio must have heard these and other criticisms, but he said nothing, and whether deep down in his Aztec heart he was determining to give back these taunts, blow for blow, no one could tell; but the fact remains that he was another example of what opportunity will do for latent genius. He was born to fame, and at the end of the season, not long after the mid-summer solstice, still silent and imperturbable, he stood, a prominent figure in one of the greatest feats in the world of angling, overshadowing and silencing all his critics among the boatmen, gaffers and chummers of the island.

It came about as follows: The tuna season at the island closes for some mysterious reason on or about Aug. 1, though specimens have been reluctantly caught in the middle of that month, and their high and lofty tumbling may be witnessed far into the fall. The ending of this season of muscular conclusions with the greatest of game fishes finds a small army of expert anglers, who delight in the excitement of this big game, with summer but partly gone and the tuna retired from the field, its season being May, June and July. It is now that the resources of nature, so far as they relate to big game at the southern California islands, become apparent, and instead of putting away the split bamboo and green-heart rods and big tuna reels, the angler, who perhaps wears the blue button of the Tuna Club, turns to the black sea bass, that giant of the tribe, that is peculiar to the Kurisiwo, where it flows by the kelp-lined shores of southern California. A fierce war has always waged in the vale of Avalon, where it opens into the summer sea, over the respective qualities of this bass ponderous enough to be the Atlas of the fishes and

"Sustain the spacious heavens"

of the sea.

A few choice spirits, doughty knights of the rod—and I will not gainsay their skill and prowess—bear the standard of this fish on their escutcheons and claim that it is the hardest fighting game of these waters, the superior of the tuna or any of the great conquistadores

of the angling arena. In the Tuna Club they have their black sea bass cups on which their winning names and the ponderous weights of their catches are engraved; their linked gold badges, worn proudly at annual banquets, and like all minorities, they claim the world as theirs. As each season larger fishes in both classes—tuna and black sea bass—are caught, the tension becomes more acute. The boatmen side with their employers, and so by virtue of his patron, perhaps Don Antonio became an advocate of the big bass and in his way fought its battles with the tuna gaffers, and bore their gibes and scorn with easy philosophy. "*Los países del sol dilatan el alma*," he once retorted to his disputant, whereby Don Antonio implied that those born in this land of the sundown sea, as Joaquin Miller has it, have so much expansion of the soul that such things do not worry them; and so he met the knights of the tuna, held his peace, and blew the blue smoke of his cigarettes out over the vermilion-tinted waters of Avalon.

If one were to take a small-mouth black bass, build it up until it was 6 feet long and stuff it until it weighed anywhere from 200 to 500 pounds, some conception of the appearance of the black sea bass (*Stereolepis gigas*) of Santa Catalina and southern California in general might be formed. It is a perfect bass in form and feature. Its eyes are blue; its upper surface tinted old mahogany, and its under surface gray—a mighty creature of solemn mien.

"Deep in a cavern dwells the drowsy god
Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising sun,
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome noon:
But lazy vapors round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky."

Ovid might well have had the great bass in mind when descanting upon the home of the god of sleep, as while the tuna frequents the high sea, now blazing its way into the sunlight, the black sea bass lives in the canopied forests of kelp, whose long green leaves form caves and retreats of fantastic shape ever changing with the current, that sweeps along the rocky coast in whimsical and erratic measure.

It has been my fortune to take many of these fishes weighing from 100 to 347 pounds with a small hand line, to have lost many with the rod, and once to have been fairly beaten in a short rod trial of twenty-two minutes. Taking the fish on the hand line (though I would not be understood as commending it) is not without its excitement, as my capture of a 247-pound specimen off the rocks may illustrate. We rowed around the south end of the island, passing the long Pebble Beach, by the sea lion rookery, whose inmates stared at us lazily, roaring and barking hoarsely by the Sphinx's head that gazes eternally into the west, where

"Tempestuous Corus rears his dreadful head,"

then turned to the northwest and over the long ground swells, moved up the island to the restless kelp beds—the home of the bass. The shore here is precipitous and wild; beaten by the winds of centuries, and colored with all the tints that mark the sunsets of this isle of summer. There is no shore line in rough weather; the pitiless sea piles in, buffeting the very base of lofty mountains, and is tossed high in the air in white flocculent masses amid the booming and crash of contact with seen and unseen rocks.

Directly back of Avalon, a half-mile off shore, in 60 or 70 feet of water, lies a vast submarine forest of kelp for which the bass invariably make when hooked inshore. Within 100 feet of the surf is another kelp bed, whose leaves lie along the surface and repel the waves—the feeding and spawning ground of the fish. In one of the little bays formed by the kelp, we anchored, hauling aboard one of the great leaves for the purpose, that could be tossed over at short notice. It is a sport in which the angler must at times let patience possess his soul; and I have sat for hours feeling the throbbing line without a strike; but this is the exception.

Our line, baited with a 7-pound whitefish, was tossed over and allowed to sink within 4 feet of the bottom, and with a turn about the rowlock, we waited, fishing sometimes for sheephead with the rod, a gamy creature ranging up to 15 pounds.

So engrossed were we in this sport, taking the big banded fellows as fast as they could be fairly and honestly played, that the object of our trip was all but forgotten. But suddenly the sheephead ceased biting, there was an ominous pause; it was either sharks or bass. I reeled in my line and took the bass line in hand. The current was running to the south, and played upon the line with a gentle musical rhythm. Now a marvelous jellyfish fouled it and was rent asunder, or a mysterious olive-green kelp frond swept along like a living thing, its dim shape faintly outlined against the blue. The ocean was as smooth as glass, the wind gods were resting, and the only break on the clear surface was the fins of yellow-tail, that glistened in the sunlight as they patrolled the kelp, or the fairy sails of the silver and blue velevella as it rose and fell—an idle ship on a windless sea. Suddenly I felt the line tauten, as though the coming flood had increased in intensity. How it thrilled and imparted to the nerves a tingling sensation! Greater and greater came the tension. I dropped the leaf anchor over and paid out a foot, now two, very slowly, now gradually increasing until the line was gliding over the side like a living thing. The boat, that by actual test weighed but 125 pounds, whirled gently around, then having given the unknown 10 feet of line, I stood up and struck home. Down on my knees, almost overboard, I went, jerked by the fierce response, and through my unyielding hands hissed the line, churning and cutting the water, slicing it into great crystal sheets.

I had the coil amidships, and it fairly leaped into the air as the fish made its rush. 20, 50, 100 feet. I seized a coil and braced back. Nearly elbow-deep went my arms in the water; down went the boat, my companion jumping to the bow to offset it, down until the water was dancing at the rail; down until the man in the bow seemed to be up in the air; down so deep that my face was so near the surface that I could hear the mysterious crackling sound against the keel. I was about to give way to this doughty plunger when he turned. I sprang to my feet and took in the line. In a great circle he surged around

the boat, and I gained by desperate hauling, not moving the fish, but pulling the light boat to him, in this way making 30 or 40 feet. Then, without warning, he jerked me to my knees again, and with sturdy lunges strove to take the boat under water, and I was content to give, inch by inch, foot by foot, until he calmed down. The bass was now headed for the off-shore kelp bed, half a mile away, towing the boat so rapidly that the foam rose under the stern in an ominous wave. The secret in this fishing is to fight the game continually, for does the man at the line rest, the bass recovers in an equal ratio and the contest may be kept up until it reaches some retreat off shore and plunges into the kelp, breaking the line. To prevent this I played the bass constantly, hauling when I could and slacking only to prevent foundering; now flat on the bottom, bracing to withstand a desperate rush; now taking in the line, feeling savage blows, never stopping, until fifteen minutes from the time of the strike I saw a gigantic black and silver form coming slowly out of the blue. When the fish saw me it plunged down in a vicious rush, but I turned it up again and by strenuous effort brought it near the stern. The boat was so small and light that my companion lay in the bottom to preserve the equilibrium, and I attempted to gaff the monster, holding the line in my left hand and gaffing it amid a terrific flurry. Once the iron in, it was jerked from my hand eight or ten times, and I nearly followed it overboard. For half an hour I maneuvered, and every time the fish was brought within 5 feet it either plunged down or rushed around in a manner that boded ill for our safety; indeed, twice the boat almost foundered. The wind had sprung up and was now blowing fresh from the north-west, and the sea had picked up in a surprising fashion, adding to the difficulty; but finally the bass was brought alongside and after many efforts a rope was passed through its gills and mouth and lashed. Then we sat back to breathe and eye the rising sea. The boat, instead of rising on the swell, was held down by the fish, and it was evident that a breaker might sink her.

It was impossible to get the fish aboard, and to tow it around Church Rock, where there was a heavy sea, seemed inviting disaster; but we attempted it, and after running the gauntlet of the Sphinx, in an hour's pull, had the fish in smooth water. For five miles we towed it, finally meeting some fishermen, whom we hired to aid us in hauling the fish aboard. The fish almost filled the boat, and I sat on my game while my companion rowed. But we were so low in the water that the least sea would have foundered us, so we engaged the men to convey us in, and finally entered Avalon Bay masters of the situation.

Similar experiences characterized other catches, and induced the belief that the big bass could be caught with a rod. It remained for Major Charles Viele, of the Cavalry, to demonstrate that this could be accomplished. I accompanied him to the same locality one morning, anchoring over a school of fish, undoubtedly, as they bit fast and furious. The steam launch was anchored in shore, and the Major opened the campaign by casting from the small boat alongside. The moment he hooked his fish the boatman pushed off and rowed after the game, adopting the method so successful in tuna fishing. The bass took him 100 yards or so to sea in the first run. In the meantime I had cast from the launch, and hardly had the bait reached the bottom before my reel began what proved a requiem for lost tackle. I was firmly anchored, and the bass took my line and tip; then more line and two tips, and after I had hooked four fish and used up my rods, demonstrating that I could not stop them, I threw over a hand line, and presently landed a bass of 100 pounds; then one of 248 pounds, the latter with the aid of the Major, who, singularly enough, left his fish after two hours' fight and came aboard for lunch and reinforcement. The bass had towed the boat about, giving them a royal battle, and had finally reached kelp and fouled, but it was still on. The line was tautened and the rod lashed to a tin oil can and left floating. Later a grapnel was successfully used to tear away the kelp, and in half an hour the bass was gaffed, and with two other large fish we steamed for port. The Major's bass weighed 227 pounds, while my hand-line catches weighed respectively 100 and 248 pounds. I had timed him at the strike, and he brought his fish to gaff in two hours and thirty-eight minutes.

This was in 1894. Then came the catch of Mr. S. M. Beard, of New York, who took several large fish with rod and reel, and finally that of Mr. F. V. Rider, formerly of New York, now of Pasadena, who in 1898 startled the angling world by landing in fifty-five minutes a bass weighing 327 pounds—a feat accomplished only by a determined and continuous fight. During this time the fish towed the angler several miles, making a series of furious rushes before it was brought in, giving its captor the record of the largest fish ever taken with rod and reel. During the Tuna Club tournament every effort was made to break this record. Col. R. A. Eddy, of San Francisco, an enthusiastic member of the Tuna Club, took five black sea bass weighing respectively 240, 246, 322, 227 and 196 pounds. Mr. F. V. Rider landed three fish weighing 175, 182 and 151 pounds; Dr. Bently three of 150, 184 and 165 pounds; Col. Daniel M. Burns, one fish of 218 pounds, and Mr. George B. Jess, one of 145 pounds. These catches are quoted here as being very remarkable when it is remembered that each was made with a twenty-one-thread linen line, little larger than many anglers use for a 5-pound small-mouth black bass.

During these days Don Antonio was still rowing. I frequently saw him in the afternoon, when the purple shadows were creeping out from the lofty cliffs along shore, near the tuna grounds; or he would be seen riding a heavy swell in the lee of the Sphinx, looking as imperturbable, as he chummed for his patron, as the great face that was bathed in the spray of the restless sea. On such a day I hooked a bass off the kelp beds and lost it, then with the camera photographed a more fortunate angler, Mr. F. V. Rider, whose boat was rushing away with a wave of foam beneath her stern, despite the vigorous efforts of the boatman. Again I hooked a bass that with brilliant burst of speed took 300 feet from the reel and carried the boat on with surprising force. It is always the largest fish that escapes, and this was surely the "record breaker." I could hardly move it, and the line sang and hummed like a lute touched by some mystic

fingers deep in the sea. It was a question of stopping the bass before it reached the kelp bed, half a mile off shore. For twenty minutes I vainly lifted and essayed to reel, each moment the fish nearing the dreaded kelp forest.

The approved and only method of procedure was to raise the rod gradually with both hands, then lower it quickly, reeling as it dropped, but I believe I never swayed this monster far from the even tenor of its way. Exhausted, I handed the rod to a companion; he too failed, and the great fish, now but a memory, dashed into the kelp and so passed out of history, leaving a dangling line alone to tell the story.

It was near the end of the season that Don Antonio crushed his rivals among the boatmen of Avalon. The long days of summer were growing shorter, the cool winds that had made the island an ideal spot for angling were dying down, and day after day the sea lay like a mirror, its surface cut by shoals of innumerable fish. The sea birds were coming down from the north—long, undulating lines of shags passed north and south, clouds of gulls followed the bait catchers, and the west at night became set in autumnal splendors, ineffable tints of gold and red. The delightful fall fishing season was on—September—with two more fishing months to follow. A rain had cleaned the sleeping air; the blue haze on the distant mountains softened the rugged outlines; the chaparral and trees took on deeper tints of green—all telling of the waning summer and the coming of the island winter, the season of flowers.

One morning when great bands of vermilion shot upward from the horizon, cutting deep into the sky, Don Antonio rowed his patron out from this Pacific Vale of Avalon, that in Celtic mythology is a "paradise in the Western seas." The channel was calm, and the rhythm of the tide gave a gentle undulation to the kelp leaves that lay bare, glistening in the rising sun. The tide was low, and all along shore the black beard of kelp brought out the rocks in strong relief. On the points eagles stood pruning their feathers for the day; a school of sea lions were making for their rookery after a circuit of the north shore, and as the boat rounded the point and entered the light green water as fair a sea and smooth, stretched away as one would ever see. Don Antonio dropped his anchor near the beach, half a mile above the rookery in sight of the sea lions that lay basking on the black rocks, arranged his rope to cast off at a moment's notice, placed his oars in position, baited the hook with 3 or 4 pounds of albacore, and while the angler made the cast began the chumming which is supposed to aid and abet the capture of fish in all climes.

The equipment of this black sea bass angler may be of interest. His rod and reel were designed especially for leaping tuna and black sea bass; the silent reel was equipped with heavy patent anti-overrunning brake and leather thumb brake, and held perhaps 1,000 feet of 21-thread linen line. The rod was a split bamboo, 7 feet in length, with long butt and single joint with agate guides. A 6 or 7 foot bronze wire leader was attached to the line, the hook being a Van Vleck pattern—a singular shaped silver hook in favor among tarpon rod experts as rarely coming out.

A light wind sprang up and stirred the air and swung the boat to the east, gently rippling the water. As the moments slipped away the angler leaning back in his chair, with rod across his knees, the line overhauled and between his fingers, as the big reel had no click, glanced over the San Clemente Channel at the long, low island that loomed up in the blue haze. It was not a day of waiting. Presently came an ill-defined tightening of the line; it might have been a drifting kelp leaf, possibly the shifting current; then it slackened, and the angler took his rod in hand, his right clasping the butt, the left caressing the bamboo grip above the reel, as he well knew that the largest of game fishes in the bass tribe are the most delicate biters. There was no mistake here, and Don Antonio dropped his cigarette, threw off the turn of the anchor line and held the buoy in his hand. Now the line was slipping, inch by inch, through the smooth agate guides, and Don Antonio, dropping into Spanish in his excitement, whispered hoarsely, "Ahora, ahora!" But not yet; the bass might have the heavy bait merely between its lips to be jerked out by a too hasty strike. Another foot, until 10 or 12 had gone, then the rod rose in a strong well-directed strike, and the game was on. Stetse-ceese-ceese! goes the line, hissing through the water, the silent reel unburdening itself to the measure. Over goes the buoy, around whirls the boat and bravely they are away. Stern first it surges with Don Antonio holding back gently at the oars. The rod pounds the air under the terrific jerks and the expert at the rod is almost lifted from his seat by the impetuosity of the rush. Directly out to sea the fish goes, headed for deep water, and as at this particular point there is no kelp, the combat was to be on its merits. In a few seconds the boat was rushing stern-first into the swell beyond the lee of the island, a big wave beneath the combing stern. Ten, twenty, thirty minutes slipped away, and the boat was well off shore where the wind was rising, and the angler meantime had done little but hold the rod, vainly pumping with 700 feet of line out, the fish ever boring down. After a desperate effort it was turned when it rushed in shore, and at the end of an hour was again towing them seaward. Sometimes a few feet of line would be gained and as many lost, the fish adopting tactics designed to wear the unsuspecting angler out; rising suddenly to plunge down with irresistible force to circle the boat, then to run in.

Don Antonio all this time held the oars in silence, backing water, offering all the resistance possible, and keeping the stern of the boat to the fish. The sea was rising under the northwest wind, and to sit in the stern of the boat rushing against a heavy sea was to invite disaster. Once a big comber came surging in, and rein had to be given the wild steed that, fortunately, turned inshore again, overrunning its former course. But it was presently a question of cutting away the fish or foundering, when the angler, in an inspiration, bethought him of a bottle of oil in the boat, and a moment later Don Antonio was pouring it over the side. The change was magical; the fluid mysteriously blazed a spot to the windward of the boat perfectly smooth, and presently the singular spectacle was witnessed of a low boat in the center of a heavy sea, yet in a zone of perfect calm 10 or 12 feet across. Here Don Antonio held the boat while the angler re-

newed the struggle, and two hours from the strike, reeled the fish to the boat. Up it came, slowly swimming around in decreasing circles, and as its full proportions dawned upon him, Don Antonio made a fervent appeal to the saints. The bass seemed as long as the boat—a giant—and as it turned, its huge tailed deluged the men with oil and water. It was then that Don Antonio reached out and gaffed the heaviest fish ever taken with rod and reel—gaffed it well. But what then? It struggled like a wild beast, threatening to carry the anglers down, and it was only after a mighty contest that the bass was securely lashed astern; even then it could not be towed, as they were three-quarters of a mile off shore. A passing boat, whose oarsman was a rival of the Don, was hailed and came down to them, and with the camaraderie of sportsmen the world over, offered their services. By the combined efforts of five men the bass was hauled into this boat, the fish filling it, the crew taking to the other. In this way the bass was towed into Avalon, where it was forthwith triced up on a huge crane and weighed. "Three hundred and seventy pounds, señor."* Little wonder that it had towed the boat eight miles and had been saved only by pouring oil upon the water.

In this way did the record pass to Mr. T. S. Manning, of Philadelphia, and as Don Antonio walked through the little town that night, he was followed by a crowd of Mexican boys, who said in hushed tones, "It is he; he gaffed it." His victory was complete, and on the record book one may read after the entry of his patron's catch, "Don Antonio Oromo, boatman; the largest game fish ever gaffed."

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

*On Aug. 20, 1900, Mr. Franklin S. Schenck, of Brooklyn, took a 380-pound black sea bass, killing it in twenty minutes. He thus holds the record and wins the cups and prizes in the Tuna Club tournament of this year.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Pioneer Fish Breeder of New York.

A FEW weeks ago, when writing of pioneer fish breeders and giving the experiences of Gen. Schenck, I had it in mind to follow with brief mention of Hon. Stephen H. Ainsworth, of West Bloomfield, Ontario county, N. Y., who was the first to hatch fish artificially in this State, and therefore the New York pioneer, and who, as such has had scant justice done him in the literature of fish breeding. In May, 1889, Mr. Ainsworth wrote me a long letter concerning his experience, and this evening I made a search for it, with other papers relating to his experiment, and now quote his own language:

"I was born in Burlington, Otsego county, N. Y., on the 9th day of March, 1809—eighty years ago last March—and had to work my way up as best I could. My advantages for an early education were very poor, but I had a great deal of energy and a world of push, and have been successful in my business operations from boyhood to this time. I constructed my trout ponds in 1859 and commenced the artificial cultivation of trout in 1860. In 1862 S. P. Allen, the editor of the Rochester Democrat and Chronical, visited my ponds and wrote a long article about them, and printed it in his paper. It was this article, I suppose, which brought Seth Green here soon after to examine the ponds. Green soon after went to Caledonia, N. Y., and bought a portion of the creek, and came back and wanted me to go in partnership with him and teach him how to take the spawn and how to manage the trout and spawn during the time of incubation, etc., which I refused to do, but told him if he commenced in the business I would write him and his place up and send all my orders for trout and spawn to him; which I did as long as he was in the business; and I went to Caledonia several times to teach him to do every part of the operation, from taking the spawn to the hatching and care of the fry. When the State decided to commence the cultivation of fish, Judge Folger, then State Senator from this district, wrote me wishing me to be one of the Fishery Commissioners; but I did not desire the office, and recommended Seth Green. He was appointed and served through his life in one capacity or another, and made a good officer. So it is a positive truth that Seth Green learned trout culture of me.

"Norris, in his book 'American Fishculture,' Philadelphia, Porter & Coates, 1868, gives all the facts of my success in the cultivation of trout, and what I did for Green, and copies may be had of the articles I wrote for his benefit about his ponds, and also copies of the article by S. P. Allen, about my ponds, which brought Green to me. In fact, quite a portion of his book is devoted to my discoveries in trout breeding.

"I was really the first successful propagator of brook trout in this county. Prof. Ackley and Dr. Garlick hatched a few eggs in their office in Cleveland before I did, but I did not know it for years after.

"I was a member of the State Assembly in 1861; President of the Fruit Growers' Society of Northern New York, and President of the Agricultural Society of Ontario county. I have two medals—one from the New York State Poultry Society, 1869, for the best spawning race, and the other from the Société Imperiale d'Acclimatation of Paris, France, for my improvements in Pisciculture, 1869. A silver medal of the first class, and I was made a life member of the Society."

Mr. Ainsworth was a fruit grower in western New York, and piped a number of small springs to bring them together to make his trout ponds. His invention of a spawning race consisted of a double screen of wire covered with gravel. The trout ascended from the ponds to this artificial race, and in removing the gravel to make a spawning bed exposed a wire screen, the mesh being of such size as to permit the eggs to fall through to a second screen underneath of a mesh small enough to hold the eggs. The eggs were fertilized naturally, and the eggs first deposited were safe from any spawning trouts that came later that might desire to eat the eggs of their predecessors. It is true that Ainsworth's spawning race is obsolete, but the same is true of other inventions in fishculture that were considered improvements subsequent to the spawning race.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Ainsworth worked out his improvements on independent lines, for the very nature of his invention is the best proof of this, for he copied no one, and he has told me that he had never heard of Jacobi, Remy or Gehan when he commenced his fishcultural work. I think he is in error, however, in thinking that Garlick and Ackley only hatched a few trout eggs in an office in Cleveland. Their first experiments were conducted in an office building, and it was there that Dr. Sterling was called to see the trout embryos, and strangely enough Dr. Sterling was the only American who witnessed the experiments of Remy and Gehan in Paris, conducted under the directions of Prof. Coste. Sterling was a classmate of Garlick in Cleveland before he went to Paris, but he assured me several times that the Paris experiments made no impression on his mind, and he knew nothing of Garlick's experiments until he was called to see the fry that were hatched in 1854 in the office of Drs. Garlick and Ackley. Subsequent to this, however, these pioneers did have a hatchery. Just before Dr. Garlick's death he presented me with half a dozen copies of the now very scarce "Treatise on Artificial Propagation of Certain Kinds of Fish, by Theodore Garlick," in which the author said: "The plan adopted by Prof. Ackley and myself, and which we find to answer the purpose in every respect, is as follows: At the head of the spring we built a house 8 feet in width and 12 feet in length. We placed a tank made of 2-inch planks, 4 feet wide by 8 feet long, and 2 feet deep, in the end of the building nearest the bank. The water from the spring enters the tank through a hole near the top, and escapes through a similar hole at the other end, from which it is received into a series of ten successive boxes. These boxes are 18 inches long, 8 inches wide and 6 inches deep, and are so arranged that the first is much higher in the series than the last one. They must be filled with clean sand and gravel to the depth of about 2 inches, the same being placed at the bottom. The impregnated eggs are to be scattered over and among the gravel, care being taken not to have them in piles or masses."

This, I think, will show that Garlick had a regular hatchery, much after the manner of a hatchery of to-day. In fact, just before Dr. Sterling's death he made an effort to restore the hatchery for the purpose of having it photographed for me, and the work of restoration was in progress at the time of his death.

The fact that Garlick did have a hatchery and did hatch trout on a greater scale than a mere office experiment, does not alter the other fact that Mr. Ainsworth was the first man in New York State to hatch fish artificially, and that he was one of the pioneer fish breeders that few people in this day and generation know of as such.

Black Bass Baits.

Black bass have long had a reputation of being peculiar in regard to the kind of bait that they are partial to at different times, and probably there is no fish taken with bait for which so many different kinds of baits are provided by the fisherman who seeks this capricious fish. Crayfish, minnows, dobsons, worms, grasshoppers, crickets, artificial fly, larva of the dragon fly, frogs, trolling spoons, are but a partial list of the lures employed to bring this dusky fish to the landing net. In West Virginia I found a fisherman who swore by a black lizard as the most killing bait for black bass. In the Potomac River young bullheads are deadly, but at times nothing that the fisherman can command will prove attractive. Twice this evening I have been told that the black bass fishing in Lake George is very good this year, and that the common earth worm is more deadly than minnows, crickets, grasshoppers or crayfish, the baits commonly in use. In Glen Lake, not far from Lake George, the golden shiner (bream) was for a period of time the most effective bait that could be employed as black bass bait, then yellow perch took the place of the golden shiner and killed most of the very large black bass recorded from this lake.

Black bass do not look with favor on a bait with which they are not familiar, and in a lake that never contained crayfish this bait was almost unnoticed until the crayfish were planted and became abundant, and then it was effective. The same I have found to be true of the dobson, for while it is an excellent bait in waters where this larva is found naturally it is comparatively worthless in waters where the bass are not familiar with it.

Many years ago I went to a small lake that had been stocked with black bass, and I made a business of providing baits of various sorts, and sent an extra wagon with a boatman and a man to care for the horses, and they took the baits. We had dobson, white and black minnows, grasshoppers, crickets and crayfish, as well as spoons and flies.

Not a thing would those bass take all that day of the baits provided, until late in the afternoon I noticed a frog in the bait bucket, that the oarsman had caught while we were at luncheon. I put that frog on my hook, and the moment I cast it on the water a bass took it, and I caught two more fish on the same frog. The oarsman was put on shore to get frogs, and when they were secured the bass took them furiously, and we left them in a biting mood when the setting sun told us it was time to start for the hotel where we were spending the summer. That evening I related my experience to a gentleman in the hotel, and the next morning at daylight he started with the same oarsman I had had and they went to the lake and caught frogs, but the bass would not look at them. Not until they had caught minnows in the outlet on a minnow hook did the bass respond to their lure. This note would not have been written had I not been on the Niagara River the past week and there found that shedder crayfish was the best bait for black bass. I know that it used to be thought that crayfish was not the proper bait to offer bass until September, but in the Niagara the crayfish was supreme in the middle of August, and I saw a mas-calouge taken on a crayfish by a State employee fishing for black bass. Two hours after I return home I am informed that worms are the best of baits in a lake where crickets were generally considered as good as the best

When the new fishway was built, it was not placed in the old channel where the salmon and alewives were accustomed to go, but was placed, as Dr. Morris stated, where the fish did not go. Furthermore, although it complied with the regulations of the law, perhaps, it was so constructed that at night it could be closed so as to prevent the salmon from going through. Again, the old fishway was removed and the dam raised higher and slabs, sawdust and all kinds of mill refuse have been and are allowed to run in the stream, polluting it to the extent of being an unhealthy, unsightly and dirty obstruction even to navigation.

Several years ago, in a public town meeting in the adjoining town of Edmunds, which lies just across on the other bank of the Dennys River, a resolution was adopted inviting the State Fish Commission to come to the town and investigate the state of affairs, and also hear the opinions of the inhabitants of the town upon the subject. Alas! the Commission came not; they turned a deaf ear upon the subject, and in consequence the mill people are in control.

An arm of the Cobscott Bay branches inland from the Passamaquaddy Bay at Eastport for over seventeen miles and gives tidal water nearly up to the mill site of the Dennysville Lumber Company. The shores on either side are far more picturesque and beautiful than those of Mt. Desert or Old Orchard. Fish and game, deer, ducks, partridges, even bears, certainly abound. Shad, which were formerly caught, have disappeared. Alewives and salmon are not as plentiful as formerly. Unless some action toward their preservation is taken, the trout and black bass and pickerel may follow. In the months of R smelts are generally plentiful, and one may obtain, almost for the asking, clams and an abundance of that rare and delicate mollusk, the scallop. Board is for black bass. So it will not do to decide what is the best bait for bass in one lake or river because a certain bait is good in another. The local fishermen can tell far better what is the correct bait to use than for the visiting fisherman to depend on any fine spun theory as to baits that he has been successful with elsewhere.

Brown Trout.

Every little while some one asks how to catch brown trout that have been planted in some particular water and established themselves therein, and in a letter that I find waiting for a reply a correspondent says that after the brown trout were planted in a local stream they grew rapidly, and at two years of age would rise to the fly, but after that time they would not take fly or bait. The brown trout is a more rare fish than our native brook trout, and fine tackle and fine fishing is necessary to bring the fish to basket. If a man will use gossamer leaders and very small flies, and cast the flies ever so gently on the water, he will succeed in killing brown trout, but such leaders and flies as are required for brown trout fishing the average fisherman would consider only fit to catch minnows. The brown trout can be taken at night with larger flies and stouter leaders, but in the day time it must be "fine and far off" to kill.

Just here I am reminded of a conversation with Mr. Archibald Mitchell one evening in June when we were salmon fishing on the Ristigouche. He was looking over my stock fly-book, and noticed some fine trout casts that he had sent me from Scotland when he was there on a visit. The leaders were of drawn gut, and the flies were No. 16 and 18 hooks. He said that when he was a young man in Scotland the manner of fishing was to use a single fly like one of those on the cast, and watch the stream for a rising fish. When a rise was discovered the fly was cast to fall directly in the circle on the surface of the water made by the rising fish. The cast was measured, of course, with the eye, and the moment the fly alighted, if it was not in the proper spot, it was at once retrieved and another cast made. Even if the fly alighted properly it was not allowed to sink, but was re-drawn before it became submerged, so that it was by a succession of casts at a rising fish that the fishing was done, and never permitting the fly to sink beneath the surface of the water. At once it occurred to me that this may have been the origin of dry-fly fishing, for in the latter style of fishing the fly is cast on the surface a little above the rising fish and the fly swims over it by the action of the current, and is then retrieved if there is no strike, and the fly is dried by switching it backward and forward in the air to dry it before another cast is made.

Brown trout anglers in this country may learn from this the delicacy required in successful fishing for this trout, and it has been planted so extensively that soon or late the anglers who would bring the fish to their baskets must practice the highest degree of the angler's art—fine and delicate casting with the finest of tackle.

The State of New York has adopted the policy of decreasing the output of brown and rainbow trout and increasing the output of native brook trout, and to this end the State ponds have been and will be again gone over to remove the stock of large breeding brown and rainbow trout and materially reduce the stock and increase the stock of native trout. This is made necessary by the greater number of applications for the native trout over those of other species. The brown trout in the hatchery ponds and in the hatching troughs and rearing races is a more hardy fish than the native brook trout, and less subject to disease, but the demand for it is not so great as for the native fish. The red-throat trout promises well, but it is not yet sufficiently established in Eastern waters to determine just what its standing will be in the salmon family in Atlantic waters. In the West it is highly prized, and years ago when I caught this fish in Utah and Wyoming, I thought it the equal of the Eastern brook trout on the hook. This fish has not been planted as extensively as the brown or the rainbow, but it has been planted in a number of good waters, and in a few years we will know just what position it will fill in the fish world.

A. N. CHENEY.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Panther Lake.

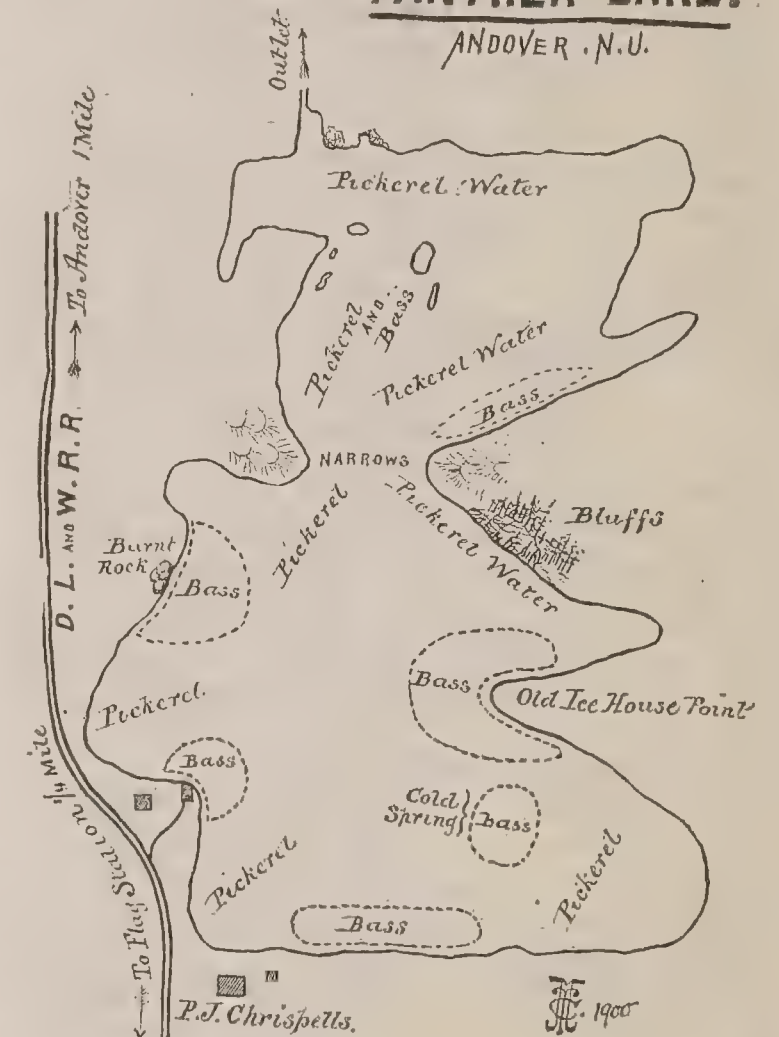
Andover, Sussex County, N. J.

PANTHER LAKE is one of the most beautiful little sheets of water east of the Alleghany Mountains. Had some scenic artist planned its shores, he could not have made a panorama more pleasing to the eye. All of the northern and western shores are covered with heavily timbered spurs and hills, with here and there miniature precipices and bold, rocky points. The eastern shore is undulating and rolling meadow lands with a perfect picture of precipitous broken rocks surmounted and surrounded by pines in the center. The southern shore rises very abruptly for about 50 or 75 feet; the slope is covered with magnificent chestnut and oak trees. Behind this fringe stretches the luxuriant peach orchards which belong to Mr. Chrispell.

These crooked and interesting shores encircle a sheet of water absolutely spring fed. Many years ago it was

PANTHER LAKE.

ANDOVER, N. J.



thoroughly stocked with small-mouthed black bass, which have thriven wonderfully, and to-day we can safely say that we know of no water that contains bigger ones. We have fished Panther Lake many a time, and generally get some good fish out of it, but the bass in this water are peculiar to themselves in the way they feed. First of all, we have never been able to take one by casting or trolling; we have never been able to take one either on crawfish, helgramites or minnows. We have caught a few on crickets and grasshoppers. The best baits for them, which are very plentiful in the neighborhood and easily obtained, are frogs and perch about 5 or 6 inches long. Any one can take a few worms and go into one of the little bays of this lake and catch perch enough in half an hour to last him a whole day's fishing. Mr. Chrispell must have a private farm of frogs, for if you express a wish to him for a few, within half an hour he will have half a pailful for you.

The bass appear to feed in spots in this lake; we have never caught any beyond the places which we have marked. The first place is Burnt Rock. To fish this spot, anchor your boat as closely to shore as you can; your bait should not be more than 15 to 25 feet from the shore. The second spot we would mention would be around the old ice house point; quite a sandy bar runs off this point, and the bass come out on the bar mornings and evenings to feed. The next spot to try is the cold spring which lies midway between the old ice house point and the southern shore. Another good place is about the center of the southern shore. Anchor your boat about 50 feet out and lay your bait 15 to 25 feet from the boat toward the shore. The next spot is off the new ice house point. Anchor your boat quite close to shore—in fact, cast your anchor on the shore—and fish 15 or 20 feet from the boat.

We will now start down the lake, pass through the narrows and take the shore on the right hand side. We have taken a few bass here, but very few; also a few around the islands in the lower part of the pond.

Now for the modus operandi. Anchor your boat, bow and stern, and draw your ropes pretty tight so that the boat cannot swing with any breeze. The angler can use one or more rods, which should all have reels on them where the click is movable. Use a 3-foot leader with a four 0 or five 0 hook, put a buckshot on the line end of the leader, throw your bait 10 or 15 feet away from the boat and allow it to sink to the bottom. As soon as it is settled, lay your rod across the boat and take the click off the reel, so that it runs freely; do not attempt to strike the fish on the first run, or when running, except when the bait is small. As soon as the line begins to run off the reel you may know that a bass, and a big one, has taken your bait. It is well then to take up the rod and place your thumb over so lightly on the line in the reel to prevent it's overrunning. As soon as the bass has stopped (and he may not stop under 60 or 80 feet, and sometimes more) you can then put on the click again and wait for the second run. As soon as you feel him on the second run, snub him good and hard, as you have a lot of line out and a great deal of elasticity in

overcome. He may not start off on a second run for a minute or two minutes. They generally dispose of a frog much quicker than a perch. We have always found that frogs are the best bait in the morning and perch in the evening, and we have never been able to induce the bass of Panther Lake to take anything, satisfactorily, in the middle of the day. Experience has taught us that it is far more remunerative from 9 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon to either do a little mountain climbing and get some of the most magnificent views within a couple of hundred miles of New York, or to while away the interim coaxing pickerel and big perch out of the weeds. There are any quantity of them to be caught, and coming out of cool spring water their flesh is hard and sweet, and makes an excellent morsel for the table.

The way to get to Panther Lake is over the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R. R. It is somewhere about fifty-five miles from New York. You take the main line to Waterloo and there change to the branch train which is in waiting. Tell the conductor that you are going to fish Panther Lake and want to be put off at Mr. Chrisspell's. All the conductors on this branch line are good fellows and sportsmen. If there is no one to get off or to take on at the flag station a quarter of a mile below, they will stop the train directly opposite Mr. Chrisspell's house, where you have only to walk across the road into his garden. By writing to Mr. Chrisspell a few days in advance, you will find him waiting alongside the train when it stops with a healthy country smile and a warm welcome for you, also any quantity of information of where to go for the big fellows in Panther Lake. He has boats on the lake and will always get a man to row you if you so desire. Mr. Chrisspell's post office address is Panther Farm, Andover, Sussex county, New Jersey.

This is an exceedingly nice little spot for any one to stop for a day or two when he feels that he would like to have a tug of war with an exceptionally large bass. But no sportsman must go here with the idea that he is going to get thirty or forty bass, or even twenty bass, a day; he is only likely to get three or four in the morning, and as many again in the evening, but they will run anywhere from 3 to 6 or 7 pounds.

About a mile below this lake is another known as Cranberry Lake. It is simply a large reservoir to feed the Morris and Essex Canal. It is an exceptionally good bass water early in the season, but in the fall we cannot recommend it, as it is simply a mud hole, the water of the lake having been drawn off during July and the early part of August to keep the canal full.

AUGUST, 1900.

JAMES CHURCHWARD.

New England Waters.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—As the autumn days draw nearer a great many trips are being planned. Mr. George C. Moore, of North Chelmsford, and Dr. French, of Boston, start this week for Cheyenne, Wyo., on an extended trip. They will stop at Cheyenne long enough to witness the annual round-up of cowboys, cattle and broncos, and the festivities of that occasion. They will try the shooting in Wyoming, and then go to South Dakota for prairie chicken shooting. Both are crack shots, and both love the shotgun and rifle. They will be absent several weeks. Deer hunting parties are already being prepared for many sections in Maine, and the general report is that deer are more plenty in that State than a year ago. Mr. A. T. Waite, of the Boston Herald staff, has just returned, with his wife and son, Master Courtland B. Waite, from a visit to the Upper Dam. It was the height of the boy's ambition to see a deer, and he saw one. With his father he visited Richardson Pond one day and saw seven deer. They also tried to jack photograph deer at night. The guide paddled them well up to a buck standing in the water. The old fellow took alarm and leaped for the shore. There he turned around and stamped his feet and snorted, to the great delight of the boy. His father turned the jacklight on to his majesty, and in a twinkling he was off, not even leaving time for any sort of a camera shot. But the boy almost wilted with envy or disappointment the next day. Chester Swett, who was guiding a party of fishermen at his camps on the same pond, was out in a boat with a lady. They saw a deer swimming across the pond. Swett put after him with the boat and caught him. He hitched him with a rope and pulled for the shore. The moment the feet of the deer touched bottom he was up in the air and off. The lady was nearly drowned with his splashes. Swett had hold of the rope, but was twitched out of the boat and up on the shore, nearly overturning the boat with the lady. He clung to the rope, and finally got the deer down. But in attempting to fasten his legs the guide was cut and kicked by the sharp hoofs till he was bloody and black and blue. At last the deer was tied and quiet, and Swett proposed putting him in the boat and pulling around to the camp. But the lady would not have it. Not much. She did not propose to be upset by a wild deer! Swett concluded to shoulder the deer and carry it across the woods to the camp. There the deer was fixed up and induced to stand and have his photograph taken. Since then he has been liberated, and is away in the woods. All this young Waite did not see, and hence his disappointment.

Mr. Elmore C. Ayer, with his family, has been on a fishing trip to the streams in the neighborhood of The Forks, Me. He found the trout fishing excellent, though it was mid-August. He was also pleased with the small hotel where he stopped on the Canada road, a few miles above the Forks. There are reports of good bass fishing in the ponds at Lisbon, Me. Mr. Richard O. Harding and C. H. Danforth and wife are just in from a bass fishing trip to Pine River Pond, North Wakefield, N. H. They took nine bass from 2½ to 3½ pounds. Mr. Danforth is so pleased with the fishing there and the location that he has gone back for another pull at the bass.

SPECIAL.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Hints on Grayling Culture.

BY DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL.

(Read before American Fisheries Society.)

THE successful culture of the Montana grayling and the safe transportation of grayling eggs, under proper conditions, are no longer matters of experiment. My first attempt, two years ago, to hatch and rear the grayling on the same lines as those usually pursued with trout, was almost a total failure, owing to a lack of suitable conditions and a want of experimental knowledge concerning the character of the eggs and habits of the fry.

The published accounts of the experiments of Seth Green and Fred Mather with the Michigan grayling in 1874 were both meager and unsatisfactory, and availed nothing; nor was I able, consequently, to obtain any additional or definite information on the subject from Mr. Mather, who seemed to have forgotten all the details connected with his experiment.

Both Green and Mather pursued the same method in hatching and feeding the grayling as with brook trout, which leads me to doubt that either of them succeeded in rearing the fry.

In the first place, grayling fry cannot be reared in the hatchery in cold spring water, owing to its low temperature, and the entire absence of natural food, for neither air nor food exists in spring water as it issues from the ground.

Neither can the fry be induced to take the artificial food generally used for trout fry, to any great extent, in the hatching troughs.

In my first experiments I was much chagrined and discouraged at seeing the diminutive organisms curl up and drop dead to the bottom of the trough, notwithstanding a great variety of substances had been offered to induce them to feed.

At this time I was impressed with the apparent resemblance of the grayling fry to the lake whitefish fry, both in size and appearance, which led me to think that they also required similar food. Upon examining the fry under the microscope I discovered that my surmise was correct, inasmuch as the grayling fry had two fang-like retrorse teeth in the upper jaw similar to those in the lake whitefish fry. This fact at once solved the problem. It was imperative that they be supplied with such natural food as is found only in the water of streams and lakes.

Acting upon this hint, I turned all the remaining fry into a sheltered, shallow bight of the creek that flows through the hatchery ground. There they did well for several weeks; when they sought other portions of the stream.

In the following autumn I constructed a large pond and supplied it with creek water by a ditch 1,500 feet in length. From this pond I supplied the nursery ponds with creek water. By holding a glassful of this water to the light hundreds of small crustaceans (*Entomostraca*) could be observed, appearing to the naked eye like specks of dust, and this was just what the grayling fry needed, as my subsequent experience proved.

Another desideratum to be considered for grayling is the warmer temperature of creek water as compared with spring water. They also need sunshine. While trout fry usually seek the shady side of the ponds, the grayling fry prefer the sunny side.

My method is now to transfer the fry, as soon as they begin to swim on the surface of the water in the hatching troughs, and before their yolk sacs are entirely absorbed, to the nursery ponds. They take kindly to the change, and at once begin foraging for their natural food of crustaceans, insect larvæ, etc. They are extremely active for such small organisms, and pursue their minute prey unceasingly. Soon thereafter they can be taught to take liver emulsion, and still later they begin to eat each other, for they are as much addicted to cannibalism as the pike-perch fry. The only remedy for this proclivity is to provide twice as many fry as it is desired to rear, and, as soon as practicable, to separate the larger from the smaller ones.

In stocking streams with grayling fry it is my opinion that they should be planted within a few weeks after they are transferred to the rearing ponds, or even as soon as they begin to swim freely, as is done with lake whitefish fry, provided that suitable places be selected in the stream. Shallow, weedy situations in the eddies or back water of the smallest tributaries should be chosen. There they would find their requisite food, and be safe from the depredations of larger fishes.

At our grayling auxiliary station some two million fry are planted each season in the adjacent creeks as soon as they begin to swim, and the result is very apparent the following autumn, when the waters fairly swarm with grayling fry several inches long. The grayling is quite shy, and a wilder fish than the trouts, and cannot be so easily tamed—another reason in favor of their being planted early in life.

A very important matter to be considered when the fry are placed in the rearing pond is to see that there is no leakage in the drain boxes, and that the screens are caulked in their grooves, and the screens themselves reinforced by perforated tin of the smallest caliber, otherwise many fry will escape. I have lost thousands from leaky outlet boxes, when, apparently, they were perfectly tight. But, as grayling fry will worm themselves, at first, through a pinhole, it is evident that the utmost precaution must be observed to prevent their escape.

Previous to the present summer I have had considerable trouble in shipping grayling eggs safely. The period of incubation being short, and the shipment occurring during hot weather, it seemed impossible, with ordinary means, to transport the eggs to a distance without a loss of from 25 to 90 per cent., owing to the high temperature to which they were subjected en route.

Heretofore we have used the ordinary egg shipping case, which, while answering well for trout eggs, has proved a failure, even when well supplied with ice, for grayling eggs. Last winter I devised and built a refrigerator case that has proved to be just the thing needed. A brief description of this case may not be amiss: The outside box is 30 inches square, and from 12 to 18 inches deep, according to the number of eggs to be carried. An inner wall of light stuff, say ½ inch thick, of

the same depth as the outer box, and 27 inches square, without top or bottom, is provided. The space between the outer and inner walls is packed tightly with dry sphagnum moss or dry sawdust. The stack of egg trays is placed in the center of the box, leaving a space about 5 inches between it and the inner wall, which is filled with broken ice. On the top of the trays is a hopper, with perpendicular sides, 4 or 5 inches deep. The vertical sides of the hopper allow free access to the ice chamber around the stack of trays. The trays are 12 inches square on the outside and but ½ inch deep. This permits twice as many trays in a stack as with the ordinary trout trays. The eggs are placed in a single layer on each tray and covered with a piece of mosquito netting in the usual way, but no moss is placed over it, as grayling eggs will not admit of as much pressure as trout eggs; the outer membrane of the eggs is quite thin and easily ruptured. By this method of packing the trays are received at Bozeman Station in as perfect condition as they leave the auxiliary station, after being subjected to a wagon haul of forty-five miles and 250 miles by rail, and at a temperature not exceeding 40 degrees Fahrenheit. This has been also the condition in which they arrived at distant points, according to reports received, even, as in some cases, when they were en route a week.

As a matter of experiment several trays of eggs were shipped but six hours after fertilization to Bozeman Station, with the result that fully 25 per cent. of the eggs hatched. Heretofore similar experiments with green eggs resulted in the loss of all the eggs before their arrival. By maintaining a temperature of not to exceed 40 degrees Fahrenheit the development of the embryo is retarded, and the eggs can be safely shipped to any distance so long as this condition is observed. It is my opinion that grayling eggs can be safely shipped within one or two days after fertilization, but this has yet to be determined by experiment. Should this prove to be true, it will be an important factor where the eggs are to be shipped a long distance, requiring several weeks for the journey.

An Enemy to Brook Trout.

IN the summer of 1899 a disastrous epidemic made its appearance among the brook trout in a Long Island hatchery. The first evidence of this was seen in May, when the director of the hatchery found in one of the ponds a trout whose side was pierced by a clean-cut hole. This hole was thought at first to have been caused by the bill of some bird like a kingfisher, but later other dead fish were found with similar wounds, and after a time it became evident that some disease was at work, and during the summer the fish died at the rate of hundreds every day, until at last in December every fish in the ponds had died.

In October the attention of Mr. Gary N. Calkins was called to the matter and an investigation begun. This showed that the disease was caused by a hitherto undescribed genus of parasitic protozoa. This extremely low form of life belongs to the same class as the malaria germ, although the effects of the parasite on fish in no ways resemble the effects of the malaria germ in man.

The affected fish is sluggish in its movements and is evidently of diminished vitality, while holes like those above referred to frequently occur. Sometimes one or both eyes have gone, in other cases patches of skin and the muscle lying under it have disappeared, leaving large holes or depressions in the body. Other fish still are without fins or lower jaws.

While the investigation was carried far enough to show how the disease acts and how the fish becomes affected, two very important points, its origin and its remedy, are as yet unknown. Mr. Calkins determined, however, that the spores of the disease are taken into the digestive tract of the fish, that they there develop into adults, which are not more than one-thousandth of an inch of length, that these adults penetrate the muscle cells of the intestine, that here spores are set free which are carried to all parts of the body and at different points form accumulations which prevent the natural nourishment of the surrounding tissues, which then die and fall out, leaving holes in the body walls. Mr. Calkins has named this parasite *Lymphosporidium truttae*. The matter is of the very greatest interest to trout breeders and anglers, and it may be hoped that further investigation will show not only the cause, but the cure for the trouble.

The Dam at Dennysville.

DENNYVILLE, Me., Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Being a resident of Dennysville, from where Dr. Robert T. Morris writes, describing the conveniences and inconveniences of our little community, and, having noticed his article in the FOREST AND STREAM upon the subject, I take the liberty to corroborate the same. In writing I do so from a sense of justice to the people in our community, who, for the past five years, have been compelled to look on and behold the wanton and dire destruction of that which for, perhaps, ages past the Dennys River was noted. I have it upon the authority of old residents of the town that Dennysville enjoys the reputation of being the first river in the United States (as early as 1832) where salmon were killed with the fly.

I also write with a hope in my heart that it is just possible that the agents of some society, established perchance for such a purpose, may glance at my statements and investigate the same. Should they do so, I cannot but feel assured that they would find some method or means to restore the condition of affairs.

Had I been in existence prior to or coincidental with Father Adam, and been consulted as to where, from the months of May until November, I desired the location of the Garden of Eden, I, without a doubt, would have answered in favor of a location at or near by Dennysville. As a typical spot of nature, it is complete. Situated upon the west bank of the Dennys River, it lies extending back over a series of beautiful sloping hills, cool and pleasant as a Maryland May day throughout the whole summer long, and is indeed a veritable nineteenth century paradise.

However, in spite of the fact that two Washington

county judges are connected with the Dennysville Lumber Company, owing to quite a disturbance having been created over local wholesale poaching of the salmon, which were caught illegally, complaints were lodged, and the lumber company were compelled to build a fishway, as the old one was not deemed to be a fit or proper one. cheap and accommodations homelike and fair, but the territory is in the hands of the Philistines.

Our only hope of salvation is that among some of your interested readers there will arise some philanthropic David, who will study the situation, see the benefit he will be doing humanity and subdue Goliath, or inform your readers as to how to go about it to do the same.

TAXPAYER.

Cannot Be Measured in Coin.

OCCASIONALLY, and without giving the matter due consideration, people characterize our great trout breeding establishments as mere toys, playthings for the benefit of the rich or idle. Point to the unanswerable statistics of the marine, the salmon and Great Lakes hatcheries, and ask triumphantly, "Where are yours?" There are some things in the world whose value cannot be measured even in coin of the realm. The statistics of the brook trout are graven on the heart.

In the Koran there is a passage reading thus: "If a man have two loaves, let him sell one and buy a lily; bread feedeth the body, but the lily is food for the soul." So it is. In pursuit of the brook trout, in wandering mid field and forest, by shady brook and rushing mountain torrent, in communion with nature in her wilder, grander moods, the weary souls of countless thousands have been refreshed and strengthened into truer, better and nobler lives.—W. T. Thompson in paper read before the American Fisheries Society.

Mullet in the Colorado.

ON the third of this month a large number of mullet were taken in the Colorado at this place. They were taken mostly by the Indians with dip nets. This fish is said to be very abundant at the mouth of the river, about 150 miles below here, but so far as I can learn they seldom reach this locality. A number also entered the Gila channel. One jumped into a boat. It measured 15 inches long from the point of its nose to the end of its upper tail fin, and weighed 17 ounces.

A salmon (*Phycrocheilus lucius*, Girard), weighing 21 pounds, was taken in the Colorado this morning. Because of the late rains in the country the river water is running almost red.

PRIMA.

YUMA, Ariz., Aug. 24.

A 67-Pound Drum Fish.

LONG BEACH, L. I., Sept. 3.—A local fisherman who was fishing in the surf for bass, hooked what he believed to be a small whale. After a lively struggle the fish was brought near enough to the shore for bathers to get a hold of it, and it was dragged up on the beach. It was a drum fish weighing 67 pounds, and was 43 inches long by 13 inches in circumference. It was a remarkably fine specimen, and one of the largest fish ever caught in this vicinity.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6-7.—Brandon, Manitoba, Can.—Third annual field trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. J. Elliott, Sec'y.

Sept. 11.—Carmen, Manitoba, Can.—Fourteenth annual field trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

Oct. 30.—Senecaville, O.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's sixth annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.

Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.

Nov. 7-8.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 20.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.

Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.

Nov. 20.—Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.

Nov. 22.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. Barret Gibson, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

Nov. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Training the Hunting Dog For the Field and Field Trials.

I.—General Principles.

Dog training, considered as an art, has no mysteries, no insurmountable obstacles, no short cuts to success.

By certain methods, man simply appropriates the efforts of the dog to his own service. Once that his prey is found, man has great powers of destruction; but as compared to the dog, he is distinctly inferior as a finder. By concerted action, man and dog can find and capture much more than they could if working independently. In his search for prey, the dog's purpose is distinctly selfish, as is man's, but being much inferior he must needs take the position of servant. However, his pleasure in the pursuit is so great that, even if denied possession after the prey is captured, there is still sufficient incentive to satisfy his self-interest and generally he is content to exercise his best effort for the pleasure he feels, with some hopes to share in the fruits.

The dog is gregarious by nature, and prefers to hunt in packs; but the concerted action of the pack, in the effort

to capture its prey, is not the manner best adapted to the requirements of the sportsman. In the pack, the dog may, in the efforts of a common purpose, recognize and defer more or less to a leader; but, while this characteristic to hunt in company is of value to the sportsman, the manner of its exercise to best serve his purpose must be subjected to much modification and restriction in some of its parts. The dog, when working to the gun, must take a part so distinctly secondary that it is that of servant. To suppress or restrict his inclination to take the leading part so far as it is against the best interests of the gun, and to school him in some special knowledge for its advantage, constitute an education called training or breaking.

The art of dog training is acquired by intelligent study and practice, as proficiency in any other art is acquired. All who have the time, talent and industry may become skillful as dog trainers, as all who have these qualifications may become skillful in any other accomplishment, trade or profession. But, in the education of the dog, as in the education of boys and girls and men and women, there is no educational system which compensates for ignorance and inefficiency if deeply grounded on the part of the teacher, nor for incapacity on the part of the pupil. There must, at least, be the ability to learn how to convey knowledge on the one hand, and on the other the ability to receive it, else there can be no proper progress.

The mental capacity of the dog and the knowledge necessary to serve him throughout his life are infinitely less than those which are necessary to man, but none the less his manner of acquiring knowledge is in a way similar to the manner employed by man in his own efforts in that respect.

Some years ago, when the ability to train a dog was considered as being in the realm of the marvelous, it was looked upon as a "gift," a something of capability conferred by nature, and quite independent of experience. At the present day, sportsmen have no faith in the skill of him whose knowledge is only such as is innate from birth. On the other hand, any system held forth as having some inherent virtue, whereby a dog may be trained quickly and thoroughly regardless of his capacity to receive training or his trainer's capacity to give it denotes that the advocate of such system is very simple concerning the matter of which he treats or else is not over scrupulous as to the manner of treating it.

While this work will fully set forth a description of the natural qualities of the dog, their relation to field work, and the best manner of diverting them from the dog's own purposes to the purposes of the sportsman, success in the application of this system depends entirely on the trainer himself. Some natural capability on his part with some experience to supplement it is essential before any substantial progress is reasonably to be expected. The mere reading of a work on dog training, and some hit or miss attempts at applying its precepts, do not constitute an education in the art. An accomplished dog trainer is not the product of some hours of reading with thereto added a few more hours of trouble with a dog.

He who acquires the art must acquaint himself with dog nature, with the details of practical field work as they relate to setters and pointers, and, to a reasonable degree, with the manner of imparting knowledge to a creature so much lower in the scale of intelligence than himself. He, furthermore, must specially school himself in the quality of self-restraint; for in the attempt to govern man or dog, it is essential that the governor learn to govern himself. However good the instruction may be in itself, it in no wise can compensate for the inefficiency consequent to ill temper if the latter be exhibited. In short, no treatise can do more than set forth what should be done and what should not be done.

In dog training, as in all other branches of human effort, there are men who are eminently efficient and men who are otherwise, and yet the man who is eminent in one profession may be distinctly incompetent in all others. Apart from these extremes, the average man may attain to useful, practical efficiency as a trainer. To determine whether one can train or not, it is necessary to make the attempt, for without such trial one cannot know definitely anything concerning his ability.

While this work will treat fully of the dog's capabilities and the proper manner of conducting his education for the service of the gun, from the foregoing remarks it is clear that the matter of patience, industry, perseverance, good temper and talent lies with the trainer himself. Incidentally, it may be remarked in respect to patience and good temper, that no one can train dogs successfully without them, or, at least, a partial equivalent in perseverance and self-control. Yet while they are prime requisites, they are oftenest the least observed by the impetuous amateur.

Hurry and harshness always seriously retard the dog's education instead of advancing it. In most instances the beginner gives the dog an order, then hastily proceeds in a conversational way to tell him what it all means, and failing to accomplish his purposes in a moment, he becomes irritated, warm and inclined to use force. If the dog struggles to escape from what is so amazing and painful to him, yet from what was intended to be an instructive lesson it begets anger and this in turn begets violence. The transition from the A B C's to a flogging is commonly very quick, in the first attempts. Being advised so fully on this point, the beginner should exercise the greatest care in observing self-control and an intelligent consideration of the dog's powers; but strange to say, the advice is at first rarely heeded.

Sooner or later, the trainer must learn that punishing a puppy teaches it nothing useful; that it evokes distrust and resentment; that it lessens or destroys all affection for the trainer and all interest in his purposes; and that when fear dominates the puppy, he, being in a disorganized state of mind, is incapable of learning even the simplest lessons. When in this state, his confidence must be restored by kind treatment, and then a greater degree of patience and self-restraint is necessary than was necessary before.

If the amateur would consider the days when he was a pupil at school himself, he would thereby better grasp the disadvantages under which the puppy labors. With a better intellect, with the advantages of a language both oral and written, and with more years at school than would measure twice the age of the average old dog, the average

boy makes slow progress even in the rudiments. If, instead of patient teaching, the teacher shook him by the collar, cuffed his ears or kicked him in the ribs as the true method of conveying knowledge, no sensible person would expect the boy to learn much; indeed, corporal punishment, even as a corrective, has been almost entirely abolished in the public schools. And yet the same patient effort on the part of the teacher in educating the boy is much the same as that to be observed in the education of the dog.

Dog training, in any of its particulars, is not a matter of set forms and arbitrary methods. Each particular pupil should be developed according to his individual characteristics. There are hundreds of little differences of dog character and capabilities to be noted and considered, and until the trainer can perceive, understand and take advantage of them, his attempts to teach will be more or less arbitrary and mechanical. He may now and then have some success with an arbitrary method which happens to fit a certain dog's peculiarities, but it is merely a happening. It requires but little thought to perceive that it is absurd to apply a set method alike to the nervous, the weak, the stupid, the intelligent, the lazy; the timid, the slow, the industrious, etc., for such must result in many failures.

Methods therefore should be adapted to the circumstances of each individual case, compromising as much as possible with the idiosyncrasies of the pupil with a view to obtain the best results and not with a view to maintain any arbitrary method. By kindness, and not attempting to force progress beyond the dog's capacity success will result in every case where it is possible. Nothing progressive in learning can be expected of the mentally weak, the constitutional loafer, or the dog whose nose is functionally incapable of serving up to the requirements.

So far as the dog's education is concerned, the trainer may proceed on the theory that the dog learns only from practical experience; that all the advantages of oral communication possessed by man, excepting a few of limited degree, are denied to him; that his intellect and his ability to learn readily are far inferior to those of his teacher; that he needs time in which to learn, as did his teacher before him, and that in the matter of force against force he is practically helpless. Let the lessons be prepared and taught with a recognition that his puppyhood corresponds to infancy, and thereby afford him an opportunity to learn them from his standpoint. The teacher's standpoint, if it ignore dog nature and dog intellect, may be incomprehensible to him.

The beginner should also bear in mind that the dog's education proceeds on certain lines regardless of the terms used to denote it. Thus the terms "training" and "breaking" have a common application. As commonly used, their significance is synonymous. Either one, however, apart from their technical significance, could be construed as having distinct meanings. For instance, it may be considered that a dog is trained to do what is right and broken from doing what is wrong. Theoretically, the former may not presuppose any punishment at all, while the latter may presuppose more or less; practically, the theory is a failure. Several writers have drawn a fine distinction between the words as they relate to training, as though therein lay the fundamental principles of the art, though it is quite independent of any juggle of words. A dog trains on without punishment if he does not need it; if he does need it, it should be given to him. Some dogs require very little punishment; some require a great deal. If he needs punishment, punish him; if he does not, do not punish him. The amateur may take his choice of terms, but this is the correct procedure under either; it is all a matter of training or a matter of breaking or a matter of both as the trainer pleases. However, at no time does a dog need punishment simply because the trainer is angry at him. It then is a matter entirely distinct from training. Venting anger on a dog is no proper part of his education.

The dog is naturally fond of company. He prefers the society of his fellows, though he recognizes the domination of man, and has a profound affection for him. Nevertheless, his purposes when seeking prey are quite independent of man and quite selfish, when they have their unchecked natural play. He may love his master with a fervor unlimited, but all that is no factor when he is in hot pursuit of a rabbit. From the untrained dog's point of view, the chase and its possibilities are strictly a matter between himself and the rabbit, in manner similar to the relation between dog and dinner; and the whistle, loud commands and praise, he then alike ignores. This self-interest displayed by the dog is an important factor in his training, for there must always be sufficient incentive of a selfish nature to induce his best effort.

There are writers who solemnly affirm that the instinct to hunt is by nature implanted in the dog for the benefit of man, or at least such small number of men relatively as can sally forth afield to kill birds. The nature and acts of the dog oppose this egotistical assertion on every point. The dog never enjoys himself better than when on a self-hunting outing; the proceeds of his efforts he needs and uses for food when he is permitted to do so, and when on his predatory excursions he rather avoids than seeks the company of man.

In a wild state he seeks his prey in a manner similar to that in which he seeks it in his excursions afield when domesticated. It is his manner of obtaining a food supply, and hence the manner of obtaining the wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Meat is his natural food. He craves it as the ox craves grass when hungry, and each eats according to its nature. Man does not care for the grass as food for himself, and not wanting it, he does not deem it worth while to assert that the ox seeks grass instinctively for the benefit of man; yet he does want the dog's prey, and therefore it is quite an easy matter to assert unthinkingly that the dog chases rabbits and other game, not for himself, but for his master, besides on his own account being a great destroyer and consumer of vermin. However, as the dog is naturally carnivorous and utilizes its prey for food, the facts seem to indicate that his seeking instincts are for his own organic preservation.

However, aside from the matter of mere profit to him, the dog takes a fierce pleasure in the pursuit and capture. Over and above the obtaining of a food supply, he finds a savage delight in conquering and killing. Thus sheep

killing dogs and wolves, when they attack a flock of sheep, kill far more than they need for food. Most dogs will attack a rat or rats at sight, and never cease their efforts till the last one is killed or escapes. By a course of education, either direct or indirect, all domestic dogs are taught what animals they may kill and what they may not. With setters and pointers, this is not always an easy task, as any one who has been out in the country with some mature, city-bred dogs on their first outing can testify. The farmer's sheep and poultry then have cause for alarm. This instinct to pursue and kill is dog nature, and moreover it is good dog nature. Checked to proper limitations and schooled to the sportsman's purposes, the traits displayed are what make the dog a useful servant. He has the inclination, intelligence and capabilities for hunting; these the sportsman applies to the furtherance of his own pleasure.

Left to his own inclination entirely, the dog hunts for himself. Nevertheless, his passion for hunting is so great that he will submit to much restriction in his methods and great loss in respect to what he captures, before he will desist. Yet too much restriction may lessen his ardor; too much punishment may suppress all effort.

So far as teaching the dog how to hunt is concerned, the trainer is such an unimportant factor that he is hardly worth considering; but he is an all-important factor in giving the dog the necessary opportunities to learn. These being given, the manner of seeking, or whether he seeks at all, lies with the dog. The beginner generally falls into the error of attempting to train the dog before the latter knows anything about seeking or finding. The true method is to permit the dog to seek and find in his own manner, and then school his efforts to the use of the gun. However expert a trainer may be, any efforts directed toward improving the dog's natural methods of hunting are likely to end in failure, or are likely to mar them.

If a dog is naturally deficient in speed, nose, stamina, industry, intelligence, etc., no trainer can supply the qualities which nature omitted. It is impossible to make a good dog out of a naturally poor one, though the reverse is possible. In this connection it may be mentioned that a good pedigree is not necessarily a guarantee of a good worker. A poor dog with a fine pedigree is no better than a poor dog with no pedigree at all. The test of field merit is the test of the individual himself; the excellence of an ancestry may be something entirely apart from any qualities possessed by the individual, or it may be present in a greater or less degree; it all is as it may happen to be. The dog as a worker must stand or fall on his own merits.

In character, intelligence, stamina, industry, selfishness and unselfishness, etc., dogs vary quite as much as men vary, and there are no hard and fast rules for the training of the one any more than there are for the training of the other. He is the best teacher of man or dog who can best understand the capabilities of his pupil, so modifying or combining methods that they are presented in the best manner to the pupil's capacity and the circumstances of the particular case. To determine nicely all these points requires close observation and good temper, and also the teacher must always keep in mind the two standpoints, his own on the one hand as a teacher imparting knowledge, and on the other that of the dog whose intellect is relatively weak, whose ability to acquire ideas is relatively limited, and whose nature is such that the lessons of servitude are repugnant to him. Although comparatively slow in learning the lessons inculcated by his trainer, the dog is quick to learn how best to apply his powers for the benefit of his own needs.

The beginner who feels his way carefully along will make much better progress than he whose efforts are marked by inconsiderate haste. It is easily perceived that if the trainer does not endeavor to understand the nature and capacity of his pupil, his efforts to teach will be far from good. And yet what he fails to learn at first he must learn at last, for he must learn to understand his dog before his dog can learn to understand him.

Let the amateur consider that the dog's education is properly a matter of weeks and months, and not a matter of a few lessons carefully given or many lessons forcefully given; that the trainer's haste does not in the least add to the dog's ability or inclination to learn, and that a puppy is an undeveloped creature which needs age for the proper development of its reasoning powers.

B. WATERS.

Points and Flushes.

We are indebted to Mr. C. W. Butts, of Columbus, O., for a fine reproduction of a field trial scene, showing dogs in competition, mounted judges and spectators. It represents some of his artistic effort.

The Greyhound (English) Stud Book, Vol. XIX., contains the names, colors, ages and pedigrees of greyhounds registered therein up to June 1, 1900; and full information on subjects relating to coursing. It can be obtained of Mr. Horace Cox, Field Office, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E. C., London.

AUG. 30 the Ladies' Kennel Association decided to offer its premierships and specials at the shows to be held in the following cities: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Providence, Cleveland, Baltimore, Danbury, Milwaukee, Pittsburg and San Francisco.

M. K. BIRD, Hon. Sec'y L. K. A.

THE Connecticut Field Trials Club, of which Mr. John E. Bassett, P. O. Box 603, New Haven, Conn., is the secretary, is earnestly interested in promoting field trial interests and sportsmen's interest in the East. Its field trials are open to all New England and will be run at Hampton, Conn., commencing Nov. 7. The Derby is open to setters and pointers whelped after Jan. 1, 1899. The entries to this stake close Oct. 3. The All-Age Stake is open to setters and pointers which have not won first prize in any recognized field trials. Entries close Oct. 17. Forfeit \$5 and \$5 additional to start in each stake. Purse divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The judges are Messrs. John C. Chamberlin, Bridgeport, Conn.; Ransom T. Hewitt, South Wethersfield, Conn., and Joseph T. Lane, Hartford, Conn. Mr. E. Knight Sperry is the president of the club.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

SEPTEMBER.

- 7. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 8. Hull-Massachusetts, invitation race, Hull, Boston Harbor.
- 8. Seawanbaka Corinthian, fall regatta, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 8. Larchmont, schooner cup, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
- 8. Queen City, 22ft. knockabout class, Toronto, Toronto Bay.
- 8. Haverhill, club, Haverhill, Mass.
- 8. Parataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore, Great South Bay.
- 8. Manchester, handicap, Manchester, Mass.
- 8. Columbia, cruise to Hull.
- 8. Winthrop, cruise to Hull.
- 8. South Boston, handicap race to Hull.
- 8-9. Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, rendezvous at Hull.
- 8-9. American, cruise, Newburyport.
- 8-10. California, cruise to Suisun, San Francisco Bay.
- 11. New York, fall sweepstakes, New York, off Sandy Hook.
- 15. Manhasset, closing race, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
- 13. Atlantic, fall race, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- 15. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- 15. South Boston, sailing dinghies, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 22-23. California, cruise to Martinez, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
- 22. Riverside, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
- 22. Canarsie, Commodore's cups, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
- 22. Haverhill, fourth championship, Haverhill, Mass.

The Fisher Cup Matches.

CHARLOTTE, N. Y.—LAKE ONTARIO.

Sept. 8, 10, 11.

THE full conditions agreed to by the Rochester Y. C. and the Royal Canadian Y. C. to govern the coming matches for the Fisher cup are as follows:

Conditions governing the match for Fisher cup, to be sailed between yachts representing the Rochester Y. C. and the Royal Canadian Y. C.

Rules.—The racing rules shall be those of the Lake Yacht Racing Association as existing at this date, subject to such conditions and variations as are herein provided and in accordance with the deed of gift dated Nov. 5, 1895, and the supplementary conditions in connection therewith, dated Nov. 5, 1898.

Construction.—The yachts shall be of wooden construction in accordance with the scantling tables in the rules above mentioned.

Size of Yachts.—The competing yachts shall be in the 35ft. class.

Number of Races.—The winner of two out of three races shall be declared the winner of the match.

Dates of Races.—The first race shall be sailed on Saturday, Sept. 8, 1900, and the other races on consecutive days thereafter until completed, Sundays excepted.

Courses.—The races shall be sailed on Lake Ontario off Charlotte, the first course to be over an equilateral triangle of 3½ nautical miles to the leg, twice round, or 21 miles in all.

The second course shall be five nautical miles to the windward or leeward and return, twice round. The steamer bearing the buoy for this race shall be started at the time the preparatory gun is fired.

The third course, if a third shall be necessary, shall be arrived at by the toss of a coin between the skippers of the competing yachts, the one winning to have the right to name the course, the same to be either a repetition of the triangular course or a course to windward or leeward and return and the same distance as the course on the second day. The triangular course shall be so sailed that one side of the triangle shall be to windward if possible. In windward and leeward races all buoys shall be left to starboard and in triangular races all buoys shall be left to starboard or port, as directed by the judges.

Time.—All races shall be started at 11 o'clock A. M. Any race not completed in five and one-half hours by the winning yacht shall be resailed.

The start may be postponed by the judges:

First, in case of fog.

Second, if in their opinion the space round the starting line is not sufficiently clear at the time appointed for starting.

Third, in case both yachts consent to a postponement.

Fourth, in case of serious accident to either yacht, as hereinafter provided.

Fifth, should such a course appear to them desirable.

And in case of postponement the judges shall determine the time for starting, but in no case shall a race be started later than 1 P. M.

A yacht crossing the line before the starting signal is given shall be recalled by five short blasts of the whistle and the hoisting of her national flag.

An unfinished race shall be resailed until completed.

Accidents.—In case of accident to either yacht prior to the preparatory signal notice thereof shall immediately be signalled to the judges, who shall have power to postpone the race if the accident, in their opinion, is sufficiently serious to warrant such a course, or if an accident occurs during a race the yacht to which the accident has happened shall have sufficient time to make repairs before being required to start in the next race.

Scrutineers.—Each yacht shall have on board during the races a representative named by her competitor whose weight shall not exceed 150lbs.

The names of the scrutineers shall be given to the judges not less than twenty-four hours before the first race and the scrutineers shall report to the judges within six hours after the termination of the race.

Management.—The races shall be sailed under the management of three judges, none of whom shall be interested in either yacht. One shall be appointed by each club, and the two so appointed shall select a third one on or before Sept. 1, and they shall act as judges and timekeepers and settle all disputes. The decision of a majority shall be final in all matters.

The judges shall be the regatta committee referred to in the rules of the Lake Yacht Racing Association.

Measurements.—The certificates of the measurers of the Rochester Y. C. and the Royal Canadian Y. C. given under the rules of the Lake Yacht Racing Association shall be accepted by the judges unless they or a majority of them shall deem it expedient to make a fresh measurement before or at any time during the races. Each yacht shall be entitled to a copy of the certificate of the other

yacht and in the event of a fresh measurement being made shall be entitled to have a representative present when such measurements are taken.

Crews.—The crews shall be limited to six men, whose total weight shall not exceed 1,050lbs.

Instructions.—Charts of the course and instructions shall be furnished to the competing yachts not later than 7 o'clock on the morning of the race.

Alterations.—These conditions may be altered or amended by mutual agreement at any time.

As the result of a number of trials, Minota was selected last week to represent the Royal Canadian Y. C. Mr. Æmilus Jarvis will sail her. Mr. Doris has been at Charlotte since Aug. 28, fitting out and sailing Genesee.

The America Cup.

THE following is from the European Edition of the New York Herald, and confirms the opinion that Sir Thomas Lipton has no immediate intentions of challenging for the America Cup:

Sir Thomas Lipton, in conversation with the Queens-town correspondent of the Daily Telegraph at the Royal Cork Y. C., said that no time had been mentioned for the international race up to the present.

"You see," he remarked, "there is no challenge yet sent to America, and consequently arrangements could not be made.

"I intend calling my new yacht Shamrock, the same as her predecessor.

"The challenger will have the advantage of testing her sailing qualities when she is built with the old Shamrock. They will have trial races. I have not changed, nor do I intend to change, the construction of the old boat, so that she may have a fair trial with the new boat in exactly the same shape as she was when she competed with Columbia."

Asked if he considered American yachtsmen equal to British, Sir Thomas said:

"I do in every respect. I say without fear that there are no finer yachtsmen in the world than Americans."

He could never ascertain, Sir Thomas went on to say, why American yacht owners sought after British skippers so much as they had. He expressed his gratitude to the yachting fraternity in America for the extraordinary welcome they gave him and for their sportsmanlike conduct in the management of the races, and for the general courtesy extended to him. He received mascots and other tokens of good luck from all parts of America, from England as well as from Ireland, and from Germany.

Fitzsimmons, the great pugilist, even sent him a horse-shoe, but all in vain. The best boat won on her merits.

"I did not," he added, "spare money on Shamrock's build, nor in racing, nor in equipping her with crew and gear. She cost ten times as much as any other yacht that ever raced for the America Cup, besides what it cost to take her across the Atlantic."

Sir Thomas was then asked if there was any truth in the report that appeared in the newspapers that the next challenge would be made by him under the auspices of the Royal Cork Y. C.

He replied that there was not, as that matter had not yet entered his mind.

He had received a cablegram that day from Mr. J. V. S. Oddie secretary of the New York Y. C., inviting him to attend the race for the Sir Thomas Lipton cup, but unfortunately he was unable to do so.

He was at present going on a visit to his friends in the west of Ireland.

Asked if he would retire in the event of another challenger appearing in the field, Sir Thomas answered: "Undoubtedly. I have had one chance, and I would make way for any one else, and in addition, I would place at his disposal my yacht, Shamrock, for trial races previous to the departure for America."

Finally, Sir Thomas expressed a decided opinion that Shamrock was the best craft in England adding that the boat that went to America must be able to vanquish Shamrock easily to have any chance of winning the cup.

Kingston Y. C.

KINGSTON, MASS.

Friday, Aug. 24.

THE annual race of the Kingston Y. C. on Aug. 24 was sailed in a freshening S.W. breeze that called for two reefs before the finish and disabled many yachts. The times were:

25ft. Class.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	2 27 51
Arcyto, L. D. Baker	Disabled.
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	Disabled.
21ft. Cabin Class.			
Zaza, Tech boys	2 27 38
Scamper, Reed Bros.	2 31 56
Usona, C. Pryor	2 47 30
Geisha, W. T. Whitman	Disabled.
Doshia, E. A. Phemister	Disabled.
Fanny D., A. E. Walker	Disabled.
18ft. Class.			
Dauntless, Benner & Patten	2 38 51
Raduga, W. Burgess	2 43 00
Knockabout Class.			
Spider, H. H. Hunt	2 39 32
Kittawake, H. M. Jones	2 40 09
Lobster 2d, C. Clapp	2 40 39
Miladi, F. R. Adams	2 57 59
Dazzler, Goodspeed Bros.	2 44 54
Oom Paul, G. P. Cushman	Disabled.
Handicap Class.			
Emerell, P. H. Lowe	2 49 05	2 37 05
White Swallow, E. Watson	2 50 17	2 38 17
Dolphin, N. Morton	3 00 53	2 49 53
Rainbow, W. Ormond	2 57 59	2 49 59
Veritas, A. Holmes	3 08 07	2 50 07
Latona, C. Foster	Withdraw.
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	Disabled.
Rooster, A. E. Walker	Disabled.
Mildred L.	Withdraw.
Frolic, J. Dawes	Withdraw.
Solitaire, B. B. Baker	Withdraw.

FOREST AND STREAM is a chosen medium for the interchange of experience, opinion, sentiment and suggestion among its sportsmen readers; and communications on these lines are welcomed in its columns.

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE Duxbury Y. C. regatta was sailed on Aug. 25 in a wind shifting from S.W. to N.E., and only of moderate strength. The times were:

25ft. Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 01 56
Beatrice, John Cavanagh.....	1 04 24
Early Dawn, J. Doherty.....	1 04 37
21ft. Cabin Class.		
Usona, E. Prior.....	1 06 26
Fanny D., A. W. Walker.....	1 11 16
Halcyon, S. C. Winsor.....	1 14 14
Scamper, Reed Bros.....	1 15 05
Zaza, Tech boys.....	1 36 04
Knockabouts.		
Kittawake, H. M. Jones.....	1 21 38
Oom Paul, G. P. Cushman.....	1 23 48
Dazzler, Goodspeed Bros.....	1 27 07
Milady, F. R. Adams.....	1 27 28
Spider, H. H. Hunt.....	1 28 14
Lobster II., C. C. Clapp.....	1 29 13
Handicap Class.		
Rooster, A. Watson.....	1 05 46	0 50 46
Mildred, S. P. Morris.....	1 10 53	0 54 53
Solitaire, B. Baker.....	1 41 21	1 00 37
Dolphin, N. Morton.....	1 26 02	1 02 02
Emerell, Low Bros.....	1 22 32	1 03 32
Challenge, E. B. Atwood.....	1 21 38	1 03 38
Dauntless, Benner & Patten.....	1 24 39	1 04 39
Grace, M. S. Weston, Jr.....	1 28 02	1 10 02
Veritas, A. Holmes.....	1 50 51	1 10 51
Dewey, C. F. Wadsworth.....	1 33 10	1 11 10
Random, G. P. Cushman.....	1 38 33	1 14 33
Frolic, J. C. Dawes.....	1 41 34	1 14 34
Rainbow, W. Ormond.....	1 32 34	1 14 34
White Swallow, E. W. Watson.....	1 36 02	1 16 52
Latona, C. Foster.....	1 43 25	1 20 23

The judges were George E. Fowle, Jr., of the Duxbury Y. C.; Com. John C. Dawes, of the Kingston Y. C., and Com. C. F. Bradford, of the Plymouth Y. C.

Boston Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE Boston Y. C. sailed a club race on Aug. 25 for cups presented by Com. B. P. Cheney, the wind being quite light from the eastward. The times were:

Class A.	Elapsed.
Clarette, Walter Burgess.....	1 49 55
Kelinda, F. F. Streeter.....	1 53 11
Griselda, A. F. Armstrong.....	2 00 16
Class B.	
Flirt, F. W. Fabyan.....	1 39 47
Merle, W. D. Turner.....	1 51 55
Helene, W. S. Burgess.....	1 53 08
Sue, A. M. Blinn.....	2 10 33
Tourmaline, C. W. Chapin.....	2 10 35
Class C.	
Anita, E. H. Tarbell.....	1 52 29
Coquette, B. D. Amsden.....	1 53 23
Meander, E. B. Merriman.....	2 05 34
Neptele, L. S. Haggood.....	2 06 30
Special Class.	
Restless, H. I. Turner.....	1 51 56
Elaine, Frank Hartley.....	1 55 11

The judges were J. A. Stetson, C. G. Browne, W. H. Bangs and H. W. Wesson.

Marine and Field Club—New York C. C.

BENSONHURST—GRAVESEND BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE Marine and Field Club held a race on Aug. 25 in honor of the New York C. C., there being three classes—the N. Y. C. C. knockabouts, N. Y. C. C. canoes and the Marine and Field Club knockabouts. The wind was very light, but races were sailed, the times being:

Canoes—Start, 3:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Az Iz.....	5 09 06	2 04 06	2 04 06
Theo.....	5 12 18	2 07 18	2 07 18
Pioneer II.....	5 19 30	2 14 30	2 14 30
Chance.....	Withdraw.		
New York C. C. Knockabouts—Start, 3:25.			
Pebble.....	5 55 51	2 30 51	2 30 51
Spots.....	5 59 30	2 34 30	2 34 30
Minx.....	5 59 39	2 34 39	2 34 39
Wraith.....	5 54 35	2 29 35	2 29 35
Venture.....	Withdraw.		
Blue Flag.....	5 54 59	2 29 54	2 29 54
Marine and Field Club Knockabouts—Start, 3:40.			
Skylark.....	Withdraw.		
Kelpie.....	5 56 03	2 16 03	2 16 03
Quinque.....	6 00 18	2 20 18	2 20 18
Stinger.....	Withdraw.		
Sweetheart.....	6 01 42	2 21 42	2 21 42
Vixen.....	6 00 35	2 20 35	2 20 35
Flying Fox.....	6 01 07	2 21 07	2 21 07
Venture.....	Withdraw.		

In the evening about forty members of the New York C. C. dined at the club house as guests of the Marine and Field Club.

Beverly Y. C.

WINGS NECK—BUZZARDS BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE race of the Beverly Y. C. on Aug. 25 proved little more than a drift in spite of a light wind at the start. The times were:

25ft. Knockabouts.	Elapsed.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....	2 03 33
Ulula, W. H. Winship.....	2 07 22
Eina, John Parkinson.....	2 13 25
Brunhilda, S. R. Dow.....	2 15 08
21ft. Knockabouts.	
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	2 08 01
Cyrella, R. W. Emmons 2d.....	2 10 29
Amanita, L. Bacon.....	2 12 31
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney.....	2 14 30
Sylvia, S. D. Warren.....	2 15 58
Bohemia, R. L. Barsrow.....	2 18 12
Edith, C. M. Baker.....	Disabled.
18ft. Class—Cats.	
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	1 53 30
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	1 56 20
Daisy, Howard Stockton.....	1 58 11
15ft. Class—One-Design.	
Uarda, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	1 46 55
Vim, F. W. Sargent.....	1 48 10
Peacock, R. Winsor.....	1 51 03
Teaser, R. W. Emmons 2d.....	1 51 05
Plickamarou, N. F. Emmons.....	1 51 21

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE postponed race of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, from Aug. 18, was sailed on the morning of the 25th in a light easterly wind, the times being:

Raceabouts.	Elapsed.
Jolly Roger, B. B. Crowninshield.....	1 21 44
Bander Log, J. Crane, Jr.....	1 23 17
Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	1 24 58
Runaway Girl, H. Tweed.....	1 26 43
Scapegoat, C. H. W. Foster.....	1 27 25
Knockabouts.	
Opitsah II., S. H. Foster.....	1 35 36
Suzanne, F. Brewster.....	1 37 01
Jenny Wren, F. E. Peabody.....	1 41 04
Theresa, L. Davis.....	1 43 12
Class A.	
Dragon, C. M. Parker.....	1 32 38
Yarico, H. E. Yerxa.....	1 35 38
Isis, G. H. Mayo.....	1 35 22
Class B.	
Fifi, J. A. Jennings.....	1 36 11
Thistle, A. P. Mackinnon.....	1 36 26

In the afternoon a race was started with six classes, but owing to the light wind only one finished, the times being:

16ft. Class.	Elapsed.
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	1 15 34
Gee Whizz, F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 17 41
Moccasin, A. D. Irving.....	1 22 06
Mowgli, W. I. Palmer.....	1 23 00
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber.....	1 23 07

Williamsburgh Y. C.

NORTH BEACH—FLUSHING BAY.

Sunday, Aug. 26.

THE Williamsburgh Y. C. sailed a race on Aug. 26 in a flat calm, varied by a heavy thunder squall, only a few yachts finishing. The times were:

35ft. Class—Cabin Sloops.	Elapsed.
Portia, Brush & Feldman.....	5 50 00
25ft. Class—Cabin Sloops.	
Imp, J. Weir.....	5 09 00
Olympia, O. Reid.....	Withdraw.
25ft. Class.	
Innocent, Rawlinsong & Fleming.....	5 04 00
Emily, B. E. Buckter.....	Withdraw.
20ft. Class—Cabin Catboats.	
Rover, Gus Swartz.....	1 02 00
Eagle, C. Hartman.....	Withdraw.
Edith, E. V. Roseman.....	Withdraw.
25ft. Class—Cabin Catboats.	
Lizzie, A. N. Philips.....	0 58 00
Calanthe, William Sheaf.....	Withdraw.
25ft. Class—Open Catboats.	
Aztec, Com. Kells.....	Withdraw.
Paragon, William E. Long.....	Withdraw.
20ft. Class—Open Catboats.	
Edith W., Fred Eardley.....	Withdraw.
Undine, James Lurstein.....	Withdraw.
Kite, K. Wertheim.....	Withdraw.
Halcyon, A. Berthel.....	Withdraw.

Hull-Mass Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. sailed a race on Aug. 25 in a moderate easterly breeze, which came in late in the afternoon, following a calm morning. The times were:

H O Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Al Kyris, J. F. Brown.....	2 04 23
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	2 04 55
Empress, Hayden & Parker.....	2 06 15
21ft. Handicap.		
Jacobin, T. E. Jacobs.....	2 17 19	2 14 19
Caterpillar, W. P. Keyes.....	2 37 15	2 22 15
Swirl, C. H. Lunt.....	2 28 27	2 25 27
18ft. Handicap.		
Zaza, Humphrey & Lauriat.....	2 20 27	2 08 27
Goblin, Geo. W. Canterbury.....	2 31 39	2 17 14
Barbara, A. F. Hayden.....	2 31 24	2 19 24

The judges were Herbert N. Nute, Wm. E. Sheriffs and Laurence B. Flint.

Royal Hamilton Y. C.

HAMILTON—BURLINGTON BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE Royal Hamilton Y. C. sailed a race on Aug. 25, the times being:

30ft. Class—Start, 2:30.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hazard.....	4 05 10	1 35 10	1 35 10
Hiawatha.....	4 24 30	1 54 30	1 39 30
Happy Thought.....	4 28 05	1 58 05	1 43 05
25ft. Class—Start, 2:35.			
Rosemaryn.....	4 34 40	1 59 40
I'll Away.....	4 35 30	2 00 30
Koko.....	4 35 45	2 00 45
16ft. Skiff Class—Start, 3:15.			
Sara.....	4 51 20	1 36 20
Flight.....	4 56 15	1 41 15
Sothis.....	5 03 25	1 48 25
Amah.....	5 34 25	2 19 25
Kink.....	Withdraw.		

Hull Musquito Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE Hull Mosquito Y. C. sailed its weekly race on Aug. 25 in a light easterly breeze, the times being:

First Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Aspenet, Litchfield.....	4 55 15	4 55 15
Jewel, Tilden.....	5 16 28	5 08 28
Special Class.		
Beth, Crooker.....	5 09 11	5 09 11
Tech, Lynch.....	5 13 14	5 09 14
Second Class.		
Rita, King.....	5 22 54	5 20 54
Marion, Manson.....	5 24 57	5 21 57
Oom Paul, Putnam.....	5 30 39	5 24 39
Isidora, Cleverly.....	5 28 13	5 26 13
Esefsee, Johnson.....	5 38 11	5 37 11
Ripple, Maxwell.....	5 42 53	5 42 53

East Gloucester Y. C. Annual Race.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Monday, Aug. 20.

THE East Gloucester Y. C. sailed its annual open race on Aug. 20 in a fresh N.E. breeze, the times being:

25ft. Class.	Hdcp.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Onda, Greenough.....	..	1 57 18	1 24 40
Khalifa, Tucker.....	..	1 57 29	1 25 20
30ft. Class—Handicap.			
Rambler, Pomeroy.....	4	1 55 04	1 51 04
Althea, Colby & Smith.....	Scratch,	1 53 04	1 53 04
Opitsah II., Foster.....	4	1 53 54	1 54 54
Alice and Maud, McCurdy.....	1	1 57 53	1 56 53
Marvis, Smothers & Brooks.....	5	2 02 00	2 57 00
Ariel, Gosbee.....	5	2 02 00	1 57 20
Lillian, Bates.....	1	2 01 00	2 00 00
Angel, Cox.....	8	2 08 28	2 00 28
M. L. E., Endicot.....	5	2 09 08	2 04 08
21ft. Class—Open.			
Dauntless, Benner & Patten.....	..	1 51 07	1 09 16
Circe II., Pigeon.....	..	1 51 39	1 09 56
21ft. Class—Cabin.			
Petrel, Lunt.....	..	2 00 57	1 17 46
Bernice, Lawson Bros.....	..	2 01 08	1 20 40
Nymph, Perkins.....	..	2 02 01	1 22 05
Kamador, Lorell Bros.....	..	2 14 40	1 33 05
Snapshot, Perry.....	..	Withdraw.	
17ft. Class.			
Evelyn, Woodbury.....	..	1 38 58	1 02 24
Squab, Pigeon.....	..	1 45 30	1 10 01
Tibita, Smith.....	..	1 47 14	1 13 17

The winners were: Onda, \$20; Rambler, \$15; Althea, \$10; Opitsah II., \$5; Dauntless (subject to protest), \$12; Petrel, \$12; Bernice, \$8; Nymph, \$5; Evelyn, \$8, and Squab, \$5.

The judges were Messrs. P. W. Merchant, A. L. Millett, Archie Moore, W. E. Parsons, J. R. Jeffrey and I. E. Stanwood.

Shelter Island Y. C.

SHELTER ISLAND, L. I.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE Shelter Island Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on Aug. 25 in a light breeze, the times being:

43ft. Class—Start, 1:50.	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hebe, J. R. Maxwell.....	43.00	5 09 46	5 09 46
Eidolon, James Weir, Jr.....	42.00	5 34 03	3 43 32
Effort, T. M. Smith.....	36.00	5 34 03	3 43 32
30ft. Class—Start, 1:55.				
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell.....	29.73	5 17 59	3 22 59
Marion, F. M. Smith.....	28.87	5 26 20	3 31 20	3 29 45
Martha, Weber & Dun.....	28.06	5 44 30	3 49 30	3 46 45
Othlie, O. E. Lohrke.....	..	5 43 36	3 53 36	3 50 52
Jessica, George E. Reynolds.....	27.95	Not timed.		
25ft. Class—Start, 2:00.				
Mariposa, Herbert McCall.....	21.00	6 04 21	4 04 21	3 58 21
Sito, II., R. R. Otis.....	23.29	5 00 44	3 00 49	3 48 34
Evelyn, A. E. Bancker.....	23.47	5 00 59	3 00 59	3 00 59
30ft. Class—Catboats—Start, 2:00.				
Regina, O. A. Lamont.....	30.00	6 00 25	4 00 25
Fugitive, Birdsall.....	..	5 04 42	3 41 42
28ft. Class—Catboats—Start, 2:35.				
Duchess, Samuel Pickardt.....	16.17	6 01 30	3 26 30
Nueva, T. .. Brigham.....	17.69	5 06 05	2 21 08
Winnish, A. Kuttroff.....	15.45	6 17 20	3 42 20
20ft. Class—Catboats—Start, 2:35.				
Nan Ven, C. R. Hendrix.....	19.83	5 04 05	3 29 05
Rattler, W. P. Henes.....	20.00	4 52 38	2 17 38
Merula, F. W. Jenkins.....	20.85	4 53 24	2 22 24
15ft. Class—Catboats—Start, 2:35.				
Surprise, F. M. Smith.....	15.00	5 30 23	2 55 23
Anemone, Lawson.....	15.00	5 25 07	2 50 07

Shinnecock Bay Y. C.

GOOD GROUND—SHINNECOCK BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 18.

THE Shinnecock Bay Y. C. sailed a club race on Aug. 18 in a light breeze, the times being:</



INLAND LAKE Y. A. RACES. THE START, AUG. 22.

The 30-Footers at Newport.

WHILE the Seanwanhaka cup races, the New York Y. C. cruise, the Inland Lake regatta and other important events have been interesting yachtsmen throughout the country, the owners of the Newport 30-footers have been having plenty of fun in the exciting racing which this fine class gives. On Aug. 19 a race was sailed over the Rose Island course, around Brenton's Reef, eighteen miles, in a fresh south wind, the times being, start 3:34:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 05 15	1 31 15
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....	5 05 55	1 31 55
Asahi, W. S. Miller.....	5 06 10	1 32 10
Vaquero III, W. Rutherford.....	5 08 35	1 33 35
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....	Withdrew.	

Wa Wa fouled Esperanza and withdrew.

On Aug. 20 a very good race was sailed over a course from the outer harbor around Beaver Tail and Seal Rock, two rounds, in a fresh S.E. wind, the prize being a cup offered by W. S. Miller. The times were, start 3:34:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....	5 53 32	2 19 32
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....	5 56 50	2 22 50
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 57 05	2 23 05
Vaquero III, W. Rutherford.....	5 58 35	2 24 35
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....	6 01 10	2 27 10
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....	6 03 52	2 29 52

15ft. Class—Start, 2:39.

Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.....	4 56 40	2 17 40
Eaglet, W. Grosvenor, Jr.....	4 59 25	2 20 25
Hawk, W. Gammell, Jr.....	5 02 15	2 23 15

On Aug. 21 the course was around Brenton's Reef,



ANITA.

Winner of Inland Lake Championship. Designed by Will Davis, Oshkosh, Wis., 1900.

twelve miles, for a cup offered by H. B. Duryea, the times being, start 3:33:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....	5 15 51	1 42 51
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....	5 17 47	1 44 47
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....	5 19 09	1 46 09
Vaquero III, W. Rutherford.....	5 19 18	1 46 18
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....	5 20 10	1 47 10
Nora, R. N. Ellis.....	5 20 13	1 47 13

15ft. Class—Start, 2:35.

Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.....	4 45 40	2 10 40
Eaglet, W. Grosvenor, Jr.....	4 50 40	2 15 40
Hawk, W. Gammell, Jr.....	4 51 20	2 16 20

On Aug. 23 the fleet sailed around Brenton's Reef again in a fresh S.W. wind for a cup offered by H. P. Duryea. Dorothy fouled a lobster pot and withdrew. The times were, start 3:35:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....	5 21 57	1 46 57
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 22 58	1 47 58
Asahi, W. S. Miller.....	5 23 29	1 48 29
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....	5 21 44	1 50 44
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....	5 26 01	1 51 01
Vaquero III, W. Rutherford.....	Withdrew.	
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....	Withdrew.	

On Aug. 24 the course was around Bishop's Rock, two rounds, making thirteen miles. Pollywog took the ground and Asahi gathered so much eelgrass that she withdrew. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, Reginald Brooks.....	6 40 08	3 10 08

Vaquero, W. Rutherford.....	6 41 20	3 11 20
Dorothy, H. Yale Dolan.....	6 41 35	3 11 45
Esperanza, W. H. Willard.....	6 42 08	3 12 08
Asahi, W. S. Miller.....	Withdrew.	
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....	Withdrew.	

On Aug. 25 the Dyer's Island course was sailed in a good S.W. wind, the prize being given by Mrs. Almeric Hugh Paget. The times were, start 3:19:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....	5 41 07	2 22 07
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....	5 44 19	2 25 19
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....	5 45 51	2 26 51
Vaquero III, W. Rutherford.....	5 46 17	2 27 17
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 51 31	2 32 31
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....	Withdrew.	

On Aug. 28 a sweepstake race was sailed in a light and variable wind, over an eight-mile course, the times being, start 3:27:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 25 26	1 58 26
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....	5 29 21	2 02 21
Vaquero III, R. P. Carroll.....	5 30 06	2 03 06
Dorothy, C. W. Dolan.....	5 30 47	2 03 47
Asahi, W. S. Miller.....	Withdrew.	
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....	Withdrew.	

Another sweepstakes was sailed on Aug. 29 around Brenton's Reef, the wind being fresh from the south. The times were, start 3:38:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy, C. W. Dolan.....	5 13 21	1 40 21
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....	5 21 01	1 43 01
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....	5 21 42	1 43 42
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....	5 22 04	1 44 04
Vaquero III, W. Rutherford.....	5 24 11	1 46 49
Asahi, W. S. Miller.....	Withdrew.	

On Aug. 30 the Dyer's Island course was sailed in a strong S.W. wind, again for a sweepstakes. Pollywog fouled Hera and withdrew. The times were, start 3:20:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy, C. W. Dolan.....	5 33 47	2 13 47
Vaquero III, W. Rutherford.....	5 34 09	2 14 09
Asahi, W. S. Miller.....	5 36 31	2 16 31
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....	5 36 38	2 16 38
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 37 43	2 17 43
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....	Withdrew.	

Woods Holl Y. C.

WOOD'S HOLL, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE Wood's Holl Y. C. sailed two races on Aug. 25 in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

Regular Regatta.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie, E. E. Swift.....	1 32 03	1 30 53
Fish, F. C. Foster.....	1 34 48	1 33 18
Emma, A. M. Ferris.....	1 34 46	1 33 26
Florence, W. L. Howes.....	1 34 36	1 34 07
K. T., W. M. Ferris.....	1 35 44	1 34 14
White Dove, J. P. Sylvia.....	1 36 42	1 35 22
Maxine, G. P. Clark.....	1 44 01	1 44 01

Cup Contest.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie, E. E. Swift.....	1 32 03	1 31 48
Fish, F. C. Foster.....	1 34 48	1 34 04
K. T., W. M. Ferris.....	1 35 44	1 34 14
Emma, A. M. Ferris.....	1 34 46	1 34 31
Florence, W. L. Howes.....	1 34 36	1 34 36
White Dove, J. P. Sylvia.....	1 36 42	1 35 58
Maxine, G. P. Clark.....	1 44 01	1 42 01

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. had two races scheduled for Aug. 25, one for the Leland challenge cup, held by Bee and challenged for by Wyntje, in the morning, and one for the Robert Center memorial cup in the afternoon. The first race was declared off for lack of wind, after a long wait. The second was sailed in a light breeze from S.W., the times being:

Raceabouts—Start, 3:50.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Scamp, Johnston De Forest.....	6 47 52	2 57 52
Raider, H. M. Crane.....	6 47 57	2 59 57

Knockabouts—Start, 3:55.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Senta, Daniel Bacon.....	7 10 30	3 15 30
Bee, Nelson B. Burr.....	7 13 18	3 18 18
Wyntje, F. S. Hastings.....	7 14 31	3 19 31
Heron, F. R. Coudert.....	7 17 33	3 22 33

Annisquam Y. C.

ANNISQUAM, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE Annisquam Y. C. sailed a race for the special class and the 15ft. class on Aug. 25 in a fresh south wind, the times being:

Special Class.

	Elapsed.
Ruth, Reed.....	1 54 41
Trifler, Howes.....	2 07 06
Schatz, Bent.....	2 13 38

15ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Lynx, Cunningham.....	1 58 56
Evelyn, Woodbury.....	2 05 35
Tabasco II, Wiggin.....	2 07 50
Wink, Langland.....	2 08 42
Gertrude, Damon.....	2 09 42

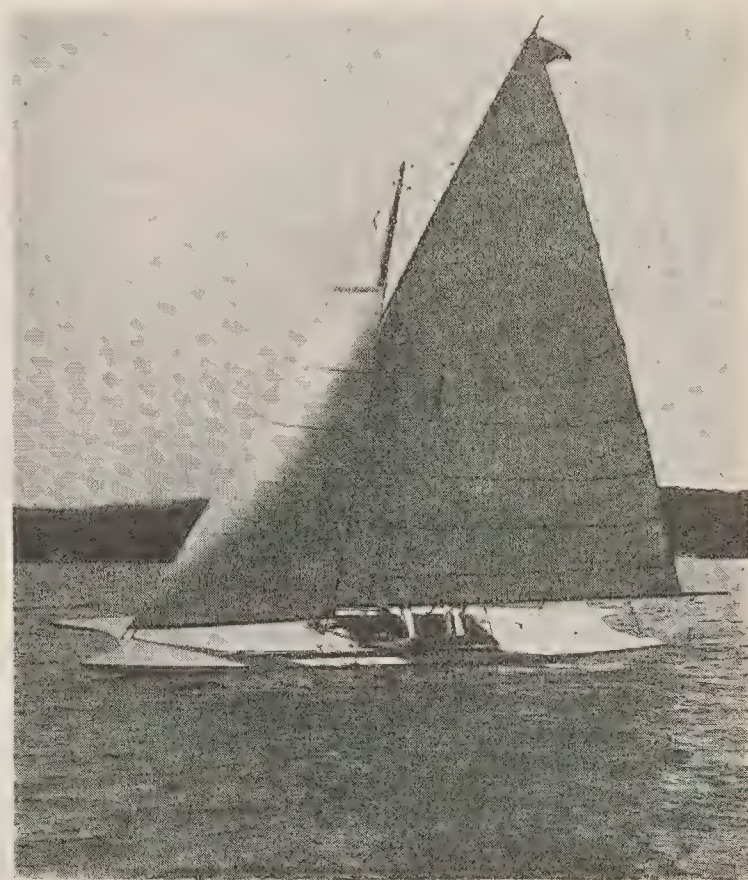
Huguenot Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE Huguenot Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on Aug. 25 in a very light and variable wind from S.E. to S.W. The times were:

	43ft. Class—Start, 12:35.	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eurybia, Charles Pryer.....	40.02	5 08 40	4 33 40	4 30 29	
Fleetwing, C. M. Fletcher.....	43.00	5 15 00	4 40 00	4 30 29	
	36ft. Class—Start, 12:35.				
Anoatok, J. E. Martin, Jr.....	34.00	4 40 18	4 04 18	4 04 18	
	Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 12:40.				
Possum, W. N. Bavier.....	36.00	5 21 15	4 41 15	4 41 15	
	Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:45.				
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	29.70	4 49 30	4 04 30	4 04 30	
Borcas, Cord Meyer.....	30.00	Withdrew.			
	Cabin Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 12:55.				
Rochelle, E. Kelly.....	25.00	3 53 30	2 58 30	2 58 30	
	Open Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 12:55.				
Amomo, C. S. Towle.....	25.00	3 50 30	2 55 30	2 55 30	
Agawam, W. L. Diaz.....	22.50	Withdrew.			
	Special Class—25ft. Cabin Sloops—Start, 12:55.				
Alcedo, G. C. Allen.....	25.00	4 26 40	3 31 40	3 31 40	
D. F. Fox, J. E. Van Hagen.....	25.00	Withdrew.			
	Cabin Cats—25ft. Class—Start, 12:55.				
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby.....	23.50	3 17 00	2 22 00	2 22 00	
	Raceabouts—Start, 12:50.				
Sis, F. T. Bedford, Jr.....	3 34 18	2 44 18	2 44 18	
Spindrift, Pirie Bros.....	3 42 00	2 52 00	2 52 00	
	Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 12:50.				
Thelga, A. P. Thayer.....	21.00	4 01 30	3 11 30	3 11 30	
Scintilla, J. R. Hoyt.....	21.00	4 08 00	3 18 00	3 18 00	
	Open Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 1:00.				
Ox, R. N. Bavier.....	21.00	3 43 00	2 43 00	2 43 00	
Rod, Ralph Law.....	21.00	3 36 40	2 36 40	2 36 40	
	Open Cats—21ft. Class—Start, 1:00.				
Mongoose II, Simeon Ford.....	21.00	3 20 30	2 20 30	2 20 30	



CAROLINE.

Designed by Jimmie Jones. Built by Jones & La Borde, Oshkosh, Wis., 1900.

	21.00	3 43 20	2 43 20
Spunk, Proctor Smith.....	21.00	3 35 00	2 35 00
Kildare, T. A. McIntyre.....	21.00	3 37 40	2 37 40
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill.....	21.00	3 37 40	2 37 40
	Special Class—21ft. Open Cats—Start, 1:00.			
Miriam, J. M. Price.....	19.86	3 46 40	2 46 40
Spindrift, M. Goetchius.....	18.60	3 47 30	2 47 30	2 45 36
	Cabin Cats—21ft. Class—Start, 1:00.			
Psyche, W. N. Stevens.....	20.00	3 59 00	2 59 00
Marion, J. P. Donovan.....	21.00	3 52 50	2 52 50
	18ft. Knockabouts—Start, 1:05.			
Pagan, R. W. Jackson.....	20.18	3 45 15	2 50 15
Bronco, H. C. Ward.....	20.18	3 39 35	2 42 35
	Open Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 1:05.			
Sora, W. Hoey, Jr.....	18.00	3 32 00	2 27 00
Palame, W. W. Swan.....	18.00	3 46 00	2 41 00
Nora, L. Iselin.....	18.00	3 43 10	2 38 10
Palm, C. A. Miller.....	18.00	3 45 28	2 40 10
Nike, Guy Forbes.....	15.64	3 41 30	2 36 30	2 31 47
	Open Cats—18ft. Class—Start, 1:05.			
Sneeke, R. Bavier.....	18.00	4 22 40	3 17 40
	Dories—Start, 1:10.			
Rudder, H. Stevenson.....	2 58 00	1 48 00
Dud, G. A. Cory.....	2 57 40	1 47 40
Prize, H. H. Van Rensselaer.....	3 12 45	2 02 45
Scat, D. R. Howland.....	3 02 30	1 52 30

The winners were Eurybia. Anoatok. Possum. Alerion. Rochelle. Amomo. Alcedo. Win or Lose. Sis. Thelga. Rod. Mongoose II. Spindrift. Marion. Bronco. Sora. Sneeke and Dud.

The race committee included Messrs. J. Nelson Gould, H. C. Ward and E. Hanford Sturges. Mr. T. R. Ebert, of the New York Athletic Club, gave a special cup for the raceabouts, won by Sis.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C. sailed its fall race on Sept. 1 in a fresh easterly breeze, the times being:

Schooners—65ft. Class—Start, 12:40.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wayward, C. Smithers.....	4 02 48	3 22 48
Katrina, J. D. Ford.....	3 56 15	3 16 15
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 12:50.	Finish.	Elapsed.
O Shima San, H. I. Pratt.....	Withdrew.	
Anoatok, J. E. Martin, Jr.....	Withdrew.	
Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 12:50.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Escape, G. Matthews.....	4 13 25	3 23 25
Freya, G. J. Bradish.....	4 22 40	3 32 40
Flora, H. H. Laudon.....	Withdrew.	
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:55.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alerion, A. H. Acker.....	3 55 20	3 00 20
Marguerite, J. H. Dingee.....	3 56 55	3 01 55
Enpronzi, A. Peats.....	3 54 49	2 59 49
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell.....	3 55 09	3 00 09
Catboats—Cabin and Open—25ft. Class—Start, 1:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby.....	3 37 24	2 32 24
Vagabond, Fancher and Bartram.....	3 27 20	2 22 20
Kenwood, A. B. Cornell.....	Withdrew.	
Keel Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Murmur, B. Wood.....	3 31 37	2 26 27
Adelaide, Dr. J. M. Woodbury.....	3 24 01	2 19 01
Rochelle, Edward Kelly.....	3 04 53	1 59 53
Centerboard Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Amomo, C. S. Fowler.....	Withdrew.	
Robin Hood, George Garland.....	3 27 25	2 22 25
Raceabouts—Start, 1:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sis, F. T. Bedford.....	3 07 09	2 07 01
Racer, H. McCrane.....	3 09 33	2 09 35
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell.....	3 12 24	2 12 24
Scamp, J. D. Forest.....	3 11 56	2 11 56
Spindrift, Pierce Bros.....	Disabled.	
Colleen, L. R. Alberger.....	3 13 15	2 13 15
Open Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 1:10.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ox, Robert Bevier.....	3 54 18	2 44 18
Open Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 1:10.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mongoose, S. Ford.....	3 15 56	2 05 56
Kazaza, F. J. McCall.....	3 50 57	2 40 57
Vera, A. M. Bradley.....	Withdrew.	
Spink, A. D. P. Smith.....	Withdrew.	
Open Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 1:15.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Maya, Anderson Dana.....	3 58 51	2 44 51
Open Cats—18ft. Class—Start, 1:15.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hi Jink, H. B. Towle.....	Withdrew.	
Wee Winn, F. Sherwood.....	4 17 08	3 02 08

Canarsie Y. C.

CANARSIE—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE open fall regatta of the Canarsie Y. C. was sailed in a reefing S.W. breeze that proved too much for several of the yachts. The times were:

Cabin Cats and Sloops—20 to 30ft.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hattie E., C. J. Fitzmaurice.....	4 45 52	2 10 42	
Irene, George Winter.....	4 37 42	2 02 42	2 02 42
Madelaine, Dr. Nradner.....	Withdrew.		
Open Cats—20ft. and Over.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lillie, S. W. Scheer.....	4 40 28	1 54 18	1 52 23
Jennie, W. J. Gallagher.....	4 39 26	1 55 20	1 55 20
Caddie, E. Y. Karr.....	4 43 56	2 02 06	1 56 16
Siren, F. J. McGeehan.....	Withdrew.		
Tam o' Shanter, H. Sparr.....	Withdrew.		
Arrow, Com. C. J. Nielsen.....	Withdrew.		
Open Cats—16 to 20ft.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ideal, Walter Smith.....	4 56 29	2 05 35	2 05 35
Lochinvar, J. Sabin.....	5 09 31	2 20 51	2 19 29
Alert, W. Mayer.....	5 11 05	2 23 54	2 22 10
Sweetheart, J. H. Mayer.....	5 12 14	2 24 32	2 22 15
Anna, A., G. H. Garner.....	2 48 04	Withdrew.	

The winners were as follows: Cabin cat, Irene, Canarsie Y. C.; open cats, Lillie S., Jamaica Y. C., and Ideal, Canarsie Y. C.

Lillie S., of the Jamaica Bay Y. C., won the prize for the fastest time over the course, and Jennie, of the same club, second prize.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

PORT WASHINGTON—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE Manhasset Bay Y. C. sailed its annual fall regatta on Sept. 1, the times being:

21ft. Knockabouts—Start, 3:35.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Scintilla, J. R. Hoyt.....	5 21 33	1 52 33
Lassie, E. C. Wallace.....	5 30 17	1 55 17
18ft. Knockabouts—Start, 3:40.	Finish.	Elapsed.
The Scoot, J. Wicks.....	5 56 22	2 16 02
Chinook, W. P. Morgan, Jr.....	6 04 24	2 24 28
Jessica, George Bowles.....	Withdrew.	
Cabin Cats—Start, 3:45.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Chisbe, W. T. Reed.....	5 49 54	2 04 54
Hypathia, Mr. Belden.....	5 50 45	2 05 45
Flat Bottom Open Boats—Start, 3:50.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gazelle, G. C. Cox.....	5 56 03	2 06 03
Wam Pum, F. Cox.....	6 04 22	2 14 22
Katie, E. Reynolds.....	6 05 10	2 15 10
Fox, J. Reynolds.....	6 05 40	2 15 40

The winners are Scintilla, Scoot, Chisbe and Gazelle.

Brooklyn Y. C.

BATH BEACH—GRAVESEND BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 18.

THE Brooklyn Y. C. sailed a race for the Commodore's cups on Aug. 18 in a fresh southerly breeze, the course being a four-mile triangle on Gravesend Bay. As a squall threatened near the end of the second round, the race was called by the committee. The times were:

Class A—Sloops and Yawls.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Charlotte, A. McKay.....	3 49 00	5 39 43	1 50 50	1 46 45
Ojibway, John R. Brophy.....	3 50 45	5 39 10	1 48 25	1 48 25
Dulwich, C. Kempton.....	3 51 00	5 51 45	2 00 45	2 00 45
Hermes, J. E. Haviland.....	3 52 20	5 53 38	2 01 18	2 01 18
Belle, D. J. Cu'pper.....	3 49 30	6 12 55	2 13 25	2 13 25
Frolic, W. Bonner.....	3 53 30	Withdrew.		
Class B—Open and Cabin Cats.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cleoto, N. T. Cory.....	3 54 30	5 39 45	1 45 15	
Oui Vive, G. Freeth.....	3 54 15	5 34 55	1 40 40	1 40 40
Ethel, T. G. Webb.....	3 53 20	Withdrew.		
Minnehaha, W. H. Phillips.....	4 04 30	Withdrew.		

The judges were Com. F. S. Turner, Fleet Capt. Charles A. Kelly and R. W. Rummell, chairman of the regatta committee.

Penataquit Corinthian Y. C.

BAY SHORE—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 18.

THE Penataquit Cor. Y. C. sailed an open regatta on Aug. 18 in a very light S.E. wind. Two important cups were raced for, but there was not enough wind to make the races interesting. The "Queen of the Bay" cup was won by Constance, the holder. Another trophy, called the Smith-Pinkerton-Tucker Combination cup, was put up by the owners of the yachts Elinore, Pinkie and Wee Three, of the 30ft. class, for these three boats alone. It was won by Wee Three.

36ft. Class—Sloops—Start, 11:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Impatience.....	2 50 45	3 45 45	3 45 45
30ft. Class—Sloops—Start, 11:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pinkie.....	Withdrew.		
Gayety.....	3 16 33	4 06 33	4 06 17
Elinore.....	Withdrew.		
Wee Three.....	3 25 53	4 15 53	4 13 45
Marie.....	3 23 25	4 13 25	4 11 09
Osawana.....	3 49 00	4 39 00	4 32 48
25ft. Class—Sloops—Start, 11:15.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Edice.....	Withdrew.		
Scrap.....	3 24 10	4 09 10	4 15 16
21ft. Class—Sloops—Start, 11:20.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Constance.....	11 20 04	4 00 04	4 00 04
Surprise.....	11 52 40	4 32 40	4 15 01
25ft. Class—Catboats—Start, 11:25.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wanda.....	2 23 05	3 53 05	3 53 05
Jupiter.....	3 46 12	4 21 12	4 21 12
Dorothy.....	3 43 19	4 18 19	4 14 46
21ft. Class—Catboats—Start, 11:30.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Peggy.....	3 49 32	4 19 32	4 18 00
Tifi.....	2 49 42	4 19 42	4 18 33
Grace.....	Withdrew.		

The annual meeting of the club was held at the club house in the evening. The reports on committees were read and approved, after which the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: Com., J. Adolph Mollenhauer; Vice-Com., Regis H. Post; Rear-Com., Charles A. Schieren; Treas., R. A. Bachia; Sec'y, Freeman T. Hulse; Board of Governors, George W. Elder, Rawson Underhill, Joseph E. Owens and J. M. Ceballos.

Keystone Y. C.

TACONY—DELAWARE RIVER.

Sunday, Aug. 19.

THE Keystone Y. C. sailed a club race on Aug. 19, postponed from the preceding Sunday. The wind was fresh N.W. The times were:

Skiffs—Start, 10:45.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alberta, J. Millington.....	12 01 30	1 16 30
Gluey, Hugh Ayres.....	12 03 30	1 19 30
W. Gloss, W. Knowles.....	12 03 30½	1 19 30½
F. Reilly, W. Wagner.....	12 07 00	1 23 00
Second Class Duckers—Start, 10:50.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Martha, Geo. Wheatcroft.....	12 07 00	1 17 00
Anna V., Geo. Le Sage.....	12 08 30	1 18 30
Edith M., Horace Ayres.....	12 09 00	1 19 00
Effie D., W. Collom.....	12 11 30	1 21 30
Little Harry, J. Hirst.....	12 13 00	1 23 00
First Class Duckers—Start, 1:24.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Albert S., C. Shallcross.....	2 22 20	0 58 20
Bertie S., W. Clausen.....	2 22 35	0 58 35
George B., Geo. Pass.....	2 23 55	0 59 55
Bessie, S. Y. Dingee.....	2 21 00	1 00 00
McGinty, Geo. Le Sage.....	2 24 30	1 00 30
J. Hurst, R. Brown.....	2 25 10	1 01 10
Flounder, J. Brewer.....	2 26 00	1 02 00
Skiffs—Start, 1:09.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alberta, J. Millington.....	2 10 50	1 01 50
F. Reilly, W. Wagner.....	2 10 58	1 01 58
Gluey, Hugh Ayres.....	2 11 56	1 02 56
W. Glosser, W. Knowles.....	2 12 58	1 03 58
Second Class Duckers—Start, 3:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Edith M., J. Pfister.....	4 12 50	1 07 50
Little Harry, W. Clausen.....	4 14 55	1 09 55
Anna V., Geo. Le Sage.....	4 16 55	1 11 55
Martha, Geo. Wheatcroft.....	4 17 22	1 12 22
Effie D., S. Y. Dingee.....	4 17 30	1 12 30

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Special Race, Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE Larchmont Y. C. sailed a special race on Sept. 1 in a moderate easterly breeze. Isolde and Astrild were matched together, while Altair was present to meet the altered Hussar II., whose mast has been shifted aft 3ft. and rig changed from jib and mailsail to cutter. With a good breeze from the east, there was, of course, a tumble of sea. Hussar II. made but a poor showing in the first part of the race and finally parted her bobstay and withdrew. The times were:

Cutters—60ft. Class—Course, 30 miles—Start, 11:35.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Astrild, Hanan Bros.....	4 54 54	5 19 54	5 19 54
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt.....	4 54 03	5 19 03	5 18 09
Cutters—51ft. Class—Course, 22 Miles—Start, 11:40.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Altair, Cord Meyer, Jr.....	3 19 40	3 39 40	3 39 40
Hussar II., James Baird.....	Withdrew.		
Cutters and Yawls—43ft. Class—Course 22 Miles—Start, 11:40.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Katonah, Dudley Williams.....	4 31 50	4 51 50	4 51 50
Albicare, S. J. Hyde.....	4 29 36	4 49 36	4 37 26
Sloops—36ft. Class—Course, 22 Miles—Start, 11:45.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Countess, O. Sanderson.....	4 09 24	4 24 24	4 24 24
Cherokee, E. W. Clark, Jr.....	Withdrew.		
Sloops—18ft. Class—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 11:52.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sandpiper, A. Belmont.....	2 47 02	2 55 02	2 55 02
Kingfisher, R. Belmont.....	2 58 23	3 06 23	3 06 23

Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, Aug. 18.

THE Gloucester Y. C. sailed the third championship race on Aug. 18, the times being:

Second Class Duckers—Start, 3:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Eisenbrown, A. James.....	3 50 00	3 50 00
Je McGinn, John Lewis.....	3 51 00	3 51 00
Pat Owens, Joe Peoples.....	3 52 00	3 52 00
Third Class Duckers—Start, 3:10.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Catharine C., B. Wilson.....	4 20 00	4 20 00
Freda K., C. Dunlay.....	4 22 00	4 22 00
Annie T., F. Kurtz.....	4 23 00	4 23 00

The judges were George L. Kurtz and T. Minnehan.

A. Dangerous Yacht Race.

From the New York Times.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON may or may not be something of a wag. If he is, he may easily be suspected of preparing a practical joke on the yachtsmen of this country. Sir Thomas has offered a handsome cup to be sailed for by the 70-footers off Sandy Hook. The date selected for this contest is Sept. 13. Possibly that will prevent the joke from working itself out in all the beauty of its details. But then, again, it may not. For there is nothing in the world more uncertain than the weather. And September is one of the coy months of the year. If the first of the fall months is in one of its sweet moods, the sun will shine in yellow splendor through a soft blue haze along the New Jersey coast every day and the surf boats will go in and out through the surf as carelessly as they would enter and depart from the mouth of a creek emptying into a river.

But Sir Thomas Lipton no doubt remembers that last year he lay with his Shamrock and Erin in the Horse-shoe, and day after day in September the wind blew a fine whole-sail breeze and the white horses raced northward along the coast. A thrash to windward meant wet decks and a leaping bowsprit. It was rare yachting weather, and Shamrock had no races to sail. What a pity that such weather should be wasted! Who forgets that when the Cup race dates arrived in October the winds went to sleep and the white horses were stabled? Day after day the fleet went out to the starting point, but the breezes would not blow and the month was nearly sped ere the contest was completed. Sir Thomas remembers all that. And so he offers a cup for the seventies, and they are to sail for it in the middle of September.

Now let us suppose that genuine summer yachting weather makes its presence felt along the Atlantic seaboard about that time. Those white horses will come out of their stables and will go galloping northward once more. When the seventies start out from the lightship they will have to butt their way seaward against a blue water roll. There will be no Gay Head to shut off the flying seas from the southeast and no Long Island to hold in check those from the southwest. It will be genuine ocean racing.

And that will not be good for the new 70-footers. Does any one suppose that Sir Thomas is ignorant of the fact that, when it blew off Newport, these remarkable racing machines almost went to pieces and that two of them came near foundering from stress of weather in a fresh whole-sail breeze? It is hardly possible that Sir Thomas does not know about that. Now, can he really have thought to tempt the seventies to their destruction by offering them a cup to be raced for off the Hook? Would it not be the yachting joke of the century if these four latest products of American designing skill went out to sea and were wrecked in the attempt to sail a race in open water? Let us hope that their designer and builder will get them all sufficiently strengthened with piano wires ere they make the perilous venture.

Bristol Y. C.

BRISTOL, R. I.

Saturday, Aug. 18.

THE Bristol Y. C. sailed a club race on Aug. 18 in a fresh S.W. breeze, the times being:

First Class—Start, 2:35.			Finish.	Elapsed.	
Maria, F. E. De Wolf.....	5	14	15	2 39 15	
Ragnild, H. Ostby.....	5	1	815	2 39 15	
Cornelia, R. W. Comstock, Jr.....	4	55	46	2 20 46	
Second Class—Start, 2:37.					
Budget, Almy Brothers.....	5	21	20	2 44 20	
Third Class—Start, 2:39.					
Caroline, A. S. Brownell.....	5	29	30	2 50 30	
Fourth Class.					
No entries.					
Fifth Class—Start, 2:43.			Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gloria, F. P. Howe.....	4	23	10	1 45 10	1 41 45
Volante, W. H. Thurber.....	4	35	05	1 55 05	1 55 05
Alice, L. M. Minsher.....	Withdrew.				
Sixth Class—Start, 2:45.					
Opossum.....	4	21	45	1 36 45	

Canarsie Y. C.

JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 18.

THE Canarsie Y. C. sailed a club race on Jamaica Bay on Aug. 18 in a very light S.E. wind, making a drift at the finish. During the race, when Arrow was in the lead, one of her crew, Mr. Wolf, was knocked overboard by the boom in a jibe, but was picked up, though Arrow lost her first place. The times were:

Open Catboats Over 20ft.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Uneeda.....	3 21 22	5 34 45	2 13 23	2 13 23
Treble.....	Withdrew.			
Caddie.....	3 22 15	5 36 10	2 13 55	2 12 40
The Arrow.....	3 21 48	5 36 25	2 14 37	2 14 27
Open Catboats Under 20ft.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ideal.....	3 29 07	Not timed—walkover.		
Sloops and Cabin Catboats.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cornelia.....	3 18 16	5 34 43	2 16 14	2 16 14
Madeleine.....	3 19 30	Failed to finish time limit.		
Irene.....	3 16 35	5 36 42	2 20 07	2 12

Knickerbocker Y. C.

COLLEGE POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE Hampden class of the Knickerbocker Y. C. sailed a race on Sept. 1, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Mi Babe, Com. S. H. Mason.....	1 59 09
Zena, F. E. Barnes.....	1 57 58
Indian, J. O. Sinkinson.....	1 57 59
Blue Bird, Irving Sands.....	2 00 28
Blackbird, Rodman Sands.....	2 10 18
Billiboy, W. G. Newman.....	2 15 02

In the afternoon the fleet ran over to Port Washington to visit the Manhasset Bay Y. C.

The Newport "Leakabouts."

THE Newport "leakabouts," otherwise known as the seventies, have been most interesting boats whenever they could be persuaded to stay afloat long enough to sail a race. In good, hard cruising weather they have a tendency to seek shelter "where haply lies their petty hope in some near port or bay," and there they get pumped out and are towed to a shipyard to be doctored. After receiving steel plasters and other attentions they appear again, looking as well as ever, and, with all their faults, they certainly have supplied the best racing of the season.—New York Tribune.

Canoeing.**A. C. A.***Editor Forest and Stream:*

I hereby give notice that at the next meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association I shall move the adoption of the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the term of office of the member of the Board of Governors elected from the Western Division of the American Canoe Association shall be deemed to have begun on Oct. 1, 1899, and to expire three years thereafter, or on Oct. 1, 1902."

The effect of this resolution will be that the present members of the Board will retire in the following order, thus avoiding confusion: Northern Division member, 1901; Atlantic and Western, 1902; Eastern and Central, 1903.

I shall also offer the following:

"Resolved, That the election of commodore from and selection of the location of meets in the territory of the various divisions, as at present constituted, shall be in the following order: Central, Northern, Atlantic, Eastern and Western."

I also inclose a copy of certain proposed changes in the racing regulations which I have forwarded to the Regatta Committee for their action in accordance with Chapter IX. of the By-Laws, and Rule XXII. of the Racing Regulations.

HENRY M. DATER.

To the Regatta Committee of the American Canoe Association. Gentlemen: In accordance with Chapter IX., Sub-Division 8 of the By-Laws and Rule XXII. of the Racing Regulations of the American Canoe Association, I hereby submit for your approval the following proposed changes in the racing regulations of the A. C. A., and I hereby give notice that at the next meeting of the Executive Committee of the Association I shall move the adoption of the same:

First. To amend Rule I. of the Racing Regulations by adding after the word "canoes" at the end of the paragraph therein contained entitled "Dimensions and Limitations—Sailing," the following:

"No fixed metal rudder shall be used, and all drop rudders must be so constructed and fitted that the same when drawn up shall not project below a fair line along the keel."

Second. To further amend Rule I. by adding to the above paragraph, and after the change above proposed, the following: "In all sailing and combined races, no rig other than a practical hoisting and lowering rig shall be used."

Third. To further amend Rule I. by adding to the above paragraph, and after the changes above proposed, the following: "No deck sliding seat shall be used in any race."

Dated New York, Aug. 31, 1900.

HENRY M. DATER.

Nessmuk's Canoes.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., Aug. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sixteen years ago a drayman drove up to Tarpon Ranch with two canoes packed in one box—the Smarty, weighing 16lbs., and the Rushton, weighing 9lbs. 15oz. The two canoes were in company for over a year, then they were separated. The Rushton was carried by Nessmuk, while he remained in Florida; the other and larger canoe has been paddled early and late by Mrs. Tarpon.

While Nessmuk was here he kept the Rushton busy. After she left she was owned and paddled by a young lady in Anclote. But young ladies will get married, and then they have no use for a canoe, and so the Rushton has got back to Tarpon Ranch again, and is snuggled up alongside the Smarty, apparently well pleased to be here. And the two canoes barring a few scratches, are as ready for the water as the day they were taken out of the box sixteen years ago.

Poor old Nessmuk! The sight of the little 10-pounder calls back the many pleasant cruises we have had together. He was a pleasant companion. He had failings—as who has not?—but he was intensely human. May he have a better canoe in the happy hunting ground.

TARPON.

Rifle Range and Gallery.**Columbia Rifle and Pistol Club.**

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 19.—Columbia Rifle and Pistol Club had a range full of shooters and visitors to-day. Conditions were unfavorable for fine scores, but nearly all the contestants gained on

their totals of ten best scores. The trip into the hills after game has done the boys and girls good. Mannel beat his average with .22 rifle, using Peters semi-smokeless .22 long rifle cartridges. Becker shot C. M. C. factory ammunition in his new service .44, with good results, and he made his usual average (45, Creedmoor) with his .30-30 carbine. Dorrell led in the rifle contest, and Young did good average work with Peters .22 shorts in the pistol contest. Edgren introduced a new feature at the noon hour. He desired to see if throwing the hammer and putting the shot would strengthen his nerve for shooting. He hurled the 16lb. hammer 150ft. and put the shot 39ft. "How easy it seems," said Dr. Twist, and he caught the hammer and swung it around his head like a buzz-saw; but, alas! he could not let go. It was a question for a moment whether the Doctor would come out right end up, but he did, and the ladies and gentlemen cheered him with a hearty laugh. Only the Doctor, Edgren and Young tried the sphere, the others believing it would ruin their holding; but Edgren returned immediately to the stand and put two shots into the 6-inch ring at the 200yd. range, and Young and Dr. Twist shot better than usual with pistol. It is argued that strong men need work or vigorous exercise before shooting, and we think weak ones need it to strengthen their nerves.

The scores, Columbia target, off-hand shooting; open to all comers. Rifle, 200yds.:

A B Dorrell, consecutive.....	3	1	6	8	6	6	5	4	6	9—54
	8	2	10	1	4	4	13	5	11	5—63
	5	2	8	2	6	11	8	5	12	10—69
C M Daiss.....	7	7	11	7	2	6	9	10	4	1—64
	3	6	5	7	7	8	10	14	6	7—73
	9	1	10	6	5	4	6	12	13	1—87
	13	3	5	9	10	4	6	1	12	13—76

Back scores, class medals: A. J. Brannigan 88, G. Hoadley (.30-30 carbine) 102, N. Robinson 160, 196.

Military and repeating rifles: P. Becker, .30-30 carbine, 46, 44, 45 (Creedmoor count).

Pistol medals:

F O Young.....	5	5	3	2	3	3	8	4	6	1—40
	3	1	2	6	3	5	6	8	8	4—46
	3	2	7	11	3	3	7	3	6	3—47
	3	9	3	6	8	2	6	4	7	4—52

Dr. Twist 58, 60, 64, 66, 85; back score 68; G. Hoadley 61, 61, 85; back score 79; C. M. Daiss, back scores, 57, 60; Mrs. Mannell 72, P. Becker 71; Dr. H. W. Hunaker, back score with .38 S. & W. revolver, 72; A. J. Brannigan, back score, 94; J. Trego, back score with .32 revolver, 91; N. Robinson, back score, 104.

Twist revolver medal:

P Becker.....	51	63	64	81	90	99
F O Young.....	52	62	61	69	72	

.22 and .25 rifles, 50yds.: G. Mannell 20, 21, 22, 23; A. B. Dorrell 22, 28, 30, 31; Dr. Twist 24, 27, 33.

Record scores, 50yds. .22 rifle: Mrs. Mannell 88, N. Robinson 56, 56, 60, 66.

Pistol: Mrs. Mannell 77, N. Robinson 82, Miss Childs 89, A. J. Brannigan 98.

Mr. Horace Stevens has formed a pistol and rifle club at Bakersfield, Cal. It will be run on the plan of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club. Mr. Stevens has been a constant visitor at the latter club's shoots, and loves the sport for sport's sake.

F. O. Young, Sec'y.

Trapshooting.**Fixtures.****INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.**

Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

Sept. 6-7.—Sherbrooke, Can.—Tournament of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Sept. 12-13.—Homer, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Triangular Gun Club; one day targets; one day live birds. C. B. Wiggins, Sec'y.

Sept. 14.—Salem, N. Y.—Live-bird shoot of the Osoma Valley Gun Club. William L. Campbell, Sec'y.

Sept. 14-15.—Platte City, Mo.—Trap shoot of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

Sept. 15.—Omaha, Neb.—Contest for the Republic cup between Mr. Frank Parmelee, holder, and Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, challenger.

Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 19-20.—Zanesville, O.—Tournament of the Zanesville Gun Club. L. A. Moore, Sec'y.

Sept. 19-20.—Pensacola, Fla.—Two-day shoot of the Dixie Gun Club; bluerocks and live birds. V. J. Vidal, Sec'y.

Sept. 25.—Worcester, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

Sept. 25-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Fifth annual target tournament of the Dupont Gun Club. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.

Sept. 27-28.—Erie, Pa.—First annual target tournament of the Erie Rod and Gun Club; \$100 added money. W. S. Bookwalter, Cor. Sec'y.

Sept. 28 and Nov. 13.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Under auspices of the Greater New York Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Oct. 2-4.—Swanton, Vt.—Robin Hood Gun Club's three days' tournament.

Oct. 11.—Greensburg, Ind.—Tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. C. D. Tillson, Sec'y.

Oct. 12-14.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.

Oct. 9 and Nov. 23.—Hackensack Bridge and Rutherford Road, N. J.—Under auspices of the Moonachie Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber managers.

Oct. 13.—Altoona, Pa.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club's live-bird handicap. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y, Altoona, Pa.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Sept. 11 and Oct. 26.—Interstate Park, Queens.—Under auspices of Medicus Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any regularly organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Dixie Gun Club, of Pensacola, Fla., has changed its dates to Sept. 19 and 20, so as not to conflict with the Chattanooga shoot. There are events at live birds and bluerocks; the latter 2 cents, the former 25 cents. The live-bird purses will be governed by class shooting, 50, 30 and 20. The Rose system will govern the target purses; 5, 3, 2 and 1 in 15-target events; 7, 5, 3, 2 and 1 in 20-target events. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only. Merchandise will be given for average prizes. A fish dinner will be served each day. Extra events will be shot after the programme events are finished. Rates have been secured from all points. Those who wish to secure hotel accommodations in advance can do so by writing to the secretary. Mr. B. Forbes.

On the grounds of the South Side Gun Club Saturday of this week has been designated as the date for the next contest of the E. C. cup, whose significance is the championship of New Jersey. Mr. F. E. Sinnock, of Newark, N. J., is the holder and Mr. W. Widmann, of Yardville, is the challenger.

Dr. A. A. Webber, of Brooklyn, and Mr. S. Van Allen, of Jamaica, L. I., have arranged to shoot a 100-bird match at Interstate Park, for \$100 and the cost of the birds. Judging from former performances the match should be close and the scores good.

Mr. John Wright has claimed Sept. 20 for his all-day live bird and bluerock shoot at Interstate Park, L. I. The programme will be ready in a few days.

The "Handy Book for Trapshooters and Sportsmen," issued by the King Powder Co. and the Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, O., will be sent to any applicant upon application to that company, or to Mr. T. H. Keiler, Eastern agent of both companies, 80 Chambers street, New York. It contains trapshooting, rifle and pistol rules, etc., and a full description of their popular products.

At the last shoot of the Michigan State League, Bay City, Aug. 22 and 23, Frank Shearer, of Bay City, won the expert championship, scoring 24 out of 25. Chas. Flanders, of Flint, Mich., won the semi-expert championship with a score of 23 out of 25. F. C. Merrill won the amateur championship with a score of 22 out of 25. All used Peters Cartridge Co.'s ammunition.

Owing to Monday of this week being a holiday, and the consequent pressure in the printing office of FOREST AND STREAM on Tuesday of this week, we regret that the publication of some communications is necessarily postponed to next week.

Under date of Aug. 28, Mr. Thomas Donley, of St. Thomas, Ont., writes us as follows: "Kindly announce that on account of pressure of business, I am obliged to postpone my tournament from Oct. 18-21. I will notify you of the dates later."

The contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the target championship, shot at Lake Okoboji, Ia., Aug. 31, was won by Fred Gilbert, the holder. Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was the challenger. The scores were 143 to 123.

Mr. Paul H. Gotzian, secretary of the St. Paul Gun Club, St. Paul, Minn., announces that \$350 will be added to the club's annual tournament, to be held at Inter-City Park, Sept. 12, 14 and 15.

Mr. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Iowa, has issued a challenge to Mr. J. A. R. Elliott to contest for the east iron badge, now held by him. His challenge is published elsewhere in our columns.

In the Indian shoot at Lake Okoboji, Mr. Fred Gilbert won high average; Mr. W. R. Crosby was next. A full report of this interesting event will be found elsewhere in our columns.

Mr. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., has challenged Mr. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., to contest for the target championship of which the E. C. cup is the emblem.

Saturday, Sept. 15, has been agreed upon as the date for the contest for the Republic cup between Mr. Frank Parmelee, holder, and J. A. R. Elliott, challenger.

In the forenoon of Oct. 13 the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, of Altoona, Pa., will hold a live-bird handicap. In the afternoon there will be target events.

BERNARD WATERS.

In the Matter of Handicaps—II.

(Continued from issue of Aug. 25.)

By an error in the previous paper, when treating of the 14yd. mark and its fallacies as they relate to handicaps, the meaning was obscured by using the word "traps" instead of the word "score," as follows: "A shooter who is not good enough to have a fair chance in a tournament on his own skill from the 16yd. mark cannot be benefited by standing nearer, for if the No. 1 and No. 5 marks are as wide apart as at 16yds. the angles of the targets are much more acute, the field of vision is not so wide and the load of shot has not time to scatter so wide; for if the Nos. 1 and 5 traps [this should have been Nos. 1 and 5 marks] at 14yds. are as far apart as at the 16yd. mark his chances to win in any tournament are very remote indeed."

To bring out this point clearer, let us assume that either the magautrap or the Sergeant system is used. The shooters, standing at No. 1 and No. 5 marks, are respectively then at the extreme right and left of the score. Let us further assume that the score is moved forward till it is even with the traps. The shooters at Nos. 1 and 5 will have many difficult crossing shots betimes, for it is self evident that standing in close to the extreme right and left of the traps introduces conditions which are against the best success of the shooter. As the field of vision of the average man is about 60 degrees, it is apparent that if an object is placed too close to the shooter it is then within a very narrow field and is much more difficult for him to see, and when seen its flight is much more difficult to follow. Thus the shooter standing at 18yds. has a much wider and better field of vision than has the shooter who stands at 14yds. The former can see much more of the target's flight at the first glance and can cover and follow it better with the gun. If instead of placing the shooters forward and back on parallel lines which intersect the 16yd. mark they were moved forward and back on lines radiating from the center trap, there would be real and equitable handicaps adjusted. To more fully illustrate, let us assume that the handicaps are to be from 14 to 25yds. Then the 25yd. marks are in the circumference of a circle whose radius is 25yds. Now, if lines are drawn from the center trap through the 16yd. marks to the circumference of the circle, and if the shooters are placed where these lines intersect at the different scores, a real handicap will be established. The scores then will be as a whole fan-shaped.

Every yard back of the 16yd. mark will have added difficulties to the shooters who stand on them and every yard nearer will have its advantages. Shooters standing then at the Nos. 1 and 5 marks at 25yds. would be the ones furthest to the right and left of the traps and those standing at the 16yd. mark or the 14yd. mark, if there was one, would be the closest to the center. At the latter mark the flights would approximate more to straightaways, while at the 25yd. mark they would be mostly difficult angles.

In the average club shoots a handicap from 16 to 20yds. is enough, for the reason that very few clubs have a membership whose best skill averages over 85 per cent., decreasing from that to 50 per cent., more or less. Compromising with the factors which one must consider in the matter of handicaps at target shooting—that is to say, the field of vision, the spread of the shot to such a degree that the shooter reaps the best advantages from it according to his skill and the equity of the competition—the 16yd. mark is close enough for the nearest score. The true theory of handicapping is to place the weaker shooters at the mark where they can shoot the best, then placing the other shooters, according to their ability, on the marks back of the weaker ones. Therefore, the proper procedure in handicapping is to set the good shots further back instead of moving the poorer shots forward of the 16yd. mark, for setting a good shot back and at the same time moving a poor shot forward in no wise establishes an equity. It is an easy matter to put any shooter back far enough, however well he may shoot, so as to establish an equity with the shooters on the 16yd. mark. By such a theory and practice a true competition is established instead of a trapshooting fiction.

The length of an event in relation to the number of targets it contains should be considered in the making of handicaps. In short events, say in a programme made up of 10 and 15 target events, the better shots should be penalized more severely than when in the 25, 50 and 100 target events, for in such short races the expert is likely to make sometimes runs of 10 and 15, and the purpose is to make him shoot just as hard and with as much of a remove from a cinch as the man who is at the nearest mark. If

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.	Av.
Courtney	12	12	17	12	13	15	12	14	15	15	12	16	165	.825
Johnston	12	12	14	13	11	11	16	13	15	17	12	13	167	.830
De Long	14	13	15	14	14	16	12	15	17	12	11	17	170	.850
Burnside	13	15	19	15	14	17	13	11	18	14	14	19	182	.910
Neal	14	11	17	13	13	19	14	10	13	12	13	16	170	.850
Crisman	14	14	14	15	8	16	13	12	19	13	15	19	173	.865
L. Hinshaw	13	12	17	13	10	18	11
Marshall	10	13	17	13	13	16	15	11	17	15	14	20	174	.870
Doty	10	13	18	12	8	17	14	12	13	13	15	17	166	.830
Linell	11	14	15	12	12	15	10	13	19	12	11	17	161	.805
Crosby	9	15	19	15	13	20	13	15	17	14	15	18	183	.915
Linderman	15	10	18	14	14	17	15	15	18	13	11	19	179	.895
Sandy	14	13	15	14	15	18	15	13	18	12	13	18	178	.890
Kline	12	15	18	12	13	20	14	13	19	14	15	17	182	.910
Riehl	13	12	15	12	14	17	13	14	18	13	10	17	167	.835
Loomis	11	12	14	10	7	17	7	12	17	14	10	13	149	.745
Capt Money	9	11	16	12	13	19	9	12	15	12	9	16	153	.765
Franklin	8	12	18	13	14	13	12	13	16	13	12	16	161	.805
Elliott	13	15	16	11	12	19	12	15	15	14	13	15	170	.850
Seonce	11	13	15	14	13	17	13	15	18	12	15	18	174	.870
Gilbert	14	15	19	15	13	19	14	15	17	15	13	20	189	.945
Hirschy	15	13	19	14	14	20	12	15	19	13	15	18	187	.935
Mrs Johnston	8	13	17	11	7	17	12	14	16	12	10	19	156	.785
J S Johnston	11	14	15	13	13	17	11	11	14	5	8	15	147	.730
Tenry	14	14	17	14	9	16	15	12	16	14	11	18	170	.850
White	14	13	14	12	15	17
Hodges	10	11	15	19	11	13
Heikes	13	13	19	15	10	18	13	13	18	11	14	19	174	.870
O'Brien	14	14	13	11	12	18	13	8	16	13	11	17	160	.805
E Hinshaw	13	15	13	14	11	17	11	13	16	13	12	16	164	.820
Budd	13	14	19	13	13	17	12	13	17	14	12	19	176	.885

Rossbach	10	11	17	10	8	16	11	13	15	10	7	12	140	.700
Slocum	12	12	15	13	12	18	12	15	16	13	11	17	166	.830
J A Smith	12	14	11	10										
Bray	14	14	16	13	10	18	15	14	15	12	12	19	172	.860
Roberts	7	10	8											
Parnelee	14	14	20	11	13	17	13	13	18	12	12	19	176	.880
Drake	9													
Bingham	13	14	19	14	12	18	12	11	18	13	11	18	173	.865
F C Rice	10	12	14	14	9	19	11	14	17	13	9	16	158	.790
Bird	12	11	18	7	9	15	12	14	17	13	14	16	158	.790
Wallace	10	12	16	13	12	17	9							
Franklin	9													
Carey	9	10	11	9	10	12	9	7	15	10	8	10	125	.625
Kay	12	15	15	13										
Agurd	10													

Third Day, Aug. 30.

This was a repetition of the two preceding days, with a clear sky and wind enough to keep the shooters guessing as to flight of targets. Crosby and Gilbert continued their game of seasaw, the former again winning first place. Several of the boys improved their averages materially and the programme was shot through at a merry pace. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.	Av.
Courtney	14	14	14	11	12	13	13	13	13	12	18	165	.825	
Johnston	12	14	17	13	14	19	13	14	14	8	17	167	.835	
De Long	14	14	17	15	13	18	14	14	13	14	19	183	.915	
Burnside	12	14	16	13	14	17	12	14	18	14	18	175	.875	
Neal	14	14	17	10	12	17	12	15	19	14	19	176	.880	
Crisman	10	9	18	11	12	18	14	11	16	10	14	158	.790	
Bingham	14	10	17	15	14	15	14	14	15	11	14	169	.845	
Marshall	15	15	19	13	14	19	15	12	18	14	19	188	.940	
Doty	14	13	18	12	15	16	12	13	18	11	12	173	.865	
Linell	14	14	18	12	14	20	14	14	20	15	14	176	.880	
Crosby	15	15	19	15	14	18	14	13	20	15	14	191	.955	
Linderman	15	15	15	12	15	19	14	14	17	13	10	177	.880	
Sandy	15	13	18	13	11	17	12	11	15	12	17	167	.835	
Kline	11	12	19	13	11	16	14	14	19	13	15	176	.880	
Riehl	11	12	20	15	10	17	14	13	17	14	11	172	.860	
Loomis	12	14	18	9	11	17	11	10	18	14	13	162	.810	
Capt Money	12	14	18	14	9	19	12	12	18	13	11	169	.845	
Franklin	12	13	15	13	13	20	13	13	16	15	13	161	.805	
Elliott	12	12	17	13	12	18	14	12	17	12	14	173	.865	
Sconce	15	15	19	14	14	20	13	14	19	12	15	189	.945	
Gilbert	14	14	19	15	14	19	14	13	20	13	18	187	.935	
Hirschy	14	13	19	14	12	17	13	14	18	14	15	181	.905	
Mrs Johnston	8	6	14	11	15	15	11	10	17	11	15	145	.725	
J S Johnston	10	13	14	10	10	12	10	10	17	13	18	140	.700	
Henry	10	12	20	12	13	18	12	16	14	15	17	172	.860	
Bird	13	12	17	12	12	17	11	13	16	14	12	167	.835	
F Rice	14	13	16	10	12	19	10	16	12	13	15	162	.810	
Heikes	12	13	18	14	13	20	11	15	14	14	20	178	.890	
O'Brien	10	15	16	11	14	16	13	12	16					
E Hinshaw	13	12	16	13	14	18	13	12	14	10	13	170	.850	
Budd	15	15	16	15	12	18	15	15	17	13	14	182	.910	
Rossbach	12	12	15	12	10	14	12	11	15	14	12	153	.765	
Slocum	11	12	17	14	10	18	13	14	16	12	15	168	.840	
Carey	9	9	16	17	8	11								
Bray	14	14	14	13	11	18	15	12	18	14	13	20	177	.875
Parnelee	15	12	19	14	14	18	15	14	19	14	12	20	186	.930
Kersher	11	14	15	13	12	15	11	9	11	6	12	16	150	.750
Morrill	12													
Longfellow	17													
Battle Ax	10	13	9	11										
Wells	12	15	11	6	12									
Van Stanberg														
Jackson														
Kay														

Fourth Day, Aug. 31.

Everything was favorable and conditions combined to make the last the crowning day of the big tournament. General averages were about sustained. Fred Gilbert again came to the front and won the high average for the tournament, Crosby finishing second and Hirschy third. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.	Av.
Courtney	14	13	15	10	12	16	12	13	16	11	14	15	161	
N E Johnson	14	13	15	10	12	16	12	13	16	11	14	15	161	
De Long	13	12	20	15	14	17	15	12	19	13	19	182		
Burnside	12	10	20	14	12	18	15	14	19	11	14	20	179	
Neal	13	13	16	13	12	19	12	15	18	15	14	17	177	
Crisman	15	14	19	14	14	19	15	14	13	14	17	186		
Marshall	14	15	19	13	14	17	14	14	17	14	12	17	180	
Doty	15	13	19	12	14	15	14	14	18	13	9	14	164	
Linell	15	9	17	14	12	19	13	13	18	13	14	16	173	
Crosby	14	15	20	15	13	19	14	13	19	12	14	18	188	
Linderman	14	11	19	14	13	15	11	14	20	13	15	20	179	
Sandy	15	13	18	13	14	17	14	15	15	13	12	19	178	
Kline	14	12	18	15	13	18	14	14	17	13	14	18	180	
Riehl	14	13	15	13	13	18	14	17	12	13	15	18	180	
Loomis	11	12	18	14	14	17	10	11	15	11	13	14	160	
Bingham	9	13	16	13	13	18	14	11	17	10	14	15	163	
Franklin	12	13	15	13	8	16	10	9	10	11	13	18	148	
J A R Elliott	12	14	16	14	12	18	13	15	19	13	12	17	175	
Sconce	14	14	19	12	14	20	13	11	18	14	15	20	184	
Gilbert	15	13	18	14	13	20	15	15	18	15	19	190		
Hirschy	13	15	20	14	15	16	14	13	20	13	14	18	185	
Mrs Johnston	14	13	18	15	12	16	12	10	15	11	13	15	164	
Johnston	14	13	12	13	11	14	13	13	15	14	10	17	159	
Henry	12	13	17	13	11	18	10	13	17	13	14	17	168	
Bird	14	14	16	10	12	15	13	12	18	15	14	18	171	
Rice	12	10	17	12	11	17	13	7	16	13	15	17	160	
Heikes	13	13	19	15	15	17	15	13	18	14	14	17	183	
Budd	14	13	17	14	13	19	15	13	19	15	14	19	185	
E Hinshaw	13	15	13	13	14	12	14	17	10	13	16	163		
Rossbach	14	10	18	7	13	14	14	8	19	14	12	17	160	
Slocum	14	13	17	10	13	16	14	11	18	12	14	18	170	
Parnelee	12	12	18	15	8	20	15	14	17	14	15	17	177	

The following table shows totals and averages of all who shot the programme of 800 targets:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Third Day.	Fourth Day.	Total	Broke.	Av.
Courtney	153	165	165	161	644	305	
Johnston	161	167	167	164	659	323	
De Long	168	170	183	182	703	378	
Burnside	175	182	175	179	711	388	
Neal	177	170	176	177	700	375	
Crisman	172	173	158	186	689	361	
Marshall	181	174	188	180	723	393	
Doty	164	166	173	167	670	333	
Linell	176	161	186	173	696	370	
Crosby	189	183	191	188	751	398	
Linderman	182	179	176	179	716	385	
Sandy	179	178	167	178	702	377	
Kline	168	182	176	180	706	382	
Riehl	170	167	172	170	679	348	
Budd	182	176	182	185	725	396	
Rossbach	142	140	153	160	601	315	
Slocum	170	166	168	170	674	342	
Heikes	175	174	178	183	710	387	
E Hinshaw	148	164	170	163	645	306	
Gilbert	186	189	187	190	752	394	
Hirschy	185	187	181	185	738	392	
Mrs Johnston	154	156	145	164	619	319	
J S Johnston	167	147	140	159	613	306	
Henry	165	149	172	168	654	327	
Loomis	139	149	162	160	610	305	
Elliott	168	170	173	175	686	343	
Sconce	178	174	189	184	725	396	
Parnelee	181	176	186	177	700	375	
Franklin	171	161	161	148	641	320	
Bingham	174	173	169	163	679	348	
F C Rice	151	158	162	160	631	315	

The E C Cup Contest.

One of the most memorable features of this tourney was the contest between J. A. R. Elliott, challenger, and Fred Gilbert, defender of the E C cup, emblematic of the world's championship at inanimate targets. The match was called at 2 P. M., directly after the conclusion of the Indian shoot programme, and it was witnessed by what was probably the largest crowd that ever attended a shooting match in the West. Mr. Gilbert was of course the drawing card, and his friends who had never enjoyed the opportunity of seeing him in an important match before came down from Spirit Lake and the surrounding country to the number of six or seven thousand. They were accompanied by a brass band, fully prepared to see him win, but actuated by courtesy and fairness to keep their enthusiasm within bounds until the conclusion of the match. Then the band struck up a march of triumph, and every steamer on the lake turned the pressure into the throttle valve until the noise was deafening. It was a striking refutation

of the old hackneyed adage that a prophet hath little honor in his own country. Mr. Elliott, however, was the first one to congratulate the winner, and took the result in good part. The targets were thrown under the regulations governing this trophy, as the others had been, directly out over the lake. Rolla Heikes was referee, W. R. Crosby puller and T. A. Marshall and H. J. Sconce official scorers. Elliott missed his fourth bird, and the race was against him from that time on. At the end of the first 50 Gilbert was one to the good; on the 100th round he had increased this lead to 7, and in the doubles he ran 8 ahead. Gilbert shot with ease and apparent confidence, while Mr. Elliott was manifestly at a disadvantage in the flight of the targets over the water, which had fooled so many of the shooters during

Walhalla Gun Club's Tournament

WALHALLA, S. C., Aug. 25.—The first trapshooting tournament of the Walhalla Gun Club took place on the 24th inst., and was one of the most interesting—not to say unique—events of its kind ever seen in the South. The shooting was witnessed by a crowd variously estimated at from 500 to 800, which was so delighted with the exhibition that it moved up as one man close upon the heels of the shooters, cheering the contestants after each shot. It was a good-natured crowd, and it was out for fun.

The programme said that the object was amusement, not money-making, and so the spectators got up foot races, wrestling matches and exhibitions of jumping with and without hop-skip attachments, etc., for the amusement of the shooters. This may account for some of the low scores made.

The shooting, however, was as hard as the management could make it under the Sergeant system—i. e., low flight of targets thrown fully 50 yds. at extreme angles. The division of money was by the Rose system at ratios of 4, 3, 2, in 10-bird, and 5, 4, 3, 2 in 15-bird events. There were three full squads in each event, except the last, which is given below as the most representative of the day's shooting:

Event No. 10, 15 targets, four moneys:			
Peterman11111100100101—10	Avery11110110011111—12
Jeffords11111101111110—13	Pinckney1111001101101—11
Peters11100101111111—12	C Earle11111001100111—11
Hudt11110000111111—11	P Earle011001111100101—9
Swan11110000111111—11	J E Crayton101100001101110—8
Steck11110000111111—12	S B Crayton100010100011111—8
Trousson01111110110101—11	Jaynes11100110100010—8

The Charleston Palmetto Gun Club was well represented by Messrs. G. H. Peterman, W. G. Jeffords, Jr., J. C. Peters, Frank Heidt, Geo. H. Swan, Mike Trousson, F. D. Pinckney, Jr., and G. A. Steck. There came from Anderson, S. C., Messrs. J. E. and S. B. Crayton and Messrs. Paul and C. Earle, while Mr. J. E. Avery came from Atlanta.

The Walhalla Gun Club is but two months old, and it was not to be expected that its members would go in and shoot the programme through. The proposition was a tough one, and some amateurs of long experience steered clear of it. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	Broke.
Peterman	7	13	8	11	7	14	8	14	10	10	102
Jeffords	9	13	7	14	7	11	10	14	9	13	107
Peters	7	10	8	10	3	8	5	10	7	12	80
Heidt	9	12	7	11	8	11	5	13	8	11	95
Swan	9	13	9	11	8	13	10	11	7	11	102
Steck	9	13	7	10	6	10	3	9	5	12	84
Trousson	9	14	7	10	6	9	8	11	6	11	91
Avery	7	6	8	7	6	7	6	8	6	12	73
J E Crayton	8	11	6	11	6	8	9	12	9	8	88
P Earle	10	9	7	10	6	11	5	9	6	9	82
C Earle	7	12	7	10	11	10	10	6	11
S B Crayton	9	10	7	9	7	10	7	8
Pinckney	8	9	...	6	...	9	9
R McMahon	3	9	3	7
J R Earle	5
Douthit	2
Hawkins	4
Carey	5
H McMahon	4
Alexander	3
Jaynes	8

SECRETARY.

New Haven Gun Club.

THE tournament of the New Haven Gun Club on Wednesday, Aug. 22, was a success, although the attendance was not so large as expected. However, these seem to be the days of small crowds, and if a club can get together twenty-five or thirty shooters it is doing extremely well.

On this occasion a total of about twenty men faced the traps and banged away at the elusive targets until they were tired.

The trade was represented by J. S. Fanning of Laffin & Rand Powder Co.; J. R. Hull, of Parker Brothers, and Messrs. Bartlett and Marlin, of the Marlin Fire Arms Co. Others from out of town were Feigenspan and Sinnock, from New Jersey; Fox and Drake, from South Norwalk, Conn., and Williams, from Salem, N. Y.

Messrs. Fanning, Hull, Bartlett and Marlin shot for targets only through the entire programme.

The three best averages were as follows: Fanning, first, .912; Hull, second, .906; Feigenspan, third, .900.

Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Extras.
Targets:	10	10	15	10	25	10	10	15	10	20	10	15	10 15 15
Fanning	8	10	14	9	21	10	9	13	9	19	10	14	...
Hull	8	9	14	10	25	9	8	13	8	19	9	13	7
Marlin	5	10	12	6	19	8	5	12	6	13	8	9	7
Bartlett	8	8	13	8	20	9	7	14	7	16	8	12	9 15 14
Feigenspan	7	10	13	10	25	8	10	12	9	17	10	13	7 13 14
Sinnock	9	9	15	7	18	9	6	9	9	18	6	12	...
Bristol	7	6	8	2	18	5	5	8	7	17	7	10	...
Clark	8	9	11	9	19	8	8	13	10	15	9	10	8 12
Russell	4	7	9	7	15	8	7	8	17	7	11	4	10 11
Harvey	6	7
Stevenson	8
Claridge
Robertson	5	4	13	8	13	9	9	11	9	18	9	11	10
Williams	6	9	10	6	16	8	6	11	7	13	5	12	7
Fox	7	11	7	21	8	6	12	7	18	7	8
Drake	7	7	4	17	6	9	7	8	18	7	13
Kittler
Kelly
Potter	8
Reggiori
Hart	2	3	9	6	9

Altoona Rod and Gun Club.

ALTOONA, Pa., Aug. 29.—The Altoona Rod and Gun Club will have a live-bird sweep, handicap race, on Saturday, Oct. 13. This race will be shot off in the forenoon, and the afternoon will be devoted to targets. Full particulars will be announced in due time. The following scores were made at the recent weekly shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Killitts	8	11	7	13	6	12	9	9
Zeth	9	13	10	13	8	13	9	14
Sands	7	12	8	11	7	10	9	12
McNaught	8	11	6	12	7	10	7	12
Wolf	6	12	8	11	6
Bender	9	12	8	11	7	12	5	11
Homan	6	..	4	..	6	..	8	..
House	6	9	7	12	6
Neylon	1	7	7	8
Dipner	8	9	2	5	8
G T Bell	6	12	5	1	7	8	6	11
Mulhollen	6	7	5	6	2	..	4	10
Cherry	..	2
Cassiday	2
McNaught	012011011—6	Homan	001102021—5
Killitts	*2100200—4	Dipner	0020222—5
Sands	2*2111200—6	Carlin	001110100—3
Zeth	111111012—8	House	111211200—7
G T Bell	002210010—4							

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE semi-monthly shoot for the Peters Arms Co. medal took place at the Cincinnati Gun Club Saturday, Aug. 25. The interest in this and other trophy events is being well sustained and the fall promises to furnish some lively sport for the club. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	19	11	50
Kirsch, 16	19	22
Mackie, 7	23	22	6	50
Maynard, 6	18	14	50
Heyl, 23	14	16	20	50
Frohlinger, 18	14	18	4	36
Jay Bee, 20	14	11	14	39
Myers, 28	15	18	16	49
Tuttle, 22

Ties:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Kirsch, 8	25	25	24
Maynard, 8	25	24
Heyl, 11	25	24

Portsmouth Gun Club.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Aug. 25.—The second cup-contest between teams of the Exeter, Dover and Portsmouth clubs was the main feature of the shoot to-day. The weather was exceedingly hot.

Every preparation was made by the members of the local club to receive and entertain their guests, and on their arrival at the depot they were met by Mr. H. Dennett, as representative of the club. The out-of-town sportsmen and their ladies, numbering twenty-nine from Dover and fifteen from Exeter, were conveyed in the electric to the field, where a cordial welcome awaited them.

President Storer and the members of the local club extended a very hearty greeting. The ladies were present in goodly numbers and were as enthusiastic as the most ardent gunner on the field.

Field Capt. Merwin had everything in readiness and shooting was at once in order. The failure of some of the traps to work well was a matter of regret and caused some delay, but was unavoidable, and the purchase of a magautrap is only a question of a short time with the club.

As captain of the local team, Secretary Philbrick presented the handsome cup to J. W. Titus, of the Exeter Club, who made a few very happy remarks, including the wish that at the next shoot Dover might share honors by capturing the cup.

Three cheers for the winners were followed by three for each of the other teams, and then, as if even all this were not enough, shooting continued until sunset. The full score of the team shoot is as follows:

Dover Gun Club.	1001010010110111100—11
Wentworth	10010100100010010—9
Fisher	011110101010101011—13
Gilles	111111101010101111—18
Beard	111111101010101111—18
Mitchell	1111011000101000110—12
Morton	111110110000011111—14—77

Exeter Gun Club.	1011010111101010101—14
Tilton	011110111111111110—17
Langley	101011111110111110—16
Gerrish	01011001111111100101—13
Carlisle	1100110100110011111—13
Cooper	1111101101111111001—15—88
Bickford	

Portsmouth Gun Club.	101111111101010111—16
Philbrick	010111111111111111—18
White	000100110111011011—12
Weston	1111001111011111101—16
Manson	1110010011010000111—10
Storor	110100111110101111—14—86
Stimpson	

It was throughout a most successful day, and heartily enjoyed by every one. Among those present and who did some splendid shooting was Eastman, of the Boston Gun Club, who is at present at his summer home at Odiorne's Point.

Many local sportsmen also were on hand, if not to participate, at least to enjoy the shooting. Over 2,000 bluebirds were thrown, and the field was strewn with the fragments. Among the spectators were many ladies, who evinced very evident interest in the sport.

The local club was on hand with full ranks, and the ladies did their share to make the day a success.

President Storer assumed his new duties with his customary ease and geniality, and was in the lead in hustling for the comfort of his guests. The shoots are plainly demonstrating the fact that the bluebird shooting is becoming yearly more popular and its participants more numerous. It is hoped to hold a number more shoots for the cup before the season closes.

During the day F. I. Brown officiated as judge to the satisfaction of every one, his decisions being very fair and impartial. Maurice Godwin as referee also served most agreeably, with careful attention to his duties. Others whose services were greatly appreciated were Alonzo Titus as cashier, Edward Gray as scorer, Oscar Culum as blackboard scorer, while Field Captain Merwin kept a careful eye on the traps and trappers.

Warren Tournament.

WARREN, O., Aug. 26.—Herewith find scores of our tournament, held Aug. 23:

Aug. 28.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Events:															*	*
Targets:		10	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	*	*	*
Shaner		8	12	13	19	13	15	18	13	14	15	14	17	1	7	0
Perkins		7	12	12	17	11	14	18	15	15	13	14	17
Ewalt		6	14	12	19	15	14	19	15	14	15	15	19	12	8	..
Runnell		8	13	11	16	10	15	14	13	11	15	12	14	2	10	..
Snow		10	13	13	15	11	14	16	15	12	15	13	17	11	3	12
Phillips		7	14	9	18	11	13	16	10	11	10	11
Moore		5	14	10	12	14	9	8	12	9	5	..	1	5	2	..
Jones		7	14	12	17	..	12	18	14	13	13	10	16	7	6	4
Eggerston		9	14	14	13	11	12	16	..	11	..	11	..	5	1	..
Schoonover		15	14	14	12	13	16	5
Sutcliff		8	3	11	11	..	12
Lemour		8	12	13	..	12
Yarling		6	11	11	..	12	11
Thomas		6	5	10
Powers		6	11	8	7
Ward		5	10	14	11	..	13	..	13	10	..	1
Highway		4
Hershby		7	12	9	..	7	..	15	10	..	10	9
Nutt		6	11	12	17	13
Rand		6	8	7
Scott		2
Naylor		9	16
McIntire		10	9	11	9	7	7	10	11	0	4	0
Yaylor		8	10	18	11	9	13	14	14	5	0	0
Henderson		12	..	9	10	10

FOREST AND STREAM.

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The forest is nature's loveliest work. The ocean, lofty mountains and great rivers are sublime, but there is also something in them that is dreadful. We can go into the forest; we can handle it; we feel invigorated by its air, solaced by its tranquillity, inspired by its majesty. Hence it is that the greatest poets of all ages have made the forest a favorite theme and source of illustration. The forest is landscape and in some sense belongs to the public.

C. C. Andrews.

A GOLD MEDAL AT PARIS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM has been awarded a Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition for its exhibit, in the Palace of Forestry and Fisheries, consisting of fifty-three bound volumes from the beginning in 1873 to the close of 1899.

In addition to the first prize of a Gold Medal, it has been awarded a Bronze Medal in Class 51—Hunting Equipments, etc.; and recognized with two Honorable Mentions, one in Class 49—Scientific Forestry—and the other in Class 52—Products of the Chase.

This is the fourth international exposition at which the FOREST AND STREAM has received recognition as a journal of high merit, standing and influence. Its awards now comprise—

The Centennial, Philadelphia, 1876.
International Fisheries, Berlin, 1880.
World's Fair, Chicago, 1893.
Paris Exposition, 1900.

A BOY EXPERIENCE.

THE thirteen-year-old son of a Baptist minister living in Brooklyn disappeared the other day. His father had obtained for him permission to fish in the lake in Prospect Park; and when night came he did not return home. A general police alarm was sent out; and on the following day the park lake was dragged, but no clue was obtained of the missing lad's whereabouts. Nearly a week afterward, when the Coney Island police made a haul of vagrants, the boy was discovered among them; and a very miserable and penitent boy he was. "I'm hungry and tired and sleepy, and I want to go back home," he told the magistrate, between his sobs, and they sent him back to his father and mother.

The ready explanation of a thirteen-year-old boy's chasing away from home and taking up with tramps is that he has been reading things. It never enters into the heart of a healthy minded boy that there is joy among the outcasts of society until he has imbibed the foolish notion from some "boy's own paper" or from the story books of adventure well-meaning fiends are forever industriously grinding out for publishers who are willing to print anything the law allows.

There is something extremely pathetic in the discontent and the grotesque misunderstanding of his relations with his home and family which many a boy from ten to fifteen has imbibed from this literature. He moodily imagines that his father and mother do not understand him and are against him, and that the only thing for him to do is to leave home and go away somewhere where he will have appreciation and justice. Just where this somewhere may be is, of course, quite vague—as vague, in fact, as are the expedients by which, when at large, he is to keep body and soul together. There is never anything wanting on this point in the books and story papers; there the hero always makes a shift not only to find bread and butter, but to perform deeds of valor as well, and to win distinction, which, if not honorable according to the conventions of society, is at least, in his boyish eyes, glorious and enviable.

Most boys who pass through the experience happily

never get to the point of actually absconding; but even if it comes to that, there are many much worse experiences a boy might go through. This Brooklyn youngster had a hard time in his herding with Coney Island tramps; but it may well enough be that the pathetic misery of those days when he was playing the star part of the boy's story paper hero will prove to be the making of him. The medicine was bitter, but for that quality all the more efficient. There is no reason in the world why a youngster who runs away from home, if only he gets back in time, may not grow up to be a successful man, an honored citizen and a father with a boy to repeat his own foolish escapade.

PIKE COUNTY GRIT.

A CORRESPONDENT, who writes from Bushkill in Pike county, Pa., complains of the constant and open violation of the game law which is practiced there. Under an old county law the season in Pike county opened on Sept. 15 instead of on Oct. 15, as the State law now reads; and although the county law was repealed so long ago as 1897, the local shooters have never paid heed to the change, but have gone on shooting a month ahead of time. Again, although the law expressly forbids the hounding of deer, it is estimated that of the 120 deer killed in the county last season, 90 per cent. were killed by hounding, and half of these were killed in the water. For the past ten years, it is said a party of deer hunters from Scranton have visited Pike county and killed deer in June; this year they went into camp on June 5, killed two bucks at Rock Hill Pond and carried them home through the back country. Game is shipped out of the State contrary to law, much of it passing through Port Jervis and Stroudsburg, where it might be intercepted by wardens if there were wardens to intercept it.

To relate these abuses is one thing; to provide the remedy is another. The Pennsylvania situation is peculiar. A game commission is charged with the duty of enforcing the laws, but has been given absolutely no funds to work with. As Secretary Kalbfus has explained in our columns, the Commission is powerless to do anything beyond what may be accomplished by voluntary service or the use of funds given by individuals. It is beside the mark to complain that the Commissioners do not enforce the law; they are doing all that can be done without funds.

The only hope for Pike county game, under existing conditions, is to be found in such voluntary personal activities as the right minded and law abiding citizens of the county may be moved to undertake on their own initiative. If there are three men in the county who have the time, the inclination and the grit, they can materially abate September shooting, the hounding of deer and the exportation of game. A large endowment of grit would be required. We would be immensely gratified to learn of its existence; and to record some practical results of it.

MINNESOTA FORESTS.

GEN. C. C. ANDREWS sends us his fifth annual report as Chief Fire Warden of Minnesota. The document is remarkable for the showing it makes of immunity from disastrous forest fires in 1899; only ten fires are recorded, with a total damage of \$1,541; and of the fires only one is credited to fishermen, and none to hunters, whereas in previous years these two classes of woods frequenters have been responsible for more fire damage than the total sum here recorded. The showing for the year 1900 will be far different. The drought which prevailed for three months, up to July 1, was unprecedented, and in the opinion of many exceeded that of 1894, when the terrible Hinckley fire occurred.

A suggestive paragraph of Gen. Andrews' report is one in relation to the reluctance entertained by the residents of a district to inform upon or aid in the prosecution of one who carelessly sets the forest or the prairie afire. "Communities often feel that a man is being wronged," says Gen. Andrews, "if he is prosecuted: they do not stop to think that the principal object of punishment is to deter others from committing similar offenses. Very good people are liable to be careless, and when we punish a man who, in a heedless and careless spirit, sets a fire in very dry and windy weather, which he ought to

know he cannot control and which destroys or endangers the property of others, he should be made an example of; not for revenge or because we wish to injure him, but as a warning to many others to refrain from doing the same."

The case is cited of a farmer in Chisago county who in dry and windy weather set a brush fire, with no one at hand to control it, which spread and destroyed two thousand dollars' worth of hay belonging to his neighbors; and yet the chairman of the town board refused to make a complaint, and when at the instance of the Chief Fire Warden the culprit was prosecuted, the magistrate imposed a fine of only \$15 and \$3.05 costs. This Minnesota apathy is of a piece with the prevailing indifference with which fire carelessness is popularly regarded outside the district of human habitations. Let a house burn down and we make a great ado over it; let a clump of trees go up in smoke and we give it hardly a passing thought. Yet the house may be rebuilt in a month; to restore the trees would consume the span of years of three generations of men.

THE CHANGES ON THE MAP.

A REPORT comes from Canada that projected wood pulp mills threaten the fishing waters of the Lake St. John country. Engineers have already begun work on the Grand Décharge, where mills are to be erected at a cost of between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 of American capital. If these enterprises shall go through, they will mean the destruction of a fisherman's country, which without giving it special thought we have all regarded as lying beyond the danger of invasion even by the consuming pulp industry. But as one looks over the map of North America, and reviews the immense areas which he himself can remember as once remote and hardly accessible wilderness wastes well stocked with fish and game, and compares their present condition with the past, he realizes how mistaken it is to think of any wild country, even the most distant, as safe from the invasion of modern enterprise. Alaska was once regarded as an Ultima Thule, where the moose and the bear would have harbor for centuries; but the miner who discovered the gold of the Klondike changed all that, and changed it in a twinkling.

The significant fact is that to-day we do not actually appreciate, even though we complain of it, the rapidity, extent and thoroughness with which the game and fish districts are being ruined, and how in one instance after another the "heart of the woods" is converted over night into an industrial center. We talk about this to one another and write about in FOREST AND STREAM, but we realize it fully only when we are balked of our plan to visit some favorite hunting ground of the past, where now the steam whistle is heard where of yore the elk bugled; or when we seek in vain some new range to make up for the old. And the pity of it is—for us and for those who are to follow us—that if more wisely taught we might have had all this industrial development without the utter ruin of the game and the fish along with it. The destruction of our native resources of wild life has often resulted from carelessness, thoughtlessness, criminal heedlessness, instead of from any reasonable necessity. A wiser scheme of exploitation would have given us the profit without the loss.

OHIO.

OHIO has made a new start. At a meeting in Columbus last week a State convention of sportsmen was organized, the particular purpose of which is to bring order out of chaos, to get a sane game law, and to promote in general the interests of the man with the gun.

The serious drawback in the Ohio game condition has been for years the antagonism which has held between the farmer and the sportsman. Whatever substantial basis for this there may have been on either side, one thing is certain and true beyond peradventure, and it is this: Eliminating the ruffians and rowdies who are not representative sportsmen, and the churls and boors who are not representative farmers, there is no divergence of interest between the farmers, who own the land and the shooting rights that go with it, and the sportsmen who seek the privilege of shooting over the land. We shall look to this new Ohio Fish and Game Protective Association to do much needed work in the direction of promoting a right understanding between farmer and sportsman, and the establishing of relations between them cordial and profitable to both sides.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Torches on the Reef.

If any one were to ask me if I would consent to go jacking for chromo fish with the assistance of a piece of an umbrella rib rubbed sharp on a stone, I should, of course, deny that I could ever be guilty of such a breach of the laws of true and honest sport. Yet that I have done just this thing will be set forth in this narrative of one night's experience in the purple night of the South Sea within the spray of the foaming breakers of the restless ocean. The only excuse that can be offered is to plead the custom of the country, and Samoa must be taken as a fair excuse for all sorts of moral derelictions. It even excused on one ghastly occasion the offense of dynamiting fish—a story that must some other time be told.

Just why all moral sense vanishes in Samoa must be the study of the practical and dogmatic moralist. The country and the climate do seem to rip the Decalogue into shreds, and the common decencies of sport are a sealed book. Nowhere else in the wide world would one so much as dream of killing fish with a flaming torch and a barbed spear, but in Samoa it is the regular thing for all the women of the native villages in the dark of the moon.

It has its picturesque side at any rate. To see the glare of the torches out at sea, the long alleys of light reflected on the still waters of the lagoon, to hear in the pause of the thunder of the breakers on the reef the shrill cry of women, all this is a scene to attract the attention. Add to this the unbroken calm of the windless evening when the feathery plumes of the cocoanuts are stilled at last, the ebb tide smell of the orange scum which rises from the exposed coral, and you have a scene which cannot be matched away from the islands of the tropical Pacific.

The reef lay a good long mile seaward from my beach in Vaiala, and the beach was only a few feet from the front gate of my compound. Out on the reef the torches glared like the lights of some city seen from the deck of a vessel becalmed in the offing. From time to time a torch expires here and there, and the night is so still that it takes an act of reason to overcome the imagination which makes one think the sound of the hiss is heard as the fat leaves fall into the water. In a slow progress the groups of torches move eastward along the reef until the fishers reach the Vailoa sands, a mile or so up the coast, where the reef pools cease and there is no fishing ground.

My first source of information was, as usual, young Talolo. The young girls of the village had been giving me a concert on the veranda—Lise and Fuatino and Manima, who was a grotesque young imp of not quite ten years. Talolo had engineered the concert and had distributed the reward in the shape of handfuls of sugar candy lozenges, which some enterprising trader had had manufactured in the colonies with Samoan mottoes in brilliant red, such as "Talofa" (love) and "Lam Pele" (my darling). In addition to his duties as impresario, Talolo had used his horsehair fly flapper to keep me free from the poisonous attacks of the mosquitoes, which make the dark a torment in the islands. When Fa-agaioi, the boy whose name carried an unsolved romance of kidnapping, had paraded the beach with the rattle of the wooden drum which serves for curfew, the other children had scattered to their homes. But Talolo remained, for he seemed to hold himself superior to all the laws of the elders and the village schoolmaster, perhaps because he was the son of the village chief. Meanwhile he waged war on the mosquitoes and idly steered his conversation in the direction of showing how much he was entitled to a sixpence or a tin of salmon or a pen and a sheet of letter paper, or some other of the means whereby the lad made his devotion to me profitable to himself.

Such talks with Talolo called for little close attention. I knew that if he kept up his liquid flattery long enough I would yield to his blandishments, for after all, a tin of beef or salmon more or less amounted to little at the time. Idly listening to the lad and idly looking out upon the lonely sea beyond which lay home and the land where life was less dependent on the can-opener, sparks of light began to flash out upon the night from the sea itself and to attract my curiosity.

"What are the lights, Talolo?" I asked.

"O! O! O! Se mea fa'atauva. Nothing much," he lazily replied. "Only the women on the reef, that's all. Samalia and Fa'afili and Salatemu—that's my mother now, you know; they are catching fish, good for eat for me for you to-morrow. I'll bring you some. If they bother you I'll make them stop until you go sleep."

Really, there never seemed any limit to the things which young Talolo could do when he set about it, and if I had only given him permission he would surely have stopped the fishing even if it did bring a morning famine on Vaiala. But it is not in my nature to put a stop to anything that has to do with fish, not even the eloquent language of a Billingsgate fishwife. Accordingly, I forbade the boy to interfere with the torches on the reef, and asked him only to tell me how the women with the lights caught the fish.

"Talo, tama'itai, ou te le iloa," he replied. "I don't know, lady; I know not at all. That is the women's fishery, and I am a man. How should I know what they do?" The little wretch was only a boy, after all. He had not even advanced to the stage of being tattooed, but he had all the masculine scorn of female employment.

"But I am a woman, Talolo," I said, "and as such I am entitled to know. Won't you tell me how Samalia and Fa'afili and your mother Salatemu and the other women catch the fish for you and all the rest of the men to eat in the morning after you have sung your hymn and said the prayer?"

"Moni lava," replied the boy. "That is true indeed. The Papalangi men are such fools. I have been wondering whether the Fa'amasino Sili would always give you salmon and pisupo to eat in the morning when other women here have to go out and get the fish for their men to eat. I will tell Salatemu to take you out on the reef to-morrow night and teach you how to get the fish as women ought to do. But you must get ready. Have you a spear? Do you know how to make your torches?"

I had to confess my ignorance and lack of preparation.

But Talolo saw to it that the error should be corrected. "Tanoae," he called to my servant, who was stretched on a mat around the corner of the veranda waiting to shut up the house when I should feel sleepy. "Tanoae, the tama'itai goes to-morrow night upon the reef to catch the fish for the Fa'amasino Sili to eat in the morning, for he has grown weary of giving her things to eat, and now she must feed him. In the morning you must teach her how to make the torches and you must make her the spear to take the fish with. Now you can bring me a tin of sardines, which will be her loving gift to me for telling her what she shall do, and then I will tell Salatemu to teach her how the fish are caught at night when they come to the torch."

The first thing in the morning I found the sunny side of my compound strewn with leaflets of dead cocoanut leaves. Long before I had aroused for my morning swim the faithful Tanoa had begun the preparation of the torches for the coming night. In case of any need, the South Sea islander falls back upon the cocoanut with a reliance upon its qualities which the experience of ages has shown to be well grounded. A single leaf of the cocoanut may range from 10 to 30 feet in length. On the tree when the trade wind blows it seems as light as a feather; in the still night when it falls to the ground a massive weight, which could knock a man senseless if it should hit him in the descent. It is only in the evening calm that these leaves fall, and the prudent when they are abroad at night keep away from the cocoanut shade lest they be struck by falling leaves or ripe nuts. Each leaf has about a hundred lance-like leaflets, each 4 or 5 feet long and some 2 inches broad. These leaflets are full of oil, and when dried in the sun burn with a bright flame and a dense cloud of aromatic smoke. It was these leaflets that Tanoa had spread out in the sun to give them a thorough drying before making the torches which I was to carry for my fishing. Each torch consists of ten leaflets laid together in a neat bundle with ends alternating, half of the tips and half of the butts brought together. Every few inches the leaflets are tied with a strip of dry hibiscus fiber which in the islands is nature's substitute for the ball of twine of civilization. But here enters the comical division of labor between the sexes in Samoa. Tanoa could gather the leaves and strew them in the sun to dry, but when it came to collecting them in bunches and putting the cords about them, he was forbidden to help, for that was women's work, and I had to wait for Salatemu to come under the guidance of Talolo.

The making of the spear, however, was entirely man's work, and Tanoa set about it. The sole requisites were a 10-foot pole and an old umbrella rib. The latter was easily supplied in a land where there are four months of unintermitting downpour of rain, and where every day in the sunny season a shower may be expected. And the gales of the hurricane season turn so many umbrellas inside out that in every house there is a stock of gamps which have served their usefulness.

Having selected the rib from one of the broken umbrellas, Tanoa cut it across about an inch above the spreader and half an inch below it. The spreader itself he cut off at a distance of half a foot from the rib, thus leaving a wire shaft with a toggle an inch and a half long. The two ends of this toggle he reduced to sharp points by dint of much rubbing on a lapstone of smooth basalt. When his hours of industry had accomplished the proper degree of sharpening, he set the toggle in relation to the shaft so that its shorter end formed a sharp angle with the spreader, and then hammered the joint so that the two parts would retain that relative position under ordinary circumstances, yet not so tight as to prevent the toggle from pulling out to a right angle when drawn upon by the struggles of a fish impaled upon the sharp instrument. When this had been completed to his satisfaction, he lashed the device with cocoanut husk sennit on the end of the stick. The remainder of the equipment was a basket of cocoanut leaf with a braided sord to sling about my neck to carry the catch.

By this time Talolo brought Salatemu to inspect the preparations, both hungry, of course. After they had been fed a light repast of a couple of bread-fruit and a pound of tinned, corned beef apiece, Salatemu assured me that all the requisites had been provided and that she would tie up my torches. Before that task had been completed, mother and son needed the slight refreshment of a tin of salmon and a hunk of cold, boiled taro for each, it being understood that Tanoa assisted at each of these snacks just to show that there was no hard feeling, even though I could not join in the meal. I have never been able to go the limit of what Samoans will take in the way of food; no matter how much I have given them by way of experiment, they have always seemed capable of taking more.

After Salatemu had eaten all that I was prepared to place before her, and had declared my outfit all that could be required, I asked about the clothing I should wear.

"Well, you walk some and you swim some on the reef," was her answer, "so you wear what you swim in." This made it plain that my bathing dress was the proper garb for the reef fishing. But there had to be an addition. These Samoans go barefoot all their lives, and it is nothing to them to parade upon the reef in their natural feet. But unless one has undergone a preliminary training of hundred-yard dashes over broken bottles or solemn parades over hot ploughshares like the early Christian martyrs, no civilized woman used to going shod could ever venture on the reef with its jagged sprigs of coral. In preparation for the emergency, I took an old pair of canvas pumps or Oxford ties belonging to a larger-footed member of the family, and had Tanoa stitch an armament of Manila rope all over the soles. Experience has shown that for wading in the coral waters there is nothing like Manila hemp; even leather is cut to tatters in a few moments. This will serve to show the texture of the soles of these Samoan women who walk on the reefs barefoot and suffer no harm.

In the early evening when the tide was ebbing, Salatemu came back to see if I was ready. As soon as the shore patches of coral began to appear above the receding tide, I took my spear and slung the bundle of torches and the creel upon my back, firmly fastened my rope-soled shoes upon my feet, and set forth seaward. The water was pleasantly warm, and for the first part of the way the

going was easy, for we took advantage of a slant of sand which extended out in front of the house. I could see little to help my steps, for the torches were not to be kindled until we reached the reef. But I could just discern Salatemu in the darkness as my guide, and on the right hand and the left I could hear the chatter of the other women of the village.

All at once the bottom dropped out of the sea. There was nothing to step on, and I found myself soused over head and all into the warm water. My spear lost itself instantly, and I had to swim out. When I came again to the surface, I found that I had dropped into a tide pool, while my guide had kept on the rim, only a few feet away from me. With her aid I recovered the spear and found footing once more. My torches were wet, of course, but that made no difference, for the water does not stick to the cocoanut leaflets. It was not the last time I had such a ducking, for the reef is full of these deep pools, and it is impossible to see them in advance. While our torches were yet unlighted, the only light was the will-o'-the-wisp glow of the coral and the sharp phosphorescence of the fish darting from pool to pool as our advance scared them out of cover.

At last Salatemu and I reached the dry footing of the barrier reef. It is about 50 feet in width, broken chips of coral for a footing, here and there a pool, and seaward the majestic wall of the breakers thundering in from sea as high as a house and combing over in flame-speckled foam, and at intervals broken by deep passages where the waves coursed shoreward. It is close to the reef that we catch the fish with jack and spear, the small fish on the shoreward face of the barrier coral, and the large fish such as mullet and bonito in the passes.

When we had reached the reef it was time to kindle the torches. Every woman had brought her store of matches, and had kept them dry in a manner that they alone could have thought of. The matches had been tucked into their hair, and no matter how often the women had been forced to swim, the matches remained dry, because her hair was so soaked with cocoanut oil that the water could not reach the matches. All along the reef for a mile the torches began to gleam, and by their light we could make out the dripping forms of brown women holding torches aloft in the left hand and poising the spear in the right as they skirted the reef pools.

Salatemu had stationed me at the edge of a 10-foot pool with a clear, sandy bottom. At first I could scarcely see a thing until I learned the knack of holding my torch both above and behind me, and of keeping my own shadow off the strip of water which I was watching. There were fish there, fish in plenty, for I could see them darkly flash across the line of light. As soon as I spotted a dark body slowly moving over the illuminated sand, I cast my spear. It struck in the sand 2 feet beyond the mark, which continued its slow progress. Then I recalled my knowledge of refraction and remembered how the water lifts any object and makes it necessary to aim below. The second time I struck the object at which I aimed and brought it to the surface. But Salatemu's laugh of scorn soon convinced me that it was not worth the taking—one of the leathery sea-cucumbers a foot in length, neither ornamental nor edible, although a close relative of the trepang, which is also found, though rarely now, and is worth its weight in silver when smoked and dried for the Chinese market. By the time I had cleared my spear, the pool was filled with a school of fish, and I cast at random.

Beginner's luck! I drove my spear quite through one fish and into a second, and landed both. Salatemu began to think that she had nothing to teach me, and I was canny enough to take all the credit that was coming to me for the chance shot. The fish were misshapen cobbler fish, each as large as a saucer and decorated with long frills, but for all their picturesque appearance I knew them to be good in the pan.

The next few casts were blank, until I discovered the not unnatural mistake I was making. The light of my torch was so sharp, the water so clear, and the bed of sand so devoid of dull shade, that I was aiming not at the fish, but at their shadows on the sand, and, of course, overshooting every time. But this pool was now exhausted, and Salatemu and I moved along to another. After bringing up two or three small fish, I made a cast and lost my spear. I could see the shaft sticking up a little below the surface, but that was all—the point had stuck in the coral at the bottom. I was helpless, for the tricks of jacking on the reef were new to me. But Salatemu came to my rescue, for she was familiar with such incidents. Like a fish herself she took a header into the pool, and I stood by and watched her descent. At the bottom she gave a tug on the spear and disengaged it from the coral branch into which I had driven it. But that plunge scared all the fish away from that pool, and we moved on.

Next we came to a deep passage in the reef which we had to swim across. While Salatemu was showing me how to arrange a raft of my spare torches on which to float my lighted one while swimming, I heard a rhythmical splashing inshore of us. All at once there flashed into sight a gleam of light leaping from the water. I did not know just what it was, but instinctively I cast my spear at the spot where I thought it would next emerge. More good luck! The spear pierced a leaping fish in its flight through the air. Involuntarily I followed the spear, for I toppled over into the channel and came up within reach of the shaft before the fish had had the time to recover its motion. Seeing what was up, Salatemu followed me, and with united efforts we brought to the solid reef a brilliant mullet, which I found afterward weighed all of 8 pounds.

That ended my fishing for the night. I had convinced all the Samoan women that I was capable of doing better than they, that I could land two fish on a single drive; and that it was nothing at all to me to kill a fish in the midst of its leap. I was afraid that any further attempts would spoil the record, and wisely I desisted. Just about the same time Salatemu came to grief by stepping on a sea urchin. Quoting the old proverb, "fofo alamea," which is nearly the equivalent of our proverb about "a hair of the dog that bit you," Salatemu lifted up her foot and picked off the offending urchin with a body about the size of a tennis ball, and armed on its upper hemisphere with spines all of 2 inches long. These spines can inflict a very ugly wound, and one that is likely to suppurate and prove very obstinate in healing. Following her native

medicine, she turned the urchin flat side up and applied its jaws to the wound until it caught hold of the skin. Then she stood like a wading bird on one leg until the urchin had, as she explained the operation, sucked out all the poison and dropped off. When this had been accomplished, she picked up a slab of coral and smashed the urchin and ended by eating its meat, all being necessary to the treatment. After this accident she could fish no more, and we slowly waded back to shore. For her kindness in showing me the mysteries of torching fish on the reef, I opened my creel and gave her all my catch except the big mullet. That I felt I was fairly entitled to.

The only thing in this fishery which shows the least influence of the foreigner is the use of the umbrella rib in the spear. Before the foreigners came to Samoa with their umbrellas to displace the aboriginal rain shield of a banana leaf, the fish spears were tipped with the barbed thorn of one of the indigenous shrubs found everywhere at the edge of the bush. The thorn was just as good for piercing the fish, and the barb held them as well as the wire toggle, but the thorns soon broke if they hit the coral.

On the return to shore, Tanoa was awakened to clean the mullet and to salt it to secure its keeping over night. While he was at his task he kept up a running commentary of flattering congratulations on my skill with the spear, as shown by my wing shot at the fish in air. But the next morning when we had the fish for breakfast, my graceless Talolo came around and sat on the floor of our dining room in the shady corner of the veranda and developed a long chain of logical demonstration in proof that, as usual, he should have a tin of something. The gist of his argument was that inasmuch as I had shown that I could go out on the reef to catch the family meals like any other woman, there was less need for hoarding our supply of provisions in tin cans, and on that account we could all the more readily spare him some salmon or corned beef or even sardines, and perhaps throw in a can of jam.

And this was the sentiment of Talolo, without whose aid I should never have shouldered my bundle of torches and tried the night fishing on the reef. It is only one of the many reasons I had for feeling that Talolo was not altogether disinterested in his attentions to me.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Concerning the Doctor.

We had pitched our camp near Middle Inlet, on the same side of the lake as Hogarth's. The other two J's were along this time. It was only their second year of wedded bliss, but the longing for the woods and "the smell o' the pines" had attacked them with such force that they had invented excuses, and resorted to subterfuges in order to escape for a few weeks from the restricted charms of connubial joy.

Jim claimed he was threatened with nervous prostration, due to overwork, and Jack was in a very bad way with a combination of something he called malarial hay fever. Neither gave evidence of the ravages of disease, but they explained by saying that they believed in taking a thing like that in time, that the disease was really lying dormant in their system ready to wake up and go to work at any moment.

I had given them three years to arrive at this stage of the game. It generally takes that long. I knew that the next year they would not stoop to underhand methods. When the proper time came they would simply "go north for a little rest," and Mrs. Jack and Mrs. Jim would each give a sigh of relief at having them out of the way during housecleaning time. It is good to profit by other people's experience. I am still unmarried.

"I met the Doctor a week or so ago," Jim announced one evening—our third or fourth in camp.

"What was he doing?" asked Jack.

"Same old thing. Exploiting some great idea and loafing. I told him about this trip, and he said he would like to come along, but was too busy."

"The Doctor is all right in civilization," said Jack, "but he's a devil of a nuisance in the woods. He is like an irresponsible kid. Remember how he was always losing himself that last time?"

"You can forgive him much, though," I remarked, "because he is such good company."

"True," assented Jack. "He is great sport, and I wouldn't mind a week or so of him. I'll bet any man a dollar he will show up yet."

"I'll take you," said Jim. "He can't raise the price of the fare up here. Here, Joe. You hold the stakes."

The next day Jack won the bet, but, as things transpired, not the stakes. It was late in the forenoon—almost dinner time—when we heard the rattle and rumble of a wagon over on the old disused corduroy road that passed our camp not a great distance away. The sound brought us all to attention. We heard the wagon stop, and then a call—a long-drawn out "Whoop-e-e."

"That's the Doctor," Jack exclaimed. "I told you he'd be along. You lose, Jim."

"Are you sure?" asked Jim.

"Sure as the dollar you lost. I would recognize that call in Africa."

We answered the Doctor with a chorus of loud war whoops, and went forward to meet him. We espied him in the distance, seated in the lumber wagon that had brought him thus far, and evidently engaged in an altercation with the driver.

"He doesn't seem in any great hurry to meet us," Jim remarked.

"It's his way," said Jack. "He is probably trying to remember why he came."

The Doctor saluted us with a graceful wave of the hand as we drew near.

"I am trying to convince this man here," he explained, indicating the driver, "that two dollars is an exorbitant price to charge for bringing me over from the junction. He insists on two fifty."

"I'm durned ef I'll take a cent less," the man interposed. "It's wuth two fifty ef it's wuth a cent. I ain't drivin' folks 'round fer my health, mister."

"You see," said the Doctor looking grieved, "his mind is not open to conviction, and arguments are wasted. If one of you will loan me a couple of dollars I will settle with him. Fifty cents is all the change I have."

Jack and I exchanged winks, and I produced the stake money and handed it over to the Doctor. He paid the driver, and climbed down from the wagon and shook hands all around.

"Where are your traps?" Jack inquired, peering in the wagon.

"My baggage? Oh, I didn't bring any. Didn't want to be bothered with it. Just thought I would spend a few days with you and get a little rest. I brought some wet groceries along that I thought might come in handy." He nished around under the wagon seat and brought out a suspicious looking package. "I can't vouch for the quality of it," he added, as he handed the package to Jack, "but it was the best I could get. It certainly cost enough."

We thanked him for his thoughtfulness, and started back to camp. On the way the Doctor apologized for dropping in on us in such an unceremonious fashion. It was wholly an unpremeditated move on his part, he explained. He had got to thinking about us, and had jumped on the first train without bringing so much as a tooth brush—with nothing, in fact, but the clothes he stood in. There was nothing unusual in this, as it was the Doctor's way of doing everything. He was always unprepared, and let emergencies look out for themselves, trusting to providence to "find a way." He was one of those people whom other people feel called upon to protect, whose troubles other people always transfer to their own shoulders. But he was a fine story teller and the best company imaginable, therefore we forgave him his eccentricities.

When dinner was over we skirmished around, and managed to get him rigged out, after a fashion, in a combination suit of wonderfully ill-fitting garments, and then we sat around him in a circle and laughed at him. He presented a very ludicrous appearance. He was one big misfit from the hat that came down over his ears, to the shoes that were two or three sizes too large.

The Doctor was a man a little past the heyday of youth, though he still retained much of his youthful vigor. He was scarcely above medium height and thin in proportion. He still possessed a very heavy head of hair, iron gray in color, and he wore his beard, of the same color, rather long; this, coupled with the mild, innocent expression of his big blue eyes, tended to give him quite a patriarchal look.

He was easy going, almost to the extent of shiftlessness. In this respect he was not unlike Hogarth's Bill. Many of us, if we dared follow our own inclinations, or if circumstances permitted, would belong to that school of philosophic idlers. If we only dared, or if somebody had not invented that perpetual motion machine called "public opinion."

At some period in his life the Doctor had become imbued with a desire to acquire learning, and, incidentally, the honors pertaining thereto. It was merely a spasmodic burst of ambition—a spurt which, from his own account, did not last long. But before the inevitable relapse set in, he succeeded in obtaining a degree of some kind and became a doctor of something-or-other, though of what we never could clearly understand.

After we had transformed the Doctor from a patriarch into merely a strange looking object, he borrowed Jim's shotgun and said he would step out and see if he couldn't get a partridge or two for supper. He did not get a partridge, but he did get lost, and it was after dark before we found him. He took the matter philosophically, of course. He said that he had been doing circles of varying dimensions for at least two or three hours, and if he had kept on, in time would probably have embraced the camp in his circuitous wanderings. He advanced a new theory on the subject of getting lost.

"It's a case," said he, "of your right leg not knowing nor caring what your left leg doeth. In fact, each leg is utterly independent of the other, and both utterly independent of the rest of the body. They practically disown the body; and if they could, would detach themselves therefrom and go on their separate ways rejoicing. The mind, or brain, is supposed to telegraph every movement you make to the necessary muscles, etc., involved, but when you are lost, the connection is broken, the wires are cut. You signal to your legs, 'Go south and go in a straight line.' Your legs respond by going north and going in a circle. You can't understand it, and doubt your own senses, but the reason is plain. Your legs did not get the message. I consider it worth getting lost to have made the discovery."

That was the beginning. If the Doctor did not get lost every day, and sometimes twice a day, it was not his fault. We decided that he was doing it on purpose, that he was trying to prove his theory, but after he had slept out two nights without a fire—he never had any matches when he needed them—we changed our minds.

Jack said that when he got back to civilization he was going to have his college confer another degree upon the Doctor.

"What sort of a degree?" the latter innocently asked.

"L. L. D.," Jack replied.

"But why L. L. D.?" inquired the Doctor, somewhat puzzled.

"It stands for Long Lost Doctor," said Jack with a grin, and I think he was grateful to the Doctor for creating an opportunity for this joke. Jack thinks himself funny.

You must have a climax, if you would have things become interesting, and all on a day our climax came. I started out one morning to set a bear trap. The Doctor begged to go along, as he had never seen the operation. I reluctantly consented, after laying down certain rules and restrictions.

The spot I had selected was near the end of an old windfall. When once on the ground I was soon hard at work. In order to get rid of the Doctor's unwished-for assistance, I told him to take my rifle and go around to the other side of the windfall and see what he could see. He gladly complied with my request, and his graceful figure was soon out of sight. He had been gone ten or fifteen minutes, and I was beginning to wonder if he had broken his record and lost himself in such a short time, when I heard a rifle shot. The shot was immediately followed by terrified shrieks and cries for help. I started in the direction of the sound on the run. I was thoroughly alarmed, my one conclusion being that the Doctor had shot himself. I dashed around the windfall, expecting to see him writhing in his death agony, but the Doctor

was nowhere in sight. But something else was. Something every bit as interesting. Not ten rods away was an enormous black bear. He was growling and snarling with rage, and endeavoring to climb a small beech tree. We discovered each other at the same instant, and he immediately transferred his attentions to me. It was not a time for meditation. The rapidity with which I shinned up the nearest tree has never been equaled. The bear attempted to follow suit, but luckily the tree was too small for him. He could not get a good hold on the bark, and only succeeded in raising himself a few feet from the ground and then slipped back. This but added to his fury. After several ineffectual attempts, he gave it up and went back to his first tree. I noticed that he limped, and that one of his legs was bleeding. And then I looked around for the Doctor, whose cries had suddenly ceased, only to break out afresh as the bear left my harbor of refuge.

"Oh, Lord, here he comes!" he cried. "He'll get me this time, sure. Help! Keep him away, can't you? Why, oh, why, did I shoot him?"

And then I located him. He was up the beech tree as high up as he could climb. He was a-straddle a limb and hanging on for dear life. He made such a comical picture of abject terror and despair that in spite of my own awkward predicament and my recent terror, I was obliged to laugh. That laugh did a great deal toward restoring my lost courage, and I pulled myself together and proceeded to "size up" the situation.

"Keep cool and don't get excited," I called to the Doctor. "He can't climb the tree. You've wounded one of his legs. Where's the rifle?"

"I don't know. I dropped it when he started for me. Are you sure he can't get up here?"

"Of course not. Brace up or you'll fall out of the tree. How did it happen?"

"I saw him and he saw me, and he started to run away, and I shot at him, and then he turned and came for me, and that's all I remember till I found myself up here. I wish I hadn't shot him. I was a fool to do it."

"I agree with you," I assented. "You have made a mess of things. He'll probably stay here and starve us out."

As if in answer to my suggestion, the bear left the tree and took up a position midway between the two trees. He sat down and commenced licking his wounded leg, at the same time keeping a close watch on both of us. Escape was out of the question. I could see my rifle lying where the Doctor had dropped it a short distance from my tree, but it might as well have been in camp for all the good it was to me.

It would hardly do to repeat our conversation—especially my side of it—as the hours dragged on with no change in the situation, save when the bear furnished a little diversion now and then by trying to get at one or the other of us. It was late in the afternoon before any signs of relief appeared. It was the welcome voice of Sooner that announced the arrival of aid. Following his usual tactics, he came through instead of going around the windfall. The bear heard him and prepared to do battle with this new foe.

Sooner broke through the tangled mesh of roots and branches, and pulled up short at sight of the bear. He took in the situation at a glance. He made a feint at attacking the bear, and the bear prepared to meet him half-way. But Sooner was wise, and dashed off in another direction, and the enraged bear started in pursuit.

This was my only chance. I knew that the bear would not run far, that he would return to keep guard over us. I slid down the tree and made a dash for my rifle. The bear discovered the move just as I reached the rifle, and came straight for me. I took quick aim and let him have it. The third shot bowled him over and ended his career.

When it was all over, the Doctor came down from the tree and gave thanks. He walked around the carcass of our recent foe, and went so far as to place his foot on the neck of the beast.

"How are the mighty fallen!" he exclaimed. "Well, we did for him that time, didn't we? It was not exactly comfortable up in that tree, but it was well worth the inconvenience to have bagged this fellow. I don't want to boast, but I am glad I had a hand in it."

"Were you very badly frightened?" I innocently asked.

"Oh, no! Naturally, I was just a little nervous at first, but the feeling soon wore off. I was afraid that he might get you, as you were unarmed, you know."

"You didn't seem at all frightened," I remarked. "But honor to whom honor is due," I added, as I observed Sooner cautiously approaching. "Unto Sooner be all the glory. Had it not been for that good dog, we would still be up a tree," and I took my hat off to him and saluted. He endeavored to appear indifferent, but he could not entirely conceal his elation. He knew where the credit belonged as well as we, and his pride was excusable.

Jack and Jim, who had come out to hunt for us, arrived on the scene in time to help skin the bear, and we made quick work of the task. I made the Doctor tell the story, as he was much better at that sort of thing than I. He had a more vivid imagination and less regard for the unvarnished truth than myself. Modesty compels me to state that much. He did not disappoint my expectations, although he made my share in the adventure appear somewhat diminutive, I might say almost insignificant. We had bear steak for supper that night, but the Doctor would not partake of the delicacy.

"I have been seeing bear and smelling bear all day long," he explained, "and I don't care to taste bear also."

The next day he pleaded business, and having borrowed enough money to pay his way home, bade us farewell. Hogarth drove him to the Junction.

We broke camp a week or so later. When we went to settle our account at the combination store at the Junction the proprietor thus addressed me:

"They's a bottle of tanglefoot charged up to you, y'know."

"No; I didn't know," I assured him. "Who charged it? Did either of you buy any whisky here?" I inquired, turning to the other two.

"No. 'Twant them," said the proprietor of the com-

bination store. "Twas the other gent what come by himself. He wanted the best stuff I had, and told me to charge the bill, two dollars, to you, so I done it, seein' he was one of the party."

"The Long Lost Doctor deserves another degree," said Jack. "I wondered where he got it. I had one drink of it and it made me think of the time I ate tabasco sauce for catchup by mistake."

I said nothing, but I paid the bill. I have never been able to rightly decide which was the real climax—whether it was when I was treed by the bear or when I paid that bill.

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

In the Old Plymouth Woods.

From the Boston Globe.

PLYMOUTH has the largest township in Massachusetts, the oldest civilization, the most dramatic history and the greatest wilderness. Between Plymouth village on the north and Buzzards Bay on the south, Caryl and Wareham on the west and the shore on the east, is an immense tract of barren woodland, as sparsely settled as it was two centuries and a half ago. There are a few deer there, a few rabbits and many foxes, partridges and quail, while the numerous ponds are full of black bass and pickerel, but for more than fifty years the land has been steadily decreasing in value.

The area of the township of Plymouth is 50,979 acres, or about eighty square miles, and of this territory sixty square miles is practically uninhabited. The population of the township is estimated to be 9,000, of which nineteen-twentieths live in Plymouth village, Manomet, Chiltonville, Ellisville, Cedarville and the other settlements along the coast.

The people of Plymouth live upon history, and every carriage driver will talk off volumes in the course of a half-day ride. The monuments, the consecrated rocks, the museums and ancient homes of the pilgrims, are thoroughly known, but the great wilderness is called Plymouth Woods with a sweep of the hand which banishes it from further mention. "They do say," remarks some old resident, "that there is a pond for every day in the year and a mudhole for leap year." This oft-repeated statement rather stretches the facts, but the ponds, many of which are large enough to be called lakes, are really a feature of the town. William T. Davis says there are 175 which have names and contain fish. But the ponds, beautiful as they are, have attracted but a small handful of summer visitors, who have satisfied their longings for a lodge in some vast wilderness. But from the first there seemed much hesitancy about settling in the Plymouth Woods. The woods of pine and oak could not be cleared without great labor, and even when a clearing was made the soil proved to be poor and unproductive. The salt marshes and cedar groves to the north of Plymouth seemed far more attractive, so the southern country was left to a few hardy men, who, like the Indians they displaced, lived chiefly by fishing and hunting.

As time went on, however, there came a demand for lumber and fuel, which made the woods more valuable. Wood lots were then a marketable property, and the whole territory was cut up by wood roads, many of which still remain, apparently for no other purpose than to confuse the traveler. But for the past fifty years the timber has steadily decreased in value. Pitch pine is replaced by white pine for building and by coal for burning. The steam engine, which at first burned wood and thus increased its marketable value, not only gave up wood for coal, but brought coal to Plymouth in competition with the native fuel. Cordwood, which would have brought \$8 a cord fifty years ago, can be bought for \$4 or \$4.50 to-day. This wood costs \$1.25 a cord to cut and must then be piled up for six months or a year to season, with a good chance of being burned by a forest fire and thus becoming a dead loss. Even if it escapes the fire it costs \$2 a cord to haul it into town over the deep rutted sandy roads, so that the final profit is small. But even this margin of profit disappears when it was shown that the fires have frequently devastated the available woodland, and that it has been necessary to allow the oaks to grow twenty or thirty years and the pines even longer before they are fit to cut.

So, as game has grown scarce and wood unprofitable, many of the original settlers have abandoned the farm for the town, in most cases being able to sell out for a small sum to a Portuguese or Italian immigrant. It is conceded that these foreigners can live where a native would starve to death. The Italians particularly seem to have the art of getting the utmost possible from a small patch of unfertile soil. They choose little farms on the outskirts of the villages and do considerable business with people of their own race. A typical farm of this sort lies just at the edge of the woods. The rocky pasture and the rough meadow are bare and dry, but the cow and spare horse are led by boys to graze by the wayside. An older boy was plowing over a field of stubble under the personal direction of a big, black-bearded Italian, who swore strange Roman oaths in tones of thunder. His onions, corn and cabbages showed infinite care. In the fall his harvest is easily made in time for his whole family to go to work in the cranberry bogs, where between them they can make enough money to last them through the winter.

In the old days when woodland was sold the bog land was thrown in without even being measured, but during the last forty years cranberry bogs have become enormously valuable, and the cranberry industry has been the salvation of the town. There is a small income in mayflowers, pond lilies, swampberries and blackberries, which abound in the woods, but there have been some great fortunes and many comfortable livings made in cranberries. Cranberry bogs have recently been worth as high as \$1,000 an acre, and one concern cleared over \$100,000 from a year's business, and yet this important industry does very little to settle the country, as the established bogs are entirely deserted for three-fourths of the year.

During the picking season men, women and children, Italians and natives, gather at the bogs, even from so far away as New Bedford. Some camp upon the ground, and others walk miles to and from their work daily. It

is a short season of three or four weeks, frequently interrupted by strikes at the large bogs and changes at the small ones, but the pay is good for picking, while the screening employs a limited number of people far into the winter. The biggest profits were made when cranberries were \$25 a barrel, but the price has steadily decreased to \$5 or \$6, and a bog must be planted and tended for four years before it begins to yield. One of the interior settlers had a bog of an acre which yielded 105 barrels one season, and which he finally sold for \$1,000. He said it was not unusual for families living near the bog to earn \$400 and more during the picking and screening season, and his own sons had started in life that way.

But there are many accidents which may befall the cranberry crop, and as greater capital is now required the available bog land is coming under the control of a few large owners, who are prepared to put money into the business. What with combinations of owners and labor-saving machinery, the old settlers see in cranberry picking a fading opportunity and believe that the future of the Plymouth Woods will depend upon the summer visitor and his demand for milk, eggs, berries, ice and service.

Yet this summer visitor is wonderfully slow in coming. It is not because the distances are so great; but rather because the roads are so poor, that this is so. The bicycle is effectually shut out of the sandy wood roads, and the automobile has not yet made the attempt. A cottager living near the center of the woods says that nine horses are worked to their full capacity in keeping his establishment in touch with the outside world.

There have been people who have sought absolute seclusion and a simple life, who have hidden their cottages in thick woods by the side of a pond, but they have been few. The second summer cottage was built twenty years ago, and there has scarcely been one a year added since. Meanwhile the big landed proprietor has stepped in and is getting control of large tracts of land for game preserves.

The most notable of these are Eben D. Jordan, of Boston and Robert B. Symington, the thread man, of Newark, N. J. Their estates are adjoining, running south and west from Chiltonville, and together they have fenced in nearly 5,000 acres. Their fences are about 8 feet high, of strong steel wire, with meshes small enough to prevent dogs or foxes from getting in, or hares or low-flying birds from getting out.

Both men are great pheasant fanciers, while Mr. Jordan is also stocking his estate with deer and Belgian hares and thoroughbred horses. He is fortunate in possessing some of the best farming land in the township, as well as the so-called Cathedral Woods, a group of lofty, primeval pines, branchless to their tops, and between whose trunks a perpetual twilight reigns.

Donal S. Mackay, of Newark, is also a large owner in the same locality. David L. Webster, of Boston, has 400 acres near Bunks and College ponds, and Albert S. Hathaway, of Wareham, has about 700 acres near Five-Mile Pond and Half-Way River. Edward C. Turner has 2,000 acres, but it is mostly woodland and is assessed at less than 50 cents an acre. Lucy E. Tisdale, of Wareham, has 1,400 acres, while James E. Keith, of Chicago, has 500 acres near Grassy and Fearing ponds. Much of the woodland is assessed at only 25 cents an acre, and one parcel of 620 acres is valued at \$100 or about 16 cents an acre.

But figures are chilly things, and to get warmed up it is only necessary to strap on a knapsack and start on a tramp through the Plymouth Woods, from the northern to the southern extremity. The writer having recently acquired sea legs did this at a disadvantage, and was in addition handicapped by extreme hot weather. He did not make record-breaking time, but he saw the country and became intimately acquainted with some parts of it.

A side trip to Billington Sea was easily made, for it is only a mile and a half from Plymouth post office by good roads and parkways. They say that in 1621 Francis Billingham, being lost in the woods, climbed a lofty tree and discovered this body of water, which he took for an arm of the sea. One of the best authorities, however, thinks that the name sea was used in the German sense as Zuyder Zee. At the present day the banks are steep and thickly wooded, and only an occasional roof shows among the tree tops.

Great South Pond, which boasts a colony of summer visitors, is also of easy access. Long Pond, on the other hand, is in the center of the wooded district, so far off any traveled road that an unexpected visitor is almost unknown. Leaving Plymouth village by the training green, the road leads by a few scattered houses, a farm or two, some bits of pasture and straight into the woods. It is second, or twenty-second, growth oak, which after a few miles becomes mixed with pine, but either trees are high enough to furnish shade. There is a deserted house, a turn in the road, and then a long march along the wire fencing of the Jordan and Symington estates. There was one chanberry bog, one brook, two or three houses and four well-dressed scarecrows in something like eight miles of walking. A young man with a stick, suspected of being a pond lily hunter, killed a puff adder, said to be a very poisonous snake. The pond lily hunter began by criticising other pedestrians, but after learning that they had climbed all the Rocky Mountains he developed into quite a decent chap, who confessed that beside collecting pink pond lilies he was in the mayflower gathering business, the cordage working business and the cranberry picking business at different seasons through the year. He said that in the cranberry season he sometimes walked seven miles to the bog and seven miles home again every day, and he still liked walking, except for bulldogs, and he carried a club for them. The lily hunter's road branched off, unfortunately, but the next morning he appeared again, having walked nine miles before breakfast time.

Before reaching Long Pond the burned woods appear, a waste of grim, black stumps, with scrub oaks springing up around their stumps. Fine wood ashes mingled with the sand under foot, and occasionally with the air above—a God-forsaken country, as any one might easily believe—but, turning sharply to the right, there is the shade of a well-cleared grove, soon the glint of water, and on the shore of Little Long Pond the comfortable summer place of the Stearns family.

Just beyond is Long Pond, set like a diamond in white sand. There is a picturesque bridge across the connecting stream between the two ponds, and beside it is the smallest post office in Massachusetts. At a liberal guess the Long Pond post office is 18 inches in height, depth and breadth, for it is simply a letter box, at which every one acts as his own postmaster. When a man goes to town he takes the letters left for mailing, and when he leaves town for the lake he brings the mail for the community and leaves it in the box for each to help himself. There are no regular hours or even days for collections or deliveries, but that matters little to people who have painted their cottages dark green and hidden them in the thickest foliage that surrounds the pond. Myron W. Whitney, the singer, has a cottage near by; also Charles S. Davis, a lawyer, F. A. Hatch, Howard Davis, Mrs. Fessenden and a few others.

Gallows Pond is close by, and between them at the turn of the road is the little one-story farm house which used to be the home of Branch Pierce, the famous hunter whom Daniel Webster was wont to visit. All the old settlers tell Webster stories, and the tree where he would hang his deer is still pointed out. They say also that Gallows Pond gets its name, not on account of the men, but the deer that were hung there. Gallows Pond, which is much smaller than Long Pond, has the same beautiful beach and two or three cottages on its northern border. In the same group is Halfway Pond, which is, on the whole, the most characteristic of the lot, with a more varied scenery and a wilder appearance. From the saddleback which separates them, both ponds can be seen, and a glance shows that Halfway Pond is at a much lower level.

But the thoughts of the amateur explorer were turned toward luncheon, for the hour was late, and even a glass of milk would seem a feast. Soon an attractive little farmhouse was sighted, with three promising-looking cows grazing in the neighborhood. The house proved to be vacant, except for a colored boy who was gathering together some old iron, and explained the utter impossibility of getting milk there. Nearby was the family graveyard of the King family, where lay William King, who was born in Revolutionary times. The post office of Raymond promised much, seeming like an oasis in the desert, but the best the genial official could do was birch beer off the ice and hardtack.

Postmaster Raymond said that deer had come within half a mile of his house earlier in the season, but he thought there was small chance of getting them to wait to have their pictures taken. Mr. Raymond very naturally takes an interest in his post office and wants to see it do well, and the primitive letter box which some of the summer folks at the other end of the pond persist in using is a constant eyesore to him.

Bloody Pond, which lies just east of the group, is so named from a historic fight between the colonists under Capt. Church and some of King Philip's Indians. The pond is nearly divided by two opposite points, which form an easy fording place. The settlers lay in ambush, and when the Indians were wading across shot so many that the water became red with blood, or vice versa. It is a singular example of the loose history of the woods that the story is told both ways. Despite its sanguinary name, Bloody Pond is a very picturesque body of water, and Walter Redding, of Quincy Point, is building a comfortable cottage on the western point.

In trudging back to Halfway Pond, where he had planned to stay over night, the traveler fell in with a young man of the neighborhood, who discoursed upon the dangers of a great city like Boston. The young man had himself experienced those dangers, and finally, with divine help, had overcome them. In a frank, generous way he tried to induce the wayward explorer to share the benefits of a consecrated life. The incident was one calculated to make a strong impression, illustrating as it did the force religion gains over people whose lives are of necessity narrowed by the monotony of the wilderness.

Martin Van Buren Douglass lives on the bank of Halfway Pond, in the house where he was born. He is road overseer, constable and the conservative man of the neighborhood, and with George G. Barker, of Boston, and Dean Briggs, of Harvard College, practically controls the water front of the pond. In past times the home of Martin Douglass has been a favorite resort of sportsmen, and his brother, Warren, now seventy-three years old, has been a noted nimrod. Each is an interesting man in his way, but Warren is more typical of the old hunter, tall, lean, with a strong nose and an eagle's eyes. He has a notion of coming to Boston some day to see the street cars go under the ground. Mr. Barker, who has a very handsome estate, shares its comforts in the summer with a number of poor children from Boston, for whom he has built and equipped a charming home near the water's edge. The neighbors speak with great enthusiasm of the good deeds of Mr. and Mrs. Barker and their son, who is going into the cranberry business quite extensively.

Both south and west of the Long Pond group the country is wild and uninhabitable, and the wood roads so confusing that it is considered dangerous for a stranger to go without a guide. At one time sheep ranged in these woods, being rounded up from time to time as cattle are on the Western prairies. The mutton was excellent, but the industry was unprofitable on account of the dogs of the neighborhood, whose attacks upon the sheep were unceasing.

To Rocky Pond, Big Sandy, Ezekiel's and White Island the way is without the slightest sign of human life. White Island Pond is one of the largest in the district, very irregular, surrounded by shady groves and white beaches. There is a summer camp here and near by cranberry shanties; also a bridge over Red Brook. Then beyond is a wilder wilderness, where the only sign of life is an occasional well-concealed blind for hunting wild fowl in the season. After repeatedly losing his way, but finally getting through to civilization, the traveler struck across to Bournedale and started north by Herring Pond, through the coast country. The bulldog trolley is quite common in this neighborhood. Usually a wire is stretched about 6 feet high from the house to the barn, and from it is hung a short rope, to which the

dog is attached. The result is that the dog's racing and barking is confined to one beaten track, and though he often vibrates between the two buildings like a shuttle, the lives of many innocent chickens are temporarily saved.

For the most part the Plymouth woods extend eastward close to the shore of the bay, and most of the scattered farmers of this region depend upon fishing for a livelihood. On a little bluff north of Ellenville, with the woods in the background and the booming surf at his front door, lives Capt. Ezra Pierce, who was raised at the Branch Pierce place, at the head of Long Pond. Capt. Pierce, though born in the woods, has lived a seafaring life, and now in his old age fishes and hunts with impartiality. He sauntered up to the house about dark, with a gun in his hand, having been down the road a piece for a woodchuck, which he didn't get. His father used to keep a tally of his deer by notches on his gunstock, and his record with one gun was 264, he having killed twenty-three for four seasons hand-running. "That old gun, with a barrel more than 6 feet long, was bought by William T. Davis the Plymouth historian, for \$30," said Capt. Ezra, adding, in a drawl, with a characteristic drawl look: "Twan't wuth 30 cents."

Capt. Pierce said that when Daniel Webster used to come to hunt with his father he would be allowed to go too, though but a lad, as he killed his first buck, unaided, when he was fourteen years old. "Father used to call me Cook," said the Captain, "and when he came home to see that buck hanging under a tree at Gallows Pond he says: 'What you got there, Cook, a deer or a horse?' Well, we sent that buck up on a sloop bound for Boston, but the sloop made two tries, but couldn't beat by Minot's Light, so that deer was weighed in the Plymouth market at last and knocked the record."

He said that Webster usually stuck close to his stand and would not leave it on any account; but one day when it was raining so hard that he could not do anything he left his stand and went back to his house. When the great man found that young Ezra had stuck to his stand and shot a loon he promptly gave a quarter of a dollar for it. Then Webster would march up and down the floor, swinging his arms and singing, and he sang well, in the boy's estimation. Capt. Pierce says the foxes are most all poisoned or trapped out in his section, but he still sees deer occasionally, "but they don't know my nationality or where I come from," he naively remarks, in compliment to his own woodcraft.

Five miles beyond Capt. Pierce's, to the north, the electric railroad is reached and encroaching civilization is elbowing the woods out of the way. From Manomet to Plymouth village there are farms on one side and seaside cottages on the other, and a man prefers to ride, rather than walk, especially if he has done twenty-four miles in the blazing heat the day before.

Thinking the whole thing over, it is a pretty safe guess that neither the landed proprietor, the cottager nor the cranberry man will make any great change in the Plymouth wilderness for 100 years to come, while the forest fires only change it temporarily to perpetuate its barrenness.

Natural History.

The Cat.

A FEW months ago our cat gave birth to two kittens. A pile of straw had been provided for her in the middle of the barn floor, as being a sunny spot in the day time. She was very content with this place, only supplementing the straw with an old piece of lace curtain which the children had thrown across a camp chair. After several days—a week or more—the children announced that the kittens' eyes were beginning to open, and upon inspection a barely perceptible slit was disclosed, scarcely enough to let any light through.

The mother cat had done a wise thing. She had carried her kittens to the very darkest place she could find, to wit, the "back bedroom" of the girls' "dolls' house," over in the corner, and there she kept them until the kittens' eyes had completely opened and become accustomed to the light.

How did she know when it was time to take those kittens out of the light?

When the kittens began to crawl around and occasionally to slip down the first step of the stairs, she carried them back to their dark corner with as much patience as a human mother would carry her baby back to safety. But a little later, when they seemed to her to have grown old enough to have some sense, she began to scold them, and in no uncertain accents. Still later, when their education began, the scolding sometimes gave place to a right smart boxing. It was irresistibly ludicrous to see her walk up to one of them and give it a smart box on one ear with one paw and then a similar box on the other ear with the other paw. But before I speak of the education of these two kittens I must not forget to remark the old cat's evident knowledge of modern medical science. She knows all about germs and the value of antiseptic conditions, for as soon as a person or a child got through "nursing" or stroking or touching one of her infant offspring she carefully washed it, or that part of it which had come in contact with the person. It goes without saying, therefore, that the kittens grew up into comely and healthy cats.

As nearly as I can conclude from my opportunities for observing it, the process of education consisted in lessons in climbing, fighting and hunting, in the order named. The method of instruction in each case was by example. There was no lecture course in cat language. To teach them to climb, she began by getting them into a playful mood, which was invariably accomplished in the good old human way of filling their stomachs. Then the mother cat made for a post with a great flourish and climbed up it about 2 feet. Before a long while the kittens tried it, but the minute they found themselves off the ground they had an accession of juvenile fright and backed down. Following lessons made them more venturesome, and the mother gradually increased her climb and gradually coaxed the kittens to follow her, until now,

at six months of age, they can climb trees as well as their mother, or think they can.

Soon after beginning the climbing lessons she began to teach them to fight and by dint of many counterfeit maulings and boxing matches (I imagine with 6-ounce gloves) they became skilled in the manly art of self defense.

Lastly she began to teach them to hunt. She would catch a large grasshopper and call to her progeny in a peculiar tone of voice which they soon grew to understand meant "Mother has caught us a grasshopper." She then dropped her prey in front of one of them, and if it tried to fly away before the kitten got it she caught it again and dropped it in front of it once more, when the kitten pounced upon it, doubtless making use of the skill in fighting and boxing theretofore acquired. Gradually the kittens began to follow their instructor afield and to catch their own hoppers, although the mother cat still continues to fetch them several fat ones each day, giving them to each of her children, turn about, and beginning, so far as I have observed, with the light gray one, for whom she entertains a preference. Perhaps it was her first born. Who knows?

I used to think that animals were born with an inherent knowledge of their functions and duties and powers; but the more I see the more I see I was mistaken. They learn.

St. Louis, Mo.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

A Bird Lover's Back Yard.

THE bluejay is a daily visitor to our back yard. His saw-edge voice is generally the first bird note I hear in the morning, but he sometimes intersperses this with a bit of song of a tender, wheedling nature, which somewhat dulls the edge of that otherwise harsh voice of his. His favorite retreat at the present time seems to be the grape arbor. How well he knows that the Concord are ripening there. In the early morning I sneak on him unawares, when he considers himself safe from any intrusion, just to note his momentary confusion. Although detected in the very act of eating a grape, he assumes an "I-didn't-do-it" expression that seems wholly comical. How he tries to brave it out! At once he is deeply absorbed in other directions, as if such a tidbit as a grape never existed. Hopping here and there, he pretends to ignore my presence, but still giving me a stealthy glance now and then. This farce is kept up until finally he sees a good opportunity to leave, and emitting a defiant note he quickly grabs a grape and away he goes to the roof of the barn.

Directly in the rear of this building is an alley where the telephone wires overhead serve as a convenient perch for passing birds to tarry for a moment to view the surroundings, if for nothing else. Bluejays resort there, sometimes half a dozen at a time, and an occasional blackbird, robin, catbird, sparrow hawk and oriole look that way also. The red-headed woodpecker and highhole prefer the smooth sides of the telephone pole to the wires. Whacking it a few times, through force of habit, I presume, they fly to the tall soft maple just beyond, where the latter invariably makes his presence known by his joyous call note. To me it is always associated with fresh and breezy things. To the back yard it brings the air of the fields, the woodside. It is a haunting refrain from boyhood.

The Baltimore oriole is a famous and persistent grape tippler, and the catbird also loves to taste of the juicy clusters of the Concord. Day after day I heard her feline mew issuing from the leafy covert and saw her as she flitted to a more secluded position. I knew that she was there for something more than mere shade, and kept my eye on her accordingly, until I detected her sidling up to a cluster, select a grape and fly with it to the big syringa bush hard by, where she spends considerable of her time. From this retreat she sometimes serenades us during the twilight—a low, tender nocturne—that to some extent compensates us for her disagreeable squawks and catcalls. She is more voluble in the day time. Often for an hour at a time she will pour forth that curious medley that has won for her a sort of mockingbird reputation. While I admire and wonder at her singing, I do not understand it; there are too many twists and turns. In fact, it is all Italian opera to me.

Our next-door neighbor, a lady kindly disposed to the birds, places a large dish filled with water day after day under a maple in her yard. It attracts the birds as a convenient bathing resort, as she intended it should. How the robins, bluejays and our lady graycoat, the catbird, vie with each other in getting the first chance to take their morning ablutions! The latter goes about it in an elegant, careful manner, characteristic of all her ways, but the bluejay usually tumbles into it with a swoop and a splash that scatters the water in all directions.

Almost daily I hear the weird notes of the yellow-billed cuckoo and sometimes catch a glimpse of him as he stealthily flits among the trees or shrubbery. The other day one was bold enough to perch on the clothes lines near the house. It afforded me a fine view of this handsome bird, and I enjoyed it. When he finally detected me watching him, I caught the fear-look in his wild eye as he hastily took flight.

Chickadees generally prefer the early morning to call on us, and they are indeed welcome visitors. Happy little fellows, their visits are altogether too infrequent. At rare intervals I hear their phoebe notes. What a sweet bit of melody, so tender, plaintive and flutelike. The red-head is the prevailing woodpecker in the neighborhood. A projecting piece of tin on the eaves of the house serves him lately for a drum, and what a racket he makes! Downy and hairy are merely transients. Goldfinches now come daily to the sunflowers for seeds, and the few scattered blooms of the honeysuckle on the lattice still lure the hummingbird. We also have the screech owls. I hear their wailing in the big maple beside the house when nights are darkest. Since cherry time the cedar birds have not been in evidence, but yesterday I heard an unmistakable fine, wheezy whistle. Making a detour, I discovered a dozen or more perching demurely in the cherry tree, the scene of bygone banquets. The fussy little house wren pops up when least expected and generally in out-of-the-way places. His vivacious, gushing strain is still heard at dawn. Small as

he is, he is a factor to be reckoned with. He takes delight in berating grimaldin, for well he knows that the sneaking creature has been the cause of many a tragedy of a nest. The robin, with his open, unsuspecting ways, was the greatest sufferer. Even the bluejay, who built his nest in a maple in front of the house, was not safe from the depredations, and the home was broken up. Scattered blue feathers under the cherry tree told part of the story. The bluebird is a rarity. I have not heard his warble or seen the flash of his blue wing since early spring. From my limited point of observation, such an event would be worth remembering.

I love to see the blackbirds pass by overhead in the evening on their way to some favorite roosting place. What an exhilarating sight! The flight to the roost commences about sunset and is kept up until nearly dark. At dawn they return to their feeding grounds in a western direction. Just why these dusky cohorts should select the residence portion of the city to spend the night instead of some remote tree in field or pasture, close to their feeding haunts, is one of the mysteries of bird life. Sometimes, after the birds have passed in the direction of the roost, the whole band will suddenly return in detached flocks, singly and in pairs. Flying about excitedly, they settle in the nearest wayside tree. There is a noisy pow-wow and up they swoop again, more circling about, and finally again depart roostward.

THEODORE M. SCHLICK.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Oct. 1.

Change in a Bird's Habits.

MAN'S interference with the operations of nature is a subject so familiar as to be almost worn out. Yet it is interesting to notice the new directions in which the earth or its inhabitants are changed by this interference. We introduce rabbits into Australia and they devastate the land. A few pairs of English sparrows set free in North America have covered the continent from ocean to ocean. In the Island of New Zealand is found a parrot, the food of which was soft vegetable roots, dug from the ground, honey and the nectar of flowers, but since New Zealand and the islands of the neighboring seas were settled by man and the industry of sheep raising introduced, this parrot has given up its diet of vegetable food and now feeds on flesh. It began by devouring the flesh of sheep which had died, but at the present day it is said that the parrots alight on the backs of living and uninjured sheep and dig holes in the flesh, which they tear out with their strong beaks and devour.

A recent note published by Prof. E. Ray Lankester, of the Natural History Museum of London, tells of a somewhat analogous change in mode of life in a group of birds found in South Africa, known by the common name "beef eater" or "ox pecker." These birds, which are related to the starlings, have always been regarded as useful birds on account of their habits. They frequent the herds of cattle and large game found in South Africa and feed upon the ticks and grub which infest these animals. They have also been called rhinoceros birds, from the fact that they are almost always found with these animals. The birds are said to run over the backs, sides and bellies of the cattle, like woodpeckers on a tree, searching for insects or for the grubs which lie close beneath the skin. So useful were these birds considered that, at the recent International Conference on the Preservation of African Wild Animals, it was decided that special protection should be given to this species.

Recently, however, Prof. Lankester received from Capt. Hinde, of the British East Africa Protectorate, some notes on this subject which are of great interest as showing the general adoption of a new habit.

Capt. Hinde says: "The following case of wild birds changing their habits may interest you. The common rhinoceros bird (*Buphaga erythrorhyncha*) here formerly fed on ticks and other parasites which infest game and domestic animals; occasionally, if an animal had a sore, the birds would probe the sore to such an extent that it sometimes killed the animal. Since the cattle plague destroyed the immense herds in Ukambani, and nearly all the sheep and goats were eaten during the late famine, the birds, deprived of their food, have become carnivorous, and now any domestic animal not constantly watched is killed by them. Perfectly healthy animals have their ears eaten down to the bone, holes torn in their backs and in the femoral regions. Native boys amuse themselves sometimes by shooting the birds on the cattle with arrows, the points of which are passed through a piece of wood or ivory for about half an inch, so if the animal is struck instead of the bird, no harm is done. The few thus killed do not seem in any way to affect the numbers of these pests. On my own animals, when a hole has been dug, I put in iodoform powder, and that particular wound is generally avoided by the birds afterward; but if the birds attack it again, they become almost immediately comatose and can be destroyed."

Capt. Hinde also believes that these birds carry the cattle plague from one herd to another and thus render useless isolation as a protection against the spread of the disease.

Quail Tamed and Bantam Gone Wild.

TRYON, Oklahoma, Sept. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Early in the summer I found a quail's nest containing sixteen eggs, which I put under a bantam hen, and every egg hatched. The quail are now full grown and as tame as chickens, and do not wander far from the barnyard. But what seems very strange to me is that they roost with some chickens in the top of a black oak tree about 25 feet above the ground. Another strange feature is that while these quail remain tame, the bantam hen that raised them has taken up with a covey of wild quail and remains with them out in the fields and wood lot and is as wild as they.

Quail are the only game we have left in this eastern part of the Territory, and they are very plentiful, notwithstanding the fact that market hunters killed and shipped out many thousands in violation of the Territorial law last winter. Two market hunters killed 47½ dozen in this neighborhood in two days last winter. I hope the Lacey bill will put a stop to such slaughter.

W. S. CHENOWETH, M. D.

Game Bag and Gun.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—II.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[Continued from page 187.]

Swans.

Sub-Family *Cygninae*.

THE swans are the largest of our water fowl, and the American species measure nearly or quite 5 feet in length. The naked skin of the bill runs back to the eye, covering the lores; the bill is high at the base, but broad and flattened toward the tip; the tarsus is reticulate, and shorter than the middle toe. In our species the feathers do not come down to the tibio-tarsal joint. The two American species are white in the adult plumage, the immature birds being gray.

The Trumpeter Swan.

Olor buccinator (Rich.).

The plumage of the trumpeter swan is white throughout, the naked black skin of the bill extends back to the eyes, covering what is called the lores, and the bill and feet are wholly black. The tail feathers are twenty-four in number, and this character will distinguish it from our only other swan, the species which follows. The bill is longer than the head, and the bird measures about 5 feet in total length. The spread of wings is great, sometimes 10 feet. Audubon records a specimen which weighed 38 pounds.

The young are gray, the head often washed with rusty, but grow whiter as they advance in years. The gray of the head and neck is the last to disappear. In the young the bill is flesh color at the base, dusky at tip; feet gray.

The trumpeter swan is a Western species, and is scarcely found east of the Mississippi River. Formerly it bred over much of the Western country, though undoubtedly most of the birds repaired to the far North to rear their young. Many years ago we found it breeding on a little lake in Nebraska, and I have seen it in summer on the Yellowstone Lake, in Wyoming. The nest is built on the ground, and the eggs vary in number from two to five.

In agreement with what is known of the trumpeter swan in the United States, its breeding grounds in the North appear to be inland. Explorers give the Hudson Bay as one of its resorts, where it is said to be one of the earliest migratory birds to arrive. It breeds on the islands and in the marshes, and on the shores of the fresh-water lakes, and is said to lay from five to seven eggs. It is stated also that it is monogamous, and that the mating is for life. During the period of the molt, when the swans are unable to fly, they are eagerly pursued by the Indians, not always successfully, since they are able to swim and to flap over the water as fast as a canoe can be paddled. The swan breeds also in the barren grounds on the head of the Fraser River, and at various points on the Mackenzie River; it has been reported also from Norton Sound.

The note of the trumpeter, from which it takes its name, is loud and resonant and so closely resembles that of the sandhill crane that it is not always easy to distinguish the two apart. The young birds of the year are pale gray in color, and the plumage of the body becomes white earlier than that of the head and neck. These young birds are very good eating, while the older ones, as a rule, are very tough and hardly edible.

American Swan.

Olor columbianus (Ord.).

The common swan is slightly smaller than the trumpeter, but is colored like it, except that on the naked lores, just before the eye, there is a spot of yellow. This, however, is not invariably present, and is usually lacking in the young birds. The tail feathers are twenty instead of twenty-four, and this with the fact that the nostrils open half-way down the bill (instead of being in the basal half, as in the trumpeter swan), will always serve to distinguish the two.

The young are gray, with a pink bill, which later turns white, and finally black. As the young grow older, the body becomes white, then the neck, and last of all the head.

During the autumn, winter and spring this swan occurs in greater or less abundance all over the United States, occasionally being found as far south as Florida. It is rarely seen, however, off the New England coast. Its breeding grounds are in Alaska, and Mr. Dall reported it common all along the Yukon, and says that it arrives with the geese about May 1, but appears coming down the Yukon instead of up the stream. It breeds in the great marshes, near the mouth of that river.

This species is said to be much more common on the Pacific than on the Atlantic coast, in winter resorting in great numbers to lakes in Washington, Oregon and portions of California, where it is often found mingled with the trumpeter swan. It is common in winter on the South Atlantic coast.

The whooping swan of Europe (*Cygnus cygnus*) is supposed to occur in Greenland, and is therefore given in the ornithologies as a bird of America. It has not been taken on this continent. It is white in color, and has the bill black at the tip, with the lores and basal portion of the bill yellow.

[The species described in the issue of next week will be: The two snow geese, blue goose, Ross' goose, white-fronted goose and emperor goose.]

A Veteran Rhode Island Sportsman.

THE late Edgar Pratt, of Providence, was one of the most ardent sportsmen in the State, having since boyhood been a lover of hunting and fishing, and had always taken an active interest in the preservation of the game birds of Rhode Island.

Mr. Pratt was born in Bridgewater, Conn., in 1839. A little more than twenty years ago he became connected with the firm C. F. Pope & Co., which for years was the meeting place of the foremost gunners and fishermen of the State, and it was here that he became on intimate terms with such well-known men as Newton Dexter, Horace Bloodgood, Henry Saxton and a number of others who wielded the rod and gun.

Edgar Pratt for many years made trips with these gentlemen in the Maine woods and Adirondacks for big game, and along the Atlantic Coast for fish, and he was the life and soul of the party, possessing a fund of anecdote and always having a good story on tap. He was quite a joker, but his jokes never had a sting, and in consequence his friends grew in number from year to year.—Providence News.

Maine September Deer Hunting.

BOSTON, Sept. 10.—The Maine \$6 license deer hunting season, which had started off with something of a boom, has come near to being brought to an abrupt termination. An Augusta dispatch of Saturday says the Fish and Game Commissioners have issued orders that no more September licenses be sold. This is by reason of the serious drought which prevails in most parts of that State, rendering forest fires exceedingly liable. Indeed, some bad fires have already started in Hancock and other counties, and are raging seriously in valuable timber lands. The exceedingly wet weather which prevailed in most of the wooded country of Maine during June and July has been followed by no rain at all for several weeks, and reports say that the forests are extremely dry. Doubtless the timber land owners have invoked the aid of the Fish and Game Commissioners, who have the licensing of September hunters in hand, to keep the hunters out of their forests as much as possible. I do not understand that it is in the power of the Commissioners to revoke deer-killing licenses already issued, though they have issued orders to both game wardens and licensed guides to use every precaution to prevent the starting of forest fires. The September licenses are for sale at different hunting resorts, and the order to sell no more is likely to be obeyed rather slowly. It is possible to date a license back a few days. Possibly the Commissioners may not be willing to believe that such a trick would be attempted, but one can hardly help mistrusting the working of such a system, especially when aware that the licenses are for sale by the proprietors of hunting and fishing resorts who have allowed the killing of deer by guides and guests all through the month of August. This is a pretty strong assertion, but I have seen a letter, written in August, by a lady stopping at one of these hunting resorts, to a lady friend, stating that the guides "mysteriously disappear at night," and that "mountain lamb" is served on the table the next day, and for several days afterward. The proprietor of the camps from which the letter was written has the September licenses for sale.

As stated above, the September license shooting of deer has started off with a good deal of force, and a good many deer have been killed. A Dixfield, Me., hunter was one of the first successful ones to be reported. He had his deer located. They were coming out into the fields to feed every morning. He was on hand before daylight the first day of September. The weather has continued as hot as August, and the deer have continued coming down to the water, especially since the woods are so very dry. Hunters with licenses in hand have been successful in killing deer by simply being on hand at the water and near to the runways. This has been additional sport for the late fishermen, who have dragged their stay into September.

SPECIAL.

The Mountain Quail of North Carolina.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with much pleasure your correspondent's recent description of the "pink beds" on the Vanderbilt estate in western North Carolina. I have been there and seen. But there is another location in that section still wilder, more rugged, more mountainous, and 1,000 feet higher on the plateau, where precipices drop 1,800 feet perpendicular, a dozen waterfalls leap crags twice the height of Niagara and lakes two miles long fill up the deep valleys between the peaks. There are no other lakes in the whole mountain region. Here the mountain trout (true speckled salmos) turn the scales (their scales) at 2 pounds avoirdupois, quail fly higher than anywhere else in the South, foxes are keener, deer run better, bears are more lusty and wild turkeys strut more and scratch harder than in any other part of the Blue Ridge. Once in a while a panther (the true *Felis concolor*) stirs the woody precincts of the pine-root bogs; and the delight of it all is that it is not only easily accessible by rail and graded turnpike, but available to the public.

For eight consecutive years this inimitable game preserve of 26,000 acres of wilderness and tilled acres adjoining Biltmore has been policed by the mining and hotel company which owns it, and each succeeding year under its rules adds to the abundance and variety of its game. Guests have privileges, under permit, to shoot and fish all over it, and living accommodations are furnished to each according to his means and choice.

I would like, Mr. Editor, to speak more definitely of this region, but perchance other landlords would be jealous; and besides, it needs no advertising for profit. Each one of its three well appointed hotels has been crowded all summer, and they accommodate, with auxiliary cottages, some nine hundred guests. The company owns and operates thirty-one miles of railroad, and at its terminus mountain wagons are ready to whisk the tourist up to Midlothian heights at a speed of five miles an hour, or even to the sky line of Mt. Toxaway, 5,000 feet above sea level, where there is a lookout lodge which harbors a score of such guests as desire to remain over night and see the sun set and rise and observe the planets in their glory. An easy carriage drive like this to so high an altitude is phenomenal in mountain climb-

ing. But saddle horses are available at all times when wanted, and rough and gentle riders from every corner of the United States go up almost every day the year around to register, preparatory to voting that the outlook is incomparable, for, from the rounded summit of Mt. Toxaway, which stands an isolated cone in the central landscape, an undulating cincture of blue eminences belts the horizon at twenty miles equi-distant, among which it is claimed that no less than forty are 6,000 feet high and upward. Such a marvelous presentment challenges comparison. Visitors to the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, for instance, will stand in awe of the Presidential Range, aligned in grim array against the sky; but here we have a circumvallation forty miles in diameter which includes elevations like Pisgah, Mitchell, Black Mountain, Chimney Top, Bald Rock, White Top and a dozen others, all noted and higher than Mt. Washington. There is very little to break the continuity of forest which blankets the intervening expanse, only a clearing here and there or a bit of color like the feldspar cliffs of Whitesides. But the kaleidoscopic changes of sunlight and shadow, rainbows and showers, fogs and mists, umbrous and tenuous clouds, the play of lightning and passing of the winds, are transcendent. From my vantage point on the observation tower I have seen four showers at once at different points of the compass—seen them conceived of the vapors, bred on the sky line, approach, culminate, drench the earth, dissolve and disappear in a sea of sunlight blent with roseate, green and yellow colors like those which envelop St. John's celestial city.

I have said that quail fly higher here than anywhere else, and so they do. They are mountain quail, sure enough. None of your tacky piny woods partridges that pick in the pea patches of the low country, but great plump fellows that flock on the high summits and "rise" with the sheep and young turkeys and come with the rest to take a handout from the lodge keepers. I have seen meadow larks, too, 6,000 feet above the sea. But the finest quail shooting of all is around Brevard, in the valley of the French Broad, which is here controlled by the company I speak of. All through this month of September they will be good flyers, and from Oct. 1 to March they will be in prime condition. If I were to recommend any place in the State to sportsmen it would be this. So much comfort goes with it, too; such effusive hospitality and no hardship, with a winter climate which averages 40.3 degrees, against Asheville's 37.2 and many sunny days when the temperature tantivy between 60 and 70 degrees; no corn-shuck shakedowns, no sinkers, no vermin. Half way up the mountains among the tote roads and prospectors' trails it is difficult for a novice to distinguish between the deer trails and hog tracks. The former are the most plentiful, as will be apparent to those who see the point. The deer's toe is sharper than the hog's. Ruffed grouse are found in fair abundance, while turkeys are plenty near the corn fields and farm houses, lower down. Bear trails, worn smooth by frequent use, traverse the woods, too often near the pig pens, and Mr. Chas. N. Jenks, one of the early mining engineers, claims a record of twenty-seven of the brutes. Lynxes, wildcats, opossums and raccoons add to the variety of game. The fact of the woods being bare of leaves two months sooner there than on the Atlantic side of the State makes a trip to Jackson county most attractive, while the expense is at a minimum. The Maine guide foolishness does not pervade this precinct. You get your permit from the manager and the natives are there to offer their services. There isn't much tar on their heels in this part of the State.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

An Adventure with a Moose.

DEAD RIVER, Me., Sept. 4.—Editor Forest and Stream: On August 17 Messrs. F. D. Asche and F. D. Van Nosstrand, of New York city, came up here for a two weeks' trip. A few days were spent in fishing near by home on the Dead River for pickerel and small streams for brook trout, and they had good luck, getting all they wanted. We then packed up and started for Black Brook Camp, ten miles back in the woods, where pond fishing was to be had for trout and where they might see some big game.

After getting a good mess of trout and supper being over, I suggested that we take a row up the stream to see some game and get some trout for breakfast. We had not gone far when we heard loud splashes in the water ahead of us. All kept still and I paddled on. It was beginning to get dark, and as we went around a turn in Beaver Stream what should we come on to but four moose—a big bull, a cow and two calves. We paddled up to within 5 rods of them. The bull went ashore and started away. I ran the boat in ahead of the calves and the cow started for the shore. The old bull was now about 150 yards away, when he stopped and gave a loud bellow. All the others stopped and stood their ground. He made the second challenge and then charged on us, coming back into the water very near our boat; and about this time we began to realize what we were up against, and slowly we backed away from him, not daring to turn around for fear of a more fierce attack. Slowly we crept away and got to camp, all vowing that they had been just as close to a bull moose as they ever cared to get.

Three other attempts were made during our stay there to go up to Beaver Dam, and each time we were faced by the bull and challenged to stop or expect a fight. We all stopped. But what a chance if only it had been open season.

The boys saw deer in every place they went; several nice bucks. Ten were seen in one day. All could have been shot very easily. They also saw a wildcat. While here they got about 100 trout and fifty pickerel, the largest 6½ pounds. They were well pleased with their trip and they say if any one wants to get into a wild place and among big game they can surely find it here. They also saw two beavers, with partridges and ducks in large numbers. They are planning for a larger party another year and a much longer stay, so as to be here in the shooting season.

JIM HARLOW.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The First Written Description of the Yellowstone Park.

Mr. Olin D. Wheeler, in connection with his "Wonderland" and other literary work on the Northern Pacific R. R., every now and again runs across some very interesting information regarding the early West, in regard to which land and period there are few men in the country better posted than himself. Mr. Wheeler has unearthed an ancient Mormon newspaper, which contains what he considers to be the first written description of the Yellowstone Park, that Wonderland which he has come so much to love and which everybody loves who knows anything about it. Regarding his curious discovery it is proper to let Mr. Wheeler speak for himself, with the hope that among the wide circle of FOREST AND STREAM readers, comprising all sorts and conditions of intelligent folk, there may be some one who can add to the fund of knowledge already in Mr. Wheeler's hands. He says:

"Knowing the wide interest that FOREST AND STREAM takes in everything pertaining to Yellowstone Park, I wish to call your attention to a recent discovery in relation thereto of some interest and value from a historic standpoint. I first called attention to it briefly in the St. Paul Dispatch of Aug. 6 last.

"The early history of this region is now well known. There seems no doubt that John Colter, one of the Lewis and Clarke expedition (1804-6), was the first white man of record to visit any portion of what is now embraced within the Park boundaries. This was somewhere from 1806 to 1810. James Bridger, the 'Old Man of the Mountains,' saw some of the geysers about 1840-45. Capt. Reynolds—not Reynolds, as usually written—was on the borders of the Park land with Bridger as his guide in 1860, but was unable to pierce the mountain barriers and penetrate the region itself. Capt. DeLacy, in 1863, passed around Shoshone Lake and through the Lower Geyser Basin. In 1869 Folsom and Cook spent more than a month there, and in 1870 the Washburn-Doane expedition made a thorough ex-

"Ferris started with a party of thirty men from St. Louis on Feb. 16, 1830, and from certain statements made I suspect he himself was from the vicinity of Buffalo. He visited the geysers May 19 and 20, 1834.

"The geyser article in the Wasp was undoubtedly reprinted from the Messenger. Two facts indicate this: First, the Wasp published it a month later than the Messenger did; second, the Mormon excitement around western New York and eastern Ohio and in Illinois was then high, as an inspection of the columns of the Messenger shows, and many Mormons were scattered through the New York and Ohio region. Through them the number of the Messenger containing the description of the geysers reached Nauvoo, and seeing a good thing the Wasp editor copied the matter, seemingly without giving credit for it. The original publication of this fine description should, therefore, be credited to the Western Literary Messenger of July 13, 1842.

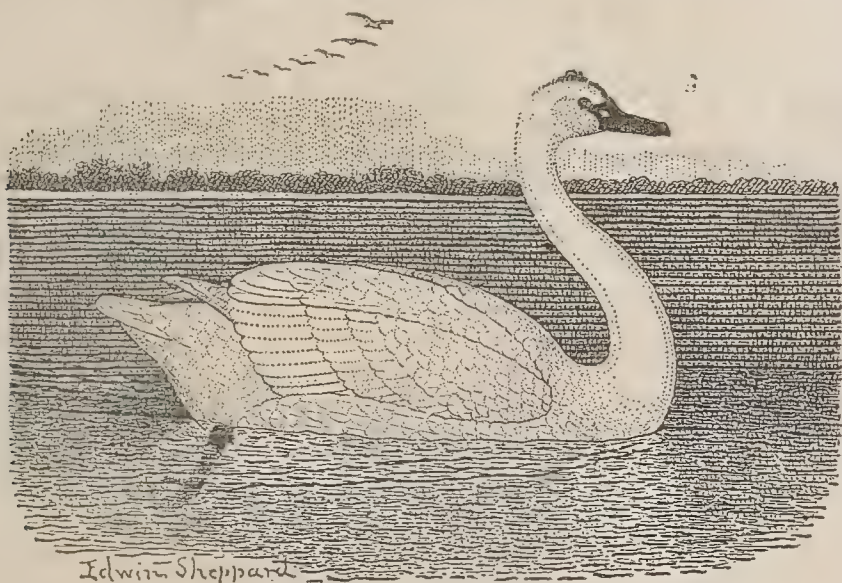
"Since this discovery I have had forwarded to me from the Buffalo Public Library the succeeding volume of the Messenger, in which the publication of the Ferris articles is continued and concluded. In No. XXV., Vol. III., Jan. 6, 1844, the description of the geyser is repeated, with a portion of the article as first printed left out and a few lines, material in but one sense, added.

"In the first volume—Vol. II.—there are chapters I.-XXIV., inclusive. In Vol. III. the chapter notation is abandoned and the articles are published as "original" and separate ones, yet in chronological order, and there are twenty-six of them.

"It has generally been thought that Ferris' description, which is also given in Capt. Chittenden's 'The Yellowstone National Park,' referred to the Upper Geyser Basin. Ferris described two geyser areas—one he himself saw, the other described to him by trappers. After a careful study of his route and of what he says I am unable to conclude that he visited the Upper Basin himself, but the description given by the trappers appears to fit that basin fairly well. What Ferris saw is to my mind very uncertain. I cannot reasonably identify it with any area now known and am inclined to think that he visited some spot now extinct in geyser action, or one remote from

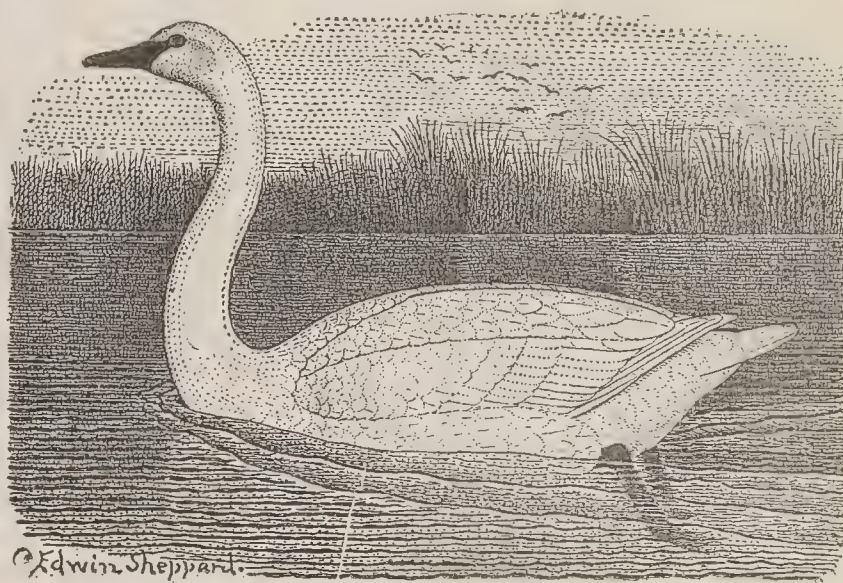
The facts in relation to our Western prairie chicken crop seem to be much as below. There was without doubt or question an unusually large supply of birds, nearly double the average of the last ten years. This applied to practically all our Western States, Minnesota, North and South Dakota more especially, and also to Illinois in what was thought to be less extent. The above situation was without doubt true up to the week just preceding the opening date. It was at that time that the real chicken crop of the Northwest was harvested, and more especially the crop of Minnesota and South Dakota. The shooters who tried Minnesota found in very many instances that they were just one week too late. They came back home with a large percentage of stories of half-coveys and wild birds. It is not a matter or guess as to these matters with a chicken shooter. He knows without the least difficulty whether or not there have been guns in ahead of him in a country where he is shooting. Hence it is to be accepted as fact that most of the chicken shooting in many parts of Minnesota was done just before and not just after the opening of the season. This seems to be the conclusion of the Minnesota shooters, though, of course, it is a conclusion varied with many cases of fine sport in bits of country which had been better protected. Ex-Warden S. F. Fullerton, of Minnesota, went out in the country near Fergus Falls, for instance, with four other shooters, and they had every right to expect fine sport there; indeed, they did have fine sport. The five guns in four days bagged seventy-seven birds, an average of not four birds a day to the gun, which is not sport. Last year they got 128 birds on the same country. They found that they were simply following shooters who had cleaned out the birds before the law was up. Their experience was a very common one, though nearly every one agrees that the crop was something phenomenal this year, and that the sooner must have had a picnic of most unmitigated proportions.

I do not learn so much from North Dakota, but I am disposed to believe that the gun license has pretty well protected that State this year. South Dakota is said to have been more visited by the ubiquitous sooner. From Wisconsin I get but scattered reports, though many state



Edwin Sheppard

AMERICAN SWAN.



Edwin Sheppard

TRUMPETER SWAN.

ploration and gave us our first authentic and detailed knowledge concerning this Wonderland. It is a remarkable fact that until the Washburn-Doane expedition no accounts appeared from any of these explorers that gave the public any real conception of what was to be found there. Even the stories of Bridger and the other trappers, who knew personally or from others of the geysers, were so told or published as to cause entire disbelief in them.

"It seemed, therefore, somewhat strange that, as far back as August 13, 1842, an article accurately describing the hot springs and geysers of this region was published in the Wasp, a Mormon paper of Nauvoo, Ill. It is due to Mr. N. P. Langford, now of St. Paul, then of Helena, Mont., afterward the first superintendent of the Park and well known to your readers for his participation in the first successful ascent of the Grand Teton in 1872, that this article was resurrected from its sleep and placed in its proper place on the record. Mr. Langford saw it and had the foresight to have it reprinted in the Helena, Mont., Herald on Sept. 12, 1872, since which time it has formed a part of the literature of the Park. There was, however, no clue to the author and efforts to discover him have been unsuccessful until now.

"A short time ago, by accident, my attention was called to an article describing the geysers in an old Eastern publication, which I at once connected with the description in the Wasp. A few days later there was placed in my hands Vol. II. of the Western Literary Messenger, published by J. S. Chadbourne & Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., in 1842-43.

"On page 12, No. II., July 13, 1842, under the title 'Rocky Mountain Geysers; Extract from an Unpublished Work Entitled "Life in the Rocky Mountains,"' is found the Wasp article, but here again the name of the author is not revealed. On page 20, No. III., July 20, 1842, I find another description from the same pen on the 'Chañon of the Colorado'; on page 30, No. IV., July 27, another extract from the same work on 'Indian Chivalry,' and in succeeding numbers other articles appeared. In No. XXVII., Jan. 11, 1843, on page 214, and preceded by an editorial notice, the chapters from the book itself are regularly begun, and now we learn who the writer was.

"Under the general heading 'Wild Western Scenes' is the title proper, 'Life in the Rocky Mountains,' and then follows: 'A diary of wanderings on the sources of the Rivers Missouri, Columbia and Colorado, from February, 1830, to November, 1835, by W. A. Ferris, then in the employ of the American Fur Co.'

"This well illustrates the character and scope of the work. It is taken from the unpublished manuscript and the contents are a treasure house of lore, respecting the trappers, fur traders and mountaineers and their life in the mountains seventy years ago.

the usual paths of exploration and consequently known to us but slightly, if at all. What may have seemed to him, or indeed may have been, a wonderful spot sixty-six years ago, might now be passed almost unnoticed.

"I am curious to find out more about the man himself if possible, and if any of your readers who may chance to read this can assist me in this line I shall be grateful to them. As before stated, I think he came from the vicinity of Buffalo."

San Antonio as a Game Resort.

Away down South in Dixie lives Aztec, once a semi-quasi-Mexican, since he lived across the line (I hope for nothing which he cannot live down, and I presume not, since he now writes from San Antonio). Aztec vaunteth the charms of Santone as a game region, instancing the fact that in the dooryard of one of her leading citizens, to wit, Albert Frederick, of 230 Obraje street, there was on last Saturday caught a live alligator whose load water line was above 4 feet in lineal extent.

This march of progress causes one's heart to sink. For a long time we thought Chicago had the record for wild animals, and we even yet occasionally kill a wolf, a fox or a boa constrictor in our midst, as they say in New York; but this last news from Santone casts a gloom. We have never caught a wild alligator in Chicago, nor even heard of one in this immediate vicinity.

Still Buying Hound Pups.

Our old friend Capt. Bobo, who is now located at Ingram's Mill, Miss., has been down in bed with fever for quite a while back, but to-day comes a letter from his neighbor, Capt. W. I. Spears, who says that Bobo is up and around again, and that the first thing he did was to buy twelve brand new hound pups, just to show there is no coldness. I wonder what Bobo would do if he had to live in a city where he couldn't have forty or fifty hounds around the place. These new ones go into commission next November and take their own chances when they go on a Bobo bear hunt.

The Western Chicken Crop.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 8.—The returns of all things human are apt to differ somewhat from the anticipations in regard to the aforesaid things human. In no respect is this more true than as applied to the annual chicken crop. We predict a grand success of the annual campaign the week before the seasons opens, and the week after it opens we diligently take it all back again. At least, this is the usual course of the game news regarding the Western grouse supply, which is one of the most elusive subjects that anybody ever did try to hold down in a news way, provided one is bothered with any conscience or is trying to get at the facts.

that the birds were about as numerous as they were last year. Near Fox Lake, Wis., the shooters went out after ducks more especially, and they nearly drove the local-bred ducks to the tall timber, but the chicken hunters did not do much business with the grouse, a shooter by name of Austin, of Fox Lake, who bagged fourteen on one day, seeming to be high gun for that neighborhood. There are not many chicken dogs in there, and without a good dog chicken shooting is a delusion and a snare. I have not yet had word from my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Neal Brown, who made a camp hunt near Babcock, but feel quite sure they gave some account of themselves.

Here in Illinois something of a surprise turns up. We seem, from all available sources of information, to be about the banner State of the Middle West in the chicken industry. The largest bags of which I have word, with one exception, were made in Illinois, and made within sixty miles of Chicago. Eddie Pope, of this city, who shot near Emmetsburg, Ia., killed sixty birds to his own gun in two days, and this, I think, is the best bag of which I get authentic word. Yet right here at home, near Aurora, Ill., which is a thriving little city on the Fox River, and only forty miles or so from Chicago, three men bagged sixty-seven chickens in one day. This last is the best Illinois bag of which I have any word. It is closely followed by another report from Gilman, a town just south of Chicago, on the Illinois Central R. R., and a place once much affected by our upland shooters. Two guns there bagged sixty-two chickens in two days, or rather a day and a half. A less well-authenticated bag is reported from the Kankakee, of thirty-seven birds to two guns, Sept. 1.

Dr. Oughton, of this city, who went out with a small party of friends from Dwight, Ill., the first of the season, comes back delighted after his experience in that once famous chicken region, which I suppose was in its day the original natural empire of the prairie grouse. He got forty birds to his own gun, and says he never in all his life saw the birds more abundant.

Two Mayors.

On opening day of the chicken season there went forth a nice little party of two from the city of Chicago—Mayor Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, and Ex-Mayor Hempstead Washburne, of Chicago. It is of record that these two were mayors on different platforms, but they are good friends, and they think quite alike when it comes to the platform of FOREST AND STREAM and of sportsmanship in general. Mr. Washburne was guide, and led the way to a point not so very far to the westward of the city, where he said there was no visible reason why there should not be plenty of prairie chickens. They could not scare up a good dog between them, and though they came back satisfied that they could have made a good bag had they had a good dog to work on the many big bunches of birds,

they found, they only got about a dozen and a half of birds between them. A malicious daily paper of this city prints a two-column head story about their killing a tame white turkey for a prairie chicken, but this has no affidavits accompanying it, and nothing goes around the city hall except a petition or an affidavit. Both the Mayor and the ex-Mayor state that they are going back later after their revenge.

Oswald von Lengerke, with two companions, who went to De Kalb county, had poor luck, only getting thirteen birds between them. They very likely were trailing sooners. Indeed, it has been much a question of the activity of the local wardens, and where the latter have done their duty the birds have been found in very reasonable quantities. Of course it was impossible that so big a region as the State of Illinois should have been absolutely patrolled, but it is gratifying to feel able to say that the work was done better than we thought it could be, and that the results are better than we could have hoped for. It has been proved that we can have prairie chickens if we only take care of them. Illinois has done her work fully as well, perhaps better, than some of her sisters further West, where the pressure on the game resources is less severe.

Action of the Lacey Law.

The United States statute known as the Lacey Law comes in this fall for its first proving out in regard to the shipment of game, and this early view of its effect would appear to show that it is destined to be of the greatest value in the preservation of our Western game. It is sure that it has caused our Chicago game dealers the greatest solicitude, and they are laying their fences with far less of that careless arrogance which marked their attitude in the days of the fines, and perquisite wardens, when the street was practically wide open, and the devil caught only the delinquents on the street assessments for "protection." We used to protect the street in the old days. Perhaps after a time we shall protect the game. It is stated that this anxiety among the game dealers is shared also by the hardened sinners, the dealers, of New York, who are at a loss what to do about their game supply for this coming winter. Even the game dealer is afraid to go against the long arm of good old Uncle Sam. At Buffalo, N. Y., one dealer, who had gotten in ten barrels of plover and chickens from Missouri, labeled as poultry, and who had started the outfit for Boston, was nipped to the tune of \$1,000. This was in the middle of August, and it was hard luck for the dealer, who would have been all right a few weeks later, since Missouri is one of the few States from which game can be legally shipped now. In 1895 Missouri passed a non-export law, but this seems to have lapsed last June. What this means to the Missouri game covers this fall we may very well leave to the imagination.

Nebraska is another State, and I think the only one other Western State, to let down the bars for the market-hunters in law, as she has long practically done, in fact. She repealed her non-export law, for what good reason it is impossible to surmise, unless it was at the instance of the old proverb that money talks. This fall she will reap her reward. Her covers will be combed for her game, and the latter will be hurried to Chicago, Boston and New York, because during her shooting season her game can be legally shipped. It would seem an easy guess that the sportsmen of Missouri and Nebraska, seeing in what situation they are placed, would at once hasten to pass non-export laws as once they did. If they do not hasten, they will wake up with their game birds in cold storage. Such a policy of dilly-dallying is fatuous in these days. The market of New York alone could sweep the above two States clean of every living game bird this fall, and still clamor for more.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Minnesota Park.

MR. CHARLES CRISTADORO writes in the St. Paul Pioneer-Press:

Those working to secure a national park at the headwaters of the Mississippi river are certainly "building better than they knew." Every disinterested person will concede that the establishment by the Government of such a park within the borders of our State would attract many thousands of visitors annually. The publicity already given this Leech Lake region throughout the Union by the advocates of this park has already given the hotels at Walker and Cass Lake an overflowing patronage. The arguments to be put forth for the saving of the pine forests on the Chippewa reservation and the bequeathing of same to the people for all time to come are legion.

But above all is the plea that the denuding of the headwaters of this river will seriously affect the whole Mississippi River Valley. Every village, town and city along the banks of this river from St. Paul to the Gulf of Mexico is necessarily concerned and deeply interested in the subject. The opening up of this reservation to settlement means simply a repetition of the Red Lake reservation timber sale, where the Government only realized on behalf of the Indians from the lumbermen \$198,000 for timber cut and removed and actually worth \$1,500,000—a deficit of nearly \$1,300,000 unlawfully gained and which should be refunded to the Indians. Opposition to the establishment of the national Minnesota park is to-day coming wholly from this source. It is with the people at large and the Mississippi Valley particularly to say whether private interest shall prevail against the public good.

And in its comment upon Mr. Cristadoro's urgent argument, the Pioneer-Press says editorially:

Mr. Charles Cristadoro utters a voice of prophetic warning against the denudation of our forests. The warning will not be heeded, we fear, until it is too late. As the years go by vast breadths of forest will be mown down by the insatiable machinery of the modern lumber camp as our wheat fields are mown by the modern harvester—but no sower will come in the springtime to replenish the bare fields with the seeds of a new crop. No new crop is ever planted to take the place of the forests swept away at the rate of many hundreds of millions of feet a

year. Soon the whole forest region from the shores of Lake Michigan to the headwaters of the Mississippi will be stripped of its timber. At the rate at which this denudation is progressing it will not be ten years before this whole forest region will be as bare of trees as the prairies west of the Mississippi. What then? Is it true that our rainfall will cease or be greatly diminished with the disappearance of our forests? That our lakes and rivers will dry up when the sheltering woods which stand guard over their sources shall have been swept away? That the wheat and cornfields of this granary of the world will become a desert like Sahara? Mr. Cristadoro is of that opinion, and he quotes the warning lessons of history in support of this theory of the dependence of the rainfall on the preservation of the forests. These warnings have been repeated many times, in many different ways, with abundance of historic illustration, but it has made no difference in the desolating march of the armies of axemen. The lumbermen are not considering the effect of their wholesale destruction of our forests upon the climate. But there is one thing which, at least in New England and in some other parts of the country, they are considering, and that is the effect of this vast annual wholesale waste of timber upon the value of their property. Some of them at least are beginning to see that in this indiscriminate cutting away of all timber in their path they are wantonly wasting their capital, and that if their timber-cutting was conducted on business principles they would so manage it as to keep in view the growth of a new tree in place of every old one cut down. If reforestation is generally adopted in our wooded regions it must be through the efforts and co-operation of the lumbermen themselves, acting not for any remote philanthropic purpose or with any view to the future effect on the climate, but solely with a view to the pecuniary profits which will result from a scientific system of reforestation. The friends of forest preservation must appeal to the interests of the lumbermen themselves.

The Ohio Association.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As previously arranged, some of the representative sportsmen of Ohio met in this city yesterday and organized the Ohio Fish and Game Protective Association.

We hope to establish an association that will be able to employ a few first-class fighting attorneys, who will especially inform themselves on the game and trespass laws and be prepared to aid any warden in convicting those who violate either the trespass or fish and game laws.

We also hope to be able to encourage the passage of honest and equitable laws that will be acceptable to all sportsmen irrespective of their position in life or circumstances.

The necessity of such an association is now acknowledged by all fair-minded men on account of the ignorant and unreasonable laws now in force.

At the meeting yesterday Chairman Judge O. B. Brown, of Dayton, occupied the chair. J. C. Porterfield was appointed temporary chairman. The Committee on Constitution and By-Laws consisted of A. J. Hazlett, of Bucyrus; Dr. D. W. Boone, of Bellaire; B. F. Seitzer, of Dayton. The Committee on Permanent Organization was made up of J. C. Porterfield, Columbus; George Falloon, of Athens, and T. R. Smith, of Delaware.

Mr. Seitzer, of Dayton, offered these resolutions, which were seconded by Mr. Hazlett and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The birds, game and fish are the common property of the people, therefore be it resolved, That it is the duty of all good citizens to protect and preserve all song and insectivorous birds beneficial to agriculture and horticulture, and to protect and preserve all game, game birds and fish to the end that this valuable source of food supply be not destroyed or impaired, and that the right to hunt, pursue and capture and take game, game birds and fish in a lawful manner during proper seasons as a pastime or recreation or for food by the people, be not curtailed by class legislation.

Therefore be it further resolved, That we, citizens of Ohio, interested in the protection and preservation of the birds, game and fish of our State, in convention assembled in the city of Columbus, declare it to be our purpose to associate ourselves together in a State organization for the protection of birds, fish and game, and to protect and defend our rights in this our common property.

The constitution adopted provides that the name of the association shall be the Ohio State Game and Fish Protective Association. Its objects are declared to be to secure co-operative work by individuals and clubs of the State of Ohio for the protection of all game, game birds and fish, and also the protection of song birds and all insectivorous birds beneficial to agriculture and horticulture; to procure the enactment of judicious and effective laws for such purpose, and to rigidly enforce the laws so enacted; to advocate the public game breeding preserves; to maintain a vigilant supervision over the public officers elected or appointed to carry into effect all laws enacted for the propagation and protection of birds, game and fish; to ascertain, defend and protect the rights of sportsmen, and to promote the affiliation of all members of the Association throughout the State.

The Association is composed of clubs, associations and individuals interested in the objects. The annual dues are \$1 for individual membership and \$1 for each delegate a club or association may be entitled to. The annual meeting, composed of its officers, individual members and delegates from each club or association, will be held on the third Tuesday in January of each year at such place as may be designated from year to year. Each club or association is entitled to one delegate for every twenty members or fraction thereof.

It is made the duty of each club or association to keep in communication with this association, to promote the cause of practical game and fish protection in their districts and to notify the secretary of this Association of all violations and prosecutions.

The Committee on Permanent Organization reported for officers and Board of Directors the following, who were unanimously elected: President, Judge O. B. Brown, Dayton; First Vice-President, D. H. Moore, Athens; Second Vice-President, T. R. Smith, Delaware;

Secretary, J. C. Porterfield, Columbus; Treasurer, Wm. F. Burdell, Columbus.

Directors—E. Best, Dayton; Dr. D. W. Boone, Bellaire; L. A. Moore, Zanesville; George Haswell, Circleville; Frank Rochester, Logan; Major J. B. Downing, Middletown.

A Committee on Membership was appointed consisting of George Haswell, Circleville; A. J. Holloway, Akron; Dr. D. W. Boone, Bellaire.

The Association will meet the third Tuesday in January, 1901, in Columbus, O.

J. C. PORTERFIELD, Sec'y.

Connecticut Rail Shooting.

MILFORD, Conn., Sept. 11.—Some years ago the rail shooting on the Housatonic River near Milford was very good, and sometimes there would be 110 birds to a boat, but for the past few years the birds have decreased in number, and twenty would be a big bag.

This spring, however, there have been no high tides to destroy the nests, or hard storms to kill the young, and when the season opened there were a great many birds in the marshes. These are still all local birds, the ones from the north not having come yet. There have been but few boats on the river, and they have brought in good bags, ranging thirty to fifty-five.

No black ducks, teal or wood ducks have been killed, although one bluewinged teal was seen.

RUTHERFORD PAGE.

Take Notice.

THE *Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine* number dated July, 1900, contains the game laws of the United States and Canada, revised to this present date, Sept. 15, 1900. It is complete, accurate and reliable. See advertisement elsewhere.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

18

At Highland Falls, N. Y., unusual excitement was caused by the report that a robber's hidden treasure had been discovered by boys, who were hunting rabbits in the mountains. Investigation showed that John Hager, with two companions, chased a rabbit to a heap of rocks, and when they began to remove the stones a quantity of silver was disclosed to view. The boys carried it to the home of Martin Hager, who at first thought it was Capt. Kidd's buried treasure, which is believed to be hidden somewhere on the outskirts of that village. When the silver was cleaned the engraving showed that most of it was the property of hotels, some of which went out of existence many years ago, and some belonged to, private families further down the river.

19

R. D. Durrett, an old-time resident in Panola county, Miss., while out on a coon hunting expedition found a large sum of gold in a hollow tree. The amount, according to one report, was \$29,000, and according to another \$40,000. It is said that the lucky finder has not made public admission of the fact, but the rumor has gained general credence and some say that he has acknowledged to his intimate friends that he found a considerable sum in gold coin. Some ten or twelve years ago Mr. F. M. Gilchrist, it is said, found quite a sum of money while tearing down an old building near the place where Durrett fell into his fortune. The money, it is thought, was hid away many years ago, either by an old man named Sattenwhite, who was regarded as a miser by his neighbors, or else by a man named Hunt, who some years ago moved from Panola county to southern Mississippi and who is still living, although in a demented state.

20

At Millerton, N. Y., Robert Dakin was hunting on Indian Mountain, somewhere in the wildest part. He discovered a cave. He crawled down and into the hole, struck a match and discovered that he was in quite a spacious room. He struck another match and found many relics, such as pottery, turtle shells, teeth of animals and other things. He filled his game bag with the relics, crawled out, marked the spot and continued hunting for squirrels. The pottery is especially interesting. Nobody knows how ancient it is, but it is probably of Indian make.

21

Chasing a bear in to the dense woods of Pike county, Pa., a few miles from Dingman, a party of hunters came across a cave. On investigation they found it inhabited by Austin Seldon, who for fifty years has occupied it as his home. The man was sick but refused aid, saying he was well able to care for himself. After much persuasion Sheldon said: "Here I have lived for years and here I hope to die. I want no other company than these mountains and woods give me. All I ask of my fellows is that they will leave me to follow in peace my own desires." When young Sheldon was married, his bride died after a few weeks and he left the world. Sheldon says he comes from Connecticut and his people are in good circumstances. He lives mostly on vegetables and chickens raised by himself.

22

Howard and Lucius Rightsell and James Barnett, while on a hunting expedition along Deer Creek, three miles south of Manhattan and fifteen miles east of Brazil, Ind., came upon what at first seemed to be a cave in a hill about 100 feet high. The opening at the base of the mound was found by their dog. The men enlarged it by removing some boulders and crawled in. They went down an inclined way of dry earth for about 15 feet and at the base found and explored fourteen passages, 4 by 8 feet, each leading to a large room, from which a small air passage communicated with the surface of the hill. The rooms had been cut out of limestone and there were roof supports. Bones of men and of animals were found there.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fishing in Florida.

A FISHING party, with fishing regalia, a full hamper of toothsome edibles and a typical Florida day! No wonder it was that the crowd envied them as they drove off in their light-running camp wagon. The party numbered but four. First was the expert fisherman, the most scientific angler of the county—a true fisherman in every sense of the word. Next came the visitor from Pennsylvania, who for three winters had practiced the art of Florida fishing, plying his line six days a week, resting on the Sabbath by talking "fish" and recalling to mind those childhood days when it was too wet to go to Sunday school, but not too damp to go fishing for chubs in the little brook back of the old homestead. The third member was the Florida resident and business man who enjoyed the sport for the recreation it brought, as well as for the eating that always "goes." It mattered not whether this individual fished with a silk line or a hemp string—he caught fish, his comrades claiming for him that he caught as big fish as he sat on the brook asleep as at any other time. The fourth member was the "tenderfoot," a young Pennsylvanian, who tangled his line among those of the other fishermen, whose "score" often became weighty from his fellow fishers' catch, and on a return from an expedition, distributed fish with a gusto that was childlike and mirth-provoking.

A ride of twenty-five miles through open pine forests, stretches of prairie and along the shores of Tohopekeliga, and our party halted at Canoe Creek late in the afternoon. The two Northern men, with that eagerness that belongs to the angler, made a rush to the creek to try their bait and be convinced that the trout were biting. The tent was pitched and hay given to the horses; later, however, it was decided a better camp could be made right on the bank of the creek. Here the "chug, chug" of the striking trout kept up an incessant commotion in the water as they fed on the minnows, and fairly set on fire the enthusiasm of the entire party. While two of the members made camp, the visitors took off the wiry edge of their enthusiasm by catching a dozen or so trout for supper, each cast of the minnow being quickly followed by the landing of a fish.

Supper was soon announced, with its steaming coffee and sizzling trout, trout done to a mouth-watering brown, that had but a few minutes before been leaping and striking in the water. How the hearts of those Northern men pulsed with excitement as they listened to the swish of water made by some large trout striking only a few feet from them.

Supper was soon dispatched and the party betook themselves to the bank of the creek for an hour of royal sport. The scene was picturesque in the extreme—a flickering camp-fire and four very happy, excited fishermen, each anxious to out-do the other in size and number of fish caught during this period of ferocious feeding. Above was a cloudless sky with the round full moon rising slowly out of the forest on the left, while to the right, bordered with a narrow fringe of cypress, stretched three miles of lake. A broad prairie lay in front, its level surface only marked by the winding sluggish creek.

The Florida men, after pulling in fish incessantly for an hour, wearied of the sport and quit, the fish still hungrily taking the hook. The trip had been arranged for the special pleasure of the senior member of the party, and to give him an experience of "catching fish as fast as a baited hook could be thrown"—a statement he had always taken with a "grain of allowance." It was now proposed that the finishing touch should be put to memory's picture, and that the elder man should make a record. With two poles and the expert angler baiting hooks and taking off fish, this Pennsylvania member was put on his metal pulling out trout for five minutes, and such trout as they were, when it was found that he had fourteen beauties to his credit, averaging about 3 pounds each.

A lively minnow thrown into the water meant instantly a strike from a trout—in fact, they were so ravenous that they struck at the corks on the lines, and finally to test their rapacious appetites, a piece of skin from the flank of a large grinnel was put on the hook and several trout were caught with it. Provided with two buckets of minnows from town, this rapid fishing soon exhausted them, and while two members of the party went to the lake with a minnow seine, the others continued to catch trout with dead minnows and flank of grinnel. As the two Pennsylvania members continued to satisfy their score, it was discovered that the hay had been left at the first camp site. The excitement and danger encountered in this short walk can best be related by the man who so narrowly escaped death, and is as follows:

"Walking along the prairie by Harwell's side, tufts of wire grass dotted the way. Just before reaching our first camp site, which was near a large bunch of saw palmetto, I was suddenly hurled a distance of about 10 feet by the vigorous shove from Harwell's right arm, as he at the same time exclaimed 'Gracious, what a rattle-snake!' As I had seen no evidence of a snake, nor heard any, I was inclined to believe the treatment rather a rough joke, and asked where the snake was. He pointed to the ground over which I had just passed and toward a dark object, which I had thought was a bunch of grass and had moved out of my course enough to keep from striking it with my toe. Still, not hearing the electric sound of the rattle, and from my position it yet looked like a dark stump, I could not yet believe Harwell saw aright, but shifting to the side where my rescuer stood, the rays of the moon clearly showed the large yellow diamonds of a very large rattlesnake in its coil, head erect and ready for business. It was not until we began to peer closer and lay plans for killing him that he sounded his rattles. This metallic sound on the still night air had very much the effect of an electric shock—a cold shiver ran up the spinal column, and a shaking of the knees followed, when I realized the close call I had made. With guns at camp, our only alternative was for one to stand guard near the snake while the other went for sticks with which to kill him. He now soon

ended his career, and was taken back to camp, but was left outside. We decided not to mention the snake episode that night lest the fishing dreams of our friends be intermingled with scenes of diamond-backed rattlers."

At daybreak the Northern anglers were again hard-at work away up the stream. When they came in, the elder man had completed a score of 100. He was satisfied and happy, and ready for breakfast. During their absence the rattler had been stretched its full length (6 feet) beside the tent, with its head under; just near where the tenderfoot slept. On their approach, the hideous reptile met their eyes—the cooks indifferently (?) working away at the other side. The elder man for the moment felt the shock, but he quickly recovered himself, and taking in the situation, helped the plotters stampede the tenderfoot in his mad rush for his gun inside the tent, which was unfortunately near the snake's head. He came rushing out without it, his face aglow and his eyes almost popping out of his head, saying he "Couldn't get his gun for the snake," but determined that the trophy should be his, he rushed frantically around, all oblivious to the mirthful faces of the party who were simply splitting their sides at his buck ague and acrobatic feats over the guy ropes of the tent. Grabbing a shotgun from the other side, it was with difficulty he was prevented from filling the snake full of holes, and thus spoiling the skin as a trophy. This amusing climax to the snake episode was a bright ending of an averted tragedy.

"A fisherman will fish and a fisherman will lie," but no need did this party have for the art of Ananiasism. Away from Kissimmee, but a fraction over a day, they caught fish till they wearied over it. The fish had bitten so magnificently that at the beginning it was realized more fish could be caught than could possibly be disposed of, therefore care was taken to unhook the fish without injury, and return them to the water. Of the morning catch, enough was saved to supply all friends with a mess.

In memory's storehouse this fishing trip in Florida ever lingers, and those Northern men live over and over again the delightful experience to Canoe Creek as they tell it to friends in that Monongahela Valley, where the taking of a catfish or an occasional sucker is a feat rare and worthy of newspaper comment.

MINNIE MOORE-WILLSON.

KISSIMMEE, Fla.

ANGLING NOTES.

Pound Nets in Lake Erie.

A FIRM of fish dealers in New York city applied to the Fish Commission for a license for each of the pound nets to be operated in Lake Erie outside of the limit fixed by law, inside of which no nets may be operated. The firm paid the license fees and obtained their licenses and sent material to the fishing grounds to construct their pounds, and then the trouble began. Local fishermen in Buffalo objected to this wholesale fishing, and Commissioner Lansdowne, who resides in Buffalo, was appealed to, and he, acting under rules framed by the Commission, wrote to the office of the Commission in Albany on Aug. 16 and directed that the licenses should be suspended until action could be taken by the full board at their next monthly meeting. On the first of the week following, the president of a sportsmen's association in New York city appealed to Commissioner Wood at the New York office of the Commission, and he, not knowing that Commissioner Lansdowne had already directed that the licenses be suspended, also wired to the Albany office of the Commission, giving like instructions. The firm of fish dealers then appeared in Albany, through an agent, to know why, etc., but Commissioner Lansdowne had acted properly under Rule 17, printed on every license issued, which says: "The Forest, Fish and Game Commission reserves the right to alter, amend, repeal or modify any or all of the foregoing rules and regulations, and may adopt new ones at any time as they may deem expedient. They may revoke any license granted hereunder at any time, and for any reason which to them may seem sufficient."

The Commissioners make the rules, and they have power to amend or alter them at their pleasure, but the Legislature makes the laws, and the Commissioners have no power to amend or change them at their own pleasure or at the pleasure of any one else, and it is their duty to enforce them after the lawmakers have framed them, and here is one of the laws handed over to the Commission to enforce. It is Section 73 of the Forest, Fish and Game Law:

Nets in Lakes Ontario and Erie.

Fish may be taken with nets in the waters of Lake Erie except within one-half mile of the shores or islands thereof, and within five miles of the mouth of Cattaraugus Creek; and on Lake Ontario, except within one mile of the shores or islands thereof and within three miles of the mouth of the Niagara River. Fishermen licensed to fish in said lakes may hang or reel licensed nets on the shores thereof to clean and dry the same.

Under this and other sections of the law which permits the use of nets, the State has granted 1,180 licenses to net fish as follows:

Hudson River, Section 75.....	650
Delaware River, Section 75.....	25
Wappengers Creek, Section 75.....	10
Rondout Creek, Section 75.....	15
Salt water, Section 76.....	25
Bays, east end Lake Ontario, Section 74.....	100
Lake Ontario, Section 73.....	100
Lake Erie, Section 73.....	100
Otsego Lake, Section 81.....	45
Minnow nets, Section 62.....	100
Mill Site and Perch lakes, Section 64.....	10
	1,180

The licensing of minnow nets and nets to take coarse fish in inland waters not inhabited by trout other than lake trout is discretionary with the Commission, and has been done only for obtaining bait, and the licenses were issued last fall for frost fish, bullheads, etc., in Perch Lake.

The matter of issuing licenses is placed in the hands of one person, who, under the general directions of the Commission, scrutinizes all applications and bonds, seeing that they conform to the law and rules of the Com-

mission as to form and sufficiency, and who has studied the license system since its beginning in 1895. He writes all the licenses and they are signed by the secretary or assistant secretary of the Commission.

In the matter of exercising the discretionary powers conferred by the Legislature upon the Commission to license the use of nets to take coarse fish in inland lakes, it may be said that this power was exercised to grant only ten such licenses in 1899, and none were granted in 1900. The license clerk issues this form of license only as directed by resolution of the Commission.

In Lakes Erie and Ontario the Commission has no discretionary power, and any kind of net can be used. See Section 73, already quoted. All persons who have complied with the law and the rules have been licensed to use pound nets in said lakes, without reference to residence of applicants. The law allows no discretion in the matter of licensing any particular kind of form of net in these particular waters, nor does it limit the privileges to residents of any particular locality as long as they are residents of the State.

The license provides that no net shall be used with mesh less than 1½-inch bar (this is a rule, not the law), and the license is granted subject to the following provisions printed in it and forming a part of the licenses: "Pickerel, pike and wall-eyed pike must not be taken during March and April.

"Muscalonge must not be taken between Feb. 28 and May 31. Black and Oswego bass must not be taken between Dec. 31 and June 16; more than twenty-four of such fish must not be taken in any one day by any one person; if any such fish are taken less than 10 inches in length they must be immediately returned to the water from which taken, without injury.

"Lake trout or salmon trout less than 15 inches in length, must not be taken; if caught they must be returned to the water immediately and without injury."

These provisions are incorporated in the license because they conform to the law and are entirely outside of the jurisdiction of any rules that may be made by the Commission. I shall not attempt to discuss the merits or demerits of wholesale netting, but I have tried to explain the situation in regard to the particular licenses that were granted for Lake Erie by giving the law and showing the difference between the law and the rules made by the Commissioners. If it is wrong to license nets in Lake Erie, the remedy lies in a repeal of the law and not in finding fault with a Commission that had nothing to do with making the law. Upon representations made to one of the Commissioners the licenses for the pound nets have been suspended, and what the next step will be remains to be seen. I have heard that the fish dealers will mandamus the Commission to compel it to make their licenses operative under Section 73; should it fail to act favorably at its next meeting, but up to this writing it is all in the air. The primary object of a fish commission is to cultivate food fishes and cheapen this form of food supply, and incidentally to propagate the so-called game fishes, which are just as much food fishes as the commercial fishes. The fishes classed as commercial fishes are as a rule much more prolific than the game fishes, and some of the former can be taken only in nets, as they do not bite a baited hook. For instance, the brook trout produces on an average from 500 to 1,200 eggs, the black bass from 2,000 to 10,000 eggs, and they may be called typical game fishes. The shad produces from 30,000 to 150,000 eggs and will not take a hook; the whitefish produces on an average 35,000 eggs and will not take a hook; the pike perch produces from 200,000 to 600,000 eggs; the muscalonge produces from 100,000 to 400,000 eggs; the pike, commonly called pickerel, produces from 100,000 to over 600,000 eggs. Salt water fishes taken in nets and on trawls are still more prolific, as for instance the codfish, which produces over 9,000,000 eggs; striped bass, over 2,000,000; flat fish, 500,000 to 1,500,000 eggs; mackerel, 600,000 eggs; tautog, 1,200,000. It would be manifestly unfair to permit the use of nets in a trout brook to take fish that do not spawn much over 1,000 eggs per fish, and which may require 150 days to hatch the eggs, while it would be proper to net pike perch under restrictions which first of all observe the breeding season—a fish that produces an average of 200,000 eggs and which requires but twelve to eighteen days to hatch. Net fishermen, the men who take food fishes in a manner to reduce their cost to the people, must from the very nature of things have some rights which the law is bound to observe, but what these rights may be I shall not venture an opinion here.

Anglers (hook and line fishermen) are apt to look on all netting in fresh waters with disfavor; but when they look at the matter dispassionately they must realize that restricted netting is necessary if food fish is to be placed before the people at a reasonable price. The conflicting interests appear to clash, when each should have its own field of operation, if the selfish element could be eliminated and have common sense take its place.

The Steelhead.

The steelhead trout, formerly called the steelhead salmon, is another introduced fish from the far West that promises to do well in, at least, some Eastern waters. They have been planted in several lakes and streams in New York, but just what they will do in public waters is so far a matter of conjecture.

Mr. Kent, of the Tuxedo Club Fish Committee, wrote me in July: "I wish to get some landlocked salmon smelt for Tuxedo Lake. We have done so remarkably well with the steelhead salmon, which have proved themselves to be a most excellent fish and exactly suited to our waters, that I am anxious to help matters by providing them with proper food." Later I had some correspondence with another member of the committee, Mr. Thos. Stokes, and I quote from one of his letters:

"I was glad to know that you had tried the experiment of planting steelhead trout in Long Island and Lake George, but fear that you have put the fry out too young, as we have found in our experience in Tuxedo that it does not do to put them out before they are two years old, so that they can protect themselves, particularly if there are pickerel or black bass in the same lake. We have found that the steelhead grow very rapidly after they are put out, and are very game, and at the age of two

and a half to three years will average fully 2 pounds in weight. They rise freely to the fly, such as the black-gnat and white-miller, seeming to care more for the plainer fly than the highly colored. It has very often taken me from fifteen to twenty minutes to land one of these fish with a 4 or 5 ounce rod. They seem rather to prefer the white spoon with long troll, or a hook baited with worms, to the fly.

"You ask if there is any outlet to the sea from Tuxedo Lake. There is not, with the exception of by way of the Ramapo River, which you know is dammed up to such an extent that the fish cannot get back."

The one thing I have been in doubt about is, will the steelhead remain in fresh-water lakes and make no attempt to go to sea, as is their habit on the Pacific Coast, and this is a matter that can be settled only by experiment. That they will breed in fresh water when confined therein from birth, the U. S. Fish Commission has demonstrated. I have planted steelheads in a Long Island stream where they can easily go to salt water when so inclined, and in several lakes in northern New York, where they will get to sea only with difficulty after a considerable journey by a tortuous route. It may be possible to breed the steelhead in fresh water for several generations until they in part, if not wholly, lose the sea-going habit, and this the State of New York is now doing, and I think the U. S. Fish Commission is also doing the same thing in Maine and on the Pacific Slope. This fish has been planted in Adirondack League Club waters, as well as in the public waters of the State, and in club waters the steelhead will be under closer observation than in wild waters, so that their habits and peculiarities may be determined. The steelhead, the red-throat and all other members of the salmon family hatched artificially in New York State were exhibited alive at the State Fair in Syracuse during the week beginning Aug. 27, and visitors had an opportunity of comparing the different species so far as coloring and general appearance goes.

Mascalonge.

The only mascalonge hatchery in the United States is one operated by the New York Commission at Chautauqua Lake, where several millions of fry are hatched annually. The greater part of the fry is returned to the lake, as it is the policy of the Commission to return to the waters from which it takes fish eggs of any kind a far greater number of fry than would result if the fish were permitted to spawn naturally. The State has declined to plant mascalonge in any waters where they did not at some time exist, and where there is a remnant left, and following this rule, mascalonge fry have been planted chiefly in the St. Lawrence and Niagara Rivers, and in some few lakes known to contain the fish to a limited extent. Last year a considerable plant of mascalonge fry was made in the Niagara River, and last week I went with Commissioner Lansdowne on a tour of inspection of the river on a steamer employed by the State to capture illegal nets.

The most of the mascalonge fry were planted in a creek on Strawberry Island, and the game protector told us that the creek contained thousands of fingerling from the planting. When we went ashore and followed the creek toward its source, we saw a number of young mascalonge, and upon netting one in a landing net it proved to be about 4 inches long, a very satisfactory rate of growth, and greater than I had expected, but it was accounted for by the great abundance of natural food in the water. An incident of our visit to the island I would not like to put in print if Commissioner Lansdowne had not been a witness of it. Walking along a path by the side of the creek, I passed under some trees which shaded the path, overgrown with weeds and damp from a rain the previous night. There was a slight incline before me, and as I put my feet on it to ascend, both feet slipped backward, pitching me forward so that I struck the ground with the palms of my hands. The cause of the fall was a vast quantity of caddis flies congregated on the grass, and when I stepped on them I ground them to pulp like oil, and my feet went out from under me instantly and my hands crushed the flies into other masses of pulp. They seemed to cover the ground half an inch deep, and it being early and cool in the shade, the sun had not warmed them to activity, as it had an innumerable host of their fellows which filled the air in the sunlight, and covered weeds, trees and a deserted house as though they had been plastered with flies. Here was fish food galore, and it was not at all wonderful with such a supply of larvæ to draw upon as the flies indicated the water possessed, that the mascalonge had grown so rapidly. Minnow food was also abundant for the fish to avail themselves of when the mascalonge get larger, and crayfish were also plentiful, and I was told that at another season they had a flight of May flies similar to that which is noticeable on the St. Lawrence. The men on the steamer have found a large number of illegal nets set and seized them, and with a thorough cleaning out of the nets future plantings of fish in the Niagara should thrive wonderfully on the rich pasturage in the water.

Albino Trout.

Two years ago about fifty albino brook trout were hatched at the Sacandaga hatchery of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of New York, but all died but one. This one grew finely, and was kept in one of the hatchery troughs until it was 9 inches long. It was almost milk white with pink eyes, and last Friday I visited the hatchery, which is two miles from Lake Pleasant. I found that the fish had died the day before, and it was thought that some of the many visitors had injured it unintentionally. There is still an albino lake trout at the hatchery from this spring's eggs, but the fish is cream color, and one eye has been injured, so it is doubtful if it lives long.

A. N. CHENEY.

NAMELESS REMITTERS.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is holding several sums of money which have been sent to it for subscriptions and books by correspondents who have failed to give name and address. If this note comes to the eye of any such nameless remitter we trust to hear from him.

The Spawning Habits of the Lake Sturgeon.

BY LIVINGSTON STONE.

(Read before the American Fisheries Society.)

THE first I knew about my being expected to present a paper this year to the society on the subject of the "Spawning Habits of the Lake Sturgeon" was on seeing in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM that I was billed to prepare such a paper for this meeting. If it were not for my having been put on the programme I should not venture to offer anything on this subject unless it were under the title of "What Little I Know About the Spawning Habits of the Sturgeon."

As a correspondent wrote me recently, "the sturgeon is a strange fish." At least the lake sturgeon, which is the subject of this paper, is a strange fish. It has a strange shaped body, a strange head, strange mouth and skin, and a strange appearance generally; and one of the strangest things about the fish is that during the same week, and on the same spot, you can find female sturgeon with their eggs in almost every stage of development. This throws us all at sea as to their time of spawning, and we are not much better off in regard to their places for depositing their spawn, for if they ever have fixed spawning beds, where they go regularly to deposit their eggs, I can only say that I never saw a fisherman yet who knew where those spawning beds were.

Another strange thing about the lake sturgeon is that the fishermen never, or almost never, catch a spawning female in their nets with ripe eggs in her. They catch them when they are almost ready to spawn, and when they have just spawned, and also with eggs in them in all stages of development, but hardly ever with ripe eggs ready to be extruded.

The peculiarities of this strange fish have made it very difficult to gather information about their spawning habits, and still more difficult to collect and impregnate their eggs.

The first instance that I know of sturgeon eggs being successfully taken and hatched occurred in 1875, when Seth Green, assisted by A. Marks, obtained from the fishermen who were fishing at North Hamburg, on the Hudson, a ripe male and female, from which four pans of eggs were taken by the Cæsarian operation of cutting the fish open. This occurred on June 7, about 10 A. M. On June 9, about 3 P. M., the first movement of the embryo was observed. On June 10 the eggs began to hatch, and by 5 o'clock the next morning, June 11, all the eggs were hatched out. The temperature of the water during the period of hatching averaged about 70 degrees F.

In 1888 Prof. Ryder, of the United States Fish Commission, made a very thorough study of the sturgeon at Delaware City, Del. (see the United States Fish Commission bulletin for 1888), and in 1893 Dr. Bashford Dean made some interesting experiments, also at Delaware City, and since that time eggs have been frequently taken from sea-going sturgeon.

All the above experiments and studies have, however, been conducted with the salt water sturgeon (*Acipenser sturio*).

The lake sturgeon (*Acipenser rubicundus*) is another fish, and, as far as I am aware, no extended observations in regard to this fish have been recorded, except those by William Lang, in 1890, for the Ohio Fish Commission.

In the spring of 1899 I received permission from the United States Fish Commission to hunt for ripe sturgeon eggs on Lake Champlain. Two fishermen having located at Alburg Springs, Vt., for the purpose of catching sturgeon for the New York market, I arranged with them to have the privilege of examining all the sturgeon they caught before they were butchered, and for the time established myself at Alburg Springs with Mr. J. B. Lamkin and Mr. Myron Green for assistants.

On May 18 we overhauled our first batch of sturgeon, to the number of sixteen. Two females appeared to be nearly ripe and we put them in our pens, hoping that their eggs might mature sufficiently in a few days to be taken and impregnated. Of the remainder, ten were males and four were females. These were then butchered by the fishermen. On opening the female fish their eggs were found to be far advanced toward maturity, and it looked as if in a week or two, at the latest, we should strike fish with fully ripened eggs. In point of fact, unaccountable as it seems, we never caught any sturgeon the rest of the season that had any riper eggs than these had. It is needless to tell the story of our continued disappointments. The fishermen brought in plenty of fish and allowed us the utmost freedom in examining them or penning them up, as we chose, but although we followed up the sturgeon until the latter part of June, examining them all and penning up what we thought to be nearly ripe, we never came across a single ripe fish or took a single egg. All that we examined were either spawned out or not ripe, and none of those that we confined in the pens seemed to make any progress toward maturity.

I will only state that the fish we examined seemed to grow less mature, if anything, as the season advanced, and at all times the development of their eggs presented the most perplexing variety. By way of illustration, I will state the condition of the eggs of the female sturgeon that were killed by the fishermen and examined by us on several days. As I said above, the eggs of the fish that we examined on May 18 were in all stages of development. The same was true of those examined on May 25, although on both days there were some that were very nearly ripe. On the 29th, when we had expected to find fish about fully ripe, we examined, in all, the eggs of four females. The eggs of the first fish were only half developed, the second fish had just spawned; the eggs of the third were just forming, and the eggs of the fourth were about one-fourth developed. The same discouraging experience continued until the end, when, after following the sturgeon thirty or forty miles southward from Alburg, we abandoned this will-o'-the-wisp chase and returned to Cape Vincent Station, it being then the last week in June.

This spring, 1900, I renewed the hunt for ripe sturgeon eggs, this time, however, not in the open waters of Lake Champlain, but in the Missisquoi River, a tributary

which empties into the lake in the extreme northwestern corner of Vermont. That sturgeon went up this river in the spring just after the run of pike was over, was well known, but whether they ascended the river to spawn or to feed on the vast quantities of pike eggs and sucker eggs that had been deposited up toward Swanton Dam, was not so definitely settled.

There being no funds of the United States Fish Commission to spare this year for the purpose, no systematic attempt could be made to find ripe sturgeon, but through the obligingness of the river fishermen and the help of Mr. Myron Green, we were enabled by persevering effort to score some success and to make a few valuable discoveries.

While the sturgeon were running there were two gangs of sturgeon fishermen on the river besides those fishing at Swanton Dam. We prevailed on those fishermen—I do not know how, and it is a surprise to me yet, for they never had any pay for it—to hold the fish they caught until we could examine them, and also to keep in confinement any that we thought were nearly ripe. In this way we obtained an opportunity to examine over a hundred sturgeon.

Without going into tedious details more than is necessary, I will state as simply as possible the results of our observations, and they are as follows:

(1). The sturgeon do go up the Missisquoi River to spawn. This was proved by the fact that the fish going up the river all had eggs in them of about the same degree of ripeness. Some had eggs that were fully ripe, while all that were caught going down the river had spawned out.

(2). The sturgeon spawn on the rapids below Swanton dam, for they were caught here fully ripe. Mr. Myron Green, who is a very careful and correct observer, thinks that they lie in the deep water below the rapids until they are ready to deposit their eggs and then ascend the rapids to spawn. This corresponds to a considerable degree with what has been observed of the spawning habits of the pike perch.

(3). The sturgeon spawning season on the Missisquoi River is very short, and when the spawning is over the fish all go down the river with a rush, and though there may be hundreds in the river one day, in forty-eight hours there may not be one left in the river. The rush down stream this year was on the nights of May 27 and 28. They began to go up the river about the 20th, although there were sturgeon at the mouth of the Missisquoi River as early as the first week in May. The sturgeon spawning season on the river this year was, therefore, the week between May 20 and 27.

(4). The sturgeon does not always deposit all her eggs at one time. A female fish whose eggs were so ripe and loose that they came from her without pressure was found, on being killed and examined, to have at least two-thirds of her ovaries filled with immature eggs.

(5). When the female sturgeon is ripe her abdomen sags when the fish is lifted by the tail, as in the case of ripe salmon. Hence there is no difficulty in distinguishing a ripe female. Her eggs also flow from her very easily; so easily, in fact, that the difficulty with a ripe fish in artificial spawning is not to get the eggs out, but to keep them in.

(6). The mystery of the fishermen never catching a ripe fish in their gill nets is solved. It has been unquestionably a mystery why female sturgeon were caught with eggs in every possible stage of unripeness, but never with eggs entirely ripe. It is a mystery no longer, however. The secret of it all is that when the female is ripe the eggs flow from her so easily that when entangled in a net she throws out all her ripe eggs in her struggle to escape, so that when the fisherman takes her out of the net he finds only a spent fish. Mr. Green says that they throw their ripe eggs so readily that even in taking a ripe female ashore from the pens she would be likely to throw her eggs before she could be quieted enough to be stripped.

Now that this explanation of what has seemed so mysterious has been discovered, it appears so simple that the wonder is that no one has thought of it before. Very likely this has occurred to many of you who are here present, but I can truly say that I have never found a fisherman yet who knew the true reason of his not catching ripe female sturgeon, or ever even hinted at it.

(7). We succeeded in actually taking and impregnating a few sturgeon eggs. We found them to be glutinous, like pike perch eggs, and requiring the same treatment in handling and impregnating. The eggs are about one-eighth of an inch in diameter and can be readily hatched in the same jars that are used for hatching whitefish and pike perch eggs, and in the same way. There is this difference, however, between the eggs of the pike perch and those of the sturgeon, that the shell of the pike perch egg is very hard, and the shell of the sturgeon egg is thin and soft.

Some of the sturgeon fry hatched at the United States Hatchery on the Missisquoi River this spring were brought safely to Cape Vincent Station, the first lake sturgeon fry, I think, that were ever hatched under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission.

As to the question whether sturgeon eggs can be taken, impregnated and hatched artificially, I should say that great pains must be taken to capture them properly and to confine them properly. In fact, the preparation for this part of the work must be very elaborate. If this is not done, lake sturgeon hatching will be a failure; but if proper attention is given to these points, I am convinced that lake sturgeon hatching will be a success, at least wherever the parent fish can be found restricted in their movements to a small area, as, for instance, in the Missisquoi River.

Allow me to add, in closing, that for most of the information acquired this spring in regard to the sturgeon I am indebted to the persevering efforts and keen observation of Mr. Myron Green and to the accommodating and liberal spirit of the river fishermen, without which we should have accomplished nothing.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fish.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 1.—The Western season in the review seems to have been rather a poor one from the angler's standpoint, perhaps largely on account of the long spells of intensely hot weather. The record on muscullunge, so far as I can learn, still belongs to Dr. Baxter, of Chicago, 38½ pounds, taken in Sand Lake, Wis., early in the spring. I hear of no bass over 6¼ pounds, that from Waukesha county, Wis. In trout nothing of special interest appears, except that from the Père Marquette there were some rainbow records of 3, 4 and 5 pounds, a very good increase in average over the weight of last year, they tell me. It is comforting to add that the grayling, thought to be gone forever, has this year been found again by two or three different parties. I have private word from a gentleman who saw some grayling brought in this month by a friend from the upper part of the lower peninsula. I recorded the taking of a few by yet another gentleman of Michigan. I had an invitation to go grayling fishing this week with some Michigan friends who know what they are talking about. I had an invitation this spring to go out this summer with an Alpena gentleman who knows a stream where there are still a few of these rare fish to be found. There are still a few grayling, but they are very few. The records of the famous Au Sable River for large takes of trout, brook and rainbow, continue to be very interesting, more from numbers than from size, so far as the average report goes. All in all, the trout fishing seems to be improving in the States of Michigan and Wisconsin, the bass fishing holding its own, the muscullunge fishing deteriorating. Maybe next year the scale will be reversed. It is much a matter of guess.

There Are Grayling in Michigan.

There are grayling in Michigan. Not many; not enough to fish hard; not enough to go after if you want a basket and do not go for the gentle curiosity of it. But there are grayling there. They are breeding, and it is among the possibilities that they may increase. Such are conclusions based upon several reports at hand this season from Michigan gentlemen who are good enough to give the results of their personal observations. One of these, a friend of mine, writes entertainingly as below regarding his recent trip, which was made expressly for the purpose of running down a grayling rumor:

"I was awfully sorry you could not go with us. We had a fine time, but not a great many fish, though we did not expect many. Three of us in three days, though, did take twenty-five grayling. I am going to write you all about it soon. It was a joy to once more, after a lapse of these many years, cast and hook with a small fly (No. 10 and No. 12) my old friend with a centerboard on his back. What a rush the first one would be; and no one knows, who has not taken a grayling with a fly, how magnificent are their leaps to free themselves from the hook, how they shake themselves in the air and keep at it, and how delicately you have to handle them. If this stream could be protected so there would be absolutely no fishing of any kind for three years, I think we would have Michigan grayling again. The logging is practically done, and it never will be a trout stream. We have found both large and small grayling in it, taking them three, four and five years old, and the next jump was to yearlings, and I learned, just as I was coming away, that the Fish Commission a year ago put in some Montana grayling fry. I only took one of those little 4-inch fellows after that, and on examination of the dorsal fin, with the naked eye, I could not discover any of those iridescent spots that are so well known in Michigan grayling. Had I had an inkling that those yearlings were Montana fish, I would have made a more critical examination, for I caught dozens of those little fellows, and thought at the time it was a sure indication that the native fish were breeding and breeding well.

"Just as soon as I can get time, I want to write up an article on this grayling trip. I really feel that I have material for something that will be quite valuable as a fishing story, or possibly dignified with something a little better than a story."

The story surely will be both valuable and interesting, and the sooner the better.

Biggest Bass.

The biggest bass of which word is at hand for the season of 1900 in this part of the world is one of 7 pounds 3 ounces, a big-mouth, taken at Fox Lake, Wis., by Mr. Fred Lorenz, of Milwaukee, Wis. Mr. Lorenz fished with Mr. Frank Brice, and they took a string of twenty-one bass, whose average was over 3 pounds. It is of this party that the story is told that the two men cast for a bass which they saw rise inshore, and both caught him, the fish swallowing both frogs and being played by both rods. This, however, was not the big bass above chronicled, whose weight is vouched for by Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, of Fox Lake. And Hotchkiss is an honorable man.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

West Virginia Bass and Game.

ROMNEY, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Have been intending to write you a short account of our bass fishing on the South Branch of the Potomac this season and of the prospects for hunting this fall. We have caught a great many small bass and some few large ones here this summer, but the river has been so low and we have had such a drought and so much hot weather that the large fish have not been biting. Also in our river there is practically no protection on the bass. With the tie raftsmen catching bass in the spring and the people with their cursed fish pots in the fall, together with so many fishing, and no protection for the bass, in a couple of years there will be no more bass fishing in the South Branch of the Potomac.

Our prospects for hunting this fall are good. In fact, partridges and pheasants are more plentiful than for several years. Our game laws in this State are a dead letter. They will never be better until our Legislature

gives the game warden power to appoint a deputy in each county to enforce the game law. In Hampshire county lots of fishermen bring their guns and shoot everything in sight, and at Capon Springs the residents kill game and take it to the Springs and sell it to the guests at a good price. In Hardy county, which is the most lawless county in the State as to game laws, they have no close season, and do as they please. In Randolph county they run deer with dogs in the summer and shoot small game at any and all seasons. Our turkey season commences Sept. 15, which is two weeks, if not more, too soon. Our \$25 license law on non-residents is a farce, and only gives the citizens who hunt to sell the advantage, and shuts out a great many sportsmen who hunt for the pleasure of it.

J. B. B.

The League of Salt Water Fishermen.

NEW YORK, Office 106 West Thirty-first Street, Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Charles A. Shriner, ex-protector of New Jersey, has promised to attend our next regular meeting of the League, and Mr. F. J. McGuire, secretary of the Hudson River Netters' Organization, has promised to be with us on Monday evening, Sept. 17. It will be one of the most interesting of the League meetings, and will pay fishermen from far and near to hear those two distinguished men talk. It is with pride that I invite all true fishermen to attend. Mr. Edgar Hicks, game protector of the New York waters, has also been invited to attend.

It pains one that while so many fishermen go fishing, the most of them do not even think of joining the League to work for their own protection. They all see the cause of poor fishing in our nearby waters, and yet they do not come and give a helping hand to abate it. Just to think of it—dues only \$1 per year, about 8 cents per month! Surely that is a mere trifle, and yet it helps to get a law passed and enforced that will benefit the masses in the end. How many there are who pay that dollar and yet do not attend the meetings; this also is very wrong; fishermen should take more interest in the meetings. Attend, one and all, and I know that in a very short time things will be very much as we fishermen want them. The League is well organized and it is the wish of the officers to make it a banner League of New York State. A bill will be presented to the Legislature this, coming winter that will provide restrictions well placed to benefit all—fishermen and netters alike—and we must have the fishermen (tide water) with us to indorse the same, and then to enforce it when it becomes a law. I earnestly hope that all will be interested in this, and above all, will come to the meetings and hear what is being done, and help us, as we need all true fishermen in this work to restore good, fine fishing again. I hope to see many new faces at our next meeting.

T. BIEDINGER, Pres.

Mexican Tarpon and Game Grounds.

SHANNON, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was highly entertained by Mr. Waddel's descriptive articles on tarpon fishing at Tampico, and while I have never pursued this sport and know nothing of its details, I take the privilege of "chipping in" merely because I have been in Tampico and feel a friendly interest for our sister Republic.

Mr. Waddel speaks of fishing parties resorting to Tampico during the winter months for fishing in the Gulf. Aside from this special attraction they should find Old Mexico a most excellent ground to play over, as her historical rise and fall and rise again are laden with romantic legends that one can muse and dream over when the tarpon will not bite.

Some fifty or sixty miles back from Tampico on the Mexican Central R. R., where the foothills begin, and on up over the mountain ranges along the narrow cañons and back among the plateaus, are numerous little towns, haciendas and native clusterings. There are Rascon, Las Palmas, Las Canoas, El Alva, Villas and a multitude of other places along this line where abounds excellent shooting.

At Villas, Rascon, in fact any of the places named, a person can find all the deer, turkey and parrots a man's heart could desire. It is only a short ride from Tampico on a direct line, where one can go up in the morning and back in the evening, thus having a whole day's pleasure where the game is unlimited and the noise of the rifle and shotgun for sport is practically unknown. Also, nearer the coast he can, if he wishes, spend enjoyable hours with the wildfowl, snipe and other aquatic species.

These are only side trips, but I feel assured will be a pleasing diversion to the follower of Father Izaak when the winds blow hard and the waves roll high.

E. K. STEDMAN.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests held at Stow Lake, Aug. 25. Contest No. 12. Wind, west; weather, foggy.

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3,		Event No. 4, Lure Casting%
			Acc. %	Del. %	Net %
Battu	97	90	93	70.10	80.11
Brooks	96	86.4	87.4	72.6	79.11
Brotherton ...	114	94.8	90.4	77.6	83.11
Edwards	86	90.8	81.4	77.6	84.5
Everett	117	91	90.8	84.2	87.5
Heller	95	79.8	85.4	73.4	79.4
Muller	102	88.8	90	85.10	87.11
Skinner	72	90	97.4	75.10	86.7
Watt	88	70.8			

Aug. 26.—Wind, west; weather, fair.

Battu	96	87	91.4	73.4	82.4	..
Brooks	105	87.8	79.8	66.8	73.2	..
Brotherton ..	111	91	90.8	72.6	81.7	..
Daverkosen ..	114	84	89.8	72.6	81.1	..
Everett	112.6	90.4	93.4	75.10	84.7	..
Foulkes	95.6	77.4	82.8	65.10	74.3	..
Haight	81	82.8	88.4	70.10	79.7	..
Huyck	96	90.8	91.8	69.2	80.5	..
Heller	86.4	67.6	76.11	..
Muller	95	86	88.4	73.4	80.10	..
Young	99	91.4	92.8	71.8	82.2	..

Judges, Everett and Battu; referee, Muller; clerk, Brotherton.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 18-19.—Brandon, Man.—Third annual trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. James Elliott, Sec'y.
Oct. 30.—Seneca, O.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's sixth annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 7-8.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 20.——, Ill.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.
Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.
Nov. 20.——, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 22.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. Barret Gibson, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Training the Hunting Dog
For the Field and Field Trials.

II.—Instinct, Reason and Natural Development.

As tending to a better understanding of dog nature, consequently as tending to a better application of the ways and means of a dog's education, a brief discourse on the instincts of pointers and setters, their powers of reason in the abstract and as applied to field work, and the best manner of development from the sportsman's point of view, is essential.

To the average beginner, all dogs are simply dogs, and all dogs are alike. This is a natural consequence to commencing as an educator without first acquiring any correct ideas as to how dogs learn and what they learn, or indeed without any thought of the matter, even after he commences the training; hence it never occurs to him that the apparent stupidity of his pupils may be an index of his own inability to teach. A man may be ever so able to instruct one of his own kind, whose mental capacity, being similar, he understands, and yet be unable to instruct a dog, whose mental capacity is so dissimilar and therefore so misunderstood. Let him carefully note how the dog learns; how much his intellect can compass lesson by lesson and how much as a whole; what to teach step by step and how to do it, and at the same time retain his pupil's affection and confidence.

As to instinct, nothing is more difficult to define—in fact, the definition of it has never been satisfactorily given by even the greatest philosophers. Abstruse speculations concerning it have been advanced, but all are in that broad realm of speculation where the intangible reigns. No one can tell how the colt, when its age is measured only by minutes, is impelled to suckle its dam and succeeds in doing so, or how it knows enough to follow her about, or how it recognizes and obeys her voice; or how young birds know how to build a nest without ever having seen one built, or how they know that it is necessary to build them at all, or how they have the migratory impulse and know the proper direction to take when they migrate, or how the grub knows how to spin an envelope around itself, etc. The manifestations of instinct in the animal world are innumerable. Even a brief treatment of them would require a volume of space and the trainer, after reading it all, would know nothing definite concerning them save that they existed and seemed to be independent of all experience in their exercise.

Those who care to further investigate this subject will find much of interest in respect to it in "The Descent of Man," by Darwin; "Animal Intelligence," by Romaine; "The Senses and the Intellect," by Bain; "Animal Life and Intelligence," by Morgan; "The Principles of Psychology," by James, and in works of Spencer, Wundt, Buchner, Wasman, Hume, Wesley Mills and in those of a host of other writers, German, French and English, all of whom most interestingly present much to instruct and much more to confuse the reader.

When, however, an animal consciously performs an act as a means to an end, all the recognized authorities agree that the act then comes within the domain of reason. Dogs at a very early age profit by experience and display a discriminating use of their acquired knowledge. It is impossible to draw a definite line between instinct and reason, but the two as a whole are easily distinguishable. Thus the natural impulse of the dog to hunt rabbits or birds might be termed instinctive, while the manner in which he conducts his pursuit of them in his efforts to capture is an act of reason.

His physical structure closely resembles that of man. His brain is somewhat similar in shape and material to man's, and it relatively serves the same purposes. Like man, the dog gains a knowledge of the external world through the means of his senses—hearing, seeing, tasting, feeling and smelling, the latter being the one most used and the most keenly developed.

The common, every-day life of the dog in and about the home of man displays in innumerable ways a keen perception of cause and effect. He learns to a nicety what privileges are permitted to him, at what time and place and of whom he may expect to receive his food, what people are most friendly to him, what places afford the most comfortable sleeping quarters for summer or winter, what dogs of the neighborhood best romp or hunt to his liking, etc. All his acts are founded on knowledge acquired by experience, and as instincts are quite independent of experience, the distinction is apparent.

All instincts are much alike as displayed one animal with another. They may vary in the degrees of intensity, but they are the same in kind. The mother's love for her offspring, the instinct of self-preservation, etc., are

manifested much alike by every individual. On the other hand, acts of reason vary greatly in their manifestations concerning the same object. For instance, out of several methods by which a purpose may be accomplished, as in the pursuit of a rabbit, some dogs adopt one method, some another, according to the governing circumstances at the time, such as whether the dog was alone or one of a pack; his knowledge of methods derived from prior experience; his ability to discriminate as to methods; his ability as to bodily powers—that is, whether he had sufficient speed to rush and capture at once, or, being slow, whether to make a long race on the basis of endurance, etc. The same dog, indeed, not infrequently employs different methods at different times to accomplish the same purpose, accordingly as experience improves his knowledge or maturity improves his intellect, or as different circumstances govern.

Instinct holds relatively as small part in the life of the dog as it does in the life of man. Dogs inherit the instinct of self-preservation, the maternal and paternal instinct and the instinct to seek a food supply, etc., but in the activities of life, in choosing means to ends, their intelligence holds full sway.

Experience and observation add to the dog's store of knowledge as they do to the store of man's.

The dog's knowledge is a growth. Whether he is wild or domesticated, he has much training of mind and body to undergo before he fits into his environment to the best advantage to himself. If in a wild state, he must learn all the wiles of pursuit, of attack and defense, both as an individual and as one of a pack. In a domesticated state he intelligently fits himself to his environment by following the lines of least resistance. Cuffed for jumping on the bed, driven from the parlor with a broomstick, scolded for barking in the house or thrashed for an attempt to steal food from the table, etc., he avoids the experiences which are painful and makes the most of such privileges as are pleasant and allowed to him.

In time, as experience directs, his manner of life becomes his habit of life. He ceases to have a longing for the comforts of the parlor and forbears stealing food unless he has a safe opportunity.

The moral nature of the dog never reaches to a height which commands much confidence. He is naturally a predatory animal, and his marauding instincts, though reasonably dormant in his own home, are quickly brought into activity on outside opportunity. In the home of his master's friend, where he is for the first time, the dog most brazenly searches every nook and corner, disregards his home manners and does not hesitate to appropriate to his own use any food he may find. According to his point of view he is doing no wrong. Such is his nature. In time, with more thumpings and more painful experience, he learns that the rules in force at his own home are also the rules to be observed when he is in other homes, and he governs himself accordingly. However, he easily drifts into vagabond habits if opportunity offers, such as sneaking off into the fields and woods on self-hunting trips, associating with vagabond dogs, etc., and at such times he will indulge in many freaks and fancies of which he would not be guilty if under the eye of his master.

He has a profound affection for his master, but that does not in the least signify that he loses any of his own individuality or interest in his own manner of life.

On the matter of his affection, by the way, he has been lauded to heights on the one hand, quite as unwarranted as he was depreciated on the other in the matter of intelligence. Dogs love their masters, it is true, but not as a rule with the loyalty and devotion so dear to sentimental writers as a theme when elaborating on the nobility which dogs possess.

The average dog, however much he may exhibit affection for his master to-day, will be quite content to take up with a new one to-morrow. A few appetizing morsels of food are sufficient to excite his interest, a few pats on the head evoke his friendship, and a few repetitions of friendly attention win his affection. Some dogs have a more consistent devotion than others; some are brave and will fight for their masters as they will fight for each other; some will run from danger, regardless of whom it may threaten.

The dog, being gregarious, has a natural repugnance to loneliness. In a wild state, he lives in packs with his fellows, and observes much the same watchfulness and devotion to the common good that he does toward his home in domestication.

The wild instinct of friendly alliance is expressed in domestication. He forms an attachment for his master and the members of his master's family. He may, however, form a more friendly attachment for a horse. He concedes the domination of his master, but he concedes the same to the leader of the pack in a wild state. Hounds in domestication have a leader to which they look for leadership in the pursuit of foxes, etc.

The dog in domestication soon learns to consider his master's home as his own. If he prowls away from home, seeking to investigate other homes, the dogs of the latter consider that their homes are invaded, and they bark furious resentment, or perchance fight and give the intruder a sound mauling. The strange youths throw rocks at or maltreat him if they can lay hands on him. Thus he learns that his own home is the most pleasant to him. He does not know of any other home; so that accepting the best home of which he has any knowledge is not a matter deserving of any special eulogy.

Some writers have not hesitated to exalt the dog as being, in many noble characteristics, superior to man. His devotion, fidelity and unselfishness are favorite themes. Man, too, possesses these traits. Nevertheless, on analysis, all these qualities, as exhibited by the dog, are found to be far short of the ideal perfection ascribed to him. The man who first said "The more I see of men the better I like dogs" could hardly have been serious, or, if he was serious, he knew neither men nor dogs, assuming that he had a normal mind. The dog as he really is is companionable and devoted enough. Man, nevertheless, could lose the companionship of the dog much better than the dog could that of man. In material advantages he is a gainer by his association with man.

On the question of animal intelligence, the eminent

philosopher, Dr. Ludwig Buchner, in his work, "Man in the Past, Present and Future," sets forth that, "Indeed, it is sufficiently well known that the intellectual life of animals has hitherto been greatly underestimated or falsely interpreted, simply because our closet philosophers always started, not from an impartial and unprejudiced observation and appreciation of nature, but from philosophical theories in which the true position, both of man and animals, was entirely misunderstood. But as soon as we began to strike into a new path, it was seen that intellectually, morally and artistically the animal must be placed in a far higher position than was formerly supposed, and that the germs and first rudiments even of the highest intellectual faculties of man are existent and easily demonstrable in much lower regions. The pre-eminence of man over the animal is therefore rather relative than absolute—that is to say, it consists in the greater perfection and more advantageous development of those characteristics which he possesses in common with animals, all the faculties of man being as it were prophetically foreshadowed in the animal world, but in man more highly developed by natural selection. On closer consideration, all the supposed specific distinctive characters between man and animals fall away, and even those attributes of humanity which are regarded as most characteristic, such as the intellectual and moral qualities, the upright gait, and free use of the hands, the human physiognomy, and articulate language, social existence and religious feeling, etc., lose their value or become merely relative as soon as we have recourse to a thoroughgoing comparison founded on facts. In this, however, we must not, as is usual, confine our attention to the most highly cultivated Europeans, but must also take into the account those types of man which approach most nearly to the animals and which have had no opportunity of raising themselves from the rude, primitive, natural state to the grade of the civilized man. In such a study as this, just as in the investigation of the animal mind, we at once arrive at the knowledge of quite different things from what the closet philosophers in their pretentious but hollow wisdom have hitherto endeavored to make us believe, and we ascertain immediately that the human being in his deepest degradation or in his rudest primitive state approaches the animal world so closely that we involuntarily ask ourselves where the true boundary line is to be drawn. Whoever then wishes to form a judgment as to the true nature of man or his true position in nature must not, as our philosophers and *soi-disant* 'great thinkers' usually do, leave out of consideration the primeval origin and developmental history of man, and looking merely at his own little self in the delusive mirror of self-esteem, abstract therefrom a pitiable portrait of a man after the philosophical pattern. He must, on the contrary, grasp at nature itself with both hands and draw his knowledge from the innumerable springs, which flow here in the richest abundance."

Commenting further in this connection, he writes: "The second volume of his (Buchner's) 'Physiological Pictures' will also contain an essay upon the mind of animals. In this essay it will be shown by numerous well-authenticated examples and facts that the intellectual activities, faculties, feelings and tendencies of man are foreshadowed in an almost incredible degree in the animal mind. Love, fidelity, gratitude, sense of duty, religious feeling, friendship, conscientiousness and the highest self-sacrifice, pity and the sense of justice and injustice, as also pride, jealousy, hatred, malice, cunning and desire of revenge, are known to the animal, as well as reflection, prudence, the highest craft, precaution, care for the future, etc.—nay, even gormandizing, which is usually ascribed to man exclusively, exerts sway also over the animal. Animals know and practice the fundamental laws and arrangements of the state and of society, of slavery and caste, of domestic economy, education and sick nursing; they make the most wonderful structures in the way of houses, caves, nests, paths and dams; they hold assemblies and public deliberations and even courts of justice upon offenders; and by means of a complicated language of sounds, signs and gestures they are able to concert their mutual action in the most accurate manner. In short, the majority of mankind have no knowledge or even suspicion what sort of creature an animal is."

Darwin, in his great work, the "Descent of Man," has a paragraph in the chapter "On the Affinities and Genealogy of Man" whose import is specially to the point. He remarks: "Some naturalists, from being deeply impressed with the mental and spiritual powers of man, have divided the whole organic world into three kingdoms—the human, the animal and the vegetable—thus giving to man a separate kingdom. Spiritual powers cannot be compared or classed by the naturalist, but he may endeavor to show, as I have done, that the mental faculties of man and the lower animals do not differ in kind, although immensely in degree. A difference in degree, however great, does not justify us in placing man in a distinct kingdom, as will perhaps be best illustrated by comparing the mental powers of two insects, namely, a coccus or scale insect and an ant, which undoubtedly belong to the same class. The difference is here greater than, though of a somewhat different kind from, that between man and the highest mammal. The female coccus, while young, attaches itself by its proboscis to a plant, sucks the sap, but never moves again, is fertilized and lays eggs, and this is its whole history. On the other hand, to describe the habits and mental powers of the worker-ants would require, as Pierre Huber has shown, a large volume. I may, however, briefly specify a few points. Ants certainly communicate information to each other and several unite for the same work or for games of play. They recognize their fellow ants after months of absence and feel sympathy for each other. They build great edifices, keep them clean, close the doors in the evening and post sentries. They make roads as well as tunnels under rivers and temporary bridges over them by clinging together. They collect food for the community, and when an object too large for entrance is brought to the nest they enlarge the door and afterward build it up again. They store up seeds of which they prevent the germination and which, if damp, are brought up to the surface to dry. They keep aphides

and other insects as milch cows. They go out to battle in regular bands and freely sacrifice their lives for the common weal. They emigrate according to a preconcerted plan. They capture slaves. They move the eggs of their aphides, as well as their own eggs and cocoons, into warm parts of the nest, in order that they may be quickly hatched, and endless similar facts could be given. On the whole, the difference between the mental powers of an ant and a coccus is immense, yet no one has ever dreamed of placing these insects in distinct classes, much less in distinct kingdoms. No doubt the difference is bridged over by other insects; and this is not the case with man and the higher apes. But we have every reason to believe that the breaks in the series are simply the result of many forms having become extinct."

These extracts, given for the reader's consideration, present the convictions of men who have made this and related subjects a lifelong study, whose opportunities for acquiring information were relatively unlimited and whose mental equipment fitted peculiarly well to the exactions of their chosen field of research, all of which qualified them for the making of sound conclusions.

There is a comprehensive literature on this subject, extremely interesting in itself, only incidentally related to the subject of training, yet worthy of the attention of him who earnestly seeks a broad knowledge of the subject. Before making pertinent investigation on either subject, it is not difficult to believe that the dog acts wholly by instinct and that the world is flat; after unprejudiced investigation it is impossible to believe either.

Considered as a being, physically and mentally the dog develops much after the manner of man, but with restrictions imposed by nature and by man which force him to recognize his inferiority and dependence through life.

Superior force is a quantity in life to which all must yield. Men feel its mandates; even nations must bow to it. As between man and dog, the latter from puppyhood is taught submission and dependence. There is sufficient force at every point to repel all attempts which are obnoxious to man, his master. He recognizes this from an early age and grows into doghood with a full acceptance of it. The exceptional dog which betimes has the idea that he has force enough to meet force generally goes violently into the bourn provided for bad dogs, whence they never return. Heredity tends to the perpetuation of the dogs which are most submissive. The destruction of dogs which are of a bad or unsuitable temper would tend toward the extermination of the most savage and the perpetuation of those which most amiably accepted the place in domestication assigned to them by man. Thus, they grow up deferential by habit, dependent from inferiority and gregarious by nature.

B. WATERS.

Sheep Dog Trials in Wales.

LATE in the summer months of each year the flocks of all Wales are left to roam at will over the heather-covered hills, while the shepherds take their trusted collies and go to compete for the coveted shepherd's trophy, the Cambrian Stake and Cup, and not only do the shepherds of Wales compete, but they come from the highlands of northern England, from far across the River Dee, to try the metal of the dogs of all counties at their skill at handling the flock. The events of the whole year are figured from these sheep dog trials, and as soon as they are run the shepherds commence to figure on their chances to win in the coming year. These trials are their one relaxation from work, their one pleasure and their annual holiday. As one drives through the vales of this great sheep district, the native will proudly point out that, "Yon dorg win cup three year gone," or of another dog that happens to be seen, "E's a likely brute, an' minds the flock weel, but na ceen go fer cup." This sport is their life, and these nimble collies are their daily helpmates which share every joy and every hardship with their masters.

Nestled down in the beautiful hills of Wales near the ancient village of Llangollen is Plas-y-n-Vivod, the home of Captain Best, of the Royal Navy, and in his park the trials are held, and to him is due the honor of having promoted this excellent form of sport, and each year he turns his place over to the public for the competition. The trials afford an opportunity of observing the wonderful training of the dogs, a chance for the shepherds to decide their disputes as to the superior intelligence of their animals, and a holiday for the entire countryside.

Wales is the home of sheep dog trials, and the Cambrian Stake is the coveted prize of all Great Britain, and to these simple shepherds it means more to win this stake than it does to some great horseman to win a Derby, for the work of these dogs is not a pastime with them, but it is their livelihood and really their life.

The test consists of driving three sheep around and through a series of flags and gates, and finally into a small pen that has a very narrow opening, and all of this must be done by the dog alone, simply directed by the master, who stands near the pen. The sheep used are selected from different flocks, and consequently strange to each other, making them more difficult to handle than if they were all accustomed to running together. The small, wild Welsh sheep are also found much harder to handle, and consequently make a more severe test for the dogs. The field is a beautiful, hilly portion of Captain Best's park, perfectly suited to the sport, as it is a natural amphitheater, and so affords an excellent view for the spectators. The dogs are required to take the sheep over a course fully half a mile in length before they finally bring them to the goal, all of the course being in full view. Directly in front of the spectators and judges, the field drops away into a little hollow, and then rises to a steep incline to another field, and it is far up on this hill that the sheep are held in a pen, to be released when the word is given.

The shepherd directs the contesting dog from a position near the judges' table, where a post is driven into the ground, to which a cord about 25 feet long is attached. A loop at the end of the cord is held on the arm of the contestant during the competition, thus preventing his

going more than the stated distance in any direction. As soon as the dog has taken the flock through the various openings and around the flags and up to the pen, the shepherd may go to the assistance of his animal and help him pen the sheep.

The crowd assembles early on the day of the trial, and an air of expectancy is rife. The hum of conversation ceases for a moment as the first number is posted, a burst of applause as the first dog goes on the field, and the contest commences.

An old grizzled shepherd advances to the post and adjusts the cord on his arm, receives his instructions from the judges and finally the word to commence. Three sheep are turned into the field away up on the hill above, at such a distance that one can scarcely make them out. The shepherd raises his staff and points in their direction and says quietly, "Hie to 'em, Lassie," and off the beautiful collie bounds as straight as an arrow, but turning every hundred yards or so to see that the direction first indicated has not been changed. On she goes up the hill, until she encounters the high wall that separates the adjoining field, in which the sheep have been loosed; here she hesitates and again looks back for instructions.

"Gang over!" shouts the shepherd, with a wave of his staff, indicating his wish, and over goes Lassie, and another command of "Hie away!" sends her on up the hill, where she presently finds the sheep, the first point in the competition.

"Gang away back!" comes the next order, and around to the rear of the sheep races the dog. The animal works noiselessly, as the worst trait that a sheep dog can have is that of barking at a flock. They are never supposed to alarm the sheep unless it is necessary to do so to move some stubborn member of the flock.

Now comes the task of sending them along the crest of the hill to a flag high on the slope, around that and then directly through an opening in the wall. "Coom in, Lass!" brings the dog along the hill in the direction of the first flag, with the little flock scampering before her. Not always does the master speak to the collie, but very often a shrill whistle attracts her attention, and the staff indicates the desired direction. Down the hill gallop the sheep, headed far below the flag, and as it is required that they go above it, a call of "Coom farther in!" brings in the dog, and sends out the little flock just around the flag.

"Get back!" shouts the shepherd. Away bounds the faithful dog to the rear.

"Get farther back!" sends her even more around until the sheep are turned straight in to the wall through which they must go. Along this wall they run at full speed, and so fast that they will surely pass the opening, so the dog is bidden to "Coom away 'round!" and around she goes in a great detour, heading off the flock right at the gate. They hesitate and the shepherd gives a shrill whistle and the dog stands fast with her eyes fastened on the sheep. They look stupidly about for a moment and then one of them looks toward the opening, through which they are to go. "Coom in steady, Lass!" calls the master. Slowly and carefully creeps the dog. The sheep turn and walk through the opening as naturally as though of their own accord. This bit of clever work on the part of the dog brings forth a cheer from the crowd, and as half of the trial is successfully done, the excitement runs high.

All this time the sheep have been kept on a keen jump with the dog close at their heels, but the pursuit has been so careful and so steady that the sheep are not in the least startled or worried, and if they are given a moment's rest they immediately commence to nibble at the grass.

The third point has been scored, and only three minutes and a half have been used out of the short ten minutes allowed to complete the task, but the real work is yet to come. The old shepherd will tell you that "any fool dog" will bring a flock to you, but that it takes a real sheep dog to take them away with intelligence.

The master works the dog well to the rear of the sheep, and then bids her to "Take 'em away," and away they go straight for the final opening, which is really an imaginary gate between two short sections of fence, and consequently much harder than if it was really an opening in a fence, as it means nothing to the sheep or to the dog to go between these bars. The dog does not understand what is wanted, while when they are put at a gate in a fence the dog knows perfectly what is wanted after a few commands have been given, and then he will work of his own accord, with an intelligence that is surprising. But with wonderful obedience the dog follows the direction indicated by the master's staff and the words of command. If the sheep become frightened by a sudden rush, a sharp whistle will bring the dog to the ground long enough for the flock to become quiet. After a bit of clever work the dog puts the flock through, and as they go scampering off to the far corner of the field, the shepherd calls for Lassie to "Git far back!" and to "Fetch 'em up!" and in they come with a scurry and a rush toward the pen, which is the final test. Then commences an animated game of "pigs in the clover," for it is exactly like that exasperating puzzle that was the rage a couple of years ago.

At this stage of the trial the shepherd is allowed to leave his position by the stake, and is permitted to assist his dog in penning the flock. The opening to the pen is just wide enough to allow one sheep to enter at one time, and they show a decided disinclination to go into the inclosure. They break and run around it, and in an instant, without any word of command, the dog is around to head them off and bring them back. They face the dog and stamp their forefeet in a challenging manner, when they are cornered, as though they were about to attack her. Easily the master and the dog work up on the flock in perfect unison, and in such a careful manner that the sheep do not become startled.

"Easy a bit, Lassie," whispers the shepherd, and Lassie steps forward a couple of feet.

"Steady a bit," and she stops.

If the sheep show an inclination to bolt, the dog is cautioned to "Lie down!" and instantly she drops to the ground and watches the sheep, unless they again attempt to bolt. One of the sheep turns his head and looks into the pen for a moment, and instantly the master calls

softly, "Crawl up, Lassie," and she crawls along the ground on her belly, never rising to her feet until the first sheep has his head well into the pen. Where one goes the rest will follow, so with a wave of his staff the shepherd calls sharply, "At 'em, Lassie!" and the dog rises quickly and takes a couple of steps forward, and in go the little flock amid the cheers of an appreciative crowd.

That is the way of a well-run trial when every point is scored, but not all of the dogs are so successful, and many a shepherd goes home at night with a heavy heart, full of disappointment because his dog did not do his best or because of an unusually wild sheep that bolts the flock in such a manner that no dog could keep it in. Some of the dogs that work to perfection with a flock on their own hills will do nothing at a trial, and, on the contrary, it is said that dogs are being trained for field work simply for the prizes that would do nothing in the field, but fortunately this practice, that only appeared this year, has been regulated by strict rules, preventing any but regular sheep dogs from competing.

During the morning of the trials there are two courses on which to run the dogs, so that the entire competition may be finished in a day—the Ty'n-y-Celyn side and the Vivod side, and the winners of the two morning trials are brought together in the afternoon. It is curious to note the effect that the presence of the crowd has on both the dog and master in some cases. The Ty'n-y-Celyn is some distance across a little vale, and consequently very few of the spectators went over, unless there was some dog working that they wished particularly to see.

One little brown animal came to the trials with a wonderful reputation as a great sheep dog, and in the morning, on the far side, he carried his flock over the course in a remarkably short time, and it looked as though he was a very probable winner, and so when he was called in the afternoon the crowd was full of expectancy. The shepherd was a Welshman, and did not know a word of English, but received his instructions from the judges in his own tongue, and then faced the trial. The sheep were released on the hill above, and the little dog was told to find them, the shepherd indicating the direction with his staff, or rather attempting to do so, for he was not able to convey his wishes to the dog. It was a simple case of "stage fright," for the mountain shepherd was completely bewildered by the crowd of people that was looking on, and the dog suffered in consequence. Up and down the little dog ran, and louder and louder shouted and whistled the shepherd. The crowd became amused, and their amusement only made matters worse for the Welshman. Finally, after a vain attempt for ten minutes, time was called, and another dog was sent to bring in the sheep that were calmly grazing on the far hillside, and the shepherd called away his little dog and was soon lost in the crowd, downcast and heart-broken at his failure. Even the dog seemed to share the chagrin of his master, for he hung his head and slunk away as though he realized his fault, and yet this same dog had won his match in the morning in a most wonderful manner, but the failure later in the day will be the regret of the life of this simple shepherd.

Dog after dog comes up to try his skill, and one after another they meet with more or less success, but none can lower the time that Lassie has made, and she is awarded the coveted cup and the Cambrian Stake. The winning of an event like this one becomes tradition in the families of these men of the mountains, and for years to come the children and their children will tell of how Lassie won the cup.

Then follow the trial for two dogs working together, and in this six sheep are used instead of three, half of the number being from one flock and half from another. The first part of the trial is similar to the one with one dog. They are to be carried around the flag on the hillside in the same manner, to be brought through the gap in the wall and then through the opening between the two bars. All of this is infinitely easier with the assistance of another dog, and the marvelous manner in which they work is wonderful to watch. Back and forth they run behind the little flock, never allowing them to swerve to either side, each dog obeying the commands that the master directs to him. Should the sheep bolt out of the course, the master would call, "Laddie, coom away 'round!" "Lady, get farther back!" and as each dog would mind the respective order they would bring the flock back into the course. As they go through a gate, a command of, "Laddie, watch 'em!" would bring Laddie to the side of the gate to prevent the sheep from going past the opening, while Lady would work back and forth to send them through. If the dog did not mind instantly, the master would call sharply, "Lady, did'st thou hear? Get farther back!" They work in perfect unison, minding every gesture, whistle or word of command, and yet at times they are fully a quarter of a mile away.

When the last gate is passed, instead of taking the six sheep to the pen, the contestant must separate three specially marked ones and pen them with one dog, leaving the other dog to watch the remaining three and prevent their coming in with the others again.

Two of the most interesting dogs that worked at Llangollen this year were Old Pink and Gem, the former being given the commands entirely by whistles, while Gem received verbal directions. Different inflections of the whistle meant different orders to the dog. A trill would send him far away; one similar to the ordinary manner of calling a dog would bring him in. A rising note would send him to the right and a falling one to the left in just the same manner that an old cavalry horse obeys the trumpet calls.

Another queer pair were Handy and Sam, run by a shepherd from Llandderfel. Sam could only understand Welsh, while all of the commands to Handy were given in English, and it was most amusing to hear the master as he handled the dogs in the trial.

When his name was called, he led his faithful dogs to the starting point, and as the word was given to commence, he spoke quietly to them. "Get far away, 'Andy,'" he commanded to one, "Cer draw reit pell, Sam," and away scurried both dogs.

"Get farther back, 'Andy,'" "Symer yn draf deg, Sam" (Take time), and instantly they would obey the respective

words of warning. At times the shepherd would merely call the command without using the dog's name, and the effect was quite the same, as the one had no knowledge of the language spoken to the other.

"Come 'round, 'Andy."

"Dal draw, Sam" (Keep away).

Not a little fun is created by this use of two languages so totally different, and the crowd laughs heartily at any new command, but at the same time they are most appreciative of the excellent work that is being done. The two animals are almost human in the manner in which they receive and obey the will of their master; every word is heeded instantly and every direction indicated with the staff is obeyed, always looking back for new directions.

"Tyd yma atai i!" (Come here to me!) calls the shepherd as the little Welsh dog goes a little too far around the flock.

As they near an opening in a fence, the man's voice drops into a coaxing key, as he cautions careful work from the dogs, lest they flurry their charges and cause them to bolt at the critical moment.

"Gorf eidd lawr!" (Lie down!)

"Steady a wee bit, 'Andy."

This caution has had its effect, for through they go and on to the next part of the test.

During the trials the other shepherds sit about with their dogs, awaiting their turn, and watch with keen interest the success or lack of success of their rivals. Each break or sudden turn of the sheep is followed by hundreds of eyes, and each sharp recovery of the flock by the dogs is hailed with breathless applause. These simple country folk do not hesitate to give vent to their feelings, no matter whether it is to applaud some clever bit of work of one of their friends' dogs, or to give a shout of satisfaction at some mistake or bad luck of a rival. The etiquette of applause is that a man may express whatever his feelings may happen to be, and even though it is directed at a failure, no offense is meant and none is given. These men are here for a day's good sport, and to try the skill of their dogs, and there is none of the spirit of underhand rivalry that so often creeps into sport where money is at stake. These shepherds have their strong convictions as to the relative merits of the dogs, and they defend their views almost to the point of blows, but for all that, they bear no ill will.

"E's a gran' worker, that 'Andy, but 'e' nay cen win," remarks an old shepherd, without taking his eyes from the field.

"Yon's tha' style, ta bettern Owd Pink herself."

"Na, they'll lose at the pen."

"Steady, mon, time's close," breathlessly whispers one, as though the dog could hear and understand.

The sheep are stubborn, although finally one turns his nose into the pen. A cheer goes up from the crowd.

"He's won!" they cry.

So it would seem for an instant, but suddenly a little wether breaks, just as victory is within grasp, and whirls off down the green hill. Quick as a flash the faithful Handy is around and is bringing the frightened sheep back to the others, but the flight of this one has startled the other two, and they huddle to the side of the pen away from the opening, watched by the other dog. It will take but a minute to bring them back again, but it is too late. The whistle blows, time is up and the cup is lost—not from any fault of the dog nor of the master, but because of the sheep. There is a great difference in these little woolly animals that are turned out at the trials, and a great deal of the success of the shepherd depends on the character of the sheep that he happens to draw. Some will run together, crowding their heads close to each other and never bolting, thus making it very easy for the dog to handle them. Others will bolt the moment they are loosed on the hill, all going in different directions. In a case of this sort no dog living could bring them together in the short ten minutes allowed, but that is the fortune of the game, as no allowance is made by the judges in such a case.

No matter what the disappointment may be, these country folk never show any sign of anger or of displeasure.

One old Welshman faced the trial ground with a dog of great reputation—one that had worked in the Highlands with the flocks for seven years or more, and was known to be able to handle a flock with wonderful intelligence.

The sheep were turned out on the hill, and the dog followed the master's bidding, as indicated by his staff, and in less than a minute had discovered the sheep. With the same wonderful instinct, he brought them along the hill, around the flag and through the first gate.

The crowd cheered every movement of the beautiful collie, and shouts of approval greeted each success. A continuance of such work would mean certain possession of the cup.

"E wins easy!" a shepherd boy shouts.

"Yon's a true Wales dorg," says another looker-on.

But just as the last of the trial was to come at the pen, one of the flock, a young ram, bolted and made directly for the crowd. A little stream in the castle park separated the trial ground from the spectators, and into this stream plunged the frightened ram. And there he stayed. After him came the dog, but no power could move that stupid bolter. The dog swam into deep water on the far side of the sheep, but to no purpose. The sheep was tired and frightened, and, in fact, he had completely lost his senses, and while the dog attempted to move him, the few minutes allotted for the test were rapidly slipping away. The crowd "shooed" and threw sticks at the ram, but to no avail.

"He's lost," mournfully says some admirer of the dog.

"Time's up!" calls the judge, and the shepherd whistles to his dog and bids him to "Coom in." The dog comes up to the master, panting from his exertions, but with his ears drooping in a downcast expression, showing only too keenly that he knew that he had made a failure, and it seemed he must realize that he had lost the cup.

There was no anger shown by the shepherd, only disappointment, and as he stooped to snap the chain on the collar, he said gently, "Ta did weel, ma lad; twa na fault o' thine. Yon ram be crazy."

Another young dog was not so enthusiastic, for right at the critical moment, after a few moments' hard run, he

made for the stream, and waded into it, where he stood lapping the cooling water, utterly unmindful of the commands of his master, while the sheep scampered off to a far corner of the field. The crowd was highly amused, and they cheered heartily each endeavor of the shepherd to persuade his dog to continue the test, but the collie had enough of what he probably considered mere play, and forthwith quit.

It must not be supposed that all of these clever sheep dogs are handsome, full-bred collies, for, quite to the contrary, some of the most intelligent of them are mongrels of the most plebeian type. They are "just dog," but in many cases they make the most intelligent workers in the trials. It is a well-known and recognized fact that the best dogs with the flocks are the lower-bred animals. At the trials it is seldom that one of the high-bred, aristocratic collies, such as are seen at the bench shows, wins the cup. It is not inferred that the prize-winning collie does not work the flock as well, but it is a fact that the under-bred dog seems to do better work at the trials. It is a similar fact that the majority of the best trick dogs that are seen on the stage or in a circus are the mongrels.

The shepherds tell many tales of the sagacity of their dogs, and of incidents that have happened while they were afield that makes one feel that these sheep dogs have more than the usual amount of intelligence allotted to such a dumb beast, and that they have more than brute instinct.

While waiting for his turn, one of the shepherds sat holding a little black dog that was so homely that it would have attracted attention anywhere, and was more noticeable here among so many fine looking animals. He was a little ragged, unkempt looking imp with a very white face that, with the black coat, gave him a very impudent look. I stopped to pat his head, and in an instant his tale was wagging like the pendulum of a clock with the balance wheel missing. The man seemed pleased that I noticed his dog, and he commenced to tell of what great work the little animal was capable.

"But for yon dorg I na be 'ere to-day," said the herder, and then following the story of how the dog had saved his life.

The shepherd was away up in the highlands searching for some of his flock that had strayed, and as he climbed about in the rocks, he missed his footing and fell some distance to the rocks below. The fall did not deprive him of his senses, but he soon discovered that both of his legs were useless, as they had been broken by the fall. He was perfectly helpless, and to attempt to drag himself to the house would be out of the question, and as it was late in the fall and far up in the mountains, the cold night would be almost certain death. Shouting was of no avail, as he was a long way from the house, and could not possibly make himself heard. Gradually the pain increased, and in a short time it was relieved by unconsciousness.

Shortly after this, the faithful little dog appeared at the house, and by whining and barking he showed unmistakable signs of there being something wrong. He ran up the path to the mountain, barking furiously, and then back to the house again. There was no doubt that there was something the matter, and so some of the men started out with the dog. As soon as he saw that he was understood, he bounded away up the path, only waiting at the turns to make sure that his followers would not be lost, and led them directly to the scene of the accident.

That is why this little black dog, not worth a dozen shillings, could not be bought for a fortune, and whether he wins a prize or not, his master is fully convinced that he is the greatest dog that ever lived.

When sheep are lost in the mountains or covered up in the drifts of snow that pile so high on the fells of northern England, or in the hills of Wales, the dogs show this same sagaciousness in finding them, and afterward in making the fact known to the shepherd. Whole flocks of sheep have been lost under the snow for ten or twelve days at a time, and in nearly every case the faithful dog has located them. The sheep will live a long time when covered up in this manner, as they huddle together and are kept from freezing by the warmth of each other's bodies and by the heavy blanket of the snow itself. They move about enough to make it possible to nibble enough of the vegetation to keep them alive, and so are kept from starvation until they are found. In many cases, however, whole flocks are lost at one time.

JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD.

South Dakota Trials.

THE trials of the South Dakota Field Trial Association, run in the vicinity of Sioux Falls, S. D., on Aug. 28, 29 and 30, were ably judged by the eminent fancier, Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Winnipeg, Man.

In the Derby, which had nine starters, the winners were, first, G. W. Cortright's b. and w. pointer bitch Jingo's Hessen (Jingo—Rose Lee Hessen); second, Ortiz Fruit Farm Kennel's b. w. and t. setter dog Ortiz Pride (Rodfield—Mark's Nellie); third, A. McLachlin's w. pointer dog Joe Howard (Brighton Joe—Missouri Queen); fourth, A. T. Burger's b. w. and t. setter dog Cook Cousins (Count Rodfield—Lente E.).

The All-Age Stake, fourteen starters, had winners as follows: First, J. S. Crane's b. and w. pointer bitch Zephyr II. (Rip Rap—Jingo's Jay); second, John Otten's b. w. and ticked pointer dog Tick's Dot (Tick Boy—Kent's Queen); third, J. S. Crane's b. and w. pointer bitch Dot's Daisy (Jingo—Dot's Pearl); fourth, G. Clay's b. and w. pointer bitch Josie Brighton (Brighton Joe—Jingo Flora).

Aug. 20 was fixed upon as the date of next year's trials. Officers elected were: President, E. H. Gregory; Vice-Presidents, J. Otten, H. A. Subilia, G. A. Dodds and Dr. G. T. Page; Secretary-Treasurer, Olav Hangtro.

A Portsmouth sportsman thought he had made a lucky haul a few days ago. His eagle eye detected five fine storks sporting themselves on a local waste, and, after much trouble he succeeded in stalking them and bagged the lot. He took the rare birds to a local taxidermist, and a day or two later learned that the storks had escaped from Sanger's circus, which was visiting the neighborhood.—British Sportsman.

Western Canada Kennel Club's Trials

THE Western Canada Kennel Club's trials were run at La Salle, Manitoba, on Sept. 3 and 4. Mr. Frank Richards acted as judge.

In the Derby the winners were, first, J. Lemon's Dum Dum; second, F. W. Scott's Oaken Valley; third, J. F. Prendergast's Fly. Very highly commended, F. W. Scott's Wapella Joe; A. Gale's Dandy, and Hamber and Code's Sheriff. There were ten starters in this stake.

There were ten starters in the All-Age Stake. The winners were, first, J. Lemon's pointer dog Sport IV.; second, W. H. Thompson's setter dog Rod o' Light, Jr.; third, A. Gate's pointer dog, Prince. Mr. Richards, the judge, was publicly thanked and presented with a souvenir by the club.

Is it true that if you apply the X rays to a dog's lungs you will see the seat of his pants?—The Sun.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

SEPTEMBER.

15. Manhasset, closing race, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
13. Atlantic, fall race, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
15. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
15. South Boston, sailing dinghies, City Point, Boston Harbor.
22-23. California, cruise to Martinez, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
22. Riverside, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
22. Canarsie, Commodore's cups, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
22. Haverhill, fourth championship, Haverhill, Mass.

FOLLOWING the race for the Lipton cup, the Atlantic Y. C. will give a special race for the 70ft. class on Sept. 15 over the club's regular course, starting off Sea Gate.

THE occurrence at the Quincy Y. C. open race of Sept. 1 is fortunately of a sort which is now so rare as to be exceptional, though it calls to mind the good old days of the sandbaggers when a prize was not won until all hands had gone ashore and fought for it. While the present occurrence on its merits is to be regretted as reflecting no credit on the sport of yachting, the decision of the committee in refusing to consider protests legally filed with it only makes bad worse. It seems to have escaped the notice of the race committee that there are two distinct and entirely disconnected points involved. The owners of the two yachts each filed a protest against the other, and if, as it appears, this was done according to the requirements of the rules, they have a right to demand of the club and the race committee a hearing and a decision of the alleged fouling. After the finish of the race a personal encounter took place upon the club float between members of the two crews, a blow being struck. This is a matter with which the club should deal, as an insult to itself. It has, however, nothing whatever to do with the foul and the counter protests. Should the matter be allowed to rest as it now stands, a very mischievous precedent will be established.

THE race committee of the Newport Y. R. A. has a most difficult task in hand over the counter protests of Yankee and Mincola, the evidence on both sides being positive and contradictory. The committee has been taking the evidence of a number of persons, and as yet no decision has been announced.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, Sept. 3.

THE annual fall regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. on Labor Day was sailed in exceptionally fine racing weather, clear and sunny, but with a fresh S.E. breeze that made close racing in all the classes. The list of fifty-four starters included Astrild and Isolde and the rerigged Hussar II., but none of the 70-footers, only Mineola II. being in the vicinity, on the ways at City Island for cleaning. The start was made at 11:30. On the first round Cherokee, the new Hanley boat from Philadelphia, fouled the first mark and sank the dory used as a mark boat, afterward withdrawing. Hussar II., after being badly beaten by Altair, ran afoul of the centerboard cutter Tigress at anchor in the harbor, taking the topmast out of Tigress. Audax broke the crouse on her bowsprit, and O Shima San parted her throat halyards. The first round was timed:

Atlantic	1 14 10	Colleen	1 01 52
Katrina	1 15 05	Snapper	1 02 20
Wayward	1 16 23	Spindrift, raceabout	1 02 52
Uncas	1 37 38	Senta	1 06 30
Astrild	1 49 50	Thelga	1 07 00
Isolde	1 50 05	Rod	1 11 12
Altair	1 19 50	Ox	1 14 10
Hussar II.	1 24 20	Flim Flam	1 19 00
Katonah	1 38 00	Sandpiper	1 19 30
Albicore	1 41 50	Kingfisher	1 21 25
Countess	1 45 12	Nora	1 23 50
Cherokee	1 47 07	Dud	1 39 58
Anatok	1 43 43	Prize	1 52 30
O Shima San	1 46 12	Louise	1 15 08
Escape	1 57 42	Leisure	1 29 10
Flora	2 02 00	Mongoose II.	1 06 30
Enpronzi	1 44 30	Kazaza	1 25 40
Oiseau	1 45 40	Spindrift, catboat	1 54 50
Rochelle	12 56 32	Bouncer II.	1 47 10
Adelaide	1 04 30		

The final times were:

Schooners—Special Match—Start, 11:35.
Racing Length. Elapsed. Corrected.
Atlantic, Wilson Marshall.....36.31 3 30 49 3 30 49
Katrina, James B. Ford.....73.14 3 37 13 3 35 13

Schooners—Class F—Start, 11:35.
Wayward, Chas. Smithers.....63.82 3 20 40 3 20 40
Uncas, C. P. Buchanan.....51.46 Withdrew.

Special Match—Start, 11:35.
Wayward, Chas. Smithers.....63.82 3 20 40 3 20 40
Lotawana, cutter, T. O'C. Sloane.....46.98 Withdrew.

Cutters—70ft. Class—Start, 11:40.
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt.....60.45 4 00 39 3 59 45
Astrild, Hanan Brothers.....61.29 4 00 08 4 00 08

Cutters—51ft. Class—Racing Trim—Start, 11:45.			
Altair, Cord Meyer.....51.00	2 59 58		
Hussar II., James Baird.....50.78	3 11 23		
Sloops and Yawls—Start, 11:45.			
Albicore, yawl, S. J. Hyde.....45.00	3 37 49	3 31 44	
Katonah, D. Williams.....42.05	3 37 03	3 37 03	
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 11:50.			
Anatok, J. Martin, Jr.....34.00	3 35 43	3 32 27	
Countess, O. Sanderson.....35.72	3 34 48	3 34 48	
Cherokee, E. W. Clark, Jr.....35.91			Fouled satkeboat.
O Shima San, H. I. Pratt.....35.81			Disabled.
Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 11:50.			
Escape, George Matthews.....30.42	3 55 24		
Flora, H. H. Landon.....35.36			Withdrew.
Audax, H. W. Eaton.....30.33			Disabled.
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 11:50.			
Enpronzi, Alfred Peats.....30.00	3 37 13		
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.....29.93	3 38 27		
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....29.70			Withdrew.
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 11:55.			
Rochelle, Edward Kelly.....24.83	1 52 52	1 52 52	
Adelaide, J. M. Woodbury.....22.50	2 15 03	2 11 06	
Raceabouts—start, 11:55.			
Colleen, L. R. Alberger.....21.00	2 11 03		
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell.....21.00	2 12 15		
Spindrift, Pirie Brothers.....21.00	2 13 45		
Seawanhaka Corinthian Knockabouts—Start, 11:55.			
Senta.....21.00	2 22 35		
Thelga, A. P. Thayer.....21.00	2 23 00		
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 12:00.			
Rod, L. Iselin.....19.40	2 24 28		
Ox, W. N. Bavie.....21.00	2 28 24		
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 12:00.			
Sandpiper, Raymond Belmont.....17.27	2 34 36		
Kingfisher, August Belmont, Jr.....17.27	2 42 29		
Nora, A. Iselin.....17.27	2 49 52		
Flim Flam, A. D. Prince.....18.00			Withdrew.
Palani, W. W. Swan.....			Withdrew.
One-Design Dories—Start, 12:00.			
Dud, G. A. Cory.....	3 12 00		
Prize, H. Van Rensselaers.....	4 01 19		
Cabin Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 12:05.			
Louise, John Knox.....26.58	2 19 00		
Leisure, John Knox.....27.96	2 43 37		
Fugitive, Alfred Birdsall.....28.11			Withdrew.
Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 12:05.			
Mongoose II., S. Ford.....21.00	2 01 35		
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby.....23.50			Withdrew.
Open Catboats—20ft. Class—Start, 12:10.			
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr.....19.40	2 28 36		
Spindrift, M. Goetchius.....18.60	3 10 54		
Spunk.....19.00			Withdrew.
Open Catboats—15ft. Class—Start, 12:10.			
Bouncer II., A. D. Tappan.....15.00	3 10 57		
Wee Winn, F. Sherwood.....14.08			Withdrew.
Scout.....14.80			Withdrew.
Hampden One-Design Class—Start, 12:10.			
Mibabe, S. H. Mason.....	3 10 51		
Zena.....	3 20 49		
Biliboy, W. G. Newman.....	3 29 53		
Bluebird.....			Withdrew.
Blackbird.....			Withdrew.
Indian.....			Withdrew.

The winners were Atlantic, Wayward, Isolde, Altair, Albicore, Anatok, Escape, Enpronzi, Rochelle, Colleen, Senta, Rod, Sandpiper, Dud, Louise, Mongoose I., Kazaza, Bouncer II. and Mibabe.

Royal Canadian Y. C.

TORONTO—LAKE ONTARIO.

Monday, Sept. 3.

THE Royal Canadian Y. C. sailed a race for the Prince of Wales cup on Sept. 3 over a triangular course on Lake Ontario, the wind being fresh from the south. The times were, start 11:00:

	Handicap.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Merrythought, A. E. Jarvis.....	Allows.	2 11 18	3 11 18
Canada, G. H. Gooderham.....	0 05 22	2 34 23	3 29 01
Vreda, A. G. Peuchen.....	0 01 25	2 56 03	3 54 38
Zelma, R. A. Lucas.....	0 06 56		Withdrew.
Vivia, McRae & Bath.....	0 11 30		Withdrew.
Beaver, Dr. Scadding.....	0 20 03		Withdrew.

On Sept. 1 three of the smaller classes raced in a moderate easterly breeze, the times being:

22ft. Class—Start, 3:00.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Frou Frou.....			4 41 00	1 41 00
Merlin.....			4 45 30	1 45 30
Alceda.....				Withdrew.
16ft. Class—Start, 3:05.				
Whitecap.....			4 37 00	1 32 00
Cakewalk.....			4 44 10	1 35 10
Caprice.....			4 44 25	1 39 25
Sigma III.....			4 52 15	1 47 15
Yana Yana.....			4 55 00	1 50 00
Electra.....			5 16 30	2 11 30
Dinghy Class—Start, 3:10.				
G. E. Gooderham.....			4 36 20	1 26 20
C. Sweatman.....			4 49 10	1 29 10
Snowdon.....				Withdrew.

Lake Sailing Skiff Association.

TORONTO—TORONTO BAY.

Monday, Sept. 3.

THE Toronto clubs of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association held two races on Sept. 3, resulting as follows, start 2:00:

Cakewalk.....	3 16 12	Sheila.....	3 22 07
Whitecap.....	3 18 57	Flight.....	3 22 12
Caprice.....	3 21 24		

Start 4:30:				
Cakewalk.....	5 15 28	Hustler.....	5 16 17	
Caprice.....	5 15 35	Flight.....	5 17 08	
Whitecap.....	5 16 04			

Cakewalk won the money prize and championship cup for the 16ft. class. Whitecap won a silk flag presented by Oldreive & Horn. The 15ft. class also raced, Sigma winning the Hiram Kitley cup for the second year in succession and thus holding it permanently.

The skiffs Sheila, Sara, Ethel, Kink, Amah and Flight came from Hamilton.

South Boston Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE South Boston Y. C. sailed its final handicap race on Sept. 1 in a moderate easterly breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emma C., Peter Coupal.....	1 47 39	2 17 39
Geisha, Dr. C. E. Ryder.....	2 03 30	2 27 30
Helen, Warren Spurr.....	2 17 57	2 27 57
Awilda, Ormsby & McCarthy.....	2 05 31	2 28 31
Duster, James T. Ball.....	2 23 08	2 29 08
Nahma, Mr. Bamber.....	2 13 39	2 34 39
Velma, J. Codman.....	2 22 18	2 37 18
Alesha, Mr. Smythe.....	2 24 40	2 42 40
Dream, Dr. Doggett.....	2 45 16	2 46 16



ISOLDE—CUTTER.

Com. F. M. Hoyt, Stamford Y. C. Designed by Will Fife, Jr., 1895

Isolde.

THE cutter Isolde, now owned by Com. F. M. Hoyt, Stamford Y. C., was designed by Will Fife, Jr., and built at the Fife Yard, Fairlie, for Peter Donaldson in 1895. She was designed for the 40-rating class under the old rating rule, and she has been considered the most successful of her class. Her dimensions are:

Length—	
Over all	84ft. 6in.
L.W.L.	60ft.
Overhang—	
Bow	11ft.
Counter	13ft. 6in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	17ft.
L.W.L.	15ft.
Freeboard—	
Bow	4ft. 10in.
Least	2ft. 8in.
Counter	3ft. 6in.
Draft	11ft. 9in.
Sail area, Y. R. A. rule.....	4,000 sq. ft.

Isolde is of the full composite construction, the steel angle frames being liberally strapped and braced. The stem piece is backed by a long and strong steel girder which takes the downward strain of the mast. The planking is of elm, pitch pine and teak, 2in. thick, and the deck is 1 3/4 in. thick. Though designed primarily for racing, the yacht is fully fitted below with all the cabins and state-rooms common to a yacht of her size, and very comfortably furnished. In her first season she made fifty-two starts and won thirty-one first prizes and six others, the total value being £1,162. What is more remarkable than her record in the 40-rating class is her good performance under the linear rating rule, in the 65ft. class, the equivalent of the old 40-rating. She is a handsome vessel and in every way a credit to her designer.

Bayview Beaurepaire Challenge Cup.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE annual race for the Bayview-Beaurepaire challenge cup took place on Sept. 1 at the head of Lake St. Louis, the winner being Glencairn III., sailed by Mr. Duggan. The cup, won in 1897 by Ishkoodah, in 1898 by Vixen and in 1899 by Folly, is held under the following conditions:

1. This cup is presented by Mr. R. R. Stevenson, and shall be known as the Bayview-Beaurepaire Perpetual Challenge cup, to be competed for annually.
2. The object of this cup is the encouragement of yacht racing on the upper part of Lake St. Louis.
3. The race is to be a handicap one, to be held on the first Saturday in September, or as near that date as possible.
4. A committee of five, at least three of whom shall be residents either of Bayview or Beaurepaire, shall be appointed by the donor, and it shall be their duty to see that the race takes place each year, and their decision shall govern any change that may be made in the conditions governing the cup, the committee to have power to fill any vacancy caused by the death or retirement of any of its members.
5. The holder of the cup shall each year sign a declaration of trust in which he shall agree to abide by the conditions governing the cup, and shall hand the same back to the committee at least a month prior to the date set for the race.
6. It is intended that the race shall be open to all yachts, irrespective of club or class, whose thickness of hull planking is at least 1/2 in., but the committee reserves the right to refuse any entries, or to debar any particular class of boat.

7. The sailing rules shall be those of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

This year extra prizes were offered for second, third and fourth place.

The following gentlemen made up the special sailing committee: R. R. Stevenson, the donor; David Poe, Leslie Dowker, C. P. Sclater and W. Ernest Bolton.

The course was laid out in T shape, one mile to each leg, or six in all. The wind was light and variable all through. The club steamer St. Louis towed up the yachts from Dorval and Lakeside and carried a party of spectators. A race for the one-design dinghies was won by Mares, with Neverbuda second.

Canarsie Y. C.

CANARSIE—JAMAICA BAY.

Sunday, Sept. 2.

THE Canarsie Y. C. sailed a race on Sept. 2 over a ten-mile course in a two-reef breeze from S.W. Arrow started with one reef, but withdrew. Tam O'Shanter lost her mast. The times were:

Class A—Cabin Catboats.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Irene, G. Winter.....	2 02 42	2 02 42	
Hattie E., C. Fitzmaurice.....	2 10 42	2 10 42	
Madeline, Dr. Bradner.....	Withdrew.		
Class B—Open Catboats Over 20ft.			
Lillie S., W. Sheer.....	1 54 18	1 52 23	
Jennie, W. Gallagher.....	1 55 20	1 55 20	
Caddie, E. Karr.....	2 02 06	1 57 16	
Arrow, C. Nielson.....	Withdrew.		
Siren, F. McGiehan.....	Withdrew.		
Tam O'Shanter, F. Sparr.....	Disabled.		
Pauline B., J. Ryan.....	Disabled.		
Class C—Open Catboats Under 20ft.			
Ideal, W. Sampson.....	2 05 35	2 05 35	
Lochanavos, W. Sabien.....	2 20 51	2 19 29	
Alert, W. Meyer.....	2 23 54	2 22 10	
Sweetheart, H. Meyer.....	2 24 32	2 22 15	
Anna A., G. Gardner.....	Disabled.		
Match Race—Open Catboats 17ft.			
Bill Nye, D. Brinsley, Jr.....	1 31 00	1 31 00	
Viola, H. Plough.....	1 38 30	1 38 30	

Lillie S. wins the \$25 cup offered by W. F. Blaisdell, in addition to the regular prizes.

The regatta committee included W. W. Tamlyn, T. M. Mannion and Alfred Holsten.

Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE—NEW YORK BAY.

Monday, Sept. 3.

THERE was wind to spare, from S.E., on Labor Day at Sea Gate, and the Atlantic Y. C. laid out a course inside Coney Island Point. There were twenty-three entries, but only sixteen started and nine finished, the times being:

36ft. Class—Sloops—Start, 12:35.			
	Racing Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Akista, George Hill.....	34.75	2 14 10	1 39 10
Flossie, C. S. King.....	35.00	2 21 15	1 46 15
Narika, F. F. Cornell.....	30.47	2 43 30	2 03 20
Harbinger, W. W. Genet.....	33.00	Withdrew.	
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:40.			
Rhumama, W. T. Bernard.....	30.00	Withdrew.	
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 12:45.			
Ojibway, J. R. Brophy.....	22.94	2 01 50	1 16 50
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach.....	22.68	2 07 30	1 22 30
Kittiwake, J. B. Palmer.....	23.30	2 10 40	1 25 40
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 12:45.			
Wraith, Calvin Timpkins.....	20.25	2 03 08	1 18 08
Brenco, F. C. Moore.....	21.00	2 16 05	1 31 05
Minnetonka, S. E. Vernon.....	21.00	Withdrew.	
Charlotte, A. Mackey.....	21.00	Withdrew.	
Pebble, R. W. Speir.....	16.54	Withdrew.	
Constance, F. D. L. Prentiss.....	17.00	Withdrew.	
Catboats—Start, 12:50.			
Whiff, T. W. Hawkins.....	21.00	2 11 40	1 21 40
Cleota, N. T. Cory.....		Withdrew.	

The Newport 30-Footers.

By way of variety, the owners of the Newport 30 footers have introduced heat racing in pairs, the first race being sailed on Aug. 31. Wa Wa and Hera were sent over a course from Brenton's Reef Lightship around one of the marks set for the race of the 70-footers. Wa Wa won, but Hera claimed a foul and asked for a resail; this was not agreed to, but the race was given to Hera. Pollywog and Asahi and Dorothy and Vaquero were started from Rose Island to sail around Brenton's Reef Lightship. Dorothy beat Vaquero, and as Asahi gave up, owing to a bad leak, Pollywog won her heat.

On Sept. 1 two more heats were sailed from Rose Island around Brenton's Reef in a S.W. wind, which fell during the race. The times were:

First Pair—Start, 4:07.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....	5 50 59	1 43 59	
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....	5 51 27	1 44 27	
Second Pair—Start, 4:17.			
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan.....	6 06 18	1 49 19	
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	6 07 44	1 50 44	

Hera held a good place until she was caught on the return by a tug with a long tow of barges.

On Sept. 3 a race was sailed over the Dyer's Island course in a strong S.W. wind for a cup offered by Mrs. A. Cass Canfield. The times were, start 3:28:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....	5 31 32	2 03 32
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....	5 33 19	2 05 19
Vaquero III., W. Rutherford.....	5 36 12	2 08 12
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....	5 37 21	2 09 21
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 39 01	2 11 01
Asahi, W. S. Miller.....	5 40 03	2 12 03
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....	5 40 33	2 12 33

On Sept. 4 in the morning a ladies' race was sailed over a seven-mile course in a moderate breeze; Hera, steered by Miss Alice Blight, won, the order being: Hera, Miss Blight; Wa Wa, Miss Gladys Brooks; Vaquero, Miss Eustis; Dorothy, Miss Louise Potter; and Pollywog, Mrs. Almeric H. Paget.

In the afternoon a cup presented by Mrs. Wm. Payne Thompson was sailed for in a fresh southerly breeze, the course being from Rose Island around Brenton's Reef Lightship. The times were, start 3:45:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....	5 22 29	1 37 29
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....	5 22 47	1 37 47
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 25 39	1 40 39
Asahi, W. S. Miller.....	5 25 46	1 40 46
Vaquero, W. Rutherford.....	5 26 00	1 41 00
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....	5 26 06	1 41 06
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....	Withdrew.	

Pollywog fouled the cable of the stakeboat at the start and withdrew. On Sept. 5 Mr. Winthrop Rutherford gave a cup, the Dyer's Island course being sailed, start 3:25:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....	5 49 08	2 24 08
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea.....	5 50 09	2 25 09
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 50 31	2 25 31
Pollywog, A. H. Paget.....	5 50 44	2 25 44
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....	5 51 02	2 26 02
Esperanza, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....	5 51 34	2 26 34
Asahi, W. S. Miller.....	Withdrew.	

On Sept. 6 two reefs were needed over the Dyer's Island course, a good sea running. The times were, start 3:23:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....	5 30 36	2 07 36
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....	5 34 02	2 11 02
Vaquero, W. Rutherford.....	5 34 41	2 11 41
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 35 03	2 12 03
Asahi, W. S. Miller.....	5 36 13	2 13 13

Bristol Y. C.

BRISTOL—MOUNT HOPE BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE Bristol Y. C. ended its racing for the season on Sept. 1 in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

First Class—Jib and Mainsail—27ft.—Start, 2:10.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Maria, F. E. De Wolf.....	5 00 50	2 50 50	
Third Class—Jib and Mainsail Under 21ft.—Start, 2:10.			
Bridget, Almy Brothers.....	3 57 40	1 43 40	
Breeze, W. J. Rocker.....	4 01 14	1 47 14	
Eaglet, Mr. Grosvenor.....	4 03 15	1 49 15	
Fourth Class—Catboats 21ft. and Over—Start, 2:10.			
Colleen, M. Considine.....	5 06 27	2 50 27	
Orinda, C. A. Gardner.....	Withdrew.		
Caroline, A. Brownell.....	5 10 08	2 54 08	
Mblem, G. E. Darling.....	4 51 07	2 35 07	
Victor, E. V. Bowen.....	5 01 25	2 45 25	
Pet, Schofield & Spencer.....	5 08 45	2 52 45	
Hester, J. Haggerty.....	5 02 01	2 46 01	
Mildred, B. Smith.....	Withdrew.		
Fifth Class—Catboats Under 21ft.—Start, 2:18.			
Gloria, F. P. Howe.....	4 11 25	1 53 25	
Rival, W. C. Arnold.....	4 08 07	1 50 07	
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood.....	4 13 27	1 55 27	
Oune, R. W. Zuill.....	4 21 32	2 03 32	
Arab, J. C. Hartwell.....	4 17 45	1 59 45	
Sixth Class—Old-fashioned Catboats—Start, 2:20.			
Alice, H. C. Skinner.....	Withdrew.		
Volante, W. H. Thurber.....	4 22 25	2 02 25	
Seventh Class—Boats of Unique Design—Start, 2:22.			
Opossum, F. Herreshoff.....	4 04 00	1 42 00	
Columbia, Wood Brothers.....	4 05 56	1 43 56	
Unique, Wilkinson & Whitehead.....	4 04 10	1 42 10	
Eighth Class—Weetamo Y. C. One-Design Class—Start, 2:24.			
Scump, F. Gregory.....	4 29 28	2 05 28	
Rouge, Moffitt Brothers.....	4 26 29	2 02 29	
Snail, James Hunt.....	Withdrew.		
Calamity, Roger Brooks.....	4 25 43	2 01 43	
Ninth Class—Special for Cat Yawls 30ft. and Over—Start, 2:30.			
Hadassah, W. E. Henley.....	5 08 00	2 38 00	
Reginald, H. W. Orby.....	5 30 39	3 00 39	
Alice, C. F. Herreshoff.....	5 06 27	2 36 27	

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE Mosquito Fleet Y. C. sailed a handicap race on Sept. 1 in a light east wind, the times being:

First Class.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Ustane, C. J. Moriarty.....	1 28 36	1 53 36	
Alda, Com. C. P. Mooney.....	1 54 54	1 57 50	
Myth, James T. Powers.....	1 55 17	1 58 47	
Helen, W. M. Tracy.....	2 12 00	2 04 12	
Second Class.			
Aureolus, R. S. Landers.....	2 02 41	2 12 41	
Lassie, A. Sherlock.....	2 01 21	2 16 21	

Beverly Y. C.

WINGS NECK—BUZZARDS BAY.

THE Beverly Y. C. has enjoyed a season of very lively racing at its station on Buzzards Bay, with good entries of modern boats and closely contested races. The following are the official reports of the recent races:

Race for Van Rensselaer cup, Marion, Saturday, July 28. Judges, J. G. Palfrey and David Rice. Wind, S.W., light, increasing to strong.

	Length.	Allowance.	Elapsed.	Cor.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....	25.00	0 10 15	1 55 06	1 24 51
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	21.00	0 14 30	1 40 42	1 26 12
Amanita, L. Bacon.....	21.00	0 14 30	1 44 06	1 29 36
Ulula, W. H. Winship.....	25.00	0 10 15	1 39 57	1 29 42
Nokomis, A. Winsor.....	25.00	0 10 15	1 40 34	1 30 19
Uarda, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	15.00	0 23 24	1 54 11	1 30 47
Eina, J. Parkinson.....	25.00	0 10 15	1 41 04	1 30 49
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney.....	21.00	0 14 30	1 46 37	1 32 07
Sylvia, S. D. Warren.....	21.00	0 14 30	1 46 46	1 32 16
Brunhilde, S. R. Dow.....	25.00	0 10 15	1 43 31	1 33 16
Bohemia, R. L. Barstow.....	21.00	0 14 30	1 48 16	1 33 46
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	18.00	0 18 27	1 54 34	1 36 07
Weasel, F. Burgess.....	18.00	0 18 27	1 54 49	1 36 22
Waskite, W. B. Scofield.....	12.09	0 26 28	2 03 10	1 36 42
Opah, H. B. Stone.....	26.00	0 09 20	1 46 37	1 37 17
Maori, W. W. Plinney.....	18.00	0 18 27	1 56 07	1 37 40
Vim, F. W. Sargent.....	15.00	0 23 24	2 01 22	1 37 58
Kotes, W. N. Swift.....	26.00	0 09 20	1 49 12	1 39 52
Peacock, R. Winsor.....	15.00	0 23 24	2 04 49	1 41 25
Peacock, R. Winsor.....	15.00	0 23 24	2 15 59	1 52 35
Thordis, T. B. Wales.....	26.00	0 09 20	1 46 37	1 37 17
Daisy, H. Stockton.....	18.00	0 18 27	1 54 34	1 36 07
Rival, A. L. Register.....	19.10	0 18 27	1 54 49	1 36 22
Flash, A. P. Young.....	18.00	0 18 27	1 54 49	1 36 22
Columbia, H. J. Wetherell.....	15.00	0 18 27	1 54 49	1 36 22
Islander, G. H. Richards et al.....	25.00	0 18 27	1 54 49	1 36 22
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	18.00	0 18 27	1 54 49	1 36 22

May Queen wins Van Rensselaer cup; Howard wins cup for catboats.

Two hundred and ninety-seventh race, third Corinthian, club house, Saturday, Aug. 4. Judge, F. E. Cabot. Wind, N.E., variable.

	Length.	Elapsed.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....	25.00	2 04 36
Brunhilde, S. R. Dow.....	25.00	2 07 23
Nokomis, A. Winsor.....	25.00	2 09 15
Cyrella, R. W. Emmons.....	21.00	2 06 37
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	21.00	2 07 11
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney.....	21.00	2 07 47
Edith, C. M. Baker.....	21.00	2 08 56
Bohemia, R. L. Barstow.....	21.00	2 11 57
Amanita, L. Bacon.....	21.00	2 47 38
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	18.00	2 01 52
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	18.00	2 01 55
Weasel, F. Burgess.....	18.00	2 02 38
Daisy, H. Stockton.....	18.00	2 04 53
Teaser, R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	15.00	1 44 54
Flickamaroo, N. F. Emmons.....	15.00	1 46 08
Uarda, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	15.00	1 46 11
Peacock, R. Winsor.....	15.00	1 49 51
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.....	15.00	1 50 41

Race at Club house, Saturday, Aug. 18. Judge, F. E. Cabot. Wind, S.W., but variable. Courses, 25ft. restricted, 15 5-8 miles; 21ft. restricted, 11 2-3 miles; 4th class cats, 8 7-8 miles; 15ft. one-design, 8 7-8 miles.

25ft. Restricted Class—Start, 1:20.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....	4 20 09	3 00 09	
Ulula, W. H. Winship.....	4 28 25	3 08 25	
Brunhilde, S. R. Dow.....	4 31 30	3 11 30	
21ft. Restricted Class—Start, 1:30.			
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	3 50 02	2 20 02	
Cyrella, R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	3 51 20	2 21 20	
Sylvia, S. D. Warren.....	3 54 11	2 24 11	
Amanita, L. Bacon.....	3 55 51	2 25 51	
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney.....	3 56 01	2 26 01	
Edith, C. M. Baker.....	3 56 02	2 26 02	
Bohemia, R. S. Barstow.....	3 57 00	2 27 00	
Fourth Class—18ft. Catboats—Start, 1:40.			
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	3 33 03	1 53 03	
Weasel, F. Burgess.....	3 33 57	1 53 57	
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	3 37 05	1 57 05	
Daisy, H. Stockton.....	3 41 16	2 01 16	
15ft. One-Design Class—Start, 1:45.			
Uarda, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	3 46 22	2 01 22	
Flickamaroo, N. F. Emmons.....	3 47 47	2 02 47	
Peacock, R. Winsor.....	3 50 11	2 05 11	
Teaser, R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	3 50 27	2 05 27	
Vim, F. W. Sargent.....	3 50 44	2 05 44	
Go Bye, S. G. King.....	3 51 15	2 06 15	

This race was for club members only.

Corinthian race at club house, Saturday, Aug. 25. Judges, W. E. C. Eustis, F. E. Cabot. Wind, S.W. fair breeze. Courses, 25ft. restricted and 21ft. restricted, 11 3/4 miles; 4th class catboats, 8 7/8 miles; 15ft. one-design, 8 miles.

25ft. Restricted Class—Start, 1:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....	3 08 33	2 03 33	
Ulula, W. H. Winship.....	3 12 22	2 07 22	
Eina, J. Parkinson.....	3 18 25	2 13 25	
Brunhilde, S. R. Dow.....	3 20 08	2 15 08	
21ft. Restricted Class—Start, 1:15.			
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	3 23 01	2 08 01	
Cyrella, R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	3 25 29	2 10 29	
Amanita, L. Bacon.....	3 27 21	2 12 21	
Sylvia, S. D. Warren.....	3 30 58	2 15 58	
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney.....	3 29 30	2 14 30	
Bohemia, R. S. Barstow.....	3 33 12	2 18 12	
Edith, C. M. Baker.....	3 33 12	2 18 12	
Fourth Class—18ft. Catboats—Start, 1:25.			
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	3 18 30	1 53 30	
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	3 21 20	1 56 20	
Daisy, H. Stockton.....	3 23 11	1 58 11	
15ft. One-Design Class—Start, 1:30.			
Uarda, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	3 16 55	1 46 55	
Vim, F. W. Sargent.....	3 18 10	1 48 10	
Peacock, R. Winsor.....	3 21 03	1 51 03	
Teaser, R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	3 21 05	1 51 05	
Flickamaroo, N. F. Emmons.....	3 21 21	1 51 21	

Beverly Y. C. open sweepstakes race, Sept. 1. Wind, light S.W. Courses, 25ft. class, 11 3/4 miles; 21ft. class, 11 3/4 miles; 4th class (18ft.) catboats, 7 7/8 miles; 15ft. class, 8 miles.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....	25.00	1 10 11	3 26 55	2 16 44
Ulula, W. H. Winship.....	25.00	1 10 11	3 33 22	2 21 11
Nokomis, A. Winsor.....	25.00	1 10 07	3 41 46	2 31 39
Cyrella, R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	21.00	1 21 34	3 41 10	2 19 36
Quakeress, W. H. Harrison.....	21.00	1 21 09	3 41 11	2 20 02
Sylvia, S. D. Warren.....	21.00	1 20 44	3 42 10	2 21 26
Edith, C. M. Baker.....	21.00	1 21 08	3 46 30	2 25 22
Amanita, L. Bacon.....	21.00	1 23 16	3 51 25	2 28 09
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney.....	21.00	1 20 25	3 54 56	2 34 21
Bohemia, R. L. Barstow.....	21.00	1 20 15	3 57 25	2 37 10
Fourth Class Catboats.				
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	18.00	1 32 10	3 19 46	1 47 36
Daisy, H. Stockton.....	18.00	1 30 20	3 18 56	1 48 36
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	18.00	1 30 52	3 19 47	1 48 55
Maray, F. R. Wright.....	18.00	1 32 58	3 22 50	1 49 52
Ruled out on protest.				
Weasel, F. Burgess.....	18.00	1 37 45	3 21 08	1 43 23
Go Bye, S. G. King.....	15.00	1 35 02	3 20 22	1 45 20
Vim, F. W. Sargent.....	15.00	1 39 00	3 25 58	1 46 58
Teaser, R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	15.00	1 38 32	3 25 40	1 47 08

Flickamaroo, N. H. Emmons.....	15.00	1 38 00	3 25 30	1 47 30
Peacock, R. Winsor.....	15.00	1 37 40	4 25 31	1 47 51

Judges, C. E. Hodges and S. G. King.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed a cruising race on Sept. 1 from Marblehead to Gloucester, starting at 2:30 P. M. in a fresh N.E. breeze and arriving about 5 o'clock. The times were:

Schooners—Special Division A.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Puritan, J. O. Shaw.....	2 15 37	2 15 37	
Adrienne, H. P. Smith.....	2 33 45	2 28 11	
Special Division B.			
Baboon, A. P. Loring.....	2 49 43	2 46 43	
Rondina, D. C. Percival, Jr.....	2 59 16	2 59 16	
Second Class.			
Sappho, T. W. King.....	2 35 20	2 15 20	
Halaia, Loud Brothers.....	2 18 31	2 18 31	
Gossip, P. Brooks.....	2 40 42	2 25 42	
Melusina, J. A. Burnham, Jr.....	2 59 45	2 42 45	
Columbine, E. F. Smith.....	3 03 37	2 45 37	
Conomo, F. E. White.....	3 10 25	2 48 25	
Nebula, W. S. Smith.....	3 22 00	3 00 50	
Carette, Walter Burgess.....	Disabled.		
Third Class.			
Oivana, R. Boardman.....	2 23 17	2 20 17	
Mistral, T. W. Little.....	2 20 43	2 45 43	
Sally IV, L. F. Percival.....	2 47 44	2 47 44	
Isis, G. H. Mayo.....	2 58 12	2 53 12	
Dragon.....	3 01 30	2 55 30	
Brigand, H. A. Morse.....	3 04 07	2 56 07	
Indra, P. P. Sharples.....	3 10 41	3 02 41	
Privateer, W. L. Carleton.....	3 15 38	3 05 38	
Lillian, H. E. Whitney.....	3 24 30	3 15 30	
Sagola, F. F. Stanley.....	Not timed.		
Fourth Class.			
Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	2 41 42	2 41 42	
Scapegoat, C. H. W. Foster.....	3 19 05	3 19 05	
Fifth Class.			
Anita, E. H. Tarbell.....	2 46 39	2 46 39	
Opitsah II, S. H. Foster.....	2 54 00	2 54 00	
Thistle, A. P. Mackinnon.....	3 07 24	3 04 24	
Jenny Wrenn, F. E. Peabody.....	3 14 37	3 09 37	
Theresa, L. Davis.....	3 23 02	3 17 02	
Hathor, C. D. Wainwright.....	3 46 00	3 38 00	
Agnes, D. C. Holder, Jr.....	Not timed.		

After the finish off Ten Pound Island Opitsah II. protested Anita for carrying too much sail.

With the racing yachts were the following steamers: Hanniel, Scymitar, Noria, Eugenia, Pilgrim, Aurora and Valda; also the sloops Sirona, Brenda, Jackdaw, and the schooner Frolic.

Olympic Y. C.

BROOKLYN—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE Olympic Y. C., of Brooklyn, sailed its fall regatta on Sept. 1 in a fresh S.E. breeze, the times being:

Class A—Sloops.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Anita, Wm. H. Hopkins.....	3 13 23	4 41 10	1 18 13
Swallow, John Storm.....	3 15 40	4 41 20	1 26 20
John D., John Daniels.....	3 15 30	4 45 00	1 35 00
Hamilton, Henry Kane.....	3 15 35	4 40 01	1 40 01
Friendship, J. Samuels.....	3 20 10	5 01 00	2 19 10
Cabin Catboats—20ft. and Over.			
Lillian, W. S. Andrews.....	3 20 10	5 30 25	2 10 15
Jamie S., James J. Samuels.....	3 20 15	5 40 15	2 20 00
Defiance, F. Gebhardt.....	3 20 12	5 46 12	2 26 00
Kinderhook, F. Gregory.....	3 23 17	5 53 29	2 30 12
Kimberley, W. S. Farjeon.....	3 30 08	5 53 18	2 23 10
W. J. S., W. J. Sanderson.....	3 33 29	5 56 09	2 30 40
E. L. W., J. H. Williamson.....	3 23 30	6 04 47	2 41 17
Sharpies.			
Pecavie, C. H. Nash.....	3 39 00	5 40 00	2 10 00
Annie-Clarence, A. C. Hayes.....	3 39 00	5 59 10	2 20 10
May, G. H. Borune.....	3 39 00	5 59 10	2 20 10
Pantaloon, G. F. Hennessey.....	3 42 12	6 17 12	2 25 00
Hazel Kirke, G. W. McDaniels.....	3 39 18	5 56 33	2 17 15
Seminole, G. H. Jenkinson.....	3 39 06	6 17 20	2 28 14
Wenonah, S. Avery.....	3 39 12	6 09 17	2 30 07

The winners were Swallow, Lillian and Pecavie.

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed a championship race for the raceabout class on Sept. 1 in a light east wind, the times being:

Raceabouts.		Elapsed.
Delta, R. B. Williams.....		2 34 50
Harelda, Alanson Bigelow.....		2 39 30
Monsoon, J. A. Knowles.....		2 41 22
Barracuda, A. C. Burrage.....		2 41 33
Rellora, G. Crocker.....		2 43 45
Nereid, W. R. Sears.....		2 46 55
Eleanor, F. J. Moors.....		2 51 02
Knockabouts.		Elapsed.
Fancy, C. W. Barron.....		2 27 00
Fly, C. W. Barron.....		2 31 40
15ft. Class.		Elapsed.
Swallow, J. R. Richardson.....		0 59 49
Jap, B. L. Tower.....		1 01 50

Chicago Y. C.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE Chicago Y. C. sailed a race from Chicago to Waukegan on Sept. 1, the times being:

Class 4B.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Charlotte R.....	10 40 32	3 43 15	5 02 43	5 02 43
Class 5A.				
Prairie	10 40 03	3 21 05	4 41 02	4 41 02
Josephine	10 40 04	3 43 22	5 03 18	5 03 46
Class 6B.				
Peri	10 42 17	4 31 20	4 59 13	4 56 13
Hattie B.	10 50 00	3 59 55	5 09 55	5 09 55
Pinta	10 45 10	4 41 00	5 56 10	5 51 18
Class 8B.				
Vixen	10 43 00	3 51 17	5 08 17	5 08 17
Martha	10 47 00	5 13 40	6 26 40	6 01 11
Florence	10 43 25	5 17 52	6 34 27	6 08 58
Class 10.				
Dot	10 45 25	5 26 50	6 41 25	6 41 25
Class 2B.				
Nomad	10 50 00	3 57 41	5 07 41	5 02 51
Tartar	10 50 00	4 06 12	5 16 12	5 16 12
Glad Tidings ..	10 50 00	5 46 00	6 56 00	6 41 14

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE Quincy Y. C. sailed its annual fall regatta on Sept. 1 with a good fleet of starters and a moderate easterly breeze. A foul at the line between two of the Hanley 25-footers led to a personal encounter between the partisans of the two boats on the club float after the finish, and to a very strange and summary decision by the race committee. As Hanley and Al Kyris were at the line to start, both on port tack, the former came about with the gun for the line and was struck by the bowsprit of Al Kyris. Hanley claimed that she had fairly filled away on starboard tack and that Al Kyris, still on port tack, should have avoided her. Al Kyris claimed that Hanley tacked so close to her that the foul occurred before Hanley had filled away on starboard tack and before Al Kyris could avoid a collision. Each side filed a protest with the committee after the race, and as the owner of Al Kyris, J. F. Brown was walking along the club float he met J. T. Bache, one of the crew of Hanley. Some words ensued, and Mr. Brown was struck in the mouth. He seized a chair to defend himself, but the bystanders interfered. As a consequence of this quarrel, the race committee refused to entertain either protest. Hanley fared the best in the foul, and made good her advantage over the course. Zaza was disqualified for leaving the starting buoy on the wrong side on the second round. The times were:

H. O. Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Al Kyris, J. F. Brown.....	1 59 08
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	1 56 45
Empress, Hayden & Parker.....	2 02 40
21ft. Class.		
Hostess, H. M. Faxon.....	2 02 26
Zaza, G. P. Shute.....	2 21 45
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane.....	2 25 25
18ft. Class.		
Dauntless, Benner & Patten.....	1 11 09
Lobster, C. J. Hendrie.....	1 14 12
Zoe, F. J. Stewart.....	1 19 40
Class A—Handicap.		
Hustler, Robbins & Whittemore.....	2 15 22	1 35 18
Eclipse, Dr. H. A. Jones.....	2 11 56	1 39 16
Harbor Light, J. W. Johnson.....	2 26 57	1 42 03
Omeme, W. P. Barker.....	2 19 55	1 43 23
C. C., G. H. Carey.....	2 27 50	1 49 01
Ida J., C. C. Collins.....	2 29 12	1 51 02
Goblin, E. F. Ricker.....	2 34 02	1 52 01
Thetis, S. A. Freeman.....	2 27 32	1 52 20
Arbutus, Hall & Merritt.....	2 27 08	1 53 03
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw.....	2 39 56	2 01 27
Jungfrau, H. B. Bailey.....	Withdrew.
Conicum, J. C. Morse.....	Withdrew.
Class B—Handicap.		
Whisper, E. F. Fitzpatrick.....	3 57 35	0 53 31
Tautog, A. A. Lincoln.....	4 07 21	0 58 38
Bobolink, W. B. Vose.....	4 01 33	0 59 29
Supero, C. H. Alden.....	4 17 33	1 04 48
Yum Yum, W. Edwards.....	Withdrew.

The judges were Com. Edwin E. Davis, Vice-Com. James S. Whiting and J. L. Whiton, Jr.

Savin Hill Y. C.

SAVIN HILL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE Savin Hill Y. C. sailed a handicap race on Sept. 1 in a light easterly breeze, the times being:

Handicap Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tiko, J. D. McBeath.....	1 41 05	1 17 05
Restless, A. B. Howland.....	1 40 50	1 17 50
Phoenix, W. T. Leach.....	1 43 15	1 18 15
Widgeon, A. J. Horton.....	1 32 10	1 20 10
Kalitan, W. F. Patten.....	1 32 40	1 20 40
Kiunn, A. W. Learned.....	1 21 10	1 21 10
Wa Wa, C. Noble.....	1 32 15	1 21 15
Mashantum, V. C. Lawrence.....	1 32 00	1 22 00
Joque, W. Kelly.....	1 32 20	1 22 20
Romance, L. Sears.....	1 24 42	1 24 42
Vive, A. W. B. Foster.....	1 46 20	1 25 20
Hattie, A. Coombs.....	1 51 35	1 26 35
I Don't Know, F. F. Benson.....	Withdrew.
Gull, W. H. Besarick.....	Withdrew.
Tender Class.		
Waterberry, W. L. Russell.....	0 50 00
Heroine, Jr., C. A. J. Smith.....	0 54 50
Smelt, A. A. Swallow.....	1 29 00

Royal Hamilton Y. C.

HAMILTON—LAKE ONTARIO.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE Royal Hamilton Y. C. sailed three races on Sept. 1 for the Walker and Monck, the Lucas and the Malloch cups, the times being:

Start, 2:30.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Klytie.....	5 54 52	3 24 52
Canada.....	5 56 43	3 26 43
Zelma.....	6 04 00	3 34 00
Merrythought.....	6 04 35	3 34 35
Lucas Cup—35ft. Class—Start, 2:35.		
Nadia.....	6 05 10	3 30 10
Beaver.....	6 07 53	3 32 53
Erma.....	6 10 10	4 05 10
Viking.....	Withdrew.
Malloch Cup—30ft. Class—Start, 2:40.		
Hazard, sailover.....	6 07 03	3 27 03

Quontuck Bay Y. C.

WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L. I.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE Quontuck Bay Y. C. sailed its third race on Sept. 1, the times being, start 9:40:

Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wyoen.....	11 08 17	1 28 17
Halkym.....	11 10 13	1 30 12
Defender.....	11 11 04	1 33 04
Hiborn.....	11 09 48	1 29 48

The club has elected the following officers: Com., C. Dehart Brower, of New York; Vice-Pres., William W. Harlock, of Brooklyn; Fleet Capt., C. Dehart Brower, Jr., of New York; Sec'y and Treas., William C. Kimball, of Brooklyn; Members of the executive Committee, Erwin S. Spink, of Brooklyn, and T. H. Beers, of New York.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Point o' Woods Y. C.

POINT O' WOODS, L. I.

Saturday, Sept. 1.

THE Point o' Woods Y. C. sailed a race on Sept. 1, the final of its Saturday series, the wind being fresh S.E. The times were:

Class A—Start, 2:55.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sylvia.....	4 13 55	1 18 55	1 17 30
Idyl.....	4 18 55	1 23 55	1 23 10
E L W.....	4 21 30	1 26 30	1 26 30
Class B—Start, 3:00.			
Jeannette.....	4 45 10	1 35 38	1 35 38
Quaker.....	4 55 00	1 45 10	1 55 00
Sandpiper.....	Withdrew.

A. C. A. Membership.

Central Division—John N. French, Rochester, N. Y.; Ray Hill White, Rochester, N. Y.; H. C. French, Buffalo, N. Y.

Northern Division—H. W. McNeil, Toronto; H. R. Harmer, Toronto; A. H. Parmenter, Toronto; G. H. Dill, Toronto; T. Simpson, Toronto; G. J. Diverall, Toronto; W. W. Alexander, Toronto; H. M. Jackes, Toronto; J. J. Bell, Toronto; T. A. Horibrooke, Toronto; T. McMurich, Toronto; J. Hockin, Toronto; A. E. Cuff, Toronto; J. A. Muirhead, Toronto; E. Morton, Toronto; C. M. E. Edwards, Ottawa; L. Turcotte, Britannia Bay; W. G. Massey, Watertown, N. Y.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice and the following:

Fixtures.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.

Sept. 12-13.—Salem, N. Y.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

Sept. 12-13.—Homer, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Triangular Gun Club; one day targets; one day live birds. C. B. Wiggins, Sec'y.

Sept. 14.—Salem, N. Y.—Live-bird shoot of the Osoma Valley Gun Club. William L. Campbell, Sec'y.

Sept. 14-15.—Platte City, Mo.—Trap shoot of the Platte City Gun Club. S. Redman, Sec'y.

Sept. 15.—Omaha, Neb.—Contest for the Republic cup between Mr. Frank Parmelee, holder, and Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, challenger.

Sept. 18-21.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fourth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 19-20.—Zanesville, O.—Tournament of the Zanesville Gun Club. L. A. Moore, Sec'y.

Sept. 19-20.—Pensacola, Fla.—Two-day shoot of the Dixie Gun Club; bluebirds and live birds. V. J. Vidal, Sec'y.

Sept. 25.—Worcester, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

Sept. 25-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Fifth annual target tournament of the Dupont Gun Club. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.

Sept. 27-28.—Erie, Pa.—First annual target tournament of the Erie Rod and Gun Club; \$100 added money. W. S. Bookwalter, Cor. Sec'y.

Sept. 28 and Nov. 13.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Under auspices of the Greater New York Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Oct. 2-4.—Swanton, Vt.—Robin Hood Gun Club's three days' tournament.

Oct. 11.—Greensburg, Ind.—Tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. C. D. Tillson, Sec'y.

Oct. 12-14.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.

Oct. 9 and Nov. 23.—Hackensack Bridge and Rutherford Road, N. J.—Under auspices of the Moonachie Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Oct. 13.—Altoona, Pa.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club's live-bird handicap. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y, Altoona, Pa.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Sept. 11 and Oct. 26.—Interstate Park, Queens.—Under auspices of Medicus Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any regularly organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Mr. L. A. Moore, secretary of the Zanesville Gun Club, writes us as follows: "Our tournament is progressing nicely. New and inclosed grounds will be used. The office men (three) are being drilled to make them competent. The field captain in all our practice shoots is showing himself capable of handling fully one hundred or more shooters. The press is giving us all the space and notoriety we desire. In consequence we are all happy and hopeful. From letters received up to this writing, Messrs. Heikes, Fanning, Young, Alkire, Trimble, Gamble, Squires, Rhoads, Allen, Dade, Waddell and all the crackers will be in evidence, so you see a handicap don't scare true sportsmen. Besides the above attraction, Mrs. Meyers, the present lady champion target shot of America, and Miss Nettie King, of St. Louis, Mo., will shoot a championship match here during our tournament, at 50 targets and 50 live birds. To this may be added a match to shoot off a tie between Springfield and Bellefontaine, O. The club is preparing two sets of expert traps to work in conjunction with their magautrap, so a breakdown of either will not stop nor even delay the shoot. The tournament is a handicap, one, and will be run on the plan set forth in your paper by Mr. Waters. Any one desiring to attend had better read that article, then write me for programme, which will be headed 'Handicap Tournament Given by the Zanesville, O., Gun Club, Sept. 19 and 20, 1900.' For further particulars see small bills or write L. A. Moore, Secretary."

Concerning the Labor Day shoot of the New Bedford (Mass.) Gun Club, the Mercury states: "During the day about 3,000 birds were released from the traps and the majority of them dropped to pieces." It is sad to note the insecure manner in which the birds were held together, but this is mild compared with the following: "The rapid fire system was employed and five men shoot in quick succession, the traps being sprung from the shooting stand by electricity. The arrangement was devised by George Ewers and L. T. Prosser, of Woonsocket, and it works perfectly." Why were the traps sprung from the shooting stand?

Concerning its forthcoming live-bird handicap for amateurs, Oct. 13, the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, of Altoona, Pa., has issued the following information: The handicap commences at 9 o'clock sharp; 15 birds; entrance, \$5; birds extra; handicaps from 25 to 33yds. Birds will be trapped at 40 cents per pair. Entry applications will be received up until Wednesday, Oct. 3, inclusive, and must be accompanied by \$3, the price of the birds. The entrance fee can be paid at any time before going to the score. The handicaps will be announced the morning of the shoot. A good dinner, free to visiting shooters, will be served in the club house dining room. Logan Valley cars from the heart of the city direct to the grounds every fifteen minutes. Loaded shells for sale on the grounds. Special loads will be furnished, if ordered when entry is made. Interstate Association rules will govern. The handicap committee will be D. D. Stine, Tyrone; C. Wendroth, Crescon; J. B. Holsinger, Johnstown; L. R. Leister, Huntingdon; Dr. F. M. Christy, Altoona. Everything is always in readiness for target shooting at these grounds, and after the live-bird race has been finished the remainder of the day will be devoted to this sport; events to be arranged to suit shooters. For further information, address the secretary, Mr. G. G. Zeth. Local and long distance telephone.

The programme events of the Zanesville Gun Club's tournament are alike for each day, Sept. 19 and 20. There are twelve events—165 targets in all—with a total entrance of \$14.50. There is also a team event at 25 targets. Nos. 3 and 7, each at 20 targets, \$1 entrance, have prizes only for 70 per cent. and under. The club publishes further information as follows: "Purses will be divided Rose system—5, 3, 2, 1. Any one wishing to shoot for targets only can do so in any of the events. One-fourth cent deducted from all targets thrown to pay high guns, 1, 2 and 3. High guns to shoot in all events except 3 and 7. The committee reserves the right to change the handicap on any shooter who in their judgment is not rightly handicapped. Shooting will commence at 9 A. M. sharp. Magautrap will be used, and magautrap rules will govern in connection with A. S. S. rules. Also set expert traps. Referee's decision will be final. Grounds will be open for practice Sept. 18. Hot lunch will be served on the grounds. Targets will be thrown for 2 cents. Cartridges and guns shipped to L. A. Moore, secretary, Zanesville, O., will be delivered on grounds free of charge."

The Cedar Lake Rod and Gun Club has issued its programme for its target tournament Sept. 29 and 30, at Cedar Lake, Ind. Fifteen target events are provided each day, mostly 10 and 15 target events, entrance based on 10 cents per target. The total entrance the first day is \$19, the second \$20. On each day \$5 is added for first average in all events, and \$10 is added for the first average of shooters who shoot through the entire programme. Targets, 2 cents. Magautrap rules govern. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Division of moneys, 50, 30 and 20 if under 12 entries; if over, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Ammunition and lunch on the grounds. The tournament is open to all. Gun and ammunition shipped care of Claude Binyon, Cedar Lake, Ind., will be delivered on the grounds free of charge.

The programme of the Erie City Rod and Gun Club, Erie, Pa., provides ten events each day for its tournament, Sept. 27 and 28. The events are at 15 and 20 bluebirds, entrance based on 10 cents per target. All events are at unknown angles. Manufacturers' agents and paid representatives may shoot for targets only. The Rose system will govern the division of the moneys. Interstate Association rules will govern. Targets, 2 cents, included in all entries. Lunch will be served on the grounds. Guns, ammunition, etc., sent in care of the New Morton House will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Loaded shells for sale on the grounds. Added money, \$100. W. S. Bookwalter, secretary.

In the contest for the E C cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, between Mr. W. B. Widmann, of Yardville, N. J., and Mr. F. E. Sinnock, the holder, the latter won by the score of 44 to 42. The contest took place on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., on Saturday of last week.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, passed through New York on Monday of this week en route to Salem, N. Y., to manage the "last Interstate shoot of the season." It is to be held under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club, Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Mr. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., has challenged Mr. J. A. R. Elliott to contest for the Sportsmen's Review trophy; also for the Dupont Live-Bird trophy. These challenges, with others which have been made and accepted by these and other great shots, will make an interesting series of great matches forthcoming.

On Monday of next week, at Springfield, O., a match will take place between Miss Nettie King, of St. Louis, and Mrs. C. F. Myers for the Daily Press diamond medal. The contest is fixed to take place at 2 o'clock.

There were eleven teams in the team contest of the Virginia Trapshooting Association's tournament at Richmond, Va., last week. The West End Gun Club's team, of which Stearns, Hewitt, Boyd, Hammond and Dean were members, won on the score of 217 out of a possible 250.

BERNARD WATERS.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club, Labor Day Shoot.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15
Taylor.....	8	6	9	7	6	7	7	7	7	7	9	5	9	10	21
Russell.....	5	8	7	6	9	7	6	7	7	7	7	6	7	6	11
Converse.....	8	8	12	6	13	9	7	6	7	9	10	5	9	8	7	4	6	17	11	..
Gilson.....	5	7	8	7	4	4	6	11	7	6	6
Roby.....	4	3	5
Cutler.....	9	10	12	9	9	7
Bean.....	8	8	8	9	8	7	6	6	..	13	..
Donovan.....	5	7	6
Esty.....	7	5	9
Kiely.....	6	6	9
Peck.....	2	4	4
Sawyer.....	2	1
Gates.....	9	7	5	7	10	8	7	8
Morse.....	5	4	6	5	5	4	8	6
Train.....	4	3
Burbank.....	9	8	4	4
Newton.....	7	4	6	8
Sanders.....	4	2	7	4	2
Rob.....	7	6

PERCY S. BENEDICT,

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 31.—The two days' shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club was a very successful meet and fair weather prevailed and the best shots of New England were in attendance. H. M. Federhen, Jr., who won the 100-bird championship for 1899, last year, defended the title successfully this year, and won the New England championship 100-bird contest for 1900 with the score of 96 out of 100. He was pressed very closely by Sawin, Leroy, Hickey and Inman. Jack Hull was too busy talking the good qualities of the Parker gun to shoot well, and Jack Fanning could center them when he tried hard, but it was an off spell—"too hot to shoot good."

The boys took a decided liking to the new cashier, C. H. Hildreth. Well, he kept up with the procession, and it was the first time he ever saw a trapshooting tournament, and considering that it was all a novelty to him he did remarkably well to have everything ready to settle with the boys at the finish of the last event. Well, come to our next all-day shoot, Tuesday, Sept. 25.

Thursday, Aug. 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	10	25	25	Broke.
Stacy	9	10	15	15	10	9	23	22	113
Wheeler	9	10	15	14	8	10	24	22	112
Leroy	10	8	15	13	10	8	24	23	111
Dickey	8	10	13	14	10	10	23	22	110
Inman	9	8	14	14	9	8	25	22	109
Sawin	9	10	15	12	8	9	22	24	109
Fanning	10	8	15	15	9	7	23	21	108
Alberto	9	9	14	13	10	10	21	22	108
Herbert	7	9	13	14	7	9	24	24	107
Baker	9	9	14	14	9	7	19	20	101
Griffith	10	7	12	12	8	6	19	20	101
Hull	8	10	14	13	9	10	18	19	101
Kent	10	7	13	12	7	7	20	23	99
Shaw	9	10	12	13	8	8	19	19	98
Bain	6	10	14	12	7	7	21	20	97
Getchell	7	9	15	14	5	8	18	21	97
Davis	6	6	14	14	7	7	23	18	95
Coffin	7	9	11	9	6	8	19	20	89
Winchester	7	8	10	10	9	8	17	18	87
Bartlett	9	7	14	15	10	8	21	11	84
Lane	10	7	11	11	7	6	16	19	76
Hoyle	10	14	12	8	10	21	11	11	75
Crabtree	7	7	12	8	6	10	15	11	65
Olney	7	9	12	12	7	10	11	11	57
Carpenter	6	8	11	9	7	6	11	11	47
Pike	6	6	10	10	6	9	11	11	47
Cutler	6	9	8	11	8	6	11	11	43
McClellan	18	21	18	21	18	21	18	21	39
Brown	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	38
Huling	4	4	6	6	4	7	11	11	27
Chamberlin	4	4	9	13	13	13	13	13	26
Kinney	9	5	4	3	11	11	11	11	21
Warren	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	17
Doten	9	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	17
Rundlett	11	15	11	15	11	15	11	15	16

Friday, Aug. 24.

Events:	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
Targets:	10	10	20	20	15	15	25	25	Broke.
Herbert	10	10	20	20	15	15	24	24	136
Leroy	10	10	18	18	15	14	24	24	133
Sawin	9	8	20	19	14	14	25	24	133
Fanning	9	9	20	19	14	14	24	23	132
Dickey	8	7	20	18	13	14	24	24	128
Wheeler	9	9	19	20	13	14	22	21	127
Hull	8	10	18	18	13	14	21	24	126
Baker	8	9	19	19	14	12	22	23	126
P. H.	6	9	18	19	13	13	20	24	122
Alberto	6	10	14	16	14	11	21	17	116
McClellan	8	6	17	8	12	12	23	19	105
Stacy	9	10	18	19	13	13	23	23	110
Doten	6	10	14	16	14	11	21	17	109
Marlin	4	6	17	15	14	10	20	23	109
Coffin	7	6	10	12	11	13	21	19	99
Inman	12	14	14	14	14	24	22	74	74
Lenoir	12	14	20	24	20	24	70	70	70
Hoyle	19	14	13	23	13	13	69	69	69
Wales	13	11	12	15	16	16	67	67	67
Burbank	16	18	14	11	11	11	59	59	59
Walls	9	19	19	19	19	19	28	28	28
Shaw	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16

Totals for two days, each at 260 targets: Leroy 244, Herbert 243, Sawin 242, Fanning 240, Wheeler 239, Dickey 238, Baker 227, Hull 227, Alberto 224, Stacy 223, Coffin 188.

A. W. WALLS, Sec'y.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

THE Piasa Gun Club, of Alton, held its September meeting on the 7th inst., and the occasion was marked by the presentation of a new Class A medal by the president, Mr. H. M. Schweppe, to be shot for monthly or oftener, each contest being at 50 single targets. Eight members contested, the attendance being cut down by the fact that dove shooting season is now in full headway in Illinois. Riehl made the high score for this medal, and is first winner of it. The W. C. Co. handicap medal was shot for at the same time, one score counting in both events, and J. G. Mellings won, with a 16-bird handicap. The new shooters had rather the best of this contest, all the class 80 or better men going out in the first 30.

Medal shoots:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
Lane	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Howell	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Riehl	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Seely	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Schiess	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Milling	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Schweppe	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Cole	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

Shoot-off for Helck medal:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
Schiess	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Milling	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Schweppe	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Cole	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

Following these events a number of sweeps were shot, and the afternoon was altogether very pleasantly passed.

The Homer, Ill., Gun Club announces a two-day target and pigeon shoot for the 13th and 14th inst. Targets first day; live birds second. All are invited, and a good time is promised.

Elmer E. Neal announces his intention of giving a three-day target and sparrow shoot about the middle of October at Bloom field, Ind. Elmer is one of the Indians, and when he gives a shoot it is always a good one. He says this one will be the best that ever happened in Hoosierdom.

Field shooting is now the absorbing pastime here in Illinois, and trap work must as a consequence suffer for some time, although several tournaments of no little importance are on the tapis for the fall season.

Hon. Sam A. Marshall left Saturday for an outing and chicken shooting trip in the land of the Canuks.

That International Tourney.

The informal challenge from John Bull's subjects to a \$5,000 match for the international championship, of which mention was made in this correspondence last week, has been taken up in all earnestness by the Yankee scatter gun artists to whom it was addressed, and the match may almost be counted on as a certainty for next year. Rola Heikes, to whom the communication was addressed, laid the matter before the Indians in their pow-wow at the close of the Okoboji shoot, and it was formally indorsed at that meeting. Eight of those present expressed their readiness to go and assume responsibility for the match, and the filling of the team will be one of the least difficult details to arrange.

It is thought that the American manufacturers will be very willing to give their representative shooters the necessary leave of absence, and the trip altogether need not consume more than a month. The match would certainly do much toward stimulating a more general interest in shooting on both continents and for this reason, if for no other, ought to be encouraged.

F. C. RIEHL.

Brockton Gun Club.

BRUXTON, Mass., Aug. 25.—Nos. 1 to 5 were the prize shoot. No. 8 the handicaps; No. 9 the totals. The weather was very hot.

Sept. 19 we will hold an all-day shoot. We will have a good programme and give the boys a chance to win something. Will send programme later. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Le Roy	10	7	9	9	10	47	3	50
Worthing	6	8	9	10	9	42	9	50
Wood	10	6	7	9	5	37	11	48
Leonard	7	9	5	8	6	35	13	48
Grant	6	9	7	10	10	42	10	50
Taylor	6	7	7	9	9	38	10	48
Porter	6	3	6	5	6	5	6	5
Linfield	4	6	6	3	5	11	11	48
Pratt	7	7	6	2	6	6	7	6
Stark	5	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

A. F. LEONARD, Sec'y.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Sept. 3.—Our Labor Day tournament proved much more of a success than anticipated. Notwithstanding the fact that there were a number of shoots in our vicinity and the day was excessively hot there were thirty-two enthusiasts present, twenty of whom shot the entire programme of 165 targets, and a few of the "red-hot ones" took part in three extra events on the 16yd. mark.

Quite a number of visitors were present, Mr. Stillings, of Lawrence; Mr. Taylor, of Portland, and Mr. J. N. Frey, of Boston, making their appearance on our grounds; and they, as well as all others, can always expect a cordial welcome from our people.

While Mr. Frey is known all over New England as the Father of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, a glance at his score (Nichols) will convince any one that he can point the "scatter gun" in the right direction. Take a look at the summary that follows, and note what a leveler of percentages that distance handicap is. It has surely come to stay:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	10
Angles:	R	U	R	R	R	R	U	R	U	R	U	U	U	U
Lambert, 20	13	13	12	12	11	8	14	13	11	12	12	11	11	11
George, 20	10	12	11	11	10	13	12	12	10	13	13	14	11	7
Spofford, 18	9	10	6	9	8	11	11	11	12	11	11	11	11	11
Bowen, 18	7	12	11	13	8	14	13	13	13	13	11	14	9	9
Lockwood, 18	10	12	9	11	13	11	14	10	10	13	13	13	8	9
Tozier, 18	11	12	7	10	11	14	12	11	13	11	15	11	11	11
Gonzales, 18	13	12	11	9	8	11	11	12	8	12	12	11	11	11
Taylor, 18	12	14	9	10	11	13	15	9	13	11	13	11	11	11
Rule, 18	13	10	12	11	14	13	12	10	13	14	13	11	11	11
Leighton, 16	11	10	10	9	7	9	7	10	9	7	10	11	11	11
Locke, 16	11	11	6	9	10	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Child, 16	9	9	9	14	8	5	10	10	7	9	10	11	11	11
Follansbee, 16	8	10	6	12	11	9	11	12	10	7	13	11	11	11
Hatch, 16	7	5	7	5	6	13	9	8	6	5	9	9	9	9
Grievies, 16	11	12	9	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Cake, 16	7	8	5	8	5	10	9	11	11	9	11	11	11	11
Thompson, 16	9	9	9	10	8	9	9	8	4	11	5	11	11	11
Webster, 16	11	10	14	11	8	12	14	13	15	10	13	11	11	11
Burton, 16	9	6	5	7	7	8	5	5	7	7	5	7	7	7
Adams, 16	4	7	5	5	4	7	11	9	8	7	7	7	7	7
Allen, 16	14	13	14	13	13	15	13	14	9	11	14	11	9	10
Graffam, 16	11	9	10	13	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Yarp, 18	7	10	8	10	9	11	13	8	11	11	11	11	11	11
Lancey, 16	8	7	10	11	12	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Holden, 16	10	9	11	9	12	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Nichols, 16	12	8	9	5	9	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Tuck, 18	10	7	7	7	7	8	9	6	14	11	12	13	11	11
Griggs, 16	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Brown, 16	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Dodge, 16	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Weston, 16	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Stillings, 16	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

FOREST AND STREAM.

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THE PARIS GOLD MEDAL.

THE FOREST AND STREAM has been awarded the Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition for its exhibit, in the Palace of Forestry and Fisheries, consisting of fifty-three bound volumes from the beginning in 1873 to the close of 1899.

BITS OF TALK.

"It is a common enough experience, and I suppose you've all had it at one time or another in your eventful careers," continued the man from Long Island. "You have been climbing up a mountain, for instance, and while you were actually doing your best on the face of rock, reaching up and grasping a jutting point and then feeling for a toe-hold and lifting yourself up, you did not think at all about the danger you were in. You were simply being cautious. You knew that you must be careful or that you would fall; and your mind was concentrated upon performing the separate acts by which at last you reached the top. Now, whatever may have been your actual danger while doing this, you did not think much about it at the time, not in any very realizing way at least. Your attention, as I said, was fixed upon what you were doing. But afterward, when you have got all out of danger and look back on what you have been through, you are in the retrospection thrown into a state of fear. And the curious part of it is that you now magnify the actual danger and exaggerate to it a ridiculous degree."

"That's so," said the man from Hackensack, N. J., "for I've been scared after the act in just that way, and have vowed never to be such a fool again as to put myself in the dangerous situation; and then I've gone back and done the same thing over again, and found that after all it wasn't anything to get scared about."

"You don't always want to go and do it over again though," said the man who had been on the frontier out West when there was a frontier, "not if it's Indians. I remember in Montana on one occasion all of a sudden it became a duty I owed to my family and my country to get back to camp by the shortest route and in the quickest way and the briefest time. I lit out, and the Indians lit out after me, and we had it nip-and-tuck until I fetched 'up all a-running,' as the saying is, among our boys; and the reds, baffled of their prey—as I'd say if I were writing this for publication and not as a guarantee of good faith—withdrew. And then, when I'd got my breath, I was scared. You see, while I was running I had no time to think enough about it to be really frightened. I realized the necessity of flight, and put my best foot forward; but it wasn't a fright in any such sense as the panic I was in when I cooled off and had time to realize just what a close call I had had, or thought I had."

"And while you are talking about this," said the Boston man, "you might consider the great moral effect of such an *ex post facto* fright. If my boy were as big a fool with a gun as are some of the grown men we read about in the newspapers, I would wish for him an experience I had of my own when I was a boy. I was showing to a boy companion my new gun, which had just come from the city, and was expatiating upon the beauty of its barrels, the grain of the stock and the beautiful action of the trigger, when the trigger illustrated its beautiful action for itself—the gun went off and the load just singed my companion's ear. He was scared on the spot, as his white face showed, and I was some startled too, but I had the real fright afterward, when I spent more than a wretched fifteen minutes in thinking about the incident that night. The fright did its work for me. I have carried the lesson all through my life."

"Yes," said the man from Hackensack. "A fright I

once had taught me just such a lesson; though the incident occurred long after I had become a man and should have put away childish things, including thoughtless playing with fire. I once had the fight and fright of my life in the Maine woods in trying to put out a fire I had accidentally started in a clump of birches, when the leaves were down and the whole country was as dry as tinder. It was accomplished only after tremendous exertion, and was but barely accomplished at that. The wind was high, and under the conditions the fire would have been extensive and frightful. My experience was just such as you have told. I was so busy fighting the fire that the actual panic came afterward, when I was lying in camp and thinking about it. My scare was also what you might call an admonitory scare, for from that day to this I have been as careful of fire in the woods as any one ought to be or could be in a powder magazine."

"'Admonitory scare' is just the expression," added the Long Islander. "I would tell you about one I had once upon a time myself if the thing that scared me had not been so foolish that I am almost ashamed to confess it. Perhaps the fact that I was young and new to shooting may be some mitigation. It was nothing more nor less than firing a charge of buckshot into a clump of bushes where I had heard a rustle. At the moment I thought it was a rabbit. Two or three hours afterward I came to a realizing sense that it might have been a human being; and I had an experience of this subsequent stage of fright we have been talking about. It was an admonition about conduct in the woods that I have never forgotten. I learned my lesson then just as thoroughly and as permanently as I would have learned it had there actually been a human being there to be slaughtered by my foolishness."

"Your postponed and belated admonitory scares are doubtless useful enough in their way," commented the frontiersman, "and presumably the world has been a safer and happier place for the rest of us to live in because of them, but it strikes me that I'd want my boy to be scared before he shot into the bushes instead of waiting to find out afterward if it was a rabbit or a man. This post-foolishness scare, so to speak, has too much suggestion of locking the stable door after the horse is stolen. The sort of admonitory scare calculated to do the most good is the scare before the fact, not after it."

"Capital in theory," retorted the man from Hackensack, "but the solemn fact is that there is no teacher like experience. You might preach till doomsday and the fool with the gun would persist in his foolishness. But once he is scared, as I was scared, he makes himself a present of a lot of wisdom, and he gets it for keeps."

"Yes," concluded the man from Boston, "it's only when we've been scared afterward that we stay scared."

THE MAINE WOODS FIRES.

FROM many quarters comes the same report of drought and unfavorable conditions for fishing and shooting caused by the extreme dryness. Mr. G. Hills, writing from Columbia county, N. Y., says that the covers are so dry that a woodcock might as well try to bore in a tree as in the ground, and the birds will be very scarce this season. Mr. Henry Talbott writes from Washington that the great heat and scarce fly water have seriously restricted opportunities for fishing in the waters of the Potomac and elsewhere in the vicinity. From Massachusetts comes the story of forest fires which have destroyed many acres of the venerable Plymouth woods, which were described in our issue of last week; many square miles of territory have been devastated, and many thousands of dollars' worth of property has been destroyed. The fires have, of course, driven out the deer, which have dispersed throughout a wide extent of territory.

We have seen a private letter written from Maine warning against venturing into any one of the wilderness country of that State anywhere south and east of Katahdin. "The country is as dry as tinder," says the writer, "with no rain since spring along the coast and over in Knox and Waldo counties, and the forest fires are the worst in seventy-five years. Hundreds of thousands of dollars of good timber has been burned already, and every day the heavy winds drive the fires into fresh

fields; some of them have a frontage of eight or ten miles each; and there are as many as six of these great fires in Piscataquis, Penobscot and Hancock counties. The danger northward is not from these fires, but from ones set by careless sportsmen, which may blaze up any day and become dangerous to life. I should not want to travel on any long grassy stream like the Passadumkeag, for example," adds the writer, "though camping on a lake shore would be all right. But no long trips until after the rains." Happily, at a date subsequent to the writing of this letter, a twenty-four-hour rain has done a deal of good in curtailing and diminishing, though not extinguishing, the fires, and the situation in the Maine woods is not one so full of peril as it was before the rain came. With the woods in such tinder-like condition as they have been this summer, to go into them is virtually to take one's life in one's hands.

Our Boston correspondent tells us that the Maine guides resent the implication that forest fires have been set by the carelessness of themselves or the sportsmen under their conduct. This is a natural and commendable sentiment. No one in the world is more careful, even to the point of over caution, in respect to the safety of camp-fires than your experienced woodsman; but on the other hand there are few individuals so fatuous as to fire and its consequences as is the green sportsman in the woods. The Maine guides cannot speak for the Massachusetts and New York and Pennsylvania and Mississippi men who invade the Maine forests and too often have no adequate conception of the danger of leaving camp-fires unguarded, or of throwing lighted matches or burning cigar stumps upon the dry ground.

POUND NETS AND GAME FISH.

BEFORE the League of Salt Water Fishermen in this city last Monday evening Mr. Chas. A. Shriner discussed the advisabilities and practicabilities—which are very often quite distinct things—in relation to abolishing or regulating net fishing in New York waters. Mr. Shriner served for several years as Chief Game and Fish Protector of New Jersey, and administered his office in a way that reflected great credit on himself and was of great advantage to the State, until Governor Voorhees, out of unworthy motives, displaced him. His experience in the practical work of protection, his long and intelligent study of the problem, his familiarity with the situation and his maturity of judgment as to what is feasible and what is not, entitle his views to a respectful consideration.

Mr. Shriner is of opinion that instead of striving for absolute prohibition of the use of nets, a wiser course would be to endeavor so to regulate pounds and purse nets as to insure a sufficient immunity for game fish, while at the same time permitting the taking of fish which are not game, and which can be taken on a commercial scale only by the employment of pounds and purses. He recommends legislation looking to this end, and has drafted a measure which he recommends for enactment by the New York Legislature.

Mr. Shriner's proposed law to regulate the taking of fish with purse or shirred nets makes it unlawful willfully to take in such nets, in the manner in which menhaden are taken, porgies, bluefish, weakfish or any other kinds of food fish within tide waters within the jurisdiction of the State, including the waters of the ocean within three nautical miles of the coast line, provided that the fishing crew may take food fish for food while employed in fishing. The act would also prohibit converting any food fish so unlawfully taken into oil or any kind of fertilizing material.

The proposed act to regulate fishing with pound nets prohibits the erection or maintenance of pound nets in the tide waters, including the waters of the Atlantic Ocean within three nautical miles of the coast line, except in compliance with the provisions of the act. It is made unlawful to maintain a pound net of which the leader shall begin at a point less than 1,000 feet from low water mark, or which shall have a mesh of less than 5½ inches, or the pocket of which shall have a mesh of less than 3 inches. The pockets of nets must be raised on Saturday before the hour of noon, weather permitting, and remain raised so as to render them incapable of retaining any fish, until midnight between Sunday and Monday. Both laws provide for severe penalties.

The Sportsman Tourist.

An Old Sweetheart of Mine.

THE Parson is not looking through the window today. No! the parsonage has been deserted for a time and seems but a dim memory down on the Kansas prairies, a thousand miles away. In fact the Parson is something of a shiftless wanderer, with no fixed purpose. He has purposes enough and they are honorable enough, but, ah! too often abandoned at the dictation of fate, a frivolous little flirt who seems to have complete control of his doings. A strong, purposeful man as the world looks at him, the Parson is under the spell of the siren.

All the world knows how strong men have been led astray at the beck of some so-called siren. It is thus with the Parson. He has been flirting with an old sweetheart—not altogether a criminal flirtation, as the following tale will disclose, but dangerously near it.

The scene is laid in the brush lands bordering the Red River wheat fields on the east. The weather has been dry all summer to that extent that it has materially reduced the rank growth of vegetation that usually virgates the face of nature in this country. Recent rains have dampened the earth till the roads are just moist and hard enough to make driving pleasant, while the air is cool and invigorating. Like the story that was to last forever, a description of this country can be given in a few words. In the place of the words which run "and then another locust came in and carried off another grain of corn," you have but to say, "a swale, meadow and poplar grove beyond," and so on seemingly over all the earth.

If you journey to the eastward of Thief River and continue far to the northeast, the thickets will gradually become forest and the meadows will become marshes, wide and sometimes impassable. Tamarack swamps will also come to be a feature of the landscape. The black, lumbering hulk of a moose crossing a marsh is liable to break the monotony, or the more graceful figure of deer or caribou shows you that there is more than mosquitoes in that vast wilderness.

Bear and elk are not unknown, as numerous mounted specimens in all the hotels and restaurants in the villages bordering that land of swamp and tangle clearly attest. But my route leads to the westward, where the copse becomes smaller and the marsh a meadow, and finally prairie level and far-reaching, and at last breaks away into an endless chain of wheat fields.

The weather conditions have a great deal to do with it. I have driven over the same trail twice when first it was a dream; next a horrible nightmare. On such days, when nightmare conditions are on, mosquitoes swarm up from the roadside and buzz about one's ears; there are pools of brackish water standing in the deeper depressions of the swales; there is no breeze to drive the mosquitoes away; there is no freshness in the air to fortify one's weakness against the murky heat and against the onslaught of the mosquitoes; hence the nightmare.

One can stand almost any kind of hardship when the breeze from the north rustles the poplar leaves as it passes freighted with the freshness that makes life sweet. Is it any wonder then that I was thrown into something of a delirium when a personage of the feminine gender whom I had known and flirted with in those days of yore strutted across the road in front of me? The shock of that old first love went through me like a bolt from the thunder riven clouds.

It made no difference to me that this old sweetheart of mine was followed by some half-dozen lusty youngsters, except perhaps that my passion was intensified by their presence. I had a splendid Smith & Wesson revolver under the buggy cushion, and my hand involuntarily sought the handle, for I felt reasonably sure that I could snip the head from the mother or any of her six hopefuls, and then it occurred to me that the law read, "Sharptail grouse, Sept. 1 to Nov. 1," and this was only Aug. 1. Thus the remembrance of the law deterred me from figuring in the "brief mentions" of the day column under the caption of "Shot His Sweetheart."

An hour after I was spinning along the road, which followed a sand ridge, and was almost arched in by whispering poplars, when it occurred to me that I must be close to a small lake where five years before I had camped for a week. The place was an ideal cold-weather camp in a dense poplar thicket. It was Nov. 1, and the ducks that passed in their flight before the wrath of Boreas were sure to stop in that wide reach of marsh, with here and there a patch of open water amid the fields of bulrushes, grass and canes.

The best point of all to call the wandering pilgrim to a brief halt was within a hundred yards of the poplar thicket, where the tent was pitched. There were a dozen decoys bobbing in an open stretch of water close to the edge of the marsh. A convenient bunch of canes made a good blind on solid bog, and a bunch of hay shielded whoever sat or knelt in it from the dampness beneath. It had been cold and blustering all day, and toward night the wind increased and the cold became more searching, while here and there a flake of snow sifted and eddied ghost-like from the leaden clouds.

Of the four persons who had helped to locate the camp three had deserted, and the Parson was holding the fort alone. Most of the southing birds had passed, and few that had made their summer home there still remained. Now and then a single or pair would rise above the rushes, and circling a while would drop back again in some other locality. Again a flock would come over three or four hundred yards in the air and pass as if they had never seen the lake, would finally turn, and breasting the wind drop down, making several wide sweeps and drop gracefully in among the decoys.

Once a flock dropped close inshore, and climbing on an old log sat a solid row of shiny green heads within 10 feet of the Parson. Then with his characteristic grim humor the Parson loomed up out of the rushes like a great specter and shouted, "Shoo!" and they shooed.

Such was the memory. Now, winding away through the poplars the Parson fell to wondering if he could tell where to turn off to reach the lake. It was a wild spot, and human kind seldom came that way. At last instinct

seemed to tell him he must be near the place, and turning into an opening on the west he drove as far as the teams could be driven, and getting out tied them to a tree and followed on through the narrow opening. The underbrush had grown up and filled the path, but there can be no doubt of the place, for there is an old stump where a tree has been cut out of the way. A moment later he is standing behind the fringe of grass that has grown up around the old boat landing. Cautiously parting the screen of grass, the Parson peers through.

There is the old log, and strung along its entire length is a flock of ducks, gray, feeble looking things, compared to the shiny feathers and bright green heads of that flock of other days, but mallards just the same. When the Parson steps from behind his screen of grass and stands revealed with a loud "Shoo, there!" the birds plunge from the log and go flapping and quacking away in great alarm, while the old one flops frantically about in the water between the Parson and her brood, trailing a wing as if badly wounded, until the last of her youngsters has disappeared, and then she, too, quietly slips away and all is still.

Take Minnesota north from the headwaters of the Mississippi and east of Thief River Falls, and it is the most impassable country one could well imagine; yet efforts are continually being made to settle it up. This season has been exceptionally dry, and settlements have crept back into the swamps for sixty miles to the northeast of Thief River Falls. When the spring floods come that country will all be under water, and the settlers will come floating down out of there on rafts, logs or anything that will float them, like drowned out muskrats. The misery that attends these floods more than offsets any good that can come from settling the country.

This would have made one of the greatest natural game preserves in America. All kinds of ducks and grouse are numerous. It is an ideal breeding and feeding grounds for both moose and deer; bear and caribou are still plenty, though killed by the hundred by settlers for food during the spring and summer months.

There must be at least twenty-five mounted moose heads in Thief River Falls, and not the tenth part of the heads ever came out of the swamps. When one thinks of all the misery attendant on the settling up of this country, and all the benefits of leaving it untouched, this would have been a scheme beside which Mr. Cristadoro's plan of a reserve on the headwaters of the Mississippi would have paled into insignificance. Yet Mr. Cristadoro's scheme seems far ahead of the average of human intelligence, and though to a man far up in the forks of a cottonwood tree it looks as if the park measure was beaten, still I shall hope it will carry through. God speed the just and crush the unjust, is the Parson's prayer; not long or eloquent, but to the point.

When the Parson came through the proposed park the other day on the Great Northern fast train it seemed a brief space between what I shall be pleased to term the axe desert and the axe desert again. Just a few stalwart primeval Norway, white and spruce pine, and then again into the axe desert. As the train halted for a brief time at Cass Lake I wondered at the crowds that swarmed there. Were these people gathered in expectancy of the opening of the pine lands of the Leech Lake Reservation? I thought a moment, and decided that to be the case.

If my decision was correct, the lumberman must have full assurance of the outcome, in which case the park scheme is done for. This brings up the question to us old has-beens who love to pluck flowers fresh from the hand of nature unbent by the tramp of greed. Whence now?

THE PARSON.

A Teepee Tale.

"Dis storms, he put me in de mine of one time when 'nodder storms been, long, long time ago 'fore I'll been a marry mans," said Washakie Jo as he poked a splinter into a lodge fire and lit his black pipe.

"Yessir, dat time he'll been 'bout de las' of Jo, sure; I'll t'ought so, anyhow, he continued, as he stretched at full length on the pile of buffalo robes and furs heaped up against the wind wall that his squaw had put up inside the lodge.

I knew that Jo had a yarn to spin by the way he smoked, and I also knew that the best way to hear that yarn was to let Jo have his own way—to pay not attention to the greasy little half-breed—just give him time when he was in the mood, you know, for there was a big per cent. of Indian blood under that smoke-tanned hide of his and every one knows that you can't hurry an Indian.

That is, every one who is wise knows it, so I smoked and waited in silence.

Outside the teepee walls there was a wailing of wind and the tinkle of storm-driven snow crystals hurrying by to add their mite to the dim drifts growing higher under the lee of the switch willows; and I knew that the gaunt, black, skeleton cottonwoods were dancing in rhythmic order as they bowed and bent and rattled their bones in the fury of the passing blizzard.

The teepee shook and shivered in the gusts and anon the ghostly smoke puffed back and filled the smoke hole over our heads and then rushed upward and outward in the storm currents a moment later.

It was snug and warm in there in the dim firelight, thanks to the skill of the silent Mrs. Jo, who now squatted down on the furs across the fire and looked like an old, dim painting that had all faded away but the bright bits where a fragment of blanket or barbaric finery caught the glint of the red firelight. She sat silent, immovable as a graven image, except when there was a movement from the little sleeping form cuddled for all the world like a white baby in the mass of furs by her side. There was something pathetic about this dark woman of the wilderness who did drudgery and bore the children of Washakie Jo. She loved him, too, I suppose, in a stoical, animal way, in spite of his dirt, his brutality and the bad whiskey that came into the teepee when the furs went out in the spring at the little trading post perched in the shadow of the fort down there where the hurrying yellow river bit at the clay banks and tumbled them down, then hurried on out of the West and on into the East forever.

By and by when the black pipe smoked freely Jo began: "Yessir, dat was a bad storm dat time. I'll been

wolfin' an' trap for de beaver an' git once in while one bears, mebbe two sometimes—dere was good deal bears dat time 'roun' in de Bad Lan's in de fall—an' I'll had good luck. I'll gat plenty furs an' plenty robe, for dere good deal buffaloes yet. So I'll t'ought dat's good place for winter dere an' I'll builds me good shack for live in it in cole wedder. Dat's on one little creeks—he run to de Little Mizouri, on'y no water in him—on'y some time long pon'.

"Dat kine of place I'll builds dis shack; I'll gat plenty wood, plenty water, plenty evert'ing. An' back on de hill dere'll be good deal cedar patches in de canyons—good place for de black-tail deers come when de snow get deep an' drive him down from de open country.

"So I'll see all dese t'ing an' I'll t'ought dere'll been good place for live, an' I'll mek de shack in de side of de bank an' make good log front on him.

"By an' by I'll got all de grub an' de trap an' all de powder an' de lead an' de pizen for de wolf, an' plenty terbac for de smoke, an' I'll pack him all to de shack; den I'll turned de hoss loose for rustle for his own grub till de spring an' I'll set down here for five.

"Well, dat's all right. I'll go out an' kill de deer an' de an'lope an' put in de pizen for strong so dat he'll be good wolf bait when he'll frozed up. Well, seh, dat'll be all right, an' I'll get good deal wolf skin 'fore long, when juss frosty yet, an' den he'll come one big snow—de firs' one—an' mek de hill all white an' de cedar he'll be all blue like de sky, on'y like under de big storm cloud, dat kine blue dat'll be good deal black.

"An' den dere'll be de trail all 'roun' de hill an' de cedar an' de little willow in de crick bottom, an' I'll see dere is plenty game an' I'll t'ought dat's good an' I'll been one smart mans for pick dis kine place for winter in.

"Den I'll kill more deers an' mek de pizen in him right 'way 'fore he'll got cole, an' I'll do dis kine o' way 'bout fifteen mile 'cross de country an' 'long de crick an' fix it like dat.

"By 'n' by de snow come more an' dat'll mek it hard for travel an' wear de moc'sin purty bad for come back to de shack over night, so I'll mek de sled for pack de blanket an' de grub an' I'll goin' out den for t'ree, four day meby 'fore I'll come back.

"Well, dat's all right, for I'll mek de camp in de li'l' canyon an' fix him good so I'll sleeps, no matter for de cole, an' I'll got plenty skins.

"Den one time I'll been out for t'ree day an' on'y got de grub for one day for get back to de cabin, dat's all an' de skins—he's all tied up in de tree where de wolf he can't get him, de cache, for pick him up when I'll go back to de shack.

"Yessir, an' when de night come I'll mek de camp in de li'l' deep canyon dat'll run 'cross de way o' de sun an' I'll bring good deal wood. You see, de sky he'll don't look ver' good; look lak dat's big storms on de way, an' I'll not feel purty good so far 'way from de shack.

"Well, I'll set up an' smoke a long time by de fire an' de air kine o' warm an' he'll don't snow. So den I'll t'ought mebbe goin' for be thew an' I'll roll in de blanket an' sleeps.

"Well, sir, de nex' mornin' de blanket he'll felt purty warm an' eber't'ing he'll been so quiety when I'll woke up, an' sir dere'll be snow on de blanket one hand deke, an' still he snow an' de win' he blow hard up 'long de cedars on he hill.

"An den he'll bin col'er an' col'er an' all de groun' he'll be white an' on'y can see li'l' way, like de fog.

"Well, I'll mek de coffee an' fry de meat an' mek li'l' smoke in de pipe, an' all de time he'll get col'er an' col'er all de time.

"I'll t'ought 'bout dis storms an' de grub an' all de t'ings an' I'll mek up my mine for go to de shack quick; juss cache de sled an' de hides an' take 'long de gun an' de li'l' grub 'll got lef'.

"Well, seh, I'll strike out an' travel hard for de shack, an' all de time de win' blow more an' more an' de cole come strong so dat by'mby I'll begin for get cole an' den I'll get mine for juss stop an' res' an' meby go to sleep dere in de storms an' sleep-till de snow stop.

"I'll fight dis feel for 'long time, for I'll know dat's bad sign an' must get to de shack. Well, I'll come to de li'l' crick den an' I'll t'ought I'll be so tire I'll stop an' res' an' b'il' de big fire for get warm, an' dat'll be mos' night.

"So I'll b'il' de fire an' set down, an' den come de sleepy an' I'll walk an' stamp de fouts an' swing de arm for keep awake, an' de dark come.

"Well, seh, I'll t'ought dat I'll had to stop dere all night an' be 'wake for keep up de fire, an' den by'mby I'll got warm an' set down for smoke an' cat de li'l' biscuit an' de jerked ven'son, an' I'll feel better.

"Den I'll smoke de pipe, an' 'fore I'll 'member I'll gone right to sleep dere in de storms.

"Den I'll sleepy li'l' while dere, I guess so, an' den I'll woke up quick, for somet'ing he'll bite my fouts an' I'll see big wolfs all cover by de snow an' got de green in de eye an' red in de mouse, an', seh, he'll pull my frots in his tooths an' dat'll be all shiny white like de fros', too.

"Well, I'll be good deal scare, I'll guess so. An' dere'll be good deal more wolfs—one, two, t'ree, plenty wolfs—all 'roun', an' de fire all gone on'y li'l' bitsy smoke.

"Den I'll grab de gun an' jumps roun' an' holler an' de wolfs he'll ron away li'l' way an' on'y show his red tongue an' his mouse all snarly like he'll be hungry.

"Well, seh, I'll be good deal scare dere in de storms, cos I'll know dat wolfs he'll get over bein' 'fraid in li'l' while an' den maby he'll jomp an' pull me down for eat, cos he'll git so hongry on de storm.

"I'll not be tire now. I'll git de wood all fix for de fire, an' den I'll foun' out I'll got all my match wet from de snow in my pocket an' I'll feel in de terbacker pouch for de li'l' iron box for carry de dry match in when need 'em bad, an' seh, I'll loss it!

"An' den I'll got pretty bad scare an' I'll look roun' for cottonwood tree for climb it if dat wolfs he'll bodder me.

"On'y juss li'l' tree dere so big my leg, an' I'll stan' dere in de storms an' de wolf he'll all stan' roun' an' show his mouse an' juss wait in de storms for me to fell down in de snow; den he'll know he'll eat me up an' have no troubles for do it.

"Well, seh, I'll stan' it juss 'long as I'll can an' I'll

feel de cole come creepy, creepy 'long on my han' an' on my foots all lone dere in de storms an' de wolfs all 'roun'.

"Den, I'll sing de strong medicine song an' say by'm'by I'll shoots all dat wolfs I'll can 'fore I'll go anyhow, an' de wolfs he'll come li'l' closer all de time. Den de big one he'll jomps quick at me 'fore I'll looks 'roun' most. I'll jomp out de way an' shoots dat one an' all de res' de wolfs he'll eat him up, mos' 'fore he'll got done hollerin', an' den de res' dey'll come close up an' set in de snow an' look at me with his greeny eyes an' I'll nodiss dat de light come li'l' bit in de eas'.

"Well, seh, I'll t'ought now I'll shoot good deal an' de light goin' to mek de wolfs 'fraid, an' by'm'by I'll git away an' go on to de shack.

"So den I'll shoot t'ree, four time, quick, an' de live woli he'll fight for de chance, for eat de dead one, an' den I'll heard somebody holler some, 'Who-o-o-ee!' lak dat in de storms, an' I'll holler too, for I'll know dat'll be de Injun holler to me.

"I'll shoot de gun an' holler plenty an' den de wolfs he'll look 'roun' over his sho'ter an' run away in de storms an' den lots de Injun man holler.

"Well, seh, I'll been so cole an' so tire dat I'll fall down in de snow an' can't holler den, an' I'll shoots de gun again up in de sky an' in li'l' time dere'll comes five, ten Injun, good deal Injun mans, an' he'll bring me to de teepee an' take 'long de gun.

"By'm'by I'll git warm an' all right an' git de hot drink an' de grub an' go to de sleep.

"So den I'll stay by dis Injuns 'bout mebbe two week an' I'll seen de squaw dere an' I'll mek up my min' for got marry an' stay home when de storm come. Yessir, an' dat's how you fin' me de marry mans now, hey, Lil-e-o-tah?

The silent little woman on the other side of the fire cast her eyes down and I thought that there was just a ghost of a smile flitting across her dark face for the space of a wink; it might have been imagination, though.

"Yessir, dat'll been a bad time for Jo for li'l' while, but, I'll dunno, I'll guess dat's all right, anyhow, for Lil-e-o-tah she'll been a pretty good li'l' gal for"—

Slam!

The squaw had playfully hurled a soft fur robe across the teepee and completely buried Jo, his pipe and his compliments in its smothery folds, from which he emerged later chuckling in his guttural way as he refilled his pipe. A little while afterward there were three silent forms rolled up in the furs, Jo and his squaw sleeping as nomads can under any and all conditions, while I looked up at the blur of light that outlined the smoke hole in the teepee top and waited for the roar of the storm to bring sleep to me also.

The last thing I remember was a faint little cry that sounded like a child, then a chanted, crooning song droned in a strange tongue as the Indian woman lulled the baby to rest again—truly a strange thing to hear there with the wild, fierce song of the storm roaring through the air and filling it just outside the walls of a skin lodge.

EL COMANCHO.

Natural History.

Bobolinks and Rice Birds.

THE Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture has just issued an interesting paper on the "Food of the Bobolink, Blackbirds and Grackles," by the Assistant Biologist, Mr. F. E. L. Beal. The subject is one of unusual interest, for the birds in question are well known to almost every one, and some of them at least are regarded in certain parts of the country with detestation on account of the damage which they do to certain crops.

The oriole is reprobated for its injury to the fruit crop, the blackbird for the harm that it works in the grain fields of the upper Mississippi Valley, while under his name of rice bird the bobolink is deemed a curse by the rice planters of the South.

The family to which the birds in question belong is one of great economic importance. It includes the bobolink, meadow larks, orioles, blackbirds, grackles and cowbirds, species differing widely in appearance and in many of their habits. They destroy many noxious insects and some useful ones, many harmful weed seeds and a certain amount of grain. The effort of Mr. Beal's paper is to determine from the great amount of material brought together by the Biological Survey what is the proportion of good and what of harm done by the species under consideration. The reports on the food of the meadow lark and Baltimore oriole have appeared in earlier publications of the Department. This paper is based on an examination of 4,800 bird stomachs.

It has often been remarked that the fruit grower who sees with his own eyes a bird take a cherry is likely to be convinced that the bird has injured him and should be destroyed, taking not at all into account all the good which it may do by a destruction of insects which he does not witness. Moreover, the observations of the average man are by no means always to be trusted. If he sees crows or blackbirds walking about in his newly planted field he is extremely likely to believe that they are eating or pulling up the grain, while as a matter of fact they may be hard at work protecting it by destroying the grubs and other insects which themselves would feed upon it.

Mr. Beal concludes that while the investigation of the food of blackbirds by an examination of the stomach contents does in a measure confirm the popular idea of their grain-eating propensities, it shows also that during the season when grain is not accessible these birds destroy immense quantities of the seeds of harmful weeds, and that during the whole of the warmer portion of the year—even when grain is easily obtained—they devour a great number of noxious insects.

On the other hand, it is rather startling to learn that of all these birds the bobolink eats the least grain, the redwing the next, and then in order the cowbird, rusty grackle, yellowhead, crow-blackbird, boat-tail grackle, Brewer's blackbird and the California redwing. The first two species are those against which the chief complaint

has been made, notwithstanding they are the ones that eat the least grain.

Attention is called to the fact that in many parts of the country the natural autumn food supply of bobolink and blackbird has been in a measure cut off by the draining and bringing under cultivation of large areas. Where once grew vast fields of wild rice which furnished food to myriads of birds, now are pastures, hay meadows or grain fields, and the birds turn to the new food supply.

No one of the birds of the Northern States is more familiar or better loved than the bobolink, and its great decrease within the past three years has been universally lamented. But on the other hand, these birds, as Wilson says, are looked upon by the careful planter as a devouring scourge and worse than a plague of locusts. We quote what Mr. Beal writes of the havoc wrought by the bobolink of the North when it becomes the rice bird of the South. He says:

It is estimated that the bobolinks, with a little help from the redwings, cause an annual loss of \$2,000,000 to the rice growers of the South. Much of this loss is indirect, arising from the necessity of maintaining a corps of men and boys as "bird minders," who patrol the fields from morning till night, firing guns or cracking whips to frighten the birds from the ripening crop. Even then it is impossible to save all the rice, and it often happens that some acres on the borders of the uncultivated marsh where the birds resort are so badly eaten that they are not worth harvesting.

As a rule, the shooting is only to frighten the birds, as the use of shot would cause as much harm to the rice as is done by the birds. The amount of powder consumed in this way is enormous. It is not uncommon to use 100 pounds per annum, and one planter who cultivates a large plantation uses 2,500 pounds in the course of a year.

Col. John Screven, of Savannah, Ga., in writing of the ravages of the ricebird (boblink), says:

Its invasions are ruinous to fields on which its flocks may settle, especially if the grain is in palatable condition, and in fields adjacent to marshes convenient for ambush or retreat. Bird minders, armed with muskets and shotguns, endeavor by discharges of blank cartridges to keep the birds alarmed and to drive them from the field. Small shot are also fired among them, and incredible numbers are killed; but all such efforts will not prevent great waste of grain, amounting to a loss of large portions of a field—sometimes, indeed, to its entire loss. The voracity of the birds seems so intense that fear is secondary to it, and they fly, when alarmed, from one portion of the field to another, very little out of gunshot, and immediately settle down to their banquet * * * The preventives in use against the ravages of the ricebirds have been already suggested, but they are palliative only, applied at great expense, and without commensurate results. * * * In short, no effort yet tried consistent with reasonable economy will drive the ricebird from the field or afford any well-founded promise of their reduction to harmless numbers.

A more specific case of damage is that of a field mentioned by Mr. J. A. Hayes, Jr., of Savannah, Ga., which consisted of 125 acres of rice that matured when birds were most plentiful, and which, in spite of eighteen bird minders and eleven half kegs of gunpowder, yielded only eighteen bushels per acre of inferior rice, although it had been estimated to yield forty-five bushels.

Capt. William Miles Hazzard, of Annandale, S. C., says:

During the nights of Aug. 21, 22, 23 and 24 millions of these birds make their appearance and settle in the rice fields. From Aug. 21 to Sept. 25 our every effort is to save the crop. Men, boys and women are posted with guns and ammunition to every four or five acres, and shoot daily an average of about one quart of gunpowder to the gun. This firing commences at first dawn of day, and is kept up until sunset. After all this expense and trouble our loss of rice per acre seldom falls under five bushels, and if from any cause there is a check to the crop during its growth which prevents the grain from being hard, but in a milky condition, the destruction of the rice is complete—not paying to cut and bring out of the field. We have tried every plan to keep these pests off our crop at less expense and manual labor than we now incur, and have been unsuccessful. Our present mode is expensive, imperfect and thoroughly unsatisfactory, yet it is the best we can do.

Mr. R. Joseph Lowndes, of Annandale, S. C., in writing of the bobolink and redwing, says:

I think I am in bounds when I say that one-fourth, if not one-third, of the [rice] crop of this river [the Santee] is destroyed by birds from the time the seed is put into the land till the crops are threshed out and put in the barns—I shoot out about 100 kegs of powder every September, with a fair quantity of shot, say 30 to 50 bags, and have killed as high as 150 dozen in a day. In the bird season it takes every man and boy on the plantation to mind these birds. This work has to go on from daylight till dark in any and all weathers and at great expense for six weeks in the fall before the rice is ripe enough for the sickle, and then on till we get it out of the fields. These birds, if not carefully minded, will utterly destroy a crop of rice in two or three days.

Mr. A. X. Lucas, of McClellanville, S. C., says:

The annual depredations of the birds are in my opinion equal in this section to the value of the rent of the land, to say nothing of the expense of minding the birds.

Many similar reports of the bobolink's damage to rice have been received by the Biological Survey from Southern rice growers. So destructive are the attacks of these birds that it is necessary to plant the rice previous to their coming in the spring, so that it can be under water when they arrive, and then to plant another lot when they have passed on to the North. This method is adopted not only to avoid the full extent of the ravages of the birds in the spring, but also that the first lot may mature in the fall before the birds return and the second after they have passed on to their winter home. But it frequently happens that one of the crops is "in the milk" when the birds arrive in August, in which case it is almost impossible to save it from total destruction.

Mr. Allen C. Zard, of White Hill, S. C., says that when rice is so planted as to "meet the birds"—that is, to be in just the right stage of maturity when they arrive, and they come in full force, they will destroy the whole crop in spite of powder and shot or anything else.

As a sample of actual loss, the following statement, furnished by Col. Screven, gives his account with the bobolink at Savannah, Ga., for the year 1885:

Cost of ammunition.....	\$245.50
Wages of bird minders.....	300.00
Rice destroyed, say 400 bushels.....	500.00
	\$1,045.50

Col. Screven cultivated in that year 465 acres of tidal land, so that he has estimated a loss of less than one bushel of rice to the acre, while most of the rice growers estimate the loss at from four to five bushels.

Capt. Hazzard states that in cultivating from 1,200 to

¹Report of Department of Agriculture for 1886, p. 247.

1,400 acres of rice he has paid as much as \$1,000 for bird minding in one spring.

In addition to the use of firearms, various other methods of avoiding the ravages of the ricebirds have been tried, but with, at best, indifferent success. To prevent the birds from pulling up the sprouted seed in spring the device of coating it with coal tar has been used, as is effectively practiced in the case of corn. But the method of rice culture is very different from that of corn. As soon as the rice is sown it is covered with water, which remains on the field until the germination of the seed, a period of variable length. The soaking in water so affects the tar coating that it no longer protects the grain, and when the water is withdrawn the birds at once attack the seed. Moreover, it is stated by Capt. Hazzard that some birds, including the ricebird, hull the grain before eating it, an assertion apparently corroborated by the absence of hulls in the bobolink stomachs examined that contained rice. (When seeds are swallowed by birds, the hulls usually remain longer in the stomachs than the kernels.) Hence, on this account also the tar coating would probably have no preventive effect. Another method is to attach small flags to stakes or to fly kites over the fields. Looking glasses have also been suspended in the same way, but all these devices soon cease to be effective. Placing pieces of refuse meat on poles about the fields to attract the buzzards has been tried; the ricebirds mistake the buzzards for hawks and avoid the fields over which they are flying. But the scheme is effective only for a short time, as the birds soon become accustomed to the presence of the buzzards and pay no further attention to them.

These facts and figures are presented for the consideration of the people of the Northern States, to whom the name "bobolink" suggests only poetry and sentiment, and by whom the birds themselves are looked upon as almost sacred, and are rigidly protected. It is not probable that any farmer in the North will for a moment contend that he receives from the bobolinks that nest upon his farm so much benefit that he would be willing in return to share the losses inflicted upon his Southern brothers by the birds.

Insect pests ravage the crops of the whole country. No section is exempt from damage. Each crop has its destroyers, against which human energy and science must contend with whatever success they may, and in most cases some effectual remedy has been devised. But the case of the attacks of the bobolink upon the rice crop of the South is unique and is probably the result of a peculiar combination of causes.

As before stated, these birds are inhabitants of open fields; meadows and prairies form their ideal breeding grounds. So much do they avoid woods and groves that they will seldom nest in a well-grown orchard, even if other accompaniments are agreeable. At the time America was first settled, the whole northeastern part of the country must have presented but few localities, and those of limited area, suited to their wants. When the great forests of New England and New York were cleared away and transformed into farms with extensive areas of mowing land intersected with springs and brooks, the bobolinks were not slow to avail themselves of these new opportunities and soon colonized the whole. At the same time the southeastern coast region was also brought under cultivation, and the tidal and river lands were devoted to the raising of rice, thus furnishing the food needed for the augmented numbers, as noted by Wilson. As settlement, with its attendant clearing away of forests, spread westward, suitable nesting areas were continually added to those already created, and the birds had abundant opportunity for great increase in numbers.

Since the bobolinks pass the winter in South America, the southern coast of Florida naturally presents to most of them the point of departure for the long sea flight to their winter homes. Before reaching this spot, however, they stop to rest and feed in the rice fields of the Southeast, where they remain and recruit their exhausted energies preparatory to final migration. A small contingent, representing those that have nested in the extreme western portion of their range, migrate directly down the Mississippi Valley to the rice fields of Louisiana. When the birds arrive from the North they are in poor condition, having been debilitated by the exertion of reproduction, but they at once begin to recuperate with the abundant food furnished by the rice, soon become very fat, and, after a few weeks' rest, are able to safely resume the southern journey. On the return migration the conditions are similar; the birds arrive from their winter home tired out with their long flight, and find the fields either newly sown with the rice or else with the tender blade just appearing above the ground. In each case there is an abundant supply of food, and they are soon in condition to pursue the journey to their northern breeding ground.

Here we see the two causes which have combined to bring about all the trouble between the rice planters and the bobolinks: (1) The fact that the species has probably much increased through the extension of its northern breeding ground, and (2) the fact that the rice fields lie directly in the path of migration and afford a convenient place for rest and recuperation before and after the flight across the sea. It is almost certain that if the rice fields were far outside of the lines of migration they would never be molested. It is probable that long before America was discovered the bobolinks gathered in the marshes on the Southeastern coast and fed upon wild rice and other wild plants previous to departure for their winter home. Cultivation of the land introduced a more abundant supply of food in the South just at the time it afforded a great increase in nesting area in the North.

A Vermont Wolf Story.

FERRISBURGH, Vt., Sept. 7.—A strange story comes from Waitsfield, in this State; it says that "John Carey, of Waitsfield, shot three wolves recently and obtained \$36 in bounty at the town clerk's office. The wolves resembled a dog very closely, excepting that they each had but four toes on a paw, and the old wolf had pointed ears." It is hard to believe that they were wolves.

My boy and his two comrades shot six ducks on Sept. 1. This was as well as any one did whom I have heard of, and show what a duck shooting has dwindled to.

R. E. R.

The Buffalo Bird.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a paper recently published by Mr. F. E. L. Beal, of the Biological Survey, on the "Food of the Bobolink, Blackbirds and Grackles," a question is asked which many of your older readers should be able to answer. In the discussion of the cowbird (*Molothrus ater*), Mr. Beal, after referring to the familiar way in which the cowbird associates with cattle, says: "As the cowbird is abundant in the Mississippi valley and on the Great Plains, it would be interesting to know if it formerly associated on familiar terms with the buffalo, and such would seem to be the case, as Major Bendire gives 'buffalo bird' as one of its former names."

Old travelers over the plains in buffalo days who were at all observant must have noticed that almost every bunch of buffalo, and even every individual buffalo, was likely to be accompanied by a considerable number of cowbirds, which kept close to them all the time. A good portion of the birds' time was spent walking about on the ground under, or close about the great animal, and my impression always was that the birds were feeding on insects attracted by the buffalo, though precisely what these insects were I could never make out. The birds never seemed to be catching flies or flying insects, but either fed from the ground or occasionally picked at the skin of the buffalo's back. Of course it may have been that the movements of the buffalo's hoofs dislodged certain insects from their hiding places on the ground, or that the droppings of the animals attracted insects which the birds liked.

It is readily conceivable that at the present day in sections of the country where "feeding" is practiced—that is to say, where cattle are kept up and fattened by being fed corn—the cowbird may in part feed on such portions of grain as pass undigested through the animal's alimentary tract, but apparently no such source of food supply could have been had from the buffalo when he roamed the plains thirty years ago.

Concerning the main fact of association with the buffalo there is no doubt, and the name "buffalo bird" of course came from this association. It was common to see a bird alight on the horn or on the thick wig of the buffalo's head, but the more common resting place was on the ridge of the back, where sometimes a dozen or fifteen birds might be seen perched like chickens on a roost, often with their heads all pointing in one direction. The matted hair of the top of the head was often spotted with white, and it was the rule that buffalo killed in summer had on each side of the backbone from shoulders to rump a line of chalky white marked by the droppings of the birds.

Often while a man was butchering a buffalo these little birds would make their appearance and alight on the ground close to him, or perhaps on his horse's mane or hips. They were entirely familiar and tame, and barely moved out of the way, for large living creatures seemed to have no terrors for them.

The question brought up by Mr. Beal is interesting, not only in itself, but as indicating that a perfectly familiar habit of a well-known bird thus seems not to have been specifically recorded, until by change in the life conditions of the animal in question it has ceased to be practiced.

G. B. G.
NEW YORK, Sept. 12.

Importation of Wild Animals.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, Office of the Secretary, Washington, D. C., Sept. 13.—Under the authority vested in the Secretary of Agriculture by Section 2 of the act of Congress approved May 25, 1900, entitled, "An act to enlarge the powers of the Department of Agriculture, prohibit the transportation by interstate commerce of game killed in violation of local laws, and for other purposes," the list of species of live animals and birds which may be imported into the United States without permits is extended as hereinafter indicated. On and after Oct. 1, 1900, and until further notice, permits will not be required for the following mammals, birds and reptiles, commonly imported for purposes of exhibition:

Mammals.—Anteaters, armadillos, bears, chimpanzees, elephants, hippopotamuses, mynas, jaguars, kangaroos, leopards, lions, lynxes, manatees, monkeys, ocelots, orangutangs, panthers, raccoons, rhinoceroses, sea lions, seals, sloths, tapirs, tigers or wildcats.

Birds.—Swans, wild doves, or wild pigeons of any kind. Reptiles.—Alligators, lizards, snakes, tortoises, or other reptiles.

Under the provisions of Section 2 of said act (as stated in Circular No. 29 of the Biological Survey, issued July 13, 1900), canaries, parrots and domesticated birds such as chickens, ducks, geese, guinea fowl, peafowl and pigeons are subject to entry without permits. But with the exception of these species and those mentioned above, special permits from the Department of Agriculture will be required for all live animals and birds imported from abroad, and such permits must be presented to the collector of customs at the port of entry prior to delivery of the property.

JAMES WILSON, Sec'y.

Snake Stones.

THE subject of snake stones comes up again, this time from South Africa, where they are said to be somewhat common, and are thoroughly believed in. These are white porous stones, which, when applied to a place bitten by a snake, adhere for a time until the poison is gone out from the wound into the stone. They are then placed in milk, which is said to cleanse them, and so to render them again fit for use. They are believed by the farmers of South Africa to be taken from the head of the snake.

A good many years ago, investigation into the subject in America showed that in certain cases, at least, the snake stone was the calcined antler of a deer, from which all the animal matter had been burned out. No doubt a bit of burned bone which had lost all its animal matter would act in the same way.

These snake stones are commonly compared to pumice stone, which they measureably resemble in structure and in lightness. It would be interesting to learn just what these African snake stones, and what the Malay snake stones, actually are.

Game Bag and Gun.

Game in Central New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Central New York sportsmen who enjoy wing shooting have long been looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to the opening of the season when ruffed grouse can be legally killed, and local hunters are fully prepared to make things lively for such of these noble game birds as may be found in the woodlands of Oneida and adjoining counties. Reliable reports from different localities in this part of the State are to the effect that there will be birds enough this fall to furnish fairly good shooting, somewhat better probably than last year, but this is not equivalent to saying that a large bag can be secured without hard work and lots of it. We have many sportsmen, however, who are undaunted by the prospect of long tramps and tiresome struggles in the tangled thickets and underbrush when there are visions of whirring grouse before them, and such ones, it is likely, will succeed in bagging a good many birds.

The conditions this fall are somewhat different from what they were a year ago and it is probable that the grouse will be found in different places. Last fall the country was exceedingly dry, and hunters noticed that grouse were very rarely found excepting in clumps of the jewel weed or touch-me-not. This plant usually grows most luxuriantly along shaded streams and marshes, where the soil is moist but not actually of a swampy nature, and for some reason the grouse manifested a decided preference for its shelter. As the ground is not quite so dry at present as it was last autumn, the jewel weed may now prove an infallible guide to the grouse hunter.

The winter of 1899-1900 was not severe enough to work serious harm to the birds in this section, and it is believed that most of those which escaped death by chilled shot during the open season last year survived the chilly weather and deep snows. The conditions were favorable during the nesting season for the multiplication of the birds, as there were no extremely cold spells nor protracted rains, and the summer proved an ideal one for them, dry and warm for the most part, with occasional showers, which kept the woods and feeding grounds in prime shape. In view of these facts it is not surprising that the early reports concerning the grouse are encouraging. It is not safe, however, to place too much dependence on the first statements which come to hand from the localities in which ruffed grouse are found, as it has been demonstrated in the past that they are sometimes misleading. This may be accounted for by the eagerness of guides or parties who harbor sportsmen on their hunting trips to insure patronage, or, possibly, the reports received are allowed to arouse more enthusiasm than they actually warrant. Grouse shooting in this part of the State is more apt to appear in roseate hues the day before the open season is inaugurated than it is the day after, but notwithstanding this fact hunters ordinarily contrive to find a good deal of sport in it after they recover from the dampening effects of the first day or two in the woods, which seldom fail to be disappointing.

Of all the reports received thus far regarding the ruffed grouse in central New York, those from along the line of the Lackawanna Railroad are the most gratifying, and in some localities accessible from that road the birds are said to be very abundant. Grouse are also more numerous in the Adirondack region than they were last year.

The clause in the existing game laws which prohibits the killing of grouse from Dec. 16 to Sept. 15, both inclusive, meets with the approval of all true sportsmen in this vicinity, and many of them would be glad to see the open season still further curtailed. The young birds, as a rule, have not matured sufficiently to warrant the opening of the season late in the summer or in early fall, as has been done in the past, and were they protected until Oct. 1 they would be much more plump and in better condition for eating, as well as stronger on the wing, and consequently fitted to furnish more lively sport for the hunter. In spite of all that may be said to the contrary, the ruffed grouse has been steadily losing ground in central and northern New York for several years past, and a brief open season with efficient protection during the remainder of the year is the only thing that will prevent the utter extermination of these birds. Many sportsmen advocate curtailing the shooting season still further on the latter end, as they claim it is when there is snow on the ground that the pot-hunters and snarers get in their work to the best advantage. The birds congregate in the evergreen thickets when winter sets in, and as a result the experienced hunter knows just where to look for them. On the other hand, it is claimed that the grouse are in better condition for eating then than they are earlier in the season. But while this may be so, it is also true that sportsmen do not care so much about hunting them in the winter, and by far the greater proportion of birds taken in December are killed for the market. It was unquestionably a wise act of the last Legislature which shortened the open season two weeks on each end, and it is hoped that the next Legislature will take at least a fortnight more off from the latter end.

Another wise act would be to make the season for shooting grouse, woodcock and squirrels uniform throughout the State. Section 23 of the Game Laws makes the close season for woodcock from Dec. 16 to Sept. 15, both inclusive, identical with that of the grouse season, but the succeeding section modifies or qualifies this by making the close season for woodcock in Oneida county from Nov. 16 to Aug. 31; in Ulster county from Dec. 16 to Sept. 30; in Clinton, Essex, Warren, Hamilton and Fulton counties from Dec. 16 to Aug. 15, and in Richmond county from Jan. 1 to July 3, both inclusive. The trouble with this arrangement, in the counties where the seasons are not uniform is that it affords such hunters as do not care to observe the game laws an excellent excuse for being in the woods with a gun in the latter part of August and the early part of September, and consequently they can bag all the grouse they encounter with comparatively little danger of detection. If the open season for grouse, woodcock and squirrels began on the same date, there would be little excuse for a man to be shooting in the woods prior to that time, and if the report of a

gun were heard, game officials might find it worth their while to investigate the matter.

Woodcock have been exceedingly scarce hereabouts for a number of years, and as they are migratory birds, it is doubtful if any protection afforded them in New York State can prevent their ultimate extinction if they are slaughtered in such great numbers in the South as they have been in the past. A few have been seen in this part of the State this fall, but thus far no very large bags have been made. It would seem that this might be an excellent season for gray and black squirrels, as beech-nuts and butternuts are abundant, but so far as can be learned they are by no means plentiful.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Sept. 14.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—III.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[Continued from page 216.]

Geese and Brant.

Sub-Family *Anserinae*.

THE geese stand midway between the swans and the ducks in size and general appearance, though their actual affinities are not these, the swans and ducks being more nearly related structurally than is either group to the geese. From the swans the geese may be distinguished by their smaller size and shorter neck, by having the lores, or space between the eyes and bill, feathered instead of naked, and the bill proportionately shorter, deeper and much less broad, in some forms approaching a conical shape. They differ from the ducks in their greater size, longer necks and legs, and usually in the shape of the bill, which is relatively stouter and less broad than in most ducks. An important difference is found in the tarsus, or naked portion of the so-called leg, between the joint just where the feathers end and that below, where the toes spread out. In the geese this tarsus is covered with a naked skin, marked with small divisions like the meshes of a net, while in the ducks the front of the tarsus is covered by overlapping plates which are termed scales or scutellæ. Thus in the geese the tarsus is said to be reticulate; in the ducks it is scutellate.

In all our species the sexes are alike, but they are very different in some South American and Old World species.

In the sub-family are included the dozen species and sub-species of geese found in North America. They are divided into four genera, two of which contain a single species each, the others several each. One genus is almost confined to Alaska while another has a general distribution in the Northern Hemisphere. The snow goose and its forms and the blue goose have a wide range, while little is known about that of Ross' goose. The dark colored or gray geese, included in the genus *Branta*, are very abundant along both coasts of the continent, yet are by no means lacking in the interior. They include the common Canada goose, with its forms, and the barnacle and brant geese. The brant and its Western relative, the black brant, are chiefly maritime in habit, and are seldom found in the interior. On the other hand, the snow goose, and some of its forms, are regular visitants to certain points on the Atlantic coast. A few years ago a flock of these birds was always to be found in winter in the mouth of the Delaware River. Stray birds are sometimes seen on the New England coast and on Long Island. On the beach which lies outside of Curruck Sound a flock of five hundred or a thousand of these birds is found each winter.

The gray geese, so called, all have the bills, feet, head and neck black. There are patches or touches of white about the cheeks or throat, whence they have been called cravat geese; the upper parts of the body are dark gray and the belly and tail coverts white. The white-fronted goose, genus *Anser*, is much paler gray, has the bill and feet pink, and has no black except spots on breast and belly. In the genus *Chen* three forms are pure white, except for the quill feathers of the wings, which are black. All have the head white in adult plumage. *Phalacrocorax*, the Alaska type, is grayish or bluish in color, variously marked with white.

The North American geese are birds of powerful flight, non-divers, well adapted for progression on the land, usually breeders in high latitude, but wintering in open waters. Some are large birds, while others are smaller than some of the ducks, the weight in different species varying from 15 to 3 pounds.

They feed almost altogether on vegetable matter, largely grass and aquatic plants; and sometimes, after feeding for a time on the roots of certain sedges and other water plants, their flesh becomes almost uneatable from the strong flavor given it by this food.

Geese are noisy birds, the voice of the smaller ones being shrill and cackling, while the cry of others, like the common Canada goose, is sonorous and resonant.

Many years ago the geese, during the spring and autumn migration, were so enormously abundant in portions of Minnesota and in California that they did a vast amount of damage by eating the young wheat just appearing about the ground. In those days it was possible to approach quite close to them on horseback, and the rider, having gotten as near as practicable, would charge upon the feeding flock, get among them before they could rise out of reach, and knock down several with a short club which he carried in his hand. It may be questioned whether this method of killing geese has been employed for a long time. In more recent years it is said to have been necessary for the California ranchers during migrations to employ armed men, whose business it was to ride about, shooting with rifles at the feeding flocks and endeavoring to keep them constantly on the wing.

The Blue Goose.

Chen caerulescens (Linn.)

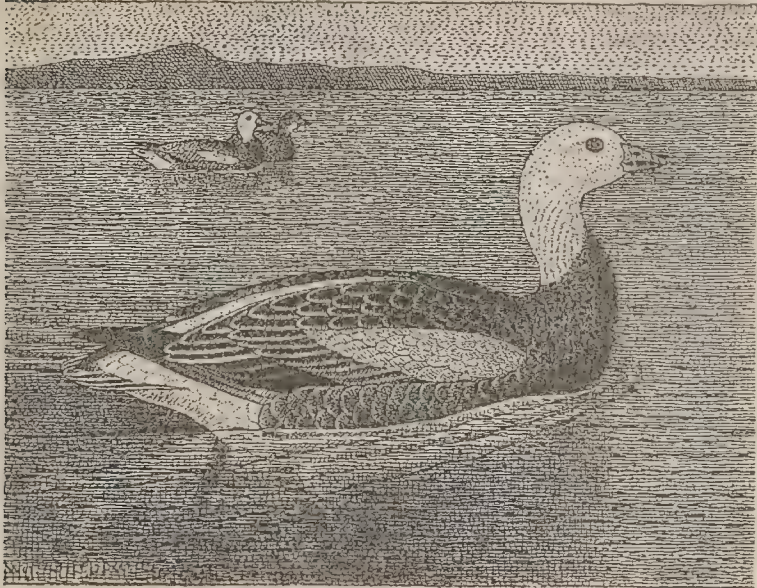
In the adult the head and upper part of the neck are white; the rest of the neck, breast, back and rump bluish, or brownish-blue, many of the feathers with paler edges; wing light bluish gray; secondaries blackish, edged with white; primaries black, fading to gray at the base; tail

brown, white margined; under parts brownish-gray and white, sometimes mostly white, and upper and under tail coverts white, or nearly so. The bill is pale pink, with white nail and a black line along the margin of each mandible. The legs and feet are reddish.

The young resemble the adult, but have the head and neck grayish brown. The length of this goose is about 28 inches; the wing measures 16.

Like many others of our inland water fowl, this goose often has the plumage of head, neck, breast and belly stained with rusty orange, as if soiled by iron rust.

The blue goose is an inhabitant of the interior, ranging from the Hudson Bay district south along the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico. It is not found on either the Atlantic or Pacific coasts, except that in a few cases



BLUE GOOSE.

it has been taken on the extreme northern coast of Maine. Little or nothing is known about its breeding habits, though the Eskimos and Indians are authority for the statement that it breeds in the interior of Labrador; and the occurrence of the species in Maine would seem to lend color to this story. Moreover, Mr. G. Barnston, in his paper on the "Geese of Hudson Bay," states that in the migration the blue goose crosses James Bay, coming from the eastern coast, while at the same time the snow goose makes its appearance coming from the north.

This species was long thought to be the young of the snow goose, and was so figured by Audubon, appearing on the same plate with that species. Occasionally specimens are found which have considerably more white on them than is given in the description above, but on the whole, it seems to be very well established that the species is a valid one. The color of the head and upper neck varies somewhat with age, the white of these parts growing purer and less intermingled with dark feathers as the bird grows older.

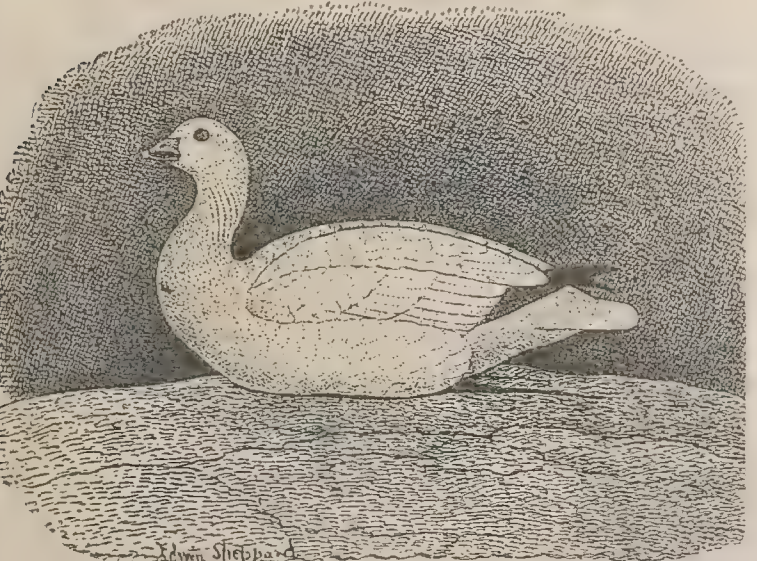
This is one of the so-called brant of the Mississippi Valley, and is known by a number of names, among which are blue brant, bald-headed goose, white-headed goose, *ois bleu* and bald brant. Being confined to the inland districts of the country, it is shot chiefly on the stubbles or the sandbars or in cornfields.

The Lesser Snow Goose.

Chen hyperborea (Pall.).

The adult is entirely white, except the primaries, or quill feathers of the first joint of the wing, which are black, changing to ash gray at the base. The bill is dark red, with black line along the margin of mandibles; the nail white; the legs and feet red; length, about 25 inches; wing, 15½. In the young the head, neck and upper parts are pale grayish, with the wing coverts and tertiary feathers brown, edged with white. The primaries are black, and the rest of the upper parts white. The bill and feet are dark.

The true snow goose is a bird of Western distribution, reaching from the Mississippi Valley westward to the



LESSER SNOW GOOSE.

coast, and as far south as Texas and southern California. It, nevertheless, occurs sometimes on the Atlantic coast, and I have known of its being killed on Long Island. It is perhaps the most abundant goose found in California, and occurs in large numbers all over the country from the valley of the Mississippi west to the Rocky Mountains, where it is often associated with the larger snow goose, to be described later. On the plains of Montana, near the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, they are abundant, and when they first arrive are quite gentle, so that I have often ridden on horseback within easy shooting distance of them, although a man on foot would not have been permitted to approach so near.

In the Hudson Bay district both forms of snow goose are abundant, and in old times used to form an important

article of subsistence for the Hudson Bay posts. Of late years, however, they have become so scarce that this source of food supply can no longer be depended upon.

While the flesh of both the snow geese is highly esteemed by some people, I have never considered it desirable. Usually it has a strong taste of sedge, so pronounced to be, to some palates, very disagreeable.

Greater Snow Goose.

Chen hyperborea nivalis (Forst.).

Precisely similar in all respects to the preceding, but larger. While the length of *C. hyperborea* is about 25 inches, with a wing 15½ inches, that of the present sub-species is 34 inches, with a wing over 17 inches. The two forms are often found associated together, and it is frequently difficult to determine to which one a bird belongs.

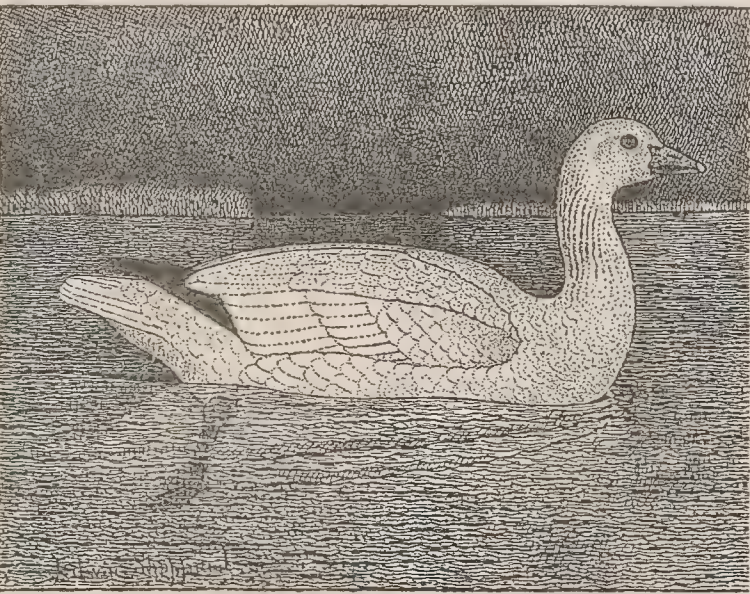
The snow geese differ from many of their fellows in feeding largely on the land. They walk about much as do the domestic geese, nipping the grass and such other herbs as please their taste, and resort to the water chiefly for resting.

The nest of the greater snow goose, as described by Mr. Macfarlane, consists merely of a hollow or depression in the soil, lined with down and feathers. The eggs are large and are yellowish-white.

All these interior geese, such as the blue goose and all the white geese, are known among the Indians and Hudson Bay people of the North as waxies, the blue goose being called the blue waxy, the snow goose the large waxy, and Ross' goose the small waxy. The larger snow goose is common in Alaska. They do not breed in the neighborhood of the Yukon, but proceed further north to rear their young. The fall migration takes place in September, and by the end of that month all the snow geese are gone. In summer they proceed as far south as Texas and Cuba, where they are reported as abundant.

As already remarked, snow geese are seen every winter in the mouth of the Delaware, and also on the coast of North Carolina, about Currituck Sound.

The spectacle of a flock of these white geese flying is a very beautiful one. Sometimes they perform remarkable evolutions on the wing, and if seen at a distance look like so many snowflakes being whirled hither and thither by the wind. Scarcely less beautiful is the sight which may often be seen in the Rocky Mountain region during the migration. As one rides along under the warm October sun he may have his attention attracted by sweet, faint, distant sounds, interrupted at first, and then



GREATER SNOW GOOSE.

gradually coming nearer and clearer, yet still only a murmur; the rider hears it from above, before, behind and all around, faintly sweet and musically discordant, always softened by distance, like the sound of far-off harps, of sweet bells jangled, of the distant baying of mellow-voiced hounds. Looking up into the sky above him he sees the serene blue far on high flecked with tiny white moving shapes, which seem like snowflakes drifting lazily across the azure sky; and down to earth, falling, falling, falling, come the musical cries of the little waxies that are journeying toward the south land. They pass, and slowly the sounds grow faint and fainter, and the listener thinks involuntarily of the well-known lines:

Oh, hark! oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going!
Oh, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

These birds and Ross' geese often stop to rest and feed on the Montana plains during their migration. I have more than once killed them with a rifle at St. Mary's Lake in the late autumn, and have started them from the little prairie pools, where they were feeding on a small farinaceous tuber which is the root of some water plant.

Ross' Goose.

Chen Rossii (Baird).

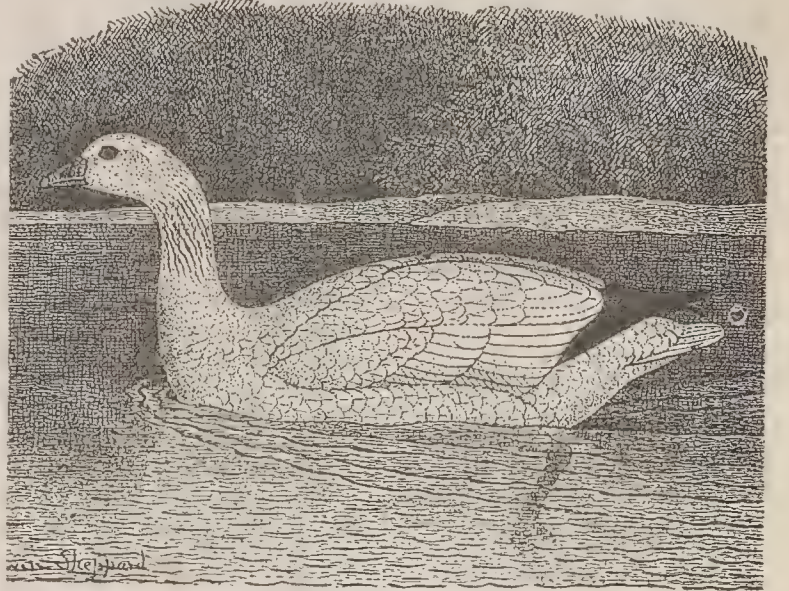
In color the plumage of the adult Ross' goose is precisely similar both in adult and young to that of the larger snow geese: that is, pure white, except for the primaries, which are black, becoming ash color at the base. The bill and feet are red; the nail white. The base of the bill is usually covered with wart-like excrescences, or is wrinkled and roughened. There is great difference in the bills, no two being just alike. The young are white, tinged with gray, the center of the feathers often being dark colored.

Ross' goose is the smallest of our geese, being about the size of the mallard duck, and weighing from 2½ to 3 pounds. At a distance it is hard to distinguish it from the snow goose, but the voice is shriller, and the birds rise on the wing more readily than most of the geese, springing into the air and going upward more like mallards or black ducks than like geese. The range of this goose is given in the books as Arctic America in summer, and the Pacific coast to southern California in winter; but, as a matter of fact, not very much is known about

it. It has been taken quite frequently in California in winter, but is nowhere abundant.

In northwestern Montana it is a common fall migrant, coming rather later than the snow goose, and being abundant on the heads of Milk River, Cutbank and Two Medicine Lodge creeks through October and the first half of November. A few years ago Mr. Jos. Kipp captured and partially domesticated there no less than nine of these birds, but unfortunately, before the winter was over, all of them were killed by the dogs.

I have seen it there in flocks of from seventy-five to



ROSS' GOOSE.

one hundred, and have known of sixteen birds falling to the two discharges of a double-barreled gun. The flesh of those that I have eaten was delicious.

Dr. J. C. Merrill reports this goose as not uncommon in the vicinity of Fort Missoula, and Captain Bendire has taken it in eastern Oregon in the spring. It is not a bird that is likely to be met with by sportsmen except in the localities referred to, and there it is usually shot by being approached under cover.

The Maine Woods.

Boston, Sept. 16.—Reports come by mail and telegraph that the issuing of licenses to shoot deer in Maine has been resumed. A good rain on Tuesday over the greater part of the wooded section of that State put the danger of forest fires out of the way till the woods become dry again, and licenses are being obtained. Moosehead reports say that a large number of deer are being killed not far from Kineo. Mr. J. G. Plaisted, of Boston, shot one there last week. Some of the Moosehead guides are very indignant at the idea that the recent forest fires, or any fires, in fact, should be attributed to their carelessness, or to sportsmen in their charge. A guide greatly dreads a fire. "They have a holy dread of it," says a sportsman who has spent many seasons in the Maine woods. "They not only fear the consequences, but they fear the disgrace. They are fully aware that every section burned over is ruined for lumbering, as well as a sporting region, and they have a great interest in both. Most of the guides work at lumbering in the winter."

In the Rangeley region the deer hunters are at work again, since the rain has permitted the further issuing of shooting licenses, and made it legal to shoot under those issued before the celebrated order to cease shooting till after the woods were again in shape to be visited by sportsmen and guides. It seems that the order did attempt to stop shooting under licenses already issued, although how it could be expected to reach hunters camped in the woods, several miles from either mail or telegraph, it doth not yet appear. A gentleman returned to Boston Saturday from a fishing trip to a well-known Rangeley sporting region says that he does not believe that the least attention was paid to the order to stop shooting. It is true that the hunters did not openly go out with their rifles, but they were away from camp, and rifle reports were to be heard any day. He says that three or four hunters and a guide or two go out under the cover of one license, and the hunter to whom the license is made out, of course, claims the deer. A letter from the section of the Upper Dam says that a few big trout have come into the Pool, and the fishermen are after them. The writer counted ten boats fishing the Pool on Thursday, with four persons fishing from the Aprons. Since the stopping of September licenses it is hard to find any one there who ever saw a deer, though "caucusses in the bushes" were common up to that date. Still, mysterious sounds of guns were heard from the woods most any day. Mr. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, who has been at the Dam, with Mrs. Lynch, has not yet taken his deer. Mrs. Lynch is understood to have brought down a buck last year. Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Curley, of Boston, are also in company with the Lynches. Mr. Curley likes the rod better than the gun, and has succeeded in taking several fine trout. A. Montgomery, of New York, was one of the first to bring in a buck, at Mountain View. The first deer of the season, killed in the Dead River region, was taken on Saturday, Sept. 8, by a New York gentleman stopping at Safford's. The serious fire at Carry Ponds has been put out. Lumbermen were sent up from the towns below and soon had the fire in check. A very large hunting, fishing and timber region was threatened. The rain has stopped the fire in the Saddleback woods.

The Massachusetts season on partridges and woodcock does not open till Oct. 1 this year, instead of on Sept. 15, as formerly. It is understood that a thorough enforcement of the game laws in this State is to be pushed this year. Quail may also be legally shot on and after Oct. 1. But under the new law, partridges and woodcock cannot be sold in the markets. J. Russell Reed has left Boston with his dogs for a few weeks' bird shooting in Maine. The law on partridges in that State was off Sept. 15. Reports concerning the quantity of partridges there are very conflicting. Newspaper correspondents, interested in booming certain sections, say that they are "very abun-

dant," "far more plenty than last year," "have greatly increased," etc. But letters from parties stopping at these very sections say that "not a partridge is to be seen."

A Maine Vote.

BOSTON, Sept. 15.—The Hon. L. T. Carleton, chairman of the Maine Fish and Game Commission, was elected on Monday a Representative to the Legislature from the Winthrop district. Reports to the daily papers, as well as private letters, say that dissatisfied Republicans, Democrats and Prohibitionists united to defeat Mr. Carleton, and fish and game matters were brought into the fight. A farmer was nominated in opposition, and it is understood that he was supported on the theory that he is opposed to game and fish laws, and to the further fostering of fish and game protection by the State. I have already noted in the FOREST AND STREAM a feeling of dissatisfaction among a small part of the farmers in Maine. One man has come out boldly and declared against all game and fish laws, and wickedly assailed all lovers of the rod and gun as drunkards and debauchers, and declared that the State ought not to do any more to foster hunting and fishing in Maine. He has secured only a very small following, and the victory of Mr. Carleton over the combined opposition by a majority of 282 votes in a small district is reckoned as a victory for fish and game protection and propagation. A gentleman familiar with Maine legislative affairs tells me that Mr. Carleton will undoubtedly be tendered the chairmanship of the Committee on Fisheries and Game when the Legislature assembles Jan. 1 next. If that is the case, and Mr. Carleton accepts the position, it will be next to impossible for any legislative measures to pass to which Mr. Carleton is opposed.

Now the town of Damariscotta is ahead of the other Maine towns in the matter of being visited by members of the big-game family. A visitor came into town early, doubtless in the night, since he was first seen in the early daylight, breakfasting on green corn from the garden of a citizen. He finished his repast, roamed around the streets a while and then disappeared in the direction of the woods. He was a big bull moose. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Change in the Chickens.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 15.—Quite a change has come over the prairie chicken situation in this part of the world within the brief space of the two weeks which we have now had of the open season. At the first of the shooting season I mentioned heavy bags, such as 67, 62, 36, etc., made by different shooters within 100 miles of this city at such points as Aurora, Gilman, etc. It was considered certain that there was an uncommonly heavy crop of chickens, and indeed that was so certain that there is no reason to alter that opinion at this time. It is not thought that all the birds have been killed, yet they have disappeared, utterly and mysteriously, as though there had not been more than a very few to begin with. For the first week everybody got birds; now nobody gets any.

The fact seems to be that the American prairie chicken is getting over a good many of its one-time easy-going habits and is becoming something of a general itself in the field. Its habits have changed distinctly, and it is much more difficult to make a good bag of these birds than it was even ten years ago. It is now only the middle of September and we have had no frosts at all thus far in Illinois, yet the birds have begun to pack up already and have practically left their earlier covey arrangements. They lie in the big corn fields and feed at night, more like ducks than chickens.

There will be better chicken shooting in Illinois thirty days from now than there is to-day, for at that time the corn will be cut down by frost, the big flocks of grouse will be located and the hunter will have a better notion of where to seek his game. The birds will then be still wilder, but they will be more in evidence, and there will exist the chances of occasional shots at stragglers and laggards that lie along the edges of the corn. At least one can then see the game, even if he cannot kill it. This week the hunters cannot find track nor trace of the birds, and it is a much mystified lot of shooters who have lately been coming back home. I do not learn of any bags of consequence this week.

Oswald Von Lengerke has been out three times after chickens. The first time his party got thirteen, the next time six, and this last time, on the trip from which he has just returned, he only saw one chicken. He was at Gilman the last time, the place where so many birds were found the week previous. He was at Koutts, Ind., last week, with Geo. Glissman, a local shooter who had several coveys marked down all ready to shoot on order. They had no luck at finding these coveys, but did find one big band in that same country—about forty birds in one bunch—out of which they could get no work.

Another party who hunted three days around Gilman with three dogs saw only three chickens in the three days. Messrs. Adam, Wolff and Billy Pease, of Harvey, hunted two days in that same section of country and they put up only two chickens. Still another party, among whom are Mr. D. W. Trotter and J. Wilson, are now absent at Gilman, but from all prospects they cannot be expected to have much sport. Mr. Harry Chester and three friends went down to Koutts, Ind., yesterday, but unless times have changed sharply since earlier this week they will meet but little luck. In point of fact, the chicken season of 1900 is over right now, so far as any regular sport is concerned. It has been short, sharp and decisive and the chicken seems to have the best of it at this writing.

Ducks and Jacks.

Mr. W. Johnson killed thirty-three teal one day this week at Bluff Lake, one of the Fox Lake waters, and reports from the same place say that there are some jacksnipe in at that point. At the Kankakee bottoms, in Indiana, a few jacks have been seen within the week. Billy Mussey has gone down there to investigate, there being a sort of leaning in his soul for this particular and pestiferous bird. I do not think many ducks can be hoped for along the Kankakee as yet, but one might have a little fun down there with what teal and jacks he could find, especially if this good weather holds.

This week thousands of yellow-legs and grass plover showed up on the marsh near the Maksawba Club, on the Kankakee, so John Watson tells me to-day. They have found some good feeding ground down there and are apt to hang around for quite a while.

The regular fall duck shooting has not begun to the north of us in Wisconsin, and the sport thus far has been mainly on local ducks, about as good as it was last year in some places and upon the average rather better, since there has been a good deal of rain in the late summer and hence more water and more feed.

News from Iowa and the Northwest.

Mr. J. C. Hartman, of the Waterloo Courier, Waterloo, Ia., is a very well posted and kindly hearted sportsman and he is good enough to send the following notes on the shooting in his neighborhood and in the States to the north and west of him. The city of Waterloo is in one of the oldest settled parts of the State of Iowa, which latter I said to have less waste land than any other State of the Union and is farmed within an inch of its life all over the section where Mr. Hartman lives. The latter sends a very fetching photo of his outfit, friend, dog, birds and all, and it seems pretty good to a man who has been robbed out of his own chicken shoot this fall. Mr. Hartman writes:

"I suppose that you have gathered your share of the 1900 chicken crop ere this; if you haven't you will regret that you were not in it with me the morning of Sept. 1. The law was not observed as well as usual in this section during the latter part of the close season and fully one-third of the birds were killed off by farmers and city pot-hunters before the lawful period commenced. Efforts were made to apprehend the scamps, but it was impossible to secure sufficient evidence to warrant arrests. The first prairie chicken that I flushed this season had been crippled. It was a morning early in July and I drove out a few miles to run a little of the fat off from old Pat, my Irish setter. He dodged into a clover patch near the road and came to a stand. I got out of the buggy and went in, a half-grown bird rising as I reached the dog. A broken leg that hung several inches below the other as the bird sailed away told the story. Five others flew up, showing that at least half of the flock had been potted. Within a rods of this bunch the dog located a hen and four young ones no larger than quail. The size of this flock also was evidence of the game hog's work.

Sept. 1, in company with Al. Hummel, I killed my share of twenty birds. The bulk of our bag was made on the 320-acre farm of a friend who lives five miles south of Waterloo. We could have killed more, but preferred to leave plenty for seed and the number shot was all that two guns should take in one day. They laid well to the dog and all of our shooting was done in the stubble and clover, none being followed into the corn.

"Not since 1880 have quail been so plentiful in Iowa as at the present, and sportsmen are promised better sport in pursuit of Bob White than they have enjoyed in many years. The winters of 1882-83-84-85 nearly annihilated our quail, but their numbers have increased wonderfully of late years and this year especially has been a most favorable one for hatching.

"The wild rice crop is abundant this fall, and in ponds that have not been surrounded by pasture so that the cattle have eaten the stalks rice beds are common and some fair shooting is looked for when the frosts start the ducks southward.

"Gunners who have been to North Dakota and Minnesota reports ducks very plentiful. Bags of from sixty to eighty in a half day to three guns are reported. One shooter told me that he saw young ducks Aug. 15 that could barely fly. Hundreds of these will be potted and find their way to the freezers.

"A coal man who makes South Dakota informed me a few weeks ago that farmers told him that during the severe drought that section has experienced the past summer many ponds went completely dry. Ducks had nested in many of these and it was related that the young died from want of water, their bodies being found in numerous instances.

"A novel way of smuggling game out of the States where shipping of same is prohibited is reported, and it is a new one to me. The scheme is this: Purchase several quart fruit jars with patent tops. Fill these with ice and pack the birds around them in your grip or trunk. I do not recommend this, but advise game wardens to keep an eye on strangers who buy fruit jars."

A Dog Story.

Mr. D. C. Plum, a Chicago gentleman who has a big cattle ranch in Texas, and who has seen a bit of sport in one part or another of America, tells this story:

"I used to have a dog, and I thought a heap of that dog. He was a Gordon, black and tan, and I called him Grouse. That dog could do everything in the world that a human being could do and a good many that no human being could. He was the idol of our family and the treasure of my heart. I do not expect to find just such another very soon. I had Grouse trained and a few of us got together in a sort of little club so that we could have our dogs boarded together and well cared for. We got a young man who was born in Michigan and whose name was Willie Davidson. He was a good sort, faithful and a good trainer; not the sort of man you would accuse of any sentiment, but a very good dog trainer. We had no difficulty while Davidson had our dogs, and we knew he loved them, every one.

"We used to go over around Chatham, Ont. I know all those folks over there, Billy Wells and all the others. It was near here that Grouse came to his end.

"We had a sort of stable where we kept the dogs, and one night Willie Davidson, going to the door, stumbled over the body of Grouse, who was curled up at the doorstep, apparently asleep. He told him to get up, but he did not move, and still did not move when he pushed him with his foot. Davidson stooped over, and, in short, he found that it was the same old story. The dog had slipped away into a neighboring yard, had found the poison that was put out by some fiend of that town and it had killed him. That ended the season for me right there.

"A short time after that we were down in Tennessee

and we had Willie Davidson with us to take care of the dogs. We shot for a time there; and one night we went into the house where we stopped, all feeling pretty tired. I was cleaning my own gun and Willie was busy about something or other, when all at once I happened to have a look at his shooting coat. Now, I had not long before given him a very nice English hunting coat that I had brought over with me for my own use. 'Why don't you wear that English coat—the corduroy that you used to like when we were up in Canada?' I asked him, for I knew he liked that coat and had always worn it when he was out with the dogs there. He did not make any answer to my question, and I spoke again to him a moment later.

"'Why don't you wear the old corduroy I gave you?' I asked again. Still he did not answer, but bent down low over his work, so that I could not see his face. I thought something was wrong with him and I said: 'Davidson, man, what's gone wrong? Is anything the matter?'

"He raised his face and looked up at me. There were big tears standing on his cheeks. He could hardly speak at all, but at length he said: 'Mr. Plum, sir, the truth is, I buried old Grouse in that coat. He knew and liked it, and I wanted to do the best I could.'

"Well, I think he came near to doing the best that any man could."

Mr. Plum did not tell his second story immediately after his first, but this is what it was when he did tell it:

"I was out at Cheyenne, one time," said he, "and there were a lot of cow men in there at the time. You know what a center that city is for the cow trade. Well, it happened that we had out there Mr. Moreton Frewen. You have read of him; he married a sister of Lady Randolph Churchill, one of the lovely Jerome sisters, and he has later attained a lot of prominence in English politics, as you know. Well, Frewen was out in Wyoming looking for a chance to make a barrel of money in the cattle business, and he was having plenty of help from local sources by way of advice and liberal offers to turn over all sorts of cow propositions. You know how all that is on the range.

"In the course of events we had a little banquet at the Cheyenne Club, which perhaps you know is just about as good a layout as you can get in New York. You meet all sorts of money and all sorts of good fellows there, and it is not a place for a man to go if he expects something crude. We had a good dinner and a lot of good speeches. I think I shall always remember one, and that was made by an Irishman named Plunkett, a bright sort of fellow who was always welcome at the speech-making stage. It was Plunkett who made what we might call the formal address of welcome to the visitors. He stuttered a little in his speech and this made him all the more funny.

"'W-w-we w-welcome you, g-gentlemen,' said he, 't-to America. Am-m-merica is the greatest land on e-earth. W-w-we w-welcome here all the p-p-peoples of the earth. W-w-we w-welcome the F-Frenchman, the Z-Z-Zulu, the S-S-Spaniard, even the Irishman. W-w-we w-welcome the C-C-C-hinaman, h-h-humble as he is. W-w-we w-welcome the Australian to these b-b-broad acres of the w-w-wind-swept p-p-plains. We w-w-welcome y-you all to th-this land of p-plenty. Ab-b-b-bove all, and w-w-with esp-p-pecial f-f-fervor, d-d-do w-w-we w-welcome h-h-here to-night, as alw-w-ways, the E-E-Englishman-m-m-man, because he c-comes here to p-p-pay us t-t-thirty d-d-dollars for our tw-tw-tw-twenty d-d-dollar cows.'

"Frewen sat solemn as an owl through it all, but we had reason to suspect that he did a little thinking over this 'address of welcome.'"

Galveston.

Galveston! Ah, Galveston! What shall the men of the Northwest say for Galveston? Very little that can fit such a case. Yet a sportsman, as well as a business man, may take out his purse, take off his hat and hold out his hand.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

North Carolina Coast Game.

WANCHESE, Dare County, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The bay bird shooting has not been as good along the Carolina coast this summer and fall as usual, on account of the exceeding dry weather, but it has been better down here in Dare county than up at Currituck. I have been stopping with Capt. M. D. Hayman, of this place, and made some good bags. I find for large yellow-legs, plover and dowitchers April and May are best months. It is very pleasant shooting there, and I know of no place where one can obtain better sport in this line. This is also an excellent place for wild goose shooting, and very good for redheads and broadbills. They have to be shot from a battery, however, and this county demands a license tax of \$20 for non-residents. There is no license tax required for bay bird shooting nor wild goose shooting from the islands in the sound. Capt. Hayman has a fine lot of wild geese (live decoys), and also battery, redhead, brant, broadbill decoys, etc. I think perhaps the black brant shooting is better here than any other point along the coast—I refer to Dare county—and the Captain uses a large house boat and follows them up.

Trout (yellow fin) and salmon or spotted trout (both salt water fish) are plentiful now and make keen sport for the fisherman.

Sharks have been unusually saucy this summer, and while no men have been eaten by them, some have had very narrow escapes. Capt. James Hobbs, of Kitty Hawk, was driving some cattle along the ocean side. A young calf among them took to the water and was immediately devoured by a large shark. The only case in which a man was ever known to be eaten by a shark along this coast occurred at Nag's Head about fifteen years ago, but I really think there are "man eaters" here at times.

The quail crop is a large one. The season was never more favorable.

Wild celery in Currituck Sound is so abundant that one can hardly propel a boat on its waters, and we should have fine duck shooting there this season.

W. H. Bray, of Currituck, and L. R. White, of Corolla, are the only houses who take sportsmen. Most of the property is owned by clubs.

Some fine strings of large-mouth black bass have been taken from the fresh ponds at Nag's Head this summer, one weighing 11¼ pounds.

Any brother sportsman desiring live wild geese for decoys will do well to write Capt. M. D. Hayman, Wanchese, as he has one of the finest lots I ever saw. I shall be very glad to see "American Wildfowl and How to Take Them," by Mr. Grinnell. I always enjoy his articles and know this will be instructive as well as interesting reading matter. "How to Take Them" is what we all want to know.

MORE ANON.

The Tsar as a Hunter.

RUSSIA, by reason of its immense extent and comparatively small population, offers a magnificent variety of sport, says a writer in Pearson's Magazine. The woods of Gatschina, owing to their vicinity to St. Petersburg, are, however, usually the scene of the biggest battues given by the Emperor. These estates are surrounded by a high wall, and are further separated from the road outside by a ditch. Drawbridges guarded by picked Cossacks give entrance to this imperial residence. The woods about it, though often heavily shot, are crowded with game.

But perhaps the Tsar prefers the harder and more toilsome days spent in the forests of Bialowiege, not far from Minsk, to the south of Moscow. Here an early start is the order of the day, and by 8 o'clock the whole party have left the Castle behind them. This country seat was built some years ago by the Emperor Alexander III. It is the rule on such occasions to breakfast in the forest, and at these breakfasts the Empress is often present, seated on the Emperor's right. This is no new fashion, for the Dowager Empress used to accompany the late Tsar, taking her children and attendants with her.

Game abounds in these royal preserves of Bialowiege, the list including stags, elk, wild boars, and, rarest of all, the bison. No one, except the Tsar and his guests, ever penetrates these ancient forests, where a tree is never cut.

Another reason is the fear that the bison (the bison of Europe, the aurochs, in fact) is in considerable danger of becoming extinct. With the exception of the Caucasian mountains, they are at the present day to be found nowhere else except in these forests, and here they are shot but once in three years. Last year a hundred were killed, the best having a fine head. This one was shot by the Emperor himself, and Gen. Richter brought down another fine specimen. None but bulls are shot—to fire at a cow is a crime much on a level with shooting a fox in a hunting country.

The stags in these woods are splendidly grown and very numerous. Four hundred were shot in a few days last year.

Since the Tsar has broached the idea of disarmament, it is said that his views on sport have undergone a considerable modification.

On the Rail Ground.

MILFORD, Conn., Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The rail shooting here last week was quite good, and although the bags made were not large, they were enough to give a very pleasant day's sport.

With a companion I went out on the river on Monday, starting at 11 o'clock, and working for two hours. He killed forty-three rail and an English snipe, while I got forty-four rail and a black duck. Three other boats were out, one of which got thirty, one nineteen and the other fourteen. The odd thing about the shoot is that my friend lost one crippled bird, while by some accident I neither missed nor lost a bird during the day. If his cripple had been recovered, we would each have brought in forty-five birds.

The English snipe got up from the edge of the meadow near my friend's boat, and he killed it very promptly. The black duck came from up the river when the two boats were close together and happened to turn to my side. I had slipped a No. 8 cartridge into the left barrel some time before on the chance of seeing a duck, and although the bird was a long way off, the shot was heavy enough to bring him down. The day was cool, clear and with a good southwest wind, and the tide was excellent; not a high tide to be sure, but a good one.

Most of the seed has fallen from the wild rice, and the grass is beaten down by the passage of the boats over it. INCOG.

A Watch for Mr. Hunt.

OFFICE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, 5 Park Square, Boston, Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A meeting of the Executive Committee was held a few evenings since at the Copley Square Hotel. Representative Harry Draper Hunt, of North Attleboro, was present as a guest, and was presented with a handsome hunting case gold watch by the committee as a token of appreciation of his disinterested efforts to secure the passage of the bird bill last winter.

Chairman Kinney presided, and the presentation speech was made by Heman S. Fay, Esq., of Marlborough. Mr. Hunt, in a few well-chosen words, expressed his gratitude for the gift, and his determination to continue his labors in behalf of sportsmen's interests whenever his assistance may be needed.

It was owing to the generosity of our chairman that the committee was enabled in this manner to recognize the valuable services of Representative Hunt.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

Fall Fish but No Birds.

BAYVILLE, N. J., Sept. 12.—The large fall fish are biting freely this week in the bay. There are no bay birds flying—in fact, they have never been known to be as scarce as now. HERB.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

Where to Hold on a Moose.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to hear the opinions expressed in FOREST AND STREAM as to where is the best place to shoot a moose—that is, to make an instantaneous kill. Let opinions be expressed on these three shots: 1st, directly facing you; 2d, side shot, and, 3d, going away from you.

In regard to the first, I say place your bullet directly in the center of the chest a little above the brisket. 2d. Put your bullet in the middle of the neck just forward of his shoulders or behind the ear. 3d. In the center of the rump. This last shot seems to have a terrific effect on an animal. These are my opinions; now let us hear from others on the subject who "have been there."

It may interest you to hear that the game wardens at Kineo are going to keep a sharp lookout for early moose hunters this year, and already they have caught one man. This fellow shot and killed a bull moose on Northeast Carry. Warden Nicholes caught him. He was fined \$500 and taken to Bangor to be imprisoned for thirty days. This ought to be thought of by men who think of killing moose in Maine before Oct. 15.

There are several large bulls left in Maine, and I will try my luck on Oct. 15. I know where they are, and hope to get a big head. SNOWSHOE.

Sea and River Fishing.

A Time-Honored Institution.

BY C. H. HOOPER.

FROM time immemorial our family has "gone fishing" on Dominion Day. The custom dates back so far that even tradition as to its origin has been lost, but still one can see some members of the family religiously carrying huge lunch baskets and fishing rods, tackle and worms down to the wharf and chartering the family row boat, launch forth upon the turbid waters of Hamilton Bay. That there are no fish in the bay matters nothing at all to us, for have we not always "gone fishing" on this day each year, and should we abandon such a hoary custom for the trivial reason that the fish have long since disappeared? Perish the thought. As we always have fished here on Dominion Day, so surely we always shall, as long as there is an able-bodied member of the family left to keep up the custom. In fact we look upon it almost in the light of a religious rite.

Far back in the archives of the Hamilton Prehistoric Society are to be found authentic records of genuine fish having really been captured in Hamilton Bay. The information, I believe, was discovered upon a piece of Indian pottery and was deciphered after much trouble, but is not generally believed to be true.

It is also rumored that an almost perfect specimen of the genus "mudcat," preserved in alcohol, is on exhibition in the society's museum upon special occasions. This specimen is supposed to have been caught by one Land (the earliest settler), and to have been the last of its race. Certainly there may have been fish here in the pre-glacial age, or perhaps the mound builders may have seen them, but that is nothing to us. Nowhere in the verbal injunctions handed down in the family for decades and almost centuries is any mention of fish or catching fish. We simply "go fishing," and that ends our duty.

Now, last Dominion Day, there being only my father and myself at home, it naturally fell upon us to uphold the honor of the family, so packing up the usual ample luncheon and shouldering our rods we started for the wharf.

Arriving at the water, we discovered the boatman evidently expecting us. He was a white-haired centenarian and reminded me of Charon. Probably he had served my grandfather and great-grandfather with the same antediluvian "horse trough" that he brought around for our use. So many penknives and fish hooks had been dropped down between the bottom of the boat and the footboards that the space was quite choked up with them. This gave me an idea of its long service.

At last we were afloat, and deciding that the Apple-garth Creek was as good a place for fishing as any we rowed across to its and commenced trolling.

On the way we met several fishermen, mostly in the sere and yellow, patiently gazing at their motionless floats on the greasy water. Their conversation consisted principally of old tales and traditions handed down from father to son, relating to "pike as long as your arm" and mythical bass long ago gathered to their fathers. A generally peaceful feeling reigned over the scene—no splashing or changing of bait could be seen, as bait once on the hook remained intact until taken off at the close of the day.

The Hamilton guide books inform us that "perch and sunfish" "are to be caught" in the bay. This is misleading, but the addition of one word would set things straight, thus: "Perch and sunfish are yet to be caught in Hamilton Bay."

But still there are some stubborn people who fish here with the firm conviction that they will succeed in capturing something. I suppose it is bred in them, coming as they do from a long line of fishermen. Most of them, however, I was glad to see fished from a sense of duty, like ourselves, to keep up the honor of the town, without any absurd notion of bringing away any spoils.

It is certainly great sport trolling, to feel the rod tremble as the spoon revolves and flashes in the sun; then the gentle excitement of catching a weed and having to stop to free the spoon. This happened on an average of once in two minutes.

Thus we beguiled the morning. I noticed about 11 A. M. that we were becoming a brilliant copper color under the fierce heat, but did not pay much attention to it then. Of course it was hot; it always is hot here on Dominion Day, especially when the water is like glass and a thick scum rises to the surface and steams under the fierce rays of heat. After thoroughly whipping the creek from source to mouth, we decided to have lunch, and as I had brought my camera to take some views of the "fishing" for posterity to gaze at we landed on the

nearest bank and unpacked the lunch and some bottles, the contents of which always cheer and also inebriate if taken in proper quantities. But the lunch, like the fishing, was a failure. We were not hungry, and a cow came and bothered us, and a melancholy rustic insisted on relating to us a number of uninteresting family affairs. Altogether we were disgusted, and decided that photography was impossible under the circumstances. However, the bottles cheered us a little and gave us enough interest in life to commence fishing again. We determined to "still-fish" in the Dundas Canal.

This canal is a rather picturesque place when it isn't hot, but it nearly always is hot. It extends from the bay, a matter of six miles, up to Dundas and is bordered on both sides by miles of marsh, reeds and wild rice.

The guide book is again misleading here. It states that "ducks abound here." The ducks of course only exist in the imagination of the would-be sportsmen who flock here in myriads on the first day of each September.

I was once foolish enough to come here duck hunting. It was of course on the first, as it seems "maladroit" to come at any other time. We were well provided with shells loaded with BB and buckshot, and had lots of grub and decoys. The grub was the only thing we did not bring back intact. The shells we took were regular institutions, as we had borrowed them from a friend who was unable to attend the annual hunt. Many the weary mile they had traveled, having made many journeys to the marsh and returned. They had lasted many generations intact, and I suppose will last many more.

On that particular morning the marsh had its usual number of hunters—they averaged about one to every 20 yards of marsh and were armed with every known variety of "fire irons," from Greener guns to matchlocks and fuses.

The "game" that morning was phenomenally plentiful, as a large heron flew over the entire line of guns at a height of about 700 yards from the gauntlet of them all—and safely. It was wonderful to see each sportsman arise as the heron sailed over him, and straightening his stiffened joints and balancing himself in his punt, pour into the game two charges of all sorts of missiles, from iron pot legs to snipe shot. But still the heron sailed on. Many of the shells naturally missed fire; as they had so long been reserved for this momentous occasion they had lost their virtue, so it became an interesting matter of conjecture as to which sportsman would get off his gun safely. There was in fact quite a rivalry among us on this subject, and quite a number of bets were exchanged. Some managed to discharge one barrel, and those fortunate ones who got off both were mildly cheered. The firing reminded me of a military regiment performing a "feu-de-jôie."

Every conceivable kind of report was to be heard. Ah, it was an inspiring sight, and the air was dark with metal for hours afterward, many putting up umbrellas to save their hats. And the heron—well, he gave a kind of apologetic cough for all the trouble he had caused, but he won't return.

But to hark back. In the afternoon we had quite a shock. For one brief instant I almost thought I had a bite. Of course it wasn't. Such a thing would be against all history, but while it lasted it was madly exciting. Just imagine the feelings of an astronomer who for years has gazed at the sky as his father and grandfather have done before him. Suddenly he sees the long lost comet! These would have been my feelings if anything so mildly impossible as a fish had fouled my line. With this one break in the general monotony we spent the long, still, scorching afternoon, and at exactly 6 P. M. pulled up the anchor and rowed to the wharf. By this time we were simply parboiled, and face, hands and arms were extremely painful. Our Charon asked his usual question, "Have you caught anything?" for probably the hundredth time, and we as usual answered, "No." What the result would have been if we had said "Yes" is too dreadful to contemplate. Of course, he would have instantly succumbed. At last we arrived at home, more dead than alive, scorched and burned beyond recognition. It took weeks for us to recover from this outing. Still we had kept up the custom at all costs. We had that much satisfaction out of the affair; but when next Dominion Day arrives I sincerely hope some other members of the family may undertake to keep up the ancient rite. I could not survive another.

HAMILTON, Ont.

The Salt Water League.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen was held on Sept. 17 at Wall's Hotel, 106 West Thirty-first street, New York, President Theodore Biedinger presiding. There was an appreciable increase in attendance over former meetings, and earnest attention was paid to the proceedings. The reports of the various officers and committees showed favorable progress.

A letter was read from a Jamaica Bay fisherman, calling attention to the illegal netting going on at that place. He gave the name of a netter who is hauling his nets every day in direct violation of the law, and suggested that the League call the attention of the proper authorities to the case. It was decided to carry the matter to Chief Protector Pond.

Mr. Hesbach, former game warden of Jamaica Bay, spoke of the harm done by the netters in the waters of Long Island. In Great South Bay nets are so numerous as to interfere with the sailing of boats, and carloads of fish are shipped to New York which sometimes do not bring a quarter of a cent a pound.

Mr. Charles A. Shriner, former Fish and Game Protector of New Jersey, addressed the members on the subject of legislation as applied to fish and game protection. Mr. Shriner advised the League to limit its efforts to secure regulation of the net fishing rather than to attempt to abolish it. He spoke of the difficulties to be encountered in a fight to drive out so wealthy a corporation as the American Fisheries Company, but expressed an opinion that the net fishermen would willingly compromise. He recited his experiences as Fish and Game Protector of New Jersey, when he fought the menhaden net fishermen in the courts and defeated them. At the request of the League, Mr. Shriner has drafted a bill to regulate the net fishing in New York State. At the proper time these

drafts will be revised in a few minor details and introduced into the Assembly. The provisions of Mr. Shriner's proposed measures are outlined on another page of this issue.

At the conclusion of Mr. Shriner's able address, President Biedinger proposed that he be made an honorary member of the League, and the motion was carried amid much enthusiasm.

Several other speeches were made, all of which called attention to the need of concerted action on the part of the members of the League, many of whom appear to be indifferent to the success of the organization.

The next meeting will be held at Wall's Hotel on Monday, Oct. 15.

The Carp as Food Product of Illinois Waters.

BY S. P. BARTLETT.

(Read before the American Fisheries Society.)

I TAKE up this subject with a great deal of hesitancy, knowing what wide discussion it has caused as to its merits and demerits, particularly its demerits, and that the consensus of opinion may be opposed to mine; and who am I that I should attempt to refute such varied authority? But permit me modestly to preface my remarks by saying that I deal with the results of carp planting in Illinois waters alone. Here I know whereof I affirm, and I base my statements upon my experience only, and with profound deference to the opinions of those who may have reason to differ with me.

Without egotism, I think I can safely say that few men in Illinois have a more general knowledge of the waters of the State than I have acquired. Twenty-four years of active work in the Fish Commissions have taught me many lessons, and more than once I have been convinced that I have been all kinds of crank in that time. The deductions of to-day may be diametrically opposed to those of twenty years ago, made under similar conditions, but with less experience to guide. From the investigations and experiments of the various Fish Commissions have come many practical results, not the least among which has been the introduction of the German carp. After the United States Fish Commission had increased its output of these fishes to an extent sufficient to give carload lots to the different States, I was instrumental in securing a carload for Illinois, and accompanied the car to the various points where the plants were made, and from these plants has come one of the largest factors in the yearly product of the waters of the State.

It would not be worth while to record here the flood of criticism that followed the introduction of this foreigner into Illinois waters. This is now only a bit of ancient history, seldom revived. I need only say that the press generally throughout the State made a vigorous "kick" against it, and legislation with a view to limiting the distribution was attempted. Yet, while at first I may have had doubts as to the utility of the plant, I stood my ground, perforce, and defended the attacks against it. Public prejudice was largely augmented by the non-success of the many who attempted pond culture of carp under conditions which would have made any different results impossible. The idea seemed to prevail that anything would do for carp, and, starting with this premise, there were at one time 600 carp ponds in the State, which consisted chiefly of holes in the ground filled with surface water, devoted not to the carp alone, but free to everything else on the farm—horses, hogs, chickens, ducks and geese; and while even then some carp lived and grew, it may be imagined that they were hardly fair samples of their kind; and, added, to these disadvantages, they were taken out for use regardless of conditions, at spawning time, and when cooked were naturally pronounced unfit for food. A few, practical enough to give them an even chance with other farm products, by supplying conditions favorable to the best results, did well with them, and were well satisfied with their reward; but the experience of the many was made the criterion of success, and carp culture on the farm was voted a practical failure. The ponds made for them gradually broke down, and the carp were carried through the creeks to the rivers and lakes, and here began their career of use and benefit.

For a great many years previous, on both the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, it had been the practice of fishermen and farmers in the spring of the year, when the buffalo fish "rolled," to take them by shooting, spearing or with pitchforks, and, packing them in sugar hogsheads, they were shipped by river to St. Louis and other markets. Those that remained good were sold, the soft and tainted thrown away. The net results were, perhaps, from one-half to one and one-half cents per pound to the shipper, and a loss to the community at large of thousands of pounds of good fish. This improvidence continued, and up to 1880 the output had constantly decreased, until, from the best information we could obtain, only about one million pounds of buffalo fish were taken on the Illinois River in the season. They were simply "killing the goose that laid the golden egg." Taking the buffalo at spawning time, they destroyed not only the stock, but the increase as well, until the waters were practically depleted. This being the condition of things at the time of the introduction of the carp, it but remains to show how they improved their opportunity and became a valuable auxiliary to the supply of coarse fishes. For several years the carp were caught, but, having a bad name, the fishermen would have none of them, and they were thrown back into the water. This, as it proved, was fortunate, for they grew and multiplied, and the fishermen finally awoke to the fact that there was a practically unlimited market for them in the East, at good paying prices and began to utilize them. Year after year the catch of carp had increased, until careful estimates show that 600 carloads of them were shipped East last season from different points on the Illinois River alone. The prejudice against the fish as food had gradually disappeared in this State, until now it is found in the fish markets of every town and village, and on the tables of almost every hotel and restaurant in the surrounding country.

For years, and seemingly to my misfortune, I was held responsible for the introduction and defense of this much

maligned fish, and I have had plenty of newspaper notoriety as its advocate; but I have emerged from it triumphant, as it is to-day the universal opinion of every responsible fish dealer on the Illinois River that the carp was the best gift ever made by the United States Fish Commission to the people of the State.

There are natural reasons why the carp should be plentiful in the waters of our State. Not to take too much time, I will briefly say that the Illinois River, with its bottom lands frequently covering fifteen miles from bluff to bluff, abounds in low, flat lakes, into which the fish go with the overflows of the river, which occur several times a year. The water of these lakes becomes very warm, yet there is sufficient depth to prevent bad results, and here the carp thrive, and from these lakes they are taken for market. The catches are so great as to savor strongly of the traditional "fish story," 25,000 pounds at a haul being not at all infrequent, and some catches have been made that would sound almost fabulous. I append herewith a statement or report of the Illinois River Fishermen's Association, which will give some idea of the financial value of this product to the towns along the river; and when it is considered that very many of the inhabitants of these towns depend upon the fishing industry for a living, the benefit of this replenishment of these almost depleted waters may be understood and appreciated.

Peoria, for instance, ships about two carloads of carp daily during the height of the season. They are packed in boxes holding 150 pounds net of fish. The fish are packed in ice and then placed in refrigerator cars, and not infrequently the fish still show signs of life on their arrival in New York, to which point most of them are shipped. Unlike the buffalo, which must be dressed and packed in ice for shipment, the carp are shipped "in the rough"—that is, just as taken from the water, with absolutely no loss or shrinkage from the seine to the dealer, its admirable keeping qualities preserving its edible value perfectly.

At several points on the Illinois River holding or live pens have been prepared for storing the carp until the market or the dealer is ready for them. Notable among these storage pens is one owned by Mr. John Schulte. The lake in which it is built is six miles long, and averages one-half mile in width. Within this lake he has built a large inclosure, and the fish taken during the hot months are put into it and kept until the market is right, when they are taken out and packed for shipment. Mr. Schulte permits me to give one instance showing the results, financially, of a catch made by himself. The owner of a mill pond wished to have the carp taken out of it, and gave Mr. Schulte the privilege of taking them. Mr. Schulte showed me a check for \$1,080.35 as the net result of the carload he took from that pond.

Buyers from New York houses are stationed at different points on the Illinois River all the time, and readily take all that is offered, just as it comes from the water, at a net price.

I give herewith a couple of letters received in reply to my questions as to the value of carp:

Peoria, Ill., Dec. 17, 1898.—Hon. S. P. Bartlett, Supt. U. S. Fish Commission, Quincy, Ill. Dear Sir: In answer to your question as to my opinion of carp, will say, as I have often said, that the carp is the breadwinner of the fishermen, and is a cheap food fish in big demand in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago.

The prejudice against the carp here at home does not apply abroad. Instead of carp being unfit to eat, scavengers living on anything and everything, devouring the spawn of fine fish, etc., they are a fish of fair flavor for eating purposes; do not eat other than vegetable matter, such as grass, flag roots, moss, etc., and never eat the spawn of other fish as the black bass does. Often I have heard it said that the carp was driving the fine fish out of the river. This is also far from the truth, as the carp lives in harmony with all kinds of fine fish. The only fish that does not seem to like the carp is the buffalo, and that is because carp are too lively for them, and they cannot stand the jumping about of the carp, but if the buffalo have become scarcer we have their cousin—the carp—to take their place.

In our dealings with our customers since the buffalo have become scarce, in filling our dressed fish orders, we have had to substitute carp for buffalo very often. At first there was great complaint, and orders often read, "Don't send me carp if you have no buffalo." We kept on, however, substituting, and now many of the dealers who were so strongly prejudiced against carp order buffalo or carp, and many have written us to the effect that the people like them since they have given them a trial.

In summing up this carp question it can be truthfully said that the general opinion of the public on the question is purely imagination, and has no foundation in fact, and the best evidence of this is the wonderful demand for Illinois River carp from Eastern markets, where they are sold for Illinois River carp, and not canned for "salmon," as many people believe. Most respectfully yours,

M. D. HURLEY,

President Illinois Fishermen's Association.

Havana, Ill., Dec. 21, 1898.—S. P. Bartlett, Supt. U. S. Fish Commission, Quincy, Ill. Dear Sir: You ask me as to crop of German carp, and my opinion of their value.

As to the crop of young carp this season, will say that there is an enormous lot of them, and by next August they will be good marketable fish, weighing from 3 to 5 pounds each.

The Fish Commission did a good thing when they introduced the German carp in Illinois River. Carp are in great demand and a ready sale. There is more demand for German carp than for all other fish taken from our rivers combined.

From the information I get, as an official of the Illinois River Fishermen's Association, from all points along the river, the carp have brought more money than the catch of all other of our fishes combined. Long live the carp. Yours respectfully,

JOHN A. SCHULTE.

From a commercial standpoint, then, there can no longer be any doubt as to the growing popularity of the carp, and as to one other alleged point against them, I would only say that their introduction has not in any way lessened the angler's chances. Bass are more plenti-

ful now than they have been before for years, and constantly increasing; so are the carp. There would seem to be no need for me to say more in refutation of the oft-repeated charge that carp destroy the bass and kindred fishes.

I repeat, I am dealing only with what I know, and what I say applies only in Illinois waters. Possibly, in other places, carp may exhibit cannibalistic and murderous tendencies, but here they get down to business and make money, food and friends.

Canadian Angling Notes.

AN unusual number of American anglers are at present in the Lake St. John district. The ouananiche season, which closes to-morrow, has been a very successful one, and there is every reason to anticipate a constant improvement in this sport, now that the Roberval hatchery has proved itself a success. Another very large lot of fry has again been planted from this institution. The sport on the trout streams is now at about its best. Last week it was very good, but on the lakes the larger fish were not rising, on account of the warmth of the water. The frost of the last few nights has lowered the temperature of the water, and now the large fish are rising more freely. A son of Mayor Parent, of Quebec, killed three brook trout on one cast in the Ouitchouan River a few days ago that weighed respectively 4 pounds, 2¾ pounds and 1 pound.

Large fish are now also being taken in the Jeannotte, the outlet of Lake Edward. Among those who have fished it this week are L. N. Jocas and Senator Paquet, of Quebec, and Carlo Smith, of the Elgin watch works, Elgin, Ill.

Mr. George E. Hart, of Waterbury, and Mr. Gordon Burnham, of New York, have taken some large trout out of Lac des Passes, on the Triton tract, and are now doing the same thing at Lac des Commissaire, on the Nonantum Club limits. They have been joined on the latter waters by Messrs. F. S. Bradley, of New Haven; Mr. Brown, president of the club; Mr. Thompson, treasurer, and Mr. H. Beck, of New York.

Judge Kellogg and Mr. H. Chase, of Waterbury, have gone to the Metabetchouan Club, at Lake Kikisink. Among others who have lately enjoyed good sport there are William C. Lincoln, of Pittsburg, and C. M. Calhoun and W. C. Bryant and wife, of Bridgeport.

Messrs. Amos R. Little and Chas. W. Ogden, of Philadelphia, and E. P. Ricker, of Poland Springs, have been enjoying the fishing on the limits of the Penn Fish and Game Club, and Mr. E. W. Brewer, of Springfield, Mass., president of the Amabash Club, went up to-day to his club waters, accompanied by his son and a party of friends.

On the Triton and Tourilli tracts there are at least a hundred visiting sportsmen. Rev. Paul Van Dyke and Judge Swayne, of Toledo, O., are among recent visitors at the Triton, while among those on the Tourilli are John L. Holcomb, vice-president of the Phoenix Insurance Co., of Hartford; P. A. Rawlings, of New York; Hon. Lynan D. Gilbert, of Harrisburg, and David T. Watson, of Pittsburg.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Sept. 15.

My First Fly.

As one advances in age and is unable by weight of years or otherwise to indulge in sports most enjoyed in boyhood, the mind seems to revert and memory to recall incidents of those early years. Recently, while smoking my evening pipe, my memory went back to the day in the long ago and the circumstances under which I acquired my first fly.

A gentleman from a manufacturing town in the State of Massachusetts was in company with my father visiting the farmers of my native town for the purchase of wool. As I remember it was in the month of June, 1836. Brook trout were in season. This gentleman was on a certain day an unexpected guest at dinner. My mother was preparing the best meal she could at short notice, when I arrived with a handsome string of trout, the result of a morning spent at a nearby brook. My arrival was opportune, for while the food supply was abundant the variety was limited. A short time was required to prepare those trout for the frying pan, from which they went smoking hot to the table. This was a surprise dish and found favor with the guest, drawing from him an inquiry from whence they came. He was told that the boy had caught them in a brook not far remote. He then asked to see the boy, who, though hardly presentable in his fishing clothing, came forward, when in substance the following colloquy ensued. I was asked if I was the lad who had caught the trout, and how I caught them. I replied with hook and line.

"Did you use a fly?"

"No, sir; we use bait; never heard of fly bait; use hoppers sometimes, but mostly angle dogs."

"And what are angle dogs?"

"Why, just fish worms that we find in compost heaps or in muck in the meadow pasture."

"I fish for trout sometimes, and with a fly."

"You could catch no trout about here with fly bait; flies are too small—wouldn't stay on the hook."

"I don't mean common house flies, but artificial flies are what I use."

I had never before heard of artificial flies and evidently indicated a doubt as to whether the gentleman was speaking in parables or otherwise, but finally said, "I have never seen an artificial fly," and was in doubt if the gentleman meant what he said. Calling me to his side he took from his pocket a memorandum book, and from between its leaves produced a snelled hook, around the bend of which was wrapped a crimson substance bound with a narrow strip of gilt thread, with an attachment of a pair of crimson wings, and said: "This is an artificial fly." I had never seen a fly in any wise resembling it, and asked: "Can you catch trout with that?" He said "Yes"; but I shook my head in doubt, saying: "I do not think the trout in our brooks will bite at that. You can't fasten any sinker on that horse hair tied to the hook."

"I don't require any sinker."

"Then how do you make it sink?"

"I don't sink the fly, just drop it gently on the water and skip it along the surface; the fish comes up and takes it in his mouth, when by a slight movement of the wrist the fish is hooked."

I was deeply interested and desired to possess an artificial fly, that I might experiment in this novel mode of fishing. I was made happy when this gentleman made a present to me of the fly with the request that I try it and report to him the result when he should come again. I accepted with thanks and promised to comply with his request. He took his departure soon thereafter, and within thirty minutes I had that fly hook with a 6-ounce trout attached hung in a willow branch at least 15 feet above the surface of the stream. All anglers know that a fly treated thus is not likely to be of service long. This one was no exception. Within a week from date of its presentation my artistic red ant had resolved itself into a naked hook with a broken snell.

SEPTUAGENARIAN.

St. Louis, Mo.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fish Applications.

THE State of New York distributes through the Commission various kinds of fish free to all applicants who desire to plant the fish in suitable public waters. The applicants have only to fill out a blank form, answering certain questions as to conditions of water and fish food, and the fish asked for are generally sent to the railroad station nearest to the water in which it is desired that the fish should be planted. I say the fish are "generally sent," and this qualification means that sometimes fish are asked for that the State does not propagate, or the waters may be unsuitable for the fish desired, or the supply of certain species may fail in some years.

The State Fishcultivist has just prepared a circular letter to be sent out with each blank application, making a very reasonable request of all who fill out applications for State fish. The circular reads as follows:

State of New York, Forest, Fish and Game Commission, Albany, N. Y., Aug. 21.—Every application blank furnished by this Commission to those who desire fish for planting in public waters bears a conspicuous notice in red ink which reads as follows: "N. B.—A separate application must be used for each kind of fish desired."

This means if brook, brown and lake trout are applied for, three blanks must be used, one for each species of trout, and each additional fish will require an additional blank.

The Commission will furnish all the fish blanks that may be desired, but hereafter if more than one species of fish is applied for on a single blank the application will be ignored.

This request was made necessary because applications have been received by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission asking for two, three and even four different species of fish on the same blank. It is bad enough to ask for trout fry and trout fingerlings on the same blank, and even that makes confusion when the application is entered in the application books in the office at Albany, though such an application can be filled, for fry are furnished in the spring and fingerlings in the fall; but when four kinds of fish are requested on the same blank it is confusion confounded. The fish may have to be supplied from four different hatching stations, widely separated and at different seasons of the year, and one blank cannot be divided into four parts and sent in four different directions without impairing its usefulness. It is also bad enough to ask for four species of trout on one blank which may have to be filled from several hatching stations; but when trout and pike-perch and black bass and lobsters are asked for on the same blank the proper place for the application is the waste basket.

While on this subject, there is another phase of it other than the one mentioned that I am sure the Commission would like attention called to, and it is embodied in a circular first issued nearly five years ago, and now forgotten or ignored. The following is a part of the circular, and it is as much in force now as when it was first printed and sent out:

All persons who desire to obtain fish or fish fry from the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, for planting in public waters of the State, for under no circumstances are fish furnished by the State to be planted in private waters, should apply to the Secretary of the Commission at the office in Albany, for blanks to be filled out for this purpose, at the same time stating the kind or kinds of fish desired. Three different blanks are furnished—blanks for trout, blanks for fish fry (including all fish furnished by the Commission, other than trout and black bass), and blanks for black bass. A separate blank must be filled for each kind of fish applied for. All applications for trout (including brook, brown, rainbow and lake trout), whitefish, ciscoes, Adirondack brook trout and smelts, must be filed in the office at Albany on or before Feb. 1 each year.

Applications for tomcocks must be filed on or before Jan. 1. Pike-perch and masalonge applications may be filed as late as April 1, and applications for black bass as late as May 1.

Most of the species of the salmon family reared by the State spawn in the fall and are hatched the following spring, and are ready for delivery from March to May, depending upon the season and the situation of the hatchery. The spring spawning fishes, like the masalonge, pike-perch and black bass, may be delivered in May and June. Applicants for fish are notified in advance of the shipments of fish assigned to them. Applications for fish received after the dates fixed by the Commission for that purpose must be rejected for that year, as assignments once made are final. The clerical work of filing applications and assigning millions of fish is so great that it cannot be reviewed for re-assignment before distribution begins.

The idea prevails that because trout fry are distributed in the spring and fingerlings in the autumn that it will answer every purpose if the applications for fingerlings are sent in at any time before the distribution takes place, but such is not the case. With all the applications on file at the time fixed in the circular, those who have the distribution in charge know how many fry must be reserved to be reared to the fingerling age and how many can be distributed as fry. The number of trout asked for exceed the number the State has thus far been able to hatch and rear and applications must be filled pro rata. If there was no fixed time when all applications must be on file the result would be that early applications would be filled nearly if not quite in full and there would be no fish to fill later applications. When all applications are in at a given time and the reports from the various hatcheries are received in Albany about the same time, it is a simple matter to make the assignments of fry and set aside a sufficient number to be reared, always allowing for loss in rearing, and if necessary scale the applications so that each shall receive

proper consideration, and a fair distribution will follow. Until the fish are hatched no one can estimate how many there will be, even from the stock fish under control at the hatching stations.

Pike-perch may appear in great numbers at spawning time, and, as was the case this year, over fifty millions of fry may be hatched from eighty millions of eggs taken, or they may fail to appear in numbers and only a few eggs be taken. Smelt may come into the streams to spawn, or they may not, as has been the case for two years, and the fry hatched may be thirty or forty million or they may amount to only one million. So with trout; the number of eggs taken may vary greatly, one season with another, and applications for fish cannot be granted until it is known what the State has to grant; and when this is known and the fish and applications are brought into conjunction, it is smooth sailing to make the assignments so far as the fish will go. I say so far as the fish will go, for the applications call for ridiculous numbers of fish. The banner application was one calling for pike-perch, and had the State been able to fill it the State fish car would have had to make forty-two trips, each time with a full load of fish, to fill it.

It is not at all unusual for an application to call for a carload of something, which may mean from 500,000 to 1,000,000 fry or 9,000 yearlings, and each application has a notice requesting that not more than 500 to 1,000 fingerlings be asked for at one time.

Planting Fish.

In line with what has gone before is the manner of planting young fish, and upon this subject the State has issued another circular, now as much a dead letter as the one already quoted. The first paragraph of the circular reads: "Brook, brown, rainbow and Loch Leven trout should be planted in small spring rivulets tributary to the larger stream intended to be stocked. * * * The fry should be well distributed throughout the length of the stream (by planting in rivulets, as previously stated), as by bunching the plant there is danger of exhausting the food suitable for the young fish."

The directions are plain enough, but how many of those who plant trout fry take the trouble to follow them? Recently some one unknown to me sent me a newspaper clipping and a newspaper illustration. The illustration shows a man in the act of pouring a can of trout fry into a big stream near a highway where a bridge crosses the stream. A team and sleigh stand in the road near the bridge and three more cans of trout fry are on the ground near the sleigh, and I assume from the picture and the text of the letter in the newspaper clipping that about 20,000 trout fry were turned into this big brawling stream, and the reason for it is apparent from the picture. It was the easiest way to plant the fish; the highway crossed the stream, and by carrying the cans a few feet the contents of the cans could be deposited with the least possible trouble and with dispatch; and yet it was all wrong, though it was done by an employee of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, who should have known better. If an employee of the Commission, in the person of a State Game Protector, provides an example of how fish should not be planted, I am sure there can be little fault found with those who are not in the employ of the Commission who may follow his example. True, it is not one of the duties of a State Game Protector to plant fish, but when they engage in fish planting they, more than the unofficial citizen, should know the right way to do it and do it properly. I give an extract from the letter in the clipping:

Stocking Streams.

To the Editors of The Herald:
I wish to call your attention to the reproduction of a photograph which appeared in the Post-Standard Sunday, April 8, showing the Fish and Game Protector planting trout fry.

For many years the State has spent considerable time and money attempting to stock the streams of Onondaga county with trout, and millions of young fish have been planted, yet the question is asked year after year, "What becomes of all these trout?" It strikes me that this photograph may explain.

Every person who has had experience in planting trout will be surprised and horrified when he gazes upon the photograph of our protector of fish in the act of murdering trout by the tens of thousands. The title of the picture shown is "Planting Trout Fry in Nearby Streams." The picture mentioned shows the protector deliberately emptying a can of 5,000 trout fry into the main waters of a large, swift flowing stream where trout fry could not possibly survive more than a few hours at the most. Just back are three more cans, probably containing a total of 15,000 more small trout waiting their turn for slaughter.

My love for trout fishing prompts me to bring this photograph to your notice, in order that the State Commissioners of Fisheries may not be held responsible because there is no fishing in our county.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with trout planting I will quote in brief from the report of the Fish Commissioners for 1895, page 149, which is the instructions for transporting and planting young fish.

Had our protector first acquired information as to how to plant trout, possibly that photograph would never have appeared in a daily paper, and the trout fishing would be better in Onondaga county.

A FISHERMAN.
SYRACUSE, April 10.

There is a prevailing impression that trout fry are of little use for stocking streams, and when they are dumped into a stream such as is shown in the illustration it is doubtful if many survive. Natural conditions should be followed as far as possible in planting fry, and that means that the fry should be planted at the sources of the streams away from fish that will eat them, and they should be well distributed throughout the small feeders of the main stream to be stocked, for without food the fry will not thrive. This manner of planting trout fry involves hard drives through fields or woods and carrying of cans by hand over considerable distances. When the planting is well done natural conditions are improved upon, and the results from such planting are as effective in restocking a stream as though fingerling trout were planted in the main stream. The State cannot rear all the trout hatched to the fingerling age, as it has not enough water at all the hatching stations combined to do this, and many trout must of necessity be planted at the fry stage; but if they are not properly planted, as the circular of the Commission directs, little benefit will be derived from the planting. If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, and if people wish to restock brooks with trout they must do the work in a manner to bring about the best results, or their time and the State's fish are wasted.

What the State Game Protector may have had to say for himself when he saw his methods photographed and

criticised in print I do not know; probably nothing, for there was nothing to say in defense of such miserable fish plant, which simply wasted the fish and made fruitless the effort of the State to restock the water for which the fish were intended. Had he read the directions for planting fry, a copy of which he doubtless possessed, he would have known he was not proceeding in a proper manner to get the best results from the planting with which he was intrusted. That he permitted himself to be photographed in the manner that he was is evidence that he believed he was doing the proper thing, and therefore I would advise the anglers' association he represented to get some one else to take charge of their fish planting in the future.

Whitefish.

There is another matter that may well be threshed out here and now, as it is closely allied to what has gone before. Many of our inland lakes now contain vast quantities of the very best of food fish that is absolutely going to waste because they are not used, and I refer to the whitefish, one of the most delicate of food fishes and one that will not as a rule take a hook, and therefore, to be available as food for mankind, must be taken in nets. The State hatches millions of whitefish, the big lake whitefish as well as the round whitefish or Adirondack brook trout, and every year a large proportion of the whitefish hatched are planted in the inland lakes, where they serve no good purpose, as a rule, except to feed other fish, and it is extremely doubtful if they do not destroy more food of other fish in the same water, under present conditions, than is gained by their serving as food themselves. This could all be changed if fishermen would avail themselves of the provisions contained in Section 64 of the Forest, Fish and Game Law, which reads as follows:

"Frostfish, whitefish, catfish, sunfish, pumpkin seeds, bullheads, perch, suckers and sturgeon may be taken with nets from inland lakes not inhabited by trout, pursuant to rules prescribed by the Commission. Such rules shall be subject to amendment or abrogation at any time and may be either general or special, and published as the Commission directs."

This section of the law, like one or two others, requires a key before one can understand what the words actually mean, for on the face of it any waters containing trout would seem to be exempt from the right to net. Not so. When the key, to be found in Article VII. under the heading "Definitions and Constructions," is examined, for there it is explained that "'trout' includes speckled trout, brown trout, rainbow trout, red-throat trout and brook trout."

"Trout" does not include lake trout, for the next paragraph states that "'lake trout,' for the purposes of this act, includes landlocked salmon and ouananiche." I tried to take that s out of ouananiche when I discovered it, but it was the law, and being so the word could not be correctly spelled without an act of the Legislature to justify it.

With this explanation it will be observed that where whitefish are found in inland lakes that also contain lake trout (and do not contain "speckled trout" or "brook trout," this redundancy of terms to designate the common brook trout being another of the unaccountable things in the game law), the former may be taken in nets. A license is first obtained from the Forest, Fish and Game Commission and the netter would make a profit on his catch and the people who buy the fish would have one of the finest table fishes that swims.

The State hatches whitefish at Canandaigua Lake and at Hemlock Lake (at other points as well), and in taking eggs a small proportion of the fish are injured. These fish and those caught in the meshes of the pounds are killed and sold to local fish dealers at a small price per pound, with the understanding that they must be retained at a fixed price. The demand was so great for the fish that one dealer sought to compel the State to deliver to him all the whitefish taken in the nets. Whitefish will not bear a long journey and arrive in the perfect state that they are when fresh from the water, but where whitefish can be netted there will be a local demand that will exhaust the supply, if one can judge from the experience of the men who have had State fish from the nets.

Brush in Trout Streams.

If those who desire to stock a stream with fingerling trout will go to a little trouble in advance of the actual planting of the fish they will do much to preserve the fish or a portion of them until they have had an opportunity to spawn. This trouble consists of cutting a quantity of brush and throwing it into the stream to form hiding places and refuge for the trout. The brush must be so thick in the water that no hook and line fisherman can get his bait through it and out again with a fish on the hook, and if the brush is placed in the water green it should lie long enough to lose the leaves and become fixed in the stream. To do this well a considerable portion of the stream should be brushed near the headwaters and the fingerlings, planted where they can avail themselves of the brush refuge, would be safe from the hook and line man and the man with a net, and when they grow to a greater size and have snawed the trout will work down stream to places where they can be caught, in a legitimate manner, it is to be hoped.

A. N. CHENEY.

"The Outing of My Life."

AREFAR writes from Auburn, Cal.: I have had the "outing of my life." Caught a 10½-pound rainbow trout on an 8-ounce rod; also a 9¼, an 8, and two 7½, besides several 5 and 6 pounders. Also got ducks and snipe galore after Sept. 1. I may be able to give you a short paper on the subject by and by.

A Pennsylvania 8-Pound Bass.

HONESDALE, Pa., Sept. 14.—Mr. George W. Cross, of Carbonade, Pa., captured with a P. & S. troll on Thursday last at York Lake a black bass that measured 22½ inches in length and weighed just 8 pounds. This is believed to be the largest bass ever taken out of our fresh-water lakes in this vicinity.

G. W. L.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Movements of Western Anglers.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 15.—There is quite a little exodus this week for the muscallunge regions of Wisconsin, some of our anglers going out for a try at the fall run of that fish, whose reticence and diffidence in regard to spoon victuals this past summer has left his reputation under a cloud. Mayor Carter H. Harrison is keeping up his reputation as an all-around sportsman by taking a run up to Squirrel Lake, near Minocqua, Wis., this week after muscallunge. This is one of the best 'lunge waters of that much contested region, or at least it has given the best account of itself for the past few seasons, though it has shown nothing very heavy.

Mr. Geo. Murrell and A. Wolfarth had pretty fair luck with the big-mouths at Huntley's Lake, near Lake Villa, this week, taking twenty-five nice ones in one day's casting.

Mr. J. B. Battelle, long of Toledo, O., is this week in Chicago on business and pays this office a call. He says that during the month of August he struck, quit work altogether, and taking his wife went up into Michigan, in the St. Mary's River country, and had more fun catching trout than he almost ever did have before. He came back in fine fettle and thinks the time well spent.

Mr. Frank Washburn, writing from Cass county, Minn., reports muscallunge taken at Kabekona Camp of 14½, 26 and 30 pounds this season.

Back from the Rockies.

President Graham H. Harris, of the Chicago Board of Education, returned this week from the long trip in the Rocky Mountains of which mention was earlier made in these columns, and was accompanied home by his two companions, Mr. E. Ellicott, city electrician, and Old Bill Haskell, who was really the moving spirit of the party since he was the one who had been out in the country before and who got his friends to take the trip. In every way each man came back pleased down to the ground. They are all brown as berries and hungry yet with the real mountain appetite. They went west of the Yellowstone Park, fished the upper or north fork of the Snake; also the Madison, the Beaver and other streams of that region, and during an excursion into the Park tried the Nez Perce Creek, though with little success, perhaps because they were too near the Fountain Basin and the water was too warm so low down. They made Henry's Lake their center of operations and had many side trips, shooting ducks, grouse and sage hens and fishing to their hearts' content. They caught trout up to 3 or 4 pounds, all they wanted, and had all the shooting and all the fun they could ask.

Considerable interest was excited among the membership of the Wishininne Club, of which Mr. Harris is an esteemed member, by a telegram which was received from him soon after his arrival in the mountains, and which was addressed to Dr. Bodine at his office here. The message asked that one "hair mattress" be sent out to him at once. It was not considered professional for any member of the redoubtable Wishinannes to sleep on a hair mattress while on a camping trip and there was grave talk at the daily lunch meetings of trying Mr. Harris for high crimes and misdemeanors. This subject was brought up delicately to-day in full meeting and Mr. Harris and Mr. Haskell were both asked to explain this mattress incident. Mr. Harris said that his telegram was misunderstood and that he sent for an "air mattress" and not a "hair mattress," and did not ask to have it curled, as was at first reported. There was, however, some very suspicious talk in regard to a couple of pillows which were also said to have been ordered, and unless Mr. Harris can explain those pillows he is apt to rest under a very grave cloud of suspicion and will perhaps be formally asked at a later meeting to set the matter right or suffer summary penalties for the crime. In the Wishininne calendar a bootleg is held a good and sufficient pillow and is legal tender for the same. Mr. Haskell looks as though he could tell a thing or two and will probably be subpoenaed later as the leading witness.

Lost His Grayling.

Mr. W. J. Hunsaker, managing editor of the Detroit Journal, writes me describing the loss of a valuable bit of property upon which he had long lavished his idolatry, a stuffed grayling that he had accumulated in the course of his sporting activities and which he classified as the pearl of great price among his trophies. Fire destroyed it utterly, and it looks now as though he would have to drop work and go out and get another one. He may be glad to note the cheering reports of the late issue of the FOREST AND STREAM, which seem to indicate that the grayling is not yet altogether gone, though in a very groggy attitude as a species. Mr. Hunsaker will touch the heart of many a sportsman who has lost his pet trophy with his words, which follow:

"You'll be pained to learn, I opine, of a disaster that overtook me July 1. For a long time I've been filled with a burning ambition to catch a grayling—the fish that is now little more than a glittering memory in Michigan streams where once it schooled by millions. Finally, last May, on Big Creek, a branch of the Au Sable, I got one on a Parmachenee belle, in swift water, "just as the sun went down." It was a fine specimen, 12 inches long, and gave me a nipping fight. Well, I nourished it for three days until I got to Detroit and had it mounted. Then I hung it over my desk in the office and gloated over it and let a few friends in for a gloat or two occasionally, and fought the good fight with it over and over again, until I was convinced that I was a peacherina of an angler, without any manner of doubt. At the flood-tide of my pride the customary fall came due. On the date mentioned fire didn't do a thing but wipe out my fish from sight as with a fiery sponge. Incidentally it burned up \$80,000 worth of Journal property besides, but that was a mere side issue. That fish was gone, and not all the insurance companies this side of a hotter place than Detroit in August can put that 12-inch silver dream back over my desk again. Factories multiply where type and presses and Mergenthalers may be had for a price, but the places where grayling are turned out are growing lonesomely few and far between."

Rhode Island Bass and Landlocked Salmon.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I see by FOREST AND STREAM that the Fish Commissioners of Rhode Island have dumped a load of landlocked salmon fry in Sneach's Pond, in the town of Cumberland. Some time ago a large lot was put into Moswansicut Pond in Scituate. A few days ago the Providence Journal told of a gentleman named Geo. Jencks, hooking and successfully landing a bass (small-mouth) which weighed 6½ pounds. This is all true, too, as the head was seen by a man whom I believe to know a great deal about fish. But what has become of the salmon fry which was planted? It is no wonder bass grow to an immense size when they are fed on landlocked salmon fry.

I expect to hear in another year of its as being caught in Sneach's Pond of a like weight, for this pond was stocked with bass many years ago. The bass of Rhode Island will be so dainty soon we shall have to use small yearling trout to induce them to bite. There are ponds in this State which have never been stocked with black bass, which, in my humble opinion, would be better places to put salmon fry into than a pond where it is known large bass abide. When these fry are all eaten by the bass, what a fine flavor those bass will be. People will travel from any distance to get a bass fed by salmon fry. Keep at it. This State, although small, has lots of money, and if we want our bass fed with even the speckled trout, we can have it done. SELDOM.

Large Adirondack Brook Trout.

BOSTON, Sept. 4.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I have before me two articles from your paper dated June 9 and 16, respectively, which report that Adirondack speckled trout have been taken of 6 pounds weight. Mr. Phillips states that he could get no definite information of any one taking a larger one. The last year that I camped on Bog River (about 1895), St. Lawrence county, my guide, Bob Moody, of Saranac Lake, took a speckled trout from Third Pond that weighed exactly 6 pounds and 4 ounces. An account of the first fishing after being stocked of Spring Pond, off Bog River, by Walter Aiken and party, would be interesting. Geo. Fayzette, of Dr. Webb's preserve, Ne-ha-sa-ne Park, can give the facts if he feels like it, and I hope he will. L. O. C.

Gold Spectacles Found in Tamagamie Carry.

MONTREAL, P. Q., Sept. 11.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: In passing over the portage between Cross and Outlet bays on Tamagamie Lake, Ontario, on Aug. 31, I found a pair of gold-frame spectacles. Knowing that all sportsmen read FOREST AND STREAM, I ask you to be good enough to say in your next issue that the owner can have them by furnishing proof of ownership to me. Address ST. CROIX, care FOREST AND STREAM.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 30.—Senecaville, O.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's sixth annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 7-8.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 20.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.
Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.
Nov. 20.—Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 22.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. Barret Gibson, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Scandia, Mo.
Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Training the Hunting Dog
For the Field and Field Trials.

II.—Instinct, Reason and Natural Development.

(Continued from page 212.)

THE life of the dog is relatively short. At ten years he is in old age. Few of them live so long; fewer still live much longer. In the first year of the dog's life he goes through the same relative course of development that the boy goes through in the first dozen years of his life. For a time, as a puppy, he is entirely helpless and dependent. Gradually strength comes, and he moves about without any exhibition of intelligence. As the brain develops, the mind begins to act, and the puppy shows signs of ideas. Soon play engrosses his attention, and this phenomenon of his life, although by the average man considered frivolous and undesirable, is essentially useful.

Puppies play furiously with each other till they are exhausted by fatigue. After a short rest they may resume their frolics with unabated ardor. It is to be observed that their play is a close imitation of pursuit and escape, of cunning attack and crafty evasion, or of ambush or battle, dog against dog. They seize, wrestle and struggle in play as they do in actual fight, with the difference, however, that they use their teeth in a "make-believe" way, and do not intentionally hurt each other. At times the sham battle may develop into a real battle, and then there is but little difference in the struggle, save that teeth are used in earnest. This exercise develops the dog's muscles, his power of actively using his bodily capabilities, his mental qualities and a knowledge of his own forces and limitations.

If the puppy has no companion of his own kind, he goes through much the same fierce training with an old shoe or other object, which he will toss about and shake and rend, following the instincts of his nature in the evolution as an organism, while feeling only that he is having a glorious diversion. All these experiences are of infinite value to the animal by way of experimentation, and the knowledge acquired in rending, tearing, lifting, dodging, ambushing and in developing strong muscular activity, etc., is essential to him in his mature life, either in his wild or domesticated state. In a wild state such knowledge is indispensable to his existence; in a domesticated state it is serviceable as a means of attack and self-defense to him. His curiosity is also a factor in his development. It leads him to unlimited investigation, and thereby his nose acquires a functional power of discrimination which is specially serviceable to him.

The period of youth is a period of development. Nature utilizes it in the most beneficent and proper manner. It is the preparatory stage for the tasks of mature life. Therefore, until the mind and body have been developed in their powers according to nature's laws, the puppy is not old enough to attempt his education.

It is better to let him develop in his own manner till he is a year old before the serious attempt at training is made. The trainer in the meantime can give the puppy unlimited opportunity to learn by taking him frequently into the woods and fields, and permitting him to range and seek and chase in his own manner.

The trainer in the puppy's experiences represses what may be wrong, such as the chasing of poultry and sheep, etc., but leaves him to his uninterrupted pleasure otherwise. He learns the practical parts of life from his own experience, and by observing the doings of his fellows, but he learns only from opportunity.

Dogs are very imitative. They readily learn by observing the doings of older and wiser and more experienced dogs. They have a limited language by which they can convey certain ideas, and they interpret quite intelligently the significance of certain actions of each other and of their masters.

With a purpose to give the reader some ideas on this point, as well as to evoke more serious thought in respect to it, the following from "The Descent of Man," by Darwin, is presented. Treating of language, he remarks: "This faculty has justly been considered as one of the chief distinctions between man and the lower animals. But man, as a highly competent judge, Archbishop Whately, remarks, 'is not the only animal that can make use of language to express what is passing in his mind, and can understand more or less what is so expressed by another.' In Paraguay the *Cebus azara* when excited utters at least six distinct sounds, which excite in other monkeys similar emotions. The movements of the features and the gestures of monkeys are understood by us, and they partly understand ours, as Rengger and others declare. It is a most remarkable fact that the dog, since being domesticated, has learned to bark in at least four or five distinct tones. Although barking is a new art, no doubt the wild parent species of the dog expressed their feelings by cries of various kinds. With the domesticated dog, we have the bark of eagerness, as in the chase; that of anger as well as growling; the yelp or howl of despair, as when shut up; the baying at night; the bark of joy, as when starting on a walk with his master, and the very distinct one of demand or supplication, as when wishing for a door or window to be opened. According to Houzeau, who paid particular attention to the subject, the domestic fowl utters at least a dozen significant sounds.

"The habitual use of articulate language is, however, peculiar to man; but he uses in common with the lower animals inarticulate cries to express his meaning, aided by gestures and the movement of the muscles of the face. This specially holds good with the more simple and vivid feelings, which are but little connected with our higher intelligence. Our cries of pain, fear, surprise, anger, together with their appropriate actions, as the murmur of a mother to her beloved child, are more expressive than any words. That which distinguishes man from the lower animals is not the understanding of articulate sounds, for, as every one knows, dogs understand many words and sentences. In this respect they are in the same stage of development as infants between the ages of ten and twelve months, who understand many words and short sentences, but yet cannot utter a single word. It is not the mere articulation which is our distinguishing character, for parrots and other birds possess this power. Nor is it the mere capacity of connecting definite sounds with definite ideas, for it is certain that some parrots which have been taught to speak, connect unerringly words with things and persons with events. The lower animals differ from man solely in his almost infinitely larger power of associating together the most diversified sounds and ideas, and this obviously depends on the high development of his mental powers."

In reference to this subject, besides giving his own views at greater length, he quotes from a number of authorities, who contribute valuable information, and who concur in their opinions.

But, as remarked hereinbefore, so far as the training of the dog for field work is concerned, no ideas can be communicated to him by means of speech. He learns from actual experience. Such things as are useful to him in the struggles of life he learns readily.

In his place in domestic life he learns the significance of what affects his own comfort or interests. He learns to interpret correctly his master's frown or smile, and learns to know by the tone of his voice whether he is pleased or displeased. His watchfulness, so much, and so thoughtlessly lauded as the expression of his devotion to man, is merely the instinctive watchfulness necessary to his safety in a wild state, and is a characteristic which he would exercise quite as readily for his own kind and the preservation of his lair as he would for the benefit of man. When he barks at strange dogs or gives warning at night of the approach of strangers it should not be overlooked that he considers his own home is disturbed, though it may be the home of his master. Much depends on the point of view.

In this connection it may be remarked that while the intelligence of the dog has been grossly underrated on the one hand by superficial observers, it has been on the other hand quite as unreasonably exaggerated by en-

thusiastic admirers. The dog is not more intelligent than are many other animals, and is inferior in this respect to some of them. He is not to be compared to man in this matter. Indeed, intelligence in the dog equal to that possessed by man would be a most grievous calamity to him. It is quite equal to the demands of his nature, and to his position in the scale of organic beings. There are writers who urge still greater claims for the dog than the claim of high intelligence. They maintain that dogs possess souls and therefore have eternal life, but whether they have or not is not pertinent to the best methods of training, and therefore to this work.

As to his intelligence, his reasoning powers are of quite a high order on such matters as come within his immediate observation. A few acts of many will be mentioned. Some hounds, after repeated chases of a fox, will at some later chase lie concealed at a point which will intercept him as the other hounds in pursuit drive him by. Greyhounds soon learn to "run cunning." Setters and pointers sometimes learn to leave the trail of an old cock running down wind, circle around him till they head him off and stop his running, pointing him then accurately. All this is reasoning by the dog over concrete subjects within his immediate observation. If an attempt were made to teach him that x represented an unknown quantity, his mind could not grasp the abstract idea, and failure would result. Primitive man displays but little more intelligence. Such as it is, it, so far as it goes, is the same in kind as the intelligence displayed by the dog. In either case a vast store of knowledge pertaining to practical living is necessary in the struggle for existence.

As to his best development, it must be in accordance with his own nature. He must have all the liberty which can be consistently given to him, to the end that his bodily and mental powers be developed to their best limits. He must be treated kindly, so that his attachment to his master will be deep and lasting—that is to say, associating with his master confers one of the highest degrees of pleasure of which he has any knowledge. It should be made to him a source of constant delight.

Play with his fellows, chasing butterflies and little birds, crude attempts at chasing rabbits, galloping over the fields in the wantonness of surplus energy and ecstatic spirits, and gratifying his curiosity as to the meanings of things, etc., are quite serious enough by way of occupation during the months of his puppyhood. Many amateurs proceed on the theory that if left to himself the puppy will learn many things that are wrong, and that therefore from the beginning he must be under constant supervision, and his development must be in accord with certain finished educational standards useful to the gun. No theory could be more fallacious. The true practice, it may be reiterated, is to permit the dog to develop in his own natural manner, and then so train him that his efforts are made subservient to the purposes of the gun.

B. WATERS.

United States Field Trial Club's Derby Entries.

BENTON, TENN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following dogs have been entered in the United States Field Trial Club's derbies, which will commence on Jan. 21, 1901, on the club's new preserves in Benton county, Miss.

Grand Junction, Tenn., will be club headquarters during the meeting. The list comprises thirty-three pointers and forty-two English setters. No Irish or Gordon setters were nominated.

Pointers.

- E. O. Damon's b. and w. dog Black Jack (Plain Sam—Clip Strideway).
- G. Chisholm's l. and w. dog Doc Light (Jingo's Light—Gill's Juno).
- N. T. De Pauw's l. and w. bitch Jingo's Romp (Jingo—Nellie Croxteth).
- W. F. Bocker, Jr.'s, liv. and w. bitch Lady's Lass (Plain Sam—Lad's Lady).
- L. W. Blankenbaker's b. and w. bitch Imp (Lad of Rush—Blankenbaker's Spinaway).
- T. T. Ashford's liv. and w. bitch Itabit (Von Gull—Hessie D).
- N. B. Nesbitt's (agt.) liv. and w. dog Jingo's Pride (Jingo—Speckle Gown).
- Dr. C. I. Shoop's l. and w. dog Hal the First (Hal Pointer—Aloysa).
- L. W. Blankenbaker's b. and w. dog — (Lad of Rush—Blankenbaker's Spinaway).
- J. E. Gill's liv. and w. bitch Gray's Pearl (Young Jingo—Gypsy Jess).
- Geo. E. Gray's liv. and w. dog Odd Fellow (Young Jingo—Eve).
- Geo. E. Gray's liv. and w. dog Luck Strike (Alberta Joe—Pearl Rip Rap).
- E. F. Smith's l. and w. dog Eve's Jingo (Young Jingo—Eve).
- W. H. Beazell's b. and w. dog Ruth's Jingo (Jingo—Baby Ruth).
- G. Crocker's liv. and w. bitch Tick's Maid (Tick Boy—Fawn).
- G. Crocker's liv. and w. dog Tick's Pebble (Tick Boy—Fawn).
- J. B. Turner's liv. and w. bitch Spring Dot (Main-spring, Jr.—Dot's Pearl).
- C. J. Singleton's l. and w. dog Keystone Jim (Jingo—Speckle Gown).
- J. C. Kelch's l. and w. dog Kelch's Joe (Kickapoo Chancellor—Queen Bess II.).
- W. P. Austin's b. and w. dog Tioga Sam (Plain Sam—Lad of Rush).
- J. S. Brown's l. and w. bitch Young Eve (Young Jingo—Eve).
- A. McLachlan's b. and w. dog Joe Howard (Brighton Joe—Missouri Queen).
- F. R. Huntington's b. and w. dog J. C. (Young Jingo—Eve).
- Charlottesville Kennels' liv. and w. bitch Lolpura (Tippoo—Toxic).
- Charlottesville Kennel's liv. and w. dog Kehma (Tippoo—Snip).

Charlottesville Kennel's liv. and w. dog Diaspore (Tippoo—Snip).

G. Y. Banks' l. and w. dog Sam B (Jingo's Light—Phi).

J. H. Johnson's (agt.) liv. and w. bitch Dorothy Dot (Rex Kent—Topsey Rush).

Thomas Johnson's liv. and w. dog Alberta Joe, Jr. (Alberta Joe—Indiana).

Thomas Johnson's liv. and w. bitch Manitoba Blithe (Alberta Joe—Indiana).

Thomas Johnson's liv. and w. bitch Manitoba Victoria (Alberta Joe—Midge).

N. B. Nesbitt's liv. and w. dog Jingo II. (Jingo—Nellie Croxteth).

N. B. Nesbitt's liv. and w. dog Jingo's Spot (Jingo—Nellie Croxteth).

Setters.

T. T. Ashford's b., w. and t. dog Dan Urbe (Tony Boy—May Blue).

D. E. Rose's b., w. and t. dog Ivanhoe (Tony Boy—Flash O'Dana).

Medina Kennels' b. b. bitch Nellie Gladstone (Domino—Nellie F.).

J. H. Johnson's (agt.) b., w. and t. dog Ruby's Druid (Dave Earl—Tony's Ruby).

J. H. Johnson's (agt.) b., w. and t. bitch Ruby's Lady (Dave Earl—Tony's Ruby).

E. A. Meise's b., w. and t. bitch Glad Tidings (Dave Earl—Accelerando).

C. M. Tway's b., w. and t. dog Borlona (Iron Duke—Nellie R.).

E. L. Jamieson's b., w. and t. dog Mark Twain (Joe Cumming—Miss Osthaus).

E. H. Osthaus' b., w. and t. dog Kipling (Joe Cumming—Miss Osthaus).

A. N. Davis' b., w. and t. dog Hobson (Rodfield—Doll Gladstone).

W. W. Titus' b., w. and t. dog Captain Scott (Joe Cumming—Miss Osthaus).

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog Bell Boy (Tony Boy—Lena Belle).

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch Tomboy (Tony Boy—Lena Belle).

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch Vevay (Tony Boy—Lena Belle).

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog Bow Knot (Why Not—Bonnie B.).

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog Noisy Boy (Why Not—Bonnie B.).

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, o. and w. bitch Wilna (Gleam II.—Trilby).

J. S. Brown's b., w. and t. bitch Mollie B. II. (Tony's Gale—Mollie B.).

G. J. Lewis' b. b. bitch Ragtime Girl (Cin. Pride—Pet Bondhue).

Verona Kennels' o. and w. dog Verona Cap (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft).

Verona Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Verona Diabie (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft).

Verona Kennels' o. and w. bitch Verona Reva (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft).

Verona Kennels' o. and w. bitch Verona Spice (Count Gladstone IV.—Countess K.).

Verona Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Wilhelmina (Count Gladstone IV.—Countess K.).

G. G. Williamson's b., w. and t. bitch Leading Lady (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).

F. P. Harter's b., w. and t. bitch Lady Clinton (Lady's Count Gladstone—Nellie Gladstone).

C. W. Ferguson's b., w. and t. bitch Spray (Marie's Sport—Rita's Kate).

C. W. Mullan's l. and w. dog Rob. Count Gladstone (Lady's Count Gladstone—Selkirk's Iris).

H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. dog Sport's Solomon (Marie's Sport—Isabelle Maid).

H. S. Bevan's l. and w. bitch Lena Windem (Lady's Count Gladstone—Iris).

G. E. Gray's b., w. and t. bitch Annie B. (Uncle B.—Pride of Abercorn).

C. D. Stewart's b., w. and t. bitch Tony's Dot (Tony Boy—Druid's Daisy).

Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. dog Dot Roy (Dot's Roy—Callie).

Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. bitch Daisy (Dot's Roy—Callie).

Avent & Duryea's liv. and w. bitch Cora (Topsey Ranger—Columbine).

Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. dog Tony Man (Tony Boy—May Blue).

Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. bitch Clip Windom (Tony Boy—Phoebe Windam).

James Thompson's b., w. and t. dog Ruby's Dan (Dave Earl—Tony's Ruby).

T. H. Noble's b., w. and t. bitch Count's Lit (Lady's Count Gladstone—Jessie Rodfield).

J. S. Henderson's b., w. and t. bitch Lady's Iris (Lady's Count Gladstone—Selkirk's Iris).

R. B. Morgan's b., w. and t. bitch Dolly Manners (Tony—).

R. B. Morgan's b. and w. bitch Marse Chan (Lady's Count Gladstone—Lontonio).

W. B. STAFFORD, Sec'y.

Points and Flushes.

In our business columns the Eastern Field Trials Club announces the conditions governing its All-Age Setter and Pointer Stake, entries of which close Oct. 1, and the Eastern Subscription Stake, entries to which must be filed at 9 o'clock on the night previous to running the stake. The judges announced are Messrs. Arthur Meriman and Theodore Sturges; the third judges will be announced later. The Secretary-Treasurer is Mr. Simon C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn.; telegraph station, Fairfield, Conn.

"Interchange of opinion, whether in ordinary conversation or in discussion and debate, is among the most instructive and valuable means of forming true opinions, yet often it is poisoned by a dogmatism that will brook no contradiction and a temper which regards all dissent as a personal affront." The foregoing, published originally in the Philadelphia Ledger, seems to indicate

that that paper contemplates adding a kennel department to its other interesting columns. Those words of wisdom would be valuable to run at its head under the caption of fixtures. It is good to paste in the dog man's hat, and his hat is then good to keep in his hand where he can ever see its inside.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1900.

SEPTEMBER.

- 22-23. California, cruise to Martinez, San Francisco, San Francisco Bay.
- 22. Riverside, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
- 22. Canarsie, Commodore's cups, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
- 22. Haverhill, fourth championship, Haverhill, Mass.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has received a cable notice of a challenge for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup from Mr. Lorne Currie, of the Island Sailing Club, Cowes. Mr. Currie is the owner of Scotia, the challenger for the Cercle de la Voile de Paris cup last spring. Should the challenge be accepted it is probable that Mr. Linton Hope will design the new challenger.

THE Manhasset Y. C. has in hand a project for a new one-design class of keel single-handers with a small fixed cabin. The idea is an excellent one and something of the kind is needed about New York, but the plans as proposed are capable of much improvement. A couple of years ago we urged on the Sound Y. R. A. the establishment of a small class of single-hand keel knockabouts of 16 to 18 ft. l.w.l. and under such restrictions as should give a fair cabin for cruising and speed enough to make good racing. The idea was rejected then, but there is still a place for such a class, either one-design or restricted, preferably the latter if the restrictions are properly drawn. As the Manhasset Y. C. has a prospect of starting its class with ten boats and as there is still ample time for action, it would be well if the proposed plan were reconsidered and the work placed on a broader footing to include other Sound clubs and a design with fewer of the modern freak features.

Royal Canadian Y. C.—Rochester Y. C.

CHARLOTTE, N. Y.—LAKE ONTARIO.

THE racing on Lake Ontario this season has been quiet in comparison with last year, when seven new 35-footers were launched and Rochester, Toronto and Hamilton were engaged in an exciting fight for the Canada cup. The annual meet of the Lake Y. R. A. at Cobourg was less interesting than usual, very few American yachts taking part, and the chief event of the year was the racing at Charlotte last week, which ended the season. Two separate matches were sailed—that for the Fisher cup, involving two races on Sept. 8 and 10, while on Sept. 11 an open race was sailed for the Hotel Ontario cup, presented by George W. Sweeney, of the Hotel Ontario, Ontario Beach. The Fisher cup races proved very interesting, and though the final result was a disappointment to the friends of the cutter, enough was seen of the two boats in a breeze and sea to justify their belief in the type in other than moderate weather. The breakdown of Minota when she had the race safely in hand was merely an instructive commentary on up-to-date construction, a little lack of strength in one small member throwing extra strains on one part after another until the rig was virtually wrecked. As construction is as much a part of the game as type, model and handling. Genesee, under the circumstances, is fairly entitled to a clean record of five straight wins in the two international matches—for the Canada cup in 1899 and the Fisher cup in 1900.

The Hotel Ontario cup was given for yachts of 45 ft. measurement and over, and in order to make the conditions as easy as possible and to induce entries, it was arranged to allow time on the old measurements by the Seawanhaka rule, instead of compelling those not already measured to obtain measurements under the new girth rule. It was expected that a good fleet of starters could be brought to the line under these conditions, the class including Onward and Cinderella, of Rochester; Vreda, Merry Thought, Canada and the schooner Clorita, of Toronto, and Aggie, of Oakville. Canada did not cross the lake. Onward, Cinderella and Aggie declined to start, and Clorita lost her foretopmast while at anchor. Only Vreda and Merry Thought started, but they gave the spectators a close and exciting race that was well worth watching from the start to within two miles of the finish, when chance stepped in and decided the result. Vreda is a Watson boat, the first yacht built in the 20-rating class under the then new rating rule in 1888—a steel hull that was sailed over from Glasgow to Toronto some years ago. Merry Thought is a local boat, a cutter of greater beam than Vreda, designed and built by Jas. Andrews, of Oakville, Ontario, builder of Beaver and Minota, and launched under the name of Winetta. She is built in part out of the Watson cutter Verve II., the lead keel being recast in new form, and the old elm keel and other parts worked in. She was purchased a few years ago by Mr. Emelius Jarvis, who improved her considerably and renamed her Merry Thought, using her regularly for cruising, and also starting in most of the races of the class. Smartly handled, carrying big club topsails, and fighting every inch of the twenty-mile course, these two old-time craft made as good a race as though they had cost \$35,000 each and were leaking in every seam.

The Fisher Cup.

The Fisher cup was presented to the Chicago Y. C. in 1883 by Com. Archie Fisher, once owner of the schooner Idler, recently wrecked in Lake Erie. The Canadian sloop Atalanta, the fourth challenger for the America Cup, challenged for it in August of the same year, and was beaten by the Chicago sloop Cora and Wasp, but a second challenge was immediately accepted, the legal notice being waived, and on Aug. 8 Atalanta won the cup. She was at once challenged, but sailed away with the cup to her

home station in the Bay of Quinte. In the following summer it was challenged for by Norah, of Belleville, and taken by default, and for eight years it was securely locked up in the Bay of Quinte. The Royal Canadian Y. C. made several efforts to get a match for it, notably with Zelma in 1891, but could never obtain satisfactory terms from the owner of Norah. In 1891 the Bay of Quinte Y. C. revised the conditions on which the cup was held, Mr. Fisher declining to take any action in the matter. In 1892 the old sloop Onward, built at Islip, L. I., by Lon Smith in 1875, and long known as Lesbia about New York, then owned in Rochester, challenged for the cup and was beaten by Norah in July, but in a second race in September she won and took the cup to Rochester. In 1893 the late Norman B. Dick, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., owner of the cutter Zelma, built in 1891, challenged for the cup. Mr. Dick had been unable to get a race with Norah while she held the cup, but he was rather more fortunate in this case, as the match was made and a date set. Before the time, however, Onward went off on a cruise, and the Rochester Y. C., left without a defender, offered the cup to Mr. Dick on default. This he refused, and the cup was left in Rochester. It has since been held by the Rochester Y. C., to whom it was intrusted under new conditions a few years ago by the owners of Onward.

Genesee has been in commission this year, but has not raced. She has been unchanged from last season, when, after the races, she was purchased by Mr. Chas. Van Voorhis, of the Rochester Y. C., one of her original crew. As a matter of course, Mr. C. G. Davis, of Boston, was asked to sail her again. Beaver and Minota have remained unchanged except that this summer Minota's lead keel and deadwoods have been remodeled under the direction of Mr. H. C. McLeod, her designer. By referring to the lines in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 10, 1900, it will be seen that the fore end of the lead is rounded up quickly, somewhat as in the second Valkyrie. On trial last year some extra lead was added, being inserted in the deadwood just above the lead keel, and some was placed inside. These two portions of lead have been removed and neatly moulded on to the fore end of the lead keel, the deadwoods being somewhat extended, so as to sharpen the fore end of the bulb, lower the center of gravity of the ballast and increase the area of lateral plane on the fore end. The work was done by Mr. Andrews in a very superior manner, the joining of the lead being invisible. After a series of trial races last month, a number of short races being sailed, in which the two boats were handled by Messrs. McLeod and Æmilius Jarvis, Minota was selected as the fastest boat in light weather, the weather records for a series of years showing that light winds were to be looked for off Charlotte early in September. Mr. McLeod positively declined to sail the yacht in an international match, and Mr. Æmilius Jarvis was selected as the best man, though his experience with Minota was limited to a few trials when she and Beaver had changed crews in the trials.

Mr. Davis came to Charlotte a couple of weeks before the races and put Genesee in trim, everything about the boat being carefully gone over. His crew included Messrs. C. Van Voorhis, W. M. McDuff, W. B. Miller, A. McDonnell and a paid hand, John Morris. Minota sailed from Toronto on Sept. 5, being towed most of the way by the steam yacht Wapiti, kindly loaned to the club by Mr. Barbour. She arrived the next morning at Charlotte, where she was joined by Merry Thought, Vreda, Petrel, Aggie, Clytie, Clorita, Gloria and Oriole. Her crew included Messrs. Fred A. Turner, James McMurray, Vincent Hughes, Charles Lowndes and a paid hand, James Young.

The conditions of the match were given last week. The challenging club was represented by Frank M. Gray, the defending club by T. B. Pritchard, and J. F. Monck, of the Royal Hamilton Y. C., was chosen by the two as the third member of the race committee. The scrutineer on Genesee was Ernest McRae, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., and on Minota Wilson H. Cross, of the Rochester Y. C.

According to the agreement, neither boat was measured anew, being unchanged from last year, when they just measured into the 35ft. class. The principal dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
	Genesee.	Minota.
Over all	44.63ft.	40.55ft.
L.W.L.	27.69ft.	30.00ft.
Overhang—		
Bow	8.18ft.	4.33ft.
Counter	8.76ft.	6.17ft.
Breadth—		
Extreme	11.63ft.	8.92ft.
L.W.L.	8.08ft.	8.08ft.
Draft—Hull		
1.50ft.	6.00ft.	
Girth—		
Hull	11.76ft.	16.48ft.
Added for centerboard..	2.82ft.
Added for draft forward..	0.34ft.
Total	14.92ft.
Sail Area—		
Mainsail	1,101 sq. ft.	999 sq. ft.
Head triangle	357 sq. ft.	383 sq. ft.
Total	1,458 sq. ft.	1,382 sq. ft.
Boom	37.52ft.	38.00ft.
Gaff	25.40ft.	22.25ft.
Hoist	29.45ft.	22.75ft.
Leech	59.80ft.	53.00ft.
Linear rating	34.78ft.	35.00ft.

Genesee's measurements are official, as taken at Toronto for the Canada cup races in 1899. Those of Minota are taken from the design, and are not her official measurements.

First Day, Saturday, Sept. 8.

Triangular Course.

Except for a lively blow on Thursday night, the weather had been clear during the week, and Saturday was a summer day, with a clear sky and warm sun the breeze being light from N.E. with just a roll of sea heaving in from the disturbance of Thursday. Genesee had been out of water for several days and was launched in the morning; Minota had been docked and painted at Toronto. The breeze, such as it was, held throughout the race, but was

very variable and puffy in both force and direction, and though there were no bad flukes, each boat in turn suffered through the vagaries of the wind. The start was made at 11 A. M., the line being between the western pier head of Charlotte Harbor and a mark boat anchored off there, all buoys being left on starboard hand. During the preliminary ten minutes the two boats scesawed about the line some distance apart, and there was no close maneuvering. Just before gun Genesee stood for the line, a little too soon, and Minota came about on her weather and crossed between her and the mark boat, well timed and with good way on. The friends of Genesee were naturally in the majority on the various yachts and steamers about the start, and the advantage of Minota was a disappointment, but there was a loud cheer as Genesee started ahead and ran out clear from under the other's lee. The apparent gain, which gladdened the hearts of the landmen amounted to nothing, as in the light breeze Minota was pointing well and holding on, while Genesee was steadily sliding to leeward and losing ground in spite of her speed through the water. Starting on the starboard tack, they had the sea on the beam. They held this course for over twenty minutes, Minota doing much the better windward work and throwing Genesee squarely into her wake when they came on port tack and headed into the sea. Minota had gained steadily from the start, and at the end of forty minutes she had a lead of nearly three minutes. The



FISHER CUP.

breeze freshened for a time and Genesee picked up perceptibly, holding on better as she heeled down. She made up much of her loss in a short time, and then about held Minota for the rest of the beat to the first mark, where they were timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Minota	11 58 00	0 58 00	0 01 45	0 01 45
Genesee	11 59 45	0 59 45

Minota had rove off a new balloon jib halyard, and the rope kinked very badly, so that it was necessary to lower the sail after it was partly up and then to send a man aloft to clear the turns. This cost valuable time, and Genesee, with her balloon jib set smartly, was fast overtaking her. They held some distance apart, Minota heading to windward of the second mark and Genesee straight for it. When a couple of miles had been run, Genesee was about on Minota's beam, and a hundred yards to leeward, and they held the same relative positions until within a couple of minutes of the mark, when a favoring puff caught Genesee and put her in the lead, the times being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Genesee	12 32 00	0 32 15	0 02 13	0 00 38
Minota	12 32 28	0 34 28

After a jibe at the mark they reached for home with sheets a little harder than on the second leg, Genesee still gaining. The end of the round was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Genesee	12 32 20	0 26 20	0 01 15	0 01 43
Minota	1 00 03	0 27 35

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Genesee	1 00 03	0 27 35
Minota	1 00 03	0 27 35

Genesee stood off on port tack after passing the home buoy, but Minota went by on starboard tack and held it. Genesee soon coming about. It was soon apparent that, as in the first round, Genesee was sliding to leeward and Minota was doing the better work, but after a short time the breeze freshened and Genesee began to increase her lead. They broke tacks and at times were some little distance apart in a very uneven wind, which was freshening from the westward. Frequently after tacking one or the other was at once headed off, to her temporary disadvantage. As long as the wind held Genesee continued to gain. They were broken off by the sea, and both were compelled to make several tacks near the mark. The times were:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Genesee	1 53 35	0 55 15	0 01 40	0 01 40
Minota	1 55 15	0 55 12	0 00 03

As the result of nearly an hour's sailing to windward, Minota had gained just three seconds.

Starting with a good lead and on her best point of sailing, Genesee reached very fast and ran away from Minota. There was no visible reason for the great differ-

ence on this one leg as compared with all the others, and it is probable that Genesee's big gain of nearly six minutes in a little over three miles was largely due to some small advantage in the wind. The second mark was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Genesee	2 24 43	0 31 08	0 05 48	0 07 28
Minota	2 32 11	0 36 56

They reached in to the finish with booms on the other side, and the times showed a few seconds' gain for Minota. On both rounds Genesee made her largest gain on the broader of the two races. The final times were:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Genesee	2 52 15	0 27 32	0 00 02	0 07 26
Minota	2 59 41	0 27 30

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Genesee	1 53 55	0 05 43	0 07 26
Minota	1 59 38

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Genesee	3 52 15
Minota	3 59 41

After the race Minota was hauled out at the yacht club and her bottom and topsides carefully rubbed down.

Sunday was another clear day, with a light breeze on the lake, which tempted some of the boats out. Over on the east bank of the Genesee River, just above its entry into the lake, in a marsh of sedge and willows, lies all that is left of the yacht which stands next to the schooner America in international yachting, the Watson 10-tonner Madge. Built at Govan, Scotland, in 1879, and winner of her class for two seasons, in 1881 she was sent out to New York by her owner, in the care of his captain, James Duncan, and consigned to a friend, Mr. W. Lindsay Blatch, then living in New York. The idea of Mr. Coats was to test the narrow cutter against the best of the centerboard sloops, and several series of races were arranged by Mr. Blatch with the owners of Wave, Schemer, Mistral and Shadow, the best sloops of the day in New York and Boston waters. In the seven races thus sailed, Madge won six times, being once beaten off Newport by Shadow. Her victories over the New York sloops Wave, Schemer and Mistral were convincing, they being very badly beaten, and in some cases abandoning the course and making for home disabled. After the races, as Mr. Coats had no further use for her, she was offered as a gift to the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., but was not accepted, and she was used for a time by Mr. E. S. Auchincloss, and later sold to Mr. E. W. Sheldon. Later on in her career she fell into the hands of a novice, who attempted to make a cruising yacht of her, fitting up the interior elaborately with walnut furniture with marble tops after the atrocious fashion of the day. A bulwark of solid plank 2 in. thick and 12 in. high was built around her, the light forged iron cleats were replaced by heavy cast ones of steamboat pattern, the bowsprit and bits were blocked up from the deck to match the new rail, and everything possible was done to disfigure and damage the pretty little ship.

We first made her acquaintance on an August day in 1881, when, hurrying from the train which had carried us home from the second meet of the A. C. A. at Lake George, we boarded the Anchor liner Devonia at the foot of Dey street and found Madge securely chocked up on the main deck aft on the starboard side. A short time after we boarded her from a canoe off Tompkinsville and made the acquaintance of her clever skipper and his active Scotch crew, as it proved in the subsequent races a most capable outfit. Madge was then as pretty a ship as ever floated, with her smart plumb stem, straight sheer, high freeboard and fair swept deck line and deck planking. There was no bulwark, merely a light rail, the copper was carried well above the waterline, especially on the bows, and the smooth black topsides were relieved by a gold stripe and scroll; kept in perfect condition, with a fine suit of Laphorne & Ratsey sails, the whole appearance was in marked contrast to the centerboard sloops of the day. The construction was very heavy about the keel, but very light above the waterline, the topsides being of Spanish cedar and the deck very light, with beams widely spaced. Some six years later we sighted Madge at anchor off Whitestone after the improvements already mentioned. She was almost unrecognizable, as her original hull was sunk deep in the water through the added weights below and on deck, while her sheer was destroyed by the high bulwarks, and to complete the evil work, she was painted white from rail to waterline, even over her copper. If we are not mistaken, the sail area had also been increased. She had, of course, done with racing, and little more was heard of her, though her victories were still working wonderful results in the regeneration of American yachting.

Some years later we met her again, on fresh water, with the racing fleet of the Lake Y. R. A.; in 1888 she was purchased in New York by a party of cutter cranks from Rochester, Mr. G. P. Goulding and several associates, and taken through the Hudson and the canals to the lake, pontoons being used in the shoaler of the canals. Some of the rubbish has been removed from the interior and the bulwark was cut down to a height of about 3 in., including the rail, but she was still badly overweighted and below her lines. It was a matter of principle with her owners to carry the enormous club topsail at all times, regardless of wind and weather, and it was a familiar sight in the lake races to see her skating around with spreaders barely clear of the water. The effect of this work was to tear the light deck and topsides apart, and a goodly weight of forged iron straps was added about the chainplates and runner plates. Some six years ago Madge was condemned by her owners, hauled out where she now lies, and her lead was removed and sold. For some reason the planking was all stripped off except the wales, but the deck was left. She is now a melancholy wreck. Her great elm keel, nearly 3 ft. wide, with a heavy keelson about 8 in. square of greenheart, are sound to-day, as are many of the futtocks and sawn frames, the scantling looking immense to eyes accustomed to modern construction. Though only eight miles from a wideawake American city, there is still a length of lead pipe plainly exposed inside the hull, the underwater discharge of the pump; while on the sternpost and on the rudder, which lies rotting in the marsh, are three pairs of bronze pintles and braces. The spars, rigging, deck hatches and interior fittings were stored ashore at the yacht club, and on his arrival Mr. Jarvis looked up the owner and made an offer for the entire lot, which was accepted. It is his intention to set up the

mast, topmast, gaff and rigging in front of his home in Toronto, with a brass plate bearing the name of the yacht. The tiller, an iron forging, is a curious piece of blacksmith work. The brass rudder cap with the yacht's name was missing from the collection.

On Sunday morning a party from Merry Thought and Gloria rowed across to inspect the wreck, and incidentally took possession of such brasswork as still remained, as mementoes. With the aid of a big hammer and a pinch bar the four deadlights, still in the sides, were removed, also the rudder braces and other parts. Mr. Jarvis retained the rudder braces, which will probably see service on some future yacht. Mr. Turner, of Minota's crew, secured a couple of big brass rings which were set into the fore foot to lock the scarf of keel, stem and deadwood, and Mr. Stephens carried off a pair of the deadlights and the oak rudder stock. In spite of all her misfortunes of later years, the wreck still shows the clean, full lines, the fair sweep of the midship section and the handsome sheer of the old Madge. It will be a long time yet before she is forgotten by those of the old "cutter cranks" who once knew her so well, but it will be still longer before the lessons she taught will be finally obliterated from American yachting.

Second Race, Monday, Sept. 10.

Windward and Leeward.

Monday was as fine as the preceding days, with a moderate wind from N.N.E. and a lively roll to the sea. Early in the morning the wind blew at about six to eight knots, but during the race it rose to nearly fifteen. Minota was launched about 9 o'clock, in perfect condition so far as her bottom and topsides were concerned, having been rubbed down and the bottom freshly painted with a tar composition sent out from England for her last year. The starting line was laid out to the westward of the pierhead, the course being five miles N.N.E. to a markboat set before the start. When the committee steamer came out just before the start, there was too much sea to permit her to land on the weather side of the pier, and she was none too quiet and easy in the short stop she made under the lee to allow the committee to jump on board after starting the race. Both boats had been out about 10 o'clock to try the wind, returning to the harbor, Genesee tying in her first reef. They kept apart in the preliminary work, but came to the line together at the last, and as Genesee went over on the weather end of the line, Minota came about close on her weather quarter, both being on starboard tack. Before they were well settled down to work it was apparent that Minota was the better in this wind and sea, she pointed quite as high, footed as fast and held to windward much better. At the end of the first quarter of an hour she was a couple of hundred yards clear to windward, and doing the better work as they both headed into the seas. Genesee was the first to tack, at 11:19, taking the seas on the beam, Minota also coming about. Three minutes later several of her crew ran forward as she was quickly luffed, and it was seen that something had gone wrong. Almost at the same moment three men were seen on Minota's bows, one being out on the bowsprit. Running quite close under Genesee's lee those on the committee boat could see plainly that her dolphin striker or bobstay strut had given way, and the crew were trying to repair in by wedging a piece of wood between the bowsprit and bobstay. This was finally accomplished, and the bowsprit further secured by a piece of wood lashed on top of it. The repairs were very crude, but they held through the race, and as the bowsprit is quite short the boat suffered little more than the loss of way while she was in the wind and the weight was forward.

Minota was so far away that the work on her was only partly visible in the sea, but it was learned later that she met with the same trouble. The dolphin striker was made of two light pieces of band steel, little more than 1 in. wide and 7/8 in. thick, riveted together at the ends and separated in the middle by a space block about 1 in. thick. This "truss" was light enough, and it had stood through two seasons, but to the eye it was a flimsy affair at best for such a vital point. It gave way at about the same time as that on Genesee and fell into the drink, the paid hand coming aft and reporting that it was gone and nothing could be done to replace it. Mr. Jarvis gave the stick to Mr. Turner and went forward on to the bowsprit and an attempt was made to wedge the pieces of the floorboards between the bowsprit and bobstay, a distance of nearly 3 ft. As each piece of 7/8 in. spruce or pine was wedged in it was split by the thin wire as she plunged into the sea, until at last a piece was found with a cross knot in it which held. Before this much had been accomplished, the mast had gone aft so far that the shrouds were throwing a cross strain on the spreaders, and it was found impossible to heave it forward to its place.

In spite of the disturbance of three men on the bows, Minota continued to gain, but more slowly than at first, and at 11:40 she was at least 300 yds. to windward, the two still on port tack. Genesee was the first to tack, at 11:42, Minota coming about two minutes later in a good position. At 11:45 Genesee came about again, and two minutes later she tied in a second reef, as it was now blowing pretty hard. She is steered in strong winds by a tackle on the tiller, and this tackle had been taken to back up the bobstay, leaving Mr. Davis more than he could handle with the stick alone, until a couple of blocks were found somewhere and a new tiller tackle rigged.

Meanwhile the strain had been telling on Minota's spreaders, of light steel tubing, and she came on pork tack at 11:53 to relieve the starboard spreader, Mr. Jarvis going aloft and trying to back it up with sticks and lashings. Soon after the port spreader collapsed and left the boat in very bad shape. From this out the course of the yacht to the weather mark was governed by the necessity of keeping her on one tack or the other while repairs were attempted on the lee rigging. Genesee was heeling to a big angle under her double reefs, but she was gaining a little on Minota. The latter overstood the mark and came down for it with sheets lighted, starting home with boom to starboard and setting her spinnaker. The times were:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Minota	12 08 28	1 08 28	0 06 30	0 06 30
Genesee	12 14 58	1 14 58		

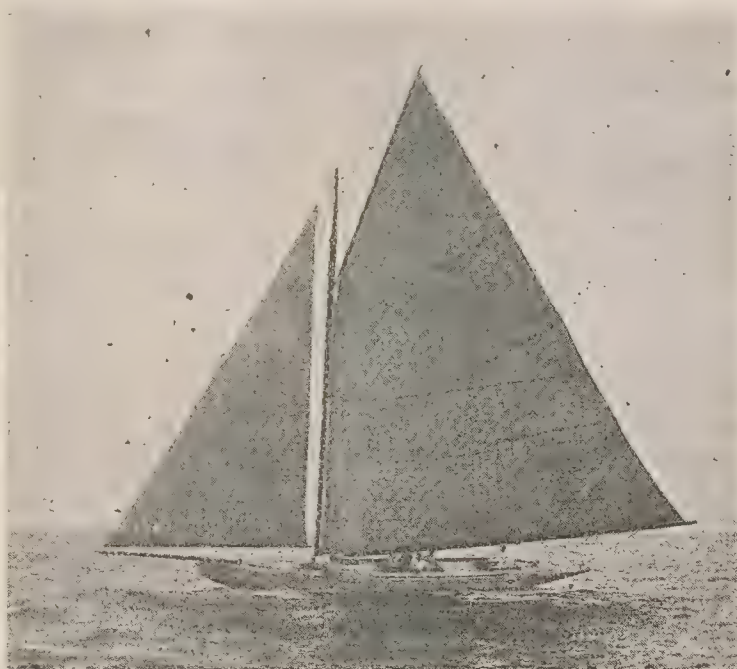
As Minota ran in, Mr. Jarvis was still working at the

masthead, and a second man went up to assist him, the only hope being that the spreaders could be strengthened while off the wind so as to stand the second five miles to windward. The boat rolled in the sea, and the mast threatened to go out of her every minute. After being about eight minutes on her way in, also under spinnaker, Genesee shook out both reefs and began to overtake Minota.

The cutter had carried her whole mainsail easily through the wind and sea as long as the gear held, but it was evident that she could not stand the strain in her wrecked condition, and as she neared the line one reef was tied in. While Mr. Jarvis was busy at the boom end with the outer reef points, she jibed over on her spinnaker, immediately jibing back. She rounded the home mark with the reef in and jib down, setting her second jib slowly. Genesee jibed over at 12:38, as she neared the line, and turned in three reefs for the new bout to windward. The end of the round was timed:

	Leg.	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Minota	12 42 20	0 33 52			0 04 19
Genesee	12 46 39	0 31 41	0 02 11		
	Round.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.	
Minota	1 42 20	0 04 19			0 04 19
Genesee	1 46 39				

On the run in Genesee had gained over two minutes, and with third reef in she started off in fairly good shape, though there was more wind and sea than she wanted, and she fell off to leeward. Minota was now jilling along with her reefed mainsail half spilled and second jib partly up, making a worse showing every minute as the patched rigging gave way. After twenty minutes the forward starboard shroud went and there was nothing for it but up-stick for home. The last break was in the eye of the bronze turnbuckle, a very poorly proportioned affair, with a very large and heavy barrel and screws of good size.



MINOTA.

The eye which broke, the upper one in which the shroud was spliced, was round and over an inch in diameter, the metal of the ring being about 3/8 in. in diameter. Just at the top, where the strain was concentrated, a deep center-punch mark had been made to center the casting by in turning up the thread. The strength at this point was utterly disproportioned to that at the bottom of the threads, and this in turn was as much too small for the large and heavy barrel.

Driving easily off the wind, Minota made the harbor with her mast on end, about all that could be asked under the circumstances. Genesee continued, with ample time to finish within the limit, rounding the outer mark at 2:08, the beat of five miles being made in 1 h. 21 m. 21 s., or 6 m. longer than in the first round. She ran in without incident, and finished at 2:39:25, her time for the run being 31:25, and for the twenty-mile course 3:39:25.

There was a general regret on both sides over the termination of the race, as every one was anxious to see the match fought to a fair finish without accident. Minota's crew took their defeat with the best possible grace, and they had the hearty sympathy of the Genesee party. In fact, throughout the whole meeting there was no break in the good feeling which prevailed.

The first race showed the superiority of Genesee on a reach, where she is as fast as her long scow-like side would indicate; on the wind, however, she is markedly deficient, especially when but moderately heeled. She has not the lateral plane to hold her, and until she is heeled far enough and driven hard enough to roll up a strong lee wave and give her a bearing for her bilge, she slides off to leeward in a way which no speed on end can offset. While Minota gains nothing to speak of by heeling, Genesee gains a good deal at both ends, and in reaching this difference tells. It would seem that Minota should outrun Genesee with booms squared, but this point was not tested on the triangular course, and in the second race the condition of the rigging and the disturbance caused by two men aloft on Minota off the wind made the test of no value.

Hotel Ontario Cup.

Tuesday, Sept. 11.

Triangular Course.

In addition to other courtesies to the yachtsmen, the Hotel Ontario presented a handsome silver cup for a race of yachts of over 45 ft. measurement, but as already stated, only Vreda and Merry Thought were willing to start. The weather was clear on Tuesday, but the wind was very light from S.E., the water being smooth. The triangular course was selected with buoys to port. Both yachts carried their largest club topsails as they worked about the line. There was not enough wind for quick maneuvering, but both started promptly, Vreda being ahead and to windward, and Merry Thought in a poor position on her lee quarter. It was a reach to first mark, the leg lying along the shore off Windsor Bluffs, and the

mark off the mouth of Irondequoit Bay; both carried No. 1 jib topsails, and Vreda worked out a clear lead. After some ten minutes the wind shifted so that spinakers would draw on starboard side, Merry Thought ran upon Vreda and they made the first mark after a slow race thus far. The times were:

Vreda	11 37 45	Merry Thought	11 37 55
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The wind freshened considerably at the mark, and they started very evenly on the second leg, both setting balloon foresails and heeling to the wales. The wind continued to freshen until Merry Thought took in her balloon stay-sail, when she walked through the lee of Vreda and luffed out, but Vreda started up and held on to first place. She took in her large jib topsail and then her balloon stay-sail, afterward setting a small jib topsail, but after a hard fight Merry Thought took the lead from her before the second mark was reached. The turn here was so broad that it was impossible to time the two, but Merry Thought had a good lead as they reached close-hauled on starboard tack. The first round was timed:

Merry Thought	12 30 06	Vreda	12 32 03
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Spinakers were quickly set to starboard and carried for ten minutes, when a light rain began to fall. The two stowed their spinakers and started a lively luffing match, which took them off their course and well in toward Irondequoit Bay. The wind freshened still more as they neared the first mark, and Vreda lowered her big club top-sail for the beat on second leg, in anticipation of a squall, while Merry Thought stowed her jib topsail. They jibed over and stood for the mark together, being timed:

Vreda	1 02 15	Merry Thought	1 02 26
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Merry Thought worked out to windward across Vreda's wake as they rounded, and soon had a plain overlap, her bowsprit end being well up with Vreda's waist. In spite of this, Vreda deliberately luffed up to stop her, and then bore away and ran out a clear lead. The promised wind did not come, and Vreda was in sad need of a topsail, so her second club went up, her crew working smartly, but before the sail was drawing Merry Thought had run clear ahead to leeward. After getting by Merry Thought came about and crossed Vreda's bows, then tacked well upon her quarter, but she gained little or nothing by this maneuver. As they stood on close-hauled for the second mark, Merry Thought weathering out, Vreda reached off ahead, but in a little while she was repassed by Merry Thought. The sky had cleared and the wind was falling at 1:20, when Vreda lowered her second club top-sail and reset the big one, but still Merry Thought was leaving her. The second mark was timed:

Merry Thought	1 41 30	Vreda	1 43 14
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As Merry Thought had to allow 1 m. 4 s., it was fairly certain that she would win with but three and one-third miles to go. She stood by the mark on port tack for some distance, Vreda following her, but when the latter had gone but a short distance from the mark, the wind fell, and both were left becalmed. After some twenty minutes of drifting they caught a very light breeze from S.E., and trimmed for the reach in, then Cinderella came in from the lake with boom squared before a N.E. breeze. Vreda caught the new wind first and was under good headway before it reached Merry Thought, passing her to windward and coming in clear ahead, the times being, start 11:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	Gain.
Vreda	2 32 32	3 32 32	3 32 28	0 02 00
Merry Thought	2 33 28	3 33 28	3 33 28	

No protest was made by Merry Thought over the luffing in the second round, though one would have given her the cup.

Gloria left Charlotte for Toronto just after the withdrawal of Minota on Monday, and with a fresh breeze on the starboard beam, probably made a good run across, the distance being about 100 miles. Aggie and Clytie sailed about noon on Tuesday, for Oakville and Hamilton, respectively, the weather being fair with a light and variable breeze. Minota, in company with the steam yacht Wapiti, left in the afternoon. On Tuesday a violent gale swept over Lake Erie, doing much damage at Buffalo, and reaching Lake Ontario on Wednesday morning. When it struck Toronto all hands were kept busy rescuing the yachts and boats at anchor in the bay. Minota and Wapiti put into Oak Orchard and waited until the gale was over, afterward reaching Toronto in safety. Vreda and Merry Thought laid in Charlotte Harbor, and so far as reported Aggie avoided the gale. It is reported, however, that Clytie lost a man on the passage across the lake. The wind blew over sixty miles an hour on Wednesday, but the gale was short-lived.

Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia.

ESSINGTON—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, sailed a good race in the knockabout class on Sept. 8, the course being eight miles in a moderate N. E. breeze. All of the yachts touched the ground during the race, but Grilse and Kid made a very close finish, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Grilse	5 27 00	2 38 00
Kid	5 27 28	2 38 28
Fareeda	5 34 05	2 45 05

The club expects to have a good fleet in the 36 ft. R. M. class for next season, there being now two new boats—Cherokee, owned by E. W. Clarke and Pankewis, owned by C. W. Clark. The conditions of yachting on the Delaware River strongly favor the centerboard type over the keel; and in a moderately deep centerboard of modern form it is possible to get excellent accommodations, good speed and freedom from danger of capsizing on a draft which can be worked to advantage outside of the main channels of the river.

Wonder, yawl, J. M. Hartshorne, has been sold to F. M. Freeman, owner of Dragoon I., who will rename her Dragoon II. The yacht will sail from Greenwich, Conn., about Oct. 15 for a long cruise down the Southern coast.

The Yankee-Mineola Protests.

THE decision of the race committee of the Newport Y. R. A. in the two pairs of counter protests of Yankee and Mineola in the race of Aug. 22 was made public on Sept. 15. The race committee found it necessary to hear a number of witnesses on both sides and to weigh carefully a quantity of conflicting testimony. The full text of the decision is as follows:

In Race, Aug. 22, 1900.—In view of the fact that both yachts have protested as to the first foul, the committee will consider the first foul only, rejecting the second, in accordance with the precedent already established by the committee that the act by which a yacht disqualifies herself thereby deprives her of all further rights in the race. The following are the protests and claims submitted:

Newport, Aug. 22.—To the Regatta Committee, Newport Y. R. A.—Gentlemen: I beg to protest the Yankee on the reach to the first mark to-day for not keeping clear of the Mineola and fouling the Mineola when luffing, the Yankee being the overtaking yacht to windward. Yours truly, AUGUST BELMONT.

Newport, Aug. 22.—To the Regatta Committee, Newport Y. R. A.—Gentlemen: While regretting the collision at the first mark to-day, I protest the Yankee for coming about on the port tack when she was unable to clear the Mineola, which was on the starboard tack and close hauled after rounding the mark. Yours respectfully, AUGUST BELMONT.

First Protest.—Started eight seconds ahead of the Yankee, she being to windward and about a length astern of the Mineola. The Mineola immediately luffed, after crossing, up to the Yankee, and when she met her the Yankee yielded to the luff, the Mineola's compass showing southeast by south. The boats luffed alternately and bore away, the Yankee gradually overtaking. The Mineola bore away till the compass showed east by south to avoid fouling the Yankee's mainsail with the masthead spreader, the Yankee bearing away with her and killing the wind in the Mineola's head sheets, causing the Mineola to luff without taking the helm, and in doing so the Yankee's boom end caught the bowsprit shrouds of the Mineola. The Yankee, being the overtaking boat, should have kept clear, and consequently the fouls were hers. AUGUST BELMONT, Owner.

Second Protest.—Wind W.S.W.; course, E.S.E., four miles. The Mineola approached the first mark on a broad reach in the immediate wake of the Yankee and about 20ft. astern of her. When about 100yds. from the mark the Mineola began trimming down and taking in her jib topsail, and when about 20yds. from the mark bore away to leeward of the Yankee and trimmed down her mainsail close and fit to go on the wind.

The Yankee luffed around the mark ahead of the Mineola and on a wider circle, owing to her coming down closer to the mark, while the Mineola luffed on the wind in a shorter circle, but astern of the Yankee. The Mineola held her way, passing the mark on the starboard tack and headed about S.S.W., while the Yankee sailed around the mark with a sufficiently wide turn to leave a free opening for the Mineola to come in without coming into the wind. The Yankee came about and began to fill away on the port tack without paying any attention to the Mineola being on the starboard tack.

The course of the Mineola could not then be changed to wear away clear of the Yankee. If held on her course she would have cut head on into the Yankee's quarter. The helm of the Mineola was then put hard to port with the owner's assistance in an effort to luff clear. The Mineola struck the Yankee just aft of her rigging and gradually rounded to and became locked on the port tack under the lee of the Yankee. The mark had already been rounded when both yachts passed the mark on the starboard tack, and the Yankee when she came about on the port tack did so when she was unable to clear the Mineola. AUGUST BELMONT, Owner.

Regatta Committee, Newport Y. R. A.—Gentlemen: I beg to protest the Mineola for fouling Yankee in today's race. The first foul occurred in the following manner: Both boats were reaching for the first mark with booms to port. Mineola luffed and Yankee, to avoid her, luffed also and was heading southeast. Yankee got Mineola's wind and drew rapidly ahead. Then Mineola kept off while Yankee held her luff. Then Mineola luffed sharply, with the apparent intention of going under Yankee's stern and struck the leech of Yankee's mainsail with the outer part of her bowsprit shroud. I beg to protest Mineola under Rule 7. The second foul occurred in the following manner: In rounding the first mark Yankee had a clear lead and tacked around the mark. Mineola attempted to force a passage between Yankee and the mark, and in so doing struck Yankee just aft of the rigging. I beg to protest Mineola under Paragraph 2 of Rule 12. Very truly yours, H. B. DURYEA.

In the protests and at the hearing certain contradictory statements are presented. Mineola claims to have been forced to bear away in order to avoid fouling with her topmast spreader the mainsail of Yankee; further, that Yankee bore away with her and so approached her too closely, thus ultimately causing the foul. Both of these statements are denied by Yankee—as to the danger of fouling the topmast spreader and as to bearing away.

In the protest of Mineola these circumstances appear to be cited as explanatory, and the main claim is based upon the duty of Yankee, as an overtaking vessel, to keep clear. In order to prove that Yankee forced Mineola to bear away, it is necessary for Mineola to prove that a foul would have occurred had she not borne away. As to the charge that Yankee bore away with Mineola, and was wrong in so doing, this charge would be included and judged in considering the general charge that Yankee, as the overtaking yacht, failed to keep clear as required by the rules.

In view of the conflict of testimony and the general character of the claims under the protest of Mineola, the committee decline to consider the above alleged facts as distinct and separate issues and instances of foul sailing, and have decided to confine themselves to the actual foul or contact, it being the basis of the protests and clear as to the essential facts, and to consider all other circumstances only as related to such foul. In the judgment

of the committee the following are the essential facts:

First—Yankee was the overtaking yacht to windward. Second—An overlap existed, as proved by the fact of the foul.

Third—Mineola luffed and touched the lee side of the leech of Yankee's mainsail with her (Mineola's) weather bowsprit shrouds about 6ft. from the bowsprit end.

Fourth—Had Mineola not luffed the foul would not have occurred.

The rules cited by either side respectively appear to cover the case. They are as follows:

By Mineola—Rule 5—Overtaking.—An overtaking yacht shall, in every case, as long as an overlap exists, keep clear of the yacht which is being overtaken, except as specified in Section 12. The overtaking vessel, if to leeward, must not luff until she has drawn clear ahead of the yacht she has overtaken.

Rule 8—Luffing.—A yacht may luff as she pleases in order to prevent another from passing her to windward.

By Yankee—Rule 7—Altering Course.—When of two yachts one is obliged to keep clear, the other shall not alter her course so as to involve risk of fouling.

The rights and obligations conveyed in these rules are equally important and binding, and these rules must be construed in the light of common sense and as dependent upon and explanatory of each other.

As to Luffing—The phrase "in order to prevent" should be noticed. In the opinion of the committee this rule does not convey a right to luff when such luff will no longer act to prevent another yacht from passing—that is, the leeward and overtaken yacht has no right to luff into the other and cause a foul when the windward yacht has drawn so far ahead that the leeward yacht can no longer by luffing actually prevent the other yacht from passing her to windward. In such a case the windward yacht is practically unable to avoid a foul, and when this point is reached the leeward and overtaken yacht is bound to hold her course under Rule 7. Rule 7 is universal in its application to the right of way rules, and only by fixing such limit to the right to luff can Rules 7 and 8 be satisfactorily harmonized. Where the right to luff under Rule 8 ceases the obligation to hold the course under Rule 7 begins. This point is certainly reached when an overtaken and weather yacht can no longer luff clear by yielding to the luff of the leeward and overtaken yacht.

Judging from the points of contact, it appears that Yankee had reached such a point that Mineola by luffing could no longer prevent Yankee from passing her to windward, and that Yankee was no longer able by luffing or otherwise to avoid a foul.

The question as to whether Yankee, as the overtaking vessel, kept sufficiently clear of Mineola turns also upon the bearing of Rule 7 upon the right of way rules. Inasmuch as an alteration of course in contravention of Rule 7 would carry with it the responsibility of a foul resulting from such alteration, it seems only fair to conclude that under existing rules the obligation upon one yacht to keep clear of another is limited to keeping clear of such other yacht as does not unlawfully alter her course.

In the present case Yankee was obliged to give all necessary room as long as Mineola had a right to luff. When, however, Mineola was bound to hold her course, Yankee was within her rights in giving only sufficient room to pass clear had Mineola so held her course. In the written and oral statements the committee finds the luff admitted on the part of Mineola and they find no evidence to show that without such luff there would have been a foul.

As to Yankee's causing the luff, Mineola claims that Yankee in passing so blanketed Mineola's head sails as to cause her (Mineola) to luff without change of helm. Even if admitted, this fact does not, in the opinion of the committee, necessarily place the responsibility of Mineola's luff upon Yankee, and especially because of the following admissions by the owner of Mineola at the hearing on Sept. 5:

First—It was admitted that at no time was Mineola out of control.

Second—That the mate of Mineola, stationed forward, gave a signal to indicate that Mineola, if allowed to luff, would swing clear of Yankee, and that the sailing master of Mineola afterward asked the mate why he (the mate) gave the signal so soon.

The conclusion of the committee is that Yankee did as the overtaking vessel keep clear as required; that the foul was clearly due to Mineola's luff; that Mineola was responsible for luffing and wrong in so doing. Yankee is sustained in her protest and Mineola disqualified.

RALPH N. ELLIS,
WOODBURY KANE,
A. CASS SANFIELD.

Riverton Y. C.

RIVERTON—DELAWARE RIVER.

Monday, Sept. 3.

THE Riverton Y. C. sailed the final race of the season on Sept. 3 in a fresh S.W. breeze that fell just before the finish. The times were:

Catboats—Start, 2:33.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sea Gull, Lee Cook.....	4 56 00	2 23 00
Peerless, H. F. Stoddard.....	5 01 15	2 28 15
Priscilla, Philip C. Clarkson.....	5 02 10	2 30 15
Butterfly, A. G. Marshall.....	5 03 15	2 30 15
Leila, Blair Ferguson.....	5 04 23	2 31 23
Mosquito Boats—Start, 2:36.		
No. 11, A. G. Cook.....	4 34 20	1 58 20
No. 2, Charles M., Jr., & Robert Biddle, 2d.....	4 35 15	1 59 15
No. 15, Filson Graff.....	4 38 15	2 02 15
No. 8, John L. Bioren.....	4 57 00	2 21 00
No. 3, Thomas Walnut.....	Fouled flagship.	
No. 12, H. McI. Biddle.....	Withdrew.	

This being the last race, the prizes for the mosquito boat series were awarded, as follows: First prize, silver berry dish, won by A. G. Cook, 51 points; second prize, compass, Charles M., Jr., and Robert Biddle, 2d, 44 points; third prize, nautical clock, T. H. Walnut, 22 points; fourth prize, set brass lanterns, Filson Graff, 19 points.

The catboat prizes were: First, cut glass dish, won by Lee Cook; second, large loving cup, won by H. F. Stoddard; third, small loving cup, won by P. C. Clarkson.

In the knockabout class the Kaloola won a handsome carving set for Capt. H. N. Emmons.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Sept. 6, 7, 8.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. planned for three days of racing at Oyster Bay on Sept. 6, 7, 8, the first two days being devoted to the raceabout class, which was to race for a cup presented by J. R. Maxwell, while the last day was the annual fall race. It was proposed to race the raceabouts in pairs, but out of the five at the station on Thursday only three were ready to start. Spindrift could not make up a crew, and Scamp broke the club of her jib just before the starting gun. The other three, Raider, Sis and Snapper, was started at 2:50, the course being a triangle of six and three-quarter miles on the Sound just outside Oyster Bay. There was a strong S.W. wind, and Sis and Raider carried single reefs, while Snapper tied in two. The first round was timed:

Sis.....	3 55 40	Snapper.....	3 58 50
Raider.....	3 56 18		

The final times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sis, F. T. Bedford.....	4 48 50	2 08 50
Raider, H. M. Crane.....	4 59 15	2 09 15
Snapper, H. L. Maxwell.....	Withdrew.	

After the race Mr. Bedford claimed the cup on the ground that he had won practically the final heat. The race committee referred the case to Mr. Maxwell, who gave the cup to Mr. Bedford, and offered another for the following days.

On Friday Sis did not start, and Scamp won, with Raider second, Snapper third and Spindrift fourth.

On Saturday the wind was fresh from the east, but after the first round it fell and came in lighter from S.W. A very good race was sailed with a large fleet of starters. The 46-footer Ilderim was matched against the smaller Norota, giving her half the regular allowance. Norota won on even time. The times were:

Cutters—60ft. Class—Start, 1:15.			
	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ilderim, T. W. Satterthwaite.....	61.00	4 55 08	3 40 08
Cutters—43ft. Class—Start, 1:15.			
Mirth II., J. Wm. Beekman.....	41.73	4 40 56	3 25 56
Norota, D. B. Burnham.....		4 36 45	3 21 45
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 1:20.			
O Shima San, H. J. Pratt.....	35.81	5 09 57	3 49 57
Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 1:20.			
Audax, H. W. Eaton.....	30.90	5 22 10	4 02 10
Flora, Henry H. Laudon.....	35.36	5 52 10	4 32 10
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 1:25.			
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.....	29.16	5 09 09	3 44 09
Kit, W. H. Macdonald.....	29.93	5 23 30	3 55 30
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	29.89	5 07 32	3 42 32
Marguerite, John F. Dingee.....	29.96	5 16 26	3 51 26
Enpronzi, Alfred Peats.....	30.00	5 10 58	2 45 58
Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 1:25.			
Windora, John Green.....	30.00	5 13 02	3 43 02
Raceabouts—Start, 1:35.			
Raider, H. M. Crane.....	21.00	4 19 07	3 14 07
Sis, F. T. Bedford.....	21.00	4 17 15	3 12 15
Colleen, L. R. Alberger.....	21.00	4 50 10	3 15 10
Scamp, John De Forest.....	21.00	4 51 12	3 16 12
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:40.			
Murmur, Barclay Ward.....	25.00	5 15 11	3 35 11
Rochelle, Edward Kelly.....	25.00	4 51 37	3 11 37
Catboats—35ft. Class—Start, 1:40.			
Uarda, H. H. Gordon.....	24.64	5 16 08	3 26 08
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby.....	23.50	5 14 00	3 24 00
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 1:50.			
Ox, R. N. Bavier.....	21.00	4 10 50	2 20 50
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 1:50.			
Flin Flam, A. D. Prince.....	18.00	4 11 14	2 21 14
Catboats—35ft. Class—Start, 1:40.			
Spindrift, M. Goetchins.....	18.60	Not timed.	
Mongoose, Simeon Ford.....	21.00	3 56 40	2 06 40
Sloops—15ft. Class (Special)—Start, 1:55.			
Moya, Anderson Dana.....	17.50	4 18 28	2 23 28
Nora, Lewis Iselin.....		4 17 32	2 22 32
Catboats—18ft. Class—Start, 1:50.			
Wee Win, F. Sherwood.....	14.08	4 20 07	2 30 07
Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 1:40.			
Heron, R. F. Coudert, Jr.....	21.00	5 20 31	3 40 31
Senta, Daniel Bacon.....	21.00	5 20 05	3 40 05
Dacoit, H. H. Mossman.....	21.00	Withdrew.	
Special Match—Start, 1:15.			
Ilderim, T. W. Satterthwaite.....	54.00	4 55 08	3 40 08
Norota, D. W. Burnham.....		4 36 45	3 21 45

The winners were Norota, Audax, Alerion, Sis, Rochelle, Win or Lose, Mongoose II., Nora and Senta. Norota won the special match race, and sail over prizes were awarded to Ilderim, O Shima San, Windora, Ox, Flin Flam and Wee Win.

Brooklyn Y. C.

BATH BEACH—GRAVESEND BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THE fall regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 8 after being postponed from the previous Saturday. The wind was light from the south, and the times were:

35ft. Class Sloops—Start 3:30.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bess.....	5 14 17	1 44 17
Kangaroo.....	5 16 46	1 46 46
Squaw.....	5 15 28	1 45 28
Olga.....	Withdrew.	
25ft. Class Sloops—Start, 3:35.		
Ojibway.....	5 35 47	2 00 47
Song and Dance.....	Withdrew.	
Charlotte.....	5 58 52	2 23 52
20ft. Class Sloops—Start, 3:35.		
Pebble.....	5 52 55	2 17 55
Pard.....	Withdrew.	

Marine and Field Club.

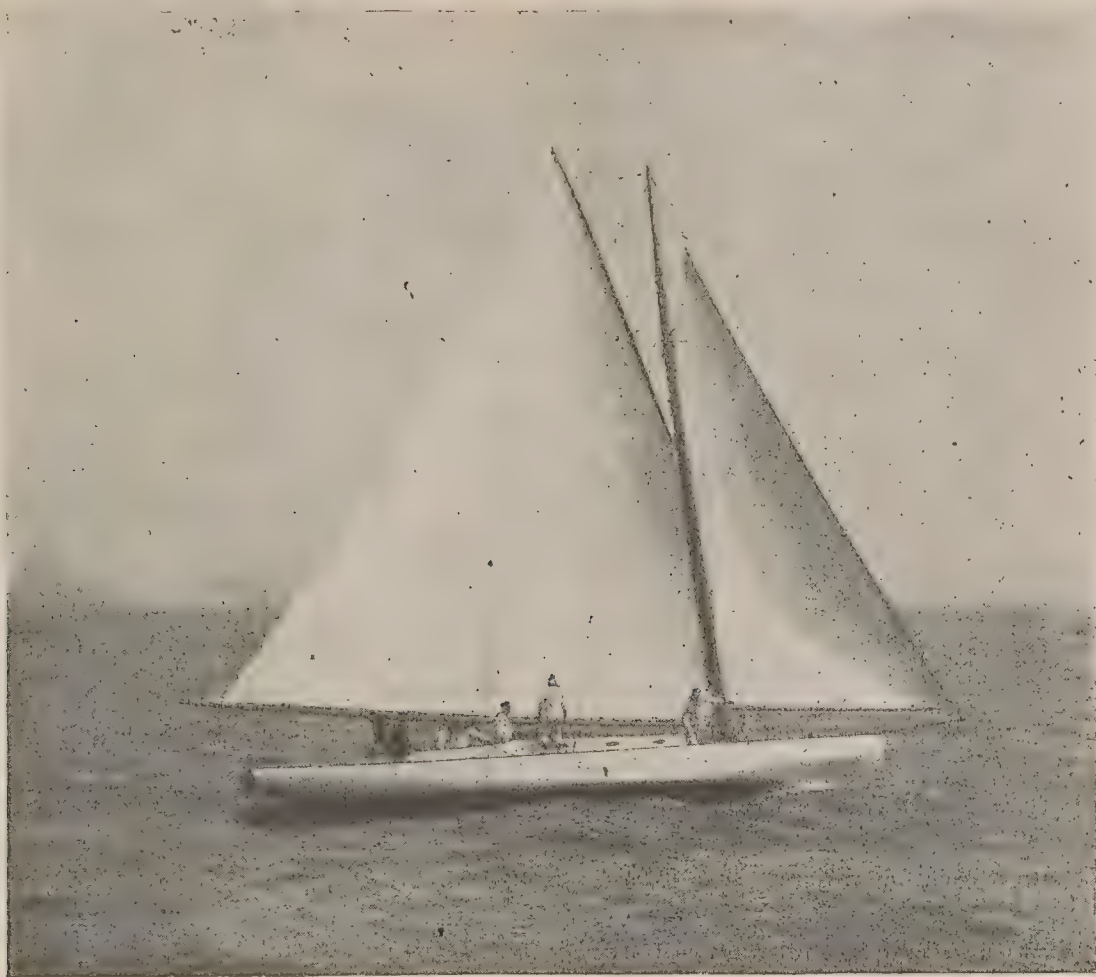
BATH BEACH—GRAVESEND BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THE final race of the Marine and Field Club one-design class for the Snedeker trophy was sailed on Sept. 8 in a moderate southerly breeze, the times being, start 3:35:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kelpie.....	5 57 27	2 22 27
Quinque.....	5 57 50	2 22 50
Sweetheart.....	5 58 49	2 23 49
Flying Fox.....	6 00 07	2 25 07
Vixen.....	6 00 56	2 25 56

The standing of the yachts at the end of the Snedeker trophy contest is as follows: Kelpie, 18 points; Quinque, 12; Stinger, 6; Skylark, 5; Sweetheart, 4; Vixen, 2.



GENESEE.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.
Saturday, Sept. 8.

IN addition to the annual \$500 cup for schooners given by the Larchmont Y. C., Com. Postley this year gave a cup of similar value for the 70-footers, while the club offered prizes for the two imported cutters, the 51-footers and the 36-footers. Saturday was clear and warm with a moderate easterly breeze; the course for the larger yachts was a triangle with two six-mile sides, the first mark being well out in the Sound, and the usual three-mile leg across from Hempstead Harbor home, two rounds being sailed. The smaller yachts sailed an eleven-mile triangle, two rounds. The schooner cup brought out an indifferent lot of entries, the big Corona, formerly Colonia, and the little Quissetta, the former allowing over thirteen minutes, with three old boats, Atlantic, Katrina and Wayward. In the 70ft. class, Mineola II., Rainbow and Yankee were present, Virginia being at Bristol. In the schooner class Corona beat Quissetta by only four minutes elapsed time, the little boat thus winning by ten minutes. With a single gun for the start, Mineola crossed fifteen seconds after the smoke, and Rainbow followed within five seconds, but Yankee was nearly a minute late. The leaders were soon hard at it to windward, standing across to the Long Island shore and making tack after tack in company, without regard to Yankee astern. This duel proved so interesting that both far overstood the first mark, which Yankee fetched nicely in due time and rounded, leaving them to discover their error and run down with lifted sheets to find her hopelessly in the lead. The times at this mark were:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Yankee	12 33 46	0 53 46
Rainbow	12 41 10	1 06 10
Mineola	12 42 14	1 07 14

They ran to the Hempstead mark under spinakers, and were timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Yankee	1 22 32	0 48 46
Mineola	1 31 54	0 49 40
Rainbow	1 32 12	0 51 02

A short reach on starboard tack brought them to the line, where the first rounded:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Yankee	1 40 26	0 17 54
Mineola	1 50 10	0 18 16
Rainbow	1 50 35	0 18 19

With Yankee for a pilot, the others made as direct a course as possible to the windward mark, the times being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Yankee	2 42 08	1 01 42
Mineola	2 50 00	0 59 50
Rainbow	2 51 54	1 01 23

The wind had been falling lighter, and off Hempstead Bay Yankee lost it for a time, but caught the first of a light S.W. wind before the others, and the mark was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Yankee	3 39 00	0 56 52
Mineola	3 44 31	0 54 31
Rainbow	3 49 00	0 57 06

They ran home under spinakers before the new wind, the times being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Yankee	4 12 57	0 33 57
Mineola	4 20 50	0 36 19
Rainbow	4 24 18	0 35 18

Astrild and Isolde made a very close and interesting race. On the first windward leg Isolde gained one minute and one second, but she lost this and thirty-six seconds more on the run, making up sixteen seconds on the reach home, so that she started the round twenty seconds astern of Astrild. When Astrild had added one minute and fifty seconds to this in the six-mile beat, the race was decided. Altair played with Hussar II., as usual, beating her all over the course. The old 30-footer, Veda, easily saved her time over the new Herreshoff Countess, and both beat the Hanley Cherokee. The full times were:

Schooners—Start, 11:40.			
Racing Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Quissetta, H. F. Lippit.....	73.69	4 52 50	4 38 52
Corona, L. Cass Ledyard.....	93.07	4 48 54	4 48 54
Katrina, J. B. Ford.....	73.14	5 31 03	5 16 40
Atlantic, Wilson Marshall.....	86.31	Not timed.	
Wayward, C. Smithers.....	63.82	Not timed.	

Cutters—80ft. Class—Start, 11:35.		
Yankee, H. B. Duryea and H. P. Whitney.....	76.36	4 37 57
Mineola, August Belmont.....	76.73	4 45 50
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt.....	76.34	4 49 18

Cutters—70ft. Class—Start, 11:45.		
Astrild, Hanan Brothers.....	61.39	5 03 35
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt.....	60.45	5 07 53

Cutters—51ft. Class—Start, 11:50.		
Altair, Cord Meyer.....	51.00	4 13 44
Hussar II., James Baird.....	57.78	4 21 07

36ft. Class—Start, 11:50.		
Veda, Robert Bacon.....	30.33	4 23 23
Countess, Oswald Sanderson.....	35.71	4 18 16
Cherokee, E. W. Clark, Jr.....	35.91	4 33 10

Keystone Y. C.

TORRESDALE—DELAWARE RIVER.

Monday, Sept. 3.

THE Keystone Y. C. sailed its annual fall race on Sept. 3 in a fresh S.W. wind, the course being twelve miles on the Delaware River. The times were:

Second Class Duckers—Start, 11:16.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Edith M., J. Pfister.....	1 39 30	2 23 30
Effie, D., W. Collins.....	1 43 00	2 27 00
Little Harry, Geo. Hirst.....	1 46 00	2 30 00
Anna, N., J. Whitehead.....	1 47 15	2 31 15
Martha, George Wheatcroft.....	1 50 00	2 34 00

Skiffs—Start, 11:34.		
Albert, W. Wellington.....	1 46 05	2 12 05
F. Reilly, W. Wagner.....	1 50 05	2 16 05
Jibo, W. Hascher.....	1 52 00	2 18 00
Jessie, W. Knowles.....	1 55 00	2 21 00
Gluey, Hugh Ayres.....	1 56 40	2 22 40

First Class Duckers—Start, 12:38.		
Bertie S., W. Clausen.....	2 38 30	2 00 30
Albert S., C. Shallcross.....	2 41 40	2 03 40
Bessie, S. Y. Dingee.....	2 42 02	2 04 02
McGinty, George Le Sage.....	2 43 20	2 05 20
J. Hirst, R. Brown.....	2 47 00	2 09 00
George B., George Dingham.....	3 00 00	2 22 00
Playford, C. Gist.....	2 57 00	2 19 00
Flounder, J. McKane.....	3 00 30	2 22 30

First Class Duckers—Start, 4:14.		
Bertie S., W. Clausen.....	5 28 20	1 14 20
Bessie, S. Y. Dingee.....	5 29 55	1 15 55
McGinty, George Le Sage.....	5 30 40	1 16 40
Albert S., J. Pfister.....	5 35 30	1 21 30
J. Hirst, R. Brown.....	4 36 15	1 22 15
George B., W. Collom.....	5 37 10	1 28 10
Flounder, T. Davenport.....	5 40 00	1 26 00

Sunday, Sept. 9.

The regular weekly race was sailed on Sept. 9 in a puffy N.W. wind, the times being:

First Class Duckers—Start, 1:30.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bertie S., W. Clausen.....	2 37 45	1 07 45
Albert S., J. Pfister.....	2 39 10	1 09 10
Bessie, S. Y. Dingee.....	2 39 15	1 09 15
John Hirst, R. Brown.....	2 40 15	1 10 15
George B., George Pass.....	2 40 55	1 10 55
McGinty, George Le Sage.....	2 41 18	1 11 18

Skiffs—Start, 1:54.		
Alberta, J. Millington.....	3 04 10	1 10 10
Gluey, George Wheatcroft.....	3 10 18	1 16 18
F. Reilly, W. Wagner.....	3 18 45	1 24 45
W. Glosser, J. Grieves.....	3 21 40	1 27 40
Jibo, W. Hascher.....	3 25 00	1 31 00

Second Class Duckers—Start, 3:29:15.		
Effie D., W. Cullom.....	5 05 32	1 36 17
Edith M., J. Pfister.....	5 16 50	1 47 35
Martha, George Wheatcroft.....	5 25 30	1 56 15
Anna V., J. Whitehead.....	5 35 00	2 06 15
Little Harry, T. H. McKane.....	5 38 00	2 09 00

First Class Duckers—Start, 3:39.		
Bertie S., W. Clausen.....	4 57 35	1 18 35
Bessie, S. Y. Dingee.....	5 02 20	1 23 20
McGinty, George Bingham.....	5 05 30	1 26 30
Albert S., H. Fisher.....	5 13 45	1 34 45
John Hirst, B. Brown.....	5 15 30	1 36 30
George B., H. Vandegrift.....	5 21 50	1 41 50

Hull Musquito Y. C.

CITY POINT—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THE Hull Mosquito Y. C. sailed a special race on Sept. 8 in a moderate S.E. breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Mojave, Berry.....	1 19 30
Rita, King.....	1 25 00
Teck, Sylvester.....	1 25 18
Essefsee, Johnson.....	1 25 23
Jewel, Tilden.....	1 29 30
Ripple.....	1 30 30
Kewayden, Clark.....	1 44 23

The judges were George Smith and C. McDonald.

Y. R. A. of Massachusetts.

THE annual rendezvous of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts took place on Sept. 8 off City Point, the fleet sailing over to Hull next day and passing in review. The record for the season is as follows:

Class D—25ft. Cabin Yachts.						
	Starts.	1sts.	2ds.	3ds.	Total Percentage.	Average.
Flirt.....	11	7	3	0	895	81 4-11
Little Peter.....	11	4	5	1	760	69 1-11
Early Dawn.....	11	4	2	3	650	59 1-11
Hermes.....	8	0	0	4	185	23 1-8
Sappho.....	1	0	1	0	65	11 4-5
Jingo.....	1	0	0	1	85	06 2-5
Helene.....	1	0	0	0	15	02 4-5
Cygnat.....	1	0	0	0	15	02 4-5
Class L—21ft. Open Yachts.						
Hostess.....	6	4	1	0	465	77 1-2
Cleopatra.....	5	1	3	1	300	60
Tacoma.....	5	1	2	2	300	60
Lookout.....	1	1	0	0	100	33 1-3
Class S—21ft. Cabin Yachts.						
Harriet.....	8	5	2	0	630	78 3-4
Usona.....	10	4	4	0	675	67 1-2
Coquette.....	8	2	2	2	400	50
Zaza.....	2	2	0	0	200	40
Opitsah II.....	2	1	0	1	135	27
Rambler.....	1	0	1	0	65	13
Carrie M.....	3	0	0	1	50	10
Dosia.....	2	0	0	1	50	10
Minx.....	1	0	0	1	35	07
Class T—18ft. Yachts.						
Dauntless.....	11	10	1	0	1065	96 9-11
Fantasy.....	6	1	3	0	310	51 2-3
Zoe.....	4	1	1	2	235	43 4-5
Loebster.....	7	1	2	1	295	42 1-7
Perhaps.....	10	0	2	5	335	33 1-2
Cathryn.....	4	1	0	0	145	20 2-5
Circe II.....	3	0	2	0	145	20 2-5
Joque.....	7	0	0	2	130	18 4-7
Hector.....	3	0	0	1	65	11 4-5
Aureolus.....	2	0	0	0	30	05 1-2
Class X—15ft. Yachts.						
Vitesse.....	7	5	1	0	565	80 5-7
Favorite.....	5	1	3	0	295	59
Bed Bug.....	2	1	0	0	115	32 6-7
Ray.....	2	0	1	1	100	28 4-7
Cricket.....	3	0	0	2	70	20
Bess.....	1	0	0	0	15	04 2-7

In figuring percentages, it is assumed that a yacht shall have started in at least half as many races as any yacht in her class.

Victoria Y. C.

HAMILTON—BURLINGTON BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THE Victoria Y. C. finished its racing on Sept. 8 in a fresh easterly breeze, the times being:

30ft. Class—Start, 2:30.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hiawatha.....	4 49 10	2 19 10
Brenda.....	4 51 07	2 21 07
Happy Thought.....	5 03 45	2 33 45

25ft. Class—For Brigger Cup—Start, 2:35.		
Rosemaryn.....	5 05 05	2 30 05
Koko.....	5 05 15	2 30 15
Getaway.....	5 10 30	2 35 30

Skiffs—Start, 3:00.		
Flight.....	5 14 10	2 14 10
Shelia.....	5 15 05	2 15 05
Firefly.....	5 24 05	2 24 05

Gentlemen's Dinghy Race—H. Green, J. Jutten, E. M. Longtin.

Ladies' Dinghy Race—Miss A. Allan, Miss C. Turnbull, Miss M. Potter.

Gentlemen's Fishing Contest—D. Tracey, 31 fish; W. Allan, 30 fish; Geo. Wark, 30 fish. Booby prize, E. Doran, 1 fish.

Ladies' Fishing Contest—Miss A. Allan, 9 fish; Miss M. Potter, 8 fish; Miss M. Omand, 7 fish. Booby prize, Miss Jean Chapman, 1 fish.

In the evening the party went to the beach on the club launch Minerva, returning to the club house about 11 o'clock.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THE third class of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed off the final race for the class cup on Sept. 8 in a light east wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Oivana, R. Boardman.....	2 12 31
Mistral, F. W. Little.....	2 17 31
Isis, G. H. Mayo.....	2 23 01

In the afternoon a race was sailed for the cup presented by Com. Shaw, the wind being fresh S.E. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gossip, P. Brooks.....	2 23 49	2 16 57
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	2 17 20	2 17 20
Brigand, H. A. Morss.....	2 31 50	2 20 51
Oivana, R. Boardman.....	2 29 52	2 21 38
Jolly Roger, B. B. Crowninshield.....	2 28 52	2 21 59
Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	2 29 01	2 22 09
Iris, G. H. Mayo.....	2 33 10	2 22 11
Runaway Girl, H. W. Tweed.....	2 30 58	2 22 44
Never Did, D. H. Follett.....	2 35 11	2 22 50
Mistral, F. W. Little.....	2 34 56	2 23 57
Khalifa, R. F. Tucker.....	2 31 10	2 24 18
Elvira, M. Bartlett.....	2 38 30	2 27 31
Merle, W. D. Turner.....	2 44 33	2 34 12
Fifi, J. A. Jennings.....	2 48 03	2 34 19
Opitsah II., S. H. Foster.....	2 42 44	2 37 52
Quill, J. F. Cole.....	2 48 43	2 39 06
Cycle, F. G. Macomber.....	3 01 00	2 47 16
Sally IV., L. F. Percival.....	Withdraw.	
Privateer, H. S. Foster.....	Withdraw.	

The winners were: Gossip, Commodore's cup; Flirt, \$15; Brigand, \$10; Oivana, \$7, and Jolly Roger, \$5.

Pewaukee Y. C.

PEWAUKEE LAKE, WIS.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THE Pewaukee Y. C. sailed its final race on Sept. 8, the times being:

Class A.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dora.....	6 01 57	1 04 51
Dorothy.....	6 10 30	1 13 24
Idle Hour.....	6 15 25	1 18 19

Class B.		
Serapis.....	6 07 56	1 12 56
Ruth.....	6 08 23	1 13 23
Gladys.....	Withdraw.	

The judges were A. S. Hathaway, J. W. Badle and A. G. Miller; timekeeper, G. W. Schreits.

New York Y. C. Lipton Cup.

NEW YORK.

Thursday, Sept. 13.

THE many New York yachtsmen who have been unable to follow the races in Eastern waters have looked forward to the Lipton cup race for a sight of the full quartette of 70-footers in open water. Unfortunately they were doomed to disappointment through the whim of the weather, the winds being light and variable and spoiling what might easily have been the race of the year. On the preceding day the waters about New York were torn into spray by a furious gale, a touch of the tail of the terrible cyclone which devastated Galveston and the Gulf Coast. With a clear sky and bright sunlight there came up a breeze in the early morning that by 10 A. M. was blowing over sixty miles per hour. The wind and accompanying high tide did much damage to yachts about New York and the Sound, many going adrift and being sunk or wrecked.

By Thursday morning the gale had passed and there was but a light air from N.W. The four boats were ready in good condition, having been specially prepared for this race. They were sent away over the long course with spinakers barely drawing. They blew quietly down wind at the rate of about four knots. The wind shifted at the outer mark, so that they reached home on one tack, the whole affair being devoid of interest.

The Lipton cup was presented to the New York Y. C. last spring by Sir Thomas Lipton, his original offer of a \$500 cup being increased to one of \$1,000. It was left to the club to decide upon the class and conditions and the very fitting selection was made of the 70ft. class and the outside course. As it happened, it is unfortunate that the cup, being of such value, was not given for a series instead of for a single race. The race committee, Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., and J. F. Tams, selected two alternative courses, one of fifteen miles straightaway to windward or leeward and return and one of seven and one-half miles to be sailed twice. The start was set for 11:30 A. M., off the Sandy Hook Lightship, and Yankee was ready at the line in good season, but Rainbow was late and it was noon before Virginia and Mineola II. came out to the line in tow. The preliminary signal was given at 12 M., the course being signaled S.E. by E. dead to leeward. The preparatory was given at 12:15 and the start at 12:25. The race would have been more interesting had the two-round course been chosen, but the signal called for the one run of fifteen miles and back. The start was of the safe kindergarten sort, with three minutes in which to cross, which spoiled the race at the outset. Yankee made a poor start at 12:26:14, or 1m. 46s. ahead of the handicap gun. Mineola was timed almost to the second, crossing on the 3m. handicap gun, and the other two, Rainbow, with 27s., and Virginia, with 33s. handicap, were better off than the leader. All carried big club topsails and spinakers were set to port. In a very short time the other three had blown down on Yankee and her nominal lead was turned into an actual handicap of 1m. 46s. The work of the four to the outer mark was slow and uninteresting. None on the attendant yachts and steamers expected that the race would finish within the time limit of six and one-half hours, and as for the boats themselves there was no appearance of racing. Rainbow and Mineola held to the southward, the former soon jibing and keeping the most southerly course. She apparently caught a light draft of air which the others missed and in time worked out quite a long lead, rounding the outer mark 5m. ahead. She overstood as she came for the mark, but there was no need of hurry. The times were:

Rainbow	4 04 23	3 36 23
Yankee	4 08 01	3 41 47
Mineola	4 08 59	3 40 59
Virginia	4 09 52	3 41 52

The wind had been shifting as they neared the mark, and when Rainbow trimmed sheets for home she was able to lay the lightship easily, the breeze being S.W. and puffy. Mineola evidently mistrusted the fickle breeze and stood well out to windward of the others, making a fine picture as the wind freshened for a time. Virginia, well astern, was having fun of her own by shifting jib topsails, trying a large one with poor results. The race for second place between Mineola and Yankee would have been interesting had it not been certain that Yankee could not win on elapsed time, even though she might finish first, as she actually did. The reach in was timed:

Rainbow	5 54 13	1 49 50
Yankee	5 57 28	1 48 36
Mineola	5 57 35	1 49 11
Virginia	5 59 03	1 49 27

The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt.	12 28 00	5 54 13	5 26 13
Mineola, August Belmont.	12 28 00	5 57 35	5 29 35
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.	12 28 00	5 59 03	5 31 03
Yankee, H. P. Whitney and II.			
B. Duryea	12 26 14	5 57 28	5 31 14

Rainbow beat Mineola 3m. 22s.; Virginia, 4m. 50s., and Yankee, 5m. 1s.

Corsair, Privateer, Nourmahal, Vergana, Oneida, Willada, Kismet, Elsa, Anita, Tide II. and a few other steam yachts were out on the course. The steamer Cepheus carried the members of the New York Y. C. and a sister boat had a good number of outside spectators on board.

An interesting point in this race is the introduction in New York waters of the flashing cone of polished tin on the mark. This device was used by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. in the Seawanhaka cup matches between Glencairn II. and Momo I., in 1897, on Lake St. Louis, and proved very effective. It is now used by other clubs on fresh water. The flagstaff of the buoy is surmounted by a cone of polished tin, about 18in. in diameter and height, with the apex upward. The motion of the buoy on the waves throws the cone about and in sunny weather the flash may be seen for miles.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

THE Atlantic Y. C. met with good luck in the weather on Sept. 15 for its fall race, an easterly breeze of over twenty miles an hour making a lively race for the 70-footers and the two imported cutters; the smaller craft had more wind than they wanted, but the sport was exciting. The race was an open one for all classes, over the regular club courses, the larger boats sailing around the Scotland Lightship and the smaller over inside courses, which, however, were quite lumpy enough to please the veriest sea dog. Only two of the 70-footers were present. Mineola and Rainbow, both swinging second club topsails, as did Astrild and Isolde. The start was made at noon off Craven Shoal Buoy, Rainbow to windward of Mineola, and each well timed. They sailed very fast on the reach to the Southwest Spit, Mineola trying to get by to windward, and Rainbow luffing to stop her, until they were close up to the East Bank. Both carried jib topsails to the elbow, but stowed them with the wind on end to the bell buoy off the point of the Hook. From this out they had a reach on port tack to the Scotland, Rainbow fetching the mark, while Mineola made a short tack. They were timed:

Rainbow	1 43 20	Mineola	1 45 05
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Rainbow started for home with a baby jib topsail aloft, but when she saw the big one break out on Mineola's topmast stay she shifted to her No. 1. It was very rough off the Bar, but the two made good weather of it, as they reached in to the bell buoy, Rainbow increasing her lead. Running in to the Spit, Rainbow did not set her spinaker until Mineola set the example. They were timed at the Spit:

Rainbow	2 25 07	Mineola	2 26 30
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They jibed over and reached for the line with a freshening wind on the starboard beam and a good sea running. Rainbow finished fifty-one seconds ahead.

The race in the next class was also very interesting, the two boats being equally well matched. Isolde came for the line too soon, and Astrild won the weather berth, but before they reached the Spit the older boat was ahead, the times being:

Isolde	1 57 00	Astrild	1 58 20
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At the Scotland they were timed:

Isolde	2 05 00	Astrild	2 08 30
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Isolde continued to gain all the way in, finishing with a lead of over four minutes.

Uvira agreed to give five minutes' allowance to Ondawa, formerly the Burgess 40-footer Nautilus, a similar boat to the well-known Nymph. Their course was around Orchard Shoal Light and Southwest Spit Buoy, nineteen miles. The cutter won by twenty minutes. The fin-keel Akista won easily in her class. The full times were:

Cuttters—80ft. Class—Start, 12:05.				
	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt.	3 00 03	2 55 09		
Mineola, August Belmont.	3 01 00	2 56 00		
Cuttters—70ft. Class—Start, 12:15.				
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt.	60.45	3 30 49	3 15 49	3 15 03
Astrild, Hanan Bros.	61.29	3 35 02	3 20 02	3 20 02
Sloops—51ft. Class—Start, 12:20.				
Uvira, R. P. Doremus.	47.13	3 11 20	2 51 20	2 57 20
Ondawa, H. J. Robert.	46.93	3 36 44	3 16 44	3 11 44
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 12:25.				
Akista, George Hill.	36.00	3 33 08	3 08 08	
Flossie, C. S. King.	36.00	3 39 49	3 14 09	
Narika, F. T. Cornell.	30.47	Withdrew.		
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:25.				
Rhuhamer, W. T. Bernard.	30.00	4 08 52	3 43 52	
Sea Flower, C. E. Schuyler.	30.00	Not timed.		
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 12:30.				
Kittywake, Palmer Bros.	25.00	3 21 07	2 51 07	
Ojibway, J. R. Brophy.	25.00	3 15 33	2 45 33	
Song and Dance, E. Luckenbach.	23.78	3 25 23	2 58 25	
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 12:35.				
Bronco, F. A. C. Moore.	21.00	Withdrew.		
Spots, D. D. Allerton.	21.00	3 03 58	2 28 58	
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins.	21.00	3 03 04	2 28 01	
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 12:35.				
Venture, E. S. Ives.	18.00	Withdrew.		
Pebble, R. W. Speir.	18.00	3 32 35	2 47 35	

Rainbow won the Adams cup, a very handsome trophy. The second prize in the class, the Weeks cup, was not awarded. The other prizes were donated by ex-Com. Weston.

Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER CITY, N. J.—DELAWARE RIVER.

Sunday, Sept. 2.

THE Gloucester Y. C. sailed the fourth race of its championship series on Sept. 2, the times being:

First Class Duckers—Start, 4:00.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minnie C., Charles Dunlay.	4 56 00		
Eisenbrown, A. James.	4 56 01		
Joe McGinn, Arthur Henry.	5 00 00		
Second Class Duckers—Start, 4:00.			
Woodman and Florrie, Geo. Smith.	5 05 00		
Catharine C., Ben Wilson.	5 05 30		
Freda K., Fred Kurtz.	5 07 00		
Annie T., Harry Quinn.	5 09 00		

Penataquit Corinthian Y. C.

BAY SHORE—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THE Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. sailed the last race of the season, the final of the Schieren cup series, on Sept. 8 in a fresh S.E. breeze. The times were, start 2:05:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gayety	4 04 38	1 59 38	1 59 38
Marie	4 11 53	2 06 53	2 05 03
Viking	4 12 50	2 07 50	2 04 20

Royal Hamilton Y. C.

HAMILTON—BURLINGTON BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THE Royal Hamilton Y. C. sailed a race on Sept. 8, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Viking	5 01 35	2 26 35	2 26 35
Erma	5 06 25	2 31 25	2 28 21
Nadia	5 03 35	2 28 35	2 28 35

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

PORT WASHINGTON—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

THE Manhasset Bay Y. C. sailed its final race on Sept. 15, starting in a light S.W. breeze, which freshened during the race. Alcerion broke her port spreader near the start, but finished the race, and came in a close second to Oiseau. Raider profited by a luffing match between Scamp and Sis and won first place. The full times were:

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 1:05.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Alcerion, Cord Meyer.	1 11 55		3 06 55	
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.	1 10 42		3 05 42	
Empronzi, Alfred Peats.	1 22 40		3 11 40	
Raceabouts—Start, 1:10.				
Scamp, J. De Forest.	3 21 25		2 11 25	
Raider, H. M. Crane.	3 20 17		2 10 17	
Spindrift, Pirie Bros.	3 25 30		2 15 30	
Sis, F. T. Bedford.	3 21 40		2 11 40	
Knockabouts—Start, 1:15.				
Midge, W. E. Peck.	3 34 45		2 19 45	
Thelga, A. P. Thayer.	3 34 02		2 19 02	
Mistral, E. J. Low.	3 30 20		2 15 20	
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:20.				
Rochelle, E. Kelly.	3 12 52		1 52 52	
Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:20.				
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby.	3 34 40		2 14 40	
Vagabond, W. E. Folah.	3 31 38		2 11 38	
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 1:25.				
Ox, R. N. Bavier.	2 55 32		1 30 32	
Knockabouts—Open Class—Start, 1:25.				
Scintilla, J. P. Hoyt.	3 36 07		2 11 07	
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 1:30.				
Scout, F. V. Wicks.	3 01 27		1 31 27	
Pagan, P. W. Jackson.	2 53 40		1 23 40	
Film Flam, A. S. Prince.	2 52 20		1 22 20	
Chinook, R. Forbes Morgan, Jr.	Withdrew.			
Nora, A. Iselin.	2 52 05		1 22 05	
Plover, S. P. Just.	2 53 40		1 23 40	
Hampdens—One-Design—Start, 1:30.				
Bluebird, J. Sands.	3 31 00		2 01 00	
Mione, A. Sayre.	3 34 20		2 04 20	
Billyboy, W. G. Newman.	3 34 15		2 13 15	
Dories—Start, 1:40.				
Dud, G. A. Corry.	3 00 47		1 20 47	
Ketch II, L. C. Ketchum.	3 01 35		1 21 35	
Prize, L. James.	3 10 33		1 30 33	

The winners were Oiseau, Raider, Mistral, Vagabond, Nora, Bluebird and Dud. Sailover prizes were awarded to Rochelle, Ox and Scintilla.

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

THE following notice relating to the dispute which followed the Labor Day race was sent out last week by Jas. S. Whiting, secretary of the race committee of the Quincy Y. C.: "The Quincy Y. C. has received letters of apology over last Saturday's unfortunate occurrence from the owners of the Al Kyris and the Hanley. The hearing on the protests is set down for Sept. 13."

On Sept. 3 the last race of the handicap series was held off Hough's Neck, the times being:

Class A.				Elapsed.	Corrected.
	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
Canacum, J. C. Morse.	1 18 36				
Hustler, Whittemore & Robbins.	1 13 11				
Harbor Light, J. W. Johnson.	1 16 51				
Arbutus, Merritt & Hall.	1 17 00				
C. C., G. H. Carey.	1 18 34				
Goblin, E. F. Ricker.	1 21 54				
Moodyne, A. J. Shaw.	Withdrew.				
Beatrice, J. Carney.	Withdrew.				
Class B.				Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tautog, A. A. Lincoln.	1 23 21				
Whisper, E. F. Fitzpatrick.	Disabled.				

This makes the record as follows:

Class A.						
	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	Total.
Hustler	100	20	100	60	60	340
C. C.	60	100	40	100	20	320
Harbor Light	20	40	60	20	40	180
Canacum	20	20	20		100	160
Eclipse	40	60		20		120
Goblin	20	20		40	20	100
Beatrice	20	20	20	20		80
Moodyne	20	20		20		60
Ysulet	20	20				40
Medora	20					20
Elaine	20					20
Class B.						
Tautog	100	40	100		100	340
Whisper	60	60	20			140
Supero	20	100				120
Yum Yum	40					40

On Sept. 8 three of the 21-footers sailed a race, resulting as follows:

	Elapsed.
Omeme, W. P. Barker.	1 20 00
Bobolink, W. B. Vose.	1 20 10
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane.	1 20 30

Wollaston Y. C.

WOLLASTON, MASS.

Friday, Aug. 31.

THANKS to a fresh easterly breeze, the Wollaston Y. C. sailed a fine race on Aug. 31. Little Peter was compelled to sail alone, but she made her percentage of 100 in the Y. R. A. record, though she received no prize. The open 21-footers made a good race, Hostess outsailing Little Peter; but Tacoma tore her mainsail in shaking out a reef and was compelled to withdraw. Harriet should have won in her class, but she finished on the wrong side of the mark boat. The times were:

25ft. Cabin Class.		Elapsed.
Little Peter, J. J. Moebis.		1 26 37
21ft. Open Class.		
Hostess, H. M. Faxon.		1 16 12
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane.		1 29 11
Tacoma, J. F. Ring.		Disabled.
21ft. Cabin Class.		
Zaza, G. P. Shute et al.		1 24 00
Usona, E. Pryor.		1 25 37
Coquette, B. D. Amsden.		1 25 57
Dosia, E. A. Phemeslee.		1 38 43
Harriet, L. T. Harrington.		Withdrew.
18ft. Class.		
Dauntless, Benner & Patten.		1 23 38
Lobster, C. H. Hendrie.		1 26 41
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson.		Withdrew.
15ft. Class.		
Favorite, G. W. Blover.		Withdrew.

The judges were Com. J. A. Fenno, Vice-Com. E. A. Merrill, Dr. W. G. Curtis, C. W

Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THERE was a fresh easterly breeze blowing at the start of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. race on Sept. 8, but during the afternoon it fell somewhat, and reefs were shaken out. The H. O. class has finally gone to pieces, Mr. Clapp having permanently withdrawn Orphan from the racing a few weeks ago, and Empress and Al Kyris having since refused to race in the class, leaving Hanley to sail alone. To-day the former pair, without the H. O. in their mainsails, sailed the first of a series of three races for a special cup, while Hanley sailed alone in the H. O. class. The Crowninshield keel boat Flirt again sailed a fast race, beating Hanley and the two other centerboarders. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Empress, Hayden & Parker.....	2 20 31	..
Al Kyris, J. F. Brown.....	2 20 58	..
H. O. Class.		
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	2 21 17	..
25ft. Class.		
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	2 19 41	..
Little Peter, H. Moebis.....	2 30 49	..
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	2 34 58	..
21ft. Handicap Class.		
Holly, W. M. Ware.....	2 03 49	1 58 49
Nike, C. A. Cooley.....	2 06 16	2 07 16
Squaw, A. M. Blinn.....	Withdrew.	..
18ft. Handicap Class.		
Barbara, A. F. Hayden.....	2 08 32	2 01 40
Zaza, J. T. Humphrey.....	2 10 40	2 02 32
Göblin, G. W. Canterbury.....	2 14 04	2 03 04

The judges were W. Avery Carey, L. M. Clark and L. R. Flint.

After the race Little Peter protested Flirt, and Hermes protested Little Peter for a foul at the starting line.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

The wind was still east on Saturday, and of moderate force. A club race was sailed in addition to the second match for the cup. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	1 52 25	..
25ft. Class.		
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	2 01 55	..
Little Peter, H. Moebis.....	2 08 11	..
21ft. Handicap Class.		
Lal, F. L. Dunne.....	1 56 40	1 40 40
Holly, W. M. Ware.....	1 45 43	1 40 43
Shiyessa, Alfred Douglas.....	1 54 35	1 47 35
Nike, C. A. Cooley.....	1 57 30	1 48 30
Darthea, W. B. Lambert.....	1 47 36	1 47 36
Swirl, C. F. Paul.....	1 59 15	1 51 15
18ft. Handicap Class.		
Barbara, A. F. Hayden.....	1 55 51	1 46 51
Zaza, Humphrey & Lauriat.....	1 54 20	1 48 20
Azara, George E. Hills.....	2 12 54	2 07 54
Match Race.		
Al Kyris, J. F. Brown.....	1 55 17	..
Empress, Hayden & Parker.....	1 58 00	..

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THE raceabout class of the Cohasset Y. C. sailed a good race on Sept. 8 in a moderate southerly breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Harelda, Alanson Bigelow, Jr.....	1 38 40
Delta, R. B. Williams.....	1 39 50
Barracuda, A. C. Burrage.....	1 40 30
Monsoon, J. A. Knowles.....	1 41 10
Eleanor, F. J. Moors.....	1 41 53
Remora, G. Crocker.....	1 45 00

Knickerbocker Y. C.

COLLEGE POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THE Knickerbocker Y. C. sailed a race for its Hampden class on Sept. 8 in a fresh S.E. breeze, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
K. Y. C. Hampden Class—Start, 4:15.		
Mi Babe, Com. S. H. Mason.....	6 05 09	1 50 09
Zena, F. E. Barnes.....	6 12 58	1 57 58
Indian, J. O. Sinkinson.....	6 20 55	2 05 55
Blue Bird, Irving Sands.....	6 24 30	2 09 30
Black Bird, Rodman Sands.....	6 14 22	1 59 22
Billiboy, W. G. Newman.....	6 21 20	2 06 30

Staten Island Y. C.

STAPLETON—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THE Staten Island Y. C. sailed a race for its challenge cup on Sept. 8 over a fifteen-mile course on the Upper Bay, Akista, owned by George Hill, winning by ten minutes from Siren, Com. C. F. Wiegand.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Hamilton, the 35-footer built last year by J. H. Fearnside for the Canada cup trials, has recently been sold to a Buffalo yachtsman. She has been renamed Echola and on Sept. 8 sailed from Buffalo to Detroit to take part in a race on Sept. 10. The "Weir boat," as she was called during the trial races of last year, the 35-footer designed and built by Hugh Weir, is now named Clytie.

Iroquois, schr., has been chartered by J. G. Neafie-Whittaker, of Philadelphia, to R. M. Thompson, New York Y. C.

It is reported that Vice-Com. August Belmont, New York Y. C., will place an order at Bristol for a steam yacht of about 150ft. length, to have a speed of 28 knots.

Marietta III., H. B. Moore, has been chartered to E. H. Harriman, New York Y. C., who will cruise on the Sound and down the Maine coast this fall.

The annual meeting of the Riverton Y. C. was held

on Sept. 4, the following officers being elected: Com., William R. Ellison; Vice-Com., Charles M. Biddle; Sec'y, John H. Reese; Treas., Charles M. Biddle, Jr.; Meas., H. McIlvain Biddle; Finance and Executive Committee, John C. S. Davis, J. Hayes Carstairs, Charles W. Davis, C. C. Rianhard and E. B. Showell; Regatta Committee, Blair Ferguson, Albert G. Cook and Somervell Solomon. The club has over 100 members and a fleet of thirty-eight yachts.

The annual meeting of the Huntington Y. C. was held on Sept. 6 and the following officers were elected: Com., Robert L. Crooke, of Brooklyn; Vice-Com., Arthur K. Buxton, of Brooklyn; Rear-Com., Albert W. Palmer, of East Orange, N. J.; Sec'y, Daniel Slotte Wood, of Huntington; Treas., H. H. Gordon, of Manhattan; Trustees, Ansel B. Gildersleeve and George R. Rogers, of Huntington.

The Northport Y. C., has just elected the following officers: Com., J. B. Morrell; Vice-Com., Charles E. Van Iderstine; Treas., Benjamin Carroll; Sec'y, H. Davis Ackerley; Fleet Capt., I. Nash; Trustees, Edward Thompson, J. B. Morrell, Charles E. Van Iderstine, H. Davis Ackerley, Benjamin Carroll, J. H. Ireland, J. W. Hiltman, N. S. Ackerley and John W. Arthur.

Jessie, steam yacht, Wm. Murray, has been sold to Major Wm. A. Wilkins, of Gainesville, Ga., who will use her in Southern waters, her hailing port being Savannah.

Hebe, the 36-footer designed by Crowninshield for J. R. Maxwell, has been sold to Wm. Bancker, of Shelter Island.

Presto, steam yacht, designed by C. D. Mosher, has been sold by Com. J. A. Mollenhauer, Penataquit Cor. Y. C., to T. H. Newberry, of Detroit. Presto has proved a very fast boat, claiming a record of a mile in 1m. 59s. Com. Mollenhauer takes in part payment a 55ft. launch.

Capt. Wm. Hansen, the well-known yacht skipper, died in St. Luke's Hospital, New Bedford, on Sept. 8. He was born in Bergen, Norway, in 1847, and after working with his father as a fisherman from boyhood he went to sea at the age of seventeen. In 1870 he was one of the crew of the schooner Alice and in 1871 he was in the schooner Josephine, and a year later in the schooners Vesta and Silvia. For six years he was in the schooner Haze, Henry A. Mott, as mate, and later he was in the schooner Peerless for six years, two as master, and also in the schooner Social. He was best known as skipper of Sachem under her original owners in 1886-87, and later of Quickstep, a good boat which he sailed well. In 1893 he was in command of Vigilant in the America Cup races, with Valkyrie II.

Anokatok, the winner in the 36ft. class in the Larchmont Y. C. race of Sept. 3, has been disqualified on protest for carrying a professional skipper in addition to her regular crew. The first prize thus goes to Countess, the second boat.

Canoeing.**Amendments to the Rules.**

We publish below a number of proposals for the amendment of the A. C. A. constitution, by-laws and racing rules, which will be submitted to the coming meeting of the Executive Committee. We shall publish all such proposals as may be received in time in the October Canoeing Number, and we hope to have at the same time a thorough discussion of the various proposals by A. C. A. men generally. All letters should reach us by Saturday, Sept. 29, if possible, and in no case later than Monday, Oct. 1.

TORONTO, Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hereby give notice that at the next Executive Committee meeting of the American Canoe Association I shall move the adoption of the following changes to the by-laws:

That Chapter 12 be numbered 13 and that the words "The affirmative vote of three-fourths of all" be struck out and the words, "A majority vote of" substituted.

That Chapters 13 and 14 be amended by being numbered 14 and 15 respectively.

That a new Chapter 12 be introduced, as follows:

"Chapter 12. Order in Camp.—When a member complains to the Commodore of any member or members creating a noise after 11 P. M., the Commodore must investigate the matter, and if the charge is sustained he must request the offending member or members to leave camp. The Commodore may request any member to leave camp if, after due consideration, he is of the opinion that better order can be maintained thereby."

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is a copy of certain proposed changes in the racing regulations which I have submitted to the Regatta Committee of the A. C. A. for their action in accordance with Chapter IX. of the By-Laws, and Rule XXII. of the Racing Regulations:

"To the Regatta Committee of the American Canoe Association.—Gentlemen: In accordance with Chapter IX., Subdivision 8 of the By-Laws, and Rule XXII. of the Racing Regulations of the A. C. A., I hereby submit the following proposed changes in the racing regulations of the A. C. A.:

"First. To amend Rule I. of the Racing Regulations by adding after the word 'canoes' at the end of the paragraph entitled 'Dimensions and Limitations—Sailing' the following: 'No fixed rudder projecting below a fair line along the keel shall be used and no drop rudder shall be used that, when drawn up, projects below the said line.'

"Second. To further amend Rule I. by adding to the above paragraph, and after the change above proposed, the following: 'All decked sailing canoes shall have a cockpit large and deep enough to sit in comfortably.'

"Third. To further amend Rule I. by adding to the above paragraph, and after the change above proposed, the following: 'All decked sailing canoes shall carry a practical double blade paddle.'

"Fourth. To further amend Rule I. by adding to the above paragraph, and after the change above proposed, the following: 'The sliding seat shall not exceed 4ft. 6in. in length.'

"Fifth. To further amend Rule I. by adding to the above paragraph, and after the change above proposed, the following: 'In all sailing and combined races, no rig other than a practical hoisting and lowering rig shall be used.'

"Sixth. To further amend Rule I. by adding to the above paragraph, and after the change above proposed, the following: 'All open sailing canoes must have at each end water tight bulkheads or air tanks capable of sustaining the occupant above water when swamped.'

FRANK C. MOORE, A. C. A. 1342.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please publish the following amendment to the Constitution of the A. C. A., as required by Article XII. In Article III. insert the words "able to swim" after the words "eighteen years."

HENRY SMYTHE, A. C. A. 1308.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose for publication the following proposed amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws of the American Canoe Association.

M. D. WILT.

CONSTITUTION.

Article VI. Add "Section 9" as follows: "Racing Board.—Each division in its proper turn, at its annual meeting, shall elect in the same manner as its regular officers, one member of that division, to serve on the Racing Board of the Association, for a term of three years, or until his successor is elected."

(For duties of Racing Board see Chapter 9 of By-Laws.)

Article VII., Paragraph 3. Amend by leaving out the words "a Regatta Committee of three members for the annual camp of the A. C. A." after the word "appoint."

BY-LAWS.

Chapter IX. Amend Paragraph 1 by adding the words "Racing Board and Division" between the words "Duties of" and "Committee" in the title, making it read as follows: "Duties of Racing Board and Division Regatta Committees." Further, amend Paragraph 1 by substituting the words "Racing Board" for "Regatta Committee" as the last words of the paragraph.

Amend Paragraph 2 by substituting the words "Racing Board" for "Regatta Committee" wherever they occur.

Further amend Paragraph 2 by leaving out the word "and" between the words "paddling" and "trophy" on the third line and insert the word "sailing" after the word "club" on the third line, making this part read as follows: "Including the sailing and paddling trophy races, the three record races, the club sailing race," and insert after the words "club sailing race" at the end of the third line the following: "The paddling races for one, two and four men with single blades, and the paddling races for one, two and four men with double blades, and the relay race for teams of three men each, with double blades." Insert after the words "three record races" on the third line the words "the free-for-all sailing race."

Amend by substituting the words "Racing Board" for "Regatta Committee" wherever they occur.

Rule II., Paragraph 2. Amend by leaving out the first and third sentences beginning "No canoe shall be," etc., and "Members must paddle," etc., respectively.

Paragraph 3. Amend by leaving out the whole of the first sentence beginning "A canoe which is," etc.

Rule V. Amend the first paragraph to read as follows: "Prizes shall be given as follows," instead of "Flags shall be given as prizes as follows."

Amend Paragraphs 2 and 3 by leaving out these two paragraphs entirely and substituting the following: "Prizes shall consist of shields or some lasting memento with the event, the letters A. C. A., the year expressed in four figures, the place of the meet and the words 'First Prize' or 'Second Prize' expressed thereon. The prizes for any one meet shall be uniform in shape and design. Prizes donated for special races or competitions may be accepted at the discretion of the Racing Board. No prizes of money shall be raced for. All prizes not awarded are to be destroyed."

Amend the fourth paragraph by leaving out the words "if more than nine entries for the sailing trophy are present" on the third and fourth lines. Further amend the fourth and fifth paragraphs by substituting the words "free-for-all" for the word "trial" wherever it occurs.

Amend by adding the following new paragraph: "There shall be paddling races with single blades for one, two and four men in a canoe, and with double blades for one, two and four men in a canoe, and a relay race for teams of three men each, with double blades, one man in a canoe."

Amend by adding a sentence at the end of the rule as follows: "At least one-half of all the paddling races, including the race for the paddling trophy and the relay race, shall be straightaway."

Rule IX., Paragraph 2. Amend by omitting all of the paragraph after the word "protest" on the fourth line, and substitute the words "and a decision of a majority of the members present shall be final."

Add to the last paragraph of Rule IX. the sentence following: "No man shall contest in any race until he has been two days in camp, except in war canoe races, except by special permission of the Racing Board."

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division—James L. Powers, W. E. Piper, Geo. E. Fickett and William J. Ladd.

Western Division—Geo. B. Stewart.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

The second annual tooth tournament and clambake of the Brooklyn Gun Club is announced to take place on Sept. 9, commencing at 5:30 P. M. It will be held at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I. The former tooth tournament was such a pronounced success that a large number of entries is expected. High averages will have special attention. The general opinion is that the contestants will not make a miss in the entire programme.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

Interstate at Salem.

SALEM, N. Y.—The closing Interstate target shoot of the season was held at Salem, N. Y., on Sept. 12 and 13, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club. The morning of the first day promised well as to weather, but about 9 o'clock the wind blew furiously, the disturbance probably being an outer edge of the great Galveston storm speeding on its way oceanward. It was so violent that many trees were blown over, and there was besides a general straining of everything. Under these conditions, when shooters had to brace up stiffly to stay on their feet, the scores made are remarkably good.

The club house is situated in the center of a large level field, about thirty acres in area, and is only about three minutes' walk from the center of the town. A broad covered porch, a few inches above the level of the ground, extends across the entire front of the club house, which is commodious and contains everything needful for the visitors' comfort.

A magatrap, five expert traps and a set of live-bird traps, all operated by electricity, are the grounds' equipment. A range of hills, woods and green fields form the background.

On Monday the visitors began to arrive. There were Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg, Pa., manager of the Grand American Handicap; J. Howard Marlin, of the Marlin Fire Arms Co., and Mrs. Marlin; C. E. Roberts, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and Mrs. Roberts.

On Tuesday among those who came were J. S. Fanning, of New York, representing Lafin & Rand Powder Co.; B. H. Norton, of New York, representing the Hazard Powder Co.; W. L. Colville, of Batavia, N. Y., and B. Leroy Woodard, of Campello, Mass., representing Dupont Powder Co.; J. R. Hull, of Meriden, Conn., representing Parker Brothers; J. H. Cameron, of New Haven, Conn., representing Winchester Arms Co.; J. J. Hollowell, of Philadelphia, representing Union Metallic Cartridge Co.; C. H. Gibson, of Bellows Falls, Vt.; E. C. Griffith and F. E. Inman, of Pascoag, R. I.; Edward Banks, of New York city, secretary of the Interstate Association and secretary of the E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co.; C. M. Lincoln, of New York, assistant manager of Interstate Park, and Dr. W. L. Gardiner, of South Orange, N. J.; George Bartlett, New Haven, Conn., of the Marlin Fire Arms Co.; E. H. Taylor, Jr., New York, of the Lafin & Rand Powder Co.; John F. Cunningham, Valley Falls, N. Y.; T. Edmund Doremus, Schaghticoke, N. Y.; Myron Roberts and Harley Guild, Rupert, Vt.; E. J. Roberts, Flushing, L. I.; A. B. Orcutt and A. J. Harvey, of Mechanicville, N. Y.; Dr. B. D. Mosher, of Granville, N. Y.

Those who reached Salem in season strolled out to the grounds Tuesday afternoon and indulged in a little warming up practice over the traps. J. J. Hollowell was the high gun, getting 67 out of 70. Jack Fanning tried a new gun, which didn't sweep clean, and he soon found himself shooting a consolation match all alone; but when he took up a gun to which he was accustomed he placed his mark at 46 out of 50.

First Day, Wednesday, Sept. 12.

Fanning, Leroy and Griffith tied for first honors with a total of 189 killed out of a possible 165; Hollowell was second with 135; Hull third with 133, and Banks and Inman tied for fourth with 129. The average number of shooters to an event was twenty-five, and 4,500 targets were used.

The entrance fee for each man in each event was \$1.50, and the purse was divided into four moneys, according to the Rose system. Targets were 1½ cents. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	at. Broke. Av.
Fanning	11	12	16	12	14	16	13	13	19	15	165 139 .342
Hull	7	13	14	11	11	15	15	13	19	15	165 133 .342
Colville	8	12	11	10	14	15	12	11	17	10	165 120 .342
Leroy	13	15	17	8	10	17	12	15	18	14	165 139 .342
Hollowell	11	14	14	7	13	18	14	14	17	13	165 135 .342
Marlin	10	10	9	7	9	16	10	11	18	11	165 111 .342
Cameron	8	12	12	8	6	12	10	11	12	11	165 102 .342
Norton	2	6	5	5	10	5	3	9	8	4	165 57 .342
Lincoln	8	9	14	12	12	15	9	18	9	8	165 115 .342
C. E. Roberts	9	9	13	5	9	10	6	7	14	5	165 87 .342
Banks	15	9	14	11	11	18	12	14	14	11	165 129 .342
Griffith	13	13	14	14	12	17	14	13	16	13	165 139 .342
Inman	8	10	12	10	13	19	14	13	18	12	165 129 .342
Ondawa	11	8	11	8	8	14	8	9	17	9	165 103 .342
Bartlett	11	7	13	11	12	16	13	11	18	10	165 122 .342
Gibson	9	9	17	7	11	16	12	13	16	11	165 121 .342
Taylor, Jr.	4	6	9	7	9	10	10	6	7	6	165 74 .342
Cunningham	9	7	8	9	10	14	12	5	12	12	165 98 .342
Doremus	8	7	5	9	10	10	5	7	14	9	165 84 .342
Orcutt	8	7	6	3	6	10	6	7	8	7	115 53 .342
Harvey	8	6	7	3	6	7	7	8	7	7	115 52 .342
Vermont	11	13	12	11	11	16	13	10	17	14	165 117 .342
Guid	10	7	9	3	9	9	11	13	11	11	135 73 .342
Mosher	12	7	11	13	17	10	11	13	13	13	130 96 .342
Kommodore	10	6	10	10	16	9	11	15	11	11	160 106 .342
J. Brown	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	15 14 .342
J. S. Parker	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	20 4 .342
E. J. Roberts	7	11	15	12	9	10	10	10	10	10	95 64 .342
Maguire	16	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	35 27 .342

Second Day, Thursday, Sept. 13.

The weather Thursday, the second day of the shoot, was all that could be desired. It was delightfully cool and the sun was hidden by clouds all day. The score of the day's shooting shows a marked improvement. Fanning was high with 154—951. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	at. Broke. Av.
Fanning	13	14	14	14	14	20	15	15	20	15	165 154 .951
Hull	15	12	12	12	12	16	12	13	16	10	165 130 .951
Colville	15	12	12	12	12	16	12	13	16	10	165 130 .951
Leroy	15	14	16	14	15	19	14	13	20	14	165 154 .951
Hollowell	14	13	16	14	14	18	14	12	19	11	165 142 .951
Marlin	13	13	17	11	9	19	12	13	16	12	165 135 .951
Cameron	13	8	10	9	4	11	10	10	8	5	165 93 .951
Norton	6	6	7	13	5	8	5	7	12	5	165 84 .951
Lincoln	9	7	10	13	14	10	14	13	13	7	165 120 .951
C. E. Roberts	8	10	11	15	8	14	6	10	13	7	165 102 .951
Banks	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	15 11 .951
Griffith	13	15	19	13	13	19	12	14	18	14	165 150 .951
Inman	14	12	19	14	11	20	14	13	18	10	165 145 .951
Ondawa	10	7	15	10	11	15	10	13	16	10	165 117 .951
Bartlett	15	11	18	13	14	17	14	13	18	13	165 144 .951
Gibson	11	11	15	14	13	19	12	15	20	14	165 144 .951
Waterville	7	12	17	13	12	14	11	10	13	11	165 120 .951
Kommodore	12	10	15	12	10	14	13	14	13	12	165 125 .951
Vermont	13	11	17	12	12	18	11	7	16	12	165 129 .951
Guid	9	10	16	10	8	13	11	11	16	12	165 116 .951
Maguire	8	13	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	65 41 .951
E. J. Roberts	6	11	12	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	65 37 .951
Jones	8	9	17	12	10	15	10	12	17	10	165 120 .951
Hall	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	85 61 .951
Doremus	9	14	11	15	12	12	12	12	12	12	85 61 .951

Live-bird events: No. 1, 5 birds, \$3 entrance:
Colville, 27.....01222-4
Norton, 27.....22222-5
Leroy, 30.....22222-4
Hull, 30.....22222-5
Fanning, 31.....22222-5
Waterville, 26.....20222-4
Lincoln, 27.....22202-4

No. 2, 7 birds, \$5 entrance:
Colville, 27.....012111-6
Norton, 27.....212221-7
Leroy, 30.....22222-7
Hull, 30.....22222-7
Fanning, 31.....222122-6
Perkins, 29.....102212-5
Doremus, 28.....22222-5
Waterville, 26.....222212-6
Kommodore, 27.....102111-5

No. 3, 10 birds, \$7 entrance:
Colville, 27.....11211111-10
Hull, 30.....22212221-10
Waterville, 26.....1010112211-8
Bryan, 26.....010112221-8
Leroy, 30.....22222222-10
Fanning, 31.....211111222-10
Norton, 27.....222221222-10
Graham, 27.....0020022000-3

C. E. Roberts, 26.....20020-2
Griffith, 28.....22222-4
Maguire, 27.....1021-3
C. H. Perkins, 29.....20222-4
Doremus, 28.....22222-4
Kommodore, 27.....11222-5
Ondawa, 28.....22222-5

Ondawa, 28.....121222-7
Bryan, 26.....1220210-5
Vermont, 27.....1222122-7
Guid, 27.....2202220-5
Graham, 27.....0100102-3
C. E. Roberts, 26.....110112-5
Gibson, 27.....2220201-5
Maguire, 27.....212112-6
Griffith, 28.....0221222-6

Doremus, 28.....021201122-7
Kommodore, 27.....12201221-8
Ondawa, 28.....122222122-9
Vermont, 27.....122222222-10
Blackman, 26.....102011222-8
Maguire, 27.....1212111001-5
Perkins, 29.....11011012-5
Guid, 27.....222222022-9

Many Tournament.

ROBELINE, La.—The scores appended were made at the tournament held at Many, La., on Sept. 13 and 14. Only the full averages, etc., of those who took the prizes offered for five high guns are here given. Twenty-three shooters in all took part. This was a most successful tournament, all things considered. Targets were thrown Sergeant system, and were hard, a high wind prevailing most of the time.

Welch used Peters shells; Henderson, Leader and L. & R.; Caldwell, E. C. in Leader; Powder, Dupont in U. M. C.; Lambreth, L. & R. in Leader. Only high guns given above. High shooting is booming. It took crack shooting to score, as targets were erratic. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
J. F. Welch	12	13	13	14	19	13	13	14	13	19
H. Henderson	11	13	12	12	18	13	13	14	18	18
C. Lambreth	15	12	13	12	18	13	12	13	17	17
J. H. Caldwell	12	13	11	13	18	13	12	14	14	19
A. L. Powder	12	13	13	14	18	13	14	10	11	18
E. M. Linsey	9	13	9	7	11	11	8	11	10	2
A. Manheim	11	9	8	7	14	9	6	8	9	14
J. McNeely	6	13	15	13	7	15	7	8	11	8
E. McNeely	6	9	3	10	19	5	7	8	6	18
Ed. Estes	4	6	9	7	8	7	6	3	13	16
Dr. J. Nash	1	2	8	14	10	9	11	12	13	18
W. R. Oliphant	11	11	4	9	8	6	1	4	10	9
F. C. Gay	8	8	9	11	7	8	7	11	11	16
Leslie Powder	9	8	10	13	8	10	6	10	10	16
Lee Powder	2	5	6	8	8	11	6	8	11	16
J. Lambreth	6	6	10	9	17	7	13	7	9	11
Prof. Middleton	7	7	6	8	8	8	8	8	8	11
Jas. Keegan	1	3	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
A. R. Cleveland	1	1	8	5	7	7	7	7	7	7
W. R. Caldwell	6	11	10	14	13	7	8	8	4	14
G. Montgomery	6	3	6	8	5	6	10	11	12	11
D. R. Dickinson	6	5	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
J. F. Welch	12	13	14	14	18	14	15	13	14	19
H. Henderson	14	14	13	14	19	13	12	12	11	17
C. Lambreth	13	12	11	10	15	12	13	12	14	19
J. H. Caldwell	13	12	14	12	17	7	9	14	13	18
A. L. Powder	13	7	13	12	14	12	13	8	8	17
E. McNeely	13	6	7	9	7	12	13	13	7	18
J. McNeely	13	12	6	9	7	11	12	14	13	18
E. Estes	14	9	8	3	7	13	14	9	12	16
Dr. J. Nash	13	11	8	13	11	12	12	13	10	16
F. C. Gay	6	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Leslie Powder	6	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Lee Powder	2	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
J. Lambreth	4	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
W. Dillinger	15	13	14	12	18	14	12	11	13	18

Shot at. Broke. Av.	Shot at. Broke. Av.
J. F. Welch... 320 289 .900	J. H. Caldwell... 320 260 .810
H. Henderson... 320 274 .855	A. L. Powder... 320 258 .805
C. Lambreth... 320 266 .830	

J. F. WELCH.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

In the weekly competition for the Piasa Gun Club medals, Sept. 14, A. J. Howell won the handicap trophy and Gilbert Lane the president's medal. It was a fairly good day for shooting, but a line of low clouds on the western horizon made the low birds hard to follow.

The combined scores, counting for both medals, are appended. Lane having missed his third bird in the miss-and-out on the handicap and Riehl his first on deciding score in the long race: Riehl 46, Howell 41, Lane 46, Schiess 37, Schweppe 32, Gaddis 41, Cole 26.

The Illinois Gun Club boys are thinking some of having another of their famous merchandise shoots some time during the fall. Their tournament, given on this plan last year, was a marked success.

Dr. J. W. Smith and

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE PARIS GOLD MEDAL.

THE FOREST AND STREAM has been awarded the Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition for its exhibit, in the Palace of Forestry and Fisheries, consisting of fifty-three bound volumes from the beginning in 1873 to the close of 1899.

In addition to the first prize of a Gold Medal, it has been awarded a Bronze Medal in Class 51—Hunting Equipments, etc.; and recognized with two Honorable Mentions, one in Class 49—Scientific Forestry—and the other in Class 52—Products of the Chase.

IDLENESS AND INDUSTRY.

TIMES change. In the old days the average sportsman would have found it difficult to convince people who did not know much about him that he was not a mere time-killing idler when he deserted his bench or desk and took to the woods to get a deer or resorted to the marshes to circumvent a duck. But in this year of grace 1900 the Louisiana Legislature has given formal expression to a recognition of the fact that a sportsman is not an idler, but is and must be an industrious worker. The Legislature has enacted a prohibition which declares that "no idler shall kill any game in the State." The distinction here drawn by implication is of course complimentary and gratifying. In Louisiana the idler is one thing, the sportsman quite another. One is by official decree denied venison steak and quail on toast unless he shall put his hand down into his pocket and buy them, while the other is free to wing the good things as they fly.

It might be suggested that the Legislature acted upon a mistaken assumption when it adopted the theory that an idler could do any damage to the game, for unless the deer and the wild ducks of Louisiana differ from those of the country at large they may be depended upon to take care of themselves against any idlers, whether or not officially so designated. At this stage of training the game of America has become so well educated and is so wary and circumspect and given to getting up and disappearing upon the slightest provocation that something much more arduous than idling is necessary to reduce it to possession. Your sportsman must be a hustler.

One might mistakenly imagine from the accounts occasionally printed describing the ease and celerity and dead certainty with which a moose hunter goes into the woods one day, kills his moose the next and comes out the third, that a moose stalk à la mode was akin to reclining on flowery beds of ease, and that bringing down a pair of antlers was an achievement as simple as the proverbial falling off a log. As a matter of hard, cold, solid fact, so far is this from being true that every moose hunter of experience knows that the days or weeks that he spends in quest of his trophies are likely to be the most arduous of his life. Indeed, so hard is hunting as a field of physical exertion that it is one of the mysteries of human nature that a person will undergo the self-imposed punishment involved in it. To kill a moose means to trudge through the hardest kind of country; to bear back-breaking burdens; to tax one's strength of endurance to the utmost; to be wet, tired, hungry and—happy; and it is not for one carry only and one day, but for mile after mile and day after day until the end is accomplished.

Doubtless by reading the easy reports of easy hunting trips many a trusting novice has been lured into undertaking a moose hunting expedition as a pleasure jaunt and has been most grossly deceived as to what was in store for him when he should leave civilization behind and depend upon his muscles and fortitude and grit to carry him through. For the one fortunate hunter of big game who brings out his prize quickly and without hardship there are a hundred others who put forth the most

strenuous exertions and undergo extreme hardship; and a large proportion of these return home without any reward except the consciousness of having done their best in the face of hard luck and the satisfaction of knowing that there will be another season and another chance to do it over again.

ANOTHER ADIRONDACK TRAGEDY.

THE Adirondacks have supplied their deer hunting tragedy again this season, and it is of the kind now so distressingly familiar of a man mistaken for a deer. On the preserve of the Tahawus Club, in Essex county, on Thursday of last week, Dr. Bailey, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. S. A. Kerr, of New York, were in the dusk of the evening stationed on the edge of a clearing watching for deer. Mr. Bailey was standing, and Mrs. Kerr, rifle in hand, was sitting on a rock a few feet from him. The clearing was known to be a favorite haunt of the deer. A New York sportsman looking for game approached along the road and caught sight of Mr. Bailey's hunting coat through the bushes 300 yards away. He mistook it for a deer and fired. The bullet struck Mr. Bailey in the small of the back, passing through the body and striking Mrs. Kerr in the right thigh. Aid was summoned and the wounded persons were taken to the Holloway Camp, where there happened to be among the guests a New York city surgeon. Mr. Bailey's wound rapidly healed, but in the case of Mrs. Kerr blood poisoning set in and it was necessary to amputate the leg.

The ready reflection is that what happened here was precisely what might have been expected. If a man wearing a coat that looks like a deer's coat is in the bush where deer are looked for, his coat is an invitation for the bullet of the hunter who shoots before he knows what he is shooting at. Whether the wearer of the coat shall be shot for a deer or shall escape depends upon whether or not providence sends along the premature shooter.

In these days the prudent person will stay out of the woods, or, if he must go deer hunting, will make a long journey into some distant wilderness where he will have the country to himself.

The whole art of shooting as it needs to be taught to-day may be summed up in the one injunction—Don't shoot until you know what you are shooting at. This ought to be dinged into the hearts of shooters so continuously and so persistently that the words would be forever ringing in their ears and the caution ever uppermost in their minds when they go shooting.

BEARS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

It is certainly a curious incident that in the old settled State of Massachusetts, in some of the less thickly inhabited districts, the bears should have reappeared in such numbers to have prompted any one to contribute to the local papers plans for ridding the community of the unwelcome intruders; yet Mr. Chas. Hallock tells us that in some parts of Hampshire county bears have been seen so frequently of late that the school children who have to make long journeys to school have been terrified, and we observe that Mr. Hallock has been instructing his readers in the mysteries of bear trapping and in the lore of bear dogs—this in Massachusetts in 1900. The bears are not the only vermin which have multiplied to an unwelcome degree; foxes have killed as many as fifty turkeys on one farm in Plainfield, and there are raccoons and woodchucks galore. This recrudescence of savagery in New England is probably accounted for by the re-forestation of large areas of what was formerly farm land or country which had been cleared as woodland. With the new growth of forest upon the hills, the old-time frequenters of the wilderness, as they existed fifty years ago, have come back. The new condition will not be for long—certainly not when the ambitious amateur hunters of the Bay State learn that they may win their bear pelts at home. And as for the foxes, there are kennels of hounds in Springfield and Westfield and Worcester and thereabouts that may be depended upon to protect the turkeys of Hampshire county. With the growing refuge the game haunts should have their old-time quotas of game; and there are stories of stray deer having been seen not many to be sure, but enough to account for the name of Deer Hill in Amington.

MARSH FOLK.—I.

THE marsh borders a great river which flows through a wide, straight trough on its way to the sea. Alternating on either side the stream—and occasionally as islands in the middle—are wide alluvial meadows, but little above the level of the highest tide and often submerged in spring and fall by the conjunction of high water and a heavy easterly storm, when wind and tide combine to dam the river's mouth and to raise the stream. The borders of these meadows slope gradually down to low water mark, and here the marsh is covered with tall corn grass, brown fruited cattails and low sedge, while a little above the ordinary high water's level grow in rank profusion a thousand other moisture-loving plants.

Narrow, tortuous creeks, often dry at low water except for a trickle which drains from the soil above, wind through the meadows and sometimes carry a little stream from springs on the higher land. In their waters one may see shoals of the tiny fish, called mummy chubs, busily hurrying here and there, or lying at rest in the shallows, or if startled by the approach of boat or by a shadow falling across the surface, darting away in wild terror, sometimes in a close mass or perhaps scattering in all directions, or even jumping out of the water in their efforts to escape they know not what. Here, too, are frogs not a few, and painted turtles, falling clumsily from the bank where they have climbed to sun themselves, and occasionally one of the so-called terrapins or "snappers," many of which no doubt find their way to the markets of the great cities under the name "diamond back." In these creeks our little friend the green heron has fine hunting ground, and often in the mud of the bottom at low water may be seen his four-pronged footprints, and as you pass around the bend he may spring into the air from almost under your feet, struggling and kicking in his efforts to make time and distance, almost as if he were weak and wounded.

If we try to imagine how the great wide trough was formed through which the river flows we must go back thousands and thousands of years to the time when the great ice sheet covered the land. Then over all the northern country there was no life, for an unbroken Arctic winter brooded over these solitudes whose silence was never disturbed save by the cracking of the glacier or the rush of the avalanche. But gradually the ice melted, its margins drew back from the ocean, and it retreated more and more to the northward, leaving bare a hideous confusion of rocks and boulders and pebbles and finer drift, through which and over which poured torrents of water that flowed from the glacier's breast.

The margin of the ice sheet was not even. It was ragged, melting in one place fast, in another more slowly, and stretching out long fingers of ice which clung to the drift below, as if unwilling to yield its hold on the land it had possessed so long. One of these long fingers lay in the great trough where now the river flows, a bed carved out through many ages by the passage of a part of the glacier, which now had become an ice river, always growing shorter, always retreating and now being eaten away by the waters of the salt sea. The marks of that carving may yet be seen, for on the rocks which now form the sides of this trough, and which for the most part are covered with soil, still carpeted with fairest green, may be seen the deep scratches made by the ice as it rubbed against the rocks, and sometimes turned over and over against them some huge hard stone it was carrying along in its unyielding embrace. Rising out of the midst of one of the meadows is a great island of rock covered now with ancient forest trees still wearing their livery of dark green. In ancient times this stood as a great nunatak or island of rock, projecting above the ice of the retreating glacier, which split the old ice current into two branches.

The centuries went by. Slowly the ice retreated, slowly the earth became bare, slowly vegetation made its appearance: at first plants of the lowest form, and these, as they died and rotted, made soil which nourished other life a little higher in the scale. After a time the banks of the river and the hills which bound it were clothed with grass and shrubs and trees, not very different from those they now bear. The mastodon, the elephant, the great horse, the musk ox and the moose and the caribou roamed over them now. Later these creatures disappeared. Some became extinct and some moved away northward, following the retreating ice, and other more familiar forms of

life took their place—deer and elk and bears and wolves—and soon after these came the red hunter, who with his stone-pointed arrows slew the game and from his canoes speared the fish that swarmed in the river, or gathered the shellfish found at its mouth. But all the time the river was running on its steady, unceasing way to the sea, and was carrying with it the sand and the silt and the fine mud, which at length formed the meadows and the islands which are to-day the marsh.

The marsh is attractive at all seasons, but perhaps most so in the spring and fall. Late in April, before the grass has started, its level surface is yellow with the dead vegetation of the year that has passed, but the steep sloping banks which run down to it from the higher lands are spangled thick with violets, highest up purple, and then blue and pale lilac, until down where the soil is quite moist even white ones grow. At the marsh's edge great white banks of the blossoms of the bloodroot are piled up, and along the twisting course of the little creeks the blooms of the water cowslip shine against the deep, glossy green of the rounded leaves, yellower than any gold. Later come the purple blossoms of the adder's tongue and a thousand other flowers, but these are soon hidden by the ever-growing grass, through which two months later the mowers will take their way, marching in steadfast ranks as they pile up the long swaths of grass, and at a signal stopping all together to whet their scythes in melodious rhythm.

With the coming of autumn the grass of the marsh has grown again, and the green is as vivid as that of summer. Slender and light, it stands as tall as a man's knee, and as the wind sweeps over it it bows and billows, showing colors and shades which change under the sunlight as if the shadows of passing clouds were falling on the wide plain. Now all the flowers are gone, except that here and there along the banks, and where the land is higher, purple asters cluster among the tall weeds. All along the water's edge is a border of yellow, here wide, there narrow, where the tall stems of the wild rice stand. At one point they are upright and thickly clustered, at another beaten down by the passage of skiffs shoved through them by the boatmen who propel the boats of the rail shooters. Scattered among the tall stems, or in the floating herbage that has been crushed down, lies the flotsam and jetsam of a river—old barrels, baskets and boxes, a railroad tie, a board, tin cans which still float, cartridge shells and boxes thrown overboard by the rail shooter—a thousand things carried backward and forward by the restless tide and at length entangled among the grass stems, here to remain until the winter's ice shall grasp them and the spring break-up sweep them away to the sea.

In autumn the marsh life is still abundant. Great brown butterflies float over it high in air, and at a lower level flit smaller white ones, sometimes singly, sometimes in considerable companies. "Darning-needles," new risen from watery homes, where their youth was spent, dart here and there, and prey on the smaller insects which in the marsh flourish mightily until the heats of summer are passed.

The smaller life of the marsh—never seen by the casual visitor—is abundant and at any season of the year the naturalist finds this a fruitful hunting ground, no matter what the branch in which he is interested. But the gunner who visits these wide meadows in quest of rail, or snipe, or the ducks which occasionally drop in here to rest on their spring and autumn journeys, notices most of all the birds, which make the marsh their temporary home and feeding ground.

SNAP SHOTS.

We have had from time to time stories of grouse shooting in the old orchards grown up to brush of New England abandoned farms; and the writers of such sketches have given us something of the poetry and romance and pathos of the changes which have converted the old homesteads into ruins and desolation. There are few finer touches in Mr. Robinson's "Uncle Lisha's Shop" than the description in the last chapter of the old shop tenanted by bees and the partridges. At the meeting of the Old Folks' Association at Charlemont, Mass., the other day, a letter was read from Mr. H. S. Gere, of Northampton, which describes with such feeling the old abandoned homes that we are constrained to reprint it for the benefit of Pine Tree out on his Kansas prairies, and the many other Pine Trees, of whom—meaning those who have deserted the New England hills for other latitudes and longitudes—the West is full.

In our angling columns Mr. A. B. F. Kinney reports a fifteen and one-quarter pound brook trout, and for the prize justly claims the world's record. If there is no error in its identification as a speckled brook trout, the fish is the largest of its kind of which we have authentic information.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Fish Shooting in Samoan Seas.

UTUMAU always had an attraction for me on my boat voyages up the windward coast of Upolu. It was a landmark to the eastward from my veranda, almost the last thing that was to be seen except on some exceptionally bright day when the sun cast a dazzling gleam on the sands of Lufilufi, still further away and so low-lying that it could not be seen except by such reflected light. It was a rounded sugar-cone sort of cape that could never be mistaken. Then there was a long-winded story about Utumau that my Samoan boys never told me in full, for a Samoan legend is a test of endurance which few foreigners ever have the patience to undergo. On the voyages this rounded cape always served me for a landmark of the open sea part of the trip. After we had pulled out from under the shelter of the reef at Letongo Mountain it was rowing in the ocean itself until we found the passage into the reef again at Saluafata, and Utumau was the guidepost to show that the quiet water of the lagoon was only a little way beyond.

As Utumau became a familiar landmark to me I cherished the desire to climb its steep sides and to sit at the foot of the single palm tree that crowned its summit. That seemed no difficult task, for Utumau is no more than 200 feet high. But the real difficulty lay not ashore, but in the sea. Just at that point of land the sea breaks heavily. There is no barrier reef to check the waves, even the fringing reef which clings to the shore both east and west is here absent and the sea crashes on the black rocks so constantly that no boat could live in the breakers. The little matter of difficulty only served to whet my desire to clamber up the steep sides of the point.

As usual Talolo was willing to help me to my wish. But he said it would be very difficult and we must tell Tanoa to come along and cut the path. By rights that should have been Talolo's own duty, but where work was involved he had a stock of reasons why it should be done by some one else. Being quite familiar with Talolo's methods, I agreed that Tanoa should come with us, and in fact that the whole boat's crew should be of the party. Under Talolo's general supervision the party was made up, his particular care being the commissariat, and he was not content until he was assured that the boat should be stocked with cans and can openers enough to provide for all the meals that could be eaten in a single day, even by Samoan eaters.

As Utumau lies to windward and no small part of the trip was to be made by boat, it was necessary to make an early start, even in the dark hour before the break of day, when the trade wind has not yet begun its day's activity. The last point on the coast where a boat can land is at Luatuanuu, and it is only in Samoa that it could be considered a landing place at all. The fringing reef is here about 300 yards in width and through it runs a narrow streak of perilous channel as tortuous as the proverbial ram's horn. At the entrance to the pass the coral blocks are so close that oars must be brought in-board and the send of the sea relied upon for motive power; then at a certain corner of the channel where the impulse of the wave ceases and the backwash is met it is necessary to get out the oars and row hard to get into a reach parallel to the shore; then there is another sharp turn which can only be made when the rollers from the outer sea do not happen to reach that far; and at the very edge of the land itself the crew must jump overboard and haul the boat high up on the shingle of broken coral with the rush of the wave, and at the moment it begins to recede must pick the boat up bodily and carry it above high water mark. So far as I have been able to pin my boat boys down to positive statement, there are four places in this pass where a capsize is imminent; my own opinion is that it is only by a miracle that one gets through at all. Yet this is set down in the charts as a "good boat passage."

This pass and the little village on the shore known as Luatuanuu were our objective point and our plans were made, and carried out, to reach it bright and early in order to have our breakfast before setting out upon the two or three miles which we should have to clamber over afoot before reaching Utumau. At this village we were sure of a warmer welcome than the ordinary formalities and long speeches with which the Samoans greet official foreigners. Living the native life in this almost inaccessible spot was an American citizen, old Bob Wright. There must have been a history about Bob's career, if he could be brought to tell that which he always preserves in silence. He is a Virginia negro, and he left the Old Dominion long before the slavery days passed by. But whatever experience he must have had with the underground railroad he kept to himself, and the history which he was willing to tell began when he was a runaway cook on a trading vessel and dropped over the side to make his entrance into Samoan life forty years ago. Whenever Bob paid one of his rare visits to Apia he always made a point of stopping in Vaiala to leave a present of a mat or a bunch of fans, or, best of all, a laying of eggs, which were the only really reliably fresh eggs that ever came to my table. When one finds the tie of common nationality guaranteeing one's eggs it is seen that patriotism is after all a good thing. And old Bob never forgot the way he had been brought up to address "quality." It was a pleasant change from "tama'itai" and the meaningless flowers of Samoan compliment, as mercenary as one can well imagine, to hear the good old word "Mistis" with which I had become familiar in my life in the South.

Bob was there to welcome us, and even before we had come to shore he had recognized the flag at the stern of our boat and had run up on a lightning-blasted coconut the small Stars and Stripes which had been officially condemned, but which was the only return he would ever accept for his many kindnesses, and which meant to the poor old exile more than can be easily appreciated.

Although old Bob appears in this narrative only as a way station for breakfast on the way to Utumau and the gunning for fish, I will surely be pardoned for dwelling a little at length upon him. He is married to a Samoan woman, one of the very few foreigners who has

had the grace to really marry, and he has a large family of children. In all the family he is the only one who speaks English, except one little granddaughter who is the apple of the old man's eye. The rest are altogether Samoan in life and habits, the men being as fully tattooed as any of the islanders. In everything but his own sturdy moral fiber old Uncle Bob is a beachcomber. He lives on the bounty of nature, but he sticks to the civilized garb. Money comes rarely to him, and what he can collect he devotes to his little half-caste granddaughter in order that she may be brought up at school in Apia and be folks instead of sinking into the native savagery.

With old Bob we had our breakfast, partly of our own supplies and partly of his fish and chickens and vegetables. The cans of meat and biscuit that we left with him had to be forced upon him with delicacy in order not to injure his sense of hospitality and his feeling that it was his duty to gorge the representatives of the country that he may never see again, but of which he is as proud as more highly placed citizens seldom think of being.

Like most old colored men, Bob was suffering from the classical disease known as the "misery." As he was not an islander and therefore did not come under the rigid prohibition of the Samoan law, a good drink of whisky did him good, all the more because of its rarity, and a small flask left for emergencies raised him to the seventh heaven. The addition of a bottle of pain killer and a supply of witch hazel set him up so that he felt he could defy his misery for some time to come. His buoyant recovery was so immediate that he desired to go with me on the rest of the trip. But that I would not hear to at all, and compromised on drafting into service one of his sons and a few Samoans to help guide and cut the path.

Walking is not nice in Samoa; the climate does not at all conduce to such exercise in the jungle where the breeze never penetrates, where not even a hurricane could stir the thick air beneath the trees. There are paths, indeed, according to the Samoan idea of paths, centuries old, their beginnings all merged in the antiquity of the race in these islands and their prehistoric conflicts with other peoples whom they class as the Tongans and the Fijians. But a Samoan path is nothing but a line of jagged blocks of volcanic rock, rarely more than a foot in width, choosing by preference the sharpest saddles of the mountain ridges, devastating to the shod foot of the foreigner, although grateful to the toughened sole of the islander, to whom shoes are an unknown torment. From Luatuanuu to Utumau we should reckon the distance as rather less than three miles. As a matter of time it is about three hours. This will furnish some slight idea of the difficulties of the travel. We proceeded in the formation known to us as Indian file, but which is really the general system of all savage races. In the Samoan there is only a single word to express any other style of walking than this of one after another, whereby a party of ten, such as mine on this occasion, will be extended over a furlong. This word is "fa'aeava," and its only meaning is to walk two and two, with arms about the waist, in the moonlight, a mere love parade on the beach where space offers opportunity. For a brief part of the trip we followed the beach just above the wash of the breakers. On this open and exposed coast there can be no sand; the beach is but a confused shingle of broken stems of coral, by no means a comfortable foothold. There was about a mile of this and then Timothy, son of Bob, turned off to clamber up a rocky ledge. When we had reached the summit of this ascent we reformed the procession by reason of the change in the going. All my Samoans went ahead, each with his long knife in hand to cut away the bushes from the trail—for in this fertile land a single week will bury a path in vegetation. With me was the ever faithful Tanot, to give me a hand at every steep place, and where the difficulties were even greater he was ready to pick me up and carry me over. The rear guard was Talolo, a post quite up to his idea of the fitness of things and the dignity of his inherited position, for in that place there was absolutely nothing to do beyond taking advantage of the way which others had cleared. Thus, over the rocks, winding in and out between the great trunks of trees, crossing and recrossing mountain torrents, we covered the distance and reached the beach from which rose the cone-shaped hillock of Utumau.

Up this our way led in the bed of a little stream, now in the water itself breasting the current and the small waterfalls, again leaping from rock to rock, always in the shade of overhanging vegetation and helping ourselves to climb by pulling on the trailing lianas of rattan and convolvulus. The end was reached in time on the summit, where a small spring gushed forth near the roots of the solitary palm which is so conspicuous from every point of view. Here was a flat space as large as a good-sized room. Here the ready knives of my boys cleared away the undergrowth and gave them material to heap up for me a soft couch, on which I might rest under the palm. We had ascended into a region where the trade wind was again felt, and under its steady blast fatigue and warmth vanished.

From this hilltop the view was magnificent. On each side the brilliant green in the sea traced the lines of the fringing coral, and deeper hues outlined the irregular pools within the reef where the depth was greater. From the brilliant blue of the ocean a blue wedge between the greens showed where the deep water came almost to the foot of the rock and made a channel for the noisy breakers. Still further seaward lay the off-shore danger of the "Fale Aitu," in English "The House of the Devil," a deeply seated sea reef far out from the shore. It is like the Virgin Rocks on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, for much of the time it is silent and safe, but at irregular intervals the sea breaks heavily over it and then woe betide the boat that is caught within the area of broken water. It is a constant source of dread to the boatmen when going to windward and their expression of thanks seems more than empty words when they have passed it in safety. While on the summit of Utumau I saw it break twice for ten minutes about two hours apart.

When our dinner was over and the boys were lying at gorged ease smoking their banana leaf cigarettes, Tanoa was moved to tell me the story of Utumau. "This," he began, "is the rock of the husband who lost his wife by the word of his chief and the supernatural power of the

family god. Long years ago in the village of Luatuanuu, which we have just left behind us, there was a young chief named Utu, and he was the handsomest young man of all Samoa. The elders of his family sought to have him marry the chief taupou girl of the Vaimaunga, but he did not want to. Over here beyond, where you can just see to windward the smoke from the ovens, there was a very handsome girl in Solosolo named U, but she was not a taupou, for her family was but slight. On his way through the bush in the great pigeon hunting of his town Utu grew to know the girl and chose her for his wife. She was not unwilling, for you know what our Samoan girls are; the favor of a handsome chief is a thing they cannot resist—indeed, they never try to resist. So U left Solosolo and came along the mountain path and by the sea to Luatuanuu and went to the house of Utu to be his wife. But the elders of Luatuanuu would not have her. They drove her out of the town while Utu was gone a-fishing, and they bade her return to her own town and tell the chiefs of Solosolo, Leota Toomata and Leota Seiuli and Leota Leuluai, that not even their daughters in Solosolo were worthy to mate with common men in Luatuanuu. So she went homeward, always looking out to sea if perchance she might espy the canoe in which Utu had gone out for bonito, in hope that she could hail him and save her from this disgrace. But when she passed the last of the lands of Luatuanuu and reached the first of the lands of Solosolo, right at this spot, she met the aitu of the Leota family, who asked her why she wept. This was at that time a flat cape, nothing but the bush coming down to the sea, nothing to distinguish it from the rest of the slope. But Leota's god knew the place well. So she told the god what indignity had been put upon the three Leotas by the chiefs and elders of Luatuanuu. But the god had no mercy; they were devils, these old heathen gods of Samoa, and he forbade her to carry such a message to Anoomaa and the village green of Solosolo, and he turned her into the broad rock you see on the hillside just behind us, and that rock to this day is U, the maiden who was forbidden to be the wife of the chief Luatuanuu. But that evening, as Utu came back from sea with his canoe filled with bonito, for he was a most expert fisherman, he steered close in shoreward to avoid the perils of the Fale Aitu. As he was running close along the shore he heard the voice of U calling to him to help her. Then he saw her in the stone, and even to-day, if any man should hear her cry he would be able to see her also. Then he steered up this gap in the reef and the sea caught him and broke his canoe on the shore. Then the god of his family had pity on his sad plight and turned him into this hillock, where he remains forever close to his wife U. Just as he was turned into stone he was weeping, and here you see his tears flowing from what was his head and trickling down the slope into the sea. Since that time the Samoans have named the point after the young chief of Luatuanuu and his Solosolo wife whom the elders rejected, and call the spot Utu and U, which is the meaning in our speech of Utumau. But the fish which were in his canoe have remained in this gap toward the sea, and it is a rich place to catch them."

The latter part of the story gave me an idea. From the elevation on which I sat it was easy to see the fish in the reef pools swimming in well ordered schools, and now and then to espy larger fish swimming into the very breakers in the gap. There was no way of getting at them with hook and line, for the sea was too heavy. But it seemed feasible to shoot them from the height, and the Samoans are so much at home in the water that I had no doubt they would be able to land the catch. I am by no means sure that the word catch is applicable to fish that are shot, but in default of a better term it must stand. On the delusive theory that I might meet one of the wild bulls that are said to inhabit the Upolu mountains I had carried my rifle and a bandolier of cartridges. Greatly to his own satisfaction Talolo had been allowed to carry my "shoot gun," but in a state of safe emptiness, a reasonable precaution, since I knew he would be behind me, and Tanoa had charge of the loaded shells. My first shot at the fish was essayed with the shotgun, but I found that the charge was too light and the shot scattered too widely to do more than stir up a few bubbles on the water. This weapon, accordingly, I turned over to Talolo with half a dozen shells and sent him out to get a few of the pigeons which he professed to hear on the mountain slope. As the berries were not yet ripe at the shore, I knew that his hunt would be futile. When he came back empty handed with the report of consecutive misses I was not at all surprised to find that the primers had not been exploded, proof conclusive that Talolo had prepared himself to make his small contribution of powder to the war stock of Vaiala.

The rifle gave better results. Of course I recognized that it would be impossible to actually touch a single fish with the bullet through 3 or 4 inches of water. But I had an idea that the shock of impact would serve to stun all the fish for several feet around. This proved well founded. Every shot into a pool where there was seen a school of fish sent most of them white side up to the surface. Here the rush of the waves sent them shoreward and my boys ran out and caught them before the effect of the shock had passed off. This was all very easy when it was a case of shooting at schools of small fish in the somewhat sheltered pools. But the larger fish in the gap attracted me. Whether they were really the descendants of the mythical fish that Utu lost when he was turned to stone and therefore felt it obligatory to wait about until his revival I will not venture to pronounce, but from my elevated perch it was easy to see really good-sized fish sporting just behind the crest of the last comber and narrowly escaping the rush of the sea that might well have smashed them against the rock. Five times I tried to shoot these larger fish; three times my rifle bullet came close enough to stun them, as was proved by the immediate sight of their whites, and of the three my boys on the rocks below were able to capture two, one a fair-sized mullet and the other a young bonito. The third drifted almost to the shore and then recovered consciousness, with a derisive flip of its tail righted itself and dashed seaward into safety. The record of the two that were taken was not preserved, for just about that time my Samoans became suddenly hungry. They cleaned the fish and wrapped them in leaves and cooked them without delay. I had a chance at my

share, but they were far too underdone to suit any but an island taste.

When I examined these and the smaller fish I found but one mark on them, showing that they had been simply stunned by the shock of the bullet striking the water, either one or both of the eyeballs being ruptured and in several instances forced out of the socket.

Mention has been made before of the frequency with which the islanders are seriously hurt and maimed by the use of cartridges of high explosives in fishing. All this sort of stuff is contraband by law, but the traders will sell it whenever they get a chance, and the Samoans have to suffer the loss of a few fingers or a whole arm as a result of the unsportsmanlike practice of dynamiting fish.

The same objection might be raised against shooting fish with the rifle. But when one has tried it in the islands, when one has seen that it is practically a wing shot at the larger fish in the breakers, and that there is no wholesale destruction, but only a fair chance at a single fish, with no damage done in the case of a miss, the practice is defensible as pure sport.

LEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Down Among the Fishes.

In the cool shadow of an abandoned scow that lay fast aground the bank with her battered bow half hidden in a pillow of ferns, an old bass was taking his ease of a June morning. It was just after his daintily chosen breakfast—the pick of the swimming and flying things around and above him—a silver-scaled, soft-finned minnow, a delicate little spotted frog and two or three gaudy flies, most prized because hardest to catch. He was aristocrat of fishes, with the corners of his mouth reaching back no further than the middle of his eyes, the slight jutting of his under jaw, the thin, fine scales of his bronze armor, the nine sharp spines of the first dorsal—all betokening the blue blood of the small-mouthed bass. He was a fish of weight—a good 5 pounds—in his community, and a patriarch to whose opinions born of much experience most of the bass in the stream deferred, and often came to him for advice and to listen to stories of adventure.

Just now there were none of his kind near him save his wife, who hovered about mid-stream, vigilantly guarding the bed where her eggs, fast glued to the fine gravel, awaited hatching. If a water-logged twig or chip came tumbling along the bottom threatening to pollute the sacred precincts, she seized it before it found lodgment and set it adrift at a safe distance down stream. If any perch, sunfish or ugly bullhead imprudently ventured nearer than suited her ladyship, she would rush at them with a short but terribly menacing rush that sent them scurrying far out of sight. But when a sucker came rooting along the bottom with his ridiculous looking snout, he was met by a more furious and persistent charge that drove him well out of the neighborhood; for well she knew what destruction that toothless mouth meant to eggs. While she was absent in the chase, her lord, who all the while was holding his place against the current with a slight motion of his tail, moved a little out stream and kept guard. It needed but a turning of his grim front toward the small fry to send them off in swift retreat; but the great spotted pickerel that came sculling leisurely upstream, gliding wickedly about in supreme indifference to his many enemies (and friends he had not), was not to be scared by any such slight demonstrations. Soft-finned though he was, the cavernous mouth and its glistening rows of teeth, sharp as daggers, were not to be despised; and really there was no need for quarreling with him now, for he was not notorious as a devourer of spawn. But an insatiate destroyer of young fish, even to cannibalism, his presence was intolerable to all parents of fishes.

"May I ask you to pass on if you're going up stream?" said the bass, fiercely regarding his big enemy.

"S'posen I hain't goin' tu? If it's your mis'able aigs you're so scared on, don't worry; I don't want 'em; an' I'm goin' when I git ready."

"Perhaps so," said the bass, who just then saw madame returning, and made a signal, whereupon she boldly faced the enemy. While she thus engaged his attention, her lord set the spines of his back fin and made a furious charge, raking the pickerel's belly till the scales rattled and blood flowed out between them. So swift and unexpected the charge in the manner of delivery, that the great fish, twice the size of both assailants, turned and fled down the river. Congratulating themselves upon their easily won victory, they resumed their places, she over the bed, he under the scow, whence he began a watch for something to satisfy his appetite, which recent exercise had sharpened. Nothing appeared but a company of four well-grown bass on their way to the spawning ground further up the river. In whatever haste they might be, they must need wait on the patriarch for advice, which he was willing enough to impart, though they harrowed his feelings with an account of a feast of minnows they enjoyed in a shallow near the lake.

"Never mind," said he, cheerfully; "there'll be something along by and by. Why do you go up into the shallow water?"

A pert young bass took it upon himself to answer, "Oh, we want swift, well-aerated water. It's healthier than this sluggish stuff, and food is plentier. Besides that, we have a better chance to look out and see the world in shallow water."

"Yes, and the world has the same chance to see you," the patriarch said. "You cannot make your beds nor get yourselves out of sight of every man and boy who passes along the banks, as well as every mink that comes a-hunting by land or water, and the fish hawks and kingfishers that cruise in the air above. Our bed is pretty much out of sight of all these; they can't see me through the bottom of this old scow; there is food enough to keep us fairly comfortable, and the water isn't bad, though it don't go tearing over rocks and gravel. For me these advantages more than offset all you get up there, and I ought to know, for I've tried both places. I was hatched down here, and thought it too stupid for any fish but bowfins and billfish and bullheads and eels, and those up-start cousins of ours, the big-mouths."

"Yes; it is plenty good enough for the low-down fellows, for all they take on such airs because men

call 'em 'game fish.' The annoyance of their company is the objection to this part of the river. Well, as I was saying, I thought this no place for bass of the blue blood, and accordingly determined to select a more suitable home when I came of proper age. My parents warned me of the dangers that would surround, but I held to my determination to go where the salmon used to in the old times when they were lords of the river as we are now, as I had heard from my great-great-grandfather, who was told by his, as related to him by his great-great-grandfather, who had it from those who lived in the days when redmen instead of white ruled all the land. Those were happy days for fish, for the redmen wanted no more than they could eat, and had small means of getting even so many. Their bone hooks and spears and bark nets weren't much compared with all the contrivances of white men. After a time one winter when we were all out in the deep water of the lake, I found a mate—not this lady, who is much younger than I," waving a pectoral fin toward madame, "but one of my own age, whom I lost long ago by a cruel death," he paused to wipe a watery eye with the upper fluke of his caudal, "and in the following May we came into the river and up through the dark water to the wrinkled rapids, clattering over beds of gravel. It was good to breathe this sparkling water and to see through it the overhanging trees, the green banks and the hillsides far beyond, distorted though they were into strange fantastic shapes, as seen through the rippled surface. There were plenty of soft-finned minnows, too, whereon to feast, and as kingfishers were the only enemies we had seen so far, we were well satisfied that we had decided wisely in choosing our new home."

"We swam on and on, prospecting for a place that should exactly suit us to make our bed in, but being hard to please, came at last to a kind of fence of woven twine that reached quite across the stream, where it ran swift, deep and narrow for a few rods. This fence slanted up-stream from either end to the middle, where it came to a point, which was further extended by a contrivance that we did not then understand, though we learned it later to our cost. We swam the whole length along the top, which was kept at the surface by wooden floats, but could discover no way of passing but by leaping over. I was about to do this when my mate called to me to come and see what she had found. This was a round passage at the angle of the fence, into which we went a little way to where it ended in a circular bag that apparently gave us a free way up the river. Instead of this, it opened to a sort of chamber, formed of the same kind of stuff as the fence. It was crowded with fish of several kinds, all moving about in search of a way out, but apparently there was none. We thought we might at least go out where we came in, but strangely enough we could not find the place. My mate upbraided herself without stint for our being in such a bad box, when, if my suggestion had been followed and we had used our peculiar gift, we would have leaped the barrier and gone safely on our way. I told her there was no use in crying over lost eggs, and the only thing for us was to find a way out of the scrape we were in, though to tell the truth I had little idea how it was to be done. What this strange contrivance was we didn't know, but guessed it was one of man's cunning devices for the destruction of fish, and if so, the sooner we were out of it, the better."

"It was not an agreeable place to be in, apart from the confinement and the prospective danger, for the company was not of the best. There was a big pickerel, a coarse, vulgar fellow who scared the smaller fish nearly out of their scales and made very free with his betters. There was an abominable eel constantly wriggling about, impartially distributing his filthy slime to everything he touched, and there were several bullheads, mighty uncomfortable in close quarters with their sharp horns pricking your sides. Then there were two or three goggle-eyed suckers, mighty harmless looking chaps, if you didn't know that their soft-lipped under-shutting mouths were made on purpose for sucking up spawn. There was a considerable number of handsome perch, to say nothing of ourselves, to redeem the genial character of the company, yet it was plain to be seen that this part of the stream was not free from spawn-eaters, as well as otherwise unpleasant companions. But if there was any consolation in the reflection, this was not likely to be of much consequence, as it would be the end of all things for us when the men came who had set this trap for us."

"What did ye come up here for?" the pickerel asked, in a surly tone; but wishing to be on good terms with all fish in these last hours of life, I answered very civilly and told him our purpose.

"Wal, I al'ays thought you bass folks was a mess o' fools, a-fussin' so wi' your aigs," he said with a sneer on his wicked long face. "We dump our'n down anywhere on the ma'sh, and that's the end on't for us; but I reckon there's as many pickerel raised as the' is bass."

"Quite enough at any rate," I said, at which he glared at me as if he would eat me but for the dangerous look of my back fin, which I felt willing enough to give him a taste of on the outside of his mouth.

"We hang our eggs up on bushes, where they look very pretty, but the ducks, mud turtles and some kinds of fish make us a lot of trouble," said one of the oldest perch, speaking up quite modest and polite, "but it's the way we were taught, and we don't know any other."

"At that up spoke the impudent black fellow, the bullhead, 'Ef ye wants ter hev an easy job a-takin' keer o' aigs, ye jes' dig ye a hole in the bank an' drop yer aigs into 't, an' then back yerse'f in, wi' yer hade aout; ef anybody comes a-foolin' raoun', jes sting him. Dat's de way I serves 'em."

"The eel, who was a Canadian, said, with a cunning laugh, 'De bes' way was for nobody know de way how dey was ley hees aig. Den somebody can' fin' hees aig for spile 'em up. Dat de way wid heel. Nobody can' tol' you if de heel borned or if he hatch of hegg. One feller say he come off clam, nudder feller say he come off ling. Heel ant tol', somebody can catch him, so he go safe all de tam hole feller."

"Just then we felt the bank shaken by some one approaching, and ourselves more shaken by fear when we saw a man slowly, slowly drawing nearer and carefully scanning the water and searching it with a large hook at the end of a pole. This presently caught in our network cage, and fixing firmly into the end of it, he slipped it

off a stake that held it and drew it to him. We all thought our last moment had come, and to defer it a little, crowded into the furthest corners of the trap. The terrible man tried to loose a cord, until out of patience with the stubborn knot, he whipped out his knife and cut it, whereupon free outlet was given at the small end of the funnel-shaped net. Then drawing the larger end to him, he lifted it well up and emptied us all pell-mell into the free water. Dazed by this unaccountable deliverance, each hurried away after his own fashion, the eel and bullheads and sucker to the bottom, the perch making quivering streaks of gold, black and red far away in the middle depths, my mate and I expressing our joy by a somersault in the air and all getting away to a safe distance except the pickerel, who hid himself in the nearest tangle of water weeds, whence he took observations. He was a shrewd old fellow, whatever else might be said of him, for when we fell in with him shortly after, he gave a plausible explanation of our singular release. He said that our deliverer was a fish warden, whose duty was to put a stop to all illegal fishing. Nets were among the prohibited devices, and in seizing this the warden released us. Devoutly thankful for our escape, we pursued our journey, now over wrinkles and shallows, through swirls of swift, deep water, now in the shade of willows, now darker shade of pine. Once we saw a mink gliding along a bank, lithe, silent and constantly alert for game. Next we saw him poised motionless over a deep pool, and after a moment shoot into it so smoothly that the surface seemed scarcely broken. In a moment he appeared, struggling mightily with a perch two-thirds as big as himself, which he presently quieted and towed to the bank, where he fell to feeding, while the victim's fins were yet quivering. Seeing a perch so large so easily killed by a mink, we realized how dangerous an enemy he must be to our own kind of a little less size; indeed, we would not have cared to risk an attack from him ourselves.

"We were swimming near the surface on the lookout for flies, when a broad shadow fell upon the water, and looking higher to learn the cause of it, I saw a great bird with a sharp-hooked beak and talons, rushing down upon us. We had just time enough to change our course deeper when he struck the water with a force that carried him quite beneath the surface, and threw the spray up in a great shower. I barely escaped capture, or at least serious injury, for one great talon tore the membrane of my back fin, giving me such a fright that I bumped my nose against the bottom in my wild downward flight. My mate and I lay for a long time quite still, but for the quick palpitation of our gills before we ventured to resume our journey, and only then after a careful observation skyward.

"Continuing, we entered a deep, slow pool, where many kinds of fish were gathered, resting after the long journey against the current. We knew by the steady tremor of the water and the dull thunder continually dinning in our ears that we were drawing near to a fall, and perhaps the end of our travels in this direction. One shore of the pool was a steep clay bank, abutting against the current and turning the course of it along its side, where the deepest water was. The other shore was a gravel beach, sloping gradually to the margin, and so to deep water. It was a pleasant resting place, but too populous to suit us for a long stay. We let ourselves sink to the bottom, got in the lee of a great stone quite protected from the force of the current, and thought ourselves well fixed for passing a quiet night.

"A little after nightfall we saw a bright light approaching. On its coming nearer we discovered that it was a torch of pine knots in an iron crate at the end of a staff carried by a man, who was followed by another, holding in his hand a long pole with a sharp-pronged spear at the end. They came stealthily down to the water's edge and waded in, slowly advancing as they intently scanned the illuminated water before them, while we, suspecting mischief, as closely watched their movements. Now their attention was drawn to a large fish lying directly above us; but he seemed quite unconscious of it, or was dazed by the bright torchlight, and when we gave him a word of caution, as we swam aside to a safe distance on seeing the spear raised and aimed at him, he remained stationary, not moving a scale's breadth. The next instant the weapon crashed into his skull with such force that an outer prong came quite through his jaw. The stricken fish struggled violently, dying the water with blood as he was lifted from it, when we got a fair look at his face, and to our amazement discovered it to be our fellow prisoner, the pickerel of the trap.

"The two men were presently joined by another, bearing a large net, and the first two at once set about drawing it, one wading to his armpits as he encircled a good part of the pool and many of the fish, with the slowly unfolding net, and then began hauling it up the beach. Somehow, in the wild confusion of fish dashing this way and that, my mate and I got caught inside this terrible net, and dashing to and fro to escape, ran against a twine wall, now on this side, now on that, and now into the crowd of fish at the hinder part and now onto the shelving beach, and almost grounded on it, so that the man with the torch grabbed me, but my thorny back fin pricked him so sorely that he dropped me like a thistle, where by luck I could swim, and calling to my mate to follow, rushed to the side near the top and with a great leap cleared the upper rope and fell safe two good feet outside, my mate close to my caudal, both well but for the fright we were in.

"With one accord, without a look backward to see the woeful end of our poor comrades' tragedy, we made such haste to get away that we were in the swirl of bubble wreaths at the foot of the falls in next to no time. As far as we could see in the dim starlight, the white water came tumbling down the ledge in a long slant, promising hard, rough work that was best deferred till morning, so we took lodgings with a family of our cousins, the rock bass, who hospitably offered us refuge. We spent the rest of the night lying at the opening of the crevice, watching the bubbles twist and untangle as they drifted past, or now and then a great fish, stemming the strong current up to the churned foam and the foot of the fall, and then drift slowly down stream.

"When morning dawned we set forth to try the ascent of the falls, which were like a flight of stairs, the water pouring over each step in a broken sheet, with shallow pools on either side that made capital and welcome

resting places for a climbing fish. There were schools of minnows, and as we breakfasted on them, we noticed several young fish of our own kind not longer than our heads chasing minnows as big as themselves, and remarked how truly in these gallant fellows noble blood would assert itself. However, I did not doubt that their fire and dash were imparted by highly aerated water in which they were hatched and bred, and this made us the more desirous to raise a family in these upper waters in spite of the dangers attending the undertaking.

"As we leaped step after step of the rough way, I was reminded how, according to the tradition of our old bass, the great salmon used to swarm up the same streams and were speared by the red men who lived here.

"Arrived at the top, we found our way more easy, though the current ran swift over gravelly bottom. We did not go much further before we made choice of a place for our bed, where the river doubled a low point of gravel and sand, channel very shallow on this side and sloping to a good depth on the other. We selected a spot halfway between, and carefully cleared it of coarse pebbles; madame deposited her eggs and we devoted ourselves to guarding them. Now and then the current would roll a pebble or water-soaked stick onto the bed, which had to be removed at once, or now and then a minnow invaded the sacred precincts and paid the forfeit of his life to madame; but it was seldom any big fish had to be driven, which was usually easily done by both of us if we could not accomplish it alone.

"Upon the whole, we congratulated ourselves that we were getting on very comfortably. But it was the fair weather that comes before foul, when day after day the sun shines unclouded from its setting and then there comes one dismal night, the sun making no sign more than if it were blotted out by the black clouds. I was lying under the bank one morning waiting for my breakfast to come to me in some form, when it appeared in the shape of a fine soft-finned minnow drifting by, moving his fins only enough to keep his head to the current. It was an offer not to be refused, so I dashed out and seized him, then swam leisurely back and began swallowing my captive. It was scarcely well within my jaws when it was smartly jerked outward by some unseen power, and increased in force the more firmly I resisted, whereupon I received such a painful thrust in my under lip that I was fain to let go my hold on this strangely armed minnow, but it would not let me, piercing my lip quite through, and when I tried to run away, holding me so that I could only swim. The top of the water was ruffled by a stiff breeze, so that objects above it were very indistinct. I could see what held me, and that there was a slender string extending from my mouth, and suspecting the cause of my trouble, I jumped twice my length above the surface and in the quick glance afforded me discovered a man on the bank a short distance up stream, a slim rod in his hand, and bent and unbent in conformity with my movements, and I perceived after falling back into the water that the man had some way of lengthening or shortening the string at will, which, with the spring of the rod, kept a constant and very painful strain on my pierced lip.

"I determined not to yield to it, however it might hurt, and at last the man, to save the rod from breaking, was forced to let me run out several yards of the line. Having gained this small advantage, I turned and swam toward shore with all my might, until I reached a sunken stick firmly fixed on the bottom, and had just time to take a turn of the line around a projecting end of it before he could recover the slack. He could not budge an inch, and I had time now to rest and recover strength. Having done so, I braced myself for a grand effort to break loose. I pulled with all the strength of every fin, but the tough line and stout rod held.

"Until now my mate had not known of my plight. Discovering it, she hastened to offer help and advice. She saw at once how the sharp hook which had gone through the lip was kept from slipping out by a barb, but also that a slit was torn in the lip long enough to let it out with a little directing. This she promptly gave, and I was a free fish again, to my great joy and thankfulness. The man on the bank was not so happy—finding his tackle hopelessly foul, obliging him to break the line wherever it would part, which proved to be near the tip.

"As he stood ruefully regarding his beshortened line and the blank surface of stream and listening to jeers of a comrade who now appeared on the other bank, he was scarcely typical of the jolly angler nor of a contemplative man greatly enjoying his recreation. He paid me the usual compliment that is given lost fish, calling to his friend that I was the biggest bass he had seen, which somewhat eased the smarting of my lip. He mended his tackle and began fishing again in the same place for me, though he might as well have cast the bait in the pasture grass behind him. His comrade discovered a bed and dropped his hook on it, carefully concealed in a worm. My mate went at once to remove it, but took good care to avoid its getting inside her mouth, holding to it by the upper end of the worm as she bore it swiftly beyond the edge of the bed. The angler struck smartly, and the released hook sprang harmlessly high above the surface, while we two grinned to our gill covers to see the disappointment of our baffled foe. He disguised his hook with various grubs and bugs, which he cast upon the bed again and again, but we managed to remove them without harm to ourselves, though to his great disgust, and he went his way along to where his more lucky comrade was having a hard fight with one of our brethren. We swam down to the scene of the struggle to advise, and if possible give more substantial aid to our kinsman, whom we found in a desperate strait. The hook was fast far back in his mouth, where all efforts to loosen it by leaping or bringing a sudden strain on it proved useless. I told him to try my plan, but the angler prevented it by keeping the line constantly taut. We both laid hold of the line and pulled with might and main, now against our distressed friend, now with him, but could neither tear the hook from its hold nor break the line. He was becoming exhausted, and could only work his fins feebly, inclining more and more to turn on his side as he was drawn gasping to the shore.

"It's all up with me," he said, going over on his side at last, to be drawn unresisting to the shore and gathered in by his captor, which was the last we ever saw of our

unfortunate friend. The victorious angler, showing him to his comrade, unblushingly declared him to be much smaller than the one he had just lost, meaning myself, when, in fact, I was not more than two-thirds his length. They say these fishing men always tell about the fish they lose and don't lose, until nobody pretends to believe them—don't know why they do, unless they think they are making amends for the cruelty to us by this sort of flattery, for every fish likes to be called big.

"A week passed without any remarkable adventure. We were frequently fished for by men with hooks, with spears and with nets, all of which we had learned to look out for, as we thought. If a man was seen, danger was at once suspected and guarded against, and all sorts of food that appeared until the coast was clear of our cunning enemy.

"Once, however, I came near being fooled to my destruction through catching a harmless-looking drowning fly that came fluttering along the water. Just in time I discovered that there was a slender string attached to it, and spat it from my mouth. Closer examination revealed a tiny hook hidden under the wings of the sham. While I was having a close look, it arose from the water, and after a flight high in air, again alighted and fluttered along above me as before. I was already well enough aware of its character not to meddle with it if I had not seen a man wielding a very slender rush-like rod by which its movements were controlled. This he continued for some time, accomplishing nothing, but tiring his arms and teaching me a very useful lesson, and then went his way.

"The eggs began hatching, and the bed was soon black with a lively brood that required constant care to protect them from an increased number of enemies. Bullfrogs, crayfish, water snakes, mud turtles and many kinds of fish were ready to destroy our tiny fry. Some were easily disposed of, but many were tough customers to deal with, and gave us no rest nor time to get food, so that the fishing men who continued their persecution had a greater chance to tempt us with their lures, our stomachs being cramped with hunger. When they offered us live minnows or frogs, we managed to fare pretty well by seizing the bait below the hook, but we did not dare try this with worms and insects offered us.

"One day, being as usual nearest the bed, I saw a most evil-looking thing appear in the midst of our brood, on one of which it laid hold with two strong claws and began ravenously devouring. My mate seized it at once and crushed it with her jaws, thereby making the discovery that this new enemy was a most delicious article of food, in spite of its forbidding looks. This creature was the helgramite, not often seen in these lower waters, but one of the most voracious devourers of young fish. Next day another appeared, and my good mate pounced upon it without hesitation. But, alas! for her too great confidence, it was scarcely in her maw than instead of the anticipated pleasant tickling of the palate, she felt the horrid pang of a hook. She pulled stoutly, but the pain was unendurable, and likely to kill her on the spot, the blood flowing from the gills and mouth. She tried to bite off the snell, but the tough gut could not be severed. I tried to break the line, but could not do so.

"I must go. Take care of yourself and do the best you can for the young ones." With that she quietly submitted to her cruel fate, and was taken from me forever. How I managed to rear one of our helpless brood is more than I know, but somehow I did save at least a third of them from the multitude of foes, until they were of an age to shift for themselves, and then left those troubled waters, and ever since have been quite content with this quiet part of the river, as I advise you to be.

"I have told you my experience, and now you can choose for yourself between spending the summer in comparative safety or in constant danger."

The wise old patriarch knew pretty well which would be their choice. As is usually the case, they had decided on their course first, then asked advice. They thanked him and resumed their way up the river. Not one of them ever returned, while the old bass and his present partner lived to see that summer's brood grown to lusty fish, raising annual families of their own.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Deserted Homesteads.

THE following letter from Mr. H. S. Gere, of Northampton, Mass., was read before the convention of the Old Folks' Association at Charlemont, Mass. We copy it from the Springfield Republican:

Northampton, Sept. 1.—A. L. Tyler, Esq., President Old Folks' Association:—My Dear Sir: Thanks for your very cordial invitation to attend the old folks' gathering at Charlemont on Sept. 5. I should be greatly pleased to be there and give your old people a hearty greeting, but I fear I shall not be able to attend this year, so I send you a few words of cheer, as you suggest.

In the first place, let me again congratulate your Old Folks' Association on its successful annual gatherings. They are unique in their character. They appeal to the aged—to all the tender memories and associations which surround and give a charm to length of days. Happy indeed are they who can look back upon lives well spent, upon pleasant associations, lasting friendships, sunshiny years. Life at best has its trials and afflictions, and none escape them. Strive as we may to avoid them, sooner or later they overtake us. Childhood and youth are full of hope. They see no past. The future only is visible to them. But age brings us to the lofty heights, and from them we look back through the vista of years, three score and ten perhaps, possibly four score, and to her of whom it can be said, "She hath done what she could," and of him to whom the words fittingly apply, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith," how pleasing the retrospect! And when your old people meet in their annual gatherings, to talk of the things of long ago, of the days of their youth, of the events of their riper years, of their hopes of the future life, how delightful to see in the past only that which has been useful and good, and still is pleasing.

I know of no other association of its kind so successful as yours. It is a wonder that more of them have not been formed, since one might be maintained in almost

Natural History.

The White Goat in Domestication.

THE Gardens of the London Zoological Society now possess for the first time a living specimen of the so-called white goat (*Oreamnus montanus*), which, up to the present time, has been one of the rarest animals to be had in captivity. Occasionally the young of the white goat have been captured and domesticated by ranchmen in the West, but we recall only one case where it was exhibited to the public in a zoological collection. This, if we recollect aright, was many years ago at Woodward's Gardens in San Francisco, Cal. The specimen was there for a short time only. It arrived in bad health and soon died.

The specimen in London was captured as a kid about two weeks old by a Mr. La Montagne, who shot the mother in the mountains of British Columbia.

At various times the Washington Zoological Park and the New York Zoological Park have been in negotiation with Western men who had young Rocky Mountain goats in captivity, but we believe that nothing has ever come of these attempts to buy and sell.

More than ten years ago an extended account was published in *FOREST AND STREAM* giving what was then known of a number of individuals of this species that have been had in captivity in the West. One of the most interesting of these was contributed by Mr. John Fannin, Curator of the Provincial Museum of British Columbia, form which we quote the following paragraphs:

"A little bullet-shaped head surmounted by a pair of tiny, sharp-pointed ears, a mere handful of a body propped up on four long and clumsy-looking legs, it was certainly the most ungainly animal I had ever seen. Its coat was of pure white wool, very short and slightly curly, and with very little appearance of hair except in the beard, which just showed itself beneath the lower jaw. There was no sign of horns, although slight protuberances could be felt beneath the skin where these would come. It was a male, and probably not over a week old, and the Indian had run it down on the side of a mountain after shooting its mother. I gave the Indian his price, \$2, and, picking the little waif up in my arms, carried it to the house.

"For two weeks I fed it on cow's milk, weakened with water, feeding it about every hour and allowing it only a very little milk at a time. Then for a day or two I added a little oatmeal to the milk, and before long almost anything of a vegetable nature was eagerly gobbled up by it. It appeared to be always hungry, but, strange to say, it would allow no one to feed it but myself. It soon became a little troublesome, though, for, no matter where I went, the goat followed at my heels like a dog. At meal times it would accompany me to the hotel, and repose at my feet under the table. It would follow me into the woods on my short trips after grouse, and the report of my gun had little or no effect on it. If I climbed up on a stump and sat down for a smoke, the goat would climb up too and sit down on its haunches by my side, and with its nose straight out in front gazing solemnly into the gloom of the deep forest. So long as I kept quiet it would remain motionless. The chirrup of a squirrel or twitter of a bird failed to attract its attention in the slightest degree, but if I made the least motion to get down, it was up at once and ready for a spring.

"It had a passion for high places, which I imagine is born with the animal. When I first got it I made a bed in one corner of the shed by filling a low box with clean, soft hay, the goat standing by watching the operation. When it was finished, I picked him up and put him on the hay, pulling his legs from under him and making him lie down—in fact, giving him to understand that was to be his bed. But as soon as I took my hands off him he jumped out of the box. At the further end of the shed, which was about 15 feet long, stood a pile of fir bark 6 feet high, corded up in the usual way of cording firewood. When he jumped out of the box he walked over to this pile and stood for a moment looking up at the top of it. Then he backed away from it till within a few feet of where I stood, and taking a run, climbed up that bark like a cat, and lying down on the top looked at me as much as to say, 'This is the way we do in the mountains.' From then till the day he died, his bed was always on the top of the bark.

"He was an early riser, and long before my usual time of getting up he would rout me out by butting against the door. There were two domestic animals it could not bear the sight of—a cow and a dog. But while it would almost break its neck in its endeavor to get away from the former, the appearance of the latter aroused all the combativeness of its nature. One day a gentleman came into my shop accompanied by a setter dog, when the goat immediately assumed a belligerent attitude, walking around the room stiff-legged, his little hoofs coming down on the floor with a loud tap at every step. Finally he halted at a respectful distance from the dog, and with his head lowered, bracing himself for a last effort, he seemed to be waiting, or about to begin, an attack. The dog surveyed the little creature for a moment, and then, probably thinking it scarcely worth bothering with, lay down on the floor and went to sleep. As the dog remained motionless, the goat relaxed its rigid attitude and moved cautiously nearer, until, by stretching its neck, it brought its nose within an inch of that of the dog. Just then a fly disturbed the dog's slumbers, and in bringing up its paw to brush away the insect, it hit the goat a sharp tap on the nose. Like the recoil of a steel spring, quick as a flash, the goat sprang into the air, and in coming down and trying to alight as far away from the dog as possible, he got tangled up in the legs of a wooden chair, which, in his hurry to get out of the house, he carried off with him. When he shook himself clear of the chair and looked round and found that the house had not fallen and that the dog was perfectly quiet, he put on a look of utter disgust and skulked off into a corner of the yard, where he lay down in a clump of weeds and remained out of sight till the dog was clear of the premises.

"As a general rule he was quiet—in fact, mopish—but when he did break out in a playful mood, some of his tricks were simply ludicrous. One day I was sitting with

a friend in front of my house, when the goat, which had been cutting up pranks, evidently for our amusement, came and lay down at my feet. The cutting for the stage road, which ran past the house about 50 feet away, had left a steep bank about 5 or 6 feet high—that is, the road was so much lower than the plot on which we were sitting. Presently the goat got up, and walking over to the edge of this bank, stood looking down this miniature precipice to the road. Suddenly he sprang into the air and pitched headforemost down the bank. I ran across, expecting to find the little brute with its neck broken, instead of which he was standing at the bottom shaking the sand out of his eyes and nostrils. When he got through he climbed up the bank, and turning round, performed the same act again, turning a complete somersault on his way down. He did this about half a dozen times, throwing himself on his side and rolling down, covering himself from head to tail with dirt and sand.

"I allowed him the full liberty of the house—in fact I could not control him, and it was this unlimited freedom that cost him his life. He was always with me in my work shop, and would always jump up on my bench and stand sagely watching every movement I made. He had a great habit of picking up and chewing anything he came across, and one day he did this with one of my poisoned bird skins. He had taken the skin outside the house, and the first I knew about it was when the little fellow came running through the door toward me, and fell before he quite reached me. I suspected what was the matter, and lifting him, poured some sweet oil down his throat, but he died in about half an hour."

About thirty years ago, though the exact date is not certain (those assigned to the occurrence ranging from 1869 to 1876, according to the recollections of different individuals), a number of white goats were captured somewhere near Deer Lodge, Mont. One of these, tied up with heavy rope, was photographed at the time, and no doubt many of our readers have seen the picture. It is not known what became of these specimens. In the years 1879, eight individuals were captured near Phillipsburg, Mont., and an account of the occurrence was published about ten years later in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and is as follows:

"David Dobson, his brother Thomas and a man named Palmer made up the party, and the ground where they captured the goats was the nearly flat top of a rock-covered mountain about twenty miles from the head of the Bighole, near where Phillipsburg now is. Above the general level of the mountain top rise here and there isolated pinnacles of rock. This flat mountain top was the home of a band of about thirty goats. They had been discovered by the men, who supposed that live specimens of *Mazama* could be sold for large sums of money. Having provided themselves with a number of dogs, one or two of which had been trained to this chase, they started out about June 10, 1879. Proceeding with their horses as far up the mountain as convenient, they camped, and the next morning ascended the rocks on foot, taking with them their dogs and ropes. The goats, conspicuous by their whiteness against the gray rocks, were soon discovered. They were quite unsuspecting, and permitted a near approach. When they began to move off, the men loosed the dogs, which soon drove a part of the band up on to a rocky pinnacle, where they stood at bay, defending themselves by fierce thrusts of their sharp horns at the dogs. They paid little heed to the men, who were able to advance so close to them as to throw the noose of a rope over the head of one of them. This having been done, the loop of a second rope was slipped over the first one and run up close to the animal, when it was dragged from its perch. Two men, one on either side of it, each holding a rope, could so far control the creature as to keep it from reaching either of them. In this way they caught, in three trips up the mountain, eight goats. At each visit the goats were wilder than they had been the time before, and after they were chased the third time they deserted the mountain and were seen no more.

"The animals when first caught resisted fiercely and made vigorous efforts to attack their captors. So violent were their struggles that several of them were seriously injured, and afterward died from this cause. They were necessarily handled roughly, for they would not lead, and the men were obliged to throw them down, tie them and then carry them on a litter down the mountain to a point where a horse could come. Here they were transferred to a travois, and so transported to the camp, where they were picketed out. Of these animals four were young and four were adults; there were three males and five females. The young soon became tame, but the old were always savage and morose. All of the latter died within a few days, either from injuries received at the time of their capture or from hurting themselves by dashing about when picketed. One of the young ones died, probably from having been given some molasses to eat.

"Mr. Dobson stated that of the three survivors, one was given to the owners of the trained dogs, in return for the use of the latter; one was pledged for provisions, and one was left at a ranch to be cared for, and is supposed to have died. The subsequent history of these animals is not known, but it is possible that one or more of them may be identical with other captive goats to be mentioned later—those owned by Mr. Dickson."

Sometimes about 1875 there were two young goats captive in the town of Yale, B. C., in the possession of a Mr. McKeon. Their life was short. After they had been in captivity for about nine months the male was choked by the rope with which it was tied, and not long after that the female died. One of these animals is said to have come from the Skeena River and the other from the interior. They were brought in as little kids, were reared on cow's milk, but soon took to feeding on grass and leaves, after which the owner had no more trouble with them. The late J. C. Hughes, of New Westminster, stated as an example of the jumping and balancing powers of these animals that these kids, if put in an empty barrel, would jump out of it and balance themselves on the chine of the barrel.

Another account of a tame white goat was received through the kindness of Mr. Howard Rogers, of Ferndale, Wash., who quoted in *FOREST AND STREAM* a letter received by him from the Rev. Jno. A. Tennant, an early settler of the State of Washington. It reads as follows:

every fifteen square miles in New England. It stands to the credit and honor of the Old Folks' Association of Charlemon that for thirty-one successive years it has met annually, with ever increasing interest, a joy to its members, a pleasure to all the people of its region. Much of this marked success must be attributed to good management, but much also is due to the hearty co-operation of all the old people of the surrounding country. Long may the Old Folks' Association of Charlemon live and flourish!

Did I speak of old associations and old memories? Blessed are they who have them in plenty, and good ones. Those that cluster around the old homestead and the home life of one's youth are the most tender, the most distinct, and the most enduring of all. Five times this summer season I have been out for a day's ride among the hills of the adjoining town of Williamsburg, among the abandoned farms and vacant cellars and ruined wells and fields once cultivated, but now growing mostly brush and stately trees. In a ride of about two miles over and around "Petticoat Hill" I counted twenty-five empty cellars. Seventy-five or eighty years ago houses covered these cellars, and happy homes were there, with large families of children, and life and thrift and contentment were abundant. Seventy-five scholars attended the district school in the winter. The land was fertile and crops were good. Two deacons were among the residents and one captain of a military company.

Some distinguished people have lived there. Oliver Smith, the founder of Smith charities, spent some of his early years there and laid the foundations of his large fortune in dairying. Mrs. Olive Cleaveland Clarke, mother of Rev. Edward Clarke, was born on one of these abandoned homesteads and lived to enter the 102d year of her age. Dr. Benjamin Ludden and his brother, Prof. William Ludden, of Brooklyn, were born there, on a spot now covered with growing timber. Dr. Thomas Meekins, a leading physician of the town for half a century, was a native of one of these deserted homes; also his brother, Stephen Meekins, the founder of the Meekins Library, which so fittingly commemorates his industry, wisdom and generosity. Not a single house where these people lived is now standing.

One after another of these families disappeared, until all were gone. None came to take their places. The unoccupied houses and barns speedily went to decay, and to-day not a board nor a stick of timber remain to remind one of these former habitations. The cellar walls have tumbled in, the chimneys have fallen down, the wells have been filled, and nothing remains to remind one of the scenes of life and gayety that there existed. From some of these vacant cellars large trees are now growing, and where the densely occupied school house stood there now is a forest of oaks, maples and birches. The fields, once tilled, are growing up to brush and heavy timber; the roadsides are filled with trees, overarched the driveway; neglect is seen in the dilapidated fences, and the highway is left to be washed by the heavy rains, with rarely a visit from the highway surveyor. Aside from the empty cellars, the principal reminders of these former settlements are a few decrepit apple trees, relics of the orchards that once were the delight of these homesteads, but now storm-beaten and bearing the evidences of age and neglect.

What memories crowded in upon me as I stood upon the ruins of these ancient homesteads! On one of them I was born seventy-two years ago and spent my early boyhood. I knew the rocks and the trees and the hills and the brooks and even the fishes in the streams. I could tell where to find the best apples, the best nuts and berries, and the largest trout. I knew all the people who lived there. My feet have pressed almost every rod of the roads, the fields and the watercourses in that region. Everything seemed familiar, and pleasing recollections of youthful enjoyment came uppermost. Once it was, to me, home.

As I go there now there is stillness in the air and loneliness around. Few human residents are seen there, desolation abounds, and only occasionally there comes a wandering stranger, who knows but little of and cares less for the life that once was there. Six houses only remain of what was once the most populous section of the town. The little school house has been closed and the few school children left are carried in a buggy to the center village for their education, at the expense of the town.

Yet not all has departed. Though the people and the houses are nearly all gone, there still remain, brighter and dearer with the advancing years, the memories and associations of long ago. These are ever precious, and I cherish those that remain with me as the choicest treasures of my life. The hills are there still, grand, and imposing as of yore. The same blue heavens are above, and the same earth beneath. The same sun shines over all the region; the same balmy summer breezes play upon the hilltops; the same pure, sweet air, fragrant with scent of vine and flower and evergreen tree, is there yet; and the far-reaching view from these heights is ever the same—charming, delightful, unchangeable.

"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home,"

and there are no memories and associations so rich in enjoyment, so comforting to the aged, as those which are connected with one's youth.

Have I described a section of country whose history is unlike that of any other? No. You have them all around in Franklin county. Go to Hawley and other towns in that region and you find the same empty cellars, the same story of former life and thrift, and the same evidence of past and present decay. The same is true, to a greater or less extent, all over the hilly regions of New England. It is a melancholy picture, from one point of view, and yet there is that connected with it which possesses an interest and a fascination which linger long with the native born and are ever welcome companions. Sincerely yours,

HENRY S. GERE.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

"I saw the goat on the Columbia River, at the mouth of the Wenatchie, in the winter of 1871-72—I think in December, 1871. It was caught by an Indian hunter in the Cascade Mountains, near the headwaters of the Wenatchie, where they are quite abundant. It was very small when taken, and was given to a trader living at Wenatchie, and raised by him. It was a male, and less than a year old, but seemed nearly grown. It ran around the house and was a great nuisance, as it could not be kept out of the house, but would hide itself under beds or wherever it could, and would be found in the morning sleeping on the cook stove. It would go out and eat hay with the cattle, and was most pugnaciously inclined, and woe to the cow that dared provoke its wrath, as it would follow her for half a day, butting her at every opportunity. Like the true goat, it was omnivorous, and this caused its death, as it found a pair of old buckskin pants and devoured the same, which was the cause of its untimely decease shortly after I saw it. From what I saw of it I think there would be no difficulty in domesticating the animal if taken young."

About the year 1884 a Mr. Frank Dickson, of Butte City, Mont., had three goats which were captured when about six weeks old in the Cable Mountain about eighteen miles from the present city of Anaconda. Mr. Dickson was then living close to timber line, and allowed these animals entire liberty to go where they pleased. They sometimes wandered miles away from home during the day, but always returned at night.

About ten years ago Mr. James Geery, then postmaster at Wisdom, Mont., wrote us concerning a tame goat which he had owned. He said of it:

"We shot the old one and then caught the two kids with dogs. One of the kids was bitten so badly that it died before reaching home; the other was raised on cow's milk. After it had become accustomed to being fed by one person, it would almost starve before it would eat anything offered it by another. But this was only while we were feeding it on milk. As it grew older it would eat almost anything—potatoes, bread, sugar, and it was particularly fond of dried fruit of any kind. It would follow the members of the family about, was very playful and not at all cross. It would lie on top of the house, on a place I had prepared for it, and would see a moving object two miles off much more quickly than a man would."

"If a stranger approached it, it would stand perfectly still and look him straight in the eye, not moving a muscle, looking to me as if it were on the watch for any hostile movement."

"We have caught several, both young and old, but few of them have lived long. We have caught old bucks that would weigh over 300 pounds. The old wild ones are very dangerous, as their horns are sharp and they know how to use them. When caught young, however, they are easily tamed, and I have caught yearlings that in a short time would learn to eat out of the hand."

Whether the white goat will live in captivity far from its home is not certainly known, and the specimen in the London Zoo will be watched with great interest.

The Vanishing Wild Flowers.

From the Springfield Republican.

A CHAUTAUQUA lecturer the other day enlarged upon a theme very familiar to the Republican's readers, and whose lesson in these many years ought to have been borne in upon their consciences; we mean the wanton picking of flowers.

This is a matter particularly worthy of consideration in the summer months, when the rich pleasers and the fresh-air children from the cities and the good bourgeois as well rush into the country for better air and water and the beauty of nature. All of these have the same mischief in their hands for the flowers and ferns—they cannot content themselves with witnessing the beauty of the earth and enjoying the sight, but they must grab their handfuls or their armfuls of flowers. If the new ideas of education as a development of human character to finer sort could reach all these people, they would not commit these outrages, which are destroying all the rarer beauties in the country as they have long since banished them from the immediate surroundings of the city. Thus the trailing arbutus used to be very abundant around Springfield, Chicopee and Holyoke; and now, while it may yet be found in a good many spots, there are hundreds of its old haunts that know it no more. Blake's woods, now a memory of the past, abounded with it twenty years ago; it was found in many a piece of West Springfield woods; it was frequent near Ingersoll Grove. In Forest Park it is catalogued as still existing, but it can only be said to exist—it does not flourish. Mt. Tom, since it became a resort, is not only almost denuded of arbutus, in comparison with the past, but the walking fern, one of the most curious and interesting of plants, has nearly disappeared, and the cardinal flower is quite extinct. It is the common fate of lovely things in the rush of human greed. Connecticut was so alarmed over the plunder of the beautiful climbing fern and the arbutus some years ago that the Legislature put both under protection by statute; Massachusetts ought to do the same, for the climbing fern does grow north of the State line, though fortunately very few know it. The lack of respect for nature was shown, by the way, in the use to which this *lygodium palmatum* was put by those for whom it was grabbed up by the roots. Delicate and graceful, with a light, wild fragrance, all these qualities were killed by smoothing it out with hot irons in order to hang in festoons over lace curtains and disfigure "parlors." The maiden-hair fern is another marvelously beautiful plant that is treated in similar fashion. If any one wants to see what comes to a country where tourists and summer people abound, they can do it in the Scottish Highlands, wherever the Cook and Gaze parties and the cockney excursions have traveled. Whoever sees a flower or fern in crossing the Trossachs? Except of course the heather, the gorse and the bracken, which are too hardy and too ready at multiplication to be exterminated. They, like our own mountain laurel, sweet fern, our dicksonia and eagle fern (the same as the bracken of Scotland, though less in stature), survive ill-usage. But many years ago Lucy Smith (see Mr. Merriam's beautiful memoirs of "William and Lucy Smith")

lamented the destruction of the daintiest forest flowers in Scotland and northern England at the hands of "cits" who thought they loved them because they destroyed them.

Of course there are flowers that may be plucked liberally without stint, such as the goldenrods and asters, the ironweed and the vervain, the ox-eye daisies and the black-eyed Susans, the evening primroses, the St. John's worts, the clovers, the loosestrifes, the milkweeds, the joe-pye, the hawkweeds, the lettuces and other hardy myriads. But the anemones and spring beauties, the polygalas, the arbutus, the spring yellow lily, the columbine, the pyrolas and pipsissewas, the cardinal flower and the fringed gentian—all loveliest of the floral realm—such vanish before the vandalism of those who ignorantly think they love flowers. It is a trait of human nature—love is but a symbol of sacrifice, commonly the sacrifice of others.

In Quest of the Missing Link.

SEVERAL months ago press dispatches from Germany announced that an eminent scientific man was shortly to sail for the Island of Java for the purpose of making careful search for further remains of the remarkable mammal *Pithecanthropus erectus*, the discovery of which some years since created such an interest in scientific circles. A few weeks ago it was stated that Mr. David J. Walters, a Yale student, was setting out for Java on the same errand, and that Mr. Geo. W. Vanderbilt is defraying the expenses of this expedition.

As will be remembered by the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, *Pithecanthropus* was discovered in Java by a Dutch physician, Dr. Du Bois, and appears to be either the lowest of men or the highest of the anthropoid apes—in other words it seems to be what used to be called the "missing link" which bridges over the gap between the lower animals and man. Twenty years ago the absence of this "missing link" was one of the stock arguments advanced against the theory of evolution by its opponents, who appeared to be ignorant of the fact that only the very smallest fraction of the earth's crust has ever been explored, and that the number of animals which have existed since life began on this globe is known only by a very small fraction of species.

The remains of *Pithecanthropus* were characteristic, and consisted of a brain case, a thigh bone and some other small fragments. No more interesting contribution to science could be made than the securing of additional examples of this animal, and it is to be hoped that both the explorers who are starting for the island in which it has been found may succeed in their quest.

"Blue Vapor."

FROM northern Kentucky comes a snake story which tells of an invasion of hissing vipers, which stand erect on the tail before emitting their deadly venom, at the same time hissing with a hiss which may be heard 200 feet away. "If the venom comes in contact with a person's skin," it is averred, "whether the fangs strike or not, death is almost certain to ensue." As yet, we are told, only one nest of these poisonous serpents has been found, their custom being to travel in pairs. "Last week at Ft. Thomas, near the scene of the Pearl Bryan tragedy, a number of soldiers who were taking a stroll were attracted by the hissing sound in a clump of bushes they were passing. Approaching the spot they were horrified to see a cluster of hissing reptiles, all spitting forth a volume of what appeared to be blue vapor. They summoned assistance, and with the aid of several shotguns succeeded in killing the entire lot, amounting to twenty-three."

Thus are the wonders of nature improved upon by the imagination of man.

Game Bag and Gun.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—IV.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[Continued from page 225.]

The White-Fronted Goose.

Anser albifrons (Gm.).

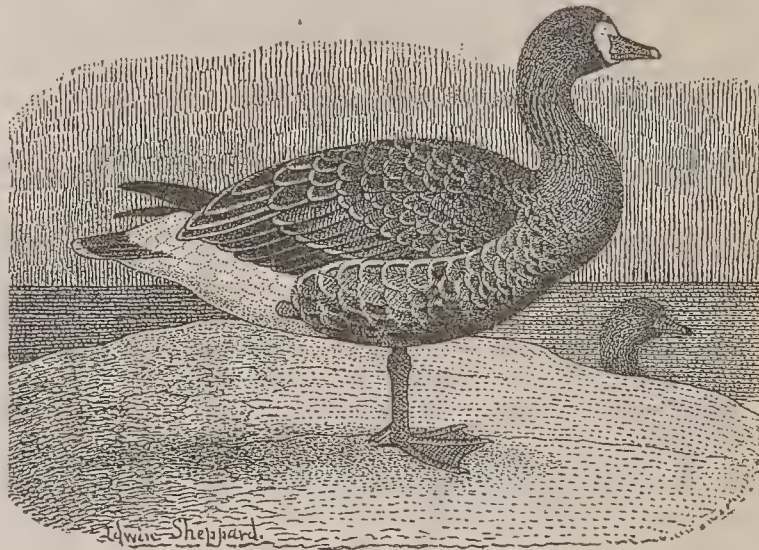
In the genus *Anser* the bill is much less stout than in *Chen*, and the nail, which terminates it, is thinner and less strong. The present species is generally grayish-brown in color, the feathers immediately about the bill being in adults white, bordered behind by dark brown. The head and neck are grayish-brown, darkest on crown of head and back of neck. The body is grayish, many of the feathers being tipped with white. The primaries are black, the rump slate-brown, the upper and under tail coverts white, and the tail grayish-brown margined with white. The under parts are grayish, variously, often heavily, blotched with blackish-brown; bill, legs and feet, pinkish; the nail of the bill white; length, 28 inches; wing, over 15. The young closely resembles the adult, but lacks the white about the bill, this being dark brown, and has no black blotches on the lower parts. The nail of the bill is black.

The white-fronted goose is found in the northern parts of both the Old and the New World, though the two forms are separated by many ornithologists and made different races. The American bird is slightly larger than that of Europe, but the difference is small, and is based on nothing but size. At all events, for the purposes of the gunner they may be considered a single species. The white-fronted goose is generally distributed throughout this country from the far North to our Southern border, but is rare on the Atlantic coast. It occurs in Cuba as well as in Greenland.

In all the Mississippi Valley region it is abundant during the migrations, where it is known as laughing goose, speckled belly, harlequin brant, pied brant, prairie brant, and often simply as brant. It is abundant also in California and occurs in large numbers as far south as southern California. In summer the white-fronted goose is

found in Alaska, where some breed, and in great numbers on the islands of the Arctic Ocean. All Northern explorers report it as abundant on the Mackenzie and throughout the country bordering the Barren Lands. In America it appears to be generally a bird of Western distribution.

The white-fronted goose feeds largely on grass, and in former times did much damage to the young crops of wheat on the Western coast during its migrations. It is said to feed also on berries, and to be seldom seen on the water except at night or when molting. The south-



THE WHITE-FRONTED GOOSE.

ward migration is undertaken late in September, and the flocks of white-fronted geese usually make their appearance on the Western prairies early in October, when they are often associated with snow geese, in company with which they feed and journey to and from their feeding grounds.

The flesh of the white-fronted goose is highly esteemed, and is spoken of as being more delicate than that of any other goose, except possibly the young of the salt-water brant.

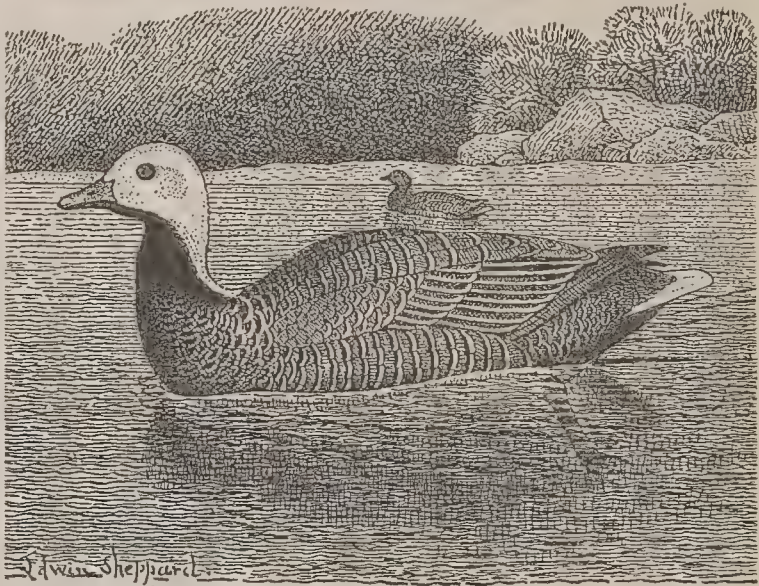
The nest of the white-fronted goose is usually built on the low ground, near fresh-water ponds or marshes, and the six or eight yellowish-white eggs are commonly covered with down when the mother leaves them.

Emperor Goose.

Phalacrocorax canagica (Sevast.).

The emperor is one of the handsomest of the American geese. It is a bird of very limited distribution, being confined to the Bering Sea and its vicinity, though very rarely specimens straggle southward in winter along the Pacific coast of the United States as far as California. The emperor goose may be known from all the other North American geese by the remarkable form of its bill; this is extremely short, with a very broad and thick nail, which occupies almost one-third of the length. The tarsus, or naked portion of the leg, between the toes and the joint above, is very short in proportion to the toes.

In the adult emperor goose the head and back of the neck are white; the front and sides of the throat and neck are brownish-black, slightly spotted with white; the tail is slate-color at the base and white at the end; the rest of the plumage is bluish, each feather having at its end a



EMPEROR GOOSE.

narrow bar of white, bordered by a crescent-shaped black marking. The secondary feathers of the wing are slaty-black, margined with white; the long quills black. The bill is bluish or purplish; the nail white, darker at the edges, and the legs and feet bright yellow.

The young are similar to the adult, but have the head and neck lead color, sometimes sprinkled with white.

All the explorers of Alaska have found this species more or less abundant in that territory. It also occurs on some of the islands of the Bering Sea, as well as on the Commander Islands, on the Siberian coast. Mr. H. W. Elliot tells us that flocks sometimes land on the Pribilof Islands in an exhausted condition, so that the natives run them down on the grass, the birds being unable to fly. Mr. Dall speaks of the exceedingly strong odor of garlic proceeding from the raw flesh and skin, and says that this odor makes the work of skinning the birds very disagreeable. With cooking, this smell disappears.

The emperor geese breed on the flat, marshy islands of the Alaskan coast, the nest sometimes being placed amid the driftwood, even below high-water mark. Like most other geese, the female covers the eggs with down from her breast.

When the molting season begins the Eskimo kill these geese in common with others, capturing them by means of nets set on the marshes, into which the molting birds are driven. At this time the destruction of the birds is very great.

This species in Norton Sound is called white-headed goose, while the name applied to it by the Russians is sa-sar-ka, meaning guinea hen, evidently from the coloring of the plumage.

Snap Shots from a Corner of Maine

CORNISH, Me., Sept. 15.—Present indications point to rather more partridges than for several years. Last season it seemed as if about the last bird had fallen, but in the spring it was found that a considerable number had survived the slaughter, and that the old cocks were courageously drumming up domestic relations for the coming year. As the dry summer was favorable for rearing the young, and the foxes so thinned by trapping as to make their levies comparatively light, it would seem that the yield for the number of breeders should be high. But partridge shooting has deteriorated sadly hereabouts in the past ten years. Another decade at the same rate of decline and it will be simply a thing of the past. Moreover, from everywhere comes the same report—the grouse is going. Clearly something must be done ere long for this noble bird, or it will soon disappear from our Northern woods.

However, it seems that the partridge is not to receive our undivided attention the present season, for the festive grayback, after a considerable absence, is with us once again, though in just what numbers we as yet are unable to say. The best bag of which I have thus far heard is eight to one gun. Woodcock, too, will be fairly plenty, it appears, but owing to a lack of skill in wing shooting and properly trained dogs we are unable to realize the enjoyment from this sport that, under more favorable circumstances, would be the case.

Deer are frequently seen, but as this county (York) is one of those under special protection, one must cross the river into Oxford county to shoot deer, which is not so bad after all. A certain M.D., who in his rounds through the adjoining mountainous parts of the latter county has often seen deer in easy pistol range, has recently provided himself with a big Colt revolver, with which he intends to improve any such opportunities as occur in future. By the way, an albino deer has been hanging around the towns of Hollis and Buxton the entire summer—a big buck, clear white save for a little color on the ears and top of the head. A gentleman from this way recently got a sight of him, while riding through that region. The handsome fellow was feeding in a field, and allowed him to approach within 40 yards before he took fright. Then the man saw that three other men had been watching the animal from behind a fence. When he apologized to them for spoiling their fun, they assured him the deer would soon return, which he afterwards found to be the case. Indeed, so often was it seen as to lead many to believe that there were several white deer in the vicinity.

For the fishing we have had very good sport with the trout, more of these fish being taken than last season, I think, and last season was exceptionally good for these times. It is not likely that we shall fare as well next year, for the severe drought that has prevailed in this region has dried up many of the best streams. Pond fishing has hardly been up to the usual, a great falling off being especially noticeable at Long Pond, Parsonfield, which has hitherto furnished the best of sport on bass. This season campers on that pond could with difficulty obtain enough fish for their immediate use. But many bass and pickerel have been taken from the rivers (Saco and Ossipee), and some big red-spot trout were captured last winter through the ice on several of our surrounding ponds. I hear also that a goodly number of pickerel, some of them huge fellows, have rewarded anglers through the summer on moose pond, Denmark, about twelve miles distant. On the whole, our waters bear up nobly, but it should be remembered that there is a tremendous drain on their resources, and there is need of all the artificial aid possible.

But in my judgment, as before intimated, it is for the ruffed grouse that we have cause to feel the deepest concern, and upon all those who have had the patience to worry down through this article I would respectfully urge the necessity of doing something in its behalf before it is too late. Let us all give the matter careful consideration, and if it be found, as would appear, that the bird is actually in danger of extinction, then should we promptly unite in a move for its better protection. With the editor's permission I would like to hear from sportsmen everywhere, briefly stating the numbers of the grouse in their respective sections as compared with former seasons, and what measures, if any, they deem necessary to check the growing scarcity of this king of game birds.

TEMPLAR.

Massachusetts Game Interests.

BOSTON, Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire to mention an omission in my recent letter naming some of the trophies in Mr. Kinney's residence. I should have stated that they were all gathered as the result of Mr. Kinney's skill as a nimrod. He has informed me that he has had a multitude of letters from persons having such things to sell, which goes to show that many of your readers are not conversant with his methods. He gathers his trophies by his personal effort in the field and is not a collector.

In a letter just received from him he writes that he is in receipt of a great many calls for posters and abstracts of the game laws—about fifty a day on the average—this notwithstanding our State Commissioners have had twice the usual number printed for general distribution. I have sent out from this office more than 1,000 copies of the new bird law besides several hundred posters and copies of abstracts.

These increased calls indicate a widespread interest among the sportsmen of the State in the care of our fish and game, especially the game birds. Many people suppose that the expense for this educational work is borne by the State. On the contrary, every dollar the Association has ever expended, either in this work or in prosecution, has been derived from private individuals in the way of membership fees and yearly dues.

All sportsmen of our State should be willing to aid and there is no way in which they can more effectively assist in the good work than by enrolling themselves on our list of members. The admission is \$5 and yearly dues are the same.

Some may say: "I go out of the State for game and fish." Very good. Such have reason to be thankful, and

at the same time, with the generous impulses which every good sportsman experiences and which are characteristic of sportsmen as a class, they should not forget that there are hundreds of devotees of rod and gun who must have their recreation near home or go without it.

Very few have an adequate idea of the possibilities of the State of Massachusetts to produce fish and game. Since it has been made illegal to shoot deer they have become much more numerous. This is one illustration of what may be done. A few days since I visited the Whittier homestead, between the city of Haverhill and Amesbury, and was told that a deer had been into a garden in the neighborhood. Mr. J. M. Stevenson, of Pittsfield, has informed me that according to what he believed to be reliable reports there had been seen in that section not less than twenty deer. Similar accounts come from other parts of the State. In some towns the wooded area is greatly in excess of what it was a quarter of a century ago, and game of all kinds would, I believe, be more abundant than formerly but for the vastly greater number who seek it and the wonderful improvement in guns, etc. The State has extensive covers and is well supplied with rivers, brooks and ponds. If our State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners are enabled to apply modern methods in developing our resources great improvement in the existing conditions may reasonably be expected within a few years. Chairman Collins tells me he is looking after cases of pollution of streams by sawdust. This is work in the right direction. It has been a matter of general knowledge that for several years some of the best trout streams in the State have been almost denuded of fish by the neglect of mill owners to live up to the requirements of the statutes.

The chairman also tells me that gratifying reports are coming in respecting the general observance of the game

ive feature of our plan is that restrictions apply to everybody alike, and when open at all it is open to the general public.

"Members of our Association will be glad to know that President Wiggins and the librarian, Dr. Brangan, have returned much refreshed from a three weeks' trip to the Maine woods, coming out by way of Quebec and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Vice-President W. S. Hinman has recently returned from a Western trip and the Hon. J. Russell Reed left last night with his dog Dick for a few weeks' bird shooting in Maine.

"Posters and abstracts of the Massachusetts fish and game laws may be had on application to me at 5 Park Square, Boston.
HENRY H. KIMBALL,
"Secretary Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association."

Canadian Moose for New Zealand.

We find in the London Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News the accompanying illustration of a herd of moose calves, with the note of their shipment: "About a year ago the New Zealand Government decided to attempt the acclimatization of the North American moose, and entered into correspondence on the subject with the sister colony of Canada. The Government at Ottawa at once signified its intention of assisting the project by all means in its power, and entered into correspondence with Mr. C. C. Chipman, Chief Commissioner of the Hudson Bay Company. The latter gentleman set in motion the machinery of the H. B. C., whose ramifications extend over half a continent, with the result that a 'baker's dozen' of calves were gathered in from Lake Manitoba district by employees of the 'Great Company.' The baby moose were led into captivity at a very early age—



A BUNCH OF CANADIAN MOOSE FOR NEW ZEALAND.

laws in some portions of the State, and he thinks a vigorous enforcement of the laws is looked for by many who have not heretofore been as scrupulous as they might be in complying with them. The president of one active club writes that his club proposes to put a warden in the field very soon.

Probably it is unnecessary to inform your readers that it is unlawful to kill woodcock or partridge in this State before Oct. 1, and that for three years they must not be sold at any season. I will only add an extract from my letter, as published in the Boston Herald of yesterday, which will, I think, be of interest to some of your readers who do not see that paper:

"The new posters which have been issued by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association contain the following summary of the Lacey bill, enacted by Congress last winter, which will be of especial interest to game dealers:

"United States laws relating to shipping game. All packages containing dead animals, birds or parts thereof shipped by interstate commerce must be plainly marked with name and address of shipper and nature of contents. Penalty on shipper, carrier and consignee not over \$200. Penalty on common carrier for transporting game killed in violation of laws of State in which killed or from which its export is prohibited, \$200."

"I am in receipt of a letter from A. C. Sylvester, president of the North Attleboro Fish and Game Association, in which he informs me that his Association is planning to hold a sportsman's show and fair in Wamsutta Opera House, North Attleboro, Nov. 16 to 24 next. He says: 'We propose to have the best thing of the kind ever seen (outside the great cities), and you know that when we set out we generally get there. We shall show live animals, fish, birds and everything pertaining to sport on streams and in forests. There will be all the features of a fair, with change of stage programme every evening.'

"The Association is not yet a year old, its birthday being Jan. 1, 1900, and it now numbers 111 active members. Its method of work is laid out upon broad lines and its aims are unselfish, and are thus explained by President Sylvester:

"We do all our work with the distinct pledge that the general public have all the rights pertaining to members. We stock streams, etc., and make restrictions for protection which apply to everybody alike. When we are unable to apply State game laws we lease property and apply the laws of trespass, but the distinct-

soon after they were dropped, in fact. They were hand-reared for six or eight months on chopped food, fresh vegetables, fruit, etc., care being taken to get them sufficiently tame to stand the long journey before them. They are about evenly divided as far as sex is concerned; and were shipped off about a month ago, in charge of an experienced Hudson Bay Company official. Our illustration is from a photograph taken in the stock yards of the Manitoba & Northwestern Railway Company at Portage la Prairie, and shows the final round-up of the infant herd previously to their long railway journey of 1,600 miles to the Pacific Coast. Here they embark on the steamship Aorangi for a further sea voyage of a month or more, to the Antipodes. Good luck go with them!"

The Kippewa Moose Country.

MINEOLA, N. Y., Sept. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I understand that the law on moose will be off on Oct. 1 of this year in the Province of Ontario, Canada. Deux Rivières, a small station some twenty miles east of Mattawa, on the C. P. R., is quite a rendezvous for sportsmen and a starting point for many hunting parties. To avoid mutual annoyance, I would ask you to publish for the benefit of such of your readers as are planning a trip in that region the fact that our club, the Caughnawaga Fishing and Hunting Club, has leased all of the Magansippi territory from about eighteen miles north of the Ottawa River clear to the Kippewa waters, in the Province of Quebec, and that all persons who are not members of the said club are respectfully requested not to trespass upon the club lands.

I do this because last year a number of persons were greatly disappointed at our insisting upon their leaving that territory. The Kippewa waters, which bound our leased lands on the north, embrace the most celebrated moose country in that part of Canada and we desire to avoid if possible having people go up there and unwittingly trespass upon us to their and our own annoyance.

HALSTEAD SCUDDER, Sec'y-Treas.

Shooting Resorts.

PROPRIETORS of shooting resorts will find the advertising pages of FOREST AND STREAM the best possible agency for acquainting sportsmen with what attractions their districts have for shooters.

Boston and Maine.

Boston, Sept. 22.—The forest fires are out. Over 2 inches of rain has fallen in the coast towns of Massachusetts within a week, and the great danger from forest fires is over for the present. This rainfall has extended up the coast and well into the interior of Maine, and the forest fires, rendered less dangerous by the lighter rainfall of two weeks ago, are entirely out for the present. The hunter and guide both breathe easier. The full season on Maine deer is open Oct. 1, and all can make ready with one of the greatest dangers removed. A feeling of indignation prevails in Plymouth county. A gentleman, who has lived and summered in Kingston, near Plymouth, for two years and is thoroughly conversant with that part of the country, said to me yesterday: "I wish that we had some of the careful, honest spirit of the Maine guides in Plymouth county. I know not what is to be done. Forest fires are getting to be far too common and long prolonged there. Our lives and property are endangered every time there is a drought. I am satisfied that the fires are set, and set with either malicious intention or for the sake of the pay to be had for fighting fires. We paid 50 cents an hour for fire fighting during our late troubles, and then this pay was increased to \$1 an hour. No sooner than one fire was out when another would be started. I believe that the Legislature should take up the matter of forest fires. They occur at every drought in the cape towns, but could not occur but for the carelessness or malicious intent of somebody. A commission should be appointed to thoroughly investigate the matter. We would gladly welcome the aid of the fish and game commission or of hunters."

The Maine woods will be full of hunters by the morning of Oct. 1. Already several parties have started, and others are making ready. They will take a few days of late September trout fishing and a week or two in October for deer shooting. C. E. Sprague, A. Kilgore and F. Vaughn, of Boston, with Mr. Kimball, of Fitchburg, started for McDonald's camps, Portage Lake, Aroostook county, Me., Friday evening. They go via Bangor & Aroostook to Stacyville, and thence sixteen miles by buckboards to the lake. Fishing parties, out from the same camps, mention seeing nineteen deer in one day. The party will be on the ground one week in October.

Along with the pleasing reports from the hunting regions come the unpleasant sights of deer in Boston markets. I met a youth yesterday with a fawn over his shoulders. It looked as fresh as though just out of the woods. He had on a white butcher's frock and was carrying the venison to a hotel—about the first of the season and entirely illegal in the State where killed. I asked him where the deer came from and got the usual answer: "I d'know." We wonder if this is the beginning of deer illegally transported and sold here, or will the Maine Commissioners be able to stop it. I commend this item to their attention and will do all I can to aid them.

Some of the Boston gunners are still after shore birds, although the shooting has been unsatisfactory so far. The late rains and stormy weather should bring better flights. Parties are at Chatham most of the time, but they get only a few birds. O. H. Smith and Mr. Hilton will go down to Biddeford Pool for a few days this week shore-bird shooting.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Slow Duck Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 21.—Thus far our duck season seems to be a little slow. Our chicken season is pretty much over, and our quail season is yet to be. Jacksnipe have appeared in but very small lots, and plover are none too numerous. We are getting down to an Old-World basis here, and a good bag is something of a nine days' wonder.

Some of our shooters have gone down to their clubs this week to have a look into the ducking situation, but nothing very startling has turned up. The Tolleston members have not found very many birds in as yet. Mr. W. W. McFarland and Mr. Harry Meine, of the Hennepin Club, on the Illinois River, in quite a distant part of the world from Tolleston, report much the same state of affairs. Each of the latter had eighteen teal to show for the trip, which is not so bad for the early flight. The teal are the first duck to offer any sport at this latitude.

On the Kankakee marshes nothing has appeared in the way of teal or woodcock to attract much attention, and it is feared that this will prove a dull fall on those historic grounds. The draining of the big marshes has been going along steadily, with more or less success, and there is plenty of 10-foot corn standing now on ground where once the snipe shooting was excellent.

The big ditch which was supposed to drain much of the old Maksawba marsh has been more or less completed for some time, and the Maksawba Club was assessed the trifling sum of \$9,600 as its share of the expense, this being one of the luxuries of holding real estate in that county, formerly a semi-marine region. The club did not like to loosen from quite so much money all at once, and so looked up the matter a little in the courts. The attorneys discovered from the original county surveys that the ditch is now completed it is 18 feet higher at the upper end than it is at the lower. It was respectfully submitted that this sort of ditch would not drain the water the right way for water to run, which is down hill, and that hence the club didn't want the ditch and declined to pay its share for it. The suit was fought for some time in the courts, a lot of the little farmers who have holdings near by joining the club in the fight against the assessment. A short time ago the courts handed down the decision, which is that the assessment against the club does not hold. The county will have to change ends with that ditch somehow or other, and though this would at first appear a little difficult, perhaps it can be contrived. All things are possible in Indiana.

To the north of us the duck flight is still hanging fire, as it is to the south, and indeed we have as yet had no weather sufficiently rough to drive the birds down to this latitude. Oct. 1 is the natural time for us to get the

first of the Northern birds, except the early shift of teal, which drop down from one lake to another early in the fall, and which breed more numerous than any other duck in Illinois and Wisconsin. There is no reason to suppose that the fall flight will be any more of a disappointment than it has been for several years, and indeed there are many reasons to expect that it will be much better, for the water still holds, and a duck flight is always a question of water. The Koshkonong marsh is good this fall, and some early birds have been killed there. This marsh may always be expected to have a certain amount of shooting, since the lake rarely varies much from its level. With the big Horicon marsh it is different, for it will go almost dry in a very dry year, the Rock River, there a very small stream, being practically dissipated in the vast area of bogs when the water is low in that part of the country. This marsh is a big basin, with a lot of drainage area tributary to it, and when the local rains are abundant it fills up, and its hardpan bottom, down beneath a dozen feet of the softest mud on earth, holds the water and supports the vegetation which is essential on a good shooting marsh. A few years of very dry weather will kill off the water plants, however, and a single season or half season of water will not be enough to establish a good stand of feed again. This fall they are having good sport in the old Horicon country, and if the following season shall prove as favorable as this we may look for the big breeding ground to reach much of its former prestige. The crop of teal is good there now, though it is not yet time for the Northern birds there.

March of the Quail.

There still goes on, more appreciably and distinctly this season than ever before, that strange march to the northward of the Bob White quail. Bob White bids fair to be the true exponent of "furthest north" idea. Some friends who shot chickens in lower Minnesota, near Fairmount, this fall, tell me that they never saw more quail than they found in there while they were chicken shooting. A number of Minnesota shooters tell me that the quail is taking the place of the prairie chicken in their shooting calendar, and is further north this fall than ever. So runs the tale from Michigan also. A day with ruffed grouse is a great treat, but a day on a piece of country where there were both ruffed grouse and quail is a double treat, and not to be surpassed in the experiences of the field. As a possible experience, this is getting closer and closer every year for the Northern shooter. At different times I have told of such shooting in the Michigan lower peninsula, and I think I never had better fun than in such mixed shooting on these two great game birds. If they had to choose between the two, I presume most men would prefer the quail, as it gives more action, more shots, more sights at game, but when both birds were accessible I noticed that a good many of the regular shots would now and again leave the quail or slight it and go after the grouse, as affording a bigger sensation, if one not so frequent.

All over this part of the country we hear continually that the quail are everywhere, from here south to the Ohio River. A new quail club is forming here in Chicago, with grounds on the Kankakee country of Indiana, of which more later on when the plans are more fully matured. There is a meeting of the executive committee called for this week.

The Saginaw Crowd is threatening to go West about the first week in October, headed probably for North Dakota and after ducks. They are thought to have a strong tip on a certain spot, with no less an authority behind it than State Warden George E. Bowers, so they are hardly apt to be disappointed. Mr. Bowers enjoys the personal acquaintance of pretty much every duck and goose in North Dakota, and can tell where to go if any one can. I suspect the Turtle Lake country, but do not know for sure. All the stories from both North and South Dakota say there is a lot of water and plenty of birds.

No Law.

It has been the same old story this fall about the prairie chickens, of no law of any actual virtue so far as stopping the early killing of the birds was concerned. Illinois was about the best State so far as we may guess. None could have been much worse than Iowa, if we may guess again from the personal reports in scattered cases such as come to hand. Eddie Pope, who shot in lower Minnesota, says that they found lots of birds, but that they had been cut up a good deal before the law was out. Another Chicago shooter who has a lot of farm lands out in Iowa, went out there to shoot, and paid his gun license for the privilege of shooting. He killed forty-five chickens in a week, and was very sore. He said that he found no covey which had not been shot up, and he saw a great many crippled birds. He learned that the shooting began in that neck of woods about the time the birds came out of the shell and continued regularly through July and August. By the time the legal date arrives in that land of unreserve the birds are pretty much all harvested, in the opinion of this particular shooter. There is no sort of doubt that this is the case over a great portion of the West. I do not think it is entirely the fault of the market shooters, though they do their share, but all sorts and conditions of men who live near a chicken country seem to find it impossible to wait till the law is out. It is ancient habit, I presume, but whatever it is, it is almighty tough on the birds.

Michigan Forest, Game and Fish Association.

They are going to try once more over in Michigan. It is a hard and uphill fight, but they are going to try. Were not the men at the head of the movement so well known, so able and so accustomed to succeed in what they undertake, one might say in croaking mood that it is sure to be the same old story of a good motive, but an object too optimistic ever to be attained. The name of the new organization which is going to try to stop or at least to modify the course of human events as to game, fish and forests is the Michigan Forest, Game and Fish Protective Association, and has at its head such prominent sportsmen and citizens as Watts Humphreys, W. B. Merston, Geo. B. Morley, Dr. Chas. W. Alden, V. Kindler, etc., some of the best men of Michigan.

The new Association has its headquarters at Saginaw, and the meeting of organization was held Sept. 13 at the rooms of the Board of Trade of the latter city, with a very full attendance. The officers and committees chosen were as follows: President, Watts S. Humphreys; First Vice-President, W. B. Merston; Second Vice-President, John Baird; Secretary, Dr. Charles W. Alden; Treasurer, V. Kindler; Executive Committee, John P. Sheridan, E. P. Stone, Charles H. Peters, Herman Pistorius, Louis Smith, Charles H. Davis, George B. Morley, A. Benjamin Williams, George L. Burrows, Jr.; Ed McCarthy; Membership, V. Kindler, Dr. C. W. Alden, Louis Smith; Legislation and Enforcement of Laws, John Baird, V. Kindler, W. B. Merston; Auditing, John P. Sheridan, George B. Morley, George L. Burrows, Jr.; Local Organizations, Herman Pistorius, Charles H. Peters, Thomas A. Harvey.

The purpose is to make this the parent Association, with membership all through the State, and when any given locality has shown a membership sufficiently large to warrant the action, to form a local branch, to be represented by delegate to the parent society. The protection of the forests is put first in the list of purposes, for though most of the men above mentioned are old-time lumbermen or are interested in lumbering operations, they know the value of the forest through that very experience, and know that the forest must be protected if the game is to be preserved. The Association will hold a considerable weight and will use its influence for good and rational legislation. It cannot, of itself, reform the whole bad system of our poor laws and slack observance of them, but it can do very much in that direction, and it is backed by men who are above all things practical and not given to talk or to resolutions which do not resolve.

Pearls in the Mississippi.

Benj. F. Dayton on Sept. 17 found in the Mississippi River near Winona, Minn., a pearl which is thought to be worth \$2,000, or for which he has at least refused a very large sum of money, though these big fresh water pearls are nearly always overvalued by the finders at first. T. J. McNamara, of the same locality, not long ago really sold a pearl for \$200, and this is a far bigger and better one. It is thought to be the finest ever found in the great Papa of the Waters. This shows the luck of some men. I have fished all over that country, but no pearl ever came my way. I preferred black bass at the time to clams.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

"Sportsman."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was struck on reading in the Aug. 11 issue of the FOREST AND STREAM the discussion by Ransacker of this subject, anent his reply to sundry criticisms of his former article on the same theme, by what I may term his unique, not to say grotesque, application of Webster's definition of the word. I very much doubt if Mr. Webster, had he seen this discussion, would have indorsed the list of forest, field and water vandals whom Ransacker names as being properly embraced in his definition of a sportsman as "one who pursues the sports of the field." And I further question if his assertion that this is not a sportsman's journal, and that the readers and friends of FOREST AND STREAM are not and ought not to be proud to be known and rated at home and abroad under that general classification of title, meets with any general indorsement. Ransacker refers to the term "lawyer" in illustration of his point, but does he imagine that because some shysters and blackmailers have worked themselves into the calling thus classified, any true lawyer who honors his profession is any the less proud of his vocation, or any less esteemed in the community in which he lives and works? He cites also the careless usage of the word "gentleman" as illustrating his point. It is very true that the word is sometimes too generally used and indifferently applied, but while this is so, it has lost none of its original significance, and to say of a man in all seriousness that he is a gentleman conveys at once the idea that he is also a noble man and a person to tie to.

I think, though, that part of Ransacker's trouble lies in the fact of his having gone too far back for his definition of the term "sportsman." Turning to the new Standard Dictionary, I find this definition: "A person who is fond of, patronizes or participates in honorable field sports, especially hunting and fishing." Ah! here we have an entirely different ring. This is the modern interpretation of the term. There is no calling or pastime of man more truly and genuinely progressive than that of sportsmanship. Webster's definition was well enough in his time. Game of all kinds was abundant then; men had not awakened to a realization of the necessity of conservation and protection. Even the trapper and snarer might perhaps then have been accepted as a sportsman, because the pernicious nature of his work had not yet impressed itself upon the public mind. But surely no reasonable person will claim to-day that there is any more sportsmanship in the fellow who takes game or fish that come to his hand dead through snares that work in the night than in the butcher of domestic animals who sells us bull tenderloin as first-class beef at 15 cents a pound. The pot-hunter, market-shooter and men of their ilk may vaunt themselves as sportsmen, but they deceive no one as to their true standing. They do not read FOREST AND STREAM, and this paper does not represent them in any way except as it holds them up to the public scorn which they so richly deserve.

Let us not, therefore, despise nor consider for one moment any departure from the term of which we have been taught for generations to be proud.

The man who participates in honorable field sports.

There it is in epigram; and he who follows field sports of any class whatsoever that are not honorable, is by this definition not a sportsman. Any way, he is unworthy our serious attention, and we exalt him too much in giving him such consideration.

Just as the gentleman is an honorable man, so the sportsman must be an advocate and follower of honorable sport, and of none else. When he goes beyond

that point he rules himself out, and the classification is, I think, sufficiently well defined. The man who loves dog and gun, rod and reel, but finds his sport not especially in the act of taking and killing, who finds inspiration in the sweep of the free winds across the plains, who catches the melody of the woods and gathers the philosophy and vigor of life from the sound of rushing, rippling waters—he is the sportsman whom we know and admire. That he is sometimes misrepresented and defamed through impersonation by unworthy persons does not hurt his individual standing nor lower the class, and the interloper, we may be assured, is soon found out and placed just where he belongs.

Let us, therefore, cease borrowing trouble by chasing after false gods, being well assured that the sportsman will continue to be and to stand for, as in the past, a large proportion of that element of mankind which composes, in the broadest application of the term, "the salt of the earth."

ILLINOIS.

The Parson from Indiana.

OUR planets came into conjunction, so to speak, on the train. He introduced himself to us, with a bland smile, as a Mr. Small, from somewhere in Indiana.

"Going hunting?" he inquired, dropping into a seat beside us.

"We are going to try it," Jack replied.

"Where are you going?"

"We are thinking of upper Michigan," said Jack, telling a lie.

"Strange," he exclaimed, "but I was thinking of Michigan myself."

"We were only thinking of Michigan," I hastily interposed. "I, for one, am in favor of Wisconsin."

"And I am for Minnesota," Jim chimed in.

"They all have their strong points," Mr. Small agreed. "I hadn't thought of Minnesota, but now that you mention it, it strikes me as a most desirable country for real sport."

"You see, we don't know just where we are going," said Jack, desperately. "In fact, we never do know until we get there, and even then we are never positively certain about it."

Mr. Small was not in the least disconcerted at this ambiguous statement.

"It's truly a delightful state of affairs," said he, and his bland smile became blander. "I mean the uncertainty of the thing. We are in the same boat," and then he launched himself into conversation, and before we had known him an hour he had given us a complete history of himself and all his family.

He was a "Methodist divine," he informed us, and was off on a vacation, which he proposed to spend in the woods deer hunting. He had no idea of where he was going, nor what he would do when he got there, wherever "there" might be. Such trifles he cheerfully left to an all-wise providence.

He evidently considered us instruments of this selfsame providence, and grew greatly attached to us—so attached, indeed, that we could not shake him off. Jack said that he was the reincarnation of "Mary's little lamb," and that he had made a mistake, and took one of us for Mary.

Perseverance is a great virtue, in its place, and in the end the Parson triumphed, and extorted an invitation, or more correctly speaking, permission to cast in his lot with us. He was deplorably ignorant of everything pertaining to the woods, as his first day in camp proved. He told us that he had read up very carefully on the subject of hunting, and had gleaned many valuable ideas. It will only be necessary to mention one of them.

He had a brand new pair of cowhide boots, warranted waterproof. These boots had a squeak of their very own. Their maker must have had a patent on that squeak, because I have never heard anything exactly like it before nor since. You could hear the Parson coming half a mile away. When Sooner first heard it—But I anticipate.

He also had, among his numerous belongings, a bottle of something called asafetida. I had never come in contact with that "vile smelling stuff" before, and I never want to again. He explained to us its uses. He said that if you rubbed some of it on the soles of your boots it would attract the wolves, and they would follow the trail forever, or until you put a bullet through their heads. He only hoped that there were plenty of wolves around, because he wanted to bag a lot of them.

We said nothing, but we reveled in the joke that night. The next morning he uncorked the bottle, and a change came over the spirit of our dreams. He seated himself on a log and rubbed some of the stuff on his boots, as per directions, preparatory to an assault on the denizens of the forest. It struck our olfactory nerves at the same time. We all stopped work.

"Do you notice it?" said Jack, turning to me.

"I most certainly do," I replied. "What can it be?"

"Give it up. Strange we didn't notice it yesterday."

Jim said nothing. He merely rose to his feet, and walked around to windward of the Parson, and pointed significantly at him.

The Parson was sitting sidewise on the log, with the bottle held at arm's length from his averted face, and his legs stretched as far away from the rest of his body as possible. On his countenance there was such an expression of pained surprise, over which disgust was plainly struggling for mastery, that the truth immediately flashed upon us.

"Take it away," we shouted in unison.

"For heaven's sake, go bury it somewhere," Jack added.

"It'll drive us out of camp."

"I had no idea it was like this," the Parson wailed.

"Dear me, what shall I do? I've put some of it on my boots."

"Go take a walk then," said Jack, emphatically. "Go down to the lake and wade around. Go anywhere, only don't come back till it's all off. Keep walking around, and take the bottle with you and bury it."

"Do you suppose the wolves—"

"Don't stop to talk," Jack interrupted, "or everything will reek with the stuff."

"If a wolf got a good whiff of it," Jim added, "it would kill him on the spot. Hurry up, and don't come back until you are deodorized."

The Parson departed, odor and all, and we did not see him again until late in the afternoon. In the meantime old Hogarth had walked down to camp to shake hands with us. We were camping on his side of the lake that trip. He was the same as ever, and time seemed to have no effect upon him.

"How is Sooner?" was one of my first questions.

"Same's ever," Hogarth replied. "Reck'n he'll be 'long purty soon. He started t' come 'long with me, but got consarned 'bout a noise he heerd in the bushes, an' left me jest t' go an' see. Reck'n he'll be wantin' t' stay over here with you, 'cause him an' the old woman ain't on speakin' terms, jest now. She don't onderstand Sooner no more'n Sooner onderstands her, an' they don't git on nohow, the diffrunce 'bein' that Sooner don't give a cuss, an' the old woman gits mad's blazes, an' sw'ars she'll shoot him."

"What's wrong this time?" I asked.

"They's no tellin' what 'twas. Mos' likely jest some dern foolish bizness. Nuthin' wuth gittin' mad 'bout. But Sooner gener'ly fights shy o' the old woman when she's in 'er tantrums, seein' he's got sense 'bout some things, an' lays low fer a spell. Wish I could do like him sometimes."

Just then the subject of our conversation trotted or, more correctly speaking, sauntered into camp. He greeted us politely, but without effusion, the same blasé old fellow, save for the many scars of battle that adorned different portions of his anatomy—scars gained in his crusade against the neighbors' dogs. He inspected the camp, and his attention immediately became centered on the log where the Parson had sat. Here was something new—something he did not understand—and he looked around at us for an explanation. None being forthcoming, he followed the Parson's trail a little way, and then gave it up and came back and sat down to think about it.

At that moment an interruption occurred that brought both Hogarth and the dog to their feet. A strange creaking sound broke the stillness of the forest, a sound unlike anything they had ever heard before, and growing louder and louder every instant.

The hair rose on Sooner's back, and then he suddenly bounded forward to the Parson's log. Evidently he associated the strange sound with the stranger odor. He struck the trail, and giving tongue with the full force of his powerful voice, disappeared in the direction of the lake. The other sound ceased for a moment, only to break out afresh with renewed intensity, its even rhythmic beat greatly accelerated, accompanied by the thud of heavy footfalls.

"Fer the land sakes, what on airth kin that be?" exclaimed Hogarth, looking about for a weapon.

"It must be the Parson," I explained.

"Old asafetida, sure enough," said Jack. "I had forgotten all about him. He seems to be in a hurry."

The Parson suddenly emerged from the woods, coming on the run, with mighty strides, and looking back over his shoulder at every other step. He sank down beside us exhausted and all out of breath.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked Jack.

"I got lost trying to lose that odor," he explained. "Did you hear the wolves after me?"

"Yes. We heard them," said Jack, with a wink at the rest of us. "Were they after you?"

"Yes. They just started up a few minutes ago. No telling how long they have been following my trail, though. They made an awful noise, and they would have had me in short order if I hadn't run."

He then gave us a vivid account of his experiences during the day. Old Hogarth was one of the most amused listeners.

"Y' needn't be feared o' no wolves," he drawled, when the Parson had finished his tale, "s'long's you've got them boots on. They'd scare a wolf t' death. They'd scare any dorg but Sooner, an' he ain't got sense nuff t' git scared. Can't say's I ever heerd jest sech a noise afore. It beats me how y' do it."

The Parson looked slightly embarrassed.

"I got them pretty wet," he explained, "and that makes them squeak more than usual."

"Seem's so," the old man replied. "They must 'a' bin made out o' hog leather, they squeak so. Waal, guess I'll be moseyin' 'long home. Sooner'll most likely 'lect t' stay here to-night, seein' as he's got t' work out the Parson's trail. Ef he don't back track he orter be doo some time to-night. Waal, s'long. I hope y' git plenty o' wolves, Parson."

After Hogarth's departure we had supper, and the Parson, for one, was ready to turn in early that night.

The Parson's experience cooled his ardor somewhat, and for a few days he kept close to camp. This was considerate of him, as we did not have to hunt so far for him when he got lost. He was never out of our hearing when he had his boots on. At the end of a week, though, his enthusiasm had returned, and nothing would do but that he must have a shot at a deer or a wolf.

Sooner, strange to relate, had taken a fancy to the Parson. I think it was because he was glad to associate with some one who could give him a long start and then beat him at doing fool things. But the day came when Sooner was to regret his choice, and no doubt he was more cautious thereafter in picking up an acquaintance with strangers.

The Parson determined to go hunting, and to go alone with Sooner. We told him that if he lost himself he would have to sleep out all night, and keep walking in a circle with his boots on to scare the wolves off. He said there was no danger, and whistling to the dog, squeaked forth in search of big game and glory.

Sooner was the first to return. We espied him in the distance, and his strange behavior attracted our attention. His usual jaunty air had disappeared, and in its place he wore a downcast, dejected look, as though life had lost half its charms for him. He came and stood before us with drooping tail and lowered head.

"What is it, Sooner?" said I, stroking his head.

"What's wrong, old man?"

For answer he gave me one imploring look, and turned in the direction from which he had come, and started away, looking back over his shoulder as though he expected us to follow.

"Something is wrong," said Jim. "Probably the Parson has been up against it, and got himself into trouble. Let's go see."

"Sooner must have had a hand in it, then," I remarked. "He looks ashamed of himself."

We followed close behind the dog for a mile or two, when we suddenly heard faint cries for help in the distance. We hurried forward on the run, Sooner still leading the way, and the cries growing louder every moment. The sound finally led us down into a thick, swampy place, and there we found the Parson.

He was in a serious predicament. He was in a quagmire, and had sunk in up to his waist when we arrived on the scene. We extricated him with much difficulty, and he was forced to part company with his boots in the operation. We sat around him, and watched him try to scrape the mud off, and listened to his tale of woe.

"I don't know what you will think of me," he began, "when I tell you what has occurred." He paused a moment in deep thought. "How much are cows worth around here?" he suddenly asked.

We glanced at one another significantly. We thought that his mind was wandering, and to humor him, Jim said:

"Oh, about fifty dollars." It was merely a blind guess.

"As much as that?" said the Parson, dejectedly. "Hunting is apt to prove expensive, isn't it? Well, it might have been worse, but I am afraid that I have killed a cow."

"A cow?" we all exclaimed, in the same breath.

"Yes, a cow. It it lying over there in the swamp, near the place you found me in. You see, I am unfamiliar with the woods, and have never seen a deer running wild. Well, when I started out this morning, I had set my heart on getting a deer. I think I might have succeeded if I had had a good dog. This dog here didn't seem to enter into the spirit of the thing. He didn't hunt much. He just ran ahead, sort of sniffing around on the ground, but he really wasn't in earnest, I know. I blame him for much of this trouble, although I am perfectly willing to take my share of the blame, and pay for the cow."

"It happened like this. We were walking along in the manner I have described, and I was sickening the dog on, though he didn't seem to care much about my sickening, when suddenly he stopped short and then dashed forward into the bushes, and commenced barking loudly. I followed him, of course, and he led me quite a chase. And then, just as we reached this swamp here, I saw that he was chasing what looked to me like a deer. They weren't going very fast, and I managed to get a shot at the animal, and brought it to the ground with the third or fourth shot. It fell near the spot where you found me, and I dashed forward to cut its throat, when I fell into that mud hole."

"As soon as I realized my danger I called to the dog, thinking I might send him back to camp with a note for you. He came and sat down at a distance, and looked at me, and then at the deer. He did this two or three times, and then he trotted away and left me. His behavior was very strange."

"My feelings for the next hour beggar description. It seemed such a horrible death to die. I could not see the deer very plain—or, alas! the animal I had shot for a deer, for I soon discovered my mistake. It was a cow. The discovery added nothing to my comfort. And then you came and rescued me. But there can be no doubt about it. I have killed some one's cow."

We were speechless with varying emotions, but managed to retain a semblance of our customary decorum. We then proceeded to examine the carcass of the murdered bovine.

As the Parson had said, there was no doubt about it. He had slain a cow. Whose cow it was was the next question. Then I remembered that Hogarth owned a few head of cattle, and the truth dawned upon me. The cow had strayed far from home, and Sooner had found her and realized that it was his duty to escort her safely home again. This he had set about doing, and was no doubt happy over the thought that this would square things with "the old woman," when the Parson had stepped in and spoiled everything, and now Sooner felt that in some way he would be blamed for the direful deed, hence his dejection.

He had sat with his back turned upon us, during the Parson's narration, a silent and unmoved listener to that tale of shame. No doubt he felt the disgrace of having made himself a willing associate of such an ignoramus as his companion had proved himself to be. He still held himself aloof, and trailed along behind when we had finished our inspection of the carcass and had started back to camp.

"I shall be glad to get these clothes off," the Parson remarked as he walked stiffly along, strangely silent, with respect to his lower extremities, now that the boots were resting in their muddy grave. "I feel like a veritable 'man of clay.'"

"You certainly look the part to perfection," Jack vouchsafed to reply.

As luck would have it, when we got back to camp we found Hogarth there in person. To him we unbosomed ourselves, and although deeply moved by the tale, he agreed to break the news to "the old woman." This removed a great load from our minds, as that was a mission none of us cared to perform. We proceeded to liquidate the affairs of the Parson. He paid over forty dollars to Hogarth for the cow, and the matter became history—oft repeated history, at that, when any of us get to reminiscing, as we sometimes do.

"I'll keep the hosses locked up," Hogarth said to me in a loud aside, "till the Parson goes. He might shoot one o' 'em fer a b'ar. Guess the old woman won't be much riled, 'cause she had it in fer that caow 'cause the dern critter was allers runnin' away, an' ef they was any loggers 'round they ketched 'er an' milked 'er dry, an' that made the old woman mad. Waal, s'long. I'll go squar things t'hum."

As we were lounging around the camp-fire that evening, the Parson thus addressed us: "When I was in that quagmire," said he, "I had ample time for reflection, and I came to the conclusion that I was not exactly suited to this life. I decided that if I ever got out of that hole alive I would go back to Indiana and take a rest. A few more such painful experiences would make a total wreck of me. I think I'll give it up and go home. I'll hire Hogarth to drive me over to the nearest railroad station to-morrow."

We did not try to dissuade him, and were eager to help

him with his packing. The next morning he left, and we heaved a sigh of relief as he disappeared from view in one of Hogarth's antiquated vehicles.

That was the last we ever saw or heard of the Parson from Indiana, but though lost to sight, to memory he will be always dear.

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

One More Squirrel Hunt.

WHEN September comes I just naturally begin to think about the woods and hickory nuts and mast (beech nuts and acorns), and wonder if any "chips" are to be found under the trees. This year there wasn't any time to go and see, but the "boys" said there was no "mast" and no squirrels, so I took the gun with me 'way down to Mitchell, where they were reported to be plenty, but it was not so, and it took mighty fine hunting and lots of it to get only a few. It wasn't at all satisfactory, and when I got home the gun was put away with a sigh of regret at the thought that I was "chained to business" and might as well give up shooting for good. After a day or two I felt that I must have one more stroll through the Harris Woods, if there wasn't a single squirrel in it, just to admire the big trees once more, and to recall the many restful afternoons and glorious autumn mornings I had spent in those same woods. I took the gun along, more for company than anything else, for the report was no mast and no squirrels.

It was one of those hazy afternoons—not a breath of air stirring, and just warm enough to make one feel a trifle lazy, and the atmospheric conditions were such that the bits of rotten wood loosened by a woodpecker could be heard falling through the leaves a hundred yards away. On reaching the woods the bicycle was shoved into a fence corner behind a bush, the gun taken from the case and I began the walk along the old familiar hog path that I had followed so many times years ago. Right over there is where I got the fox squirrel as he was coming leisurely down the big oak, and over there is— But what is this? Beech nuts, and the ground almost covered with "chips." Squirrel here sure, and he will be back here for supper, and I will see him about breakfast. Further along the path is an old oak that used to be a fox squirrel den. Wonder if there is one there now? Yes; look here. A pile of walnut hulls. That is fox squirrel sign. And here are more beech nut "chips"—lots of them. There will be some shooting here about 4 to 5 o'clock this evening. Here the path begins to follow the edge of a shallow ravine, and the "chips" are to be seen at intervals all along the path. It isn't much use to look for the squirrels now, for they are keeping quiet till about 4 o'clock, and perhaps later, but I know now where they will be when their feeding time comes and begin to think there will be pretty good sport, so I sit down on a comfortable old log that has been a restful seat for me many times before to-day, and tell myself what a good time I'm going to have 'long about 4 to 5 o'clock, and just think how the old gun is going to wilt two or three squirrels with No. 7 chilled shot.

Presently there is a faint sound of squirrel barking 'way over toward the edge of the woods, and I get up and listen. It is away off to the southwest? No, southeast. It is the hardest sound to locate exactly that I ever listened to. I slip quietly along down the ravine, walking where the leaves are washed away so as to make no noise. The barking continues, and after getting a hundred yards nearer to it I have it located out at the edge of the woods, and guess he is up a sugar or a beech close to it. Can't tell which, but when I get within 50 yards, get a glimpse of him as he whisks round the tree from me. I work up within 30 yards, and the barking still continues, but he is out of sight on the other side of the tree. I know that presently he will get curious to know what has become of me, and will come round. After five minutes' waiting he whips round and shows, hanging head downward on the side of the tree, and is an easy mark. While waiting to get a shot at this one, a fox squirrel is barking off to the right of me, and after getting the gray I try to locate the fox squirrel, but he has quit barking, and I fail to get a sight of him. Another gray has begun to bark over to the foot of the bluff, and I go over there, but he quits, and I cannot tell which tree he is on, so sit down and wait for the squirrel to do the hunting. In about ten minutes he breaks out again on a tree that stands on the edge of the bluff. He is in plain sight, but it is a long shot, but as his side is toward me and there is little chance for getting closer, and there is a hole in the tree, and his next move will be to get into it, I shoot. He falls and comes to the ground some 20 feet down the bluff side and starts up the bluff. I give the other barrel quickly, but think it was a clean miss, for he goes right up to the tree and round it. I watch for a sight of him going up the tree, but see nothing of him, and conclude he has managed to reach the hole. I climb the bluff and go to the tree and find him dead at its roost. Two others had been barking while I was waiting for a shot at this one, so I go over there and wait a while, but see nothing of them.

Then I take a stroll over to the northwest corner of the woods and hear two more, but can't find them. See lots of "chips" under some beech trees, and make up my mind that there will be just three squirrels bagged right here this evening. I sit down and take it easy till 4 o'clock, and then start to go slowly and noiselessly to the various trees where signs have been noted. Over at the south side I hear a faint patter of "chips," and slipping cautiously along, presently locate the tree. Now is the time to exercise the utmost caution, for if the squirrel sees me he will immediately hide or start in a wild race over the tree tops in an effort to get to a hole. There is no need to hurry, so I approach very slowly, being careful not to make the least noise, and presently get within fair shooting distance. The leaves can be seen moving, but no squirrel, for the leaves are too thick. I think of going round the tree to get a better view, but it isn't safe, and if I keep quiet he will come in sight sooner or later, and I will get him. After a few minutes he runs out on a long, slender limb in plain sight, and is quickly brought to bag.

From here I go to the ravine, where sign was first noted, and find another one busy with the beech nuts. I get close enough, but the leaves are too thick for me to see, but not for the squirrel, for he sees me and with a terrified chatter starts down the tree with lightning speed to get into a hole some 30 feet below him. He comes so fast that I cannot take a snap shot till he is within a foot

of the hole. Evidently he is hit, for instead of going into the hole, he jumps onto a limb and in a moment his forefeet let go and he hangs by his hind feet, and a minute later falls, catching on another branch and hanging as before. While I am trying to decide whether to give him another shot he lets go and falls to the ground.

This makes four, and the bunch looks pretty nice. Got enough for a good Sunday breakfast, anyhow, but there will be some more to get on those other beeches, so I slip over there and find two on one tree. Now when I shoot one of them, the other will make a run over the tree tops for a hole, so I take a couple of shells in my hand so as to be ready for some rapid work. The first shot brings one of them, and the other is in the next tree the first jump, and racing over the treetops at breakneck speed, and I am shooting fast, the ejector throws out the empties and I can put in fresh ones. The squirrel is a good ways off, and there is only a glimpse to shoot at. I keep it up till five shots have been fired. Two of them were hits, and as he runs out on a long limb to take a big jump into the next tree he hesitates, and, of course, is lost, for there a shot reaches him that kills. Now there are six on the string, and it is getting to be a "mighty interestin'" squirrel hunt. I'll go and see about that old fox squirrel and then go home. The old fox squirrel was found on a beech, sending down a shower of chips. There were so many leaves I couldn't get a sight of him, so I shot where I thought he was, and didn't get him. He struck out over the tree tops and then the shooting began. Six shots were more than he could stand, and instead of jumping into the next tree, he jumped to the ground, and was unable to get away. He was an extra large old fellow, and probably one that I had had fun with more than once before. The string felt so heavy by the time I got home with them that I weighed them. The seven weighed 10 pounds. I was pretty tired when I got home and the gun lamed my shoulder, but say, I'd like to go again to-morrow.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Temperatures of Recently Killed Game.

IN a recent copy of the London Nature, Mr. G. Stallard prints a note on the temperatures of recently killed chamois, which will have a certain interest for big-game hunters. Quoting Mr. E. N. Buxton, who says in his "Short Stalks," "A friend of mine once took the temperature of a freshly killed chamois, and it stood at 130 degrees F." Mr. Stallard goes on to give the results of some observations made by him on this point. During the last three years he has determined the rectal temperature of twenty-nine recently killed chamois. These he divides into three classes:

A. Those successfully stalked and dropped dead by the first shot (twelve observations).

B. Those shot running (seven observations).

C. Those wounded at the first shot, but only brought to bag after an interval (ten observations).

In every case save two in the class first mentioned, the temperatures taken within five minutes of death ranged between 101.1 and 101.9 degrees, the average being about 101.5 F. But a kid four or five months old had a temperature of 103.2 degrees, and a doe wounded eight days before a temperature of 102.4 degrees.

Those which were shot running all dropped dead in their tracks, or died almost immediately. In these seven, the temperatures were decidedly higher than in the previous class. They range from 101.5 to 104.5.

In the third class the temperatures are still higher, and range from 101.7 to 106.7. Similar results were obtained by a Swiss friend of Mr. Stallard, who found that animals driven by dogs always showed a higher temperature than those stalked and killed by the first shot.

These investigations are precisely what we should expect, but they are not without interest for big-game hunters.

Texas Duck Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will the recent flood in Texas injure the shooting for ducks and jacksnipe? I suppose the salt water getting in a sweet water lake will kill the food, but do you think that if we have plenty of rain it will wash the salt water out of the marshes and the jacks will come in?

I live in Galveston, the stricken city, but thank God lost none of my people in that terrible cyclone.

We have—or did have—very fine shooting on Galveston Island, and near there Col. Moody has his fine lake. I was talking last year with one of his market-hunters and he told me that he had often killed 300 canvasbacks in a day. Col. Moody ships these ducks to New York and gets \$3 a pair for them. At High Island, Tex., thirty miles from Galveston, the duck shooting included all kinds and geese. I mean to say all the common varieties, with snow geese and brant principally, and jack or Wilson snipe. Two friends of mine bagged over 100 there after three last spring.

I prefer duck shooting, although I do shoot snipe a great deal. My best bag last spring, with a friend, was 129, at Alvin, Tex., thirty-two miles from Galveston. High Island is better for ducks and geese, although winter before last a friend and myself bagged 108 jacksnipe there on Dec. 24.

[The recent Galveston horror has no special significance with reference to ducks and jacksnipe. So far as it concerns the jacksnipe, it occurred before their time of migration from the North, and in any event their habitat and feeding grounds are outside the salt water area. As to the ducks, it does not affect them in the least.]

Warning to Battery Shooters.

IN previous years it has been lawful to begin battery shooting in Great South Bay Oct. 1, but it must be remembered that the law has recently been changed, and that Section 104 of the Game Laws as amended by Chapter 605 of the Laws of 1900 says that "Wildfowl may be taken by aid of any floating device at any distance from shore in Long Island Sound, in Shinnecock, Gardiner and Peconic Bays, and except from Sept. 30 to Oct. 10, both inclusive, in Great South Bay west of Smith's Point." Battery shooting, therefore, will not be lawful in Great

South Bay until Oct. 20, and gunners will govern themselves accordingly. This provision of the law will be found in the *Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine* for July, 1900, and, of course, will appear in the *October Brief*.

Sea and River Fishing.

An Arkansas Example.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The country lying around and south of Alma, in Crawford county, Ark., has some good fishing waters, especially the two streams known as Big and Little Clear Creek and Rosie Lake with its outlet, known as the Deep Slough. Big Clear Creek has many fine black bass, crappies, catfish and various other kinds of fish, while the small stream swarms with what is known here as sun perch. Rosie Lake is a body of water seven miles long and averages one-half mile wide. In many places the water is very deep, and the outlet, which is from 25 to 100 feet wide, in many places is 10 feet deep. These waters are alive with crappies, black and sun perch and both kinds of catfish, and in winter thousands of ducks stay in this lake and the Arkansas River, which lies just south of the lake. I have had some good fishing this summer on the slough and lake. The last time I spent an evening there I was accompanied by Harry, my seven-year-old boy, who is the most expert fisherman, age considered, I have ever seen. Arriving at the bridge which spans the slough on the road leading to the lake, we hitched our horse, and placing Harry on the bridge with a small cane fishing rod, with a medium hook and sinker baited with a fish worm, I went down to a log some 60 yards from the bridge, where I was engaged in making change to pay a darky for some bait which he had dug for us, when I heard a commotion at the bridge, and looking in that direction I saw Harry on his feet pulling with all his might and calling for help lustily, while his fishing rod was bent almost double, and just above the water rose the head of a catfish that looked half as large as the boy. The darky made a run to his aid, while I called to Harry to hold his fish above water. The darky reached him, grasped the rod and landed a 10-pound catfish in good shape. Maybe there was not one happy boy on that bridge. When I asked him how he managed to catch such a big fish he replied: "Something pulled on my hook and I thought I had it fastened to a log till I saw his whiskers sticking out of the water. Then I knew it was a whopper and I just went to pulling and hollered for help."

This ended our luck at the slough. We went to the lake and getting in a boat soon had all the fish we wanted, landed our boat and drove home in the cool evening twilight.

The people of this section obey both the fish and game laws, and as a result we have good fishing and all the quail and duck shooting that any one could ask. Quail in droves are raised all around Alma. I have a small pasture five acres in extent inside the corporate limits of Alma, and in this two broods of quail have been hatched and reared this season. Bob White sits on the fence and calls to his mate by the hour while people are passing all around him.

Leaving this section and going forty miles north to the line between the counties of Crawford and Washington, in the mountains, the squirrel hunting is as good as any one could ask. The gray squirrels are numerous and just now are engaged on the hickory nuts and acorns and on the corn where fields adjoin the woodland. I have made some good bags in the last two weeks, killing from two to six at each trip in the woods, and could have doubled this, but I never kill any more than we want to eat. Four years ago I bought a place here and made me a summer home, and each season I spend two or three months here at Brentwood and never fail to have all the squirrel shooting I want, to say nothing of the fox hunting which I have with the best pack of hounds I ever saw, and which I have kept here.

But that is another story. I am preparing to go back still further in the mountains to camp a few days, where there are some deer and wildcats, to say nothing of foxes and squirrels. When I return I'll give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM my experience and also tell them something of an Arkansas fox hunt.

J. E. LOUDON.

BRENTWOOD, Ark., Sept. 4.

The Delaware River.

MR. WM. R. HALLOWELL, who tells us in a postscript that he is sixty-eight years of age, writes from Shoemaker's Eddy, Upper Delaware River: "The fishing for black bass has not been very good here this season, on account of the river being so very low, the hot sun and large quantities of small shad and other food fish. However, I had a pleasant outing and fair sport. I 'took in' some fish. My largest bass weighed 4¾ pounds. I had one of 3½ pounds, two of 3 pounds; also my share of the small ones, from 1 pound up, and 3-pound pickerel. I had my own skiff here and fished nearly every day. I had a very pleasant outing, which did me lots of good."

The Brook Trout World Beater.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 20.—Editor Forest and Stream: Adirondack brook trout are not in it with Maine trout. We have on exhibition in this city a speckled brook trout caught last spring which weighed at the time he was taken 15¼ pounds. This trout was taken in a Maine pond, wild and unfed. He is as perfect in form and color as any small brook trout I ever saw. I think this trout a world beater. At all events, if not, I am sure the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM would be glad to know who caught a larger one.

A. B. F. KINNEY.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

ANGLING NOTES.

Ouananiche in the Toils.

A French Canadian was fishing on Lake George for pike, called there pickerel. His tackle consisted of hand line and trolling spoon. A fish took the spoon, and then followed the greatest fight our French Canadian friend ever had with a fish, for, as he afterward explained, the fish was as much out of the water as in the water, and in his long experience as a pickerel fisherman he had never known a pickerel to act in this peculiar manner. The line was pulled in by the man and taken out by the leaping fish until it was somewhat snarled, but finally, with a supreme effort, an attempt was made to yank the fish into the boat, when the hooks of the spoon broke and the fish fell outside of the boat. In the struggle the long, snarled line had also fallen outside of the boat, and into this tangle of line the fish fell and with a few struggles wrapped the line about his body until it was helpless and the fisherman hit it on the head with a club and reduced it to stupor and possession. The fish was taken ashore at the cottage of my old friend Mr. Z. I. De Long, where it was promptly identified as a landlocked salmon and the scales pronounced its weight 10½ pounds. After this, who will say there is no such thing as luck in fishing?

A Fair Black Bass.

While writing this evening, the telephone rang, and the maid said I was wanted. There was a friend at the other end of the line, and this conversation followed:

"A big black bass was caught in Glen Lake, and it is now at the Turf Exchange if you wish to see it."

"How big is it?"

"Seven and one-half pounds."

"I have one of that size on my dining room wall."

"But yours is stuffed."

"The fish you are talking about may be stuffed for all that I know."

"No; this was just caught, and it— Oh! I know what you mean now, but I think this fish is all straight."

"I am much obliged to you for calling me up to tell me about the bass, but it is not big enough to cause me to walk four blocks to see it, for I have caught larger black bass from the same lake, and have seen them up to 10 pounds in weight. Whenever you know of a black bass that weighs over 10 pounds, call me up. Good night!"

German Brown Trout.

For years I have inveighed against the use of the term German brown trout, because it was absolutely improper. As well call our native brook trout New York brook trout or Connecticut brook trout, because they happened to come from either of the States named. Over and over I have written that the brown trout is the common brook trout of Europe. In Germany it is called brook trout, and in Great Britain it is called brown trout. We cannot adopt the translation of the German common name, as we have a brook trout of our own, but we can call it by its English common name, brown trout, the trout of Izaak Walton, and the first brown trout eggs that ever came to this country came from England, though the first eggs that came here to a State or national hatchery came from Germany, and the name German brown trout has stuck to the fish in one of the State hatcheries ever since. The State of New York made a fish exhibit at the State Fair in Syracuse, and when I reached the building where the fish were and read over one of the tanks, "German Brown Trout," I felt that I was wounded in the house of my friends, as well as stabbed in my vitals. It required but two seconds to pull down the cards bearing this misinformation, and it required at least five minutes to talk to the man who prepared the cards and put them over the tanks, and the tail end of the talk was that such an offense should be deemed just cause for the dismissal of the offender from the service of the State.

Effects of Restocking.

Coming from Syracuse to Albany on the Lake Shore Limited, I sat at dinner with Senator John Raines, when he told me that fishing in Canandaigua Lake had not been so good in many years as it was at the present time, and he read to me some scores made by lake trout fishermen, and said that with little effort a man could take 20 to 50 pounds of trout in a day with hook and line, and this condition he credited to the efforts of the State Commission to restock the lake.

Harry W. Watrous, ex-president of the Lake George Sportsmen's Association, whose summer residence is Camp Inn, near Hague, on Lake George, is credited with catching a lake trout of 24 pounds in Lake George. This is a much larger trout than was ever before taken from the lake, 19 pounds being the record up to the time that Mr. Watrous made his catch.

What a Few Fingerlings Will Do.

THREE years ago the United States Fish Commission assigned me a carload of fingerling landlocked salmon to be planted in Lake George, N. Y. Hon. Wm. R. Weed, then one of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commissioners of the State, heard me speak of the assignment and asked that a few of the fish be sent to Spring Pond in the Adirondacks. This is a pond about half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, and situated not far from Bog River. I did not know anything about the suitability of Spring Pond for landlocked salmon and I thought the Commissioner knew no more than I did; but when the United States fish car reached Albany a clerk in the office of the Commission who had never taken charge of a shipment of fish was detailed to meet the car and take a few salmon to Spring Pond. Two hundred and sixty fingerling salmon were planted in the pond and I imagined that this would probably close the incident; but I am very glad to say that I was wrong in my surmise, for Mr. Weed has told me the past season that several salmon had been taken from the pond weighing between 2 and 3 pounds, and one evening lately Mr. Charles Sisson, of Tupper's Lake, met me in a club in Albany and told me of the stocking of an Adirondack lake with salmon; that a dozen or more fish up to 3 pounds had been caught and that more had been seen, and

it was considered that the pond was well stocked with this species of fish. It finally developed that he was speaking of Spring Pond, in which the 260 fingerlings, the only plant, were deposited. Even now I can find out nothing about the food conditions in the pond, but it is evident that the salmon are thriving, for 3 pounds at three years is a fair rate of growth. The same species of fish, when planted in Lake George, grew to 6 pounds in weight at three years of age, as they had an abundance of whitefish food and other food to grow fat and large on.

To Mr. Hough.

Last Friday, which was yesterday, I had a desk cleaning in Albany, and to my astonishment I found in a pigeonhole a sheet of FOREST AND STREAM with the date June 23. In blue pencil at the top was written, "Will Mr. Cheney answer? E. Hough." What he desired answered was indicated in blue pencil below. How long that sheet has been in my desk or how it came there I cannot say. My stenographer was off on a vacation and no one in the office could explain why what was probably sent to me personally should have been opened by a clerk, for I did not open it and it was never called to my attention by the person who attended to my mail in my absence.

Mr. Hough wishes me to answer some queries about fish wheels and screens to prevent trout from running up stream, and I did not happen to read his notes of that particular issue of FOREST AND STREAM. If it is not too late I may say I have had no experience with fish wheels for the purpose indicated, but fish screens can be made to answer the purpose if the inlet stream can be confined in a trench or sluice of wood; or you may call it a raceway. The screens should be double, so that when one is lifted for cleaning the other would remain in place and keep the fish from running up stream. Above the double screens there should be a third screen of larger meshed wire to catch heavy drift that may puncture or otherwise injure the double screens during seasons of flood. Over the double screens there should be a hood projecting down stream. Otherwise the trout when the impulse seizes them to go up the current will jump the screens. In stock ponds at the State hatcheries the red-throat trout are the worst offenders in this respect, but all species will qualify as hurdle leapers when the desire is strong upon them to go up stream for spawning purposes. Last summer such an arrangement as I have described was made for a hatchery in the North Woods, but in this case I put in two sets of double screens some distance (about 15 feet) apart. The inlet stream was confined within a race for a distance of 25 feet, the sides of plank being at right angles to the plank bottom. The screens worked in grooves in sides and bottom. Beginning at the up stream end was the single screen of heavy wire and large mesh, 5 feet from the up stream end of the raceway. This was to hold dead limbs, for it was in the forest, and other floating materials of a heavy nature which could be removed or raked from the screen before it was lifted for cleaning. Five feet down were the first double screens, and 15 ft. further the second set of double screens, each set about 1 foot apart. This space of 15 feet was to be covered to make a spawning race when it was needed. Above the raceway a dam was built across the stream with one spillway leading into the bed of the stream and then into the race, and on one side a second spillway, with a gate on a lower level to draw the water down from the pond if it ever proved to be necessary in time of flood to relieve the pressure on the race. The water from the second spillway would, when the gate was opened, flow around the race and re-enter the stream below it. This was simply a precaution against flooding.

As to the second query, I cannot understand why a man should require any apparatus to take spawn from trout 3 or 4 pounds in weight. If the spawn taker has a good hold of the tail with a yarn mitten on his hand and the head of the fish under his arm he should be able to take the spawn without injury to the fish. In this State, when the men are taking muscalonge eggs and get a 30 or 40 pound fish, a second man bears a hand in holding the fish; but muscalonge of 40 pounds are much more passive at spawning time than they are in the legal open season when they are hooked at the end of a trolling line, when it requires a strong harness to hold them. In this State an unusually big fish at spawning time needs only the hands of the spawn taker's assistant, and it is common for the men to handle alone much larger fish than those mentioned by Mr. Hough. If Mr. Hough's friend will dispose of his big trout and breed from fish up to three years of age he may not get as many eggs per fish, but he will get stronger fry and the aggregate of eggs can be brought up by breeding a greater number of smaller fish and there will be no need for any apparatus to hold the big trout while taking spawn.

There is, however, a box used to confine salmon when taking spawn. I described it several years ago in FOREST AND STREAM as something designed by the late John Mowah for this purpose. A cut was made by FOREST AND STREAM of the box from a drawing I sent with my notes, but it was overlooked and never used, and this may be a good time to fish it out and run it. The box was made long and narrow and open on one side and at one end. The other end had a hood into which the salmon's head was placed. Midway from the head to the foot was a strap to hold the fish in place, and the sides of the lower end of the box were cut away in parts for convenience in stripping the fish, which was placed belly up in the box. The last annual report of the U. S. Fish Commission for 1899, just issued, has two half-tone cuts of such a box with a salmon in it in the position for spawning, so I have gained something by waiting, for had I replied to Mr. Hough last July I would not have been able to refer him to the illustration in the Fish Commission's report, for the volume came only yesterday. In fact, I wondered if this was another coincidence.

Salmon for Salmon River.

In connection with my notes on the fishways in Salmon River, N. Y., I think I said that it was generally understood that the planting of fry which resulted in a run of fish last year was made in 1895 or '96, and the U. S. Fish Commission has promised to give me a memorandum of all the salmon planted in this stream. I was

of the opinion that a plant of salmon fry was made in Salmon River long before '95, and I will back my memory on matters pertaining to fish, when I know it is not worth one sou for other things. This evening, after a diligent search, I found one record of a planting of salmon in Salmon River on May 14, 1884. Forty thousand fry were planted from the Long Island hatchery from eggs furnished by the U. S. Fish Commission. That year 443,700 salmon fry were planted from the same station and all but the 40,000 mentioned went into the Hudson River. I planted a good part of these myself, and now I wish they had all gone into Salmon River.

Last week Mr. Von Bayer, the engineer and architect of the U. S. Fish Commission, met me in Syracuse, and after a visit to Salmon River and an examination of the same he made all the measurements necessary for preparing plans for four fish passes. The lowermost dam is to have an improved Cail fishway, the improvement being made by Mr. Von Bayer, and the other dams will have covered chutes, with arms to return the water and ice heads to prevent the chutes from being carried away or injured. The U. S. Fish Commission was kind enough to give Mr. Von Bayer leave of absence that he might visit the dam and prepare the plans for the construction of a fishway with his own improvements. The appropriation was small—less than half that in an ordinary fishway bill—but it will suffice to build the four fish passes, and I hope that six weeks hence I can say that they are completed.

Caddis Larvae.

Having answered the queries propounded by Mr. Hough to the best of my ability, I will return the compliment by asking him a question. He says on the sheet of FOREST AND STREAM already specifically mentioned: "One discovery Mr. Wood made which is of interest. He found his trough full of little sticks of wood at which his baby trout nibbled eagerly. He broke open the supposed sticks and found each to be the case of a big grub or worm. Breaking up these things, he found his trout eagerly eating them. Then he discarded liver and the like and fed on these larvae. He had no dead lake trout after that, and this last year he raised nearly the entire hatch, whereas last year he lost half."

Indeed this is of interest, but I would like a few frills added to the bald statement that baby trout were fed on caddis larvae. How old were the trout when they were first fed on the larvae?—for they cannot eat solid food for some little time after the yolk sac is observed; and if Mr. Hough will turn to page 109 of the report of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission for the year 1895 he will find the figures of an assortment of caddis cases—shell, bark, sand, wood, etc.—and also an enlarged caddis worm; but I had a line put by the side of the enlarged figures to show the exact length, and a foot-rule will show that the line is three-fourths of an inch long. Baby trout will eat the worms all right enough, but they must be larger than fry that have just absorbed the umbilical sac. Furthermore, how many trout were reared on this kind of food, and how big were the trout before they took the case and the worm in its entirety? Adult trout do not require to have their worms shucked, and I once explained in this paper that trout with sand in their stomachs did not take the sand for ballast, as was claimed, but had been eating caddis worms encased in sand.

Last season a friend furnished me with a lot of caddis larvae from his private trout pond to transplant for trout food, and recently I mentioned the great flight of caddis flies that I found on the Niagara River and a similar flight on the St. Lawrence; but I would hesitate about taking the contract to supply caddis larvae for two or three millions of young trout in the State hatcheries; and as for breaking up the cases, I fear the men would elect to grind liver instead, even if the larvae could be procured in abundance. If the liver, after grinding, is forced through a fine sieve to remove all stringy portions, there should be no great danger of killing young trout—at least there is no trouble of that sort in the New York hatcheries. Caddis larvae is a great food for trout and other fish, and there are some fifteen species of caddis flies, and while I have advocated the transplanting of the larvae to stock waters where the insect is not found naturally, I never heard of feeding larvae in a hatchery to young trout, and the man who has an abundance of this food in his hatchery is fortunate; but I fear it will not serve to feed fish on a great scale; but if it will I desire to know more about the details. The expression "Found his troughs drifted full of little sticks of wood" is confusing. Supply pipes to a hatchery trough should not admit sticks of wood, for every effort is made to keep the water free of foreign substances by using screens and cheese cloth; but troughs are certainly the abiding place of trout fry after they are hatched and for a part of the time that they are fed on liver emulsion. This subject of natural food is one of the hobbies I ride, and Mr. Hough will place me under obligations if he will get from his friend more of the details of how the larvae is procured, prepared and fed to the trout, as well as the age of the trout that he feeds.

Rescuing Trout.

The streams in Sullivan country have been extremely low in the vicinity of the State hatchery at Rockland, N. Y., and the men from this hatchery have been engaged in rescue work. With the streams running lower and lower, forming pools with only threads of water between or no water at all, no one could tell when or where the drought would end or what might become of the trout left in the pools, so the men went to work taking the trout from the pools and conveyed them to other streams or parts of the stream where they would be safe. This work was continued until rain came and raised all the streams in that vicinity to a degree that made the trout in them safe for the present.

Steelheads in Tuxedo Lake.

Mr. Edwin Clark Kent writes me an interesting letter concerning the steelhead trout in Tuxedo Lake, supplementing which I have already quoted from a letter of Mr. Stokes, also a member of the hatchery committee of the club. I quote from the letter in part:

"You will be interested in knowing the result of our

experiment with steelheads. They were put into the lake late in 1898 and were then over two years old and about 7 inches long. They were not seen during 1899, except that I heard of two being caught. Last spring they bit very freely and were then about from 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 pounds weight, and I was told of some 2-pounders, but I am not sure that they were weighed. I consider this ratio of growth simply astonishing. They are a very strong, hard fighting fish, stronger even than the salmon, and that is very high praise.

I have at last become positive that the salmon are breeding in our lake. Numbers of fry have this summer come down through the hatchery supply pipe. As the mouth of that pipe is at least 40 feet below the surface of the lake, the fry must stay in very deep water. Have you noticed that peculiarity in other places, viz., that the little salmon and steelheads are rarely seen? I believe that since we have had salmon at Tuxedo, some six years now, not more than ten fish have been taken under half a pound in weight."

I do not know about the young steelheads from personal knowledge; for I do not know of any being taken from or seen in the waters where I have planted them. I sent some to Long Island, and Mr. Edward Thompson, who was then Shellfish Commissioner, told me that at two years they rose eagerly to the fly. As to the landlocked salmon, for this is the fish Mr. Kent refers to, it was said in New Hampshire that when they were planted in new waters it was rare to take one under 5 pounds in weight, and this I found to be the general belief on Lake Sunapee, in that State. The salmon were first planted in Lake George, in the State of New York, in 1894, and three years later the first one was taken and weighed 6 pounds. The first one was taken in Lake Champlain three years after the first plant of the species was made, and it also weighed 6 pounds. Since that year (1897) a considerable number have been taken from both lakes and I have failed to hear of a single fish weighing less than 5 pounds. But one swallow does not make a summer, and what may be true of Sunapee, Tuxedo, Champlain and Lake George may not be true of other waters, and yet it may help to form an opinion regarding the salmon, its growth and first appearance on the hook that will stand until disproven by further evidence, and that to the contrary. Certainly no higher praise can be awarded to the steelhead as a game fish than is contained in Mr. Kent's letter that I have quoted.

A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Pickerele.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 21.—Mr. H. R. Reed, Western representative of the American Review of Reviews, is just back from a fishing trip to Otter Lake, Minn., with his brother-in-law, Mr. L. S. Coe. They had rattling fun with the pickerele of that little water, taking some 60 pounds daily, with spoon and frog bait. Mr. Reed is just branching out into the angling industry, and is taking very kindly to it. He and Mr. Coe are enthusiastic over pickerele fishing and are now in a fair way to go after bass pretty soon.

Trout.

Mr. B. L. Taylor, of the Chicago Journal, who was mentioned as going up to the north shore country of Lake Superior last July, was in at the FOREST AND STREAM office this week, looking for another tip, and I have sent him up to Fox Lake, Wis., where I send almost all the broken down Chicago newspaper men whose health needs a change. Mr. Taylor says that he had splendid sport up in the Superior region. He camped about fifteen miles from Grand Marais, and fished waters of which he never heard before—rivers with cañons and waterfalls to them, and above all rivers with plenty of 2-pound trout to them. He took all the fish he wanted and says the country is an ideal one for camping out. He has tried the Isle Royale fishing and thinks that for trout a Western man really must go to the Superior country. He looks very well after his trip, but declares he is in need of another. We all know how that is.

Illinois Fish Commission on Seines.

President Nat. H. Cohen, of the Illinois State Fish Commission, sends to this office an article which he recently had printed in a Peoria paper, replying to certain strictures upon the work of the Commission. He puts the matter succinctly enough from the point of the Commission, and no doubt the food work must always take absolute precedence over the game fish propagation. But as to those carp—well, the sportsmen of this State are not yet quite ready to forgive and forget. Mr. Cohen goes on to say in his newspaper article:

URBANA, Ill., Sept. 8.—A recent article in the Star published at Peoria, Ill., in respect to fishing in the streams of the State, and especially in the Illinois River, brings so palpable an indictment against the Illinois Fish Commission and against the laws for the protection of fish, and so grossly misrepresents the situation of an important industry of the State, that an authoritative reply seems fairly demanded in behalf of the interests of the people.

As introductory to what I have to say, I quote the following from the article in question: "The time has come when the State of Illinois ought to prohibit all seining in the waters of its rivers and lakes. If it does not adopt this measure it will soon have no fish to take with hook or line. The time was when the Ohio was filled with fish, but seining having been permitted that river is now denuded and there is no fish to be taken."

This sounds well enough to the ear of the uninformed, but it is wholly erroneous. The fact is the Ohio River never was a fish propagating stream because its current is too rapid to favor spawning. Originally its stock of fish was replenished from the spawning in the tributary streams, but in later years the sewage from the cities along its banks has practically ruined the Ohio as a stream for game fish. This, and not seining, accounts for the present conditions in that stream.

In regard to the Illinois, it may be said that it is in fact the greatest propagating river in the country, and this for several reasons: First, it has an average of say not to exceed one-half inch of fall to the mile for a total distance of 200 miles—probably more now since the accession of the great volume of water from the Chicago drainage canal, but still an unusually small fall. Before the drainage canal water was admitted, however, the Illinois always has had immense overflows, which spread out over thousands of acres, and which give the fish from ninety days to four months for spawning undisturbed before the waters again recede within the banks of the stream. The drainage canal has added 4 to 6 feet to the average stage of water in the river, and a greater spawning area than ever, and it is therefore proportionately a better fish spawning stream. I think I may safely say that now, with an absolutely closed season against hooks and lines, seines and all other devices, covering the brief period from April 15 to

July 1 each year, the Illinois and its tributaries would have immensely more fish than they ever had.

But this is all the protection required. Seining under existing regulations for the rest of the year would not only do no harm, but would be necessary; and here are the reasons: Eighty per cent. of all the fish in the Illinois River are kinds that cannot be taken with hook and line. They do not take the hook. They must be taken with nets, and cannot be taken otherwise. If seining were not allowed these coarse fishes—the buffalo, carp and a few others which propagate with enormous rapidity—would soon become so numerous that the stream would be kept constantly muddy, and the game fishes, in which anglers are most interested, would be obliged to abandon it. Game fishes will not habitually inhabit muddy water. Thus the proposed prohibition of seining would ultimately not only ruin the sportsmen's interests in the Illinois, but it would greatly damage those who depend on the coarse food fishes for the larger part of their subsistence.

But, as I have already suggested, these coarse food fishes constitute by far the larger part of the fish in the Illinois River and taken therefrom. In the report of the Illinois Fisherman's Association for the year 1899, it is shown that of 11,205,516 pounds of fish taken at twenty different points on the river in that year 9,476,144 pounds were of carp and buffalo, which must have been taken with seine. As these figures apply to or are derived from the work done at only twenty points it seems reasonable to say that they cannot represent more than half the annual fish catch of the river, at the most. The black bass is really the game fish of the Illinois; but in the year covered in the report just mentioned only 70,221 pounds of them were taken, as against the 9,476,144 pounds of these coarse food fishes, really the poor man's fish, which cannot be taken except with nets. Yet we are gravely told that seining in the Illinois and its tributaries ought to be prohibited. Such a regulation would practically destroy the employment on which 5,000 to 10,000 people between La Salle and Grafton depend for livelihood, and the shipments from whose catch bring into the State from \$750,000 to \$1,000,000 in money every year. It can very safely be assumed that Illinois will not take any such foolish and unjust step.

But the Peoria paper referred to says "the seines have killed off the pickerel and wall-eyed salmon" in Illinois. The statement is not justified. To begin with, these fishes are migratory. Two dams on the lower river—those at La Grange and Campsville—prevent them from coming up stream annually to propagate, and the pollution of the water has killed off the supply in the stream above, and this explains the scarcity of these fishes on the parts of the river above mentioned.

The Star article very confidently assures us that an acre of water properly cared for will produce more food than 160 acres of corn. Evidently that depends on many circumstances. There cannot be any truth in it unless the reference is to an acre of water artificially furnished with fish and food for them. Even then of course it would require high skill surely to make this acre compete with 160 acres of corn, which in my county this year, at current prices, will yield about \$3,200 worth of human food. But we are dealing with natural, not artificial, conditions, and in the natural conditions you may find fifty acres of water where there are no fish, simply because there is no fish food, and then an acre where fish are abundant because fish food is abundant. What the law, and the Fish Commission in the execution of it, undertake to do is to preserve these natural conditions as perfectly as consistent with the convenience of civilized men and their ever increasing industrial enterprises. To undertake more would be folly.

An argument thus shown to be faulty in its general premises is not entitled to much consideration in the portions in which it passes criticism upon the Fish Commissioners as a body. The Commissioners serve without pay. They give much time, a good deal of experience, together with the best abilities they have, to the discharge of the duties imposed upon them, and do it for love of the work and for the advantage of the public. In the distribution of fish alone they have added immensely to the working facilities of large numbers of poor people who take the living of themselves and their families from the waters of the State. The Commissioners cannot hope to secure the complete enforcement of the law. Many of the obstacles in the way are utterly incomprehensible to any one not experimentally familiar with them. They cannot justly be held responsible for the failures of the fish wardens. These officers are appointed almost uniformly on the recommendation of local people, and they receive their appointments on the well grounded belief that they will make efficient men for the place they are asked to fill. The Commission insists on the obedience to the law as it is, and hopes the next Legislature may see fit to so amend it as to provide a close season extending from April 15 to July 1 of each year, a step which I think I have already shown would immensely multiply the fish supply in the waters of the State.

NAT. H. COHEN,

President Illinois Fish Commission.

The Park Again.

Col. J. S. Cooper, whom I name to be a sportsman second to none in the West on his record of unselfish labor for a common good to sportsmanship and to humanity in connection with the proposed national park in upper Minnesota, is at this writing still absent in Minnesota, where he went the first week of September for an outing in his beloved pine woods. Col. Cooper is by no means done with his fight with the Minnesota lumbermen over this park project, and it is by no means a foregone conclusion that he will lose his fight. It will be remembered that this measure has passed the Senate and that the committee stands appointed there. It has never been turned down by the House, but only denied debate, because it was feared to be too strong to turn down. It will go very hard indeed if Speaker Henderson shall not see it expedient to allow this measure to come up sometime during this coming season, and when he does it is well nigh sure that the measure will pass in the House, as it did in the Senate. It is to be hoped that this will be the case, not only on account of the actual public benefit that will result, but on account of the principle of the thing. The sportsmen of America have fought an uphill fight. They have met nothing but discouragement. It would be a handsome case of poetic justice to see this blue-eyed old man, not so young as he once was, but just as vigorous and hopeful, succeed in what is really the dearest object of his ambition.

Mr. Jos. Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., writes: "Am just returning from my White River, Colo., country trip of eighteen days. We enjoyed good sport, both shooting and fishing. Had all the venison, trout and grouse we could use in camp. The trout were much larger than those taken in the earlier season last year. I think my buck much larger than that killed by Gov. Tanner."

A Forest Fire in the Rockies.

Does any one who has not seen such a thing know what a forest fire may mean? No; it is something which does not compose in cold type. Yet here is a description of such a fire, which I find in the initial number of the Rocky Mountain Magazine, of Helena, Mont., over the signature of my old friend and college companion, Arthur J. Craven, now a successful attorney at Helena. Mr. Craven took a trip over into the Rosebud country after trout and there he met that grand old man of the mountains, Uncle Bill Hamilton, of whom all Montana is justly proud. It is pleasing to know that Uncle Bill is still well and hearty, that he is as interesting as ever, as kindly and as much disposed as ever to draw in the sand his maps of the Montana that was once before the white man came, and which could not be altogether altered by his coming. Of Uncle Bill one could write long and lovingly, for he is one of the few real old-timers who are sterling; but it is of the forest fire that we were to speak:

"On the afternoon of our fifth day at the lake," says

Mr. Craven, "something happened. Some campers, with their families, forded the channel the evening before and camped on the eastern shore of the lake a half mile from the cabin. About 2:30 in the afternoon these people became hungry. The morning catch of fish was in camp, but had to be cooked before eaten. A strong wind was blowing from the southwest. Their former camp-fire had bared a safe place in the center of the little park where they had pitched their tent, but it was windy there. So they struck a match and started a fire close to the small pines on the south edge of this park, so the smoke would not blow in their eyes. But the smoke did blow in their eyes, and this tiny flame, thus ignited from the match, with which to heat the bottom of a frying pan, conspired with the winds to burn up the world. This tiny flame, dancing on the end of a sulphur match, like an imp from Hades, scorned the menial service of a pot boiler; reached up its yellow arms into the thick, resinous foliage of the young pine, ran the height of the taller tree in a trice, leaped like a squirrel out upon the emerald floor of the ballroom inlaid with the tree tops of the adjoining grove and there waltzed in rollicking measure with Zephyrus, with whom it is said there has existed a dangerous flirtation ever since Prometheus brought down his ardent, red-headed goblin from the heavens.

"The flames crept up the mountain, and were there caught by the full force of the gale and soon developed into a general conflagration, in which height and depth were covered with red surges that raced and roared like a tornado. Frequently the fagots would be hurried by the wind, like a skirmish line, several hundred yards ahead of the general advance of flame, which, on striking a forest, especially of the same general height, would sweep from the lake shore to the highest summits with the roar of an explosion, and there leaping and lashing into the sky would disappear over the mountain.

"Uncle Bill was with us at the cabin when the fire began, but made a quick half mile to the scene of the trouble on little Snow Ball, the veteran racer among the cowboys, and soon summoned all hands not needed to protect the cabin and our camp.

"A few minutes showed the utter futility of any further endeavor to extinguish the fire, and we then lined up along the edge of the grass land, determined if possible to save the meadow to the north and east of the cabin. By this time the entire range to the east was a billow of flame. The squirrels and grouse, losing all fear of man, came rushing by us into the meadow, while the deer among the ferns of the gulches far to the northeast instinctively recognized the heralds on the wind and broke into flight. And none too soon, for up those gulches the flames burst with the thunder of the ocean and licked their summits miles away, with a crashing uproar positively appalling.

"We walked home in the evening across the meadow in the weird, uncanny glamor which well became this criminal desecration of nature, and listened, on the way, to some very choice philosophy from Uncle Bill. This man has lived among the mountain solitudes long enough to be gifted with the quality of individuality—a rare possession, which, unfortunately, is now nearly extinct. His rugged common sense sticks out of his speech like the ledges of rock on a mountain side. 'Some people,' said he, 'need evolving for a thousand years before they would have enough sense to go to a kindergarten'—a proposition which is here respectfully referred to the many perplexed students of sociological and political problems.

"It should here be recorded that a Federal Grand Jury at Helena found that no one was to blame. No blame on the part of anybody for the damage to the ranchmen below, no blame for the alarm signaled that night from the mountain tops to the cattlemen fifty miles away on the Yellowstone, who fought the fire off the ranges night and day for a fortnight; no blame for the destruction of thousands of dollars of machinery belonging to the prospectors; no blame for burning up millions of feet of lumber; no blame whatever for the desecration of this fair region, which nature uplifted and mantled in grandeur and splendor for the inspiration of the earth-worn and the weary!

"No; a Federal Grand Jury effected a permanent organization by placing a cuspidor in the center of the room, equidistant from the chair of each distinguished member, and proceeded with the regular order of business of dispatching the Marshal for a few mangy Indians who had got a little cheer into a dreary life out of a bottle on the reservation; and then, after purifying the mails and rescuing the timber lands on the public domain from the piratical depredations of a few homesteaders intent upon a little fire-wood and a few fence posts, they indulged in low comedy in masquerade. They took up this case and concluded no one was to blame. One member suggested that it was the fault of the wind; another that the campers were not to blame for getting hungry; while a third, wiser than the rest, blamed it on the fish—no fish, no fire. Until finally a very wise old sage, learned in the law, who was once a justice of the peace, on a carpenter's bench in Indiana, summed up the case and logically relegated wind, fish and hunger back to the Almighty as the *causa proxima*, and so they declared it was the 'act of God' and found an indictment against Providence."

E. HOUGH,

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Keuka Lake.

CATAWBA, N. Y.—I send you a photo of a catch of Great Lake trout or togue, caught by two anglers just off this hotel, a few days since. Will Dart was their guide. This picture speaks for the fishing at the present time without any comment. I would advise any anglers coming here for lake trout to bring half a dozen small Archer spinners, as bait is the thing they are taking at the present time. A great improvement in the mode of angling has taken place in Keuka during the last couple of years. Instead of lines thick enough to hang clothes on, the anglers are using enameled lines with 9-foot single-gut leaders, so that with this light rig it requires some skill to bring a 10-pound trout to the gaff. I saw at least a dozen taken this morning off the bluff that would scale from 7 to 10 pounds.

JAMES CHURCHWARD.

The Ballade of the Bass.

WHEN the dewdrops bright in the dawning gleam,
And the dimpling waters in beauty shine;
When the breathings of morn with odors teem,
With my rod and reel and a silken line,
And a feathered hook of quaint design,
I stand on the bank in the dewy grass,
At the foot of a giant Norway pine
And cast the fly for the gamy bass.

When smooth as a mirror are lake and stream,
And the shady pools hold the quiet kine,
With the lilies afloat in a noontide dream,
I lay down the rod and reel and line
On the shelving shore, and grandly dine
In the sylvan shades that far outclass
The dwellings of man; then lie supine,
And muse on the fly and the gamy bass

When the setting sun, with his crimson beam,
Transmutes the waters to ruby wine;
Again I return to the glowing theme,
The glory of rod and reel and line;
And there in the hour of day's decline,
As the exquisite moments swiftly pass,
With a joy that no language can define,
I cast the fly for the gamy bass.

L'Envoi.

No joy, dear fellow, can e'er be thine,
Like the curving rod and the whistling line;
Then let us pledge in a brimming glass
The far-cast fly and the gamy bass.

ZERO.

Fishing at Etretat, France.

ABOUT 150 miles north of Paris and seventeen miles northeast of Havre, looking out upon the English Channel, is the quaint and interesting fishing town of Etretat. True, it is more of a summer resort for Parisians, and the Casino is a more pretentious club house and far more populous than the "fishermen's club" on the beach, which is merely the group of wooden capstans used to haul out their boats, just as they were used by the Gallo-Romans many centuries ago. Still fishing is the principal industry, and it has brought and is now bringing more than a competence to its followers.

The bay is little more than an open roadstead, limited at each end by a high precipice underlain by sandstone profusely mixed with flint. Pinnacle rocks stand sentinel-like at the outer points, and irregular arches have been formed by the wearing away of the softer rock, causing semi-detached portions to take on a form resembling flying buttresses.

The beach is destitute of sand; it is made up of coarse pebbles and small, rounded boulders, chiefly derived from the tall cliffs. It inclines steeply and forms a shallow crescent from north by east to northwest. The bottom slopes off very rapidly, and depths of eight or ten fathoms are found a few hundred yards from the shore.

On the crest of the beach are seen the dismantled hulks of old unseaworthy boats now roofed with thatch or boards, opened at the side and stern by doors, and serving as storage places for nets and other fishing appliances temporarily out of commission. A little lower down are the active fishing and sailing craft, hauled high out of the reach of the great tides.

On the same level are located the bath houses and sun cabins of the pleasure seekers. Back of the crest the Casino, the hotels, the fishermen's dwellings and many pretty villas come into view. Trees, grass and flowers grow luxuriantly close to the sea, and the valleys, extending to the east and southeast, are rich in verdure.

Etretat lies to a great extent below the sea level, and until within little more than a half-century ago it was frequently submerged by tides or inundated by torrents rushing down from the hillsides after heavy rains. There is now at the northwest edge of the town a submerged river which supplies the fresh water needed by the washerwomen, and makes of that portion of the beach a natural wash reservoir. Holes are dug in the gravel to the depth of two or three feet, and these fill up and remain full of water ready for the clothes, although it is not warm.

The presence of this outflow of fresh water suggested the ancient oyster parc (or series of connected ponds) still moderately well preserved, although not used at present except for the storage of oysters from Marennes, Arcachon and other celebrated artificial ponds. The oysters are kept in long, rectangular boxes pierced with holes to allow the entrance and escape of water. Mussels are stored here in the same way. The ponds are left with only a little water in them between tides. Their excavation in the solid rock must have involved much severe labor.

The boats are short, broad, deep, with little sharpness of bow, a small stern and a strong, iron-shod keel. They carry a square mainsail, a small "dandy" at the stern and a little jib, supported above a short bowsprit, which steps into an iron collar at the left side of the stern. The mainmast is well forward in the bow. The lower rudder iron is very long, so that the rudder can easily be hung even in rough weather. The Etretat fishing boat is a rather clumsy looking craft, but it lives in severe storms, and brings back its cargo and crew, which are the main desiderata after all.

When a boat lands on the beach, it is quickly hauled high up from the water line out of the reach of the flood tide, which sometimes reaches 15 feet or even more. The stem is pierced, low down near the keel, with two holes, one above the other. A rope is fastened in one of these and the other end is passed round the drum of a windlass on the shore. The levers of the capstan are pushed or pulled by men, women and children who happen to be at hand.

The fish are sold at public auction alongside the boat by which they were taken. At the present time all kinds are dear except sharks, dogfish, small skates and conger eels. The good fish include soles, turbot, *dorade*, *rouget*, dory, bream, bass and mackerel. The *dorade* looks like a scup, and resembles it in taste. The *rouget* is very much like our common sea robin—it is sweet and firm, but so is

our sea robin to those who know its good qualities. The bass resembles the American striped bass rather closely, although its stripes are not well defined. It is not so good for the table. I am informed that it reaches the weight of 10 or 12 pounds here, and I have seen bass of that size in Paris.

The best and dearest fish here is the sole, and it is high priced because of its scarcity at this season. In June the sole is plentiful and cheap. The lobster is another costly luxury at present, and perhaps at all times. Speaking of lobsters reminds me of the fact that the giant specimen which weighed 33 pounds and was at one time living in the New York Aquarium is now on exhibition at the Paris Exposition. I regret to say that the Europeans almost without exception regard it as a stupendous fake, notwithstanding the printed assurance on the label of its genuineness.

It seems scarcely probable that the liking for a French oyster is anything but an acquired taste. The shell, to be sure, is symmetrical and the meat looks plump and appetizing, but at the first trial the effect is much like that produced by a green persimmon. There are people, however, who like, or profess to like, the European oyster better than the American, and to all such the writer will gladly contribute his share. The little black mussel that grows on the rocks near at hand is a different article, and it is distinctly good for the table. It is usually boiled or steamed in the shell and served in that condition with butter sauce. The flavor is excellent.

Shrimp of fair size are very abundant, and may be bought on the beach either fresh or boiled. The rock crabs of the tide pools and the deeper waters near shore are known as *tourton*. They resemble the common rock crab of New York waters very closely, but grow to a much greater size. Specimens weighing 2 pounds have been seen by the writer, and fishermen say they sometimes attain to a weight of 4 pounds. The nearest counterpart of this *tourton* is perhaps the giant crab of the San Francisco markets.

The shore appears to be barren at first sight, but if one searches among the sea weeds and rocks at low water he will find an abundance of snails, periwinkles, limpets and small crabs. Doubtless a systematic search with proper appliances would reveal many other marine forms of animal life closely similar to those found on the New England coast. In looking over the debris shaken out of the trammel nets used in fishing, a small blenny, several sea urchins, some starfish and a number of finger sponges were discovered.

Aquatic birds have been very scarce. Occasionally one sees a moderate sized flock of ducks far off shore, flying always to the westward. Gulls make their appearance only rarely. In former years the tall cliffs were frequented by guillemots and other sea birds for nesting purposes, but their persistent and senseless persecution by armed fools drove them away forever.

Etretat is not without means of gratifying those who are fond of sailing and fishing. Parties go out every fine day and find plenty of amusement. The mackerel is taken not far off shore, and the bream and bass live near the rocks. Some of our friends tell us that the excitement is not so fast and furious as in the black bass waters of Wisconsin, but we are going a-fishing soon to determine just how far an angler 4,000 miles away from his favorite fishing grounds can be relied upon to give the English Channel its due.

TARLETON H. BEAN.

ETRETAT, France Aug. 30.

Stocking Lakes with Fish.

A WINSTED dispatch announces the placing of a quantity of large-mouthed black bass in Highland Lake; also in Lake Waramaug and in Twin Lakes. The work was not done by the State Fish Commission, but by private persons, who obtained the fish from the National Fish Commission.

There is nothing whatever to be said against the disposition of private individuals to take the trouble of stocking public waters with good fish, but it may possibly be well to suggest to all who have this in mind that they take advice from the State Commission before acting, because it often happens that some particular piece of water offers special opportunities for a certain kind of fish that will not thrive everywhere. At Twin Lakes, for instance, there is already a fair supply of bass, but the lakes are adapted to supply lake trout, landlocked salmon and one or two other fish that will not live in smaller or shallower ponds. The Fish Commission has done something toward stocking with these fish, but much more should be done, and this work should take precedence of further stocking with black bass, especially the large-mouthed variety. It is probable that these fish could have been obtained from the Government instead of the bass.

Besides this there are sometimes good reasons against stocking with certain fish. If at any place there has been much trouble in enforcing the law against using nets it can hardly be good policy to stock with fish that can be taken only with nets, because the use of nets to take them will make it practically impossible to prevent netting other fish. Cases of this kind have occurred. It would not be good policy to allow any indifferent person to place such fish in such a lake. A trout pond may be ruined by the introduction of pickerel. Thus for many reasons it is desirable that stocking should be under the advice, if not the direct control, of the Commission, which is expected to be familiar with all such conditions.—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

The Maine Waters.

Sept. 24.—Smelting along the Massachusetts bays and inlets is already good and promises soon to be better. Cool, frosty nights will increase the sport. Mr. Geo. Higgins, of Cohasset, came up the other day with a good story of how the smelt are running. He made an early start last Monday morning and caught forty dozen smelt in three hours' fishing. He says that the sport was great. The next day he went again and caught seven dozen, not caring to fish very long. He somewhat interested his friends here and they are planning smelting parties.

Both trout and salmon are rising to the fly at the

Rangeleys and Moosehead. Salmon of from 3 pounds to 9 pounds are reported being taken at Haines Landing, Mooselucmaguntic Lake. Messrs. Parrott and Maynard, of Boston, and Mr. Hobbs, of Bridgeport, Conn., have been on a shooting trip to the Upper Cupsuptic waters. They went up almost to the Canada line, camping at night, with bears about their camp and the cry of the Canada lynx to be heard almost every hour. Deer were very plenty. They talk of visiting that section again for deer hunting. From Kineo come great reports of big game in the Moosehead region and the great "back country" of which Moosehead is the gateway.

Richardson Lake, Me., is being drawn down at the rate of about 6 inches a day to supply the mills on the Androscoggin below. Mooselucmaguntic and Rangeley are still full of water. This drawing down of the water in fall is bad for the fish. The trout and salmon go up into the shoal water, at the mouth of the streams, to spawn. If the water is drawn down the spawn is lost. At the Upper Dam some of the big trout are in the pool and are being taken. Mr. Seth Chandler, of Lewiston, Me., took a trout of 6 pounds there Monday and Mr. G. B. Bearce took one of about the same size the same day. Cobbosseecontee hunters and fishermen are having good sport at that lake. The Belgrade hotels and fishing camps are still reported full. But at the Rangeleys the fishermen are gradually winding up their lines and saying farewell to one of the best fishing seasons ever known.

SPECIAL.

Celebrating a Birthday.

ON a certain day in the latter part of August the fishing fever seized me, and it being also my father's seventy-fourth birthday I quit the grindstone at 3 P. M. and caught the 3:03 car for a small station on the Suburban road. After leaving the car I had a short walk across the fields to the beach where my father had preceded me, having driven over with his horse.

He had a skiff in waiting, and after catching several "mummies" with a baited net we pulled away for the buoy, reaching it in fifteen minutes, the wind and tide being in our favor this time. We anchored away from the other boats and close to the buoy, where we have had good luck before on an incoming tide. Biting was slow, but after awhile I felt a fish (I was not using a float) and struck, and we soon had a fine squeteague in the bag over the side. We picked up a straggler occasionally until just as the sun went down in a purple haze that tinted sky and water we had five heavy fish in the bag.

About this time the other boats began to pull up anchor and head for shore, and as they went by us reported their luck, varying from nothing to five—the latter boat had five people in it, two of them ladies. As they left us alone in the dusk the fish began to bite good, my father taking four in succession, making our score ten, with honors even. It was now a race to see who would take the odd fish. It fell to my lot and I played and landed a good fish and then took my rod apart and let my father fish what time was left to see if he could not tie me again, but the fish had stopped biting.

We had had fine sport, but the best of all was to see my father, with white hair and bronzed face, fight his fish, sometimes standing and sometimes sitting, with light rod and reel, giving and taking line until the net was passed under the victim and one more fish was put in the bag. As it grew dark and a fish was landed he would ask: "Had I best throw over again?" I put on a fresh bait for answer and soon the whirl of the reel told that another 3-pound squeteague was making his first rushes, and as I look back upon it I see one fishing trip that was not a failure.

S. S. B.

The Fisherman's Story.

He sat at the door of his shanty,
And gave his whiskers a wipe;
And scanned the sea for a moment,
And then began to pipe:

"'Twas a cold, raw day last winter,
And the wind, with an angry roar,
Ripped everything into ribbons,
And pounded the dreary shore.

"And we was out in a dory
Ach! with hunger and cold,
Till we all seemed shrunk to nothin',
And, gosh! how the mad sea rolled!

"We couldn't land in the billers
Without bein' battered to death;
We gasped like wolves with hunger,
As the nor' wind froze our breath.

"Then suddenly out on the water
There bobbed up somethin' black,
While all on us looked in wonder—
For it warn't no big fish back,

"Because it frizzled and sizzled,
And smoked right out of the wave;
We rowed for it, all on us frightened—
Our hunger made us brave.

"We soon hauled it into the dory,
And what do you think, by Jove?
It warn't no big sea monster,
But a fine little kitchen stove.

"The pipe was a-stickin' upward,
And the lids was on in line;
And we warmed ourselves around it,
For the fire was goin' fine.

"Then stillness fell on the waters,
And the big storm all went down;
And we ate from the pan in the oven,
The turkey nice and brown."

And then he said in conclusion,
With an awe-inspired "alas!"
"It simply beats all thunder
Some things what comes to pass."

Overcome by his great emotion,
He gave his whiskers a wipe,
And lapsed into awful silence
While he pulled away on his pipe.

—New York Sun.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Dream of a Fiddler.

NAGEEB FIANI, whom the Syrians of Washington street call "the greatest violin player in all the world," has gone away with a sideshow to play for dancers. The night before he left the quarter he dreamed a strange dream; in the morning he told it to Khabi Khayat, who used to be an editor, and Khayat told it to many people; now everybody thinks that the dream proves Nageeb Fiani to be the "very greatest player in all the world." Khayat said to them: "Who but a great player could dream such a dream?"

Fiani did not want to go away with the sideshow; he is tired of the roving life, and would much rather be a guard on an elevated train. "What you theenk?" he said. "Can I get job on elevator train? Sure, I spick Eenglish! I am spick good enough, anyway." So Fiani would rather stay at home; that is why, no doubt, he dreamed the strange dream.

The player thought he was in a lonely waste place, in the hot twilight; and the light faded fast. He had his violin with him, and sat down to play; but he had no heart for playing, it was so very lonely. Suddenly a great lion leaped out of the far-off darkness, and came bounding at him, its mouth wide open, its roars fearful to hear. Then Fiani was near paralyzed with fear, but, by a great effort, he managed to get the violin to his chin, and the bow on the strings; then he began to play, and played as he had never played before; and so enravishing was the music that he forgot all about the lion and thought only of the sweet strains.

When Fiani looked up again the lion was standing near him, the light of rage gone out of his eyes. So, as Fiani played, the lion crept closer and put its head on the player's knee, and there went to sleep.

Then, out of the darkness, there came, also, a woman, walking as though under the spell of the sweet music; and she was young and very fair. When she saw the lion she cried out, and turned to run away; but Fiani cried: "Oh, beautiful young lady, do not go away! Do not go, but come. The fierce lion will not hurt you so long as I play."

Then the young lady came confidently and sat by Fiani's side; and the lion awoke, and when it saw her beauty it changed its place to her side, and again fell asleep. So Fiani played sweetest music for many hours; and it was not lonely there at all. But by and by the young lady rose to go; and she sped quickly into the darkness out of which she had come. Thrice he begged her to return; and at the third beseeching she was lost to sight, and the lion was with her. Then Fiani put his hand to his forehead in lamentation. The violin dropped to the hard ground, and then it was shattered into one million pieces; and the noise of its breaking awoke the dreamer.

This dream Khabi Khayat translated for Fiani to a reporter for the Evening Post, and Fiani asked that it be printed in the newspaper, because it was too fine to be known only to one man.—New York Evening Post.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

- Oct. 30.—Senecaville, O.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's sixth annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 7-8.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 20.——Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.
Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.
Nov. 20.—Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 22.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. Barret Gibson, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Training the Hunting Dog For the Field and Field Trials.

(Continued from page 231.)

III.—Natural Qualities and Characteristics.

THE natural instincts of the dog and his manner of seeking prey are by the sportsman designated as natural qualities. The term is used more in connection with field trial competition, to distinguish between what is natural and what is educational.

Like other members of the carnivorous family to which he belongs, the dog is a meat eater. In securing a food supply, he naturally takes to the pursuit of other animals which are his prey. His teeth are large, strong and sharp, are set in correspondingly heavy, muscular jaws, and his digestive organs also denote that he belongs to carnivora. He possesses extraordinary fleetness of foot, bodily activity, courage, great powers of endurance, keen and discriminating functional powers of nose and a high degree of intelligence in his sphere of life, all of which are qualities essential to his existence in a wild state, and in domestication highly prized by man.

Without a high degree of intelligence, the possession of his destructive bodily powers would be of little value to him. All would be worthless if he were brainless. Intelligence and knowledge are essential to him both in respect to attack and defense. However, his every act denotes that he has the intelligence and the capacity to acquire such knowledge as he needs. He plans craftily, executes according to his plans, or changes them to con-

form to varying circumstances. His acts are marked by great courage and dash when in pursuit and attack, and by great prudence and activity when he flees from danger. He possesses a certain sagacity in recognizing a superior force and in refraining from the attack when the disadvantages are too great for probable success.

Singly, he does not hesitate to attack smaller animals than himself; larger animals he prefers to attack with the aid of his fellows—that is to say, as a pack. A brief experience suffices to teach him which parts are the most vital of the animals he pursues as prey, and he inflicts injury on them accordingly. Different dogs employ different methods of attack, according to their powers; for instance, a large dog, battling with a woodchuck or other small animal, rushes in, catches it in the middle of the back, crushes in its spine and ribs, paralyzing and killing it quickly. Not possessing the power to kill in such summary manner, the small dog seizes by the throat, shakes the woodchuck till it is dazed and unconscious, and holds on till he slowly kills it. If he is not strong enough to shake it, he holds fast by the throat, thereby insuring the least possible injury to himself while inflicting the greatest possible injury to his prey, as this hold simultaneously attacks the jugular, the windpipe, many important nerves, etc. The fact that dogs employ so many different methods of attack is alone sufficient to prove that they possess reasoning powers.

Dogs, fighting in packs, perform at their best in securing their prey. Two dogs, fighting conjointly, making common cause against an animal, are relatively far more destructive than they are fighting singly, for while one engages the enemy in front the other has a comparatively unhindered opportunity to bite and maim the rear. Several dogs in a pack therefore are exceedingly formidable when battling against other animals. They time and direct their efforts most intelligently in support of each other and in defense of each other. In the concerted action of all in the attack on a large animal, each may perform quite a distinct part, yet all their efforts are directed to the attainment of the same end. Some may engage the animal in a sham attack in front while others, behind, hamstring it, or tear its flanks. Turn as it may, the attack is incessantly maintained, and every vulnerable point is seized and injured till the animal weakens. At the proper juncture the pack closes in on it and then the end soon comes.

In their methods of pursuing and capturing their prey all dogs possess many traits in common. Some, however, have special qualities for one kind of pursuit, some for other kinds, and these peculiarly fit them for the service of man when he attempts pursuit himself. The foxhound has the speed, stamina and nose so essential in the most successful pursuit of deer and foxes. Man is deficient in these qualities, so he appropriates the efforts of the dog to his own use. The greyhound has the dashing speed and determination which enable him to catch the swiftest hares or wolves, etc., in a short pursuit.

Setters and pointers are particularly prized by man for their natural impulse to hunt game birds, and the natural methods they employ in their efforts to capture, for it so happens that the methods employed by the dog for himself are equally useful to man when employed in his service. As setters and pointers are naturally of an amiable and deferential nature, diverting their efforts to the purposes of the gun is not a task of great difficulty.

The contention made herein that pointing is implanted in the dog by nature for his own benefit, and that it is but one detail of many others in the exercise of his instinctive efforts to obtain a food supply, is opposed to some exceedingly venerable teachings on this subject. That the reader may have a better understanding of the ancient speculation concerning the origin of the act of pointing, and at the same time the exalted importance of man, as determined by himself, the following excerpt is quoted from Stonehenge, whom the public, in his day and for some years afterward, accepted as an authority on this point:

In his work, "The Dogs of the British Islands" (edition of 1867), he writes: "As some difference of opinion appears to exist with regard to setters, we have determined thoroughly to satisfy ourselves as to their origin and best form, and we have called all the best authorities to our assistance. We propose to place the result of our labors before the public, and to add our own conclusions.

"There is no doubt that the sport of hawking was known and practiced by the ancient Britons, and that the Roman was totally ignorant of the science; but the invader at once came to the conclusion that the system might be improved and introduced the land spaniel, if not the water dog also, into this country.

"These dogs roused the game, and this was all that the hawk required of them in those early days; but in after years, as we shall see, dogs were required to point, or, in the language, of the quaint old writer, 'Sodainely stop and fall down upon their bellies,' and having so done, when within 2 or 3 yards, 'then shall your setter stick and by no persuasion go further till yourself come in and use your pleasure.'

"At first, then, without doubt, the spaniel was merely used as a springer for the hawk, which was subsequently neglected for the net; and the propensity of the dog to pause before making his dash at game was cultivated and cherished, by breeding and selection, until at last, gratified by observing the action of the net, he yielded his natural impulse of springing at all and set or lay down to permit the net to be drawn over him. After this the hawk trained his spaniel to set; then he cast off his hawks, which ascended in circles, and 'waited on' until his master roused the quarry from its concealment, when she pounced upon it like a pistol shot.

"When used either with hawks or for the net (especially in the latter case), a far heavier dog answered the purpose than what we call a 'high-ranging setter.' The net enveloped a whole covey in its meshes and few manors would allow of many coveys being taken in a day; whilst the disentangling the birds and securing them allowed time for the heavy dog to rest and regain his wind."

As further bearing on this point, he refers to it again in the same work, in the chapter on the Sussex spaniel, as follows: "About the year 1555 a Duke of Northumberland trained one 'to set birds for the net,' and soon

afterward the setter was produced, either by selection or by crossing the Talbot hound and spaniel."

From the implication in the foregoing—for the origin of the setter as well as the act of pointing are therein only matter of implication—it was but a short step for later and more superficial writers to assert that the setter had a spaniel origin, and that the act of pointing had its source in the training of a few dogs to lie down while a net was spread over them and the covey which they had found. Could anything be more inconsequential in the explanation of a simple subject than that in 1555 an unknown Duke trained a Sussex spaniel "to set birds for the net and soon afterward the setter was produced, either by selection or by crossing the Talbot hound and the spaniel"? As to the origin of the setter, there is but one sensible conclusion—that is to say, we do not know what it is. Up to the time of Col. Hutchinson there were few authors on canine subjects who wrote from their own practical experience, and fewer still who had proper discriminating powers of mind. They accepted all the absurdities, conjectures and vagaries of the first writers as being good matter of fact, and did not hesitate to repeat them as being true. By the simple process of dint of repetition, it has come to be a general belief that the pointing instinct originated as told in the net-and-dog story, or as implied by it, for it does not assert it. In fact, it admits the existence of the instinct, as shown by the remark "and the propensity of the dog to pause before making his dash at game was cultivated and cherished, by breeding and selection; until, at last, gratified by observing the action of the net, he yielded his natural impulse of springing at all," etc. That is precisely the case to-day, if we substitute the gun for the net and interpret the loosely written description for the facts. The dog of to-day has naturally the pause before making his dash to capture. He only forbears springing as a consequence of much training, and after he observes the success of the gun on the one hand, and being firmly denied the pleasure of springing on the other hand, we come to the ancient and modern belief wherein he is "at last, gratified by observing the action of the net," etc. The ancient writers were, moreover, handicapped by overweening belief in the sublimity of man, and the special creation of all the lower animals for his benefit.

Considering setters and pointers from the same unprejudiced standpoint from which we would consider tigers, wild dogs, cats and rats, etc., we observe that they possess the hunting instinct and the knowledge of the best manner of hunting, to the end that they may obtain a food supply. In a wild state their existence depends on their ability to pursue and capture. The hunting instinct and the manner of its exercise were no more implanted in the nature of pointers and setters to please or profit a man with a gun than was the like instinct, etc., of their wild congeners, the wolves, dingoes, etc., implanted for the same purpose.

Setters and pointers, though their names might seem to indicate otherwise, display no essential differences in their methods of pursuit and capture, nor in their choice of prey. They delight in hunting rabbits, squirrels and other small animals, and prefer them to game birds as an object of pursuit. It is not at all a difficult matter to break a dog from hunting birds, and not infrequently the amateur accomplishes this result unintentionally and unexpectedly by punishment in his mistaken attempts to train, the result being an unfortunate condition called "blinking."

Not infrequently it is a task of extreme difficulty to break the dog from his passionate fondness for hunting rabbits. He for a time will disobey commands, ignore punishment and strike out independently to gratify his fondness for chasing them. On their trail he gives tongue merrily and flies along at his topmost speed, through punishing brier or muddy swamp, never feeling fatigue while the ardor of the chase is upon him. He uses no special craft in pursuing a rabbit, and if he tried he could not well be noisier. Still there is no need then of craft and silence. Both pursuer and pursued are on their feet on the earth's surface. The former boldly utters his cry of pursuit and deadly purpose, striking terror into his prey; the latter is silent and uses his best powers to escape.

But in the pursuit of birds the dog changes this method radically, for, befitting as is the noisy method for hunting the rabbit, it is wholly out of place for hunting birds. The latter have wings, and the dog soon learns that, if they are alarmed, they use them, and that, when once awing, they are safe. He consequently must so direct his efforts that the birds will not be alarmed, and, indeed, so that they will not even suspect his presence if he is to compass his purpose. Therefore the merry cry of pursuit and the reckless dashing through brush and open, so useful in the pursuit of the rabbit, no longer have place.

The setter and pointer, when seeking birds, range about till they strike the trail; then they follow it carefully, silently and alertly. As the setter nears the birds and the scent gets warmer, he feathers; his eyes glisten; his jaws open tremulously; he crouches as he draws nearer, and mayhap he may drop to the ground for a moment; his nerves and muscles become tenser in anticipation of the approaching spring into the concealment of the birds and the resultant bloody ending. The pointer exhibits the same phenomena, except the feathering.

The nose of the pointer or setter is his highest organ of sense. It has wonderful functional powers, and by experience he acquires equally wonderful powers of discrimination in its use.

He follows the trail accurately by his powers of scenting. When he has drawn near to the birds he has a new problem to solve; he must accurately determine the whereabouts of the birds in their concealment. If he cannot do so, his skill and silence in roading them avail nothing. The birds have probably discovered that an enemy is about and have sought the most convenient cover for safety. When near to them he sets, stands or points, terms which denote the same act; he is in a position to spring to the extent of his capabilities; his eyes are set but are nevertheless keenly alert. If he is not quite sure of his distance and the location of the birds, he moves, perhaps taking a better advantage of the wind and ground, and points again. Satisfied at length that he has made his calculations correctly, he springs from his point with wonderful agility and generally with

admirable precision, succeeding frequently in catching a bird before it can get well on the wing, or before it can disentangle itself from the cover in which it sought concealment.

If he has erred in his calculations by not using his nose truly he may spring from his point in a wrong direction, possibly thereby making a failure of the effort. Yet when the birds rise the dog's eyes come into service, and if he errs on the first spring he may readjust for the second, and if there are any laggards or weak birds he still may succeed in capturing one. If he captures and is permitted to dispose of the bird as he pleases, he forthwith eats it with great relish. The fox observes a similar method when he attempts to capture grouse. The cat, too, exhibits analogous methods in its attempt to stalk small birds, etc., trusting, however, more to the sense of sight rather than to the sense of smell.

Many centuries ago man observed this trait of the dog and learned that, by restraining it to limits which did not permit of the spring to capture, it could be usefully applied to his own purposes in the pursuit of game birds.

Ranging, roading, pointing and the knowledge and crafty application of them which comes only from experience, the trainer cannot supply. The majority of amateurs, however, start on the mistaken theory that they must not only teach the dog how to work to the gun, but how to hunt birds. Dogs so taught, or rather so untaught, become abjectly perfunctory. They lose all independence of action or purpose, and look to their trainer for orders at every turn. They have lost all idea of initiative and therewith nearly all of self interest; consequently they are more or less listless and slothful in manner and are devoid of ardor and industry.

Let the puppy range and locate the birds in his own wild way. Let him alone. What if he flushes and chases? All the better. A puppy which will not flush and chase at first is a marvel if he is worth owning. Left to himself, the puppy learns to locate quickly and learns the kind of cover and the nooks wherein the game frequents. With more experience he will modify his puppy ways, and at all events the qualities useful to the gun have been developed and are in proper form for the schooling to the gun. Developed in this manner, besides having a knowledge most useful in the service of the gun, he will have dash, enthusiasm, persistence and that very desirable quality commonly called "bird sense," which the dog acquires for himself, and which the trainer could not impart to him otherwise if he devoted a lifetime to it.

The foregoing contains a description of the general and essential principles employed in the best development of setters and pointers to their best hunting in the service of the gun, and the proper theory on which to conduct their training. They are essential to the field dog, but under no other conditions is it possible to develop the field trial dog; for while the imperfect field dog might give reasonable satisfaction to a shooter, the imperfect field trial dog in competition would suffer according to his imperfections.

B. WATERS.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. T. W. Samuels, Secretary of the Kentucky Field Trial Club, under date of Sept. 21, writes us as follows: "The Kentucky Field Trials Club will hold its inaugural trials at Glasgow, Ky., Nov. 27, 1900. Entry blanks now ready and sent upon request."

In our business columns this week, Mr. Theodore Sturges, Secretary of the Continental Field Trial Club, Greenfield Hill, Conn., announces the conditions governing the club's All-Age and Subscription stakes. The latter is open to all setters and pointers, regardless of previous winnings. Subscription, \$25, payable Oct. 15. It is transferable to any one in good standing with the club. The All-Age entries close on Oct. 15. The club's trials will be run at Newton, N. C., commencing Dec. 3 with the Derby.

Yachting.

THE yachtsmen of Lake Ontario have been busy of late over the new cutter Gloria, which, though in many details decidedly under the requirements of the scantling table in use on the Lakes, has nevertheless made a most successful voyage across the Atlantic and up the St. Lawrence. The yacht came into Toronto, after merely the ordinary cleaning up and painting of topsides at Halifax, with no more signs of wear and straining than if she had merely sailed up the lake from Kingston—in fact, no one who examined the construction would imagine that she had been on the ocean for six weeks in very bad weather. The opinion has been expressed, not only by professional yacht sailors but by some of the better-informed yachtsmen as well, that such a practical test as this should entitle the yacht to enter the Lake races regardless of the size of her scantling.

This view of the matter is perhaps natural enough in those who have given no particular thought to the subject; but it is superficial and crude in the extreme. The object of the scantling restrictions adopted on the Lakes in 1897 was not merely to secure the building of strong yachts, but to exclude the specially costly methods of construction adopted on the coast and in England in the purely racing classes. The idea as expressed at the annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes in the fall of 1896 was that the yachtsmen of the Lakes were not prepared to give up the general type of yacht then in use, of a strong and reasonably light construction such as could be had at moderate figures from the local builders, and to pay the extravagant prices which the lightest class of construction commands both on the Atlantic Coast and in England and Scotland. The feeling at the time was that as conditions were and must be for a long time, it would be a loss rather than a gain to Lake yachting if the local builders were neglected and the racing limited to a few lightly built and very costly racing machines imported from salt water.

It was distinctly stated at the time in the discussion that lightness and strength were not incompatible, provided that cost was no object, but the general opinion

was that the gain in speed through extreme light construction, even though the yacht might be amply strong, would be of no material value in a fleet used quite as much for cruising as for racing; and that the added cost would be a serious injury to the sport. The possibility of just such a case as that of Gloria was discussed—the bringing to the Lakes the outclassed and outbuilt yachts from the seaboard—and at least on the part of those present at the meeting the feeling was that such was not desirable.

The coming of Gloria is an accident and of an altogether exceptional nature; the yacht was built in the most expensive manner, and apparently without regard to cost, for an international match, which she won. Her owner subsequently became financially embarrassed and she was sold by his creditors at a time when, owing to the war, the values of yachting property in England were at the lowest point ever known. In addition, being of necessity built to the rule and class of the Union des Yachts Français, she is just enough over the limits of the 52ft. L.R. class in Great Britain to be barred from racing there. Her present owner bought her expressly for cruising and has no desire to race her, nor has he made any complaint against her exclusion.

For one such yacht as Gloria on the sale list there are twenty which both in model and construction are unsuited for the uses of the Lake yachtsmen, giving no accommodation for cruising and, even though strong enough to stand the ordinary strains of two or three years of racing, lacking in that ultimate strength and durability which fit them for many years of useful life.

Experience has shown that it is quite possible to build a weak hull that is fully up to the literal requirements of the Table of Scantlings, and on the other hand that it is just as possible to build a hull that is amply strong—for at least a limited period—in which the scantling is much below the limits of the table. In the case of Gloria the frames are all of steamed elm, of very small size, but the entire framework of the hull is braced and stiffened by a system of hollow steel braces between the bilge stringers and deck stringers and between the keelson and the deck beams. The skin is thin, but it is all of mahogany, the inner as well as the outer, and very thoroughly fastened with copper rivets. The result seems most satisfactory so far as even hard sailing is concerned, for a limited period; but it is hardly to be doubted that the full life of the yacht will be materially shorter than that of the yachts of heavier construction built on the Lakes.

There is one point which is worthy of serious consideration. The welfare of yachting on the Lakes depends in a great measure on the presence of good local builders who can turn out first-class work of a certain grade of moderately light all-wood construction at a cost within the reach of yachtsmen of moderate means. There are some of these, but none too many, on the Lakes to-day; and in the interests of yachting at large they should have every possible encouragement. The only protection they have to-day is the Table of Scantling, though some of them are not yet wise enough to recognize the fact. With it abandoned or even weakened, they may look to see their productions beaten out of sight by even the unsuccessful of the outclassed racing machines of New York and Boston, bought at low figures, and, if fin-keels, as many are, shipped to fresh water on a freight car.

THE decision in the Mineola-Yankee protests, made public last week, has been looked for by yachtsmen with more than ordinary interest, owing to previous protests in the new class. It is a disappointment to find that the committee does not deal with what was really the more important of the two fouls, as well as the more conspicuous one; but the decision of the committee that at the time of the second foul one of the two boats was by virtue of the first foul legally out of the race is a sound one in every way. It is known that the case has been a difficult one for the committee to deal with, it being necessary to hold a number of meetings and to take testimony on both sides. To one who is familiar with the case only through the published decision of the committee it is not an easy matter to give a final opinion as to its merits. At the same time, after a careful study of the report, we are of the opinion that the decision is a just one; and certainly the report itself is clear, explicit and unequivocal in its meaning. In this respect it is a useful addition to those precedents that are really stronger than the rules themselves.

The first foul, the only one which can be considered, is simple enough in its principles, the difficulty arising only from the several claims of Mineola's protest and the conflicting evidence on both sides. The analysis of the case by the committee seems a fair and correct one, and so far as we can judge from the small portion of the evidence quoted in the report, the decision is just.

THE death took place at Southampton, on Sept. 5, of William O'Neill, the well-known racing skipper, at the age of fifty-two years. O'Neill was born at Kingstown, Ireland, his father before him being a yacht master. His first command was the 40-tonner Myosotis, in which vessel he greatly distinguished himself, having charge of her six seasons. Next he had the 89-ton cutter Cuckoo, belonging to Mr. R. K. Holmes Kerr, for two years, and then Mr. Hedderwick's famous 40-tonner Annasona, which was top of her class in her maiden season, while in her second she was again the champion, with twenty-nine first prizes. O'Neill entered the service of Mr. John Jameson in 1883 with the first-class cutter Samena, in which he again scored heavily, and then in Irex, when he was even more successful. In 1890 Iverna was built, and, although she did not do great things in her first season, in 1891 and 1892 she proved the leading cutter of the day. In 1893 Iverna's winnings were small, for Britannia was in full swing; however, she won a stake in a private match with Meteor (née Thistle), then owned by the German Emperor. Among the trophies won by O'Neill with Irex was the Cape May challenge cup, brought home from America by Sir Richard Sutton's cutter Genesta, and which Irex wrested from Genesta in the race from Cowes to Cherbourg and back.—London Field.

MR. AND MRS. C. OLIVER ISELIN returned to New York last week on the Majestic after a six months' visit

to Europe. In answer to interviewers Mr. Iselin disclaimed all knowledge of a coming challenge for the America Cup or of any preparations to meet a possible challenger.

Jolly Roger and Scamp.

A SERIES of match races will be sailed this week on Long Island Sound between the Boston raceabout Jolly Roger and the New York raceabout Scamp. It is unfortunate in one way that the latter, selected as the representative of New York, was designed by Mr. Crowninshield, a sister boat to Jolly Roger and built in Boston; but as her owner, Johnston De Forest, is a New York man, one of the best of the younger Corinthian contingent, there will be a certain amount of intercity rivalry and the races will probably attract much attention. The first two will be sailed on Sept. 26, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, from the Indian Harbor Y. C., Greenwich. The following is from the Boston Globe:

On Sept. 14 B. B. Crowninshield's keel raceabout Jolly Roger arrived at Monument Beach, Buzzards Bay, where she found Cyrilla and Quakeress hauled out and pot leaded, all ready to give her a warm reception. Saturday morning the first race was sailed with Cyrilla under the auspices of the Beverly Y. C.

In a light air Jolly Roger got the best of the start. The wind was light to moderate through the race and very light at the finish. When the breeze freshened Cyrilla picked up, and when it lightened Jolly Roger regained her advantage, and she finished in first place.

In the afternoon about the same conditions prevailed, and Jolly Roger again won. This settled the series between these two boats and Jolly Roger held the field with the stimulant of victory to help her in succeeding races.

Monday morning Jolly Roger tackled Quakeress, also a centerboard Herreshoff production, owned by W. F. Harrison, which has held the championship of Buzzards Bay for two seasons. The series was also held under the auspices of the Beverly Y. C. Again the air was light and Jolly Roger came out victorious.

The next race was sailed Monday afternoon in a drifting air and Quakeress turned the tables on the Marblehead boat. The final race was sailed Tuesday and Quakeress was again victorious, winning the series. This race, like the others, was sailed in a very light air.

From the work of the boats the deduction has been made that in a very light air Jolly Roger can beat the Buzzards Bay boats, and Mr. Crowninshield is of the opinion that in a strong breeze the same results would be obtained. Both Cyrilla and Quakeress are longer on top than Jolly Roger, and in a moderate breeze, when they can just get their ends into the water, they can beat Jolly Roger both at windward work and in reaching.

But it was a contest of designers, between Crowninshield in the east and Herreshoff. The Herreshoff production carried off the honors, and no matter what the conditions the credit belongs to him.

Next week Jolly Roger will tackle the cracks in Long Island Sound. Her principal race will be with Scamp, owned by Johnston De Forest, and the champion of Long Island Sound. Scamp and Jolly Roger are sister boats and the contest between them should be more than ordinarily interesting.

The first race will be sailed Wednesday at Indian Harbor, and if a final race is necessary it will be sailed on Saturday. Mr. Crowninshield is taking no chances on these races and has had Jolly Roger hauled out for a thorough overhauling and a coat of black lead.

Besides her series with Scamp, Jolly Roger will meet C. H. Crane's Raider, and here will come another contest between designers. Another race will probably be arranged with Colleen, to be sailed either Saturday morning or afternoon at Indian Harbor.

On Monday, Oct. 1, Jolly Roger will meet Mr. Bedford's Sis at Bridgeport. This will be the last regular match race, although it is probable that the Marblehead boat will have a chance to take part in several impromptu scraps before she is hauled out.

Yacht Racing Union of North America.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—The annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of North America will be held at the Yachtsmen's Club, 47 West Forty-third street, New York city, on Saturday, Oct. 6, at 4 P. M.

A committee consisting of Mr. Clinton H. Crane (chairman), Mr. Ralph N. Ellis and the secretary has been appointed to revise the racing rules of the Union and will make a report at this meeting. The committee will be glad to receive communications from representatives upon the matter of changes in the rules up to the date of the meeting.

A meeting of the Council will be held at 2 P. M. on the same day and at the same place.

Attention is called to the rule requiring a quorum of fifteen representatives at the general meeting and of five members at the Council meeting.

FRANK BOWNE JONES, Sec'y.

Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.

THE annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes will be held on Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2 P. M. at the St. Clair Hotel, Detroit, Mich. The officers for 1901 will be elected and the general business of the Union will be transacted. Thus far no notice has been given of any proposed changes in the rules. The present chairman of the Union is C. E. Kremer, of Buffalo, and the secretary-treasurer is J. E. Burroughs, 309 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Royal Canadian Y. C.

TORONTO—TORONTO BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

THE Royal Canadian Y. C. sailed a race for the 30ft. class on Sept. 15, the old Burgess cutter Wona beating Sylvia, a comparatively new boat. A dinghy race was also sailed, the times being:

	30ft. Class—Start, 3:00.	Finish.
Wona	4:40:10	
Sylvia	4:41:06	
	Junior Dinghy Race—Start, 3:25.	
T. C. Barber	3:58:30	
E. Gooderham	4:00:00	
G. Chadwick	4:01:07	

Lysistrata.

As a fitting successor to two old steam yachts, notable in their day—Polynia and Namouna—the new yacht just launched for Mr. James Gordon Bennett under the name of Lysistrata is a novelty even in these days of marvelous craft. With other minor features she is notable for a contract speed of eighteen knots in sea service and a combination of the naval and yacht types in her hull and rig. She was designed by Mr. George L. Watson and built by W. Denny & Bros., Dumbarton, Scotland, being launched on Aug. 28. Her length over all is 310ft., l.w.l. 285ft., breadth 40ft., depth of hold 21ft. 6in., tonnage 2,082, Thames measurement, making her smaller by a few tons than Valiant, the largest yacht afloat. The hull is of steel, with twin screws, driven by a pair of triple-expansion four-cylinder engines, 23, 38, 42 and 42 by 30in. The four boilers have working pressure of 200lbs.

In appearance the yacht is a marked departure from the conventional Clyde steam yacht and also from the new type recently developed by Mr. Watson in Varuna, Margarita II., Mayflower and Nahma, in which the bulwarks are carried up to form the sides of the deck houses. Lysistrata has a perfectly plumb stem, a beautifully moulded yacht counter, and a straight but fair and harmonious sheer, the entire form of the hull from the keel to the rail showing the hand of the artist-shipwright. The deck house is of the conventional form, with a passage on the main deck at each side, but both bow and counter are covered by turtlebacks. The deck house, nearly 200ft. long, gives a large amount of accommodation, which is considerably augmented by the space under the after turtleback. The smaller houses are located on top of the main deckhouse, the forward one surmounted by a lofty bridge. One of the most striking features of the yacht is the rig, so far as it goes, a single pole mast just abaft the stack, with one square yard for signals. The stack is large and located almost amidships. Like the mast, it has very little rake, and the severely vertical lines of the stem, stack and mast, with the straight sheer, give a businesslike appearance to the yacht which is most attractive. Below water the keel is very nearly straight, the forefoot is moderately rounded up, and the rudder, hung on a straight plumb sternpost, is slightly balanced at the lower end. The two shafts are encased out to the hubs by projecting portions of the skin. The bilge keels cover about half the length of the bottom. The following description of the yacht is from the North British Daily Mail, of Glasgow.

The vessel has been built to plans prepared by Mr. G. L. Watson, Glasgow, and with her has been reached the high water mark of yacht building on the Clyde. Differing considerably in outward appearance from the conventional type of steam yacht so long fashionable both in Britain and America, she is withal a really noble looking vessel. She is the largest and most powerful yacht yet built on the Clyde, and she will also be the speediest. The most important departures which her model presents to the eye of the ordinary layman are a straight stem instead of the usual gracefully curved clipper or O.G. cutwater, and the absence of anything that can really be dignified by the name of a mast. In spite of the want of the conventional sheer to the cutwater, the boat shows quite an eye-pleasing bow, and as the whole of the entrance lines are at once sweet and powerful, she should push very little water before her, even when going at top speed. The general body of the boat is modeled with a master hand, and the long counter is as graceful as Meteor's or Gleniffer's. She has one huge funnel which indicates to the initiated that she is to be a flyer, and with the exception of one comparatively small mast abaft the funnel—to be used for signaling purposes—there is no other spar about her. The new boat is turtledecked forward, but allowing for the want of a curved cutwater and masts she approximates more closely in general appearance to the Duke of Sutherland's beautiful Catania than to those more recent big steam yachts of Mr. Watson's designing, Mr. William Clark's Tuscarora or Mr. Kenneth Clark's Katoomba. She is to be nominally an eighteen-knot boat, but it is confidently expected that nearly a knot more will be forthcoming on a pinch. To get that great speed she is to be fitted with magnificent machinery of the triple expansion sort, working on four cranks, the horse-power of which will be about 6,500.

The introduction of the four crank engines to our yachts has been very little spoken of, but few things have made more for the comfort of those on board than those same engines. The smoothness with which the higher class sort work is so great that in some boats one is scarcely conscious when they are being started. Now the thumping and throbbing so inseparable from the engines of the older yachts were among the chief objections which the more conservative of the old school of yachting men had to a mechanically propelled vessel, and now that these drawbacks are being rapidly annihilated there will very soon be nothing left to object to in the once-despised and sternly repressed steam yacht. At the time the Royal Yacht Squadron would not allow a man to remain on its books who so far forgot himself as to keep a steam yacht! Lysistrata is built of the finest steel in that perfect fashion for which Messrs. Denny are so famed. In this boat (and her twin sister Margarita, now rapidly nearing completion at Greenock) Mr. Watson has introduced a pleasing novelty, as far as yacht building is concerned—that is, the butts of the plates are overlapped. It is obvious that a yacht of over 2,000 tons—in spite of the fact that she is to have machinery capable of taking her along at nineteen knots and bunkers as capacious as small coal pits—must still have an enormous lot of space left for cabins and other domestic, so to speak, accommodation. Mr. Watson has been as successful with the utilization of this space as he has been fortunate in imparting a look of grace and power combined to the boat herself. It is unnecessary to go into details over the internal economy of the boat, but it may be added just in passing that the scheme of finishing adopted for all the more public rooms is classical. The dining room, for instance, a handsome, airy, well lighted apartment, 25ft. long by 15ft. broad, is done in the Grecian style. The more artistic work on the rooms is in the hands of Messrs. Waring, London. Mr. Bennett,

who has been turning over in his mind for several years back the building of a great steam yacht, visited Dumbarton recently for the purpose of seeing Lysistrata, and he was greatly pleased with her.

The Massachusetts 25ft. Class.

THE new 25ft. class of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts has been one of the disappointments of the year in yachting, much being expected from it and very little realized either in the way of sport for the time being or of useful trial of some intricate yachting problems. The class was built under a new rule based on a radical change from the accepted formulas, and with a number of new boats it was expected that there would be good racing through the season and that some valuable light would be shed on the measurement question.

The first break came when the four new boats building by C. C. Hanley were discovered to be outside of the limitations in the detail of cabin trunk, so that they were formally barred from the regular Association class and compelled to race as a special class. Following this came the discovery that though they could be measured into the class with the required weight on board, they could not carry their sail with this amount of ballast, and when finally ballasted as they pleased through a private agreement they ran from 26ft. to 27ft. l.w.l. instead of 25ft. In addition to this the masts were so far forward that the resulting position of the C.E. caused them to steer badly, necessitating such changes of rig as have destroyed all useful comparisons that might otherwise have been made as to the relative merits of lofty and low rigs. The end has been that the class has raced in a slipshod, go-as-you-please fashion without regard to rules, the ballast has been changed from day to day, according to the promised weather, sails on measurement have proved larger than the rules allowed, the sail restrictions have been openly violated by a palpable evasion, the owners have refused to allow any measurement of the waterline, and finally, one of the four owners laid his boat up early in the season, refusing to race; and later, as the result of a personal encounter between two other owners, two more yachts have left the H. O. class, leaving but one boat in it. The absence of these four new boats has also been felt in the regular 25ft. class, where they might have more than doubled the interest in the racing.

The following summary of the racing in the two classes is given by the Boston Globe. The most interesting point in connection with it is the excellent showing of the keel boat Flirt, designed by B. B. Crowninshield, in a class where the centerboards have long been supreme.

The Quincy race of Sept. 1 is not included in the tables for the reason that the judges had not rendered a decision on the mutual protests of Al Kyris and Hanley at the time the tables were made up.

Table No. 1 shows the places in the races secured by the boats, but table No. 2 is really the most valuable one, as showing how many times each boat has beaten or has been beaten by the others of the fleet. Read across for a boat's wins and down for her losses.

The first of the races of the Corinthian midsummer series is not included in the tables, because the win of Hanley over Nixie had no bearing on the other events of the season's record. The doings of Eleanor and Orphan are recorded as a matter of interest. The races of Orphan at Hull are not included, since she was ruled out by the regatta committee for failing to qualify in the class.

As between the three H. O. boats after the withdrawal of Orphan, Hanley has the best record, but her margin of wins is so small as to emphasize the closeness of the racing in this class and to show the wisdom of securing the racing of the boats by clubs whenever possible.

What might have been the result had the boats raced out the season instead of stopping after the Quincy race of Sept. 1 is problematical, but since the owners of Al Kyris and Empress chose to consider the affair on the Quincy float a mortal offense and to boycott the owner of Hanley therefor in spite of an offered apology, the record must stand on the racing up to that time.

Hanley's margin is a small but a good one.

The surprising thing about the tables is the fine showing of Flirt. She has beaten the H. O. boats more times than they have beaten her, as table No. 2 clearly shows. She is a remarkable boat in many ways, and the writer confesses that he must modify his opinion of her abilities, formed after the Annisquam races. The way she beat the H. O. boats at Hull down the channel in a choppy sea a week ago last Friday was a revelation.

To an observer on Telegraph Hill the H. O. boats, as well as the centerboards of class D, were throwing heaps of water, while Flirt was going along finely with half the fuss. In smooth water and a good breeze the H. O. boats will win from Flirt without trouble, but when it comes to a thrash to windward in a seaway Flirt shows the full advantages of the keel model.

Which naturally leads up to some comment on the H. O. models. The boats were failures in more ways than not having sufficient depth of body to conform to the Y. R. A. restrictions. They floated at 25ft. waterline with the required 2,000lbs. of ballast aboard, but that amount was not sufficient to give them stability in anything more than a light air. In a puff they would heel out and throw their sterns up and their rudders out of water in a way to make a helmsman lose his temper. Deeper rudders and more ballast remedied this fault, but the boats went to 26.6 or 27ft. in doing it.

Nevertheless, they are roomy boats, both on deck and below, and are better for cruising than a narrow and deep keel boat. With a reduced rig they will be handy, comfortable and able.

Some light on the question of high and narrow vs. broad and low sail plans was expected in the racing of the H. O. class, but the masts on the boats were so far forward and the center of effort of the sails correspondingly out of place that no satisfactory conclusions can be drawn. Al Kyris undoubtedly went faster when she changed from her original high and narrow mainsail, but since at the time she shifted her center of effort 6in. further aft it may well be questioned if the shift and not the shape of the sail was the cause of her carrying a weather instead of a lee helm.

Racing Records—Table No. 1.

	Starts.	First.	Seconds.	Thirds.	Fourths.	Fifths.	Sixths.	Sevenths.	Disabled.	Ruled Out.
Hanley	14	6	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	1
Flirt	6	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Al Kyris	15	3	3	3	1	1	1	1	0	0
Empress	17	3	3	3	1	1	1	1	0	0
Cartoon	9	3	0	0	1	4	0	0	0	0
Jingo	3	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0
Little Peter	4	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0
Hermes	7	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0
Early Dawn	5	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0
Orphan	4	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Eleanor	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0

Racing Records—Table No. 2.

	Eleanor	Orphan	Early Dawn	Hermes	Little Peter	Jingo	Cartoon	Empress	Al Kyris	Hanley	Flirt
Flirt	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hanley	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Al Kyris	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Empress	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Cartoon	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Jingo	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Little Peter	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hermes	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Early Dawn	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Orphan	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Eleanor	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0

The Manhasset Y. C. 15ft. Class.

THE following circular has been sent out to its members by the Manhasset Bay Y. C.:

Manhasset 15ft. Raceabout Class.

A special racing and cruising class will be built in the Manhasset Bay Y. C. for the season of 1901.

These boats will be of the modern fin-keel type, with raceabout rig, 14ft. waterline, 24ft. over all, 6ft. 6in. breadth, 3ft. 6in. draft. They have been designed as a single-handed cruiser, having cabin accommodation for two, or even three, but at the same time will be sufficiently speedy to insure a good one-design racing class.

They will be built by Robert Jacob (successor to H. Piepgras), of City Island, and of the best material.

The price for each boat will be \$450, provided ten or more are ordered, and it is earnestly requested by the committee in charge of the class that members or their friends wishing to build will address the undersigned without delay, as the contracts for the first ten must be signed by Sept. 30.

There will be a meeting of those interested in the class at the club house, Port Washington, at 7:30 P. M. Saturday, Sept. 15 (date of fall regatta), and in the meantime the plans specifications and model may be seen in the main room of the club house and any further information obtained of the committee.

Manhasset Raceabout Committee—Guy Standing, 70 West Thirty-sixth street; Edward M. MacLellan, 90 Wall street; Georg A. Cory, 37 Maiden Lane.

The idea of this class is an excellent one and should have been put into effect a long time ago. There is good reason to believe that the Skow distemper, which began with the 15-footer Question in 1895, has now about run its course with the majority of yachtsmen and that there will be a revival of the demand for abler and wholesomer types, especially among men who want to race at times, but not in bathing suits, and who also want a yacht for cruising and general sailing. With the present knowledge derived from fast craft of all types and with improved methods of construction and modern sails and fittings, it should be possible to design a small single-hander for both racing and cruising that would be immeasurably superior to the craft used some years ago for the same purpose. At the same time the details of the proposed class, as given in the above circular and in the sail plan, strike us very far from the ideal craft. The principal dimensions, 24ft. over all, 6ft. 6in. breadth and 3ft. 6in. draft, are very good for the proposed use, and such a boat should by all means be of the fin-keel type, like the old canoe yawls used years before Dilemma was dreamed of. In so small a boat there is no gain of room through the adoption of the S section, and the cost is increased and the center of buoyancy raised unnecessarily as compared with the T section of the fin-keel type.

In the proposed design, however, the extreme type is followed, the waterline is very short, the hull is shallow, the overhangs are excessive and the fin is shortened up as in the extreme racing craft, with a freak rudder. As long as there is no measurement of the l.w.l. there is no object in adopting the Skow type of hull; a much faster and better boat could be had with a cleanly lined hull of say 18ft. l.w.l., with 2ft. overhang forward and 4ft. aft, in place of 5ft. at each end. A little added depth of hull amidships would not materially affect the speed and it would be offset by a lower cabin house, the one shown on the plans being excessively high and out of proportion to the hull. If the yacht is to be used as a single-hander, or even if she is to be sailed day in and day out by two persons, with any degree of pleasure, it is a great mistake to give her the short deep racing fin, making it necessary to hold the tiller in hand and to steer her every moment while she is under way. With a fairly long fin and a rudder hung on the sternpost in the usual way it should be possible to lash the helm and leave her to sail herself while the single-hander is cooking, eating, cleaning up or reefing under way, and she will be far pleasanter to steer at all times. On the extreme dimensions given, the boat with the longer waterline and keel should cost no more than the proposed design and she would probably give far greater satisfaction, both in point of speed and comfort in cruising; while she would be smarter and more shipshape in appearance.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Cruise of the Niagara

THE steam yacht Niagara, belonging to Howard Gould, which reached New York on Sept. 15, lay all next day off Thirty-fourth street, the owner and his wife remaining on board and receiving a few friends.

Niagara has steamed 15,000 miles since she sailed from this port on May 8. She carried a crew of seventy-three men, all told, at that time, and had on board, besides the owner and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Clement Cleveland as guests. The Niagara went to Queenstown, and thence, by easy stages, to the Isle of Guernsey, Dartmouth, Cowes, Southampton, Havre, and up the Seine to Rouen. Here the yacht was anchored for five days, and the Goulds visited the exposition.

The next port was Ostend, and the yacht then sailed to Leith, where Mr. Turner and Mr. and Mrs. Stone, of New York, came on board to remain as guests for the rest of the trip. From Leith the itinerary led to Kirkcaldy, the capital of the Orkney Islands, and thence to Reykic, the capital of Iceland. Here the Governor of the island was received on board with his staff, and the party visited the boiling springs. While trying to jump across one of these springs, the Niagara's quartermaster fell into the water and was severely scalded.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland left the yacht at Malde, Norway. They thereby escaped the most unpleasant incident of the trip. About eighty miles from Bergen, while the Niagara was proceeding under full steam, her sailing master, Mr. Caws, landed her on the rocks with her bow out of the water. It was at first thought that the vessel was in great danger, but she did not leak, and word was sent to Bergen for tugs. Before they arrived, however, Eugene Higgins' yacht, the Varuna, hove in sight. She took the Niagara off the rocks.

This took twenty-four hours. The Niagara was towed to Bergen and there put into dry dock. It was found that her keel was flattened for almost the entire length of the vessel. Two weeks of hard work by eighty men was necessary before she was again fit for service. On account of the time thus lost the cruise to the North Cape was abandoned.

The subsequent stay at Markstrand was made notable by a visit from King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, who came into port on his yacht during the stay of the Niagara. He spent several hours aboard, accompanied by several ladies and gentlemen of his court. On leaving he sent his photograph and autograph to Mrs. Gould.

Later the yacht lost a blade of her propeller while passing through the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal at Copenhagen. She was again docked at that point. While repairs were being made Mrs. Gould went to London, where she purchased a number of pet dogs. One of these, the Princess Zora, cost \$1,250, and is said to be the second best pug in the world. Mrs. Gould also purchased two other pugs and a terrier. She rejoined the yacht at Copenhagen and the return trip was begun.—New York Times.

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

THE Quincy Y. C. sailed a race for the special 21ft. class on Sept. 15 in a fresh easterly breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane.....	1 08 30
Omeme, W. P. Barker.....	1 08 30
Bobolink, W. B. Vose.....	1 13 30

The third race of the special 21-footers was sailed on Sept. 22, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Bobolink, W. B. Vose.....	1 51 55
Omeme, W. P. Barker.....	1 52 08
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane.....	1 53 04

On Sept. 22 the regatta committee of the Quincy Y. C. met and made the following decision on the counter protests of Al Kyris and Hanley, made over the race of Sept. 1:

"The testimony which was heard having shown that the question to be decided was one of fact—whether or no the Hanley's sails were filled and she was on the starboard tack when struck by the Al Kyris—the committee reaffirms the ruling of the members of the board of judges, whose duty it was to watch the starting line, viz.: That the Hanley had filled away on the starboard tack, and was entitled to her rights on a new course (Chap. 3, Sec. 19, Par. 10) when struck by the Al Kyris.

"In pursuance of the above ruling, which is fully substantiated by other members of the Quincy Y. C. who witnessed the foul, the committee hereby declares the Al Kyris to be disqualified from the race of Sept. 1.

"The protest which the Al Kyris filed against the Hanley is not allowed."

The committee further voted, "That the committee declines to take further action in regard to the controversy which took place on the float Sept. 1."

South Boston Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 9.

THE South Boston Y. C. sailed a handicap race on Sept. 9 from off City Point to Peddock's Island in a lively S.E. breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Golden Rod, C. E. Bruce.....	1 21 41	1 51 41
Little Peter, J. J. Moebis.....	1 34 05	2 07 05
Sally Brass, Shirley Marston.....	1 51 57	2 13 57
Geisha, Dr. C. E. Ryder.....	1 52 16	2 18 16
Emma C., P. A. Coupal.....	1 52 25	2 22 25
Marguerite, D. N. Palmer.....	2 02 02	2 24 02
Cynthia, A. D. Frazer.....	2 14 10	2 21 10
Duster, J. T. Ball.....	2 15 57	2 24 57
Julia, Munroe & Perkins.....	2 09 37	2 27 37
Helen, Warren Spurr.....	2 13 44	2 28 44
Awilda, Ormsby & McCarthy.....	2 07 09	2 30 09
Katie C., C. J. Chance.....	2 17 19	2 32 19
Lydia, W. A. Wood.....	2 15 00	2 33 00
Varuna, C. E. Nodwell.....	2 16 24	2 37 24
Sayward, Theo. Nicholson.....	2 15 24	2 35 24
Bohemian, Field & McMahon.....	2 22 22	2 37 22
Velma, J. F. Trotman.....	2 42 33	2 55 33
Candlepin, T. F. Wilby.....	2 02 33	2 02 33
Ida May.....	2 09 40	2 09 40
Addie.....	Withdrew.	Withdrew.
Empire.....	Withdrew.	Withdrew.
Vandal.....	Withdrew.	Withdrew.

The judges were Arthur Fuller, W. H. Godfrey, D. F. Carew and Morris Livingston.

Spray—May B.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

THE little keel cruiser Spray, owned by J. W. Keogh, of Chicago, whose lines were published in the FOREST AND STREAM during April, 1898, was built in that year from the designs and specifications of W. P. Stephens. Her builders, Rice Bros., of East Boothbay, Me., turned out a specially good boat, using more than ordinary care in following the specifications so as to obtain strength and a reasonable amount of lightness. She is ballasted with a cast iron keel, as she was not originally intended for racing. During the past two summers Mr. Keogh has sailed her in a number of races, and this season she has won a fair number of races from May B., a new Cuthbert boat of lighter construction and more extreme form. Of late May B. has declined to start in several races against Spray, but she has recently changed hands, and her new owner turned her over to Mr. George R. Peare, owner of Siren, one of Chicago's best Corinthian sailors, for the final race of the Chicago Y. C. on Sept. 15. The race was open to different classes, but only May B. and Spray started, so that it amounted to a match between the two. Spray has had her original cruising sail plan considerably increased, as she proved a very able boat. She is now carrying 795 sq. ft. in mainsail and jib; May B. carries 850 sq. ft., both suits being made by Wilson & Silsby. There was a strong breeze blowing, and May B. carried two reefs in her mainsail and her working jib, Spray carrying a balance reef in her mainsail. They started from the gun at 3 P. M., May B. going over within three seconds and Spray following on her weather quarter, five seconds after. The first leg was a close reach to the opening of the harbor, the two holding their positions; after rounding the pier they broke out balloon jibs, and after luffing for a time, Spray bore away for the Four-Mile Crib with the wind over the starboard quarter and passed May B. to leeward, the latter trying to carry a spinaker. They were timed at this mark:

Spray.....	3 34 30	May B.....	3 34 40
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The next leg of six miles to the Lakeview Crib was run with the wind on the port beam, but hauling ahead as they neared the mark. Spray still gaining until they were timed:

Spray.....	4 32 30	May B.....	4 33 10
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It was a close reach in for the harbor, with the wind blowing upward of twenty-five miles per hour in the puffs and a nasty sea. May B. shook out her second reef, but gained nothing by it, as she could not carry the sail in the puffs. Spray continued to gain, and finished with a lead of two minutes and fifteen seconds, the times being, start 3:00:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Spray.....	5 33 10	2 33 10
May B.....	5 35 25	2 35 25

The course of eighteen miles was sailed in good time. Spray wins a handsome silver cup.

Hull—Massachusetts Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

THE Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. sailed a club race on Sept. 15 in a fresh easterly breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	2 03 15	2 03 15

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Flirt, Fabian & McKee.....	2 10 16	2 10 16
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton.....	2 11 39	2 11 39

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Holly, Wm. Ware.....	2 02 04	2 00 04
Shiessa, Alfred Douglass.....	2 07 15	2 00 15
Lal, F. L. Dunne.....	2 11 25	2 01 25
Darthea, W. B. Lambert.....	2 01 30	2 01 30
Jacobin, T. E. Jacobs.....	2 04 15	2 02 15
Nike, C. A. Cooley.....	2 12 54	2 03 54
Squaw, A. M. Blinn.....	2 19 04	2 04 04

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Barbara, A. F. Hayden.....	2 11 55	2 02 55
Goblin, Geo. W. Canterbury.....	2 16 21	2 03 21
Zaza, Humphrey & Lauriat.....	Disabled.	Disabled.

The judges were Messrs. William Avery Cary, Louis M. Clark and Lawrence B. Flint.

Saturday, Sept. 22.

THE Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. sailed the last race of the season on Sept. 22, starting in a light N.W. breeze, which freshened later after shifting to north. Al Kyris made a nominal start, to save her Hull cup record, then withdrew and left Hanley alone in the H.O. class. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	2 09 42	2 09 42
Al Kyris, J. F. Brown.....	Withdrew.	Withdrew.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Spinster, L. M. Clark.....	1 52 47	1 44 47
Nike, C. A. Cooley.....	1 56 13	1 45 13
Squaw, A. M. Blinn.....	2 02 18	1 47 18
Darthea, W. B. Lambert.....	1 48 34	1 47 34
Caterpillar, W. P. Keyes.....	2 03 42	1 48 42
Holly, Wm. Ware.....	1 56 04	1 54 04
Shiessa, A. Douglass.....	2 02 17	1 55 17

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Goblin, G. W. Canterbury.....	1 57 53	1 43 53
Barbara, A. F. Hayden.....	1 54 26	1 45 26
Zaza, Humphrey & Lauriat.....	1 57 15	1 50 15

The judges were L. B. Flint and W. E. Robinson.

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

THE Burgess Y. C. finished its season with a race on Sept. 15 in a moderate breeze from S.E., the times being:

	Elapsed.
Runaway Girl, D. Tweed.....	1 11 10

	Elapsed.
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	1 05 39
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber.....	1 07 03
Moccasin, A. D. Irving.....	1 11 10

	Elapsed.
Too Doo, B. C. Melzard.....	1 08 24
Oregon, C. H. Curtis.....	1 08 45
Raggy Lug, W. H. Brown.....	1 09 38

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

THE Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, sailed its fall regatta on Sept. 15. In Class 6 Peri won after breaking two tillers and mistaking the finish line. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Peri.....	2 34 36	4 23 20	1 48 44	1 42 05
Charlotte R.....	2 36 38	4 29 42	1 53 04	1 53 04
Pinta.....	2 34 18	4 38 18	2 04 00	1 56 48

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Widsith.....	2 35 10	4 32 55	1 57 25	1 56 08
Gloria.....	2 34 10	4 35 05	2 00 55	1 56 08

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Imp.....	2 34 10	4 43 22	2 09 12	2 03 20
Vixen.....	2 34 44	4 39 12	2 04 28	2 04 28
Florence.....	2 34 36	4 56 20	2 21 44	2 14 20
Martha.....	2 34 10	4 57 59	2 23 39	2 16 00

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Query.....	2 30 30	4 23 32	1 52 58	1 45 14
Gironda.....	2 31 32	4 28 19	1 56 47	1 49 03
Willit.....	2 34 37	Withdrew.	Withdrew.	Withdrew.
Albatross.....	2 34 44	Withdrew.	Withdrew.	Withdrew.
Louise II.....	2 31 35	4 33 16	2 01 41	1 56 08

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dot.....	2 31 42	5 02 33	2 36 51	2 25 42
Alva.....	2 40 00	Withdrew.	Withdrew.	Withdrew.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nomadi.....	2 34 19	4 25 37	1 51 18	1 50 46
Tartar.....	2 39 00	4 38 53	1 59 53	1 59 53
Glad Tidings.....	2 34 02	Withdrew.	Withdrew.	Withdrew.

Knickerbocker Y. C.

COLLEGE POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 22.

THE annual ladies' day race of the Knickerbocker Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 22 in a moderate breeze, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gurnard, L. H. Zoocher.....	4 56 35	5 55 35	0 55 35
Nimrod, Dr. G. Bird.....	4 56 35	5 55 35	0 56 35

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Flora, F. G. Pauly.....	5 23 18	5 23 18	1 23 18
Porgie, J. G. Hurly.....	5 23 18	5 23 18	1 23 18
Ouananiche, Rodman Sands.....	5 13 47	5 13 47	1 13 47

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Louise, John Knox.....	5 01 59	5 01 59	0 56 50
Leisure, F. B. Myrick.....	5 02 36	5 02 36	0 57 36
Thisbe, W. D. Reed.....	5 00 56	5 00 56	0 55 56

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Frolic, Fred L. Kraemer.....	5 00 50	5 00 50	0 55 50
Marguerite, J. M. Young.....	5 02 53	5 02 53	0 57 53

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Zena, F. E. Barnes.....	5 13 36	5 13 36	1 03 36
Blackbird, Rodman Sands.....	5 13 00	5 13 00	1 03 00
Bluebird, Irving Sands.....	5 17 35	5 17 35	1 07 35
Mi Babe, J. H. Mason.....	5 10 25	5 10 25	1 00 25
Indian, J. O. Sinkinson.....	5 12 32	5 12 32	1 02 32

The winners were: 43ft. class, Gurnard; 30ft. class, Ouananiche; catboats, Thisbe; open cats, Frolic; Hampden class, Mi Babe.

Riverside Y. C.

RIVERSIDE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 21.

THE Riverside Y. C. sailed its fall regatta on Sept. 22 in a strong N.W. wind that took the mast out of the cutter Cymbra and disabled the raceabout Colleen before the start. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Altair, Cord Meyer.....	51.00	3 16 41	3 16 41	3 16 41
Hussar II., James Baird.....	51.00	3 33 52	3 33 52	3 33 52

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vorant II., J. H. Tyson.....	36.00	3 05 42	3 05 42	3 00 20
Eurybia, Charles Preyer.....	40.02	3 03 49	3 03 49	3 03 49

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cymbra, F. C. Henderson.....	35.57	3 03 49	3 03 49	3 03 49

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Enpronzi, Alfred Peats.....	30.00	2 47 03	2 47 03	2 47 03
Kit, T. H. Macdonald.....	30.00	2 56 01	2 56 01	2 56 01
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	30.00	Disabled.	Disabled.	Disabled.
Boreas, Cord Meyer.....	30.00	Withdrew.	Withdrew.	Withdrew.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Windora, John Green.....	30.00	3 30 36	3 30 36	3 30 36

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sis, F. T. Bedford.....	21.00	2 32 36	2 32 36	2 32 36
Raider, H. M. Crane.....	21.00	Disabled.	Disabled.	Disabled.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rochelle, Edward Kelly.....	25.00	3 28 25	3 28 25	3 28 25
Murmur, Barclay Ward.....	25.00	Withdrew.	Withdrew.	Withdrew.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vagabond, W. E. Holah.....	24.06	2 45 30	2 45 30	2 45 30
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby.....	23.50	2 48 56	2 47 35	2 47 35

National Yacht and Skiff Club.

TORONTO—LAKE ONTARIO.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

THE National Yacht and Skiff Club, of Toronto, sailed a race for the Barthelme cup on Sept. 15 in a strong easterly wind and rough sea. Several of the skiffs had been damaged in the storm of Thursday and were not able to start. The race was a handicap, the times being:

	Start.	1st round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Pirate	3 05 00	3 44 00	4 21 58	1 16 58
May Belle	3 05 00	3 45 00	4 23 15	1 18 15

Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C.

OYSTER BAY.

Sept. 18-22.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. arranged a race for the 70-footers on Sept. 18, only Rainbow and Mineola II. being present. The start was set for 2:30, off Center Island, at which time half a gale from the north was blowing, both yachts being reefed, with jib headers set. Just before the signal, Mineola and Rainbow were in collision, the former losing her topmast. Rainbow sailed one round of the course, when she was stopped by the committee. Mineola went to City Island for repairs, while her steam tender went to Bristol for a new topmast. The race committee met at the club house, and after hearing the evidence, disqualified Rainbow and ordered a resail.

The two met Sept. 21 in a light wind, W. to S.W. Rainbow was well sailed and made a big gain on the windward work, finally winning by over five minutes. The times were:

	First Round.	2d Mark.	Home Mark.
	1st Mark.		
Rainbow	12 49 30	2 03 29	2 32 28
Mineola	12 49 54	2 08 59	2 37 25
	Second Round.		
Rainbow	3 13 55	3 41 00	4 06 52
Mineola	3 17 59	3 44 37	4 12 13
	Racing Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt.	76.00	4 06 52	3 51 52
Mineola II., August Belmont.	76.00	4 12 13	3 57 13

Hempstead Bay Y. C.

FREEPORT—HEMPSTEAD BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

THE Hempstead Bay Y. C. ended its racing season on Sept. 15 with an open race in a strong S.E. breeze, the yachts carrying two and three reefs. Quo Vadis was protested for fouling a mark, but the protest was not sustained, nor were similar protests against other boats. Mabel and Beulah withdrew after fouling marks. The times were:

	Sloops—Start, 11:50.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Quo Vadis	1 52 30	2 02 30	2 02 30	
Eleanor	2 09 00	2 19 00	2 14 15	
Edice	1 55 30	2 05 30	1 58 45	
	Second Class Cats—Start, 11:50.			
Ellen	2 23 30	2 28 30	2 28 25	
Dorothy	2 02 00	2 07 00	2 07 00	
Beulah	Withdraw.			
Mabel	Withdraw.			
Imp	2 16 00	2 21 00	2 20 33	
Dot	2 25 30	2 30 30	2 28 05	
	Third Class Cats—Start, 12:00.			
Ripple	1 56 30	1 56 30	1 55 06	
Eva	1 58 00	1 58 00	1 53 00	
Wenonah	1 52 00	1 52 00	1 49 00	
Gracie	1 56 00	1 56 00	1 55 35	

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

DORVAL—LAKE ST. LOUIS.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

THE last race of the 22ft. class for the Kirke Green trophy was sailed on Sept. 15 in a fresh S.E. breeze. At the end of the sixth race Ivaloo and Galloo each had 15 1-6 points, and Bona Dea an even 15 points. Only Ivaloo, Bona Dea and Koorali started, Bona Dea winning after a good race and taking the cup. The times were, start 3:42:02:

	Finish.	Points.
Bona Dea, Jas. Paton	4 57 38	19
Ivaloo, C. T. Williams	4 57 58	18 1-6
Koorali, S. A. Finley	4 59 08	17 1-3

Queen City Y. C.

TORONTO—TORONTO BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

THE Queen City Y. C. sailed a race for the 16ft. class, ending the racing season, on Sept. 15, the wind being strong from the east. The times were, start 2:45:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Whitecap	4 13 32	1 28 32
Caprice	4 23 37	1 38 37
Spray	4 25 40	1 40 40

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

THE Corinthian Y. C. held its sail-off for the scratch knockabout class on Sept. 15 in a moderate S.E. breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Suzanne, F. Brewster	1 33 20
Opechee, J. C. Grew	1 35 20
Opitsah II., S. H. Foster	1 38 47

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Cowes Number of The Yachtsman for 1900 is quite up to the usual high standard, especially in the matter of illustrations, of which there are many, large and small. The opening article, "From Cowes to Cape Town," contains the biographies and portraits of many yachtsmen, among them Lord Dudley, Lord Dunraven, the Earl of Albemarle, Lord Sudley, Lord Wolverton, Messrs. Philip Perceval, R. C. Leigh, Andrew Coats, Claude Allan, H. R. Langrishe and Commander De Horsey, R. N., who have taken part in the war in South Africa. A very striking photo shows the transport Kil-donan Castle leaving the Thames on May 25 for the Cape with 2,298 officers and men for service at the front, and just overtaking the yawl Brynhild, under spinnaker and mizzen staysail, the leader in the handicap match of the Thames Y. C., then under way. Another good photo reproduction shows the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, the old sidewheeler, at anchor in Dartmouth Harbor. Mr. Linton Hope contributes an interesting article describing some modern freaks of English and French origin. A good article on the old cutter Fiona, designed and built by Will Fife, Sr., in 1865, has excellent por-

traits of Mr. Fife and the noted Capt. John Houston, her sailing master, and also a view of the Fife yard at Faitlie. Two portraits of the yacht are also given, one from a painting made in 1866 and one from a photo made as she won the Heligoland cup this year. The difference in the sails is of itself an eloquent commentary on the legitimate advances of yachting. Mrs. Maude Speed, wife of the author of "Cruises in Small Yachts and Large Canoes," contributes a sketch of a cruise on the South coast in the four-ton cutter Lerna which Mr. Speed has owned of late years and in which the two have made many cruises.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY'S TOURNAMENTS.

Oct. 16-17.—Raleigh, N. C.—Peters Cartridge Co.'s target tournament. John H. Mackie, Mgr.
Oct. 16-17.—Montgomery, Ala.—Peters Cartridge Co.'s two-day target tournament, under the auspices of the Montgomery Gun Club; added money. Jack Parker, Mgr.
Oct. 23-25.—Atlanta, Ga.—Peters Cartridge Co.'s live-bird tournament. John H. Mackie, Mgr.
Oct. 29-30.—Jacksonville, Fla.—Peters Cartridge Co.'s two-day tournament, under auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club; \$100 added. Third day, grand pigeon shoot exclusively under the auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.

Sept. 26-28.—Omaha, Neb.—Fifth annual target tournament of the Dupont Gun Club. H. S. McDonald, Sec'y.

Sept. 27.—Omaha, Neb.—Parmelee-Elliott contest for Republic cup, at 2 P. M.

Sept. 27.—Hartford, Conn.—Annual tournament of the Colt Gun Club. James Carter, Sec'y.

Sept. 27-28.—Erie, Pa.—First annual target tournament of the Erie Rod and Gun Club; \$100 added money. W. S. Bookwalter, Cor. Sec'y.

Sept. 28.—Watson's Park, Chicago.—Championship at targets for E C cup between Messrs. Fred Gilbert and W. R. Crosby.

Sept. 28 and Nov. 13.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Under auspices of the Greater New York Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Oct. 1.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—All-day merchandise handicap of the Fulton Gun Club, Crescent street, East New York, 10 A. M. A. A. Schoverling, Box 475.

Oct. 2.—Gilbert-Elliott contest for Dupont cup, at Exposition Ball Park, at 2:30 P. M.

Oct. 2-4.—Toledo, O.—Miller Gun Club's fall tournament at bluerocks. Geo. Volk, Sec'y.

Oct. 2-5.—Bloomfield, Ind.—The Bloomfield Gun Club's third annual tournament; targets and sparrows; \$200 added. E. E. Neal, Sec'y.

Oct. 3.—Kansas City, Mo.—Gilbert-Elliott contest for Sports-men's Review cup at Exposition Ball Park, at 2:30 P. M.

Oct. 4.—West Chester, Pa.—Annual fall shoot of the West Chester Gun Club; \$20 added. F. H. Eachus, Sec'y.

Oct. 8.—Jersey City, N. J.—All-day sweepstake shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. H. L. Hughes, Sec'y.

Oct. 9.—Gilbert-Crosby contest for the E C cup.

Oct. 10-11.—Circleville, O.—Fall tournament of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

Oct. 11.—Greensburg, Ind.—Tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. C. D. Tillson, Sec'y.

Oct. 12-14.—Louisville, Ky.—Kentucky Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.

Oct. 9 and Nov. 23.—Hackensack Bridge and Rutherford Road, N. J.—Under auspices of the Moonachie Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber managers.

Oct. 13.—Altoona, Pa.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club's live-bird handicap. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y, Altoona, Pa.

Oct. 23-24.—Baltimore, Md.—Live-bird tournament, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Oct. 26.—Interstate Park, Queens.—Under auspices of Medicus Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any regularly organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, Mgrs.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Twin City Gun Club, of Royersford and Spring City, Pa., announce a tournament to be held on their new grounds Oct. 6, beginning at 10 o'clock. The Sergeant system and class shooting will govern. Trolley cars leave Spring City every hour on the half hour to the grounds, which are situated on the M. & C. line, between Twin City and Phoenixville. The P. & R., or Pennsylvania Railroad, affords transportation to Royersford, Spring City and Phoenixville. The programme offers twelve events—10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, 50 and 75 cents, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. The committee is Messrs. H. E. Buckwalter, J. S. Johnson and Geo. Quay.

We are informed that Mr. R. Merrill, of Milwaukee, Wis., used Sporting Ballistite when shooting at the 90ft. tower, London, Eng., at the championship meeting last June, making a run of 70 targets, and 84 out of 85. Using the same ammunition, Mr. E. Dobie made a consecutive run of 108 at the National Gun Club's meeting, Glasgow.

The programme of the Westchester, Pa., Gun Club's shoot, Oct. 4, provides fourteen events, with \$20 added money. Targets 2 cents. The competition is open to all. Lunch and loaded shells on the grounds. Moneys divided by the percentage system. F. H. Eachus is secretary.

The City Park Gun Club, of New Orleans, will entertain at the club grounds during the Carnival, the great spectacular event of the lively season in the vicinity of the great Gulf of Mexico.

The match between Messrs. Fred Gilbert and W. R. Crosby for the E C cup has been postponed to Oct. 9, at the request of the latter.

Messrs. Frank Parmelee and J. A. R. Elliott contest for the Republic Cup on Thursday of this week at 2 o'clock, at Omaha, Neb.

On Friday of this week the second contest of the series inaugurated by Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, 201 Pearl street, New York, and Dr. A. A. Webber, 168 N. Sixth street, Brooklyn, will take place at Dexter Park, Brooklyn. The conditions are three men to a team, 20 birds each man, 29yds. rise, entrance price of birds at 25 cents each. The 20 birds may also be an optional sweepstake. All other sweepstake events will be handicapped by the management. A trophy will be given to the club team winning the greatest number of shoots in the six contests. All sweeps 8 birds, \$3 entrance, birds extra; class shooting, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., alternating with Rose system, 6, 3 and 1 points. The optional sweep in the team race has \$7 entrance, birds extra, class shooting; less than eight entries, three moneys; eight to twelve entries, four moneys; more than twelve entries, five moneys, 35, 25, 20, 15 and 5 per cent. To reach Dexter Park take Brooklyn Bridge trolleys or elevated railroad to Manhattan Junction, thence by Jamaica trolley to the park.

In the Brooklyn Standard of Sept. 16, under the caption of "Trapshooting, Old and New," by a "Field Shot," the old style of shooting under Long Island rules, use of one barrel, gun below the elbow, is compared with the modern style—use of both barrels, gun held in any position which the shooter pleases—to the disadvantage of the modern way. The older method is also declared to be nearer the style of field shooting. Pigeon shooting does not resemble field shooting, and cannot be made to resemble it. However, comparing the old style with the new, there is a factor in the latter which cannot be ignored—that is to say, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. With the use of only one barrel many birds are wounded and escape in a maimed condition. With the use of both barrels an insignificant number escape. It is much better to have pigeon shooting, use of both barrels, than it is to have no pigeon shooting at all.

The programme of the Bloomfield Gun Club's third annual tournament provides two days at targets and two at sparrows—Oct. 2, 3, 4 and 5. There will be \$200 in cash added. Guns and shells shipped to the secretary, E. E. Neal, will be cared for. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Two sets of traps, Sergeant system. Five per cent. will be deducted from purses for high average money, to be divided equally between the ten high guns shooting through the entire programme. There are twelve target events each day, 15 and 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. Four moneys when over fifteen entries; three moneys if less. There are ten sparrow events each day, 10, 15 and 20 sparrows, \$2.50, \$3 and \$5 entrance. Twenty-five yards rise, 35yds. boundary; a bird once down within the boundary to be scored dead. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; if less than fifteen entries, three moneys. John Parker will manage the tournament.

The New York German Gun Club is in a prosperous condition, its membership having largely increased. Mr. John Wellbrock is president. On Sept. 17 there were twenty-four members present at the club's shoot at Dexter Park. Dr. B. K. Wood, the nom de fusil of a gentleman who saws wood instead of bones, killed straight in the club event at 10 birds, with Mr. J. Schlicht. The score: Dr. Wood 10, John Schlicht 10, Dr. Hudson 9, John Wellbrock 9, Henry Mesloh 9, J. H. Voss 9, Charles Cone 9, Peter Garms 8, Charles Matzen 8, Frederick Kronsberg 8, Adam Dietzel 7, Joseph Fender 7, Phil Moersch 7, J. P. Dannefeller 7, Joseph Neumann 7, Charles Lenone 6, W. G. Maisenholder 6, Joseph Sievers 5, Louis Radle 5, H. W. Meyer 4, J. W. Marre 4, Phil Neusch 3, Conrad Pfaff 3, John Martin 0.

The bluerock tournament of Millers Gun Club, Toledo, O., Oct. 2, 3 and 4, has ten events on the last two days, at 15 and 20 targets; entrance \$1.50 and \$2. Purses will be divided according to the Rose system, 7, 6, 3 and 2. Oct. 2 is practice day, and as many 15-target events will be shot as time will permit. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Manufacturers' experts and professionals barred. All stand at 16yds. Targets 2 cents. Shells for sale on the grounds. Guns and ammunition sent in care of the secretary, Geo. Volk, 31 Erie street, will be sent to the grounds free of charge. One-half cent of each target thrown will be reserved for average money, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.

In the final bout for the Sanders-Storms trophy Mr. Edward Banks, the Chesterfieldian secretary of the American E C & Schultze Gunpowder Co., galloped home some yards ahead of his competitors in regular Tod Sloan style, riding on the neck of his gun, and also on those necks of his competitors. He centered the targets with most discouraging precision, and worse still broke nearly all of them, the latter phase appealing most earnestly to the fearful judge and so-called peers. By so doing he segregated the trophy for all time, so that this occurrence is not likely to happen again. It is now in order to propose something hard.

At the Peters Cartridge Co.'s tournament at Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 16 and 17, under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club, \$150 in money will be added. This tournament, and also that held by the Peters Cartridge Co. under the auspices of the Atlanta Gun Club, Atlanta, Ga., will be managed by Mr. J. H. Mackie, Cincinnati, O., of whom programmes may be obtained. Also programme of the Raleigh tournament can be obtained of Maj. McKissick, Battery Park Hotel, Asheville, N. C., and of the Atlanta shoot of Mr. Stephen A. Ryan, Atlanta, Ga.

The next of the team trophy contests inaugurated by Messrs. Schortemeier and Webber, and the third of the series, will be shot on the grounds of Mr. John Hen Outwater, Oct. 9, Rutherford road and Hackensack River Bridge, N. J. Take Rutherford trolley from Hoboken, Barclay or Christopher street ferries, or from Rutherford East to the grounds.

Mr. A. A. Schoverling, 302 Broadway, New York, informs us that "there will be an all-day merchandise handicap shoot of the Fulton Gun Club, Crescent street, East New York, on Oct. 1, commencing at 10 A. M. Also an all-day sweepstakes shoot of the Hudson Gun Club on Oct. 8, at 10 A. M. Opening shoots of both clubs for winter season."

Messrs. Fred Gilbert and W. R. Crosby contest for the E C cup at Watson's Park, Chicago, on Friday of this week, as will be noted on reference to Mr. Gilbert's communication, published elsewhere in our trap columns this week.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott has named Oct. 3 at 2:30 P. M., and Exposition Ball Park, Kansas City, Mo., as time and place to defend the Sportsmen's Review cup. He will contest for the Dupont trophy on Oct. 2 at the same place.

Mr. N. P. Leach, of Swanton, Vt., under date of Sept. 22 writes us as follows: "Owing to my resignation from the management of the Robin Hood Powder Co. there will not be any tournament this season."

At Jack Parker's International shoot at Detroit, Mich., Sept. 11-13, Mr. W. R. Crosby broke 493 targets out of 540 shot at from the 21yd. mark, thereby taking the gold medal for the best general average.

BERNARD WATERS.

Gilbert—Crosby Match.

SPIRIT LAKE, Ia., Sept. 18.—Editor Forest and Stream: I am pleased to accept challenge of Mr. W. R. Crosby for E. C. cup, and name Watson's Park, Chicago, and Sept. 28, as time and place for contest.

FRED GILBERT.

No lengthy argument is necessary to demonstrate the difference between the two systems.

John Parker's Tournament.

THE great center of interest in shooting circles was John Parker's tenth annual international tournament, held on the Rusch House grounds on Sept. 11, 12, 13 and 14. Two large tents afforded shelter for the shooters, and all the equipments of traps, etc., were in complete readiness for the activities of the competition. Bluebirds and live birds were in ample supply, and everything was organized to work smoothly from start to finish, as is the rule under John Parker's able and popular management.

There were many of the famous shots present, as a glance at the scores will show.

First Day, Sept. 11.

There was a high wind blowing across the traps, adding greatly to the difficulty of the shooting.

The Peters Cartridge Co.'s trophy was won by Mr. S. A. Crowell, of Hastings, Mich. As a testimonial of appreciation of his valuable services in promoting the tournament, Mr. John Parker presented Mr. Paul Weise a beautiful cigar case.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	15	20
R C Kimball.....	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Crowell.....	14	15	18	13	19	25	14	15	13	19
Caleb.....	12	14	18	13	18	15	20	15	17	17
Gorham.....	11	13	18	14	17	23	12	17	13	17
Woods.....	12	10	13	14	12	21	12	17	11	14
Waruff.....	9	11	15	12	17	19	13	15	12	13
Scott.....	15	15	20	15	13	22	13	17	10	19
Montgomery.....	13	12	18	12	15	20	11	15	15	15
Somerhays.....	11	11	17	12	15	20	10	13	15	15
Westbrook.....	14	13	14	12	16	19	8	15	15	15
Volk.....	12	12	19	14	16	21	10	17	10	18
Dr Allen.....	12	12	18	15	14	18	12	16	12	20
Burnside.....	14	13	17	14	17	21	15	18	13	13
Miller.....	12	12	14	11	14	20	10	17	12	18
Hubbard.....	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Snow.....	14	14	18	12	17	12	15	14	14	14
McMurphy.....	13	11	13	11	13	20	12	19	14	16
Budd.....	12	15	19	12	18	22	12	17	15	18
Crosby.....	13	15	18	13	18	23	12	20	12	16
Heikes.....	12	14	17	11	11	16	10	12	10	18
J E Kimball.....	8	11	11	11	12	16	10	15	15	15
Smith.....	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Weir.....	10	9	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Beck.....	13	12	17	15	14	22	14	17	12	17
Cooper.....	12	15	17	8	12	20	13	14	11	11
Casey.....	11	12	17	14	14	21	12	16	14	15
Du Bray.....	14	14	18	11	11	21	12	19	12	18
Carpenter.....	10	11	12	11	16	10	16	10	10	10
Miner.....	11	11	15	13	18	20	11	11	11	11
Watts.....	8	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	10	10
Cox.....	14	11	15	15	14	13	13	13	13	13
Tripp.....	15	15	16	11	17	11	16	11	17	17
T Reid.....	9	11	11	14	11	19	11	11	11	11
Wills.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Beager.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Pette.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
A Reid.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Donaldson.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
King.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Marks.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Stanley.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Clark.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Fitzsimmons.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Richter.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Wilson.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Chamberlin.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Cody.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Godfrey.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Klein.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Dobson.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Hall.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

Second Day, Sept. 12.

The weather conditions were much more favorable for good scores.

There was much interest in the team events, and the competition for the international handicap trophy was close.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Crosby.....	15	15	20	15	19	14	19	13	20
Heikes.....	15	14	20	15	14	15	14	15	15
Budd.....	11	13	17	12	16	12	17	13	19
McMurphy.....	13	11	14	11	16	12	17	11	20
Crowell.....	9	11	17	14	17	12	18	13	12
Scott.....	14	13	18	15	17	14	19	14	17
Bates.....	9	12	11	13	17	12	18	12	17
Flanders.....	15	14	20	12	18	10	19	13	11
Cooper.....	10	10	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Thompson.....	15	14	17	14	17	13	19	12	16
Beck.....	9	10	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Burnside.....	13	12	15	15	16	14	18	11	16
Snow.....	14	14	16	13	17	14	18	13	17
Weber.....	9	10	12	12	17	12	15	12	17
Gorham.....	10	10	13	14	10	18	14	17	13
Somerhays.....	13	10	15	13	13	15	19	12	19
Montgomery.....	13	14	17	14	15	15	19	14	11
Allen.....	11	11	13	14	16	13	16	13	12
Miller.....	14	13	18	12	15	11	16	12	14
Waruff.....	14	13	19	14	14	12	16	14	17
Fitzsimmons.....	8	8	9	9	15	12	13	11	11
Richter.....	10	13	17	14	11	11	11	11	11
Chamberlin.....	12	14	13	11	14	13	13	13	13
Hicks.....	10	14	17	13	20	14	18	15	18
Watts.....	14	13	15	12	11	17	11	11	11
Gertz.....	10	14	14	13	14	12	20	13	15
Kantelon.....	9	9	16	12	10	14	16	12	16
White.....	14	13	18	14	17	12	19	11	11
May.....	14	15	20	14	16	13	17	15	16
Kimball.....	7	7	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Westbrook.....	9	9	11	11	16	12	12	12	12
Caleb.....	12	14	17	13	14	10	11	11	11
Du Bray.....	14	15	18	14	17	15	15	10	17
Osman.....	13	13	16	11	12	9	15	11	11
T Reid.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Wilson.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Noble.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Stanley.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Burns.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Peltier.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Roxy.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Lyman.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Tolsma.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

Third Day, Sept. 13.

The international expert trophy was the main event of the day, and it was won by Mr. R. O. Heikes, with a score of 24 out of 25. Crosby's excellent scores were a feature of the shoot, he winning high average.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	15	20
Crosby.....	11	13	16	11	16	23	11	19	15	19
Heikes.....	13	17	12	16	24	11	17	14	19	19
McMurphy.....	11	12	15	11	16	21	10	19	13	19
Budd.....	14	12	18	13	17	21	12	18	14	18
Scott.....	13	14	18	14	18	17	12	18	14	18
Crowell.....	12	13	19	11	13	19	13	16	15	18
Waruff.....	12	14	17	14	19	21	15	19	12	16
Dr Allen.....	15	13	17	13	17	14	16	12	18	18
Snow.....	11	15	18	14	16	12	12	16	12	17
Woods.....	12	13	19	13	18	22	14	19	15	17
Somerhays.....	12	12	12	12	16	19	13	17	13	17
Westbrook.....	11	13	11	12	10	17	12	17	13	19
Montgomery.....	12	15	16	12	16	17	14	19	15	18
Flanders.....	13	14	18	14	17	13	14	18	13	19
Burr.....	11	13	16	13	16	17	14	18	14	12
Watts.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Thompson.....	13	11	18	9	16	17	13	17	13	17
Du Bray.....	11	14	16	9	14	18	11	17	11	17
Kantelon.....	9	11	14	9	11	14	11	11	11	11
Burnside.....	14	14	18	12	18	20	15	19	15	18
Hicks.....	12	13	16	11	17	18	11	19	11	17
Weber.....	12	11	18	10	18	18	13	16	15	19
Gertz.....	13	10	14	9	17	11	9	17	10	18
Miller.....	11	11	18	12	16	11	9	16	12	16
Cox.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Peltier.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Wolf.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Bates.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Chapman.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
T Reid.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

Schafer.....	12	16
Goodrich.....	15	15
Whitney.....	14	14
Stanley.....	18	18

Fourth Day, Sept. 14.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	5	7	10	25	Targets:	5	7	10	25
Du Bray	5	7	10	21	Sayres	5	7	10	21
Bates	4	7	9	25	Cady	5	6	10	20
Johnson	3	4	7	24	Kantelon	5	6	10	23
A Reid	4	7	11	23	King	5	7	10	24
T Reid	4	5	7	23	Cox	5	7	10	24
Thomas	5	4	6	11	Marks	5	7	10	22
Crosby	5	7	10	23	Burr	5	7	10	21
McMurphy	4	7	10	23	Donnelly	5	7	10	23
Budd	5	7	8	24	Stanley	5	7	10	23
Burnside	5	7	9	24	Klein	5	7	10	22
Heikes	5	7	8	23	Glemm	5	7	10	23

FOREST AND STREAM.

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NEWS FROM A FAR-OFF LAND.

FAR from the common routes of the tourists, between the Shetland Islands and Iceland, and almost under the Arctic Circle, lie the Faroe Islands. Twenty-two in number, mere dots upon a stormy sea and only to be reached in fair weather, they consist of elevations of basaltic rock rising sometimes to a height of 3,000 feet above the waves that dash about their base. The climate—modified by ocean currents—is not cold, yet the winter is almost one long night and the summer a scarcely interrupted day. The constant winds and the furious hurricanes which blow much of the time prevent the growth of trees and forbid the ripening of the hardest grain. The people that inhabit the islands are of Norse descent and support themselves by fishing, bird catching, egg gathering and by the flocks of sheep which pasture on the sweet grasses that the islands produce. They gather peat, tend their flocks, capture the sea fowl and catch the fish. Perhaps above all other men the Faroe Islanders are at home on the storm-swept sea, or on the narrow cliffs that the birds frequent, and they are most expert in the killing of whales and seals. They are a hardy, vigorous and loyal race, but the life that they live is as different as possible from anything that we know.

To this distant land Miss Elizabeth Taylor has gone to live among these simple people, and we shall soon begin the publication of a series of letters from her pen describing the life of this far-away corner of the globe. Miss Taylor is a born traveler and her achievements are well known. Not the least of her undertakings was a journey to the mouth of the Mackenzie River, a trip perhaps never previously made by any white woman. Beside being a traveler Miss Taylor is a trained observer, a naturalist and a graceful writer, the charm of whose letters is not unknown to readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

In her letters from the Faroe Islands she feelingly describes the perils to which their dwellers are exposed, tells of their different pursuits—of the egg gathering, the bird snaring and the whale killing—and tells it all with so much grace and feeling that these letters will prove of exceptional interest to all Americans who read them. And as we peruse the story of this hard life and realize how much of what must have happened is left unsaid, we may well wonder at the courage and endurance which carried a frail woman through scenes of such hardship and danger.

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER first has come and gone, and in many of the States the shooting season is now open. It is a day long looked forward to and eagerly awaited, above all by the young, and great are the preparations made for taking advantage of it. Guns are cleaned and polished, cartridges loaded or ordered, and every effort is made to have all things ready for the great event.

Too often the joyful anticipations felt with regard to the opening day are disappointed. If the weather has long been dry, it is found that the scent does not lie, and the dogs fail to do the good work expected of them. Often, too, it is exceedingly hot, dogs are fat, and, not having been used for many months, are excitable and difficult to control. If the shooting takes place in a wooded country the leaves still hang on the trees and obscure the sight; working through the swamps is laborious in the hot weather, and before the day is half over man and dog are likely to be exhausted. The quails and partridges have not settled down to their winter haunts, the woodcock have not yet come on from the north. It is a time "between hay and grass," and very often an unsatisfactory season for shooting.

It is true that some of the migratory ducks have begun to come on, and there is a possibility of starting from the wide brook or from some little lake or pond a small

bunch of wood ducks, teal or black ducks, and the bringing down of one or a brace of these gives satisfaction to the gunner; an occasional snipe may be found on the meadows, but we all know how uncertain snipe are. In October the shooting is often a disappointment.

Different people are likely to take different views of it, but to our notion it is far better to wait until after the sharp frosts have come to freshen up the heavy atmosphere of September; to clear the leaves from the trees, to kill down the rank vegetation along swamps and sloughs and river bank, before taking the field for serious all-day shooting trips. Then the birds are larger, stronger of wing, better able to take care of themselves and more satisfactory to bag. The work of finding them is far easier for the dog. He has then run off the fat accumulated by a season of idleness, and is no longer crazy with excitement, but has settled down to business and hunts in a workmanlike fashion that is the greatest pleasure to his owner. Then, when the birds jump, it is possible to see them, and sometimes to make the clever double or the careful long shot that gives such a feeling of satisfaction when it is accomplished. For dwellers in the country and those who have plenty of time on their hands, the early days of the shooting season might profitably be employed in making short jaunts of two or three hours to the known home of some brood of quail, or to some piece of woods where an old partridge is known to dwell, there to give the dogs some exercise, and to work off his superfluous spirits and bring him down to the business of the year. Longer shooting trips might well be postponed until the weather conditions are more satisfactory.

SNAP SHOTS.

A New York banker, who was arrested in New Jersey the other day and made to pay a fine for shooting on Sunday, displayed a fine feeling of outrage at the indignity to which he had been subjected. They usually do. Let a visiting sportsman get caught in a transgression of the game law, and the probabilities are a hundred to one that he will fume and bluster and tell loudly and earnestly of what a big fellow he is at home, and how because of his distinction and importance he should be considered as exempt from the law. Such talk, of course, avails nothing, except to add to the humor of the situation; but it is always interesting as being so significant of that common trait of human nature which leads so many of us to imagine that legal restrictions are for all other sportsmen but not for ourselves. Indeed, it would be by no means difficult to find among some of the sternest and most uncompromising advocates of the strictest laws with the heaviest penalties those who are themselves in actual personal practice consistent and constant violators of law. They believe in close seasons, in limited bags, in non-export laws—but always for the other fellows, and always with a reservation in favor of exemption for themselves.

A "boa constrictor," "the very worst trust in the world," or "vampire"—these are hard names, but even such terms fail to express the character of the enterprise which is denuding the mountains of New Hampshire, and bringing ruin and desolation upon them, as described in another column. The gravity of the situation cannot be exaggerated. What the remedy may be does not appear. For while on the one hand the people of New Hampshire have to deal with the remorseless greed of the lumber operators, on the other they are handicapped and shorn of might by their own indifference and ignorant want of appreciation of the evil and the necessity of its cure. There is one way, and one way only, to save the White Mountain forests, and that is by condemnation and the taking of the land by right of eminent domain.

In our issue of July 7 last we printed two very remarkable photographs of live wild deer; and a third is given to-day, with Mr. Seib's description of the method by which the result is achieved. The success of photographing wild deer close to depends upon two factors: the first is the deer's disregard of an immovable object, and the second is the photographer's ability to remain perfectly still despite cramped limbs, buck ague and the fly that lights on one's nose. The pictures were taken by Capt. L. A. Myrick, and we have never seen any similar views to surpass them.

MARSH FOLK.—II.

It is the birds that first catch the eyes of most observers; and they are of all sorts and conditions. Largest and most noticeable are the fish hawks, now slowly faring southward, with many a pause for rest and food, but all to be gone before the advent of cold weather. Patient fishermen are they, circling high in air over the wide waters and the level marsh and the wooded hillsides, checking themselves now and then over the water, and then moving in short circles and perhaps hovering for a moment over some spot, just as often a kingfisher or a sparrow-hawk or a bluebird may be seen to hover. If the prey seems near enough to be seized the bird drops, like a falling stone, or sometimes in long spirals, and when it nears the water it either pauses, if the fish has taken the alarm, or drops into it with outstretched legs and a mighty splash. For a moment it rests on the water, and then with slow flappings of the broad wings rises diagonally in the air with the fish held firmly in the long, crooked talons. Then, perhaps, for a time before alighting, the successful bird flies about in the air, so that the fish may die before it begins its meal. The great birds are wonderfully graceful in flight, whether they merely circle widely about with deliberate flappings or scan the water with keenest eye or make swift diagonal darts downward from some great elevation, when they wish to change their place. Their white heads and under parts make them conspicuous against the dark green of the forests, and then they seem larger than they really are. Sometimes, in these September days, a dozen may be seen at one time flying about over the river, and of these two or three will seem always to have a small fish in their claws.

Greater even than the fish hawks is the great blue heron, which sometimes stops on the meadow. He does not come often, nor when he comes does he remain long. There are too many people about, the steamboats are too frequent and the trains pass too near. His taste is for more quiet surroundings. When he alights he stands for a long time absolutely motionless, and many a gunner has passed, without noticing it, what seemed to be a stake standing at a distance in the meadow, and then has been astonished to see the stake all at once come to life and fly away just out of gunshot.

But if the great blue is rare, his cousins the bittern and the little green heron are much less so. And there is yet another, less in size than any of these, the least bittern, which is known to few save the ornithologist. When by chance one is killed by a gunner, its capture causes much speculation and all hands wonder what this strange bird may be. With a body hardly larger than a rail's, it spends its time among the close-set stems of reeds and grass, which its streaked plumage so closely resembles that with a background of grass stems it might stand in plain view and never be detected, unless by chance it should move. Its big relative, the common bittern, is less secretive, though he is very much disposed to keep to himself and is seldom seen unless the boat is shoved close to him or the gunner walks upon him. He, too, is protected by a coat of brown streaked with yellow, and on the ground may easily escape observation. His scent is strong, and sometimes the dogs, careering over the meadows after snipe, will stop and stand the bittern as they would a brood of quail.

The green heron is far bolder than any of these. Perhaps he has not sense enough to be shy and to keep out of reach of the gun. At all events, when started from the grass in autumn he may fly but a short distance and then alight again and stand watching the intruder with more curiosity than alarm, but with all the feathers of head and neck standing on end, like a rooster going into battle. Let us not shoot the little fellow, who does no harm and is an interesting dweller of the marsh.

The noisy crows, which in respect of their constant presence with us are like the poor, are seen now in little companies, each of which may perhaps be a single family. They wing their way over the tree tops of the valley, up and down the river, bent on various errands which we cannot guess. Often at low water they may be seen stalking solemnly over the mud flats and beaches, searching for food. They will not make their presence evident by great gatherings and much noise until the weather grows colder.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Among the Indians Sixty Years Ago

AMONG the survivors of the old-time Adirondack guides is Louis Watso, of North River, N. Y. He belongs to the Waubanakee tribe of Indians and came from Canada many years ago. His experiences as hunter and guide would fill a good-sized volume. He began hunting when ten years old, and quit only when the infirmities of age unfitted him for the chase. He is now eighty years old, but to my knowledge it is only a few years ago that he backed out of the woods a fine buck he had helped secure. I have before told FOREST AND STREAM something about the old man, and this writing is to describe one of his early experiences, rather than himself. In a kindly way he told the story to the writer this summer.

It will be repeated as nearly as possible in his own words:

"Oh, yes, I have seen wild Indians. Sixty years ago, when I was about twenty years old, my brother, who kept a store at St. Francis, and traded largely with wild Indians for their furs, wanted me to go with him on a trip to the Northwest. So we loaded a canoe with a large quantity of goods for barter, and started. We had with us another Indian who understood the language of the people where we were going as interpreter. It took us a month to make the journey. I do not know the name of the people we visited, nor of most of the lakes and streams we traveled on, but I know one river was called St. Maurice, and that we went over the Divide, so that the last waters we were on ran westward to the Pacific

We had a good time, for game and fish were plenty. But we didn't need to hunt or fish at all for a living, for the people brought us plenty of all kinds of game—deer meat, moose meat and bear meat, besides small game and fish in abundance. They were very kind to us. I tell you right there I saw some shootin.' As I said, their weapons were bows and arrows, but how they could shoot with them! At five or six rods they would take a partridge's head off every time and not miss. I have seen their young men do it repeatedly.

"We lived among them all winter. We had to, for the streams froze over and we couldn't get away. So altogether we were with them about six months, and I must say I never saw a more peaceful or happy people among themselves. I never saw any sign of a quarrel among them, but always kindness and contentment. Their living was entirely game and fish, and their clothing entirely of skins. Their blankets were made of rabbit skins, with the hair on, cut into strips about half an inch wide and woven together with some sort of thong or wood fiber. The blankets were more than half an inch thick and very warm, so that in the coldest weather they would be perfectly comfortable sleeping on the ground, with one blanket under them and another over them, and without any fire, while we, with our blankets, often had to keep a good fire all night."

"Did not their greater hardihood partly account for this?"

"Oh, yes; but their blankets had a good deal to do with it, too."

"I suppose from their peaceable lives together that they did not have any 'firewater' among them?"

"Oh, no; they didn't know anything about that. I suppose we were the first traders who had ever visited them."

Photographing Wild Deer Close By.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The deer pictures which I left with you were taken on the Roan Creek, Garfield county, Colo., and I will try to explain the methods and how difficult it is to obtain a fairly good photograph, when it is considered that direction of wind, light, time of day, proper location, etc must be just right.

Build a blind with sage brush, and put the camera equipped with a Telephoto lens in position, pointing in the direction from which the deer are expected to come. Remove the cap from the lens, focus for a certain distance, set your shutter, and then when everything is ready, sit down bulb in hand to snap the camera at the right time and wait for the deer to come. Sometimes it is a long wait and there is no deer; at other times a short wait and plenty of deer.

But they come the wrong way—sometimes from behind, at other times either to the right or left, but none in front of the camera; consequently there is no negative and no picture. The next day you try again. Here they come straight for the camera! Do you know how it feels? Just think of your proverbial first deer coming for you in the open! You wait to let it come closer, and you shake and tremble so that you could not hit a barn door. It is the same feeling when taking pictures at 50 or 100 feet and over. If the deer come in front of the camera make a little noise, just enough to attract their attention, and press the bulb. The shutter clicks; away the deer go like a flash and disappear quickly. This may represent two weeks of hard work with a few fairly good pictures. It is no trouble to get deer to come close to you if the wind is in your favor and you don't move.

I have hunted with Capt. L. A. Myrick, who lives on



PHOTOGRAPH OF WILD DEER.

From a photograph by Capt. L. A. Myrick.

Ocean. Finally we reached the shore of a big lake four or five miles across, and the interpreter said, 'We will stop here.' We could look across the water and see a large Indian village, but the interpreter said, 'It won't do to go direct to those people. If we should they would kill us. We will wait here till they send some one to us.' So we built a fire and set about getting camp ready for the night.

"Within an hour after the smoke of our camp-fire began to rise the interpreter said, 'Look there!' I looked where he pointed and saw an Indian peeking at us from behind a tree. His eyes shined, and he had a bow and arrow in his hand. Our man walked slowly toward him and spoke to him. Soon I saw another peeking at us from behind another tree, and then another. They each had a bow and arrow. Finally our man made the first one understand that we were not enemies, but had come there to trade with their people, and invited them to come to the boat and see our goods. But they said they must wait and see what their chief said about it. Then they went off, and in about an hour several canoes started from the village and came right across the lake to us. The chief himself was in the party. Through the interpreter we told him our business, and he went to the canoe and saw our goods for himself. Then he seemed satisfied that we had told him the truth, and told us to come right over to his village. So we put everything into the canoe again and went with him to his village. He told us where to make our camp, about a quarter of a mile or so from his own, and we were soon surrounded by wild Indians and doing a big business. Those people had a big stock of furs, and my brother had a big stock of trinkets to trade for them. He had a big lot of jewsharp's, which cost him about three cents apiece, and of colored cotton handkerchiefs, which cost him about four cents apiece. Often he would get ten dollars' worth of mink fur for a jewsharp, or fifteen dollars' worth of beaver skins for a bright-colored handkerchief. I asked him, 'What do you cheat these poor people so for?' He laughed and said, 'I ain't cheating them. They hain't no use for these furs, and they want these goods—it's all right.'

"The chief give us a strip of river and the woods bordering on it for our hunting and fishing ground.

"What about their religion?"

"I didn't hear that they had any. I never saw anything to indicate it. They were just peaceful and happy all the time—contented."

"How about their family life?"

"Oh, that was all right. They were kind, and the men did their share of the work."

"When we came away in the spring the chief invited us to come again, and sent some of his young men to help us over the carries. Our canoe was heavily loaded with furs, and the young men would help carry them to the next water. When we started on in the canoe they would disappear in the woods and be at the next carry ahead of us. We always found them there when we got there. So they went with us and helped us for four days. Finally we told them they had better go back, as they were getting so far from home. 'Oh, no,' they said, 'it is only a little ways.' But they started back as we advised them to, and would not take any pay for helping us."

"We got home all right, and my brother sold his furs for several thousand dollars."

JUVENAL.

Wild Rice for Wildfowl.

WILD rice has been successfully grown to furnish attraction for wildfowl. It is very prolific and grows annually on the same grounds, requiring no care to cultivate. It will grow well in almost any water that has a muddy bottom, is not too cold and has not a strong current, and is not more than 8 ft. deep. It will succeed in any of the Middle States and Northwest as far as latitude 50°. Rice has been found doing well on prairie sloughs of Minnesota, the water of which is tintured more or less with alkali; it has been successfully introduced into many of the salt marshes of the Hudson River and Long Island, and it grows well in fresh-water marshes and on the banks of slow-running streams. The proper time for sowing the seeds is immediately after it is gathered ripe, i. e., in September. The plant is hardy, prolific and aggressive, and usually more than maintains a footing once established.

his fine fruit ranch about three and a half miles from De Beque, on the Rio Grande River, for a number of years, and it was through him that I became acquainted with the methods of taking wild deer pictures, and to him belongs the credit of having taken the pictures I furnished you. He is a fine hunter and sportsman, and a better companion on a hunting trip cannot be found anywhere. Well educated, kind-hearted, he enjoys the friendship of many, and ladies or children are in his care as safe as in their own homes. He takes out parties on trips, has a beautiful, charming home on the Rio Grande River, and a few weeks spent with him at his home or on the hunt are the most enjoyable possible, and his charges are very reasonable.

Let me tell you, as nearly as I can recollect, his way of telling about the taking of a deer picture in company with his friend Wallaham, of Lay City, Colo., who has quite a reputation as a wild animal photographer: Time, July, 1898. Scene, California Park, where there was only one quaking asp tree in the open, and not another bush nor tree within 500 yards. "Our camera was planted in open view. The deer would come to this tree to roll in the dust and fight flies. The deer would see you sitting by the tree in bold view, and would stop and stamp their feet, but come gradually closer. The wind was favorable, the camera slide drawn, and the only thing to do was to sit perfectly still. If a fly should alight on your nose, just let it stay there and bite away. You dare not move a muscle. They would come within a few feet and look you square in the face, stamp and snort, go off again, lie down and roll in the dust, get up again, and take another look, as much as to say, 'Who are you?' You would sit there for an hour waiting to get the deer in a favorable position. If the deer move sideways and get your wind, away they stampede, and all your labor is lost. It takes lots of nerve and staying qualities to get a deer or any wild animal's picture in an open field, but the one we were after we got, even if it was a poor one."

GEO. DAN SEIB.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Old Fort Benton.

FORT BENTON, Mont., was for years the greatest fur market in the world. There, season after season, were gathered thousands and thousands of buffalo robes, elk, deer and bear skins and the valuable pelts of the beaver, wolf and other fur bearing animals. The entire catch of half a dozen tribes of Indians, scattered over hundreds of miles of surrounding country, and collected by a score or two of brave and enterprising traders, was brought here each year for shipment down the river to St. Louis, in the earlier days by flatboats, and later by steamers.

There was something in this occupation of Indian trading irresistibly fascinating. It was not work, but an exciting pastime. Few who entered into the business ever abandoned it for anything else until the buffalo disappeared and other game became scarce and there were no longer any furs and robes to trade for. And, surprising as it may seem, not one in ten of these traders ever saved up money. They made enough, some of them hundreds of thousands, but it came easily and was spent more easily. Even the wolfer, by half attending to business, could catch in a season a thousand wolves—every hide worth a five-dollar bill; but ten to one he would start in the next fall without a dollar, and with provisions bought on credit. The only ones who really made any money in this business were, first the American Fur Company, and later two or three firms who furnished the traders with goods at 300 and 400 per cent. profit, and who also traded directly with the Indians.

The first trading post in this country was built on the present site of Fort Benton, in 1846, by Alexander Culbertson, chief factor of the American Fur Company. It was made of adobe, was two stories high, and had bastions at each end mounted with cannon. It was impregnable to the Indians, for they could neither set fire to it nor climb the high walls.

In those days a "trade" was the occasion of no little ceremony. A tribe of Indians, having been out on a hunt long enough for each one to catch a bale or two of beaver (10 skins to the bale), would return and camp in the vicinity of the fort. The next morning everyone, including the women and children, would put on their "best clothes," paint their faces and move in a body towards the fort.

First came the head-chief leading one of his finest horses, then the under-chiefs, after them the warriors, and lastly the women and children leading horses packed with furs. It must have been an imposing sight to witness, for then the Indians were dressed in their native costume, their clothing made of buckskin and cowskin, and ornamented with eagle feathers, weasel skins, elk teeth, and bear claws; and most of them carried their native weapons, a bow and quiver of arrows, a large, round and brightly ornamented shield, and stone knife. When close to the fort, the whole tribe, as with one voice, began to sing. Then from the cannon roared out salute after salute, the great flag was raised aloft, and while the cannon were booming and the Indians singing, the portals of the great gateway were thrown open and the factor, followed by one or two of his men, came forth and greeted the chiefs. Then the head-chief would say, "Now, to-day am I glad to meet my brother. The white men are my friends, they are as relations to me. Now, to-day I have brought my children with me, that they may give you their furs. And I have also brought this horse as a present for my brother."

Then the factor would say: "I am very glad my brother has come and brought his people, and I am glad to have this good horse. Come now, my brother, let us enter and eat and drink and let the other chiefs come with us."

Then the chiefs entered the fort, where a hearty meal had been prepared for them. But first each one was served with a small dram of liquor. After eating, the great stone pipe was lighted and the head-chief related to the factor the incidents of the hunt, and while they talked various presents were placed before them, the head-chief, perhaps, receiving a gun, with flints, powder and balls. Then after awhile the chiefs went out and told their people the price of various articles and the trade began. As an instance of the profits of Indian trading in those days, I give below the value of several articles in beaver skins, each skin being then worth about \$5: Flint lock gun, cost about \$10, was sold for 2 obeaver; a keg of powder, costing \$5, for 10 beaver; sack balls, costing \$5, for 10 beaver; butcher knife, costing \$1, for 2 beaver; paper of paint, costing 25 cents, for 1 beaver; 4 yds. red cloth, costing \$4, for 20 beaver.

After a hot competition for some years the American Fur Company sold out to the Northwest Fur Company. When this latter firm wound up its affairs, two or three different firms started in the business. Besides trading directly with the Indians, these firms sold goods to smaller traders, who either followed the Indians on their hunts or built small posts of their own in different parts of the country. Although comparatively safe when once they had built their little fort and were settled in it, these traders ran great risks journeying to and from Benton, for the Indians were quick to take advantage of a small traveling party.

Before the International Boundary Survey the country in that region was rather debatable ground and was, of course, unsettled. Taking advantage of this, several Benton parties built trading posts out there, for it was the favorite country of the Bloods and Blackfeet, and buffalo were always plenty.

One of these traders, Mr. Jos. Kipp, established a post at the junction of the Belly and Old Man's rivers, in 1872. The buildings of this place formed three sides of a square and comprised two large warehouses, a trade room and three living rooms. The trade room joined on a warehouse, and in the partition were loop holes, where, when a "trade" was going on, were concealed several men with rifles, ready to nip in the bud any outbreak. A counter, shoulder high, ran nearly the whole length of the room, and behind it, on shelves, were stacked blankets and all kinds of goods. Under the counter and among the goods were concealed a number of revolvers and rifles, all loaded for instant use. On the south side, forming the fourth side of the fort, was a high stockade, chinked and daubed, and in the center of this stockade, midway between the buildings

was the big gate. Immediately in front of the buildings flowed the Belly River. This had always been a favorite camping ground of the Indians. On either side of both rivers were broad, rolling prairies, much frequented by buffalo, and the river bottoms afforded excellent shelter for horses.

At this place Calf Shirt was killed. I think the story of his death is worth relating—not on account of any bravery displayed by the whites, for they were simply obliged to kill him, and did so—but because it illustrates a very peculiar and not uncommon trait of Indian character. Calf Shirt was the head-chief of the Bloods. He was a renowned warrior and the greatest chief the Bloods ever had, from a time as far back as known. But he had an ungovernable temper, and in fits of anger had killed several of his own people, and for this he was hated and feared. Nor was he liked by the whites, for he openly boasted before them of the number of white scalps he had taken. He was a man of commanding presence, over six feet in height, weighing over two hundred pounds, and with regular and comely features.

It was in the summer time; robes and furs were out of season, and little trading was done. Calf Shirt had bought some goods of Kipp, and having no robes to pay for them he left his shield with the trader as security. Not long after, he one day entered the trading room and demanded his shield. Kipp happened to be the only one in the room at the time and he asked Calf Shirt what he had to pay for it.

"Nothing," replied the chief, "I want to fight and must have my shield. You must give it to me."

At this impudent reply Kipp thrust his hand into a pile of blankets lying on the shelf, in which was concealed the nearest revolver to him. But Calf Shirt was watching him, and raising his right hand from under his blanket in which he had all the time held a cocked revolver, he rested it over his left arm, pointed directly at the trader. Kipp, who had never taken his eyes off the Indian, saw at a glance that the red man had the best of it; and thus they stood, Kipp with his hand between the blankets, Calf Shirt pointing a revolver at him, when Geo. Scott entered the room.

"George," said Kipp, "he has the drop on me; come behind the counter, get a pistol and kill him."

George says that the next few moments seemed a year to him. His heart was in his throat, and he felt that most likely his time had come; but he tried to appear unconcerned, and acted as if he didn't see Calf Shirt. He whistled and fussed around and finally went behind the counter, dropped down on his knees, took a revolver, and started to crawl back around the corner of the counter, where, unperceived, he might get a good shot at the chief. But just then without saying a word Calf Shirt turned round and walked out of the door, and out of the stockade, never once looking back. Neither Kipp nor Scott fired at him, as they might have done, for they did not like to arouse the Indians if they could help it.

Some of the whites in the stockade at this time were married to Indian women. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon one of these women came running into the stockade, scared and out of breath, crying: "Calf Shirt is coming! Calf Shirt is coming! He says he will kill you all." Just as she concluded, the chief himself came in through the open gates. He had on no clothing except breechclout and moccasins. He was painted for war, wore his eagle-feather war head-dress, and carried in his right hand a revolver. He advanced toward the trading room, singing a war song and dancing solemnly and majestically forward, first on one foot and then on the other. Just at this time there were several men in the cook room playing cards; among them "Diamond R." Brown and Dick Berry. Distracted from their game by the shrieks of the women and the war song, they rushed out and saw Calf Shirt advancing toward them. At the same time Kipp and George Scott came out of the trade room. Now what must have Calf Shirt have thought when he saw all those men come out, with pistols in their hands? He knew that his time had come, that he would never leave that place alive, but he did not hesitate; he kept on singing and dancing. "Boys," said one, "he means business. There is no help for it—we must kill him"; and he raised his revolver and fired. Then the others commenced. Crack, crack, crack, crack went the pistols; and every time a bullet struck the chief. He stopped, turned round, and walked slowly back; but a little to the right, and all the time the revolvers were going crack, crack, crack, crack, and bullet after bullet was lodged in the chief's body, but he never flinched, he never even quivered when one struck him. He kept walking slowly on. Right in front of him was a pit where the earth had been dug with which to cover the roofs. Right into this he fell, prone on his face, but he slowly arose, turned round, emptied his revolver at the whites, and as he fired the sixth and last shot he fell once more, and died. There were sixteen bullet holes in his body, most of them mortal wounds.

A peculiarity of Indian character, illustrated by the foregoing, is this: An Indian often gets so angry that in the face of certain death he will seek revenge. For some unknown reason Calf Shirt had left the stockade in the morning without killing the trader, as he might easily have done. He went to his lodge, sat down and brooded over his wrongs, real or imaginary, and grew angrier and angrier, until, throwing prudence to the winds, he put on his war paint and went back to get revenge. It is probable that he was fired on sooner than he had calculated. His object was to get close enough to make sure of Kipp; and after the first few shots he was probably really killed; and what he did afterwards was done mechanically and not with intention.

Blue Bunnies the Californian Fad.

"THERE is always something on the side of California that sets you guessing," said the man with the deteriorated lung who had just hastened back to New York for the few weeks in each year which make life tolerable to him.

"If I want to live with this breathing mechanism of mine permanently out of alignment I have to go out to the coast for the winter. Just as soon as the early frosts begin to shed the fruit from the mince pie tree, just as soon as the fattening turkeys begin to cast mistaken defiance at the President's proclamation of Thanksgiving in which I can but faintly participate, it is incumbent on me to slide out to California. If I should neglect the warning my executor would be put to the necessity of a 'here lies' over me, and cashing in my unused transportation in order to make the estate look big. When it comes to the therapeutic properties of the transcontinental systems I think that I may rank as an expert. I know just how every line deals with the one-lungster. I have been over the Isthmus. With luck I may last long enough to go through the Nicaragua Canal, if they are not too deliberate in building it. I have tackled the Sunset Route, the Scenic Route, the old Central Pacific, the Shasta Route, the Great Northern, and way down South the Santa Fé. There is only one way that I have foregone, and that is by sail around the Horn, which might be damaging to me in the gales which live forever between Staaten Island and Diego Ramirez. When it comes to the railroads I can give practical information on a point not set down in any gazetteer, namely, the comparative advantages of Sherman and Marshall's Pass on a man whose breath comes short and with difficulty when he gets a mile or so in the air. In the same way I might discourse, with practical experience, on the comparative advantages of the different climates of California comprehended within the four cardinal points set forth in the jingle,

From Siskiyou to San Diego,
From the Sierras to the sea.

"Rather shabby poetry, isn't it? But it brings down the house at any political convention in California. No man knows just who was first guilty of it, but old man Sisson up in the Siskiyou country used to smile rather deprecatingly when he was charged with it. If he did do it that was the sum of his poetical offending, and much may be forgiven a man who has his wisdom in beguiling trout.

"I've been going to the ultimate West so long—at least it was the ultimate West until Hawaii and Dick Leary's moral side show of Guam and the Philippines were tacked on—that I can't drop the old expression all at once, that I do not have to give any thought to where I shall go and how I shall get there. The one thing that sets me guessing when the time for my annual trip comes, and I may say the thing that keeps me guessing all the time I am out on the Coast, is what side show I am going to stack up against. That's no simple thing at all, for there is always some new game, and the Eastern one-lungster is the come-on who pays for the music and the free lunch and all the rest of the enticing accessories.

"Let me see. The first game I encountered was when I was set on the southern part of the State. It was boom land, lots of land, even more boom. I was convinced from the start, no man could help that when the California boomers got after him. I believe it was seedless oranges that they landed me on first. Now that was a splendid proposition and I might have made a fortune if it hadn't been for the San José scale, and if I had given all my time to it. But there are a few weeks when I can live in New York, when I can live at what the geographies call the confluence of the Hudson and East rivers. Naturally I took the opportunity to come back, and naturally the bugs took that time to get after my oranges when there was nobody to pick them off.

"The next thing was English walnuts, in the Ojai Valley, and that was a game that spelt Wealth with a big W in every prospectus that came my way. As a permanent investment that is really a brilliant success. The trees are already pretty fair saplings by now, and if nothing happens my heirs and assigns forever can amuse themselves gathering the crop. But for a quick return on an investment they are what you might call deliberate.

"The next thing I was caught on was choice residence property and villa sites. I bought more of the San Bernardino desert laid out with neat stakes than you would believe. Each lot was a corner property, right next the new university, or the leading church, and opposite the park. They are there yet, they are waiting for the university and the church and the park to materialize, but I shudder to read the local papers lest I may see my name in the list of sales for delinquent taxes.

"Then I went in for shares in the grand international Monte Carlo, at Tia Juana, half in Mexico and half in California. That was a very enticing proposition, but somehow or other it fell through. After that I came north of Tehachipa, and went in for grapes, at Fresno, and eventuated in phylloxera. One year I devoted to raising watermelons in the San Joaquin valley, in competition with the big sugar companies. Prunes in the Santa Clara valley caught me one season; if you will only stop to figure out the number of boarding houses in the United States, and their average consumption of this flabby vegetable, you will see how easy it is to write an attractive prospectus when you have prune orchards to sell. Once I got caught on the northern citrus belt, at the Oroville fair it was, and I can tell you it takes a pretty smart man to see the joint when they glue the ripe oranges onto an orchard of willows or madroño trees.

"All those experiences have taught me a lesson that I can profit by. But this season I've got hold of the newest investment, and it's a corker. It's the Belgian hare. Now you may think you know something about rabbits. Of course you do; you've probably had plenty of white bunnies that you could carry around by the ears, but that's something entirely different. But the Belgian isn't a rabbit at all; it's a hare, the raw material of hasenpfeffer. There is an ever increasing market for hasenpfeffer, as people learn to eat it. Hitherto the great objection to hasenpfeffer at the restaurants has been the suspicion that would lurk that it was made of cats,

REPORT YOUR LUCK

With Rod and Gun

To FOREST AND STREAM,

New York City.

plain ordinary pussy cats. But now that it is known that the great State of California has gone wholesaled into the business of raising hares for hasenpfeffer, you can call for it with perfect confidence that you are not getting accidentally defunct mousers. If you will only stop to think of it, you may never have eaten hasenpfeffer, but just as soon as our crop gets on the market you'll see what's what.

"Belgians are a sort of blue bunny, just about the same size as white rabbits, with pink eyes, but much better shaped. The color is blue, somewhat like a Maltese cat, and that color is one of the great points that you get marks on when they hold shows. Another thing is the marks on the paws; that counts high too. You get more marks on shape, and the thing to avoid is to let the little beggars get paunchy. If you let them out in the sunlight the color sort of fades, and a bunny from hundred-dollar stock may just through this mistake be marked so low that you can't get more than two bits for it. If they get their feet wet, that knocks out the fine marking on the paws, and then more of your profit gets marked off. If they eat too much, particularly when they are young, the shape goes all off. So you see blue bunnies are enough to keep you sitting up nights. The best way is to keep them in the cellar, in separate hutches, and when you go into a strange house you can tell the moment you enter the door if they are Belgian enthusiasts. The smell fixes it. It sort of reminds you of the menagerie in the circus, maybe not so strong, but quite as penetrating. You've got to be mighty careful about their feed. First thing in the morning you give them some chopped up carrot. Then at noon you can give them some lettuce or a little cabbage. At night you let them have some alfalfa hay. That's what I think is best for them, but there are some people who will tell you that's all wrong. To tell the truth, nobody does know exactly. One thing is certain, you may give your Belgians whatever you think best—that's your own lookout; but whatever you give them, you must be sure to take it out of the hutches just as soon as they stop eating. The habit of nibbling between meals is worse for blue bunnies than it is for children. And that reminds me, if you're going to keep Belgians you've got to dispose of your children. A baby's one idea of the usefulness of a bunny is to swing it around by the ears. Belgians won't stand that. Why, I've known a registered Belgian go off sixty points just in a single interview with a four-year-old kid; its ears were hopelessly stretched. And you cannot leave Belgians to your servants; you've got to make them part and parcel of your own life, and a good big part at that.

"These are not any sort of a cheap recreation. White rabbits are scarcely salable at two bits apiece, but Belgians mean money. You can get a pair for \$50, but that's a mistaken economy; it's a mistake that beginners make, but they never make it again after they have once entered their young Belgians in a show and seen them hopelessly outclassed. When you start in to raise Belgians the best are none too good. If you start with pedigree stock it will cost you \$150 a pair, and even then you are never quite sure of what you are getting. The real way is to begin with registered stock, best pedigree, and prize winners. That will cost you \$250 or \$300 a pair, but you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have started right. Of course, your leverets will not all turn out prize winners; no matter how careful you are, they will slip out into the sunlight and there goes your color, and it is an awful task to keep them from getting their little feet wet, which is simply ruination to the markings on the paws. Still if you give your whole time to it you ought to raise a good percentage of prize winners, and the others will bring a good price in the market—not the highest price, of course, but something pretty nearly as good.

"It is the great topic with all California this season. The papers are writing editorials about the Belgians, and every paper is running a special department on the subject, and the advertising would simply astonish you. The future of California is assured. The hares bid fair to do more for the State than the placers ever did. Once in a while you will find some old fossil who gets in the way of progress. They've got a lot of stock arguments. They compare this sound business investment to the Dutch tulip mania, or they call attention to the damage that rabbits have done in Australia, or they cite the need for the jackrabbits drives in Fresno. But you know how that is, no matter where you go, you will find some men who never have the sense to take up with new ideas of prosperity. With these few exceptions all California has gone wild over Belgian hares, and those of us who were in at the beginning of the boom are going to make lots of money. Just look at it a moment. Only think of the number of people in the United States who have never eaten hasenpfeffer, thought it was pussy cat stewed. Well, all those people are going to eat it at their dinner tables, and they are going to clamor for it at their restaurants, just as soon as they know that out in California we are breeding the Belgians just for them. I don't believe that there are more than a million people who now eat hasenpfeffer, but call it twenty millions if you like; that leaves us more than fifty millions who are going to eat it within the next few years, and probably the coming census will increase the figure enormously. That's only our domestic market. I don't say a word about the export trade, in cold storage, that is bound to spring up. But the prospect is simply overwhelming. It's the biggest boom there has ever been in California."

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, Oct. 9 and 23, at 8 o'clock.

Oct. 9.—Frank M. Chapman. "Bird Studies with a Camera." Illustrated with lantern slides.

Oct. 23.—Jonathan Dwight, Jr. "The Moults of the Shore Birds (*Limicola*) of North America."

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Gens des Bois.

VIII.—Plumadore.

PLUMADORE POND is a beautiful lake near the northern limits of the Adirondack forest. It was once in the heart of a famous hunting country, and though to-day approached by the ruthless clearings of the Chateaugay Iron & Ore Company, who are converting the timber from a principality thirty-seven miles long and five or six miles wide into charcoal and pulp, and though it is only a question of a few years when the Canuck netters and coasters will have potted the last of its trout and deer, the pond has a claim for recognition for all time as the sole monument of the noble old Indian who gave it his name.

This man, who was born about the close of the Revolutionary War, lived to be a hundred years of age, and in the pioneer days of the Adirondacks was one of its best known characters. At the present time his old associates are all dead, and there are few living who remember Plumadore, even in his final retirement on his little hop farm on Deer River.

The Adirondack historian of to-day has gotten the commercial aspect of things implanted far too firmly in his ego. To him there was nothing in the woods before Paul Smith gave up peddling stoves for hotel keeping. Titus in his book, "Adirondack Pioneers," gives space to a select galaxy of bartenders and does not fail to mention Mary Ryan, the chambermaid, but nowhere is there anything of the Plumadores, Sabilles or "Sangermas." To Dr. Knapp of Essex, formerly of Malone, N. Y., I am indebted for the particulars of the following slight sketch of Plumadore.

From Priest to Hunter.

Plumadore was born in troublous times and first appears as a waif picked up by the good fathers in a Jesuit mission in Montreal. His parents had been killed in the raid of some hostile band, and the boy never knew any family or tribal ties. At the mission he made good progress in his studies, and was early set aside for the priesthood. By nature he was kindly and high minded, and he would undoubtedly have made an ideal missionary.

At eighteen, however, his health began to fail and he developed a cough and other symptoms of consumption. The fathers realized the danger and determined upon a heroic remedy. They gave Plumadore a rifle and sent him off for a six weeks' hunt in the woods. No doubt they had misgivings as to the result, but it was a choice between two evils, and that they took the risk of losing the services of their Indian rather than his life is infinitely to their credit.

Apparently Plumadore began his journey from Caughnawaga on the south side of the St. Lawrence, and to this fact rather than to any ancestral influences is due the selection of his hunting country in the Adirondack wilderness. Plumadore probably followed the Chateaugay River to its chief source of the Chateaugay Lakes and then traveled westward around the base of the Lyon mountain group to the headwaters of the Salmon River.*

Once around these mountains an easy level avenue lay open to the southward to Saranac Lake, and beyond the country was dotted with lakes and little ponds, and was at that time one of the best fur and game sections in North America.

Plumadore soon learned its secrets, and doing so regained his health, the pioneer and happy exemplar for thousands of poor sufferers who followed later to the Adirondack plateau.

Plumadore never forgot the mission at Montreal or his early training, but the fascination of the woods was upon him and he could not return. He made his home in the Adirondacks and for many years hunted and trapped between the State Dam on the Salmon River, thirteen miles above Malone, and Saranac Lake. Much of the time he was alone, but he had one favored companion, Captain Peter, a Canadian half-breed from the boundary town of French Mills, now known as Fort Covington.

Discovery of Plumadore Pond.

It was on one of his trapping trips with Captain Peter that Plumadore Pond was discovered. Though quite a large sheet of water in the neighborhood which Plumadore and others had often hunted, its existence was not suspected for the reason that it lay on high ground off the natural route of travel.

The trappers used trout as bait, and were accustomed to procure them from Wolf Pond, several miles away. In a country so plentifully besprinkled with lakes it seemed there should be some source of bait nearer at hand, and Captain Peter often complained of this carry from Wolf Pond.

One day in mid-winter as the two men in company were traveling this line the half-breed broached the subject again. Plumadore replied that he believed he could discover a lake nearer at hand, and with a spirit of prescience located it over the nearest ridge, considerably to the amazement of Captain Peter, who felt perfectly sure no lake could exist in the direction mentioned.

Plumadore ascended the ridge, and to secure a better view threw off his snowshoes and climbed a pine tree whose tops reached above the surrounding forest. His first glance showed him the pond almost at his feet, a circular snow covered expanse of level ice.

Captain Peter had gone about his business, and accordingly when Plumadore descended he visited the pond alone to test its possibilities as a trout water.

With his hunting axe he chopped a hole in the ice, and then dropped in his hook tipped with a bit of bright flannel at the end of three feet of line. A second later a trout weighing fully a pound was flopping on the ice, and Plumadore could see that the water was swarming with hungry fish. In a very short time he had secured all the trout he could carry, and when he returned to camp his object lesson was an eye-opener to Captain Peter.

*There are two Salmon Rivers in the Adirondacks, one flowing into the St. Lawrence and the other into Lake Champlain. The reference is to the former.

Subsequently the men visited the pond together, and liking the location they established a permanent camp. It was while living in this camp that Plumadore nearly lost his life as the result of an accident.

Alone and Helpless.

Captain Peter had gone off for supplies, and possibly a little of the natural history experience that may be gained in a town the size of Plattsburgh, and Plumadore was left alone to tend the trapping line. The first day while on his customary round he struck his foot against a sharp pine branch concealed in the snow with such violence that the snag ran deeply into the flesh and broke off. It was a bitterly cold day and Plumadore's feet were numbed, and he did not at first realize the seriousness of his injury. Long before he reached camp, however, he could scarcely walk, and when he finally pulled open the door of the bark roofed shanty and stepped in his legs gave way beneath him and he fell to the floor.

He made a fire with what little wood happened to be on the camp, and proceeded to dress his foot. With returning warmth and animation the foot began to swell, and at the same time the pain became intense. Provisions were almost gone, and beyond a few sticks of fuel there was no firewood cut. To make matters worse a terrible wind and snow storm set in, which could not fail to delay his companion's return.

The morning of the day following his accident found Plumadore unable to stand. He was confronted by the possibility of death from cold and starvation. He had counted on hunting to replenish his larder, and had barely enough food to last through the day. His fuel was gone and the wind shook the frail cabin and rove the snow through and across in miniature whirlwinds. Plumadore broke up his bed and the few wooden articles in the cabin to feed the fire. It was certain that if he could not keep up the fire he would freeze to death, for like most Indians he was thinly clad and provided with scanty bedding, and the cold was greater than he had ever known. Fortunately, before the last of the supply thus secured was consumed, the storm abated, and the injured man was enabled to drag himself outside to procure wood. With the abatement of the storm the cabin became much more comfortable, but one danger only gave place to another, for now there was no food.

What Plumadore endured in the days before Captain Peter's return will never be known in the entirety. He melted snow and made a broth with pieces of fox skin, and his supply of furs enabled him to stave off for a time the worst results of the terrible hunger; and each day he traveled around in broadening circles on hands and knees in the deep snow for his wood supply.

When Captain Peter found him he was almost gone. Care and good food, however, and the tonic of the woods soon restored him. The primitive conditions of the trapper's life have a marvelous curative effect for all ills but old age. Trappers should never grow old.

Wolves vs. Frying Pan.

Plumadore once held at bay a pack of wolves with a frying pan. The frying pan figured as a musical instrument and not a weapon. He had left the implement in question at a temporary shanty at Wolf Pond, and having use for it started over one day to get it; and as this was his sole errand and he was in a hurry he carried no rifle.

On the way to the pond he heard wolves howling, and before he reached the shanty they had grown uncommonly bold and he saw several at a distance. Securing the frying pan Plumadore set out at once on his return to the main camp. The wolves had increased in numbers and seemed with that wonderful intuition possessed by some animals to have acquainted themselves with the fact that Plumadore was unarmed.

They pressed in on all sides and he could hear them moving in the bushes. Presently some of them appeared in front sitting down directly in his path.

Plumadore had picked up a heavy pine knot with a spur projecting at right angles with the end, and dashing forward he threw this at the wolves, scolding them at the same time. The wolves retreated slowly, snarling. The Indian recovered his missile, retaining it to use as a club, and as the wolves appeared more threatening than ever he made up his mind that they would soon be upon him. Just then one of the wolves sprang by so close that Plumadore made an involuntary motion with his club. The knot struck against the frying pan, which he still carried in his left hand, with a resounding bang, which was not without its effect on the wolves. Noting that they seemed disconcerted he began beating on the pan, with the result that the wolves fell back, and he was enabled to resume his way to camp.

He continued his solo to the accompaniment of howling wolves till the camp was reached. Dashing inside he secured his rifle and shot down the leader, but before he could reload the other wolves had disappeared. The clatter of the frying pan had warned them that they had an animal out of the common to deal with, while the crack of the rifle had proved it to be their terrible and merciless foe, man.

Last Days.

Plumadore passed his declining years living on a farm where the road from Malone to Meacham Lake crosses Deer River. He deeded this farm to a young man whom he esteemed, in consideration of caring for him in his old age. He was a small man, but carried himself well, and at 94 was still erect and in full possession of his faculties. His eye was bright and his teeth in either jaw in good condition. He was a firm believer in Christianity and possessed a kind heart and a generous nature.

When one of a party of visiting sportmen shot a crane he reproved him, telling him it was cruel to kill one of God's creatures which was harmless and at the same time useless for food. Though he had taken a friendly interest in this man at first, he thereafter refused to have anything to do with him.

Dr. Knapp, who knew the old man at this time, thus describes his habits:

"Every evening soon after sundown he would retire to his boat, paddle to some favorite locality (I never saw him use an oar) and then anchoring would spend

Natural History.

The Copperhead's Bite.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The interesting letter from one of your correspondents about the copperhead snake was very correct in its details. The writer forgot to mention the bright green plate present on the forehead when that reptile is at its best. The gray copperheads are the very small ones, but on account of their markings and their extreme thickness in proportion to their length and their large head, they are never mistaken for any other snake.

The copperhead is certainly a most villainous reptile. I have seen them of the length of my little finger with a toad inside of them thicker than the end of my thumb. Now look at your little finger and the last joint of your thumb and you will appreciate the comparison. Again, I saw a copperhead in the summer of '89 at Valley Park, Mo., that was not much longer than my arm, and yet it had a head as large as my closed fist and its body was as thick as my arm (my fist and arm are considerably above the average in length and size). This snake was by far the largest I ever saw of its species, and must have been nearly twenty years old. Its head was nearly severed by that enemy of all snakes, the hay mower. I discovered it the day after we had cut the hay in a dried up swamp that lay close to the village of Valley Park. So much for this beautiful creeping devil.

Now, how does it feel to be struck by one? I once underwent that experience, and in snake days at that time when the virus is at its worst. I had heard stories of persons dying from the effects of the bite—in fact, that very summer a boy, a white woman and a colored man had died inside of two weeks in that very neighborhood from the effects of copperhead bites. I differ from your correspondent's expressed opinion when she states that the bite of the copperhead (*Ancistrodon contortrix*) is less poisonous than that of the rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*). I have spoken to Indians from the West and those who were native of Canada, and without exception they have more dread of a copperhead bite than of a rattlesnake bite. For the copperhead bite their only remedy is to cut a large piece of flesh out and sear with a red-hot iron, whereas the remedy for a rattlesnake bite was the process of copious sweating.

But the question is, How does it feel to be struck by a copperhead? I was once stung by a nest of bumblebees, and afterward counted sixteen stings; the effect of this was to cause me to vomit and turn very pale and weak. I can say that that incident was not even a flea bite in comparison to the strike of the copperhead. Probably the reader has sometimes caught hold of an electric battery and found the current so strong that he could not leave go. That is the nearest description I can give of the pain—you can't let go, and the pain keeps getting worse and worse. You can't cry; you simply howl and roar with agony. I was struck on the forefinger of the right hand, and it felt as if something was tearing along the whole course of the ulnar nerve to the cerebellum. Although I was struck on the first joint of the right forefinger, so tremendous was the pain that I could not locate the exact spot. It seemed to me that the entire right hand and arm was being run over by a railroad train.

And here was I in a deep thought notwithstanding all the pain, thinking what an ass I was to doubt other people's words. The colored people in the neighborhood told me story after story of the danger of the bite. I thought of Saint Paul and the viper, and how they met and how they parted, and I said "Nonsense." If ever a human being tried to work the mind cure I did then, as I kept repeating over and over the word "ridiculous" during the interval of half a minute, and the result was that the poison thoroughly entered my system. As luck would have it, I was only a quarter-mile from a steam bath, which I rapidly set out for, and I covered the distance in better time than ever was made. The outward passage of the air from my lungs was utilized to give forth a roar that brought every one in the neighborhood to "see." For the space of one hour and twenty minutes I parboiled in a steam bath roaring without ceasing, except the last five minutes, when the pain seemed to leave me. While in the steam bath I was aggravated by two doctors—one wanted me to drink ammonia and the other pure alcohol. I refused to drink anything but water-melon juice, and came out of the process a much thinner, paler and wiser man.

Dr. Stickney was telegraphed for to St. Louis, and he arrived, finding me lying out on the lawn resting after the ordeal. My right fingers, hand and whole arm were swollen to the extreme tightness of the skin, but the pain was gone with the exception of a dull, heavy ache in the right lobe of the cerebellum.

"Doctor," I said, "we will visit the snake and kill him."

"All right," said the doctor. "Will he be there?"

So taking Al, the colored overseer of the farm, we ascended the hill to the black thimbleberry patch, and lo! true to the copperhead's nature, he was there. Al dispatched him. The specimen in size was not to be compared to the monster I have previously mentioned, but he was brilliant in hue; the bright green plate on the forehead glistened in the sun, and all the shades of brown were very pretty. The swelling had disappeared by the next morning, but a decided tenderness remained in my right finger, and I went about my work and considered the whole matter over; but I soon found out that the worst was to come.

One month from the time I was bitten I noticed a felon come on my hand close to my forefinger. This I burnt with a red-hot iron in no gentle manner, as I was quite mad at its arrival, and suspected something. Two weeks after this I met the noon hour with a raging fever. I went to bed for one hour, and then got up and went to work in the cornfield. The next day, one hour later, I had a terrific chill, then a fever, then a sweat. People in the neighborhood said I had the ague, and that it would last a week or ten days. Every day for six weeks, one hour later, I would have a terrific chill. I would shake the whole house. Nothing could warm me. Then a fearful fever would come up, followed by a relieving sweat. I

asked the neighbors what it meant. They said, "I had the chills and fever bad — — —" (These dashes mean silence and wide open eyes.) I said, "I had." Now and then I would go to St. Louis, eighteen miles distant by train, and get next the red-hot stove and freeze with a chill; then I would go to the doctor's for the curiosity of having my temperature taken, 109½° F. As I would be exhausted, I would sleep there for an hour and then return. This thing kept up. I never missed a day. The chill and fever would follow me through the night. September passed by, October passed by, and in November Dr. S. W. Dodds thought that cold water would down the fever; but it did not. For nearly four weeks I was treated to cold baths and a very, very low diet; but even then 109½° F. would be registered occasionally.

In the meantime I had been thinking hard, and I made up my mind that all systems and theories of disease and cure were wrong. I made up my mind that disease was not an entity, but the circumstances that caused the disease, and that disease is a friend and should be at all times aided and never combated. Acting on this hypothesis I got into a hot-water bath of a temperature one degree higher than my previous day's chill. I got into the bath during the chill period, and I tell you it was pleasant. At this time I was as thin as a human could be and live, and was as yellow as an orange. In one week after this treatment I was well. Almost immediately eight glands under my right arm swelled up and discharged a most putrid, green-colored, vile-smelling pus. Now you see that the purpose of the fever was to ripen and separate the poison, so that it could be discharged. During all this time I never took a drug.

I have often been told that the head of a mule, horse or cow will rot off if they are bitten by this snake that never gives warning.

After my experience from July to Christmas, 1889, I would advise any one intending to try a copperhead bite to first practice by having all their teeth pulled out of their head at once and gradually learn what pain is. I can tell the whole world that snake bite is a real thing.

G. H. CORSAN.

TORONTO, Canada.

A New Coon in Town.

OF late years Ithaca, N. Y., has furnished a number of appetizing stories of wild life foreign to that which find its developing influences at Cornell. The forthcoming census is expected to show Ithaca as the likeliest cover in the Empire State, with municipal attachments, in which to successfully pursue the elusive and appetizing raccoon.

The other day Dr. Loekeby, who resides within a block of the busiest business part of the city, succeeded in killing a very large coon at the rear of the family residence. The animal had devastated nearby poultry houses of select pedigree to such an extent that its early capture dead or alive by virtue of a reward sanctioned by municipal authority or otherwise had fairly become a public necessity. Upon a plebeian pitchfork the unterrified M. D. impaled the wild life outcast, and in a voice tremulous with the spirit of conquest proclaimed himself a benefactor of the first magnitude.

And thus Ithacans continue to maintain the city's prestige as the foremost cover for small game within city limits in this Eastern country.

Ruffed grouse fly against window glass and obligingly kill themselves for effete banquets. The merry little quail alights upon the Mayor's dooryard fence and whistles to be broiled for a morning spread on toast. The toothsome canvasback gayly disports itself within gunshot of the city's bath house. The great American polecat takes his morning spin along State street unmolested. Raccoons invade the home of judges and the abode of materia medica, and calmly offer themselves upon the altar of the colored gentleman's Sunday dinner. The husky carp pokes his nose in the public eye abroad friendly waters to incite the angler to renewed deeds of valor—but why continue to end of chapter?

Ithaca has established an indisputable reputation as the sportsman's paradise, second only to Chicago, in which mighty city the corpulent prairie chicken is annually shot along the far reaches of many an unhallowed avenue.

M. CHILL.

SAVRE, Pa.

Fish and Mosquitoes.

FROM year to year the importance of the mosquito seems to be growing, and the efforts made by man to reduce its numbers are constantly increased. That the insect is a transporter of the malaria germ seems to be pretty well established, but the study that is now being devoted to the subject is likely greatly to increase our knowledge of it before long.

For most people the mere annoyance of the mosquito's bite is justification enough for his wholesale destruction. A good many years ago Dr. L. O. Howard, of the United States Department of Agriculture, advocated the employment of kerosene for the destruction of mosquito larvæ, and it is generally believed that this method of fighting the pest is more effectual than any other that has yet been tried. It is quite certain that in some places the use of kerosene has very materially abated the mosquito pest.

It is well known that many small fishes greedily feed on the larvæ of the mosquito, and an example noted in Dr. Howard's recently published paper on these insects, concerning an occurrence which took place in Connecticut not long ago, illustrates this very well. Dr. Howard said: "In this case a very high tide broke away a dyke and flooded the salt meadows of Stratford, a small town a few miles away from Bridgeport. The receding tide left two small lakes nearly side by side, and of the same size. In one lake the tide left a dozen or more small fishes, while the other was fishless. An examination in the summer of 1891 showed that while the fishless lake contained tens of thousands of mosquito larvæ, that containing the fish had no larvæ."

In cases where water must be stored in tanks or barrels for household purposes, the use of kerosene to destroy mosquito larvæ might well be impracticable, and it is suggested that small fishes might be introduced into such receptacles in order to keep the mosquitoes from breeding in the water which they contain.

a large portion of the night apparently engaged in fishing, but mostly in reflection, and in recalling and living over the many incidents of the past; for it made no difference whether the fishing was good or bad, every evening it was the same, and he seldom came in before two or three o'clock in the morning, and from that time till half past five or six o'clock seemed to be all the sleep he required. His only exception to this rule was on Sunday. Nothing could induce him to go out upon the Sabbath. This day was spent silently and reverently in his little room in pious meditation, broken only by an occasional hymn tune upon his flute."

J. B. BURNHAM.

In Sunny Tennessee.

IT is not singular that one's first day of vacation should be spent this year in some of the lovely peach orchards of northern Alabama. That of my good friend, Johnnie McDaniel, lies on the northern slope of McDaniel Mountain, some eight miles from my home, and is, I dare say, as beautiful an orchard as can be found in the State.

Uncle Thaniel, who drove us on that quiet road, aisled by great pines, was arrayed in his Sunday Prince Albert and neckcloth of flaunting hue and lively pattern. He patted his mules none the less affectionately, however, and prattled on to them as is his wont in the long days spent in their company alone. The July sun had brought out the orange and the whorled coreopsis and the several varieties of helianthus flamed radiantly from the fence rows. The woodthrush and the summer tanager were still in song, and from distant grain fields came the notes of promise for another season of quail shooting. To stand among rows of the soft green trees, bending with richly colored fruit, seemed justly to place the day at the top of *la belle saison*. At such times even ordinary events take on a color as though the day were blessed of saints, in whose worship one has some part.

To middle Tennessee, where I fished in the waters of Barren Fork, was a quick transition. To Aug. 1 there had been no fishing of consequence on account of the unusual rains, but after that time I have never seen the sport so good in these familiar waters. The mill pond in the town of McMinnville is well stocked with bream, rock bass and black bass, and a successful day's "breaming" is to be reckoned among the chief pleasures of the gentle art in this section. One is paddled in a canoe with deft and silent stroke along the banks, skirting the moss beds, and the cast, with light tackle, is made from the prow; the goose quill float dips like a flash of light on reaching the water, and, if at all expert, a fighting prize of green and gold is the swift reward.

Aside from the many discomforts of mountain trout fishing, which somehow heightens the sport to the right thinking angler, I regard breaming as quite its equal. One is, too, generally more certain of a full basket, and in these limpid streams the table quality of the fish can scarcely be excelled. One day my companion and I brought home 119 fish, including one 2-pound trout, the latter being caught on a reel with some 50 feet of line.

The fishing over, I am always inclined to linger over the beauty of this mill pond till nightfall. The four miles stretch of placid water, the lines of birches, silvering the green oaks and maples, and the festoons of Virginia creeper and grape; the dripping spring, tumbling over a mossy ledge with gentle splashes and crowded in very honor of its quality by a tiara of jewel weed; the dark mysterious sloughs where the great blue heron is sometimes seen standing sentinel, and where the smaller common varieties breed and live, darting in and out with cries as weird as their haunts.

One fair July day we moved our house party from the venerable shades of our town house to a cottage at Beersheba, in the Cumberland Mountains. Here the altitude is 2,500 feet, and no summer heat ever penetrates. The views from the observatory of the hotel and the Backbone cannot be equalled, possibly, in all this range. The cottagers have friendly and congenial circles where reading aloud, music and cards help to speed the time, and the best of all these diversions, the long tramps to the steep and the gorges of Long's and Laurel mills, Stone Door and Father Mountain. Two enthusiasts and myself botanized for some time over a wide territory, and for two weeks, almost without interruption, I rose at dawn to linger awhile over the purpling east at Balance Rock, then down to the twilight of Dark Hollow for squirrels. At certain stands my ear was usually rewarded by the familiar rasp on hickory nuts, and if within range I would find quick aim as my dainty feeder reached out for fresh food in the festoons of small branches. As I was expected back for breakfast, my bag was never heavy, but all the better for this, as this splendid dish figured the longer in our menus.

I notice with regret that the chestnut trees throughout this section of Tennessee are dying rapidly. Up to a few years since no disease was known among them. I trust some reader of FOREST AND STREAM may have observed this and can explain the probable cause.

Like the warblers, lingering yet a little while in this delicious air of mid-September, I find that I too must turn southward to the white cotton fields of work.

E. M.

ATTALLA, Ala., Sept. 28.

Wild Animals in Vermont.

MR. CARLOS L. SMITH sends to the Montpelier Journal these statistics of animals killed in Vermont during the time from 1885 to 1898, both years inclusive:

During 1897 and 1898 there were no bounties on noxious animals, but although there were considerable many bounties paid during 1897 and a very few in 1898, they were for those animals killed in the year of 1896, after the auditor's report had been made and the law repealed. and before it went into effect in February, 1897. The auditor's report shows for the time above mentioned that there were bounties paid on 494 bears, 163 lynx, 46,313 foxes, 215 rattlesnakes, 1 panther, 1 wolf, costing the State \$35.353.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

In the Northern Sierra Madre.

It is worth all the trouble that a person undergoes to possess the experience acquired in getting through a Mexican custom house, and when one has to pass two such robbers' roosts and the line of gendarmes that extends southward for thirty miles from the Arizona border, he has served his apprenticeship and is ready for promotion. A month's delay within the "free zone" was exceedingly profitable so far as obtaining good collections was concerned, but it did not amount to much for big game, except in the immediate vicinity of Nogales. When we struck southward from Naco we felt that a new world was before us, and we were fairly cut adrift from our good old Uncle Sam. A last farewell look at the line of barren peaks that extend from Bisbee to Tombstone and we plunged into the labyrinth of mesquite, mescal, yucca and cactus that lay between us and the Sierra Madre, where there was promise of better sport than we had enjoyed for many a day.

For four days our only game consisted of cottontails and two kinds of partridge—the scaled and Gambel's. Then we reached the Babisbe River—one of the headwaters of the Yaqui—and entered the foothills of the main cordilleras. We left our first camp on the Babisbe with high hopes, for we had been told that the region we were entering abounded in deer, bears, wild pigs and turkeys. Our cavalcade had been jogging along for about an hour when a flock of ducks arose from the river beside us, circled overhead and went down not a quarter of a mile away. Fairbanks took my gun, and, as he expressed it, "sneaked" after them. We heard the two barrels go off like one, and in a few moments he returned with a brace that were new to me. They resembled teal, but were larger than any I had seen before. Reference to Ridgway determined them to be Abert's duck.

This first success emboldened others of the party, and soon two turned their pack mules over to the charge of their accommodating friends and climbed the hills to the right. The rest of us just "moseyed" along until about 11 o'clock, when we heard two shots from the hunters. There one of them appeared on the hill and signaled for a pack animal. For dinner we had the liver of a white-tailed buck that dressed not less than 75 pounds. Still, the sport of the day was not done, for when evening came, and we pitched camp once more by the Babisbe, we caught enough catfish to make two good meals for ten men. These catfish live in swift water, and are much better flavored and more gamy than those of the Mississippi Valley.

At Oaxaca, Sonora, where we recruited for a couple of days, we heard great tales about wild pigs. But Oaxaca had other charms for us than listening to hunters' yarns. Here we first reached the typical Mexican flora and avifauna, and, better yet, we feasted on melons, sweet potatoes and all the vegetables that our Eastern market garden produces in an entire season. There is no frost at Oaxaca, and the watermelon season lasts from July until Christmas. We were shown one vine that was said to have borne constantly for three years. Leaving the village we climbed the main range by means of one of the most picturesque cañons that I have ever seen, and last Sunday afternoon we crossed the continental divide and entered Chihuahua.

The Sierra Madre at this point were a disappointment to me from the fact that they are treeless. But it is the rainy season and the wealth of flowers is something wonderful. The rich green of the new grass is fairly spangled with all the hues of the rainbow. A long chain of rolling hills and level uplands followed—one vast cattle range, where we saw numerous herds of antelope, each containing from ten to fifty head. Of course, this brought a corresponding change of diet. The ruins of a large city, where the grassy mounds still retained the square shape of the ancient houses, arrested our march for half a day. Then we struck the valley of the Janos, which we have been ascending for three days.

At first this valley was wide and the grass was belly deep to the cattle. Ranches were about ten miles apart, and each 'dobe house had its cornfield and melon patch. Presently the valley narrowed into a succession of beautiful cañons with level parks between. In the cañons vine-clad oaks and sycamores predominated, but the black walnut is the tree of the flats. The underbrush was luxuriant, and it was a very easy matter to get lost. Higher yet we struck large pine timbers, in which we have been traveling for a day. The number of ducks that are found at this altitude and on as swift a stream as the Janos is a surprise to me. We left Abert's duck in Sonora. Here we find a few pintails and large flocks of green-winged teal. Apparently the deer have never been hunted, for they are close to the trail and allow us to approach within 50 yards of them. In the morning when it is clear we find them singly and in pairs, but in the afternoon after the rain commences, they bunch, and several are found together.

This article was commenced with the intention of recording some of my bird notes. I find several changes or extensions of habitat, as well as some variations in measurement that make me believe that this region has never been "done" thoroughly. As a few of these items may be of interest to your bird-loving readers, I give some of the most important.

Anas aberti, Ridgw. Abert's duck. Hab. extends inland to Sierra Madre, north nearly to Arizona border.

A. carolinensis, Gmel. Green-winged teal. Common in the mountain basin of Chihuahua. August and September too early for migration to have commenced.

Dafila acuta, Linn. Pintail. One large flock found on Babisbe River, western Sonora, August.

Gallinago delicata, Ord. Wilson's snipe.

Tringa bairdii, Coues. Baird's sandpiper.

Totanus solitarius, Wies. Solitary sandpiper. Three species above were found on the Janos River; Chihuahua, Sept. 5.

Symphemia semipalmata inornata, Brew. Willet. Babisbe River, western Sonora, Aug. 30.

Oreortyx pictus plumiferus, Gould. Plumed partridge. Common in Grand Cañon district, Arizona.

Callipepla squamata, Vig. Scaled partridge.

C. gambeli, Nutt. Gambel's partridge. Common in desert region of northwestern Mexico, the scaled partridge

favoring the more arid localities, while Gambel's partridge is nearer water.

Cyrtonyx montezumae, Vig. Massena partridge. The most widely distributed so far as altitude is concerned, being found in the timbered country, but not on the deserts, from the Gulf of California to the highest timber lands of Chihuahua.

Columba fasciata, Say. Band-tailed pigeon. Found in large flocks in the oak timber of southern Arizona and Sonora.

Melopelia leucoptera, Linn. White-winged dove, commonly called Mexican pigeon.

Urubitinga anthracina, Licht. Mexican black hawk. An examination of several specimens warrants me in stating that Ridgway's measurements are too small. Wing of female averages 16.50, and in one specimen went over 17.00; other measurements in proportion.

Melanerpes formicivorus angustifrons, Baird. Narrow-fronted woodpecker. Found extensively in western Sonora along coast and extending inland at least as far as Hermosillo.

Tyrannus melancholicus couchi, Baird. Couch's kingbird. Found in upper Gila Valley, Arizona. I believe this to be its northern limit.

Myiarchus mexicanus, Kaup. Mexican crested flycatcher. Western and central Sonora. The measurement of several specimens proved it to be this species rather than its Arizona congener.

Myiarchus lawrenacii olivaceus, Ridgw. Olivaceous flycatcher. Gila Valley, Arizona.

Icterus parisorum, Bonap. Scott's oriole. Flagstaff Crossing of Little Colorado, Arizona. May. Northern reported limit.

Zonotrichia leucophrys, Forst. White-crowned sparrow. Buckskin Mountains, Arizona, May.

Cardinalis cardinalis superbus, Ridgw. Arizona cardinal. Found as far north as Mogollon Mountains, central Arizona.

Calamospiza melanocorys, Stejn. Lark bunting. In large flocks, northern Sonora, August.

Lanius ludovicianus gambeli, Ridgw. California shrike. San Pedro River, southern Arizona, July.

Harporhynchus crissalis, Henry. Crissal thrasher. Northern Sonora.

Rhynchopsitta pachyrhyncha, Swains. Thick-billed parrot. Pine forests, Pacheco, Chihuahua. Measurements: Length, 18.00; wing, 11.20; tail, 7.50; culmen, 2.00; height of bill at base, 2.20.

Trogon. Anterior toes not united for basal half. Front serration in upper mandible smaller than that figured in Ridgway. Back and scapulars rich metallic bronze, green varied with blue and coppery. Crown, occiput, hind neck and chin much darker. Rump and tail coverts metallic blue. Tail, solid blue; back, with three outer pairs of feathers, broadly tipped with white. No white breast band. Basal half of outer web of primaries and entire basal half of secondaries white. Breast metallic green like back. Rest of lower parts bright red. Length, 14.00; wing, 7.50; tail, 7.45. Found in pine timber near Pacheco, Chihuahua. Altitude, 7,200 feet. Sept. 10.

SHOSHONE.

PACHECO, Chihuahua, Sept. 13.

The Granite State's Neglect.

NEW HAMPSHIRE's great wealth consists of the White Mountains preserved in a state of nature, and of the Merrimac River, having its sources in the mountains, which flows down through the length of the State and has been well described as the main artery of the State's economic life. The summer resort business is estimated to pay the State \$10,000,000, and over one-half of this income is derived from the White Mountain region. Nevertheless, the State has chartered a company that is engaged to the best of its capacity in the wholesale denudation of the mountains—which not only destroys the beauty and attractiveness of the region for the summer visitor, but subjects the Merrimac to successive floods and droughts to the great injury of the water-power upon which large manufacturing interests all down the stream depend. The treasurer of the big Amoskeag cotton mills, at Manchester, recently commented in his annual report on these alarming effects of the deforesting of the country at the headwaters of the river.

The operations of the New Hampshire land company are described in a pamphlet recently printed by Rev. John E. Johnson, a missionary of the Episcopal Church for the mountain region. It is called the "boa-constrictor of the White Mountains" and the very worst trust to be found in the world. This company is not only deforesting the mountains and destroying the value of the river as a water-power, but it is depopulating the region. In its early days it was allowed to acquire all the public lands thereabouts for next to no equivalent, and has been adding to its holdings ever since by various processes, chief among which is the crowding out of the original settlers or their descendants by buying land around their farms, closing up highways and the like. It is stated that whole valleys in the mountain region have in this way been depopulated. The writer of the pamphlet says:

"Summer visitors to this section of the White Mountains have noticed the many deserted farms and dilapidated buildings and have wondered at such scenes, not dreaming that the cause was to be found in the operations of a company chartered to do it; that this desolation was due to the gradual tightening of the coils of a boa constrictor legalized to crush the human life out of these regions, preparatory to stripping them of their forests; for depopulation here is not due to the causes which have led to the abandonment of farms elsewhere in the State. The inhabitants of this section never depended exclusively upon the scant returns from their rough farms for a living, but rather upon their winter's work in the woods, a dependence that never would have been exhausted had they been left in possession, since their methods were those which are now advocated by scientific forestry. The farmer felled some of the largest trees in the woods every winter and hauling them out endwise injured nothing, but rather left the rest the better for it. His successor, the professional lumberman, cuts everything, rolls it down the mountain, crushing the

saplings, and not content with that, often burns the refuse for charcoal. The land company has boasted that extensive lumber operations never could have been undertaken in this section without its assistance in preparing the way—an assistance which in one instance they say involved the preliminary acquisition of 60 different titles."

Everything is subordinated by this company to the deforesting industry. It puts a veto on all summer resort extensions which interfere with the business of cutting and burning. No roads are allowed to be opened through the company's lands to points of interest. Seekers after health and recreation are repelled and driven away, it is said; and deserted farms owned by the company, which are sought by such people for summer homes, are not for sale because that would interfere with the prosecution of lumbering on the wholesale plan. In the mountains of Pennsylvania are six sanitariums, and in the White Mountains not one, and one explanation is that no physician could hope to buy a site for such an institution from the New Hampshire Land Company. The answer to all would-be purchasers is always, "We sell only in lots of not less than 10,000 acres, and to lumbermen"—wholesale operations in the work of destruction thus being kept constantly in view.

Mr. Johnson's description of the situation is indorsed as truthful by the chairman of the board of selectmen of North Woodstock, N. H., and by other leading citizens of the place. He contrasts it with the public ownership of the forest cantons of Switzerland for the public good, and believes that nowhere else in the world outside of the United States can a population be found "abandoned by its rulers to such a remorseless despotism as this vampire of the White Mountains, the New Hampshire Land Company." Gov. Rollins has called attention to the moral degeneration of many of the rural sections of the State, and Mr. Johnson asks whether anything else could be expected of communities so afflicted as to material conditions by a merciless and degrading trust as are many of those in the mountain section of the State. The place to begin the evangelization of rural New Hampshire is at Concord, says Mr. Johnson.

The end of the processes now in full swing is to be evidently the skinning of the mountains and then their sale at a profitable figure to the State as a reservation. This is the game which has been played in the Adirondacks, and unless there is a sudden and great awakening in New Hampshire it will not stop there short of such a conclusion.—Springfield Republican, Sept. 25.

Game Bag and Gun.

North Carolina Hunting Grounds.

WYOMING, Del.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: While the middle and western sections of the old Tarheel State have become quite familiar to lovers of rod and gun, there is a vast region of marsh and pine woods along the coast, as yet almost unknown to the sporting world, watered with numerous rivers and streams which flow to the ocean and up which the tides ebb and flow. It is on these waters the wild goose spends his winter vacation and the different varieties of duck are at home; while in the great pine forests through which these streams wind and bend, there are numerous deer, turkey, bear and wildcat. Quail also are found in evidence wherever there is a field or plantation. I have camped in the backwoods of Canada and tramped the trails of the Adirondacks, have explored the dark ravines of the mountains of West Virginia, but have never found a spot where all kinds of game, both large and small, can be found from one camp as can be done in these delightful forests of the sunny South. There also the sportsman's privileges are as yet but little restricted. He may hunt deer with or without hounds at any season of the year. There may be State laws for the protection of game, but the people of Onslow and adjoining counties know little or nothing of such laws and never observe them. Game of all kinds is taken at any season. When this section becomes known to sportmen this condition will doubtless be changed.

Black bass and pike are also found in all the streams and take the hook freely in the winter months. For years I have spent my winters in this delightful climate and will be pleased to give any information to brother sportsmen, either by private letter or through FOREST AND STREAM. This locality offers great opportunities for clubs who desire to secure game preserves cheap. Many are already taken, but plenty yet remain.

S. H. THOMAS.

Moose in Ontario.

HAMILTON, Ontario.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I should be generally known, now the open season for big game is near at hand, that the Government of Ontario has made a short open season for moose, caribou and reindeer. The license for non-residents is \$25, allowing the holders thereof to kill two deer and one bull moose or one male caribou or reindeer in one year, also other species of game in season. In consequence of the big-game regions in Ontario being so easy of access by the various lines of railway, there will no doubt be a large number of non-resident sportsmen take advantage of these facilities to procure a moose or caribou this season. Moose and caribou are found in considerable numbers north of and adjacent to the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Mattawa to Sault Ste. Marie and Rat Portage.

North Bay, which can also be reached by the Grand Trunk Railway from Toronto, is a favorable point to start in from for large game. The Ottawa & Parry Sound Railway also runs through a big-game country, moose and red deer being found within short distances of this road.

In the Province of Ontario there are no large tracts of the public domain leased to private parties or clubs, with the exception of a few duck preserves acquired from the Dominion Government many years ago, so that there will be no danger of visiting sportsmen to Ontario trespassing.

RANGER.

Oil for Guns.

Under no ordinary circumstances use vegetable oil on or about your gun locks or guns. I am not a chemist, but my understanding is that to clarify those oils acids are used and that a certain per cent. of such acids is not eliminated therefrom, the quantity remaining too small is to render their use injurious to human beings of animals, but ample when used as lubricants to engender a fine crop of rust.

To use a common expression, these oils will gum; and not only that, but for some reason they are not rust removers or preventives. In time the emollient principle will disappear, leaving a gummy coating upon the metal to which they have been applied. Nothing is more disagreeable than to find your gun locks working stiff and creaky, emitting a dull muffled sound instead of a sharp clear click. Examination will disclose, if vegetable oil has been used, the delicate mechanism of your gun locks coated with the oil residuum. A strong alkali will dissolve this and a thorough washing of the gummed parts with alcohol, turpentine or coal oil will neutralize the alkali.

The many oils advertised for lubrication and preservation of your gun and its parts are doubtless meritorious and will accomplish all for them claimed. Nevertheless, I prefer the use of a home-made article which is not only a rust softener but a preventive as well. For more than twenty years I have used it, prepared in my kitchen. The material from which it is manufactured is easily attainable, its preparation very simple, its keeping quality unsurpassed.

My formula is not patented nor copyrighted. The ingredient is obtained at small cost, consisting of one or more individuals of the genus *Anser*, well fattened, procurable by daylight from a farmer's flock, or from the town or village or city market. When picked and cleaned, remove the leaves of fat from the carcass, place them in a clean frying pan, to which add a little water. Now deliver this to the presiding goddess of your kitchen with direction that she try out the oil contained in the leaves of goose fat. The process is not long. Care, however, must be observed that the ingredient does not burn. Of course the frying pan will be placed in proper relation to the kitchen range and the fire therein. The process of frying should go on until the fat is extracted from the substance. Then remove the pan from the range, pour the contained fluid into another clean vessel, return to the range and boil until all water is evaporated. Then remove and allow all ebullition to subside. When cool pour into a wide mouth clean glass bottle, cover the opening and set aside for about ten days, at the expiration of which time you will find a layer of stearine superimposed by a quantity of pellucid or semi-opaque oil of the consistency of dairyman's cream as sweet as the scent of wild rose and of unexcelled quality.

Caution.—Should your cook be a German it will be well that you secrete that bottle lest she substitute the contents in lieu of butter with her bread.

SEPTUAGENARIAN.

St. Louis.

Adirondack Deer and Woods.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have several times expressed myself on Adirondack matters in your columns, and beg the privilege of doing so again.

1. As to the present deer law providing that the open season shall begin Sept. 1: This is not favorably received by the guides as a class, nor by a very large proportion of gentlemen who annually visit the Adirondacks. I talked with many guides about it this summer, and did not find one who favored a change from Aug. 15 to Sept. 1 for the opening of the season.

They say the season is so short there is no longer any money in guiding. Many of the sportsmen who like to get a deer each year, and who generally employ guides in doing it, have to return home about the opening of the season and so do not go into the woods at all. This is especially true of professional men, and of all who have children to enter the schools. It is therefore probably true of the great majority of men who go into the Adirondacks at all. Surely they are as much entitled to their share of sport as the minority, who can go later in the fall. I have before urged these considerations, but they are worthy of repetition, and are emphasized by present conditions. These work against visitors, hotel-keepers, guides and residents in the Adirondacks. People will have less desire to go there if reasonable sporting privilege is denied them, and the less visitors the less business for guides, and all residents. Furthermore, many are disgusted with the present law, and the tendency is to create a lack of respect for law. I have heard many say, "I prefer to earn money to live on. But if the law cuts off my opportunity to do so, I must still live, and my family must live, and they shall not lack for meat this winter." The conclusion is obvious; for every deer saved alive by shortening the open season, making it begin Sept. 1, two or three at least will be killed later to feed families resident in the woods. In the interest of the guides, of the people living there, and of all who love our noble Adirondacks, I ask for a change in the game law this winter, putting the opening of the season back to Aug. 15.

2. As to the devastation of the forests: The lumber companies are doing this faster than any written statement can make you realize. While it is claimed that they only cut certain kinds and sizes of trees, and so do not denude the land, I know from personal observation that they are "letting in the sunlight" on large areas in such a way as to not only affect the beauty of scene, but the amount of rainfall. If our Solons of the Legislature had put most of the time heretofore devoted to modification, and restriction of the game laws, to forest preservation and acquisition of more lands by the State, their wisdom would have been more apparent. A single further instance must suffice.

It is reported that Blue Mountain, the vast, conspicuous and noble feature of all the splendid scenery at Blue Mountain Lake, is this year to lose its crown

of evergreen timber. Scars of the axe already appear on the mountain side, and the entire summit is to be laid bare. I confess to a feeling of righteous indignation when I heard the report. I hope the State will hasten to acquire all the area possible in the Adirondacks before it is too late, both to buy the land and to preserve the forests. And this leads to

3. The proposed plan of supplying New York city and all the Hudson River towns with water from the Adirondacks by the State: I believe that in the interest of the people of the cities and of the entire State, both as regards a good water supply and the preservation of the forests and the greatest natural sanitarium of the East, this is the best plan yet proposed, and that the State should speedily adopt it.

JUVENAL.

My First Coon Hunt.

I WAS a boy then, about the age when the owner of a gun was the possessor of all. And an invitation to spend two or three days in that picturesque section of Massachusetts, the Berkshire hills, was gladly accepted. How I recall those beautiful, crisp autumn days in the latter part of October, when nature with her magic touch had transformed the landscape into a picture which the greatest artist could never dream of imitating. Having cleaned my breach-loader and packed my traveling bag with ammunition, I boarded the first train for Huntington, where the old stage driver eagerly awaited my arrival to drive me up the mountain to my destination. That drive was one to be remembered. Imagine a road of six or seven miles up a hill almost perpendicular, and every few rods we would have to drive over a huge boulder, as that part of the country was noted for rocks, and the driver remarked that rocks were about the only thing that grew there. At last we reached the farm house, a weather beaten place, and to all appearances built in Revolutionary days; you could lie abed and count the stars through the cracks in the roof. But what a place for a first-class rest, and with what exhilaration I awoke the next morning, and with an impatient mood waited that day for evening to come, when we were to take our guns and dogs and start for the corn-field. I could picture myself going home with at least two or three coon pelts and a thrilling story to relate of that night's hunt.

At last everything was ready and we called the dogs and started. It was a beautiful night, the air was keen and frosty, and what a moon! So clear was the atmosphere that it seemed more like day than night. We were going about three-quarters of a mile down the road to a neighbor's corn-field, where many a coon had par-taken of his last corn supper, and many a hunter had gone home well satisfied with his night's sport. Having reached the corn-field, we loaded guns and waited for the dogs to scare up a coon. And that is about all we did do, to wait, and as the hour of three had arrived, we decided it was an "off-night" and reluctantly started for home.

Just as we climbed over the fence at the edge of the woods the dog barked and snapped at something, and we could hear a hasty retreat up a tree, and hurrying over we discovered the dogs had treed the game. There between the branches of the tree, about 20 feet from the ground, we could see a pair of glistening eyes. I must admit, I was more than excited, as we had given up all hopes of any sport that night. I waited with breathless anxiety, while my friend George took careful aim; as he had the heaviest gun and we wanted to be sure of our game, the honor fell to him. He fired both barrels, and down came something crashing through the branches to the ground. No sooner had it struck the ground when the dogs had pounced on it and had it securely pinioned. Holding the lantern to view our prize, what was it but an old cat! Possibly it had strayed away from some farm house. Just what the animal was doing there in the woods at 3:30 A. M. a mile from any house, I have never been able to decide, and we did not feel inclined to inquire into the matter very deeply. A solemn silence seemed to reign over both hunters and dogs, and like a small funeral procession we started for home. Even the dogs felt the disgrace, and one of them hid himself for three days and did not eat anything for over a week. The story of that night was kept secret for some time, but finally leaked out, as the next season when I made another trip they were very anxious to know how I enjoyed my "coon" hunt last fall.

W. H. W.

The Maine Woods.

BOSTON, Sept. 29.—Boston merchants and business men who love the rod and gun cannot all get away for long trips to the better hunting and fishing localities, hence they have to be satisfied with sport nearer home. Barret's Camp, on the Concord River, in Billerica, is well spoken of by those who find longer trips difficult. The camp is only a little over an hour's ride from Boston, besides Barret is spoken of as "a white man, every inch of him." Mr. J. H. Jones has been up there for a week or more, a good part of the time. He was accompanied by his father, A. Jones, well up to seventy years of age, but loving hunting and camping as well as when a boy. He surprised his son by the wing shots he made on snipe and grass birds. The wife and boy of six were also at the camp a part of the time. The youngster shows that he is to take after the father and grandfather, for his greatest delight was sitting in the bow of the boat with hook and line and catching perch. They had good pickerel fishing, while squirrel shooting was very good indeed. Mr. George C. Moore, of North Chelmsford, Mass., has returned from his shooting trip to South Dakota and Wyoming. He went in company with Dr. French, of Boston, one of the noted lovers of the gun and shooting grounds. The Doctor has not yet returned. They found prairie chicken shooting all they could ask for. Duck shooting was also great. At first Mr. Moore, although a good wing shot, found it hard to hit the swift-flying ducks of that country, but he soon "got on to them."

The latest reports from Maine say that the leaves are already falling fast—doubtless one of the results of the extremely dry weather. A gentleman out of the Maine

woods yesterday says that the leaves are coming off very rapidly without changing color, and that the autumn foliage cannot be as beautiful as usual. But the trees will be bare early, and the early hunters will reap the advantage.

Mr. William F. Bateman, of Boston, has been on a hunting trip to the Megantic preserve. He secured two deer on the Canadian section of that preserve, the Canadian game laws permitting of shooting deer in September. Here he had a double advantage, for he might have stayed over into October and obtained his two deer on the Maine side of the line.

Partridge shooting on the Megantic preserve is reported better than for years. Duck shooting will be good as soon as the weather is cold enough.

Messrs. C. L. Howes and Stanley Howes have returned from a very satisfactory hunting and fishing trip to Upper Magaguadavic Lake, New Brunswick. They appreciate the position of the game laws of the British provinces, which allow of the taking of deer in September. They easily secured two deer down the lake only a short distance from the Hills Camp, in which they are interested. Partridge and duck shooting was fairly satisfactory. But they are greatly disgusted with the fishing, though the waters are not in the least to blame. They are sure that one of their best trout coves has been treated with a big charge of dynamite. Dark hints are dropped concerning the big haul of fish that came to the surface after a terrific explosion. Still the game wardens cannot seem to locate the miscreants. Naturally the owners of the Hills Camp are much displeased, and believe that the authorities should take prompt action. The cove where deadly explosives were used has been a favorite fishing ground, where even the ladies, who have been taken to that camp this year for the first time, could easily have taken trout of from 1 pound to 3½ pounds. It was one of the best fishing grounds in the lake.

SPECIAL.

The Palmetto Gun Club.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 22.—A determined movement has been started among the sportsmen of Charleston to put a stop to the wholesale slaughter and final destruction of the stock of game in South Carolina. At a recent meeting of the Palmetto Gun Club, of this city, an organization which is composed of representative and leading men of Charleston, it was decided that some steps must be taken looking to the prevention of the continual and flagrant violations of the laws which have been passed for the protection of game in this State. Realizing that unless something was done and done speedily, the entire stock of game in the State would be absolutely annihilated, these sportsmen met to face the situation squarely and to see in what way it could be remedied. The meeting developed, among other things, that the members of the gun club at least were heart and soul in the movement and would cast their weight on the side of securing strict enforcement of the game laws.

In pursuance of this determination it was decided that the Palmetto Gun Club itself would undertake the prosecution and punishment of any person or persons caught violating the laws of the State regulating the protection of game. The club has, therefore, published the following advertisement:

"A reward of \$10 will be paid by the Charleston Palmetto Gun Club to any party or parties furnishing sufficient legal proof to convict any person or persons of offering for sale any partridge or partridges as prohibited by the act of the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina, approved Feb. 9, 1900, or in any way violating the provisions of said act or any part thereof; or of catching, killing or injuring such bird or birds between the 1st day of April and the 1st day of November, in any year, as provided by law."

As will be seen, this notice applies especially to the law meant to keep the game from being sold by commission merchants. But it is not the intention of the men behind the movement to make it hot for the pot-hunters and salesmen alone. They are also going after the sportsmen who shoot out of season. There is one law passed at the last session of the Legislature prohibiting the offering for sale or purchase of quail for a period of five years, but there is also another statute which provides that no quail shall be shot from the season between April 1 and Nov. 1.

Already dozens of hunters from Charleston as well as elsewhere have started killing the birds, a thing which is done every year, and it is for the apprehension of these as well as the marketers of game that the reward is offered. In other words, the real sportsmen have become alarmed at the way in which the game laws are being violated and are determined to put a stop to it. Especial attention is called to the notice published in to-day's Evening Post in order that due warning may be given.

As an indication of the determination of the local gun club to carry out their movement it may be stated that a special committee has been appointed to look after the enforcement of the law and to institute such measures as may be deemed necessary in making the movement a success.

The following compose the committee: Col. Z. Davis, W. G. Jeffords, L. L. Cohen, W. G. Chisolm, J. R. Read, J. A. Ball, J. A. Miles, J. W. Peterman, W. M. Mucken-fuss, T. P. Whaley.

These gentlemen have agreed to do everything in their power to urge on the movement and devote their attention to seeing that the game is protected in accordance with the law.

Considerable interest in the movement has also been aroused among the lawyers of the city, and a number of them have promised to lend their support. Mr. R. C. Merritt has been chosen as attorney for the club, and will be charged with the duty of prosecuting any one caught violating the game law.

In addition to the above measures taken it is understood that an effort will be made to secure the co-operation of the city police in catching offenders. Great assistance could be rendered by the members of the police force in securing proof against commission merchants. The Mayor will be asked to give his assistance in this direction.

The chief trouble which has been in the way of the enforcement of the laws in this State has been that there was no one directly charged with their execution. This

is the defect which the Charleston club hopes to remedy. They are going to make efforts to have a special deputy appointed or empower some magisterial officer.

The Charleston men are arranging plans so as to have a law passed at the next session of the Legislature making it incumbent for the trial justices of the various townships to see that the game laws are carried out.

Though the efforts of the Palmetto Gun Club will be directed chiefly to the enforcement of the law in the nearby section, it is also their desire that their movement should take hold all through the State. They ask the cooperation of all the sportsmen in every section of the State and would especially urge upon the country papers the imperative necessity of assistance in carrying out the movement which has now been instituted.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Game Review.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 29.—No flight of Northern ducks has as yet appeared in this latitude. As far to the north as Fox Lake, Wis., I hear that the shooters are still as anxiously looking to the northward as we are here about Chicago. A few teal are being killed at the clubs, but these little irresponsibles go by no rule. There has been a big drop in the temperature the last two days all over the Northwest, and perhaps this means an early freeze in the marshes of the far North, so that the birds will before long begin their flight to the open arms and the bloody graves that await them from Manitoba to Mexico. If I had my choice I would not be born a duck at this day and age of the world.

Jacksnipe have shown up as far to the south as our Indiana marshes, and some bags of goodish size have been made. Oswald von Lengerke hunts this bird very regularly. A week ago, at the famous old grounds at Koutts he got seventeen jacks and one woodcock, and he is just back to-day from a second trip, on which three guns got nineteen jacks on the same country. At Maksawba Club the jacks have also been in with some regularity for the past ten days, and they are scattered all over, here and there, on the better marshes of upper Illinois. I hear that Ernie McGaffey and a friend went out this morning on the Skokie marsh, near Evanston, for a try at the jacks, and should not wonder if they had fair sport. To-day the weather is just right for a good flight of jacks, and the next week should show some fun in this part of the world.

Wisconsin Birds.

The Illinois chicken season is over, but I hear still of an occasional party up in Wisconsin who have had the luck to kill a half-dozen birds here and there, and I do not believe that the supply of birds in central Wisconsin has been so sharply polished off as our stock in Illinois. The cover up there being much heavier on the average and the open country less in extent. At Waupaca, Wis., this week, I saw one shooter who said that he had killed thirty-six chickens this fall. He was a farmer, with a fair native pointer. He said that the partridges, meaning the ruffed grouse, are a good crop in that part of the State. He also spoke of a "wood grouse," and at first I did not know what he meant till he said they hunted them, as they did chickens. Then I knew he meant the sharp-tailed grouse, which resorts to the woods or thickets more than the pinnated grouse. I have never heard this name used for the sharpie before. At Waupaca there are a few quail, not very many, but no doubt more than was the case a few years ago, as all around that place the migration of quail northward has steadily gone on for some years. At this point there were a few Mongolian pheasants released a few years ago, but they seem to have disappeared and left no sign.

Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, of Fox Lake, Wis., has had a little fun with the chickens this week, and writes as below regarding it:

"Had a nice little time with the chickens Saturday. Went up to Pardeeville, twenty miles west of here, and went out with Lyle Smith, a friend of mine. We put up two coveys and a few single birds and bagged eighteen of them. Were all fine, big, strong birds, but pretty wild. The first covey, of eighteen, we put up four times before we got a shot, then got only one bird. The next time we got into them plenty in the high grass and managed to get eight of them. Struck another covey of eight and the second time we got them up managed to secure five of them. The other four were single birds that had been scattered. I lost another single old rooster that carried two loads of shot over into a cornfield about a mile away and dropped in the corn, where we were unable to find him. Another old rooster gave me the laugh in great shape. He jumped from behind a small willow bush in the marsh and passed on to another one about two rods away, when he turned and made off straight behind the bush where I could not see to shoot. I managed to give him two shots between the two bushes, but the best I could do with him was a small bunch of feathers. We had a delightful tramp and lots of fun, besides getting all the chickens we needed in our business. Had two dogs, good ones, though they were a little fast on the start, and did not hold the birds well for a time or two. The birds got up the first time half a mile away, but we could mark them down easily and managed to stay with them until we got our tribute from them."

New Sport in the West.

It is to be feared that the West is losing some of its erstwhile woolly quality and becoming sadly effete. A friend in Saginaw, Mich., tells me that the sportsmen of that place have taken to shooting rail, his words thereon following:

"The sportsmen here have been having fine fun this fall shooting the sora rail. The marshes along the Saginaw River, and they are immense wild rice beds, have been literally alive with these little fellows for the last two or three weeks. The north wind raises the water and then is the best shooting. A duck boat with a man to punt it through the rice, a light charge of No. 10 shot and you are fixed for an afternoon's sport. Bags of sixty or eighty have not been infrequent, and every afternoon the plug train on the Pere Marquette to Bay city has

carried sportsmen to Cheboygannin Creek, which has been the favorite spot."

The Guide and His Gun.

The old question of guide and sportsman continually comes up. Without doubt the guide has come to stay as long as we shall have sport, for the hurry of modern life practically compels the city shooter or the tourist sportsman to save his time as much as possible on a trip, and so he has to hire a guide in order to learn a piece of country as quickly as possible. By hiring the guide, of course, he robs himself of more than half the pleasure of his trip, if he be one of the sort who are able to take care of themselves, but this giving up part of one's privileges seems to be a part of the surrender mankind makes in the social compact. The guide is therefore a part of society, not a part of the wild and natural life. It is the guide who has the fun, and you pay him for it.

The question of property in the game a guide kills is one which, I believe, has received a certain amount of

dozen of them in every little town in Saginaw Valley, waiting for the city hunter to do business with. I am not over-stating the case in the least. It is true that a sportsman may hire such a hunter for a companion or guide, if he will, without doing any harm, but it is a fact that the birds killed are sold to the city hunter, and it is not only what is killed that day, but all that he can kill during the season. Two years ago the egg crate game was tried by market-hunters in a certain locality, but they were informed that it would not be tolerated, and that ended it. Now they have a better market right at home for all that they can kill. I could name you men from Saginaw who did not kill one bird for every twenty that they bought and paid for. The number of birds shipped out of the country is not a drop in the bucket compared to the amount disposed of to city hunters. Now the question is: What is going to be done about it? The law cannot reach the guilty ones, and if it continues in a few years every lover of the legitimate sport may as well sell his dog and gun. These market-hunters are out every day; they have as much principle of the sportsman about them as a butcher; they are cleaning the game out of the country just as rapidly as if marketing of game was allowed. I have been out with my hounds lately, and can say that I do not think there is one bird for every five that were a year ago.

Here, then, is a subject for every lover of dog and gun to consider and act on. It is a delicate question to discuss in sporting clubs, for some of the worst offenders are prominent in clubs. We are powerless to check the evil in the country; the remedy must come from the city. One thing is certain, if the city hunter continues to give a market to the pot-



LYMAN AND MERKIM.

discussion in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and which still remains unsettled. Its ultimate solution will be when human nature changes, and until then I presume the question will appear in as many different lights as there are men who go shooting. Over in Michigan, it seems, there are many shooters who go out with guides, paying the guides a good stiff price, and keeping all the birds that the guides kill. As the latter is in good condition and steady practice, he naturally kills more birds than his employer, and the latter is able to take home a nice bag with him, which he can use, give or hang up in the family smoke house as his conscience shall dictate. There is little doubt that a steady industry of bird killing in this way has been going on for years in the lower part of Michigan. I do not like to come out rabidly and apply all sorts of names to the shooters who have made a practice of getting a good bag in this way. Maybe it seems right to them. Perhaps it is their business. But may they not candidly look the matter over, and may they not perhaps reconsider their earlier opinion as to the wisdom of this course? Three years ago lower Michigan had a lot of birds. Last year it was shot out, as I know very well. Do the shooters who bring in the guide bags prefer to kill a whole lot of birds one year and very few or none the next, or would they prefer to have a steady supply of birds and a certain regularity to their possibilities for sport? I should myself rather have it the latter way. Be that as it may, there is local criticism on the custom, and, for a wonder, some of it comes from the country. A Michigan paper prints the following from a country sportsman:

There is one great evil to be met, and that is to stop the market-hunter. You may be surprised at the statement, but I can prove it, that this is really the only evil worthy of attention. You say there is a law now forbidding the sale of birds. And I maintain that the market-hunter has been just as busy, killed just as many birds as he could, and marketed them at a better price this year than any former season. The only difference is that formerly he sold to the butcher, while now he sells to the alleged sport, the cheap skate from the city, who dresses up in hunting suit, buys a gun and maybe a \$5 dog for \$50, and goes into the country to buy birds. He puts in the paper on his return how many birds he bagged, omitting the price, and calls that hunting. The market-hunter is in the field every day, rain or shine, so as to have a supply on hand, for the day is past when he can make a killing in one day large enough to satisfy the purse of the city hunter. I could name one such hunter who admits that he has killed over one thousand birds the past season. You will find half a

hunter our days for good shooting are numbered in the Saginaw Valley. If you wish it to remain what it has been, the best shooting grounds in the Northwest, then stop those cheap counterfeits of sportsmen from buying birds and parading as lovers of legitimate sport.

A city sportsman of the same State writes in another paper to something the same effect regarding this practice and other things which are destroying our game so very rapidly all over the West.

There are many alleged sportsmen in Saginaw who go to Hemlock, Merrill or somewhere else, and go out shooting with a professional guide. Now that is all right if they simply take him along because he knows the country, and knows where to have the team meet them at night, and can point out the best places, and then let the sportsman kill his own birds fairly on the wing or not at all; but they do not do that; they want the guide to kill just as many birds as he possibly can, and if the dog points they are more apt to urge him to take first shot, so the bird will be killed, rather than risk it themselves. They are out after meat and a big bag and something to brag about.

The fact is so many shooters think they are sportsmen, when they really do not have the first instinct of a true sportsman. I saw in the paper some time ago an account of how one of our prominent merchants had returned from his spring duck shooting trip, giving the number of birds killed, a large quantity, and then this same alleged sportsman went on to tell it was "the best shooting he had had in years." Did he stop to think that for every duck he killed he destroyed a mated pair that would have returned to some shooting ground in the fall with a brood? Did he stop to think how worthless the birds were for the table at that time of the year, their breeding season? Did he stop to think that these same birds had run the gauntlet of a never-ceasing shotgun warfare from the time they left their far-off Northern home to begin their Southern flight? They had been shot at in Manitoba, North Dakota and on the Platte; or if they had taken the Great Lakes as their Southern pathway, they had been pounded all through Minnesota, Wisconsin and Illinois. Then as Christmas time drew near and they stopped for a breathing spell along the Mississippi bottoms in Arkansas and Louisiana and Mississippi, the Northern shooter—not sportsman as a rule—was still banging away for the Christmas holidays, "to have a turn at the ducks down South." A little later around Arkansas Pass and Corpus Cristi to their southernmost limit, these same butchers with insatiable greed were banging away at them. The local item in the Saginaw paper is but a sample of the fate awaiting these poor, tired-out spring birds, and the very few that are fortunate enough to safely reach their breeding grounds in the great Northwest, where they have the only rest they get out of the whole twelve months.

For the Minnesota Park.

Gen. C. C. Andrews, the very able fire warden of the big State of Minnesota, has always been one of the warmest advocates of the establishment of the Minnesota

national park, about which we have heard so much, and in a recent interview printed in a St. Paul paper he gives a few points on the probable course of action in case the park matter is this season brought to a favorable issue.

If the joint committee authorized by the bill, which has already passed the Senate, after a visit to this region reports favorably, it is expected an act of Congress will be passed for a commission to treat with the bands of Chippewas who are interested for buying the reservation in bulk. If a treaty be made, the purchase money in such case will not be paid down, but will be credited to the Indians, and the interest thereon at 5 per cent. will be annually appropriated and paid. The project, therefore, will not require a large appropriation, as the opponents of the park assert. When acquired the forest will be managed by scientific foresters. Mature trees will be cut, the young trees left to grow and a sustained yield perpetuated. Naturally the forest needed for scenery and recreation around the shore of the principal lakes will be left standing.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Rhode Island Season.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The law on game will be off in a few days in this vicinity and the local sportsmen are getting ready to trim the partridges and quail. Several years ago the late Horace Bloodgood imported into this State a number of pheasants, which were turned loose upon his game preserves on his farm in South Kingston. That they have propagated successfully there is no question, and some of the young have recently been seen in the vicinity of Carolina, which is several miles away from where they first received their freedom. There is little question that there are more quail and partridges in the south county this year than has been the case for many years when there were heavy snows during the preceding winter. In fact, similar reports are received from other parts of the State. The quail seem to have little fear of people in carriages, although they run to cover, but seldom take to flight. If a pedestrian approaches, however, they are on the wing instantly. Partridges are seldom seen except in the dense woods, unless hunted with bird dogs, when they are frequently found in the "slangs" and open places, where acorns and birch buds predominate. Rabbits are always plentiful in almost any part of the south county, at the commencement of the hunting season at least. It is probable that there has been less unlawful killing of game in that section of the State this year than during any previous year for twenty years past.

The clam culture experiments which have been conducted in the Wickford harbor during the summer under the direction of Dr. H. C. Bumpus, of Brown University, has been closed for the season. A report on the lobster experiments will be made by Dr. Bumpus later.

Blackfish or tautog are reported as being very plentiful in Narragansett Bay this fall. Thursday afternoon Miss Curtis, daughter of Lighthouse Keeper Curtis, of Rose Island, accompanied by a friend, succeeded in landing twenty-six of these fish weighing 100 pounds.

The following is from the Providence Journal of Sept. 23:

Philip S. P. Randolph, a prominent society man of Philadelphia, who spends his summers at Narragansett Pier, has once more been made the object of attention from the Bird Commissioners of Rhode Island. He has been haled into court and, with his hired man, who acted as a hunting companion, was fined for pursuing birds with intent to kill.

Two years ago he was arrested and heavily fined with the same hired man, Nicholas Potter. Then he was fined for hunting contrary to law, and also for a bird charged as being in his possession. The game officers state that it has been his custom to drive into the country with a pair of cobs in a covered trap, accompanied by Potter and a coachman. On arriving at good hunting grounds Randolph and Potter, with dogs and guns, left the coachman in charge of the team and went into the woods for game.

It was Randolph's custom to emerge first from the woods, and, finding the coast clear, the signal would be given to Potter, who would then bring forth the kill.

Farmers in the south county have resented the rich man going forth with impunity, trespassing on their lands in search of game, when others were debarred from such indulgence at this season. They sent complaints to the Bird Commissioners. Friday Deputy Commissioner Louis H. Knox, who had been detailed to investigate, came upon Randolph as he emerged from the woods west of Perryville in South Kingstown and a few minutes later secured Potter.

They then had no game in their possession. They were taken before Judge Lewis at Kingston and arraigned on warrants charging them with pursuing game with intent to kill and fines of \$20 and costs, amounting in all to about \$50, were imposed. Randolph settled the amount with a smile, and made a remark that he would not care if it did not get into the papers.

W. H. M.

Edward H. Howell.

MR. CHAS. A. HALEY, of Bath, N. Y., writes of the late Edward H. Howell, whose lamented death occurred on Sept. 9 at the age of forty-four: "He had been an ardent sportsman ever since he was old enough to carry a gun or a fish pole. No hill was too high or too rugged for him to climb in pursuit of a wary old cock grouse. No stream with its tangled environments of grape vines and brush was hard enough to quell his ardor when in pursuit of speckled beauties. Those who knew him—and their name is legion—loved, honored and respected him. While offering sincerest condolences to his loved family, we feel that we have been bereft of an honored member of society, a genuine sportsman, a gentleman and a true friend."

Owing to a delay in the preparation of the illustrations, we are obliged to defer to the next issue the continuation of the series of chapters on "American Wildfowl." The next number will contain descriptions of the Canada goose; Hutchins' goose, white-cheeked goose and cackling goose.

Montana Prairie Chickens.

MISSOULA, Mont., Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It may be of interest to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to know how the shooting and fishing has been here this season. Inclosed find three pictures—one of Master Lyman Stevens, ten years old, son of A. M. Stevens, who made a record for himself and his dog Merkim. They got ten chickens the first day the law was out. Another picture is of A. M. Stevens and C. J. Lemley, who had hunted until they came to a fence, on the other side of which stood a tree with this sign on, "Keep Out! No Hunting Allowed on These Premises." Having a fair string, we hung them on the fence and got a picture of what we had.

There have not been so many chickens for years as this season, owing to an early spring and long, dry summer. It is stated by some prospectors in the hills that some



"KEEP OUT!"

of the birds brought off two broods, but I have no direct proof of this. The crop of ducks is good on the Upper Blackfoot, as we proved on a three days' hunting trip to the nesting grounds.

Trout fishing was good in the early season of the year, but low water seemed to drive them into deep pools early, so we were compelled to use bait or make no catch, and a fly-fisherman cannot use bait; it makes him feel like killing a deer with a club, or shooting a prairie chicken sitting on a fence.

Large game is to come next, ducks and geese on the southern flight, and all depends on the weather here whether we get good shooting for either or both. We will report on them later.

BERT STEVENS.

Long Island Shooting.

EAST QUOGUE, Long Island, Sept. 27.—There was a flight of bay birds Monday last. Two local gunners shot 132, and other bags have been made of 98 and 48 within the last few days.

The duck season opens Oct. 1. There are quite a number of black ducks living on the feeding grounds, also a few sprigs.

E. A. J.

Shooting and Fishing Resorts.

READERS who are looking for shooting and fishing resorts are invited to make inquiry of the FOREST AND STREAM Information Bureau, where information may be had without cost.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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THE finding of the will of Abram Mosher by two hunters in Dark Hollow, near Hamburg, Conn., while trying to get at a nest of gray squirrels in the trunk of a hollow tree, has averted a lawsuit. The hunters found among the leaves and pieces of bark of which the nest was composed some scraps of paper with writing on them, several handkerchiefs, bits of ribbon and many bits of twine. The pieces of paper proved to be the holographic will of Abram Mosher, a farmer living near Dark Hollow, who died in the early part of last summer.

Mosher, through inheritance and thrift, was worth at the time of his death more than \$75,000. He was not married, and had no direct heirs. For six years before his death he was an almost hopeless paralytic. When he was stricken he tried to get one of his relatives to live with him. All refused, and he got a young man named George Applebee to operate his farm and care for him. Applebee attended to the wants of Mosher faithfully until he died. A few days before the old man passed away he told Applebee that he had made a will in which he had given him his entire estate, and he asked Applebee to bring him the will, which he would find in the drawer of the bureau in Mosher's bedroom. Applebee did so, and Mosher went over it carefully to see that it read as he wanted it to.

Applebee carried the will back. He had just reached the bedroom, when he heard a cry from Mosher, and he hurriedly threw the will on a table that stood near an open window. Applebee found Mosher unconscious. He

never rallied. When Applebee went to look for the will it was gone. He searched every nook and cranny, but could get no trace of it.

As soon as Mosher was dead children of a second cousin laid claim to the estate. Applebee told the story of the will and refused to vacate the farm. He was finally ejected and the cousins took possession. There were persons who had heard Mosher say that he intended to give his property to Applebee, and on the strength of their testimony Applebee was preparing to make a fight, when the will was found by the squirrel hunters. When the fragments of the document were placed together it was found complete, though badly stained. The cousins have relinquished the farm.

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Alexander Howell, Dean of St. Paul's in Mary Tudor's reign, was a good angler, but his views were regarded as unorthodox by the authorities. While he was catching fish Bishop Bonner decided to arrest him with a view to his trial for heresy. But Howell, though a shining light of the Church, did not want to be a burning one too. Having received a warning, while fishing in the country a pursuivant was after him; he did not return home, but like a wise man, escaped to Holland. When Elizabeth succeeded to the throne he returned from the Low Countries, and, remembering a bottle of ale which he had hidden in a hole in the bank, he looked for it, and found it quite safe. When he uncorked it, he found the beer excellent, and so discovered a secret, which has made the name of Bass famous throughout the world.

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A French fisherman who threw his line into the Seine Canal, near St. Denis, got hold of a package containing 178 railway bonds, worth \$22,000.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

A Memory.

THERE is a brook away up among the Vermont hills which has a particular attraction for at least one individual among the millions on earth. It couldn't have the same interest for any other, because no other ever enjoyed exactly the same exquisite thrill of pleasure that was the writer's when he caught his first trout. It isn't so many years ago that the sensation is forgotten. And often when the scene is reviewed the brilliant spring day returns, with the beauty of the fresh foliage and the music of the purling brook, mingled with the vociferous chorus of innumerable birds, and one wishes to be again a boy, to wander forever by the brookside, to know that loved ones since passed to their rest will greet one at the door, and to be as free from care and worry as then.

The brook came down from the mountains, even then partially capped with snow, and flowed through a meadow where it was lost to sight in the springing grass. There was a miniature cañon perhaps two feet deep, and in the bottom the brook flowed silently along until it reached the wall which fenced in the mowing. There it burst through the stones and broke into myriads of shining drops as it splashed downward and disappeared under a low bridge which carried the driveway leading up to the house. The upper side of the bridge was covered deep with small willows, but the lower side was bare and the brook emerged to spread itself into a shallow pool where it apparently gathered courage for its plunge through a tortuous and rocky course along the roadside, thence under another bridge, down another fall, wandered awhile in a sheep pasture and finally lost itself in a larger stream which came from another direction.

The boy of those days had no modern appurtenances for trout fishing. His rod was usually an alder tree cut by the brookside and his line was cheap, while hooks were few and sinkers were bits of twisted lead cut from old water pipes. The bait was invariably angleworms carried in a tin spice box, and the creel was a forked twig cut from a neighboring bush. And yet, who wouldn't return to those days, with their primitive apparatus, provided also the keen zest and unalloyed pleasure would return too, and, withal, the success which crowned the efforts of the young fisherman?

This particular boy had been living in a village, but his parents had occupied this farm that spring. He had explored every possible nook and corner of the plantation, including its remotest woodlands, and now it was time for fishing. Very carefully he cut his rod, he attached the line with extreme care, provided a more than ordinarily symmetrical sinker and prepared to annihilate the trout family in that particular stretch of brook. He had been told that it was a specially desirable trout-lurking place, and he determined to secure one before very long.

Beginning at the upper end, contrary to all established rules of scientific sportsmanship, he worked down the stream, using less care than he ought, and meeting with no success. The boundary of the meadow was reached and he climbed the fence. He dropped his hook into the deep hole under the willows at the end of the bridge. There was a fierce tug. A sharp yank on the rod and a beautiful brook trout lay struggling far back in the grass.

The house was only a short distance away, and the boy seized his treasure and hastened with all speed to the kitchen, where the fish was placed in the water cistern. And he was a beauty. He was fully nine inches long, very brightly marked and mottled, with the rainbow colors of the Green Mountain brook trout, and which are shown by no other known variety. And though that is more than thirty years ago, the same trout is in the spring which supplies the house with water, to which he was afterward transferred.

Even though that same boy has caught fish practically around the world, and has enjoyed the lunge of the largest and most gamy species known, there has never been a capture which compares in thrilling experience with the first trout captured by a nine-year-old boy one bright May morning a third of a century ago.

B. H. ALBEE.

NEW JERSEY.

A Lake in County Mayo.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us this well written sketch of fishing in Ireland, from the London Standard of Sept. 7:

Who that has once fished in County Mayo in fine weather can ever forget it? Sport may not always be quite what it was in the great days when salmon and white trout swarmed, when the fisheries had not been half ruined by mismanagement, needy landlords, and ubiquitous poachers, and the angler was pretty sure of a heavy creel wherever and whenever he went out. Yet even now, despite many drawbacks, excellent fishing is here and there to be obtained, white trout are fairly abundant, and touching brown trout, every lake, every river, every tiny stream that runs sparkling amid the glens and mountains of this lovely land is full of them. As for scenery, there is scarce a corner of the British Isles that can approach County Mayo, with its glorious mountains, its romantic valleys and passes, its wild moorland, its wonderful seascapes, its unrivaled coast line. The clean, soft air, fresh from a thousand leagues of virgin Atlantic, is perfection itself. There is nothing else quite like it, except, perhaps, in adjacent Connemara. Leaving Clew Bay and its hundred islands behind us, we drive in the little governess cart up a moorland drive, no great way above the Newport River, which, finding an outlet from Lough Beltra, makes its short passage to the Atlantic. A seven mile trot into Beltra, a beautiful upland lake, set amid perfect solitude, lies shining before us. Beyond the lake rises the mountain of Croaghmoyle, behind us springs Mount Eagle; while to the Northwest towers Nephin, one of the most formidable of Irish mountains. From Nephin you may stretch your gaze over the waters of Lough Conn, and see before you in the far distance Killala Bay, where the French landed in 1798. We make our way to one of the few dwellings on the shores of Beltra. The lad we find here assures us with true Irish readiness that he has the best boat on the lough, and so we outspan, and put up the pony. An inspection of the boat, which has apparently been lying in the sun for weeks, makes us somewhat less certain of our prospects. But the eager boy repeats his warranty, we shove the craft into the water, and bestow ourselves and our fishing gear. Alas, we are not fairly afloat before from half a dozen seams the water comes pouring in. Desperate bailing enables one of us to keep the craft afloat, while the other essays a few casts; but it is evident that our voyage is doomed, and with what haste we can muster we push across the lake for another cabin, where the right boat—it is quite evident we have chanced upon the wrong one—is to be found. During this hurried excursion we have taken three decent brown trout.

Having changed boats and dismissed our late rower—now too downcast even to say a parting word for his once incomparable craft—with the solace of a badly-earned shilling, we get upon the water again under much more favorable auspices. The sun is a trifle too bright, perhaps, but there is a fair breeze from the West, and a white cloud or two sails boldly across the blue sky every now and again, chequering the lake with cool shadows. The sea trout on Beltra have, however, been rising none too well of late, and we are by no means sanguine. Our boatman manifestly understands his business, and moving steadily round the lough, we get to work, the soft breeze materially assisting our casting operations. Three or four brown trout, the biggest of them over half-a-pound in weight, are hooked and landed, and then comes that delightful, boiling rise, which can never be mistaken, of a good sea trout—white trout as they call them in Ireland. The rise is a good one, and the fish is firmly hooked; and now comes a desperate little battle betwixt fish and angler. There is no better fighter in the world than this pluckiest of the *Salmonidae*. Three desperate leaps out of the water, displaying the sea-trout's clean shape and silvery sides—critical moments these—and then the fish bores away frantically, demanding and receiving six or eight yards of line. But the battle is to the strong, and in five minutes the white trout is conquered and brought alongside the boat. One quick sweep of the landing net, and the fish, a beauty of just upon two pounds, lies before us. Having administered the quietus and duly admired the fair proportions of the capture, we get to work again. Another brown trout or two, and then follow in pretty rapid succession the bold, pulse-quickening rises of four sea trout, three of which, varying in weight from three-quarters of a pound to one pound and three-quarters, are, after some minutes of delightful excitement, brought to bag. Then some few more mixed rises, a handsome brown trout of a pound and a quarter, and after that a halt for luncheon. A water bailiff has been halloaing to us with great pertinacity for the last twenty minutes, and now, putting ashore for a brief space, we are able to lull his suspicions and produce our licences. Poachers of high as well as of low degree are pretty numerous in Ireland, and although rivers and lakes are better protected than they used to be, a good deal of French leave is still taken in these remote places. For sea trout, as well as for salmon, a one-pound fishing license is required, and occasionally asked for, where keepers do their duty.

It is curious, by the way, how little is known of the habits of the sea trout. Here in the West of Ireland peasants and water bailiffs seem to be even less able to enlighten one than their fellows of Scotland or even Norway. When and where do the heavier examples of these fish spawn? Very few anglers, who understand salmon and their ways pretty thoroughly, are able to tell you. In various rivers a large proportion of sea trout seem to return to the salt water without spawning at all. Again, many of the heavier fish seem to hang about the coast and estuaries. Do these ever ascend a river with their fellows? They love apparently to drift up and down with the tide, to just taste the fresh water coming down from the rivers, and move on. The smaller sea trout do, of course, ascend the upper reaches and spawn; the heavy fish, it would seem, much more rarely. Male fish, too, among heavy sea trout, seem far scarcer than among salmon. One thing our Mayo friends are able to bear witness to—a fact well known, of course, to most anglers among the *Salmonidae*—and that is, that white trout, unlike their big cousins

the salmon, do feed freely in fresh water. Of that there can be no manner of doubt. Upon this very morning the biggest sea trout killed disgorged the remains of several worms upon which it had manifestly been feeding greedily. You may also find them at times stuffed with other food; in salt water, for instance, they are very partial to sand eels. It is now, of course, pretty well established that the lordly salmon seldom, if ever, feeds in fresh water; the sea trout is, on the contrary, a hearty gourmand in salt water or fresh, and after a spate you will occasionally find him absolutely gorged with worms.

Brown trout, plucky as they are, vary greatly in fighting energy. Of course, soil, water and feeding have much to do with this. There are three well-remembered lakes in Norway, all lying within half a mile of one another, and all holding good fish. In the first and second lakes, set amid thick pine forests, the trout were dark, heavy and strong, but a trifle shyish. In the third tarn, which lay among rockier and more open surroundings, and was much less engirt with timber, the fish were lighter in color and immensely more energetic in character. A brown trout of half a pound taken in this upland water gave as much sport as a sea trout of a pound and a half, which is, of course, saying a great deal. In this same Norsk lake char abounded; these deep water fish were, however, seldom taken, and then only in the hottest weather.

Towards 6 o'clock, with a respectable creel of brown trout, nobly illuminated by nine or ten silvery sea trout, we run ashore, inspan our pony cart, settle our trifling account with the boat-lad, and loth though we are to leave this fair scene, drive homewards. As we cross the solemn moorland, now and again is to be seen against the glowing evening sky, glodding homewards, a patient ass, its two deep wicker creels, or panniers, laden to an impossible height with turf sods, behind which is usually perched a ragged, bare-footed boy or girl. The turf sods, dug out of the wild bogland with so much toil, represent, of course, winter firing and winter comfort in the humble Mayo cabin. These wayfarers and a bird or two, a heron, or, as an Irishman would call him, a "crane," cleaving his majestic flight against the yellow sky, or a skein of duck, or a sand-piper, are the only occupants of the quiet waste. Nearing home, we cast a final glance backward toward the lone, majestic mountains, amid which our lake is set. Beautiful Beltra, ever fair to the eye and memory, even among the romantic scenery of wild Mayo, how pleasant are the days passed amid your lovely solitudes and in pursuit of your excellent sporting fish!

ANGLING NOTES.

A Salmon Score.

ONE day in August as I was going to my train in Albany I met Mr. Wm. Sage on the platform, also waiting for a train. As both our trains proved to be ten minutes late, we indulged in talk about salmon fishing, for I had last seen him on the Ristigouche River, in Canada. Soon after I made a note of what he told me about the late salmon fishing, but he told me another thing about which I could not make a note, as it lacked essential details, and this was that Mr. John S. Kennedy, president of the Ristigouche Salmon Club, had made a remarkable score of salmon killed on the Ristigouche and the Cascapedia, and that on three different days he had killed his limit of eight salmon. The essential details that I refer to were the total numbers of fish, weights, etc., and not until I was in New York last week was I able to supply them, and now give the score complete to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. The score tells its own story, and I only call attention to the number of fish killed on the Jock-Scott fly. A total of 88 fish, and 56 fell to the Jock-Scott. Of the remaining 32 salmon 20 were killed on silver-doctor, 7 on dusty-miller, 3 on black-dose and 2 on silver-gray, provided I have counted and figured correctly. First I give Mr. Kennedy's score on the

Ristigouche.

June.
13. Adam's Run, 1, 21lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
15. Main Pool, 1, 21lbs., A. M., silver-doctor.
15. Main Pool, 1, 22lbs., A. M., dusty-miller.
15. Main Pool, 1, 22lbs., A. M., dusty-miller.
15. Main Pool, 1, 24lbs., P. M., dusty-miller.
15. Main Pool, 1, 22lbs., P. M., dusty-miller.
15. Main Pool, 1, 24lbs., P. M., silver-doctor.
16. Main Pool, 1, 26lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
16. Main Pool, 1, 18lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
16. Main Pool, 1, 14lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
16. Main Pool, 1, 19lbs., P. M., silver-doctor.
16. Main Pool, 1, 20lbs., P. M., silver-doctor.
17. Sunday.
18. Rock Pool, 1, 19lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
18. Rock Pool, 1, 25lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
July.
5. Main Pool, 1, 22lbs., A. M., black-dose.
5. Main Pool, 1, 9lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
Total, 16 fish, 328lbs.

The sixteen salmon averaged 20½ pounds. Six kelt were landed and returned to the river. Mr. Kennedy left the Ristigouche Salmon Club at Metapedia on the morning of June 19, and arrived at Cascapedia Club the afternoon of the same day. He returned to Ristigouche Salmon Club July 4, which accounts for the two fish recorded on July 5.

Cascapedia River.

June.
19. Duffy's, 1, 26lbs., P. M., silver-doctor.
20. Rock Pool, 1, 26lbs., A. M., dusty-miller.
20. Duffy's, 1, 23lbs., P. M., dusty-miller.
20. Ledge, 1, 23lbs., P. M., silver-doctor.
21. Duffy's, 1, 21lbs., A. M., silver-doctor.
21. Tent, 1, 19lbs., A. M., silver-doctor.
21. Duffy's, 1, 25lbs., P. M., silver-doctor.
21. Ledge, 1, 30lbs., P. M., silver-doctor.
21. Rock, 1, 26lbs., P. M., silver-doctor.
21. Rock, 1, 17lbs., silver-doctor.
22. Rock, 1, 36lbs., A. M., silver-doctor.
22. Duffy's, 1, 24lbs., P. M., silver-doctor.
23. Home, 1, 18lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
23. Duffy's, 1, 26lbs., P. M., silver-gray.
23. Ledge, 1, 25lbs., P. M., silver-gray.
24. Sunday.
25. Maple, 1, 26lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
25. Maple, 1, 35lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
25. Maple, 1, 21lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
25. Maple, 1, 29lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
25. Maple, 1, 34lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
25. Maple, 1, 21lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
25. Maple, 1, 26lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
25. Maple, 1, 28lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.

26. Limestone, 1, 24lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
26. Limestone, 1, 35lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
26. Limestone, 1, 22lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
26. Limestone, 1, 28lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
26. Limestone, 1, 13lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
26. Limestone, 1, 26lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
26. Limestone, 1, 40lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
26. Limestone, 1, 40bs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
27. Turner's Brook, 1, 23lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
27. Big Camp, 1, 28lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
27. Big Camp, 1, 31lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
27. Big Camp, 1, 32lbs., P. M., silver-doctor.
28. Almonds, 1, 28lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
28. Almonds, 1, 34lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
28. Almonds, 1, 35lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
28. Almonds, 1, 42lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
28. Almonds, 1, 23lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
28. Almonds, 1, 22lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
28. Almonds, 1, 20lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
28. Almonds, 1, 11lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
29. Almonds, 1, 29lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
29. Almonds, 1, 31lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
29. Almonds, 1, 39lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
29. Captain's, 1, 25lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
29. Big Camp, 1, 29lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
29. Big Camp, 1, 27lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
29. Big Camp, 1, 26lbs., P. M., silver-doctor.
30. Joe Martin's, 1, 44lbs., A. M., dusty-miller.
30. Joe Martin's, 1, 33lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
30. Joe Martin's, 1, 26lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
30. Joe Martin's, 1, 33lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
30. Joe Martin's, 1, 10lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
30. Joe Martin's, 1, 37lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
30. Joe Martin's, 1, 26lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
30. Captain's, 1, 39lbs., P. M., silver-doctor.

July.
1. Sunday.
2. Almonds, 1, 24lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
2. Almonds, 1, 13lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
2. Almonds, 1, 19lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
2. Almonds, 1, 25lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
2. Almonds, 1, 14lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
2. Almonds, 1, 25lbs., P. M., silver-doctor.
Total, 64 fish, 1,725lbs.

This produces an average of 26 61-64 pounds per fish. The score shows that on four separate days—June 25, 26, 28 and 30—Mr. Kennedy killed the limit of eight fish. Mr. Kennedy had a guest on the Cascapedia who killed eight fish, as follows:

June.
30. Leap Pool, 1, 26lbs., P. M., silver-doctor.
30. Leap Pool, 1, 29lbs., P. M., silver-doctor.
July.
1. Sunday.
2. Captain's, 1, 41lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
2. Captain's, 1, 26lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
3. Doctor's, 1, 31lbs., A. M., black-dose.
3. Doctor's, 1, 30lbs., A. M., black-dose.
3. Almonds, 1, 25lbs., A. M., Jock-Scott.
3. Big Camp, 1, 34lbs., P. M., Jock-Scott.
Total, 8 fish, 242lbs.
Average 30¼lbs.

Mr. Kennedy's score on the Cascapedia will furnish one given to figures considerable amusement. The four days on which he killed the limit of fish the eight salmon weighed respectively 229, 228, 215 and 248 pounds, or an average per day of 28¾, 28½, 26¾ and 31 pounds, but on each of three days the average was brought down by a small fish, viz.: 13 pounds on the second day, 11 pounds on the third day and 10 pounds on the fourth day. On this day, too, the extremes met, the largest fish, 44 pounds, and the smallest fish, 10 pounds. The 29th was almost a limit day, with seven fish of 206 pounds, an average of 29 3-7 pounds. There were five fish killed weighing each 40 pounds or more, and four were killed on a Jock-Scott and one on a dusty-miller, but I must leave further figuring to others, as the score will speak for itself.

Readers of FOREST AND STREAM may recall a score I gave, made by Mr. James Barnes Baker, a nephew of Mr. Kennedy's, a few years ago in the Cascapedia. I lost the score, and only recently found it again, and it is well worth reprinting, for I doubt if it was ever equaled, and probably will not be duplicated, except possibly on the same river. Mr. Baker in one day killed seven salmon weighing 28, 30, 35, 35, 38, 40 and 41 pounds, or a total of 247 pounds, making an average of 35 2-7 pounds.

Kipling on Fishing.

Why it is that when I open a book by chance I open it to a paragraph about fishing or fish, if it so happens that the book contains anything upon these subjects? It was in this way that I chanced upon Kipling's mention of salmon fishing on the Pacific Coast, and lately I noticed in the library at home a book strange to me, and took it from the shelf and opened it. It was "The Day's Work," by Kipling, and it opened naturally in my hand to a page where my eye caught the word "tarpon," and so I read the paragraph containing it. It was in "The Brushwood Boy," and the author says:

"He became a member of the local Tent Club, and chased the mighty boar on horseback with a short stabbing spear. There he met the mahseer of the Poonchi, beside whom the tarpon is as a herring, and he who lands him can say he is a fisherman."

I do not know as Mr. Kipling has ever taken a tarpon to compare his fighting qualities with the big carp of India, but Mr. Alfred C. Harnesworth, who wrote of tarpon fishing in FOREST AND STREAM at my request after a visit to Florida for the purpose of tarpon fishing, has since been to India, and upon his return to London wrote me that except for the heat India would be the finest fishing country in the world. He did not specify the kinds of fish he found there, nor did he compare the mahseer with the tarpon, as probably he could, but if the big carp is really so much superior to the big herring-like fighter of Florida and Texas, that the Yankee anglers have come to think is the greatest fighting fish of all the list, it would be well that we knew more of the giant carp. I doubt if any mahseer that swims can equal the jump that I saw a tarpon make in Florida, an unhooked tarpon, but I never have seen a comparison made between the two fish until I read what I have quoted from Mr. Kipling's pen, and he has not qualified as a judge. The Encyclopædia of Sport has this to say of the mahseer:

"The mahseer, commonly running to 50 pounds in weight, and attaining as much as 150 pounds, has its habitat only in large, rocky, mountain rivers."

Its habitat would make it a more difficult fish to deal with when hooked than the tarpon, but apparently it does not grow to the weight of the tarpon. To continue the description: "It is the most sporting fish in the East, the violence of its first rush on feeling the restraint of the hook being phenomenal, and constituting a special difficulty in its capture. It does not take the bait as a salmon or trout ordinarily does, leisurely rising and leisurely returning to its place, but with a sudden blow which takes

the angler by surprise, and which will even jerk the salmon rod out of his hands, if he is unprepared. And this blow is instantly followed by a violent rush, to which the run of a salmon can bear no comparison. The rapidity of the dash is accounted for measurements of the tail and fins as compared with the rest of the body of the fish, which show that the superficial areas of the propelling and directing powers amount together to as much as the superficial area of the whole of the rest of the mahseer's body. The sudden jerk and violent rush make it necessary to fish for it with a thoroughly pliable salmon rod that will yield to the first rush more rapidly than it is possible for the angler's hand to do—to yield, indeed, before the effect of the blow has even reached the angler's hand, and so to allow the line to run out, but for which the strongest tackle that can be well used with a rod must be broken. The tackle, too, must be good and strong, and the running line, the same as for salmon, should be 150 yards long. Other rushes also the mahseer will make before he yields, but none such as his first for suddenness and rapidity."

The mahseer has no teeth in its leathery mouth, but it has some cruel teeth in its throat. I have some that Mr. Marston sent me without giving the size of the fish from which they were taken, but they seem large and strong enough to compare them with the teeth of a tiger, provided the tiger selected for comparison is not too large. Perhaps Mr. Harnesworth, having had experience with both fishes, will give the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* a paragraph or two from his note book, which would be more convincing than the broad assertion made by Mr. Kipling, who may have written under a license issued to poets. A. N. CHENEY.

Tarpon in Texas Waters.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my last letter I did not mention the fishing at Galveston, but I will now take the liberty of doing so, as it may interest some of my brother sportsmen. I saw an article by Mr. Waddell in your paper, in which he says he would like to get up a discussion on tarpon fishing. I think I am the first person to help set the ball rolling. Mr. Waddell says, very justly, that it is extremely unlikely that the tarpon will ever be exterminated. The best reason for this is that the fish are unmarketable, and only the well-to-do can take part in this kingly sport. Now of late years, since the Great Jetties have been put up, tarpon, Spanish mackerel, trout, redfish, jackfish (sometimes called horse mackerel), which average in weight 25 pounds, abound. I landed one last summer weighing 40 pounds. I fought him three-quarters of an hour with a small mackerel hook, and when I landed him I found the barb of my hook was broken off. At first I thought it must have been a tarpon, but as he did not leap out of the water I knew what I had, and stepped back on to a higher rock, and had a great time. I had to handle him gently on account of my small hook. This started me on big fish. Before this I had dreaded them, and regarded them as a nuisance. I have had as many as fifteen hooks and sinkers taken by tarpon and jackfish in one afternoon.

The reason for these fish coming to Galveston is this, and it is a marvelous sight: There is one continuous stream of mullet running down the jetties all day. In fair weather men throw for these fish with cast nets, and we use them for bait, and find they are the best for all fish caught there, except redfish and sheepshead. I have tried trolling with a spoon and also a piece of red cloth for mackerel, but did not get a strike. In fishing for tarpon we use a large mullet about 9 inches long. For mackerel, trout and redfish a piece about 2 inches is the best size. Jackfish don't give a cent how big or small and take them all.

Last summer I was fishing for tarpon with the O'Shaughnessy tarpon hook, long wire leader and a mullet about 9 inches long. I got a strike, and never dreaming that anything but a tarpon would have the presumption to take such a mullet, I struck at him, as I have found that the best way. Every one who has seen a tarpon knows that his mouth is like a piece of iron, unless you get him in the tongue, and I struck him hard, so as to drive my hook into his hard head. Well, you may imagine my surprise when I reeled in the line and found a small trout about 14 inches long hooked in the side.

I had a rather queer experience with a tarpon. I hooked a big fellow on a mackerel hook with a copper wire leader. I was then on the rocks. He left the water three times. I then called to the boy at the pavilion to bring a boat. The tarpon was lying a long way out sulking. The boy brought the boat, and as I was stepping in the tarpon made a run. I pressed too hard on my leather drag and fell into the boat. At the same time the tarpon left the water, and on this jump he must have thrown the hook out of his mouth, and it caught in his back just behind his fin. Well, when I found he was hooked in the back I knew I was "up against it." It was then 6:30, but I determined to play him as long as the light lasted. He started straight out to sea, but after a very hard tussle I managed to turn him back, and he took me back by the pavilion. That pavilion must have gone down in the hurricane. Ah! that storm! But as the man who ran the pavilion made a great deal of money, he told me before I left Galveston that he was going to put up a better one next summer. It is on the middle—or was on the middle—of the North Jetties, and many a delightful night have I spent out there, with the cool sea breeze on my face all night and the water lapping gently on the great granite rocks.

I have had as many as fifteen or eighteen strikes from tarpon in one afternoon; twelve is about the average number in an afternoon. At times the instant your line strikes the water you have a strike. The tarpon is the king of salt-water fish in my estimation, and I am not alone. From fifty to sixty Spanish mackerel and trout are nothing unusual in one afternoon.

The way we take sheepshead at home is with a .32 Winchester early in the morning when they come up to the big rocks that are just under the water. You can go along the rocks early in the morning and see them in great numbers; a steel bullet does the work.

There is another way of killing these fish: Take a pole about 8 feet long, drive a piece of thin iron in the

end; have it barbed, and sneak along the rocks and try to run it through the fish. The fall is the best time to fish for sheepshead at Galveston; shrimp is the best bait for them.

The fishing for tarpon, trout, mackerel, redfish and jackfish begins in the middle of May, is pretty good in June, and from the middle of June to the first of September is magnificent. Galveston is not much known as a fishing resort, but any one who goes there and goes to the Bolliwer Ferry Co. will get all the information he needs. It is from there the boat (a naphtha launch) leaves for the North Jetties. There will be a new and better pavilion next summer; and one can stay there over night. Any one who goes there will leave well satisfied. I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing some of my brother sportsmen from the North and East next summer. I hope Mr. Waddell will see this, for I am glad to try and help him with the silver-king. C. K. B.

A Trip to the Trout Lakes.

At 8:30 on Thursday morning, May 24 last, Throop, Hayes, Deslaurier and I left by the C. P. R. train, arriving at Buckingham station at 9:20, where we found our man waiting for us with a good team, and after a very pleasant drive of three miles we reached the steamer Agnes ready to start up the River Lievre with a party of merry picnickers on board going to the High Falls to spend the birthday of Her Gracious Majesty. Our genial friend, Capt. A. McNaughton, was also on board, as well as the obliging captain of the steamer, Capt. Bothwell. We made good time, and arrived at our destination at 12:30, where we found Isaac and his boy waiting for us with the horse and jumper. It did not take us long to get the things snugly packed, and by 1:30 we were at the lake. It would surprise many people to see the places over which Isaac's horse took our load. He actually walked along a single log, and went up and down places where it is difficult footing for a man to pass.

We found the boats in good shape, and by 2 o'clock we were at the point, where tents were pitched in a lovely spot, close to a stream of clear, running water. After partaking of a light lunch we got our rods and tackle together and started out for the afternoon's fishing. Throop and I going in one boat and Hayes and Deslaurier in the other. We did not anchor, but kept moving about, one paddling and the other casting. By this means we of course covered a very large extent of water, and this increased the chances of securing what fish might be on the lookout for flies.

We rose most of them close in under the bushes and dead trees near the shore. The day was, however, very bright, not a cloud in the sky, and for that reason doubtless they did not rise very well. However, Throop and I managed to land twenty-five nice trout between us. We returned to camp about 8 P. M., and found that Deslaurier and Hayes had some nice fish, and reported having lost some very large ones. They did not move very far from camp, and fished with both bait and flies. Throop and I used the fly only. We found the most killing to be the grizzly-king, Montreal, Alexander and Zulu, and they seemed to show a marked preference for the first-named. The largest trout I caught on the trip weighed 2½ pounds, and took a fly I made according to no particular pattern, namely, body dirt brown seal's fur; hackle, dark brown; Palmer wings, and tail well marked pintail. This fly somewhat resembles "Dr. Shore's fancy," and is a very tempting looking fly.

During the evening we heard and afterward saw an immense trout jump out of the water three or four times. From appearances and the noise it made we estimated its weight at from 6 to 8 pounds. We tried several flies over him, but he would not rise at them. This day was just as bright as the previous one, and the result much the same. We returned to camp about 8:30, and after a good meal sat around the fire chatting and smoking until about 11, when we turned in for the night somewhat tired after having been up since 3:30 in the morning and at work all day with the exception of about an hour when we rested for lunch at noon. The black flies were very troublesome on the lake, but were fortunately not very plentiful near the camp. The mosquitoes did not bother us at all until daylight. It was a great relief to lie down in the tent at night and feel free from the black flies for a few hours. We had plenty of fly oils with us of various kinds, but found the tar oil the only thing to keep the flies from biting; even that required renewing frequently. Nesmuk's recipe is the best I have tried.

We were out bright and early the next morning, Saturday, and fished until about 10 o'clock, when we returned to camp and packed up, after partaking of a sumptuous meal. We then left for the end of the portage, where we found Isaac awaiting us (I never knew him to fail to be on time), and it did not take us long to get down to the river, where we divided the fish and packed them carefully in our baskets with plenty of ice and boughs. The steamer arrived about 4, and we reached Buckingham at 5:30. We drove at once to the railway station, and had tea at a nice, clean, comfortable hotel near by, after which we enjoyed a pleasant chat over our trip until the train arrived at 9:20. We reached home at 10:15, and all pronounced it, although short, one of the most enjoyable trips we had ever had. Not a single thing went wrong or was forgotten. It is not often that everything goes right on such a trip. A slight accident is liable to happen, or something be forgotten or broken, which might cause considerable inconvenience when one is away from civilization; but everything went well in our case.

The fine weather of course prevented us making a large catch, but we did not go for the purpose of making a haul, and we were all perfectly satisfied with what sport we had. Our total catch was sixty trout of about 1 pound average weight—quite sufficient to make the sport interesting.

With regard to flies we found that the proper size of hook was No. 5 (old seals), and that the grizzly-king dressed with a very bushy body of rather dark green seal's fur was the most effective, as before mentioned.

WALTER GREAVES.

OTTAWA, Sept. 17.

The Sea's Exchange.

Down in the deeps of the wintry sea,
Far from the tossing waves;
Where the clinging weed is the only meed,
O'er the sailors' silent graves.
Down in the deeps an old crab squats,
Watching with evil eye
The trawl with its freight of the living dead
As it passes slowly by.

Above in the storm-tossed ocean trough,
In the mist of the blinding rain,
'Fore the scouring blast is the creaking mast
Groans loud as a soul in pain.
'The craft heels o'er, and the sea's long arms,
Like tentacles seeking prey,
Suck a man from the shell in the seething hell,
The toll of the sea to pay.

He saw Death's hand so oft before,
Its terrors he laughed to scorn;
But oh! for the widow's anguished moan
At the break of the coming dawn.
Yet the nets are heavy with scaly spoil,
The harvest exchanged for life,
And his mates must earn for his widow's need
What he would have earned for wife.

Down in the deeps 'neath the turmoil wild
The trawl sweeps slowly past,
Up from the quiet and ghostly calm
To the force of the wintry blast;
And down in its place come the form and face
Of one who but lately laughed
As he judged the weight of the scaly freight
In the hold of his tiny craft.

Whilst the old gray crab from his sandy bed
Crawled over the smackman's breast.
"More room for those who are left," he said,
"May the sea gods help the rest."
Down in the deeps the old crab watched
With active and evil eye,
As the trawl made way for the lifeless clay,
And drifted slowly by.

—Kryptos in London Fishing Gazette.

Mahseer Fishing.

To go with Mr. Cheney's notes on the mahseer, the great game fish of Indian waters, we quote this story, a British angler's experience with the fish in Central India:

S. and myself took three days' leave to try our luck in one of the numerous rivers known as the "Kali Sind." Fourteen miles' ride on an apology for a road all over black cotton soil brought us to our camp near a small village of the usual type on the river bank. It was 5 o'clock when we arrived, too late for much chance of a fish, so we turned out some of the villagers to beat for us and had a very good little shoot, getting seven brace of partridge and a few quail before dinner time. Next morning we turned out early and full of high hopes, fished steadily until about 9 A. M., but with no success. The river was clear and we could see plenty of fish schooling about, but they treated the spoon with the utmost contempt. Occasionally a fat mahseer would sail after it almost to one's feet and then turn away with a wag of his tail. It was particularly annoying. We caught nothing that day. The following day things were not much better, S. got one mahseer, 4 pounds, and I got a murril, 4½. A murril is not a very sporting fish to catch. He is heavy and dull and makes a poor fight of it, but his worth as an addition to the larder is undoubted; he is seldom absent from any decently supplied breakfast table. The first time I caught one of these fish I mistook him for a kind of snake, and his proceedings justified my suspicion, as no sooner had I freed the hook from his mouth than he slipped from my hand and did sixteen annas straight back to the tank. I tried to grab him, but could get no purchase on his snake-like body, and in spite of my flinging myself on top of him he slid gracefully into the water and swam slowly away. I know him better now and knock him on the head before he is taken out of the landing net.

Next day we were both rather stiff and weary and turned out rather late. The dead still heat in a river bed on a September day is something to be remembered, and the smell of the damp vegetation is stifling, so it was not to be wondered at that we were both a bit lazy and did no fishing before breakfast. There was nothing in the weather or water to-day to make one anticipate that it would be in any way different from yesterday or the day before. But that was just where we made a mistake; the mahseer had made up their minds to break their fast on this occasion, as I shortly found out. Beginning at the same place as on the two previous days—a quiet pool below a ford—I was into a lively 2-pounder the very first cast, and in a quarter of an hour had two more the same size. I skipped about half a mile of intervening water in order to try what seemed the most likely bit—a nice rapid about two hundred yards long and interspersed with rocks—a shoal ran down the length of the rapid dividing it from a quiet backwater. Wading down the shoal I could cast across the stream, and soon began to have a lively time. For more than an hour I was landing or losing fish at frequent intervals—the monster of the day, of course, defeated me—twice he took out nearly all my line, and as I reeled him up short the second time I experienced that blank and dismal sinking inside (I can't describe it better), known only to fisherman, as my rod suddenly straightened out and the spoon came flicking back to me across the stream. I found on examination that the hook had broken—bad luck indeed. I put up another spoon, which, however, did not last long. Having cast across the stream, I was hauling in the slack when a fish snapped up the spoon almost at my feet, the line ran out, but being a bit kinked caught round the reel. There was a jerk that nearly took the rod out of my hands, the line snapped, the rod fortunately stood the strain and the line came falling back through the rings. That mahseer got a jog in the mouth that fairly astonished him and for full thirty seconds he kicked about on the top of the water, getting gradually further and further down

over-trained, but this term does not properly convey the meaning of the results of over-meddling, namely, the suppression of his proper educational development and the slavish subordination of his will, which make him a mere unthinking machine in the hands of his master. By way of contrasting the difference between arrested mental development, let us consider the independent action, the resourcefulness, the vigorous industry of a hound or hounds in pursuit of a fox, of greyhounds in pursuit of a jackrabbit, of self-hunting setters and pointers when freely ranging alone through field and forest in pursuit of prey. These qualities, then at their best—that is as the dogs use them for themselves—are at the degree they should be after the dog is trained to apply them in the service of the gun. But, if the trainer exercises and enforces his own judgment as to

what the dog must do in every moment and every act, perpetually commanding, whistling, signaling, checking him is his every independent purpose, he will become so dominated and restricted in time that he will be a creature without a will or purpose of his own, and will look to his trainer for prompting and orders at every turn.

From the moment of the first glimmer of intelligence in the puppy till the moment he dies, he observes the domination of man. He quickly learns that man is his superior in force and knowledge, and he learns also that to him he must yield. Restrictions in working to the gun which at first were submitted to under compulsion, in time are observed by him from self interest and habit.

If the over-trained dog makes a short cast, he returns immediately for a command or signal from his trainer as to what he should do next. He roams and points perfunctorily under submission. His whole attention and acts are engrossed in the observance of his slavehood; perpetually balked, thrashed and dominated, his ardent desire to pursue and capture in his own free and happy manner is either harmfully suppressed or entirely extinguished, when he is in the company of his teacher. Such are the evils of over-training.

A dog over-trained is of much less value as a worker than one that is but partially trained but whose natural capabilities are unimpaired. In this connection, it may be usefully remarked that practically the properly trained dog works without any orders at all. Man and dog seek with concerted action or supplement each other's efforts, working together for mutual success as a team. The dog, allowed to work in his own manner, but restricted more and more to apply his work in the service of the gun as his training progresses, in time learns that great success results from the joint efforts of his master and himself; and he then performs his part with an intelligence and a practical manipulation of means to ends, far beyond any knowledge which could be conveyed to him by his teacher.

A knowledge of the evils of over-training are essential in the development and training of field dogs, but it is still more essential in respect to field trial dogs. However satisfactory to his owner an over-trained dog may be in field work, he will not be considered as even making a good showing when in competition with properly trained dogs which are performing under the critical eye of the judge. But the distinctions in respect to field and field trial training will be more fully set forth in other chapters.

Training a dog to loud orders is a bad, coarse method of teaching obedience. It is indicative of bad temper in the trainer, accomplishes nothing which could not be accomplished in a quieter way, is distinctively offensive to everyone within hearing of the hullabaloo, and gives alarming notice to all the birds in the neighborhood that a dangerous bloodthirsty man has invaded their habitat. It thus impairs success.

Oftentimes the amateur trainer takes his gun and sets forth to kill birds, taking a green puppy along and making the education of the latter a mere incident of his sport. Such is not at all training in a proper sense. It is commencing at a point which should be at a much later stage in the dog's education.

After the training has once been begun, regularity in the lessons is of prime importance. For instance, it will be conceded at once that it is much better to give a dog a half-hour lesson on each of ten days than it is to give him a lesson of five hours' duration on one day. While a dog has very good powers of memory, he soon forgets his first lessons if it is not refreshed by daily repetition in respect to them. The trainer may have had a similar forgetfulness concerning his own first lessons, which should admonish him to be considerate.

While punishment betimes is a necessity, its use as a whole is unnecessarily comprehensive. There is no doubt but what it is inflicted in most instances under a mistaken belief that it is useful in forcing a dog to learn what the trainer desires he should learn and that it really accomplished the desired purpose. The idea, so applied, is a mistaken one. Punishment never teaches the dog anything other than in a negative manner; that is to say, it simply deters him from doing certain things. It does not in the least add to the dog's sum total of knowledge in a developmental manner. For instance, if the dog is punished for chasing a rabbit, he learns that the act has painful associations, which are likely to again recur if the act is repeated, and expecting this he forbears chasing. The punishment does not in the least teach him the reason why he must not chase, nor indeed anything about chasing other than that the act results in pain to himself. It is a deterrent, and he understands nothing more concerning it. On the other hand, if he had not the natural impulse and inclination, no degree of punishment would teach him how to chase a rabbit or even to chase it at all. From the dog's point of view, there is no wrong in chasing rabbit, chicken or sheep, etc. They are his natural prey; his delight in their pursuit is unbounded; he is following the natural impulses of his nature; it is his manner of obtaining the necessities of dog life; yet if punished he yields to superior force and desists.

There is no part of a dog's education in which punishment is of any benefit except as a corrective. The dog's knowledge increases only from experience. The trainer can not force his own knowledge into the dog by virtue of whip or spike collar. Even when forcing a dog to retrieve with the latter instrument, its value is purely negative. It does not teach the dog anything about retrieving, as will be more fully explained in the chapter treating on that subject.

When a dog's fears are aroused, or when he is made needlessly to feel uncomfortable, worried and uneasy, his progress as a pupil is slow. If the lessons are made obnoxious to him, the trainer has succeeded in making them things to be avoided or quickly ended rather than things which have a pleasant purpose. With a violent teacher, the dog's life is truly a sad one. His knowledge is then acquired under the most disheartening difficulties. Under similar violent conditions, the teacher as a pupil would rise in rebellion and implore the world to witness and right his wrongs. Punishment is a bad enough measure when used as a true aid to education. It is no part of education when used to gratify anger.

Until the trainer can control his temper, if he unfor-

tunately have one which is fiery, and fit his efforts to the dog's capacity and progress, he will be inefficient. And these corrections of himself, no one can do for him other than himself. His own judgment and self-control are his only reliance, since they are personal and therefore entirely outside of the scope of any system presented by others.

B. WATERS.

Ladies' Kennel Association.

At the meeting of the Ladies' Kennel Association, held at the Waldorf-Astoria, on Sept. 26, Mrs. James L. Kernochan presided. It was decided to add the name America to the name of the Association, and it is now the Ladies' Kennel Association of America. Rules and regulations were adopted. The design for the Association medal was chosen. Ten new members were elected, namely: Mrs. C. A. Stevens, Mrs. O. W. Bird, Mrs. H. N. Harriman, Mrs. Bradley-Dyne, Mrs. Horace Stokes, Mrs. Sidney Dillon Ripley, Mrs. R. L. Stevens, Mrs. F. Senn, Mrs. Thomas Moody and Miss Lillian Mocran.

It was decided to offer at Philadelphia, besides the premiership, a medal to all breeds, the Sands Point Challenge Cup for the best St. Bernard dog or bitch, and the "Cleo de Mérode" Challenge Cup for the best French bulldog or bitch. A member of the Association offered \$500 for a cup of that value for the best American-bred bulldog bitch. A member of the Association offered by a member, and \$500 for a cup of that value for the best American-bred bloodhound, dog or bitch, bred, owned and exhibited in the ring by a member; to be competed for at Philadelphia. The meeting then adjourned.

N. K. BIRD.
Hon. Sec'y L. K. A. of America.

WESTBURY, L. I.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

Commodore, C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION

Vice-Com., Henry M. Dater, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rear-Com., H. D. Hewitt, Burlington, N. J.
Purser, Joseph F. Eastmond, 199 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Dr. C. R. Henry, Perry, N. Y.
Purser, Lyman P. Hubbell, Buffalo, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.
Rear-Com., C. M. Lamprey, Lawrence, Mass.
Purser, A. E. Kimberly, Lawrence Experimental Station, Lawrence, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., G. A. Howell, Toronto, Can.
Rear-Com., R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ontario, Can.
Purser, R. Norman Brown, Toronto, Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

In dealing with the question of disorder in camp Vice-Com. Allen gives a very mild and lenient and by no means a correct view of the evil. It is not a case of a few incidental offenses, but of such a state of affairs as prevailed in a recent camp, where one prominent club had a large tent, completely fitted up, as a free bar, with amateur bartenders at hand by day and night; at the same camp one gentleman, a member of another prominent club, after working himself up to a state of intoxication, in which he knew nothing of what he was doing, started off for the ladies' camp, with the avowed intention of "cleaning it out," and was only restrained by force. At the same time the executive absolutely refused to take action in these and similar cases when urged to do so by many of the older members.

As far as the area of the camp is concerned, if it is half-a-mile or more in extent, those who object may perhaps get out of the area of disturbance, but the majority of men in camp, even though not specially straight-laced, desire to pitch their tents in the main camp with others of their club, and at the same time object to being compelled to lie awake all night and listen, not only to noise, but to particularly foul and obscene noise. These performances are not exceptional, but mark every camp, unless they are suppressed at the outset with a strong hand; and the Commodore who sets out to oppose this sort of thing is very apt to make himself unpopular in the end.

If the Association is, as it has always professed to be, a model among sporting societies, appealing especially to men of refined tastes and gentlemanly instincts, it is due to itself that this sort of disorder should be made impossible in the future. The question of liquor in camp is naturally closely allied to that of general disorder, but still they are not identical. This year there was, as far as we can ascertain, less liquor and less general drinking than usual, a number of men who ordinarily carry liquor with them having purposely left it home. Old members will call to mind one club which always had a tent with a generous supply of all kinds of liquor, and was noted for the extent and character of its hospitality, but matters were managed in such a way that there was never a cause of complaint on the score of disorder or drunkenness.

We have thus far received no notice of the annual meeting of the A. C. A. Executive Committee, but it will probably be held in the latter half of this month at Gananoque, where the committee can spend a day on the St. Lawrence, in personal inspection of camp sites. No report is as yet forthcoming from the Regatta Committee, but a large number of proposals for amendment of the constitution, by-laws and racing rules have

been made, and are herewith published. Some of these are good and some the reverse, but the number of them is encouraging, as indicating a more general interest on the part of members in the affairs of the Association. There will be a good deal of business before the meeting, but nothing specially difficult if the proposals are taken up in order and the discussion is limited to the main points. It is impossible to discuss all the proposals here, but we hope that members will study them well; there will still be time in the next issue of the FOREST AND STREAM for comments and suggestions. One of the most important proposals is that of Vice-Com. Dater for the amendment of the measurement rule, other members also having submitted various proposals in the same direction.

What Vice-Com. Allen modestly calls a "kick" is worthy of a better name, as it touches thoughtfully on some important points in the Association's affairs; it would be a good thing if more of the members kicked in the same manner by openly discussing the current doings and happenings of the meet and the Association in general.

The subject of a permanent camp site is one which might and should have been acted on long ago, and which with each succeeding year becomes more pressing and more difficult. In 1884 the Association might have purchased the whole northeast end of Grindstone Island for \$600, or less than it spent in 1890 in grading and preparing the ground at Jessup's Neck for the camp. As late as 1896, the same land was still in the market, at about five times the old price, but still within its real value as one of the few good camp sites still available in the choicest part of the river. Since then it has been purchased by the State of New York, for use as a State park.

A site in this vicinity purchased now, if one can still be had, cannot fail to appreciate in value, and is advisable simply as a business investment or a new land speculation. Apart from this, however, and even from the main use of camp site for the meets whenever desirable, there is another very strong feature, which has thus far received very little attention. If the Association thus owns and controls a camp ground, every individual member practically owns a site on the St. Lawrence River, where he is at liberty to camp at will through the season, without regard to the meet. Many who cannot take the time within the limited duration of the meet, or who do not care to attend a meet at a distant point, such as Muskoka or Ballast Island, can still enjoy a private camp in the finest camping district in the eastern part of the country. This one feature of camping at any time through the summer, each party, of course, caring for itself in camp style, may be made of inestimable value in maintaining the interest of the older members and their families in the Association.

Amendments to the A. C. A. Rules.

We publish below an unusually large number of proposed amendments to the Constitution, By-Laws and Racing Rules of the A. C. A., to be considered at the annual meeting of the Executive Committee, which will be held this month. Some of these proposals were published in the FOREST AND STREAM through the month, but we reprint them for the benefit of those who see only the canoeing number. There will still be time to discuss them in the next issue, and we hope that members will take the trouble to read them carefully, and to express their opinions as a guide to the Executive Committee.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hereby give notice that at the next meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association I shall move the adoption of the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the term of office of the member of the Board of Governors elected from the Western Division of the American Canoe Association shall be deemed to have begun on Oct. 1, 1899, and to expire three years thereafter, or on Oct. 1, 1902."

The effect of this resolution will be that the present members of the board will retire in the following order, thus avoiding confusion: Northern Division member, 1901; Atlantic and Western, 1902; Eastern and Central, 1903.

I shall offer the following:

"Resolved, That the election of Commodore from and selection of the location of meets in the territory of the various divisions as at present constituted shall be in the following order: Central, Northern, Atlantic, Eastern and Western."

I also inclose a copy of certain proposed changes in the racing regulations, which I have forwarded to the Regatta Committee for their action in accordance with Chapter IX. of the By-Laws and Rule XXII. of the Racing Regulations.

HENRY M. DATER.

To Regatta Committee of the American Canoe Association.—Gentlemen: In accordance with Chapter IX., Subdivision 8, of the By-Laws, and Rule XXII. of the Racing Regulations of the American Canoe Association, I hereby submit for your approval the following proposed changes in the racing regulations of the A. C. A., and I hereby give notice that at the next meeting of the Executive Committee of the Association I shall move the adoption of the same.

First. To amend Rule I. of the Racing Regulations by adding after the word "Canoes" at the end of the paragraph therein contained entitled "Dimensions and Limitations"—Sailing; the following:

"No fixed metal rudder shall be used and all drop rudders must be so constructed and fitted that the same when drawn up shall not project below a fair line along the keel."

Second. To further amend Rule I. by adding to the above paragraph, and after the change above proposed, the following: "In all sailing and combined races, no rig other than a practical hoisting and lowering rig shall be used."

Third. To further amend Rule I. by adding to the above paragraph, and after the changes above proposed,

the following: "No deck sliding seat shall be used in any race."

HENRY M. DATER.

TORONTO, Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hereby give notice that at the next Executive Committee meeting of the American Canoe Association I shall move the adoption of the following changes to the by-laws:

That Chapter 12 be numbered 13 and that the words "The affirmative vote of three-fourths of all" be struck out and the words, "A majority vote of" substituted.

That Chapters 13 and 14 be amended by being numbered 14 and 15 respectively.

That a new Chapter 12 be introduced, as follows:

"Chapter 12. Order in Camp.—When a member complains to the Commodore of any member or members creating a noise after 11 P. M., the Commodore must investigate the matter, and if the charge is sustained he must request the offending member or members to leave camp. The Commodore may request any member to leave camp if, after due consideration, he is of the opinion that better order can be maintained thereby."

W. G. MACKENDRICK.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is a copy of certain proposed changes in the racing regulations which I have submitted to the Regatta Committee of the A. C. A. for their action in accordance with Chapter IX. of the By-Laws, and Rule XXII. of the Racing Regulations:

"To the Regatta Committee of the American Canoe Association.—Gentlemen: In accordance with Chapter IX., Subdivision 8 of the By-Laws, and Rule XXII. of the Racing Regulations of the A. C. A., I hereby submit the following proposed changes in the racing regulations of the A. C. A.:

"First. To amend Rule I. of the Racing Regulations by adding after the word 'Canoes' at the end of the paragraph entitled 'Dimensions and Limitations—Sailing,' the following: 'No fixed rudder projecting below a fair line along the keel shall be used and no drop rudder shall be used that, when drawn up, projects below the said line.'

"Second. To further amend Rule I. by adding to the above paragraph, and after the change above proposed, the following: 'All decked sailing canoes shall have a cockpit large and deep enough to sit in comfortably.'

"Third. To further amend Rule I. by adding to the above paragraph, and after the change above proposed, the following: 'All decked sailing canoes shall carry a practical double blade paddle.'

"Fourth. To further amend Rule I. by adding to the above paragraph, and after the change above proposed, the following: 'The sliding seat shall not exceed 4ft. 6in. in length.'

"Fifth. To further amend Rule I. by adding to the above paragraph, and after the change above proposed, the following: 'In all sailing and combined races, no rig other than a practical hoisting and lowering rig shall be used.'

Sixth. To further amend Rule I. by adding to the above paragraph, and after the change above proposed, the following: 'All open sailing canoes must have at each end water tight bulkheads or air tanks capable of sustaining the occupant above water when swamped.'

FRANK C. MOORE, A. C. A. 1342.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please publish the following amendment to the Constitution of the A. C. A., as required by Article XII. In Article III. insert the words "able to swim" after the words "eighteen years."

HENRY SMYTHE, A. C. A. 1308.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose for publication the following proposed amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws of the American Canoe Association.

M. D. WILT.

CONSTITUTION.

Article VI. Add "Section 9" as follows: "Racing Board.—Each division in its proper turn, at its annual meeting, shall elect in the same manner as its regular officers one member of that division, to serve on the Racing Board of the Association, for a term of three years, or until his successor is elected."

(For duties of Racing Board see Chapter 9 of By-Laws.)

Article VII., Paragraph 3. Amend by leaving out the words "a Regatta Committee of three members for the annual camp of the A. C. A." after the word "appoint."

BY-LAWS.

Chapter IX. Amend Paragraph 1 by adding the words "Racing Board and Division" between the words "Duties of" and "Committee" in the title, making it read as follows: "Duties of Racing Board and Division Regatta Committee." Further, amend Paragraph 1 by substituting the words "Racing Board" for "Regatta Committee" as the last words of the paragraph.

Amend Paragraph 2 by substituting the words "Racing Board" for "Regatta Committee" wherever they occur.

Further amend Paragraph 2 by leaving out the word "and" between the words "paddling" and "trophy" on the third line and insert the word "sailing" after the word "club" on the third line, making this part read as follows: "Including the sailing and paddling trophy races, the three record races, the club sailing race," and insert after the words "club sailing race" at the end of the third line the following: "The paddling races for one, two and four men with single blades, and the paddling races for one, two and four men with double blades, and the relay race for teams of three men each, with double blades." Insert after the words "three record races" on the third line the words "the free-for-all sailing race."

Amend by substituting the words "Racing Board" for "Regatta Committee" wherever they occur.

Rule II., Paragraph 2. Amend by leaving out the first and third sentences beginning "No canoe shall be," etc., and "Members must paddle," etc., respectively.

Paragraph 3. Amend by leaving out the whole of the first sentence beginning "A canoe which is," etc.

Rule V. Amend the first paragraph to read as fol-

lows: "Prizes shall be given as follows," instead of "Flags shall be given as prizes as follows."

Amend Paragraphs 2 and 3 by leaving out these two paragraphs entirely and substituting the following: "Prizes shall consist of shields or some lasting memento with the event, the letters A. C. A., the year expressed in four figures, the place of the meet and the words 'First Prize' or 'Second Prize' expressed thereon. The prizes for any one meet shall be uniform in shape and design. Prizes donated for special races or competitions may be accepted at the discretion of the Racing Board. No prizes of money shall be raced for. All prizes not awarded are to be destroyed."

Amend the fourth paragraph by leaving out the words "if more than nine entries for the sailing trophy are present" on the third and fourth lines. Further amend the fourth and fifth paragraphs by substituting the words "free-for-all" for the word "trial" wherever it occurs.

Amend by adding the following new paragraph: "There shall be paddling races with single blades for one, two and four men in a canoe, and with double blades for one, two and four men in a canoe, and a relay race for teams of three men each, with double blades, one man in a canoe."

Amend by adding a sentence at the end of the rule as follows: "At least one-half of all the paddling races, including the race for the paddling trophy and the relay race, shall be straightaway."

Rule IX., Paragraph 2. Amend by omitting all of the paragraph after the word "protest" on the fourth line, and substitute the words "and a decision of a majority of the members present shall be final."

Add to the last paragraph of Rule IX. the sentence following: "No man shall contest in any race until he has been two days in camp, except in war canoe races, except, by special permission of the Racing Board."

BOSTON, Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please publish the following amendment to the Constitution of the A. C. A., as required by Article XII.:

In Article IX., Sec. 2, Duties of Pursers. Tenth line after the words "be announced in one of the official organs" insert "giving full name, accompanied by full residential address, name of club and name of proposer."

It is unnecessary to point out the absurdity of the present practice of publishing names, preceded by initials only, when directories of several cities in division of applicant contain similar names and initials.

LOUIS STOUGHTON DRAKE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Finding that the A. C. A. Racing Regulations do not give the lengths of the trophy, paddling, etc., and deeming it wise that each kind of racing canoeist should have at least two regular annual races to compete in to encourage him to bring his canoe to the meet. I make the following amendments to the Racing Regulations, a copy of which has been sent to the regatta committee as required by Rule XII.:

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS.

Rule IV. Omit the word "three" and insert instead the word "four."

Rule V. Paragraph 3. Add the words "by the regatta committee."

Rule V. Paragraph 4. After the words "No. 1, paddling and sailing combined" insert the words "three miles, time limit one and one-half hours." After the words "No. 2, paddling" insert the words "one-half mile straightaway." After the words "No. 3, sailing" insert the words "four and one-half miles, time limit two and one-half hours."

Paragraph 5. Add the words "limited to 75ft."

Paragraph 7. Omit the words "The contestant obtaining the highest aggregate of points becomes the leading honor man for the year" and insert instead these words: "There shall be a free-for-all sailing race, six miles, time limit two and one-half hours. A one-half mile paddling race, single blade. A one-half mile tandem paddling race, double blade. A one-half mile tandem paddling race, single blade. A one-half mile tandem paddling race, double blade." Insert after the words "paddling trophy" the words "one mile straightaway." Insert before the words "trial race" the words "six-mile." Add to this paragraph the following words: "The Dolphin Trophy, seven and one-half mile consolation sailing race, open only to the losers in the trophy race, shall be called if there are two or more entries."

Paragraph 8. Omit entirely and insert instead these words: "Accredited representatives of foreign clubs shall be eligible to start in all races."

HENRY SMYTHE, A. C. A., 1308.

YONKERS, Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have this day sent the following to Mr. R. Easton Burns, chairman regatta committee for 1900:

As per Chapter IX. of the By-Laws and Rule XXII. of the Racing Regulations, I herewith submit the following changes to the racing regulations: First, to amend Rule I. Paragraph entitled "Dimensions and Limitations," after sentence "Leeboards may be carried by a canoe not having centerboards," adding the following: "The minimum weight of a decked sailing canoe, exclusive of centerboard, shall be 100lbs."

The last sentence of same paragraph amended to read as follows: "A canoe must use the same suit of sails in all races held at any one meet, these sails to be a practical hoisting and lowering rig, and must not exceed in area 110 sq. ft. for a decked canoe and 40 sq. ft. for an open canoe."

Amend Rule XXI. by adding, "A canoe upsetting in a race shall forfeit all claim to the prize unless in the judgment of the regatta committee the upset was caused by the canoe being fouled by another boat, in which case the committee must notify the canoe at once."

Not that I personally favor all the above amendments have I proposed them, but I think they are a few suggestions along the line all seem to be thinking just now. I think some very good amendments have been offered thus far, Mr. Dater, I think, is striking at the wrong end in doing away with the deck seat, as to-day it is the safest and most comfortable thing about a sailing canoe, but there may be some objection to the very long seats being used, and as I think the larger sail area has been

the direct cause for this, I offer the amendment to reduce the area to 110 sq. ft., and in doing this I have put a minimum weight on the boat to keep some from building a very light and unsafe boat for the smaller area. I don't know as I have named the right weight in this case, as I haven't weighed any of the recent sailing canoes, but as I understand it, a detail of this kind may be changed at the executive meeting.

My object of the amendment in reference to one suit of sails is simply to lessen the expense of racing a canoe, as a man will not have to provide himself with a number of sails ranging in combinations from 128 sq. ft. to 85 sq. ft., but can get a reefing rig of 110ft. and be on even footing with all other men.

My amendment about upsetting in a race is offered in a measure to make the more daring sailors more conservative, as we have had men start in a race knowing full well that they would upset at the first jibe, but as that would only delay them a few seconds, it did not count, but if this rule is made, they will be more inclined to reef before starting, thereby giving some of the poorer sailors a better chance.

I have offered these amendments in the hope that they may in some way help to bring more men into our races, thereby making them more interesting to our meets and better sport to the men taking part.

H. LANSING QUICK.

Fellow Members of the A. C. A.

It is very unfortunate that so much notoriety has been given to the unpleasantness arising from firewater at our recent meet. I do not consider this subject a proper one for discussion in newspapers and magazines that have a general circulation, but it has been discussed at length by some who are older in the A. C. A. than myself, so probably a few words more will do no harm.

In the first place, I think had our camp been on an island some forty acres or more in extent, as is usually the case, there would not have been so much complaint, but where the different camps were crowded together in four acres of land, and one could scarcely snore at night without arousing the entire camp, we must naturally expect the owls to make a little trouble.

Secondly, had the complainant spoken to the Commodore at once and he had gone quietly to the offending party and spoken directly to him of camp disturbances I believe there would have been no further trouble that night, nor further disturbance in that quarter again during camp; but where the matter was allowed to go on for several days, as in this case, and then formal action taken, it naturally made a discussion through the entire camp, and occasioned a deal of ill will.

Thirdly, I am of the opinion that this year there was as little drinking as at any time during the eleven years that I have been a member. No doubt we have many members who join the Association simply to have a jolly carousal, and not for the benefit of canoeing and the quiet evenings of good fellowship, and I am in favor of that hereafter our applicants for membership must be canoe owners in good and regular standing; and we might also add able to swim (we do not mean in fire-water).

In reference to camp sites, the next meet will undoubtedly be on the St. Lawrence River. Looking over our past records, we find that almost 75 per cent. of our recent meets have been held on the St. Lawrence. It has been suggested that the Association purchase an island in the St. Lawrence, where the camps may be held from time to time, if the divisions desire, but not necessarily a permanent camp site. If a division has a better location and one they particularly desire used for their year we would use it; but when we returned to the St. Lawrence we would not be compelled to build a large dock and spend money on floors, etc. This would not only be a saving to the general Association, but to the individual member. We could erect a mess pavilion of rough boards that would also serve as an excellent storage place for the winter. In this pavilion a large cooking range could be placed, also an ice chest, thereby doing away with two of the difficulties of the camp mess; for it is impossible to prepare food satisfactorily with the limited facilities for cooking that we have had, and I am one of those who are particularly anxious that we shall have a better mess, and if the price per day could be raised and the food raised accordingly we believe it would be more satisfactory. Some may say that if we own a camp site it will not be long before we have a number of permanent buildings. It will be a very simple matter to establish a rule that no buildings but the mess pavilion and the ice house shall be erected.

In reference to racing, we understand that a proposition will be offered to form a racing board. This is no doubt a step in the right direction, and will do much to promote an interest in racing and keep it within limits. Being somewhat interested in that line, I feel that a certain number of paddling races should be specified, so that those who purchase canoes for paddling will know that there will be a number of events at least in which they can compete. The sailing men already have theirs set forth in our racing regulations. I believe that we should have a few more double-blade events; that all paddling races should be straightaway—the turn is unreasonable and of no value. The best races I have seen have been in the Eastern Division. They are about evenly divided between the single and double blades, and the idea of a turn has never yet been thought worthy of consideration. Next year we may expect—and that very reasonably—a good attendance of the Eastern racers, and some surprise in the paddling line will occur. I have attended the meets of various divisions, and a great many club regattas, and find it is only a portion of the Northern Division that wish the turn. Therefore it is that I make this appeal that all may have a chance at the races without having to learn tricks in order to win. From the small interest which has been taken in recent years by the spectators, it would seem that we have too many events. We should consider that at our recent meet, where we had an excellent regatta committee, the entire number of entries was thirty, which shows that in the future we would probably do as well with fewer events with a consequent

less expenditure for prizes, although those of us who were fortunate enough to capture prizes are more than pleased to have such handsome souvenirs to add to our collection.

Another matter in connection with the races which to me seems desirable is that our paddling races (not sailing) take place the last two or three days of the first week. I have found from experience that if a man is in camp ten days before the races he is not in the best condition for racing. It is impossible in the first place to provide food suitable for men in training; but I do not believe that the A. C. A. should be run solely for the benefit of the racing men. If a member now desires to compete successfully he should come to the meet about a day before the races, and will then be in a position to meet others who come simply for the racing, and are in the best of form. It has been said that if we have the paddling races the first week a greater part of the members will leave camp right after the races. We find that thirty out of about two hundred take part in races, and a number of these are men who thoroughly enjoy the good fellowship of camp. We do not think it a good objection, for those who merely came to race and go home immediately after. We should say, let them go if they desire. As the races are not witnessed by many of the campers, nor is there a great deal of interest taken except among the contestants, those of us who would be left in camp could have a very good time among ourselves.

I trust that you will bear with me for this lengthy kick.
HARRY C. ALLEN.
Vice-Com. Atlantic Div., A. C. A.

Toronto C. C. Fall Regatta.

TORONTO—TORONTO BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

THE Toronto C. C. held its fall regatta on Saturday, Sept. 8. The weather was all that could be desired and the attendance fair. A large number arrived after the races were over to attend the dance which is usually a feature of this club's race days. The club championships which are paddled for at this regatta in various classes have usually brought out a large number of contestants, and the small number of entries for some of the events was very marked. It would almost incur the suspicion that there was some understanding among the paddlers.

The fours in three heats made a series of interesting races. The winning crew, profiting by their experiences at the Muskoka meet, changed their style, and as events proved, with considerable advantage.

The war canoe race between crews in the old and new boats was close and the finish quite exciting. Had



A. M'NICHOL.

Winner of Single-Blade Championship.

the crew in the new boat spurred sooner they would have won; as it was they pulled down a lead which the old boat had at 50yds. from the finish, of a length to 2ft.

The results of the races were:

International Trophy Race—Won by E. A. Minnett. R. R. Woods second, by two lengths. Two starters.

Championship Singles—Won by A. McNichol.

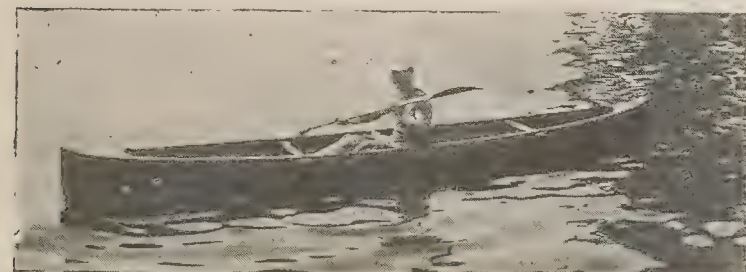
Championship Tandem—E. McNichol and A. McNichol. Two starters.

Champion Fours, 1st Heat—G. W. Begg, S. A. Sylvester, A. A. Begg, H. Begg.

Second Heat—E. A. Blackhall, A. McNichol, J. J. Vaughan, R. S. Dill.

Final Heat—Won by E. A. Blackhall's crew.

The war canoe race was won by the old boat, S. A.



E. A. MINETT.

Winner T. C. C. International Paddling Trophy, Double Blades.

Sylvester stroke, and G. W. Begg coxswain, by about 2ft.

Duck Hunt Race—Won by E. McNichol.

Ticket Tournament—Won by E. H. Richards and E. McNichol.

The regatta committee included Messrs. E. A. Blackhall, R. S. Dill, G. H. Begg, S. A. Sylvester (secretary), H. A. Sherrard (chairman).

The race officials were: Starter, J. R. Marlow; judge at finish, H. J. Page; judges at turn, A. L. Young, A. J. Muirhead, E. J. Hathaway; referee, E. Bell; clerks of course, A. M. Kennedy, A. F. Sprott, C. F. Lobb.

The club has for some years occupied leasehold property on the Esplanade, where land is very scarce and valuable. Within a few months ex-Com. Tilley has negotiated for the club the purchase of the property on which the club house shown in our illustration is located. After purchasing the property for \$5,000, Mr. Tilley was offered \$15,000 for it. In addition to the club house, the property includes the water lot and other buildings. A meeting of the club was held on Sept. 22, at which the property committee made a formal report of the purchase. A special committee was appointed to devise a plan for amending the constitution and creating a board of governors to care for the extensive interests of the club. Steps will also be taken to give fitting recognition of the services of Mr. Tilley.



TORONTO CANOE CLUB HOUSE.

British Canoe Association Meet.

THE following account of the fourteenth annual meet of the British Canoe Association is by Mr. E. A. Wale, the newly elected secretary-treasurer, in the field.

This interesting and enjoyable event has proved, so far, the most successful camp of recent years. Both in the number of members and in their craft there is a very welcome increase. To anyone who knows the infinite variety and charm of cruising and camping in such well-organized gathering it is strange that the numbers cannot be counted by hundreds instead of scores. Thanks to the excellent arrangements made by the indefatigable Mr. Percy Nisbet, who has engineered so many camps, we have a splendid site among the trees of a private park, and not only is the "tented field" picturesque in itself, but the view across the water to Hamble is extremely pretty. So far the weather has not permitted of any extended cruises, but most of us have had some delightful day excursions up the beautiful Hamble River, round to Southampton, down to Calshot Castle, and other interesting places. Up to the present about twenty tents have been erected, and between thirty and forty members have been present.

Among the craft there are two canoe yachts, Trill, Mr. Fair, and Lynx, Messrs. Alison and Benist. The latter is a fine hard-weather boat, and we may expect to see the type increase in popularity. Of canoe yawls we have the well-known Galatea, Mr. P. Nisbet; Crayfish, Major Todd and Mr. Quinn; and Porpoise, Mr. P. Oliver. Of the R. C. C. cruiser class canoes, Slaney, Mr. Cooper, was present for the first half of the meet, the only other one being the Solitaire, Mr. Wale. Among the smaller canoes we have the Prucas, Mr. Laws, who has again shown us her remarkable speed in open waters; Rose, Mr. Holbeche, a new member from the Midland Sailing Club; Ludith, Mr. Kipling; Rona, Mr. Patterson; and the eighteen-year-old Lily of our veteran skipper, Mr. Bartley. From the above list it will be seen that every type of modern canoe was represented, and in addition there were several nondescript craft which do not come within that definition. On the whole, the weather has not been good till recently, but now bids fair to be very pleasant. Comfort in camp life is so dependent on this factor that the present improvement is most heartily welcomed.

Saturday, July 28.—The opening day found everything in order, the large marquee and galley erected and the camp steward ready for his duties. Galatea, with Messrs. Nisbet, Sr. and Jr., and Mr. Hodder, had arrived overnight, and Trill, Mr. and Mrs. Fair, came round from Southampton during the day. The B. C. A. flag was run up and properly saluted.

July 29.—A very stormy day and not much cruising done, as a heavy thunder shower and a gale of wind made sailing too uncomfortable.

July 30.—Wind still strong but not enough to prevent Mr. Kipling sailing round from Southampton in the canoe Ludith, one of the Clyde C. C. craft. In the afternoon we received a welcome visit from Mr. J. S. Wright, vice-commodore of the American Canoe Association.

July 31.—Fine day, but strong winds. Galatea, Ludith and Rose had a fast sail up the Hamble River and found the scenery remarkably pretty. Camp steadily increasing in numbers.

Aug. 1.—A wet morning and a hard breeze all day. Galatea had a dusting while sailing over the cup course. The other craft had plenty of smart sailing in the river and up Southampton Water. Messrs. Oliver and Cardell arrived with the Porpoise and Mr. Cooper with the Slaney. In the evening a very jolly sing-song was held in the big marquee.

Aug. 2.—Another stormy day, but all hands got some cruising in various directions, mostly up river; and as about half a dozen more members had pitched their tents the camp began to wear a more substantial look.

Aug. 3.—A full gale with heavy rain in the morning,

much to the disgust of all hands; still, some sailing was done by everyone present. In the evening Solitaire, Messrs. Wale and Quinn, and other members arrived.

Saturday, Aug. 4.—Apparently the wind had got tired of blowing from the South, for to-day it came with undiminished energy from the northwest. Mr. Hodder celebrated the change by falling overboard from Galatea; it merely made him a little wetter than before. As the weather cleared somewhat in the afternoon, all hands got some most enjoyable sailing. A particularly successful musical evening ended the week.

Sunday, Aug. 5.—Wind back into the southard again and a nice morning, ending, alas! in a drenching afternoon. The usual short cruises up or down the river were made in the better portion of the day, but on the whole the camp was very quiet.

Monday, Aug. 6.—The opening day of the Cowes week, and, unfortunately, one of dreadful weather, and many little accidents to the vessels in the river. Several of them blew ashore, taking an occasional bowsprit out of some of the other craft they fouled on the way. Not much was done in the way of sailing, the principal event of the day being one of the celebrated crab teas for which Warsash is famous. What a pity the B. C. A. cannot change weathers with the R. C. C.; our sort would do the cruiser class much more good than the usual drifting matches in light winds.

Tuesday, Aug. 7.—Strong wind, but weather improving, and plenty of sailing done by all the members, excepting two or three who had to return home. A few more visitors arrived, and were entertained by Mr. Nisbet.

Wednesday, Aug. 8.—A really fine summer day at last, and all hands started off for Southampton, where the West Quay regatta committee were kindly giving us a race. After a nice sail up to Netley, the wind fell very light, and much difficulty was experienced in getting up to the line in time; in fact, several craft failed to do so. Rose and Solitaire arrived 30min. after the starting gun, but there was such a calm on that only one boat had then crossed the line. This continued for half an hour longer, and then in a moment up came a splendid westerly breeze, and all foamed off to a fairly equal start. With a reach over two legs of the five-mile course (two rounds) some fast sailing was done, and a very pleasant race resulted, as follows: 1st, a 14-footer, sailing in a class by herself; 2d, Galatea, winner in the canoe yawl class; 3d, Solitaire, winner in the canoe class. After sailing most of the way back to camp the wind died out, and a long and enjoyable day was ended with paddle and song. Much to our universal satisfaction we found that well-beloved skipper, Mr. Bartley, had arrived. As he is still suffering from a nasty accident, we had feared that he would not be able to be present.

Thursday, Aug. 9.—A return to the old bad weather, wind and rain, and the sailing committee met to map out an up-river course for the Lough Erne Cup race on the morrow, in the event of bad weather. Fortunately it was not required, as such a course would be very squally and fluky in bad weather. Most of the day was spent in tuning up our craft for this important race, but some time was found for cruising in the evening.

Friday, Aug. 10.—A grand day and a fine sailing breeze for the Lough Erne Challenge Cup. No less than nine entries had been received, and the course of eleven and a quarter statute miles in one round promised a fine sailing test. Unfortunately the wind dropped at the start, and three canoes were carried so far below the line by the sluicing ebb tide that they retired, wrongly considering their chances hopeless. The others got away well together to a punctual start at 2:05 P. M., and soon ran down to the Hamble Spit Buoy; rounding this, they met the strong ebb running down Southampton water, and for a long time could make but little headway. Standing closer in shore than the others, Solitaire and Prucas worked out a useful lead, alternately holding pride of place. About 3:30 the breeze piped up strong, and Lynx came up and passed Solitaire, who was leaking rather badly from railway damage. Rounding the

After Barn Buoy off Netley, Prucas was first, Lynx second, Solitaire third, and Galatea fourth. A fast reach across the water to Dean's Lake Buoy produced no other change than an increase in Prucas' lead. From this point to Black Jack Buoy, below Calshot Castle, was a glorious run, in which Galatea took third place. Rounding this, Solitaire lost a lot of time in tying down a reef, but had too much water aboard to stand any chance of winning, and was passed in the long homeward beat by Trill and Galatea. Lynx went excellently on this point of sailing, and finished only twenty-six seconds behind Prucas. Crayfish carried away her mizzen bumpkin, and had to stow the sail. The starting and finishing times, with B. C. A. ratings and time allowances, are as follows:

	Rating.	Allowance.	Start.	Finish.
Lynx, Mr. Alison.....	.57	Scratch.	2 05 31	4 47 06
Galatea, Mr. Nisbet.....	.56	0 00 22	2 05 12	5 03 40
Trill, Mr. Fair.....	.56	0 00 22	Uncertain.	5 08 57
Crayfish, Todd & Quinn....	.5	0 01 16	Uncertain.	5 11 38
Prucas, Mr. Laws.....	.3	0 11 10	2 03 03	4 46 40
Solitaire, Mr. Wale.....	.26	0 13 30	2 05 10	5 13 37
*Porpoise, Mr. Oliver.....	.25	0 14 40
*Ludith, Mr. Kipling.....	.15	0 18 46
*Rose, Mr. Cardell.....	.15	0 25 02

*Retired; unable to cross the line.

Prucas won the cup for the second year in succession, and, from the speed she showed, I think there is little chance of any other type of craft taking it from her in a breeze of wind. An excellent camp dinner and smoking concert finishing the day.

Saturday, Aug. 11.—The day of our regatta opened out beautifully fine, but with little wind until the afternoon. The first race, for canoes under R. C. C. rules, was started at 10:30 A. M. Solitaire was again first across the line, but was passed before reaching Hamble Spit Buoy by Prucas. From here to Black Jack Buoy the race was a mere drifting match, in which Prucas obtained a long lead; but the wind dying out entirely at this point, she drifted right away to leeward with the tide, and Solitaire, who came up last and met a new air, turned back to Fawley with a slight lead. This was soon wiped out by Prucas, and she led well at Fawley Buoy. A smart reach across to Hamble Spit Buoy, livened up the race a little, but neither that nor the run home changed the relative position, and Prucas won by over 4 min. from Solitaire, with Rose about the same time astern of the latter. Rose, by the by, carried a spare mainsail of Prucas in this race, and went very well with it. She was very ably handled by Mr. Holbeche, who will make his mark in canoe racing before long. This canoe is the Turk-built Nautilus design, in which the writer has made so many pleasant cruises in the Severn, Avon, Wye, and Bristol Channel.

Race No. 2, for 14-footers, from Southampton; four entries were received, but only three turned up. These made an extremely close start, and sailing in close company over the same five mile course as before, finished very nearly together. The winner was Lucia, with Myrtle only 15 sec. behind, Rikki-Tikki being a close third.

Race No. 3 was for canoe yawls and canoe yachts, but in the light airs only three started, Galatea finishing 41 min. ahead of Lynx and 51 min. ahead of Crayfish, but this race was declared void, the time limit being exceeded.

Race No. 3, a special scratch event, for all types of canoes and the visiting 14-footers, had to be postponed till Monday for want of wind, but at 4:30 p. m., the time appointed for the sail and paddle race (No. 4), the wind piped up and gave the competitors a heavy drag against it to Hamble Spit Buoy. Here Porpoise, with two human propellers aboard, led by a short distance from Rose, with Solitaire third, and Galatea fourth. Prucas, with only one paddle, had meanwhile given up. On the run home Rose passed Porpoise and won by 47 sec., Solitaire being about 2 min. behind, and Galatea about 3 min.

After tea the first event was a tug of war between port and starboard watches of the boys on the training ship Mercury, starboard winning rather easily. A fine race between three of their ships' boats' crews followed. The course, two, and a half miles, was a long one, but of their own choice, and the finish very close. The next event was a long obstacle race, with a punishing run up hill thrown in. Many started, but only three finished, Fair first, Cardell second, and Wale third. Cardell would have won easily, but for having to retrace his footsteps to round a forgotten obstacle. The tug of war, Married v. Single, resulted in an easy win for the free and independent bachelor brigade, but the next one, Hamble v. Warsash, was well pulled out, although although Warsash had too much strength for the men who had crossed the water. Unfortunately one event, and indeed the whole day, was marred by a serious accident to Mr. Percy Nisbet. A cartridge in the 4-bore starting pistol had failed to explode, and he was in the act of opening the breech when the cartridge exploded and badly injured the fingers of his left hand. Every assistance was promptly given, but, to our universal regret, he has since suffered very much from a lacerated and painful wound. After all the care and forethought he has shown in arranging this meet, such an occurrence is most regrettable to us, and we earnestly wish him a speedy recovery. But for this unfortunate accident the whole day passed off in a thoroughly successful manner, and Warsash and Hamble turned up in hundreds to enjoy the sports.

ALF. E. WALE.

The following is from a subsequent issue of the Field:

The British Canoe Association at the end of its camp meet held an official meeting to nominate officers and to propose the camp site for the coming year, 1901. The officers elected are: Com., Mr. Bartley; Vice-Com., Mr. Clayton; Rear-Com., Mr. Laws; Hon. Sec'y, Mr. Wale. The influence of the "yacht," which has been growing in the B. C. A. for some years past, took rather a severe hold of the club at this year's meet; and in the result a rule has been passed which allows the fixed draft of a canoe, canoe-yawl or canoe-yacht to be equal to two-thirds of its beam, with a maximum of 3 ft. 6 in. Thus a cruising canoe of 42 in. beam can have 2 ft. 4 in. of fixed draft; but probably no one in the canoe classes would elect to use such an inconvenient fixture on his boat. Possibly if racing were a little more

prominent in the club the fixed fin and bulb might be introduced purely for racing, and prove successful at prize winning; but such an unwieldy appendage would as surely kill the sport as did the sliding seat. It is a move the very opposite to that of conserving general utility in the canoe.

For canoe-yawls, which are usually between 5 ft. and 6 ft. beam, the fixed draft of 3 ft. 6 in. would practically turn them into canoe-yachts; all the utility and convenience of the canoe nature of light draft, the ability to cruise in shallow waters and the often essential ability to beach and haul up in bad weather are wiped out of existence where such a cumbersome fixed draft is adopted. At present a canoe-yawl is portable, can be carried up a beach on the coast, or over an obstruction on a river, and can be conveniently carried on a railway truck or on a steamer's deck; but add to her a fin and bulb, or construct her hull to a 3 ft. 6 in. draft, and you have a craft almost impossible, or at least highly inconvenient, for any of these common needs and advantages of canoe traveling.

For the canoe-yacht the draft matters very little; we never yet heard of any classification embracing a canoe-yacht. The title was, in fact, coined in disgust at canoe-yawls departing from nearly all canoe principles, and aping yachts, yet falling short of them in size, comfort and sea-going ability. The only sign of the canoe discoverable in a canoe-yacht is that the stern or counter is sharp or pointed, and the sections thereof are of bow form. This move of the B. C. A. will tend to lessen the canoeing element of the club. The increase in the fleet of craft with fixed draft of 3 ft. 6 in. will undoubtedly require the club to hold its meetings on deep water estuaries, at places suitable for canoe-yachts, even though utterly unsuitable for genuine canoes, and when this is so the association will be a yacht club living under the title of a canoe club, and in no way representative of canoeing.

In regard to the above amendment of rules we hear from a member of that club, and who certainly is well posted in all the doings and prospects of the B. C. A., that immediately after the meeting it was notified that two new "yachts" would be built; and he further states that the B. C. A. will probably hold its next meet at Pin Mill, on the Ipswich estuary, and the hope is entertained that "we shall have our fleet enlarged by at least half a dozen of the east coast canoe-yachts." If so, then farewell to the trim-built canoe; paddle, plate and badge must go; for surely the badge cannot remain when the canoe element has been eliminated.

We hear from a report of the final proceedings of the B. C. A., and which came to hand too late, that a few short day cruises were made in the fine weather which graced the end of the meet, but it appears that by this time many of the canoe men had returned home. No doubt the Solent from Hamble affords some very pleasant cruising for small yachts, but it is scarcely the place to do an out and home canoe day cruise; the wind may pipe up and make the return impossible. For instance, in the B. C. A. cruise to Beaulieu the river mouth was cleared on the return journey at dark, and had there been anything like a fresh breeze from anywhere, such as from south round by east, to north, the canoes could not have made the return journey that night, or at least to do so would have been gravely risky work. However, as things turned out, the men seem to have had some pleasant cruises to tone down the disappointments of the previous part of the outing.

The Sailing Canoe.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After reading the canoeing page of Sept. 8 and Sept. 22 it looks as if we are really going to have something done for the material modification of the sailing canoe into something less of a machine, and something more of a canoe. But do the proposed amendments go far enough? It seems to me that even if constructed in accordance with the proposed modification, but up to date in other particulars, she would not be a very desirable craft for all-round work in good sailing waters. Would she, for instance, be any stiffer, any drier or any less fragile or more dependable with a fair-sized cockpit, double-blade paddle, hoisting rig, rudder only to keel and 4 by 6 sliding seat, than at present?

It seems to me that what we want is a radical difference in construction and model, especially in construction. Could we get at this by putting a minimum weight limit on the bare hull, without centerboard, rudder or ballast of say 80 to 100 pounds, or would it be better to work out a table of sizes for planking, timbers, keel, deck, etc. Shall we allow 4 by 6 sliding seats, as Mr. Moore proposes, and have them snap under us, and let us into the drink, as happened to the same Mr. Moore not so many moons ago? Or shall we allow no sliding seat at all, as Vice-Com. Dater proposes, and have the broad part of our trousers get wet from holding her up in a sea, and have our legs nearly sawed off by a sharp coaming at the same time? I, faith, no. Let us hang on to the sliding seat, which is a good thing, but let us be moderate, and not take too much of a good thing, but limit our taking to say 2 by 6, or the beam of the canoe. And again, to quote Mr. Moore, who is to say what size cockpit is "large and deep enough to sit in comfortably," what would fit Butler certainly wouldn't do for Moore or Dater. In this each man would have to be a law unto himself, and we can't make that kind of an elastic contrivance. Why not provide for two bulkheads 6 in. apart, and all the rest of the provisions for the present cruising class? In short, why not provide for a canoe instead of a machine?

M. D. WILT, A. C. A. No. 2263.

Conduskeag C. C.

For several years past Jimmy Cartwright, once of the Puritans, has been, for business reasons, exiled from canoeing and stranded in Bangor, Me., a place with plenty of water, but no canoe club. Those who know the energetic disposition of Jimmy will not be surprised to learn that he is now the captain of a new canoe club, the Conduskeag C. C., of which Mr. Henry Lord is purser. The club has an active membership of twenty-four, with

six associate members. Its object, as set forth in the constitution, is "the promotion of canoeing and small boating, as well as of social intercourse among its members."

Yachting.

A Bit of Fisher Cup History.

CLINTON, Canada, Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your story of the races for the Fisher cup reminds me of the incidents in connection with Zelma's attempt to win it, which may be worth recounting now that the cup bids fair to come into public notice again. For many years, up to the time Onward captured it, the record was one of much quarreling over conditions and little racing. So long as Norah held it her owner displayed great ingenuity in evading challenges, although it is only fair to say that this boat was a cumbersome, expensive craft to fit out for a race, and he claimed that on two occasions challengers had defaulted after putting him to the trouble of getting ready for them. It was said that Onward's challenge was accepted because the boat had no reputation as a racer, and she certainly was a fairer match for Norah than Zelma would have been. The race itself was more of a bit of fun during a holiday cruise than a serious affair, and I have been told by one of the Rochester men that Norah's owner objected to a crew limit, and it was agreed to waive it. The Onward men promptly unshipped some ballast and took aboard a deck-load of their friends, who in the squally winds but smooth waters of the Bay of Quinte held down the weather rail, and the race was won.

Norman Dick's challenge with Zelma was promptly accepted, but Com. White, owner of Onward, did not want to break into his cruising arrangements, and at first offered to default. This was declined, Norman Dick preferring to await the convenience of Com. White, so it came about that the race—one was to be decisive—was fixed for some time in September of 1893, the course 30 nautical miles, with a time limit of 6 hours.

While the friends of Onward conceded that she had little chance with Zelma, there was a general desire to put up a good race, although Onward was in poor condition, just in from a cruise, and lacking a racing skipper and racing crew. She was hauled out and tuned up a bit, a crew got together, and Capt. Wood of the Cinderella took charge. I sailed on her as scrutineer, and remember that the first day the wind was light and the race not nearly finished within the time limit.

The next day we were at it again, the weather unsettled, but more promising for wind. A start was made in a good working breeze, but a squall came up and all the light sails had to come in. It was soon over, the wind dropping rapidly, but the club topsail was scarcely drawing again before it had to come in for another squall, which lasted longer and then dropped to a dead calm, in which, for the best part of an hour, the two boats used up the time limit and made little headway. As one of the idlers I had gone below to assist in preparing lunch for the hard worked crew, when the third and worst squall of the day struck us, the crew just mangling to strip the boat to mainsail and jib in the nick of time. I have a lively recollection of an amusing few minutes looking after sundry piles of sandwiches, which were anxious to spread themselves all over the cabin; while the Onward was laying over with the water washing green along the lee deadlights in the cabin house, a look through the weather side showing a very wicked sky, obscured by showers of spray and driving rain. I thought it just as well that we had a competent skipper, and an experienced skimming-dish man at that.

It cleared again, the wind fell light, and later on we got beautiful weather, with a moderate breeze, but all too late; for Onward, which had led by a small margin all day, failed by half an hour or more to make a race in the time limit. Both boats made port, with disgusted crews. There had been enough work for two or three races, and certainly enough wind for one, if it had been spread evenly and not laid on in chunks. There was some talk of extending the time limit, as it was clearly too short for average weather conditions, but it was not altered, and the crews turned in early for a good night's rest, preparatory to a third attempt.

Norman Dick and two or three of his men slept in the club house—camping out with their dunnage, which was all ashore. I was there also, and about midnight we were awakened by the rattling of windows and swishing of trees outside. Norman Dick jumped up, remarking tersely, "That's wind," and without another word hastily dressed, and with two of his crew made for the club dock, where Zelma was secured. The outlook did not strike me as serious. The evening had closed fine, with a light air, and every prospect of settled weather. A big tug had left port with three barges, loaded with 600 tons of coal apiece, bound for Port Hope, and someone had said, as we watched her steam out, "That's a cheap way to carry coal; put that tug's engine into a vessel carrying eighteen hundred tons and it would make a poor show. As it is the outfit will do five or six knots and be in Port Hope before morning. They have a fine night for the trip." Not so much as a cautionary signal had been displayed from the pier end, and as it afterwards appeared, old Probs. had been taken by surprise.

For a while I slept the sleep of a man who had no boat to look after, but the increasing gale and heavy rain prompted me to get up to look at the weather soon after morning broke, and truly it was a sight to see. The gale was coming right out of the north, veering at times to the west, and had already made a new disposition of all loose things afloat and ashore. Trees were down, sideshows and refreshment stands blown in or wrecked, the grounds of Ontario Beach strewn with debris of all kinds, everything being sodden wet. Around the club house small craft were in every kind of trouble, some capsized, others adrift, and more ashore. An ancient chain ferryboat was no longer "chained to business," but had broken away and gone to smash. The U. S. Revenue Cutter Com. Perry had been tied up to the pier the night before, near the en-

trance to the harbor. In getting clear to run up the river for shelter she had twisted her rudder stock, and had managed to anchor just below the bridge in no very safe berth. A heavy roll was washing up from the Lake, where the surf was a sight seldom seen on Lake Ontario. The pier ends, ten feet above the normal water level, were buried under solid green seas.

Onward was safe in a snug berth, but Zelma had disappeared. It was afterwards learned that when Norman Dick turned out he at once decided to make the upper river while he had a chance to do so. Under a shred of foresail Zelma drove upstream, narrowly missing the railroad bridge, the draw of which was open but beginning to close as she approached. A vigorous blast on the fog horn saved the situation, and then the skipper realized that he was scudding up an unknown stream, with no light to guide, and no idea of the water. After a couple of miles he sheered inshore, the water fortunately holding good, and the boat was tied up to some bushes. The remainder of the night was spent hugging the galley fire, for the wind and rain made it bitterly cold, and all the blankets and cushions were ashore.

Needless to say there was no thought of racing, and soon sterner events claimed attention. At 10 o'clock in the morning something was sighted out in the lake, which with a glass was made out to be the tug which had cleared the night before, now trying to make the harbor with only one barge in tow. It was apparent that she was quite unable to handle it, the two vessels tossing about as helplessly and drunkenly as a couple of logs, the incessant bursts of smoke from the tug's funnel showing how hard she was being fired.

The barge was cast off to shift for herself, the tug making the harbor with a sad tale to tell. All had gone well for half the passage, when the gale struck them pretty well ahead. They kept on, hoping to make the shelter of the north shore, but the gale and sea increased until all headway was out of the question. Some time before dawn it was decided to turn and run back. When the day broke only two barges were found in tow, the third having gone down in the blackness of the night, no one knew when. A crew of seven men went with her. The second barge was settling rapidly so the tug cast off and got alongside just in time to save the crew, some of them being picked up out of the water, a matter of no small difficulty.

With the remaining barge an attempt was made to reach Charlotte, the tow finally becoming unmanageable in the sea and going ashore, the crew getting off with their lives. No doubt they struck a soft spot, and certainly a sandy beach offered more chances than the open lake. These barges were nothing but condemned schooners, too ripe to sail, hanging together by luck for years, until in any unusual strain they opened up all over.

All day long yachtsmen from wrecked and half-wrecked craft straggled into the club house and compared experiences. A huge fire was lighted in the assembly room grate and quickly surrounded by soaking togs and wet-through men. The place looked like a sailors' retreat such as every nautical writer describes sooner or later, save that there was nothing stronger to drink than hot tea, which some one produced with the help of a yacht's stove taken ashore for safety.

Late in the afternoon the gale moderated. Zelma came down the river, and Capt. Wood, of Cinderella, invited a party of us to a fine supper of stewed clams—chowder he called it—and fried mushrooms, the latter having grown in abundance after the heavy rainfall. We were a cheerful little party. Outside was a dreary prospect of wreck and ruin, sodden ground, leaden skies and a wicked sea. Inside was the luxurious cabin of Cinderella, the best dinner service set out, the excellent clams and the tasty mushrooms—the gift of the storm. We discussed the races, and as some of Zelma's crew had been obliged to leave for home, Com. White and Mr. Dick agreed to allow the challenge to stand until the races could be sailed next year.

But Norman Dick had sailed his last race. He became seriously ill during the winter and never lived to see Zelma fitted out again. The challenge was forgotten, and except for the interest occasioned by the arranging of better conditions and the proper trusteeship of the Fisher cup, the trophy remained in obscurity until the challenge of the present year.

WILLIAM Q. PHILLIPS.

The Seawanhaka Cup.

WITHIN the thirty days from the date of the final race of 1900, the time allowed by the declaration of trust of the Seawanhaka International Challenge cup, the present holder, the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal and Dorval, received three challenges. One of these was from the White Bear Y. C., of Minneapolis, the challenger of 1900; another from the Bridgeport Y. C., of Bridgeport, Conn., and the third from the Island Sailing Club of West Cowes, Isle of Wight. The last challenge was first made by cable, and the confirmation by letter only reached Montreal on the day after the time expired. The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was desirous of securing a British challenge, as conducing to the best interests of the cup as a truly international trophy, and notified both of the American challengers, who very generously consented to waive their strict rights in favor of the English club.

This last challenge, like that of Mr. J. A. Brand in 1895, the first for the cup, is in a sense a personal one; practically made by an individual who is indorsed by his club. Last year and in the various Seawanhaka matches for the cup, the challenges have come actually, as well as nominally, from a club which has held trial races to select the best boat available. In this case the challenge originates with a British yachtman, Mr. Lorne Campbell Currie, who has asked a club of which he is a member to indorse his challenge, as required by the conditions, as individual challengers cannot be recognized. Under these circumstances it really rests with Mr. Currie to say whether he will build one yacht himself or whether there will be trial races. The probabilities are that, like Mr. Brand, he will build but one yacht, and of course, come out himself with her.

Mr. Currie has for some years past resided in Havre, France, and he is a member of the Cercle de la Voile de Paris, the Union des Yachts Français, Union des Yachts-

men, Cannes, and the Société des Regattes de Havre. He is also a member of the following British yacht clubs: Royal London, Royal Northern, Royal Southampton, Temple, Southampton Corinthian, West of Scotland and the Island Sailing Club. At present he owns four yachts—the steam yacht Cairngorm, 81 tons; the two Sibbick boats, Bebelie III. and Skeandhu, and Scotia, designed last year by Linton Hope. It will be remembered that Mr. Currie challenged last spring for the cup of the Cercle de la Voile de Paris, with Scotia, but she was under the class measurement, being designed for the Mediterranean races, and though well sailed by Mr. Hope, she was defeated. It is probable that the new challenger will be designed and also sailed by Mr. Hope, which will make the races of 1901 very interesting, as he is the strongest man in Great Britain in the smaller classes when his skill both as a designer and helmsman is considered. Mr. Currie has agreed to the same conditions as this year, but the date and full details have not yet been arranged. The races will probably take place in the latter part of July. Mr. Currie's racing flag has a field with the upper half yellow and the lower half black, the device being a Greek cross with the same colors reversed, the upper half black and the lower yellow. The Island Sailing Club was established in 1889, and now numbers 240 members. The officers are: Com., Lord Colville, of Culross; Vice-Com., Philip Perceval, Jr.; Rear-Com., G. Baring; Hon. Sec'y, Herbert Whyatt, club house, Cowes; Hon. Treas., L. J. Allan. The burgee has a red field with a yellow castle in the center.

The Inter-City Raceabout Matches.

ON Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday of last week a series of races were sailed under the management of the Indian Harbor Y. C. between the raceabout Jolly Roger, owned by her designer, B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston, and three of the New York boats of the class. The races were all sailed in light weather—so light, in fact, that two races were abandoned. The first match was for a cup presented by Rear-Com. Alfred Peats, Indian Harbor Y. C. The course was a triangle with three and one-third mile sides, starting off Little Captain's Island, Greenwich, Long Island Sound. The first mark was the can buoy on the Cows, off Shippan Point, and the second was a mark boat out in the Sound off Oyster Bay. The first two races were set for Wednesday, a third, if it proved necessary, on Saturday. Jolly Roger was steered by Frank Crowninshield, with B. B. Crowninshield and E. Burton Hart, of New Rochelle, as crew. Scamp, in the absence of her owner, Johnston De Forest, was steered by Allan E. Whitman, with B. C. Ball and a professional as crew. Mr. Ball was the helmsman of Ethelwynn in her successful races against Spruce III. for the Seawanhaka cup in 1895, his successful handling alone saving the cup when it seemed lost beyond recovery at the end of the third race.

The wind was light from S.E. at the start, and the course was reversed, making the first leg to windward, but it soon shifted to east. Jolly Roger crossed promptly, with a lead of 20s., gaining all the way to the outer mark, where they were timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Jolly Roger	11 50 35	0 50 35
Scamp	11 53 12	0 53 12

They went across to the Cows with the wind forward of the beam, the two reaching very easily. The times were:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Jolly Roger	12 22 46	0 32 11
Scamp	12 53 12	0 32 12

They ran in with spinakers to port, Jolly Roger gaining, the finish being timed:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Jolly Roger	12 50 00	1 53 06
Scamp	1 02 05	1 02 05

The second race was started at 2:45, the mark being set two and one-half miles to windward, the wind still light from the east. Scamp crossed first, but with little way on; the two made a close race to the mark, where Scamp had a lead of 9s.

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Scamp	3 22 05	0 37 05
Jolly Roger	3 22 14	0 37 14

Once down the wind, a luffing match followed, to the profit of Jolly Roger, whose spinaker was first set. After running by the lee they had to jibe spinakers, Jolly Roger handling her sails the better of the two, as, in fact, she did in both races. The end of the round was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Jolly Roger	3 57 53	0 35 39
Scamp	3 58 30	0 36 25

On the beat out Jolly Roger showed a small gain, the windward mark being timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Jolly Roger	4 38 28	0 40 35
Scamp	4 39 23	0 40 53

On the run in the Boston boat gained nearly 2m., the final times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Course.
Jolly Roger	5 21 57	0 43 29	2 36 57
Scamp	5 25 11	0 45 48	2 40 11

Two races were arranged for Thursday, one in the morning with the Herreshoff centerboard Sis, and one in the afternoon, with the Crane Raider. The first race was abandoned after a couple of hours of drifting. The afternoon race was started at 3:10 in a light S.W. wind, the course being two and one-half miles to windward and leeward, sailed once. With H. M. Crane on Raider were C. H. Crane and B. C. Ball. The two crossed together on port tack, Jolly Roger to windward. Raider tacked to clear the mark boat, but the other held on, expecting to weather her. When this was seen to be impossible, Jolly Roger came about, but Raider's bowsprit touched her boom. She at once jibed and recrossed the line, making a new start to leeward. Raider luffed and after ascertaining that her rigging was all right, continued the race. Jolly Roger gradually worked into first place, and the mark was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Jolly Roger	4 07 42	0 57 42
Raider	4 08 46	0 58 46

They ran home under spinakers, jibing several times in the light and variable wind, the finish being timed:

	Finish.	Leg.	Elapsed.	Round.
Jolly Roger	4 41 46	0 37 04	1 34 46	
Raider	4 47 00	0 38 14	1 37 00	

Immediately after the finish Mr. Crowninshield apologized to Mr. Crane for the foul at the start.

On Saturday morning Jolly Roger and Sis started in the postponed race, under the management of the Riverside Y. C., the same triangle being chosen as on Wednesday, but in the reverse direction, to the Cows buoy first. The wind was very light from S.E., and there was a roll of sea. The start was made at 10:50, Jolly Roger being 55s. late and Sis 20s. astern of her. The keel boat did the better work and increased her lead, though the wind was very light. Her crew, however, mistook the instructions and headed for the buoy in the Sound, while Sis made her way along shore toward the Cows. After some time she learned of her error from the committee boat and withdrew, there being no possibility of overtaking Sis. The latter turned the Cows at 1 P. M., and about half an hour later gave up, as she could not cover the course within the time limit. She was towed in by the steam yacht Kismet, and the match was called off, though Mr. Crowninshield proposed that Sis should enter with Raider in the afternoon.

A five-mile triangle was marked and the race with Raider was started at 2:35 in a light S.W. breeze. C. M. Crane was replaced by H. L. Maxwell on board of Raider. Jolly Roger crossed a little ahead, but with Raider on her weather. It was a reach to the first mark, both setting spinakers after a time. They turned the mark with a lead of 57s. for Jolly Roger, and on the beat to second mark she increased this to 2m. 2s. They ran home with spinakers to port, Raider making up 2s. The times were, start 2:35:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Jolly Roger, B. B. Crowninshield	3 44 04	1 09 04
Raider, H. M. Crane	3 46 03	1 11 03

Though Jolly Roger's victories were all in very light weather, there is nothing to indicate that she would not be as fast in both moderate and heavy weather.

Lakewood Y. C.

CLEVELAND—LAKE ERIE.

THE newly organized Lakewood Y. C., of Cleveland, held its first race on Aug. 11, the wind being fresh from S.W. with a lively sea. The times were, start 2:20:

	Finish.		Finish.
Gardner	3 53 00	Corsair	Disabled.
Vinco	4 04 30	Growler	4 33 20
Restless	4 14 30	Argo	Not timed.
Jane	4 15 00	Bessie	4 29 30
Cygnat	4 23 00	Meteor	Disabled.
Frolic	4 27 30		

Corsair lost her gaff, Restless her topmast and Meteor parted her main shrouds. The yacht Com. Gardner, E. W. Radder, won the first leg for the Say When cup and the championship flag in her class. On Aug. 25 the second race was sailed in a light but freshening breeze, the times being:

40ft. Class.	Start.	Finish.
Marietta	10 40 05	12 51 32
Jane	10 39 25	1 00 30
Grayling	10 42 15	12 45 20
Corsair	10 40 15	12 50 00
Restless	10 40 00	12 59 40

35ft. Class.		
Commodore Gardner	10 39 25	12 41 30
Meteor	10 39 20	12 46 00

30ft. Class.		
Vinco	10 38 30	12 44 45
Cygnat		Withdrew.
Frolic		Withdrew.

25ft. Class.		
Argo	10 38 50	12 53 12
Gypsey	10 39 30	1 03 18
Growler	10 40 05	1 12 00

On Sept. 23 a race was sailed over a nine-mile triangle in a fresh breeze. Commodore Gardner won her fourth race, taking the championship, the ensign and jack presented by Capt. McKay, and the cup offered by the Say When. The times were:

40ft. Class.	Start.	Finish.
Grayling	10 40 00	12 21 40
Marietta	10 40 00	12 26 41
Corsair	10 40 00	12 35 00

35ft. Class.		
Commodore Gardner	10 40 00	12 18 35
Meteor	10 40 00	12 27 00

30ft. Class.		
Vinco	10 40 00	12 26 35
Bessie	10 40 00	Not timed.

25ft. Class.		
Truant	10 40 00	12 25 00
Argo	10 40 00	12 45 00
Gypsey	10 40 00	Not timed.

Altair, Shark and Hussar II.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fall regatta of the Riverside Y. C., which came off on Saturday, Sept. 22, was especially interesting, inasmuch as it gave the fast new 51ft. R.L. Altair an opportunity to put to her credit a faster race than any she had previously sailed over a regular course, and likewise an opportunity to give the new centerboard Hussar II. of the same class a much worse beating than in her (Altair's) previous best performance. This race likewise enabled Altair to end her racing for the season with a better record by two seconds for a twenty-five-mile course than Shark, her sister boat, can show.

It is exceedingly interesting to find that the very best times made by these two up-to-date boats in their first season agree to the minute and almost to the second, thus:

Shark, Eastern Y. C., July 4	3h. 16m. 43s.
Altair, Riverside Y. C., Sept. 22	3h. 16m. 41s.

In both races the distance was twenty-five nautical miles. Thus the best rate per hour for the season shown by each of these enlarged and improved editions of the famous 20-raters Niagara and Isalde was slightly better than seven and a half knots.

In the Riverside regatta on Saturday Altair beat Hussar II. by a margin of 17m. 0s. Hussar's best performance for the season was at the rate of about 7 knots an hour.

JOSEPH PARKER.

WAVERLEY, Mass., Sept. 24.

Sunday, Sept. 16.

WINCHESTER, N. H., Sept. 28.—To-day's shoot of our club has scores as appended. We had but a small attendance:
Event No. 1: Nelson 22, Slate 16, Pierce 8, Lesure 15.

Erie Rod and Gun Club.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. 28.—The first annual tournament of the Erie City Rod and Gun Club terminated to-day, and was pronounced by all present to be a complete success. The attendance was not large, but a more enthusiastic and gentlemanly lot of sportsmen it has never been my good fortune to meet at one gathering before. They were mostly gentlemen who shoot for the love of the sport, and come out on all occasions of this kind, bent on having a pleasant time, and I am sure are never disappointed.

Among the visitors present from a distance were J. S. Fanning, of New York, representing the Lafin & Rand Powder Co.; W. B. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., with the Hunter's Arms Co.; Jack Halliwell, of Philadelphia, representing the U. M. C. Co.; Eugene Mallory, of Sistersville, W. Va.; H. D. Kirkover, of Fredonia, N. Y.; Chas. North, J. D. Morris and F. H. Snow, of Cleveland, O.; Howard Sergeant, sales agent for L. & R. powder; L. B. Fleming, W. D. Harper and J. C. Taylor (Pills), of Pittsburgh; H. P. Shaner and Jas. Atkinson, New Castle, Pa.; J. A. McNary, Greenville; W. D. Taylor and H. R. Nye, of Sharon; S. W. Brown, of Butler, and John Dooley, of Conneaut, O.

On the morning of the first day rain fell in torrents, but ceased at 9 o'clock. Dark clouds covered the sky all day long, however, making the light very bad; but as no wind prevailed to interfere with the flight of the targets this drawback did not affect the scores to any great extent. W. B. Crosby carried off high average on this day with 165 out of 170, his highest run being 81. Jack Fanning was second with 162 out of 170, with one run of 78. L. B. Fleming, of Philadelphia, was third with 160, and Jas. Atkinson, of New Castle, fourth with 157 out of 170.

The second day could not have been more perfect for trap-shooting if made to order. The sun came out early and continued bright and warm throughout the day. A slight breeze came from the lake sufficient only to temper the warm rays of Old Sol and assist in making this one of those ideal balmy September days for which this section is noted. On this day, as the scores will show, some phenomenal shooting was done, not only by the professionals, but by our Simon-pure amateurs, several of which ranked above 95 per cent. Jimmie Atkinson, of New Castle, scored 99 out of his first 100, and Harry Kirkover, of Fredonia, ran 99 out of his last 100 shot at. Billy Crosby again carried off high average on the second day with 168 out of 170. James Atkinson, of New Castle, was second with 167, J. S. Fanning was third with 166. H. D. Kirkover was fourth with 163 out of 170. The prettiest shooting of the two days was witnessed in the tenth event, the last of the programme, when the squad composed of Fanning, Kirkover, Crosby, Fleming and Halliwell scored 99 out of 100, Crosby losing the one target, which was hard dusted.

A pleasant feature of the tournament was the consistent shooting of the local boys, especially Dr. Strangway, Will Leyer, Olie Riblet and Seth Clover. There were thirty-four entries on each day. After the regular programme was finished extra events were shot until it was too late to continue the sport.

The targets were thrown from a magatrap, which worked to perfection. All purses were divided by the Rose system, 8, 6, 4, 2, except events 4 and 10 of each day, which were class shooting, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10.

The cashier's office was well taken care of by Chas. Van Etten and Geo. Blenner. The management was ably assisted by those two experienced and popular gentlemen, Charley North, of Cleveland, and Howard Sergeant, of Pittsburgh. This was the first effort of the new gun club, and they are so well pleased with the outcome that already the members are discussing plans for a more elaborate tournament at targets and live birds next spring.

Following are the scores:

First Day, Sept. 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	* 15	20	15	15	20	15	20	135	110
Hallinan	12	13	19	13	13	13	13	16	170	140	140
Booky	10	14	17	13	17	11	16	13	12	17	170	140	140
Leyer	12	13	17	13	18	11	18	14	11	14	170	154	154
Strangway	13	13	18	13	17	13	20	11	12	18	170	148	148
Lyle	15	15	16	11	16	13	17	11	11	16	170	141	141
Fanning	15	14	20	13	19	15	20	15	14	18	170	162	162
Kirkover	14	15	17	14	19	12	19	12	11	19	170	152	152
Crosby	14	15	20	13	19	15	20	15	15	19	170	165	165
Fleming	15	12	20	14	18	14	20	14	14	19	170	160	160
Halliwell	13	13	20	15	20	14	16	15	13	18	170	157	157
Mallory	14	13	19	15	12	15	18	14	15	19	170	159	159
Morris	9	14	18	14	13	18	10	14	15	17	170	141	141
Harper	11	10	19	11	16	14	18	14	14	16	170	143	143
Riblet	10	12	13	11	13	15	18	12	13	18	170	145	145
Lindsey	12	10	18	13	..	12	20	12	13	15	150	125	125
Atkinson	12	14	20	15	17	14	13	15	13	17	170	157	157
Shaner	14	14	20	13	17	15	17	13	12	17	170	156	156
Alex	7	13	17	11	19	9	18	10	13	20	170	139	139
Taylor	13	10	19	12	..	11	16	14	15	19	150	129	129
Pills	11	13	18	15	18	15	17	15	13	17	170	152	152
Welsh	10	11	11	11	11	13	75	70	70
Clover	12	13	15	11	15	13	11	13	15	15	170	140	140
Lynch	13	13	..	13	..	11	..	10	14	..	90	72	72
Akins	10	15	17	14	..	14	..	14	14	15	130	113	113
Nye	12	14	16	12	..	8	20	14	13	17	150	126	126
Snow	19	14	19	15	14	17	..	105	98	98
Weber	11	16	14	14	19	85	74	74
North	14	11	16	55
226	10	12	19	14	15	15	13	11	16	..	130	116	116
Cavanaugh	10	16	13	..	100	106	106
Jack	10	12	19	14	15	15	13	11	16	..	130	116	116
Brown	10	12	19	14	15	15	13	11	16	..	130	116	116
Hayes	9	12	14	..	100	106	106
Althof	6	12	14	..	100	106	106

*Ten singles and 5 pairs.

Second Day, Sept. 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	* 15	20	15	15	20	15	20	135	110
Keyer	12	12	14	14	15	15	18	13	14	20	170	147	147
Strangway	13	15	16	14	16	15	18	13	15	18	170	153	153
Lindsey	11	10	17	12	65	50	50
Weber	12	11	17	12	65	52	52
North	9	12	16	50	47	47
Mallory	15	15	17	15	19	14	18	15	14	20	170	162	162
Snow	15	15	20	14	17	15	20	14	11	18	170	158	158
Harper	12	13	16	12	15	15	17	11	14	18	170	148	148
Morris	13	15	17	14	17	14	19	11	12	19	170	149	149
Riblet	12	12	18	11	16	13	18	14	15	18	170	149	149
Atkinson	15	14	20	15	20	15	18	15	15	20	170	167	167
Shaner	14	13	16	13	15	12	19	13	9	13	170	137	137
Alex	9	12	16	13	16	13	18	12	12	19	170	140	140
Pills	10	13	17	12	17	11	16	11	10	16	170	132	132
Nye	14	14	16	14	16	13	15	14	13	18	170	132	132
Fanning	15	15	20	14	20	14	15	14	14	20	170	166	166
Kirkover	15	14	17	14	19	15	20	15	15	20	170	163	163
Crosby	15	15	20	15	19	15	20	15	15	19	170	168	168
Fleming	10	12	19	14	16	14	18	14	14	20	170	157	157
Halliwell	15	14	20	13	18	17	19	15	14	20	170	162	162
Dooley	10	12	13	14	16	14	18	11	12	16	170	141	141
Booky	12	12	100	106	106
Noyes	10	13	16	100	106	106
926	11	16	12	18	100	106	106
927	12	17	11	17	100	106	106
Clover	11	17	12	18	13	14	14	20	155	128	128
Latimer	13	14	14	..	100	106	106
Hallinan	12	17	12	15	100	106	106
Althof	11	10	16	12	100	106	106
Brown	100	106	106
Messinger	11	100	106	106
Jack	11	11	100	106	106
Blenner	12	17	100	106	106

*Ten singles and 5 pairs.

BOOKY.

Heikes Diamond Medal.

DAYTON, O., Oct. 1.—A distressing incident occurred at the eighth in the series of weekly shoots for the Heikes diamond medal on the Buckeye Gun Club grounds Friday. Andrew M. Mumma, one of the best among amateur trapshooters of Ohio, had shot in two matches of 25 targets each, scoring 20 and 21, when Harry Dill remarked to him, "Andy, you are becoming very pale; are you sick?" "No," was the response; "I never felt better in my life, but my eyes seem wabby and I don't see good." Andy bathed his eyes, and showing signs of distress sat down just as Dr. Salisbury, who was in the match, came to his aid. Andy was at that moment stricken with paralysis, his brain and entire right side being affected. The sufferer was taken home in the ambulance, was relieved of distress, and has recovered strength

of mind and use of limbs, so that physicians say he will recover entirely.

The incident stopped the shoot, and the committee declared all scores off, postponing the contest until Friday of this week. The scores up to the moment of interruption stood:

First match: Mumma 20, Miller 23, Wampler 20, Herbert 18, Emerick 21, Dill 19, Lindemuth 21, Craig 17, Altick 19, Ponice 14, Schwind 18, Tippy 14.

Second match: Mumma 21, Miller 23, Wampler 17, Herbert 20, Lindemuth 16, Ponice 16, Tippy 13.

In a match at 10 pairs Miller broke 13, Altick 12, Wampler 8, Herbert 7, Schwind 6.

During the afternoon Miller broke 133 out of 150, Herbert 114, Wampler 112.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Schortemeier-Webber Shoots.

Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 28.—The second of the series of the shoots managed by Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber was held at Dexter Park under the auspices of the Greater New York Gun Club. Five teams competed, and the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., was the victor with the excellent score of 56 out of a possible 60. The conditions were 2 birds per man, three men to a team, and members of any organized gun club in the United States were eligible.

Emerald Gun Club No. 1.

Van Allen 22222222222222222222-19
Reimsen 22222222222222222222-18
Dr O'Connell 12222222222222222222*2-18-55

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Morley 22222222222222222222-19
Gaughen 21112222222222222222-18
Lincoln 2002*2022222222222222-11-48

Medicus Gun Club.

Dr Woods 22222222222222222222-17
Dr Miller 02212012120122222222-17
Dr Webber 22222222222222222222-20-54

East Side Gun Club.

Steffens 111111112121212122-20
Feigenspan 222*0222222222222222-17
Hopkins 1211022212221222221-19-56

Emerald Gun Club No. 2.

Kay 122202221*110*222022-15
Schoverling 0*2220022222222222-14
Stillman 122111212121212111-20-49

Sweepstakes:

Dr O'Connell, 30 10121212-7
Van Allen, 30 2*202021-5
Belden, 27 22222212-8
Dr Hudson, 27 11011222-7
Schoverling, 27 22222222-8
Reimsen, 30 12212222-8
J Hopkins, 28 22222212-8
Steffens, 30 11212222-8
Woods, 28 22221202-7
Morley, 32 22222222-8
Feigenspan, 30 22222202-7
Kay, 27 20120202-5
Gaughen, 29 22222222-8

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I.; Sept. 29.—The shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club to-day was quite well attended. Two 10-bird events, \$3 entrance, were shot, and high guns governed the division of the moneys.

In the Mauser rifle miss-and-out handicap contest Mr. Kryn won. The scores follow:

Ten birds, \$3, high guns:
F A T, 28 0201122122-8
Jacks, 28 1112222122-10
Wood, 28 2111212122-10
Davenport, 30 2222011122-9
W Hopkins, 28 22122121*2-9
High guns, 10 birds, \$3:
Jacks, 29 0111011101-7
F A T, 28 2222221202-9
W Hopkins, 28 10211121*12-8

Mauser rifle \$5 miss-and-out handicap. The figures after the names denote misses allowed as kills:

Jacks, 29 02220
F A T, 3, 28 21110*1110
Hamilton, 3, 28 2120111110
Wood, 2, 29 111011112120
Davenport, 2, 30 22212211111112112122
Wynn, 1, 29 2*2w
J Hopkins, 2, 29 2222*2w
Marshall, 3, 28 12*12210211110
Hopkins, 2, 29 21222222221w
Kryn, 3, 28 *12220212222122222222
Keller, 2, 29 22*22222210

Davenport and Kryn shot off miss-and-out and Kryn won.

Zanesville Tournament.

ZANESVILLE, O., Sept. 24.—The annual tournament of the Zanesville, O., Gun Club was held Sept. 19 and 20 at the County Fair grounds, which were ideal ones for the purpose, being large and commodious, with ample seating capacity and shelter from sun and rain. The numerous tents erected by the different clubs present were very tastefully arranged. In the foreground appeared one magatrap and two sets of expert traps, and with three squads up an ideal picture was presented, and so beautifully set that even old professional tournament rounders and experts loudly expressed their admiration. The management under the direction of Mr. Geo. R. Haswell, of Circleville, O., was almost perfect. The shooting as a whole was high class; in fact, every one was so well pleased that he could not help but be jolly, which made it pleasant to all; 19,000 targets were thrown the first day, and 6,000 the second, rain interfering greatly the second day.

From the register it was ascertained there were 112 different marksmen present during the two days, 86 being booked at one time, the most notable being Rolla O. Heikes, R. L. Trimble, Frank Alkire, Luther Squires, R. S. Waddell, Tom Bibbee, C. O. Smith, T. Mow

ment will be found elsewhere in this paper.—*Adv.*

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MARSH FOLK.—III.

As one passes over the marshes or along its edge, where the corn grass and the cattails and the tall weeds grow, rail spring up often from beneath one's very feet or from the bow of the boat, with clumsy flutterings and hanging legs—the birds for which at this season of the year the gunner searches. They kick and struggle as they rise, but after a little they seem to "get going" and move off with a smooth, slow flight, propelling themselves by constant flappings for a few yards, when, if a good piece of cover is reached, they drop into it awkwardly, with hanging legs and uplifted wings, and so hastily as often to deceive the novice—who has missed with one or both barrels—into thinking that he hit his bird and that it may be recovered. The old rail shooter knows better, and he also knows that having missed his bird it is quite likely that he will not see it again, for it may refuse to rise, racing off through the grass and getting away before the boat can be brought near, or, if it cannot do this, hiding or diving and clinging to the grass with only the tips of its bill showing above the water, until it has tired out its pursuers. This bill is just the color of the yellow grass stalk and may deceive the sharpest eyes. Even if the bird floats on the water's surface, the brown back streaked with paler shades looks like a spot of open water crossed by two or three slender grass stems. But if the dead bird lies on its back the paler breast and belly are readily seen.

In the marsh there are other rails beside the sora. One of these, similar in general make-up but little more than half its size, is the yellow rail, a bird long considered extremely rare, but now known to be far less so than was once thought. It is not seen among the corn grass, but lives well up on the meadow, where it runs among the bogs and grass stems like a mouse on the ground, and will hardly take to wing. Sometimes the gunner, beating the marsh for snipe, with a young dog, may be greatly puzzled by these little birds. His dog will stop and point and look, and then go forward and point again, and look, and perhaps make eager plunges at the grass, and at last a little bird, which by its flight he knows to be a rail, but by the white margin of its wings he knows is not the common rail, may rise from the ground for a short flight, and if he shoots and recovers the bird he finds it this yellow rail. Once a good many years ago a man having such an experience devoted an hour or two to looking for these birds, with the result that he secured about a dozen, some of which he shot, some his dog caught, some he caught in his hand and one or two he killed with his dog whip.

Besides the others, there is the Virginia rail, not very different in size from the sora, but reddish on the breast and with a long, sharp-pointed bill—a miniature of the clapper rail. These are not many, but now and then one is killed, as are also sometimes king rails and gallinules—birds which stand midway between the rail and the coot or sea crow.

The early risen gunner who has reached the marsh in the gray of the quiet autumn morning is likely to hear, at first far off, but gradually growing nearer and louder, the faint, thin whistle of the wild duck's wings, and perhaps may see them as they turn against the paling sky, or may hear the long rush of their bodies as they slide along the still water when alighting. They may be half a dozen bluewinged teal or a brood of black ducks reared not many hundred miles away, who have journeyed from their summer home through the night and stopped here on their deliberate southward way. All through the day, and perhaps for several days and nights, they will loiter about the river, swimming through the stems of the corn grass, sifting the mud of the shores, startled now and then by passing boat or railroad train, and then after a few circles and a short flight up or down the river, alighting once more to resume their avocations.

Now and then the eager rail shooter may come suddenly on a group of these birds and may secure one or two as they rise, or seeing them near some shore may by laborious crawling come within shot of them sitting on the water. More rarely they will carelessly fly near a gunner, and so may lose one or two of their number; but the ducks killed in this way are few.

Later in the season, after the frosts have hardened and the rail and snipe have left for good, the marsh is sometimes visited by a small flock of geese, who, taking their way in silence from the salt water, come in after dark to

feed and leave again with the morning's first light. Talkative though geese usually are, these are silent while in the marsh, knowing well that if their presence there were learned, guards of gunners would surround their resting place and close it to them for the season.

With much rustle and sharp flappings of wings there are often startled from among the wild rice stems groups of red-winged blackbirds, which perch on the swaying tops, now bare of seeds, and swing and bow with anxious cluckings before taking safety in flight. Birds that are black with red shoulder straps are seldom seen, but there are many brown white-streaked ones, the young of the year. With these there may be a few reed birds, the bobolinks of yesterday, the rice birds of to-morrow, now clad in their yellow plumage, and taking their way from the North, where they are loved, to the South, where they are hated.

Down lower in the rushes and among the cattails, and even in the long grass of the meadow, hop and fuss, like all their kind, the little wrens of the marsh. They are familiarly wrenlike in looks and ways, and have little fear of us as we appear on the marsh, for they will dodge about among the reeds, almost within arm's length from the boat. Now, too, the army of brown-backed sparrows is gathering for the southward journey, and of these many love to hide among the reeds. There are swamp sparrows and Lincoln's finches and not a few others, which he who travels the marsh learns to know well.

These are some of the dwellers in the marsh. There are not a few others, some of which in winter draw the trapper to the snow-covered waste—water mice and muskrats and minks and, rarest of all, sometimes an otter. The time was, no doubt, when all the streamlets flowing into the river were dammed along their course by the beaver, but that was long, long ago, and the beaver has disappeared even more completely than the Indian. Rarely, however, after a day when birds have been few and shots infrequent, the gunner may see as the boat rounds a bend a brown mink sitting on the bank or on some floating drift stuff, busily engaged in devouring a captured fish or bird; but he is likely to have only a glimpse of this shy creature, for in these days the mink is watchful and retiring.

If you have tramped the marsh until you are wet with perspiration, or have fallen overboard and filled your boots with water, it is pleasant on a warm September day to strip off your wet things and put them in the sun to dry while you lie on the grass of the bank and dreamily gaze off over the marsh. Your view takes in a whole panorama and you pay little attention to its details, yet along the water's edge you see the great conical weeds nod and bow in the wind whose sighing through the rustling leaves above you is interrupted now and then by the distant whistle of a train. You see the brown leaves, fallen from the trees, on the banks, rush swiftly up stream on the flowing tide, you watch the fish hawks swing and soar, and the sail of some tiny boat shines white far up the stream. The worries and the cares of every day life fall from your mind, troubles are forgotten and for a little while you are a dreaming boy again.

BLAME THE GRANDFATHER.

WHEN the game potting sneaker sneaks, what is it that induces his sneaking? We may reasonably assume that a person of mature years, who moves in decent or respectable, not to say polite, circles of society, would not of his own volition turn sneak and steal into the woods to kill game out of season, unless there were some compensation in addition to the mere birds he might get. If the sneak must have for his belly birds killed out of season, he can buy them and so save tiring his legs in the chase of them. Manifestly there is something more than the game that makes the sneak; and this something is the poaching blood in his veins.

This indeed is a well recognized principle in the countries of Europe where shooting is a class privilege. There the game is preserved on estates and protected by armed keepers, and liberty to take it is denied those outside. Under such circumstances there is, of course, a constant provocation to taste of the forbidden fruit. Stolen waters are sweet. The poacher finds real pleasure in getting the better of preserver and keeper. To poach means to circumvent both game and guardian; and human nature being what it is, the continued persistence of poaching in a game preserve country is precisely what might be expected. As generation follows generation c

game preservers, so generations of poachers follow with them; the poaching spirit is handed down from father to son; the babe sucks it in with the mother's milk.

But in the United States the conditions of game and shooting are quite different. In America the pursuit of game is as yet in no sense a class privilege. The covers are free to all alike, under laws which in theory, intent and practice are for the common control of all alike, and for the benefit of all alike. Here there is no earthly excuse for any grown up gunner to turn sneak in order to get what belongs to him, nor any reasonable explanation of his doing so, unless we find the explanation in the presence of poacher blood in his veins. It is a familiar fact that many immigrants bring with them their old world prejudices against shooting restrictions and their poaching propensities. They do not understand the American system of game protection as being for the public good of all alike. They regard all game laws as obnoxious and tyrannical, and imagine that liberty in America means license to kill game according to the individual sweet will. Trace back the lineage of the poacher wherever you find him in this country, and you will discover the poacher blood in his veins.

Take for example the case of that fellow who was rounded up by the Rhode Island constables near Narragansett Pier the other day, and was made to pay a round penalty for having sneaked off to kill birds in close time. The newspaper reporters who chronicled his sneak exploit, and its prompt punishment, took pains to say that the culprit was "a prominent society man of Philadelphia." Heaven help a society whose leaders are game sneaks, even though the sneaking be bred in the bone. In Philadelphia, as the rest of the world well knows, they attach high importance to the grandfather. Society's smile or frown depends upon the answer to the question, "Had he a grandfather?" No man not duly provided with a grandfather may ever aspire to be dubbed as a prominent society man of Philadelphia, when the reporters tell about his arrest for killing game out of season. Conversely, when a poacher is described as a prominent society man, if he happens to hail from Philadelphia, we may be sure that he had a grandfather. Upon the grandfather then let us leniently lay the blame for the transgressions of the frail and peccable poaching grandson.

At the same time let us not weary of punishing the grandsons, Philadelphians and all others, until by the salutary chastening we shall have eradicated to the last trace the poacher blood in their veins.

The New Jersey law forbids the export of game, and the law is of the iron-clad class which permits no exceptions whatever beyond the transmission of game through the State by common carriers in unbroken packages, or of game killed in preserves. This means that a New York sportsman who kills game in Orange or Rockland or Sullivan county and brings it through New Jersey on the railroads is liable to have it seized by the New Jersey wardens at Jersey City, and to be arrested for violation of the law. This is, of course, a harshness which is quite unnecessary for serving the purpose of the statute, which is to retain New Jersey game within the State limits. A New York sportsman who kills game in New York and desires to carry it through New Jersey into New York again, may accomplish this by intrusting his game to the express companies, which the New York law permits to transport it in the express car of the train on which the owner is a passenger. In this way it will go through and the owner will have the satisfaction of knowing that though he has been inconvenienced, he has only complied with the laws of two States, the intent of which is to make difficult the shipment of game to market.

The tropical game preserve described by Mr. Francis C. Nicholas affords an admirable example of wise forethought for the care of a native stock of game. The average development of a territory is planned and carried on without regard to the ultimate effect upon the birds and quadrupeds which constitute a great natural resource for food and recreation. The company operating here was extremely fortunate in having for its superintendent on the ground one who had the eye to recognize the game supply possibilities and the good sense to think of caring for the stock and preserving it from the usual effects of settlement. It is an example which may be followed everywhere.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Some South Sea Hoodoos.

In these random narratives of fin and feather in the South Sea, under tropical skies, in the evening calm and the steady daytime blast of the trade-wind, in sun and torrents of the furious rain, it is only fair to anticipate one comment of the friendly critic. It may be thought that the game comes to bag too easily; that the percentage of kills is too high to be altogether real; that if the fish refuse the bait they always get into creel by some other device of net or trap. In the course of the tales various Samoan associates in the free life of the sea and jungle have been introduced; the ever faithful Tanoa has been aroused from his naps to render some needed service, the vivacious young Talolo has led the way to mountain nooks, and has been content with the opportunity to use the "shoot gun," and has made his plaintive appeals for something to stay his appetite; chiefs and common folk have contributed to the sport. They are all real personages, their characteristics are drawn from the life just as I learned to know them and to use their several talents. So, too, with the hunting; it is all the record of real experience, the few bright spots in an official position which was after all but an exile. The fish were indeed taken, the birds were indeed killed; it is all fact. But to meet this criticism that all was too easy to be true I must devote this chapter to the adverse influences that all of us recognize as conditioning the sport of rod and gun. By this I do not mean the bird that is cleanly missed, the fish that breaks the tackle, the gang of hooks that get snarled in the coral. These are but accidents of sport that might happen to anybody and anywhere. Those which I mean are the hoodoos that spoil all the sport of a day. We can reason them aside as absurd superstitions in our country, but we must acknowledge their power; but among the simple savages there is no chance to reason them away—they are very present realities, and when we meet them in South Sea waters, and on the island mountains, none of our acquired wisdom can expunge their power.

In the islands the old gods are still very close to present life, despite the vigorous profession of the newer faith which the missionaries have introduced. On village greens the stone churches rise into prominence; the people are unremitting in their attendance upon the services, wearing clean white shirts and gaudy bonnets, according to the sex of the worshipers, and carrying their Bibles and hymn books wrapped in spotless handkerchiefs. But in the jungle and on the waters no Samoan quite forgets his ancestral gods, the powers of nature, and in the domain of the hunter and the fisher these old gods reign supreme. Moralists may not assume to blame them as untutored savages practicing absurd superstitions of an inferior race, for if any moralist will only go a-fishing with people of the infinitely superior Caucasian race, he cannot avoid seeing a few practices which may not be superstitions, but which are certainly believed necessary to luck. What the boy does to the worm after it is on the hook and before it goes into the stream is proof that there is kinship in practice between the savage and the cultured sportsman.

These, then, are a few of the conditions which make or mar the success of the hunter and the fisher in Samoa. There is good luck in the tiny island parrot that nests in the coronal of the cocoanut trees. It is a bird no larger than the English sparrow, and quite as companionable. It is an impertinent bunch of brilliant plumage, green and red and blue; it chatters all the day in the trees, and it flies fearlessly down about the houses and has no fear of people. Common as it is, it is credited with any amount of "mana" or supernatural power, and its movements are carefully watched. There is a long and tiresome song in Manu'a, which is now in the United States, that arouses the anger of all the bickering Samoans in the westward islands of Tutuila and Upolu and Savai'i, where the people think their kings amount to something, yet have to confess the superiority of the king of Manu'a. It rehearses the distant flight of the parrot from the mountain of Tau, how it passed over each island but did not alight, and therefore left none of its magic power. Then the song finishes with the question, "Malietoa, is that thy parrot? Why not catch it as it flies and then the magic power will be thine? But the parrot wings homeward to Manu'a without alighting, and seeks its nest on the mountain of Tau." This is enough to start a fight when sung in the hearing of one of the Malietoa clan. But even outside of Manu'a the parrot brings luck, particularly to such as go to the bush or out upon the reef in search of game. If when a party is setting out a parrot should fly down among them or should alight upon any of their tackle success is assured. For this reason prudent sportsmen sit in the shade and wait for the parrot to bring them luck.

Good luck is brought also by the little gecko lizard, the mo'o, that runs about the houses in search of its food, the eggs and larvae of insects. No one ever harms them, and they chase in and out among all one's belongings. They are timorous little animals, only two or three inches long; and a finger suddenly pointed at one will cause it to scuttle away like a flash of light and probably shed its tail to facilitate its escape from the threatened danger. Still if a mo'o is found in the creel or game bag when it is taken down for use it is a sure sign of success. They are pretty little beasts to look upon when they are poised for instant flight on the rim of the creel, head in air as if to scent the danger, their eyes mere vertical slits of deep purple in bands of orange, their little throats quivering with the beat of the excited little hearts.

Quite the opposite is the effect of the other lizard, the blue "pili," six or eight inches long. Fortunately it is rare about the homes of men, although common in the woodland ways. If it is found in any of the gear of hunting or of fishing one might as well give up the trip. The least that can happen is failure; it is more than

likely that some distressing accident will follow the disregard of this warning. It is not only in sport that the malign influence is felt. If a blue lizard should drop upon the head or shoulders of a man under any circumstances, it is his death warrant, and it is very easy for these Samoans to lie down and die from such a cause as this. Luckily the mere meeting of the pili on the path is innocuous, for within the limits of the jungle, even to the summits of the highest mountains I have scaled—and they are nearly a mile up above the sea—it is impossible to avoid the lizard that scampers across the path. The pili plays a most important part in the legends of Samoa. His original was the child of the high gods of the ninth heaven, and that is as high as one can go in the island succession of heavens. He had the power of transforming his shape and of living in the sea and in the rivers and in the springs and in various parts of the land. From each transformation various high native families trace their descent. But for the fisher and the hunter he is always bad medicine.

The majestic frigate bird is another that brings blessing and curse according to circumstances. When fishing the frigate bird is all that could be desired. If he is seen winging his untiring flight over a fleet of canoes, and the fishers pray him to grant them fair wind, they feel that they are sure to have the wind and to come home with their canoes laden with the fish of the deep sea. But ashore it is different; the frigate bird brings a baleful influence on the sport of pigeon netting. Every night and morning the frigate birds are seen high in air crossing the mountain ridges of each of the islands. It is a straight passage, for these are birds of the sea and are never known to alight on any Samoan island. They come in from sea at such an altitude that it is hard to discern their clear whiteness, but that altitude brings them close to the tree tops over the central ridges of the islands. These are the spots which, before fire arms were introduced, were most affected by the netters of the island pigeon. That hunting was a very solemn ceremonial. It engaged for days at a time the whole population of the seaside villages, and was conducted in strict accordance with ancestral rules. If a pigeon party which had taken post on the stone platforms in the earliest dawn found a frigate bird swooping close to their nets as the day dawned, it was obligatory to relinquish the sport for that day. Not a pigeon could be caught, for the will of the mountain gods was distinctly adverse. Against such a calamity it was necessary to pray hard and long in the last hours of the darkness, and to take scrupulous pains that the stone platforms should be free of all persons or things that were suspected of being out of luck.

The same idea of good luck afloat and bad luck ashore attaches to the albinos. There are not many of them in Samoa, and they are ghastly sights, with their flaxen hair and pink eyes, and white skins that the sun can never tan. It is hard to understand why these few sports of nature should be considered lucky on the sea, for in the brilliant glare of the sun they are almost blind, while in the depths of the jungle their vision improves in proportion to the obscuration of the light. That this commonly recognized feature of albinism has not passed the recognition of the Samoans is brought out clearly in one of the legendary tales that Tanoa once recited to me. In ancient times a village only a little way up the coast had a large number of albinos, who seem to have carried things with a high hand, and to have made a nuisance of themselves by ruling the people of the ordinary coffee color. There was no respite until the legendary hero Polu came that way in the course of his self-appointed tour to wipe out the various demons which then infested Upolu, a sort of South Sea Jack the Giant-Killer. He told the people of this hag-ridden village to call a "fono" or town meeting for sunrise the next morning, and in the great house of the town to make a show of yielding to their blanched and pink-eyed disturbers of the peace by yielding them the post of honor at the west end of the house. As it was cannily ordered by the hero, so was it done. The albinos came to the "fono," and were duly gratified to find that the place of dignity was yielded to them without demur. But Polu asked that the screens about the house be drawn up. Then the east was lit with the glory of the dawn, as the deliberations began. At first the albinos directed affairs with their usual high hand, but then the sun itself arose out of the morning twilight, and its level beams entered at the eastern end where the screens were tied up, and fell sharply in the pink eyes of the albinos and blinded them. While they were thus helpless by reason of this clever play upon their infirmity the hero and the people fell upon them and slew them. Ever since that time the few albinos have been lucky to have along when fishing but unlucky companions on a hunting trip. Just why this should be so no one knows, Tanoa's only explanation is that it is an ancient legend, and he lets it go at that.

There is nothing in all the five islands that can bring better luck than the spider; not the small hunting spider that scurries over the walls of houses in pursuit of flies, but the large one, as big as the palm of one's hand, that never builds a nest, but clings head downward on up-rights, and watches the course of events with eyes that gleam mildly blue. What a spider does for a living I never have been able to discover. It moves but slowly, it is never seen to bother a fly even at its very jaws, and it most certainly is harmless, even though terrifying by reason of its size. But it is lucky to have this ugly monster about one's hunting gear. It seems fortunate that it is lucky, for the spiders seemed to have a great liking for the barrels of my shot gun. I became so used to it that I never handled the gun without breaking it down and first blowing through the barrels to dislodge the lodgers which I knew I should find within.

Other devices which bring luck are the free use of cocoanut oil on hooks and lines, and the careful observance of old rites in connection with every canoe and line and paddle that is used in the bonito fishery. That is a very complicated sort of thing indeed, and as the bonito are by no means easy to catch, it is just as well to have some such excuse to fall back on.

Now for the things which bring ill-luck and queer one's sport afloat or ashore. They are well nigh infinite. One must be forever on guard against the chance of meeting with a hoodoo of the most enduring consequences.

The night before you must keep a watchful eye for shooting stars. They are a distinctly bad omen in general. They signify death of some chief indefinitely in the direction of their travel, and the death of one of the mighty is a bad thing. It forbids all fishing in that direction toward which the meteor flies, it forbids all hunting in the direction from which it comes. Even if one accords strict observance to these rules it is just as well when hunting along the course of the shooting star or fishing against it to take the precaution to knot into a corner of one's garb a black pebble and a white one just to ward off possible mishaps.

The foot long centipede is an unpleasant companion at any time. Some one has described him as "an unpleasant chain of disconnected circumstances." His effect upon the skin gives a general impression of a tug of war team of angry wasps. When such a beast drops from the rafters of the house upon a party about to set out for the seaward fishing, or touches any of the gear, it is just as well to postpone the trip, for lines will break, hooks will catch in the coral and be lost, nets will surely be torn and the fish escape. But if the trip is planned inland, whether for fish or birds, the hoodoo of such a mishap may be wiped out by crossing a patch of growing taro. What with the mud underfoot and the wetness of the great leaves of this plant, it is easy to see that the walk across an acre of such plantation really should have some good effect to counterbalance its discomfort.

Fishermen must observe one precaution as to the tide. If they set out on the young flood they will have no luck. Slack water ebb is all right. Even the half flood has no bad effect. But when the tide just begins to make, no canoe must ever start out. It spoils a fishing trip also to launch a canoe bow foremost. That is true of all water trips, whether after fish or on other business. I have watched the crew of our own boat take it from its storage beneath the house and set it in the water hundreds of times, and never once did I see them launch it otherwise than by the stern. To cough in a boat afloat is a danger that must be averted by prompt action. If under oars or paddles the crew immediately break stroke; if under sail the man at the tiller makes it a point to spill the sail. Yet a sneeze is absolutely harmless. To expectorate from the boat into the sea is another dangerous thing to do. A fishing trip when this happens might just as well be given up, for there is no hope of any catch. It is not permitted to bail a boat in white water, except it be on or within a reef.

With the superstitious in this country it is lucky to meet a hunchback, particularly if one touches the hump. In Samoa it is the worst of luck and no one would ever dream of fishing or hunting in such company. After such a chance encounter, the only way of obviating the evil influence is to turn backward to the house last passed, enter and sit down and take some refreshment, even if it be only a draft from a fresh cocoanut. This is all the more strange for the reason that there are very few such cripples, and they are treated with invariable kindness, being commonly used as jesters in the train of chiefs and village maids.

It spoils fishing to encounter a rat in the water, and the same is true on the reefs when the devilfish throws one of its tentacles about the shin. As the common devilfish of the Samoan reefs has tentacles two and three feet long closely beset with suckers from the size of a two-bit piece down and a considerable power to cut the flesh, the latter incident is not only a hoodoo but a distinctly unpleasant event. Just why the rat and the devilfish spoil sport was explained to me by Tanoa in another of his tales. Very long ago it happened that the bat and the devilfish and the rat met on a dry portion of the reef. They fell to a discussion of their relative speed and challenged one another to a race to the beach. The bat took wing and easily beat the others, but in the contest for place the rat did not play fair. While it was swimming shoreward it looked down in the water and saw the devilfish swimming backward. The rat being well tired out dove down to the devilfish and seizing hold of it brought it to the surface. Thus the rat was ferried to shore, and when the devilfish grounded in the shallow water the rat leaped ashore and claimed second place. Just why this account should explain the hoodoo which these two animals put on the fishermen is more than I could understand, but it seems to be quite plain to the Samoans. At any rate, when I expressed my doubts Tanoa clinched matters by getting a devilfish for my inspection and pointing conclusively to the marks upon its pouch which were left by the ancestral rat which played this trick.

Of all malign influences the worst is the aitu, the old Samoan god of place or family. Many times in these stories of lagoon and mountain jungle I have reported the dangers of aitu and the harm that they are capable of inflicting on the timorous islanders. All signs may be favorable for good sport, yet all of a sudden some busybody aitu interferes and queers the whole business. The white person never learns just how to recognize the coming of the aitu, but to the Samoan it is painfully clear. There was only one of the simplest signs of all that I ever learned to recognize, and that was the knotting of the grass across the pathway. I have no idea what could knot grass in this way, though there must be some simple explanation; but to the Samoan intelligence it is proof positive of the passage of a malevolent demon of their old mythology. But whether it is a knotting of the grass or some of the more obscure signs, as soon as the Samoans have recognized the presence of an aitu the trip might just as well be abandoned, for the obstacles will multiply beyond all power of surmounting.

Some one or other of these signs made for the success or failure of all my trips with rod and gun in the paths of the Samoan forests and streams and out upon the open sea.

LEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Reminiscences.

Was there ever a country-born Yankee boy who loved the woods and its wild things, or one who merely possessed the survival of savagery called by courtesy the sporting instinct, who did not in some way try his hand and wits at trapping? It is quite apt to begin with the mice in the dairy room, grainery and barn under the stimulant of a reward offered of so much a dozen. With his outfit of garrotte and wire traps or the simpler invented bowl and splint spindle, no great skill and care are needed, though the more used the better the returns in the pursuit of these small deer. When he aspires to rats he has to cope with a much more cunning animal; indeed, an experienced old rat will call forth the best efforts of the young trapper. He must be careful there are no lumps in the covering to prevent the jaws coming together; but sometimes a gray-headed veteran forgets his usual caution and is unwary enough to step into a trap the boy has set with little care.

I remember when the trapping fever first began to burn in my veins. A girl cousin from the great city was my playmate, and became my partner in this new enterprise, which was proposed by me at sight of a big rat sneaking along the border of our playground. She was as eager as I for the pay, and being heavier than I by virtue of her three years seniority, she stood on the spring while I, at the peril of getting my fingers pinched, succeeded in setting the stubborn trap. Then, according to instructions previously given by my elders, after the trap was staked strongly enough to hold a raccoon, we spread a piece of cotton over it, on which a handful of Indian meal was poured directly above the pan, and then retired to await the result in what would have been a season of unendurable impatience if it had not been for the wonderful tales my pretty cousin told of the great city. Suddenly it was interrupted by an ear-splitting outcry coming from the direction of our trapping operations, a sound of such volume that I could scarcely believe it to be made by a rat, and by the scared look on her face my cousin thought that some terrible wild beast was coming to attack us. I started in hot haste, and assured by my movement, she followed. As we ran past the woodpile, I snatched a couple of stout clubs from it and gave one of them to her.

Sure enough, though almost too good to be true, there was our big rat fast in the trap, tugging at it till the chain jingled again, while "he roared an' he shoutut millia o' murthers," as our Irish hired man declared. We advanced to the attack in a great flurry of excitement, threshing the ground, the trap, and perhaps occasionally the rat, with indiscriminate blows, cheering each other on with loud shouts, to which our victim added his shrill plaint, altogether making an uproar so unusual that it was a wonder it did not bring all the household to the scene. We were glad enough that it did not, as our adventure turned out. If the trap had not been a well-wrought product of the blacksmith's forge, our wild mauling would have broken it. But there were no others then, the march of improvement having not yet developed the cheap factory-made trap.

But there was mischief to be wrought in another way, for presently one of our misdirected downright blows fell squarely on the spring, relieving the jaws just enough to let go the rat's foot while he was pulling with might and main, and out slipped the foot, and away went he, hobbling and limping, yet making speed enough to escape our wretched aim, and he vanished in the tangled thicket of mallows.

The woebegone and rueful faces we turned to each other when our captive disappeared so unaccountably were complete expressions of bitter disappointment. But when it was made evident beyond question that we were the cause of the mishap, our disgust and humiliation were greater than our disappointment. To make it worse, it was impossible to tell whose club struck the unlucky blow, and neither one had the consolation of saying, "You did it!"

In vain we tried to retrieve our luck by new exploits. Our escaped prisoner had gained wisdom by his experience, and could not be bequiled by the daintiest baits, nor fooled by carefulest covering of the trap, after smoking it to destroy the scent of iron, which we were told by the wise was necessary in trapping wary animals. People who ought to know better will tell you the same to-day, though the absurdity of the idea is apparent when we remember that the house rat is in daily contact with all sorts and shapes of iron implements; and that the fox, wariest and cunningest of animals that traps are set for, trots unconcernedly across and along the railroad track and crawls through the wire fence, leaving furry mementoes of his passage on the barbs. It is not the scent of the metal that causes wild animals to fear a trap, but that of their arch enemy—man. A good trapper understands this, and takes constant care not to touch trap, bait or anything not covered by water or earth in trapping the wariest animals. Our veteran must have told his adventures to all the younger members of his tribe, for we were unable to inveigle even one pink-tailed youngster into our toils, and gave up the attempt in despair.

The boy's next step upward in the line of trapping is usually an easy and natural one of attempting the capture of the woodchuck and the skunk, both animals being common residents of the open fields and counted as enemies by the farmer, who takes no account of the vermin, bugs and grubs they destroy, but only of a few beans, chickens and eggs.

My instructor in the simple art was an old black man who was a pretty constant member of our family in my childhood. He aspired to nothing higher in the line of trapping than the capture of what he called "wool-chucks" and skunks—the first for the pelts, the second for the oil alone, the fur not being considered of any value. The oil was a sovereign remedy for croup and rheumatism, and therefore in demand by youth and age.

I have as distinct a picture of Mingo as if it were but yesterday that I saw him setting forth on some woodchuck's life and pelt intent, his carefully preserved straw hat put on in honor of spring's return, and worn far back of his shining bald pate, his square-built, solid body bent forward from the hips and rocking from side to side with the movement of his stiffened rheumatic knees, which

made him a good customer of his own "skunks' ile," his toes turned so far out that it seemed as if he might as easily walk backward as forward, while his eyes would be bent all the time on the ground in search of something worth picking up—perhaps a pin if he walked in the road, if in the field a leaf of sorrel or a sprig of pennyroyal or an early strawberry. It was a wonder to me that he could discover a tarnished old pin among the dust and litter of the road, and still the wonder grew at the dozens which were ranked on the collars of his vest and coat to be transferred afterward to his pin box, a tube of hollowed elder. The sorrel was given to me to regale myself with, scarcely less welcome than the strawberry to my omnivorous palate. The pennyroyal went home to join the congregation of bundles and bags of healing roots and herbs on the garret rafters, each marked with its name and date of gathering in my mother's neat handwriting.

The lair of the woodchuck having been previously discovered, Mingo led the way directly to it, usually on some sunny southern bank where the first greenness of spring showed in the young grass and the swollen buds of the elder. If the owner was at home he was usually found sitting erect on his earthen threshold, from which he precipitately retired to inner privacy with a chuckling whistle expressive of alarm and defiance. Then Mingo rejoiced exceedingly, for he counted the pelt of the besieged as belonging to us.

A crotched stick was driven through the trap ring into the ground firmly and the trap set inside the threshold with a piece of paper over the pan to keep the earth from getting under it, and the whole covered lightly with loam, quite free from pebbles and lumps. I watched the operation with close interest from first to last, when Mingo, having pronounced his work well done, and invited the occupant of the hole to come out and inspect it, we withdrew quietly.

Age and experience had taught my mentor to wait the result philosophically, but I was in a fever of impatience and was loath to go a rod from the hole until Mingo enticed me to the woods with stories of treasures they might yield. If it was too early in the year for the richest of them, there was at least black birch bark, akin in flavor to the wintergreen berries that were crimsoning the woodland cradle knolls where the arbutus hid its blossoms among the rusty leaves, any one of them a bait tempting enough to catch a boy, to say nothing of the pretty and interesting sights always provided by the woods. Mingo cared nothing for these, but only for what was edible, medicinal or in some way practically useful. The range of each class seemed to me unlimited, and he was always surprising me with some new extension of one or the other of them. Now it was a bulb, vulgarly and very properly called "tallow ball," for it spread itself on one's teeth and the roof of the mouth with the tenacity of mutton tallow. Or it was an "Indian cucumber," a root slightly resembling the cucumber in taste and crispness. Its chief fault was, there was too little of it. Mingo knew just when the pine sapling would yield a delicious substance from its inside bark, known to us as "slyvers." It had a sweet, slightly balsamic taste and had a high place in our woodland bill of fare. The tender, sub-acid young beech leaves and tendrils of the wild grape had their time and place, and wild ginger was always in favor and in season whenever it could be found. The tender white heart of the young leaves of sweet flag were highly prized, and the pungent root was dug and carried home to become a prime delicacy when sliced and boiled in maple sugar. Sometimes in moist spots where the sweet flag grew we found and carried home the dark green, slender stalks of the "scouring rushes," valued for brightening tin and whitening woodenware.

Among them all, enough was found to beguile me until Mingo thought proper to examine the trap.

If it turned out that the besieged woodchuck was a captive, Mingo loudly celebrated the triumph as was his custom in like events. I have been told that upon the occasion of his catching a 25-pound catfish in Little Otter one night he raised a shout that awakened every sleeper within a mile of him.

Sometimes a woodchuck was found taking refuge in an old stone wall, and if his head was in sight a slip knot was tied in a stout cord, which was fastened to the end of a stick and so presented to the animal. He seized it at once, the noose was drawn tightly around the hooked incisors, and the poor woodchuck was hauled steadily forth in spite of his protesting whistle and growls. Next day his skin was immersed in the soap barrel, or buried first in wet ashes to remove the hair. After the grease was quite removed from the skin, it went through a long process of rubbing and stretching until it was the perfection of toughness and pliability, and ready to be manufactured into whiplashes, shoe-strings, ball covers and mittens.

When Mingo caught a skunk he approached the captive with the respect due to its weapon of defense, but whether black, half-stripe or white, the pelt was only a hindrance to getting the oil, and when removed it was thrown away. I do not know why it was valued so little by our trappers in those days, since it is now in such demand, and it was an article of commerce so long ago as during the French occupation of Canada, for Parkman mentions skunkskins in the export of furs. To one who has seen skunks killed merely as vermin and thrown away to rot unskinned, it seems strange enough now to see them the most persistently trapped of all the fur-bearers of the clearings. We are told of people who were reduced to the dire necessity of eating skunks, but when Mingo had one roasting before the open fire, slowly turning on a twisted string as the fat ran from the browning surface into the seething pan, it diffused an aroma that made me wish to forget that it was skunk that was roasting. A hungry man could easily be fooled into eating it, and with right good relish, as my old comrade Jim used to tell of doing.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Moose Calling from the Camp-Fire.

MUCH has been said and written about the elusive moose, his quickness to scent the approaching hunter, and the marvelous celerity and noiselessness of his travel.

All these facts would make it seem that this giant of the wilds could be secured only by exercising the greatest caution and suppressing all signs of the presence of human beings.

In defiance of the usual observances, I can testify that my wife and I on a visit last September to New Brunswick, Canada, shot two fine bull moose, and in each case we were standing within six rods of our camp fire, which was blazing most cheerfully and lustily at the time.

We had left New York one hot dusty day taking the New Haven road to Boston, changing there to the Boston & Maine, and finally intrusting ourselves and our possessions to the tender mercies of a small road that runs from Andover to Plaster Rock, N. B., with the pleasing prospect before us of a two weeks' hunting trip in this beautiful region.

Our train was steaming bravely along, when we were startled by seeing a small girl suddenly appear running across a field, just ahead of the train, waving frantically a large poke bonnet. The engineer in response obediently shut off steam and put on the brakes. "Ma left her umbrella on the train yesterday, and she wants it," said the small apparition.

We were all immensely relieved by this announcement, as visions of a wreck ahead, or a rail displaced, were fitting through our brains. No other interruption marked our progress, and in due time we reached our jumping off place, a small town near the end of the road.

As we passed through the principal thoroughfare of this metropolis, I noted a lanky individual, of most peculiar appearance, pursuing a somewhat uncertain course along the road. "Who is that chap?" I asked of our guide. "Well," was the truly laconic response, "he lives down in that little house yonder, and that's the most you can say of him."

What naively frank individuals one sometimes meets in these regions. I wished on one occasion to use a pair of moose hide moccasins, and had given the pattern of my foot, together with some moose hide, to a youth who was reported proficient in that line. When he appeared with the articles in question, he remarked, "I never seen such big shoes as these, but I cut them out jest the same as the pattern showed." This response was too much for my gravity, and I joined in the roar of laughter that followed from our party. When I wished this interesting specimen to accept some remuneration for his services, he refused the money, saying that making shoes was not his regular trade, and that he was glad to do it for me anyway. I finally persuaded him to accept twenty-five cents.

It was cold and dark when we reached the guide's house, and we welcomed the genial warmth of the big stove in his kitchen, with the unalloyed joy that is attainable after one has endured the fatigue of 48 hours' traveling.

As soon as our supper had been well digested, we fell to unpacking our camping kit, in order to make an early start the next morning.

The tents were carefully disposed of in one pack, bedding and clothes made up a second, camping utensils a third, while provisions composed the remaining bundle.

The packing completed, a general stampede to bed followed, as we were pretty well tired out. It seemed as if I had scarcely closed my eyes when I was awakened by a loud rap at the door, followed by the announcement, "Four o'clock, and we must start in an hour."

To slip on my hunting clothes and boots was the work of but a few moments. I found all the guides busy downstairs loading our things on the wagon which was to accompany us, as far as practicable.

We made short work of breakfast, as daylight was making its appearance over the neighboring hills. Boots and saddles was sounded, and the expedition started.

Noon brought us to the edge of a small stream where we stopped to "bile the kettle" for dinner. Duncan, our chief guide, told me that we must not rest for more than an hour, as the only place where water was available was some miles distant, and it was essential to reach there before dark.

Cheese, coffee, crackers and bread served for a hasty meal, and we were soon climbing once more over "dead-falls" and breaking our way through the bush. Making a way for the wagon was most bothersome work, as we were obliged to fell trees and drag away dead wood. Whiffletrees too gave out with surprising frequency, causing us to call a halt to make repairs.

In spite of all our exertions, darkness began to settle down on us, when we were still some distance from the wished for camping place. The patter of rain on the leaves gave notice that the night would be cold and disagreeable. "How much further is it, Duncan, before we reach that stream you spoke of?" said I. "I should say it was a matter of about five miles," was the reply. "We haven't covered as much ground as I hoped for."

The rain was now falling fast, and it was so dark that all idea of making our prospected camp was out of the question. "There's a small swamp about a mile off, where you can sometimes find water in the wet season," said Duncan. "We'd better try that, because 'taint no use to camp till we get some water." "You travel ahead as fast as you can foot it, Duncan," said I, "and we'll follow with the wagon." With exceeding difficulty we made our way along the guide's trail, and finally reached the swamp, where to our joy we found enough water to supply us all.

Next morning we started bright and early, and at noon said good-by to the wagon. We apportioned the things into several packs, and then started forward on foot. We had worked out the question of "pack-carriers" pretty carefully, and as a result we made satisfactory progress.

How much sulphurous language the badly arranged pack has caused! What fiendish pleasure the different articles take in disarranging themselves! The unwary tourist starts with a miscellaneous assortment of things on his back—hominy, flour, condensed milk, etc. In a

right hand he has a couple of fishing rods, an axe and the butter pail, in his left the paddles, a rifle and a lantern. The traveler starts and for the first quarter of a mile all is serene. Then begins the excitement. His pack starts to shift, and perambulates all over his back. At the same time its weight is apparently increased by 500 per cent. Then the fishing rods and paddles get in their great work. They arrange themselves in all sorts of impossible angles, catching in all the bushes and causing a rapid succession of three-story oaths. Finally the camper decides to lean his pack against a stump and rearrange. He finds that rearranging is not all that fancy paints it. Once in a stooping position it is almost impossible to get up again, and when he does he drops the paddles, and so to the end of the carry.

But to return to our party. We tramped along maintaining a reasonable amount of good nature and finally reached our long-looked-for place that night.

This camp was near a small lake in the Tobique region, situated between two hardwood ridges. A marshy stretch made up the greater part of the shore, while the scrubby pines and beyond them the hardwoods, birch, oak, etc., stretched out in unbroken masses clear up to the summits of the surrounding hills.

Our camping place was about four rods from the northern shore of the lake. We cleared a space in the dense undergrowth, and as soon as the lean-to had been erected, set about getting fuel. We confined our attention to the securing of dead wood, so as to avoid any chopping and consequent noise, and then all gathered round the fire for supper.

After doing ample justice to the smoking viands we wrapped up in our blankets and lay down by the "Indian" fire, one of the guides puffing away at his pipe.

How impossible to adequately express in mere words the delicious sense of comfort one experiences in lounging around the camp fire in the early evening, after a day of tramping and fishing. The logs are snapping and blazing, the supper has been mighty good, and when you stretch out with your feet to the fire, your head supported on a soft log, and look into the flames, it seems as though an indefinitely extended occupation of this kind would be the most delightful thing on earth.

At 10 o'clock we reluctantly abandoned our positions by the fire and "turned in" to prepare for the next day's labors.

At 3:30 o'clock the next morning I was roused by the guide. Phew! How cold it was! The frost was clear up to the tops of the pine trees, making them look like a host of hoary old pilgrims. We completed an extremely hasty toilet, and then Duncan, the "caller," went down to our "look-out" at the shore.

He stood there motionless for a few moments, then raising his birch-bark megaphone to his lips let forth a few preliminary grunts, followed by the long sustained mournful moan characteristic of a moose call. After this was repeated two or three times we heard a short grunting response from the far shore of the lake. This was followed by a low distinct chirp from Duncan, our pre-arranged signal. Throwing off my blanket and picking up a gun I softly stole down to his side. We waited expectantly, but in spite of all our solicitations no moose appeared, and we came back disappointed.

After breakfast, leaving my wife in camp, I went with Duncan to the top of the ridge near us and called again without success. Suddenly the report of a gun rang out on the clear air, closely followed by a second shot, evidently fired from the shore.

"Come on! Duncan," I yelled, and started on the dead run for camp, where I found my wife. "I've just shot a big bull moose over there on the shore," she said. "I was standing right here near the camp. He turned into the bushes, but I'm sure he's wounded." I pulled off my heavy shooting jacket full of cartridges, and Duncan, Harry (the cook) and I started gun in hand to where the game was last seen.

We lost no time in getting around the end of the lake, and after traveling a quarter of a mile or more from the camp, we came on the freshest kind of tracks. The undergrowth here was heavy and the land swampy. "Now look here, Duncan," said I, "we've got to separate if we ever expect to find that chap. We'll have to go three abreast and try to round him up that way." This we did, arranging ourselves within calling distance, I in the center. We struck straight back from the lake, and after going about an eighth of a mile I found blood.

I stopped to examine it more closely, when suddenly out of the bushes, not 30 feet away, a large bull rose to his full height, turned and with a roar charged full at me. I had barely time to bring my rifle to my shoulder and pull the trigger. I knew that I couldn't afford to miss. The big animal pitched forward and lay breathing his last, within 20 feet of where I stood. I had mechanically thrown another cartridge into the barrel immediately after firing, and I now noticed for the first time that it was my last cartridge. I had picked up my wife's gun by mistake, and it was well indeed that my first shot had gone home.

The men soon joined me, and together we examined our prize. A fine big chap he was, with fair sized antlers, measuring, however, only 40 inches from tip to tip, because of their erectness. I found that my wife's bullet had gone through the animal's shoulder, which would have ultimately finished him; a most creditable shot it was, being at a range of easily 45 rods.

The rest of our day was passed in dressing the moose. That night we were mighty tired after our exciting experience. "I will sit up till a quarter of eight," said I, and it expressed our feelings exactly.

Friday morning opened windy and disappointing, but Duncan kept a careful watch from our "look-out" near the shore. Late in the afternoon I heard a subdued chirp from his direction, and I soon joined him.

There across the lake, standing knee deep in the marshy waters of the opposite shore, stood a moose. It was a good 64 rods. Getting what I considered a good elevation, I fired, with no apparent effect. Hastily throwing in a second cartridge I fired again, when wheeling suddenly the moose jumped into the bushes. We hurried, at breakneck speed, round to the point where he was last seen. The tracks were clear for a short distance, then suddenly ended. Even Duncan, experienced "caller" as he was, could not account for it.

We were wandering aimlessly about beating through the bushes, when suddenly Duncan called out "Here he

is!" Sure enough, back of a fallen tree there lay the moose stone dead. He had been fatally wounded by the second shot, but with the wonderful vitality characteristic of the animal, he had gathered all his energies into that last convulsive effort which had carried him a good 6 rods from where he was shot.

On close examination I discovered that in my first shot the elevation had been a trifle high, the bullet passing through his mane and just grazing his hide. The joy of our party can be imagined. Two fine moose in two days' hunting! The last animal was close to the first moose in size, being a trifle smaller.

The result of this hunting trip convinced me more than ever of the efficacy of small caliber rifles. I had been until a year or two ago a firm believer in large caliber, but had twice been giving the .30-30 a trial. I found this size much the best for general shooting, for the following reasons: The gun can be made much lighter, it is easy to hit at long range and recoil is practically negligible.

It is very difficult, on the hand, to keep the alignment when firing a .45-70. The shocking power of the .30-30 seems as great as the .45-70, and the close range shooting of the smaller gun is just as efficacious as that of any other caliber.

A second gun in our outfit proved to be very useful, being a Mannlicher 8 mm.

An amusing criticism was made on a small bore gun by a New Brunswick farmer whom we met just as we were starting into the woods. He picked up both the Mannlicher and a .30-30 rifle. After looking them over very carefully, particularly the barrels, he turned to me and said, "What do you expect to do with these guns?" We told him that our fervent hope was to bring down a few moose with them. He replied, in a patronizing tone, "Well, of course, you can use what guns you like, but I'd sooner have a good sized pitchfork." I happened to have some full mantle bullets in my pocket, so I turned and asked him to pick out any tree which he thought too large for a bullet from one of these rifles to penetrate. A broad grin spread over his face, and selecting a 24in. diameter birch tree he suggested that if one of these rifles could shoot through the tree, he would take back all he had said regarding the pitchfork. I raised my rifle and fired. When we approached the tree to determine the result of the shot, we found that the bullet had gone through the tree clean as a whistle. Another big birch tree was in the rear of the first tree and on a line with it. Out of the second tree we dug the bullet and gave it to our doubting friend. When we left him the look of wonder had not yet left his face.

Moose seemed omnipresent in this region, for that night, after we had turned in, the two guides came scurrying up from their tent, which was about 5 rods from ours, to seek the shelter of our fire. The cause of their alarm was a large bull moose, who was engaged in whetting his horns against a neighboring tree, and generally kicking up a considerable rumpus.

These men, who would tackle a bear in the most unconcerned manner, were scared blue by the proximity of the formidable animal. Their guns were up near us, their fire was out and they were fearful lest their tent itself would be invaded by the unwelcome visitor.

While our ardor for the chase was but heightened by our success, the New Brunswick game laws are inexorable, and since we had but two licenses we were forced to bring our moose hunting to an end.

The fact that our shooting was done in each case within 6 rods of the camp is, I believe, a unique experience, and shows conclusively that New Brunswick is a veritable moose hunter's paradise.

C. M. C. and C. W. M.

In Chihuahua.

SPEAKING of that section of country lying in the northwestern section of the State of Chihuahua, our correspondent writes as follows:

The El Valle Cañon is enough in itself to invite the attention of tourists, while the Corralitos Valley, the Chocolate Pass, Namiquipa, Providencia, Bavicora and Temosachic valleys would be a source of great interest from the point of beautiful scenery, etc., while the Nallwurachic Pass, leading from the Providencia into the Bavicora Valley, would add much interest as well as pleasure to the traveling public. These all formed one grand panorama of nature. Here are fields of interest to any one who chooses to study up the treasures of the Aztec and Indians, wonderful formations of rocks, while beyond the rugged Sierra Madre are lands lying westward of such marvelous beauty that I shall not attempt to describe them. Then here and there are the unknown homes of the Cliff and Cave Dwellers, with some recent markings of the terrible Apache, who, however, are now extinct.

The forests abound in game, but the streams do not seem to contain the many fish I had expected to find.

In traveling through this strange country, where we believed no white man had ever before been, particularly in the section where we discovered the red pine, I found in the streams and along their shores specimens of quartz which seemed to contain valuable mineral, particularly one piece which I shall be pleased to have assayed, as it seems to be of a character worthy of notice, and may at a future period be of interest to some of our smelting friends.

We encountered no trouble with the natives, but were treated always with kindness, so far as they were able to offer their services.

The climate was all that could be desired—beautiful, warm, sunny days and cool nights. For seven weeks I rode on horseback and slept on the ground with but two or three exceptions; and although while in the mountains we would shake from our canvas coverings in the mornings one-half inch of snow or ice, still I suffered from no illness on that account nor any particular inconvenience, and was in excellent health physically.

Our march was twenty to twenty-five miles per day, being obliged to move slowly on account of the packs.

In the locality known as El Condurisia I saw stacks of corn which had grown from fourteen to fifteen feet high. In the settlement of Garcia oats had obtained a height of seven feet. Most of the land under cultivation

was irrigated. Some, however, was without irrigation, crops growing naturally.

Our jaded horses made the last three days of our journey decidedly tiresome, and it was the greatest pleasure to me to find myself again in a four-wheeled vehicle, giving me a most refreshing rest as I journeyed on my way eastward and home from El Valle to Gallego, a station of the Mexican Central, a little over one hundred miles south of El Paso.

R.

Natural History.

Wolves or Something Else.

FERRISBURGH, Vt., Sept. 27.—The Fayston wolf story puzzles a good many of us. It hardly seems probable that an intelligent town clerk would give certificates for animals without good proof that the beasts were genuine, or could mistake a dog for a wolf. On the other hand, we have not known a well-authenticated case of wolf killing in Vermont for more than fifty years. It happened about 1847 or '48, and I remember how I was not to be allowed to go along with my brother to the muster, at a cedar swamp a few miles from our home, because I was laid up with inflamed eyes, and had to bear not only the pain but the disappointment. It was more endurable when my brother returned and reported that the hunt had been a fizzle. There were not men enough to surround the swamp, and the wolf escaped to Bristol. There a more systematic hunt was organized and the wolf was killed. It was in March or April, and the snow was very deep everywhere. The last one killed before was within three miles of my home in the early '30's. He had come across the lake from the Adirondacks.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Mr. Robinson sends us the story as printed in the local paper. It runs:

"S. J. Dana, town clerk of Fayston, has just paid out \$36 in bounties for three wolves killed by Henry Cary. Because one of John Carey's cows failed to come home with the herd in the evening, Henry Cary started out at 4 o'clock the following morning to find it. He carried a shotgun. Passing through the open pasture he entered the woods and climbed finally a ledge of rocks. Just as he reached the summit he heard some animal snarling and growling. Then suddenly the growling turned into a barking noise, and from behind a log up popped a wolf pup. At first Mr. Cary thought it was some sort of a dog, but he knew it was not a tame one and blazed away the moment he recovered from his surprise. The pup keeled over dead. Mr. Cary found he had actually killed a young wolf. He stood exulting over his prize when in the brush near by he heard more barking and growling and two more pups appeared. As they did not appear very dangerous, Mr. Cary picked up a heavy stick and launched it at one of them, hoping to stun it and so get it alive. The stick, however, missed, and the pup at which it was thrown retreated into a hole in the rocks, while its companion made off. Mr. Cary went home as quickly as possible for more cartridges. He returned, and, hunting about a little while, saw the two pups again and fired. One of them was killed and the second one was stunned by a stray shot. It had so far been a pretty exciting morning for Mr. Cary, but the fun was not yet over. Mr. Cary took his prizes home. He then placed the wounded pup in a covered basket, carried it back to the scene of his adventure and concealed himself behind some brush near by. Presently a big male wolf appeared, but it was too far away for a shot, so Mr. Cary kept quiet. The animal soon disappeared. Mr. Cary, after waiting some time, decided to move the basket in which the wolf pup was whining to another spot, and stood up. He heard at that instant the brush crackling behind him, and looking around he saw, just a little way off, the mother wolf. He fired, and she dropped dead. Mr. Cary had thus to show for his morning's adventure a she wolf, two dead pups and a live pup, which netted him, bounties and all, \$48. Mr. Dana wished to buy the live pup, and Mr. Cary finally decided to sell it. Mr. Cary afterward borrowed the pup from Mr. Dana and is using it in the hope of decoying the male wolf known to be at large. An investigation of the ledge revealed the place where the pups had been reared. Scattering about were many bones of sheep and other animals. The story has been going about Fayston a long time that there were wolves in the neighborhood. Mr. Dana said he had heard them growl more than once. Just a week before Mr. Cary killed the wolves he had seen a deer pursued by what he thought at the time was a dog. The creature was close at the deer's heels. Mr. Cary thought it was a queer looking dog and was surprised at its speed. Mr. Cary is now certain that it was a wolf that pursued the deer."

WINDSOR, N. C., Sept. 27.—Inclosed find a clipping taken from the Index, a local paper published in Hertford county, just north of here. Since the publication of the article several more wolves have been caught, two of which have been sent to Delaware Park, near Franklin, Va. It would be interesting to know where they came from. J. H. P. intimates the weight of old wolf at 175 pounds. I am not up on wolves, but have an idea that he has overshot the mark. How large do wolves grow?

A. S. R.

The Index correspondent writes from Como, N. C., as follows: For several months the country around Como has been infested with, until now, some unknown ferocious beasts of prey. In ways mysterious hundreds of hogs and many sheep have been killed by the midnight prowlers. Strange and startling stories have been afloat, and many reports as to their being seen, though not identified. Many were the surmises and conjectures. Some were of the opinion that the depredators were bears. The sad and terrible havoc they made, however, excluded from my mind that idea, and absolved Bruin from the charge, as by nature the common black bear is not carnivorous, and only resorts to flesh, in the dearth of vegetables, to appease hunger.

Sitting in my back porch, on two distinct occasions I

Seaboard Air Line.—IV.

Report to October, 1900.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Cool weather with a prevalence of easterly winds during late April and early May caused a serious falling off in the usual steady passenger traffic of our spring season.

About the middle of May, however, there was a rush of migrants, and all the woodland retreats were speedily filled. Then followed more chill, miserable days, and the little travelers, being afraid, I presume, to venture further north, tarried with us for at least a week. I felt sorry for them, for though enjoying their society immensely, I knew they ought to be well on their way. Still, on the whole they did not seem to mind the delay, for despite chill winds and dreary skies, they lollicked and sang as though in the best of spirits. One balmy morning (my notes say May 12) they began to move, and in a day or two the transients were mostly gone, and we had begun to settle down for the summer campaign with our regular contingent.

Grackles appeared in large numbers early in March. On the 16th we had a heavy storm of sleet that cased all the tree world in ice. During the calm, bright weather that followed, the sparkle and flash of sunshine by day and the gleam and ripple of moonlight at night as it played over the woodland, were marvelously beautiful. It was amusing to watch the grackles make a fluttering effort to perch among the ice-bound twigs. If they had had gumption enough to take a footful of sand with them there would have been no difficulty, but they were not equal to the occasion, so they slid and slipped about till the ice thawed.

I saw the first Baltimore oriole May 7. He was in great spirits, seemingly delighted to be back, for he answered my greeting instantly in his usual breezy manner.

Our less fussy little travelers came on in fair numbers. I think all the old families were represented, for I recognized practically all my old friends. I know so many that it is not necessary for me to take space to enumerate, so you must take my word for it.

The gaudy scarlet tanagers were in far greater numbers than in years past, and a brave sight they made among the snow-white petals of the dogwood blooms. Cerulean warblers were also more in evidence than usual, and gave quite a tropical effect to their surroundings, while splashing in the basin of the fountain.

There were plenty of screech owls all through the summer. One little fellow used to begin his querulous whine at about 4:30 P. M. during the latter part of May. I had never heard them commence to grumble before twilight, so I took special pains to find out what his trouble was. He had located in a tall spruce, and there I visited him, and talked with him several times. I could not seem to comfort him, though I tried my best. He certainly looked at me and paid attention while I spoke, but the moment I stopped he would begin his doleful whine. As "I had troubles of my own" I was obliged to leave him with his burden, still for many days he complained from his perch in the spruce.

The summer passed about as usual from a birdseye point of view, and the autumn travel was satisfactory.

Three great sea loons passed over the other day, high in air, laughing at me as I stood and watched them. I suppose they knew I wished to join them, and the idea evidently amused them.

I am aware this report is more of a summary than is usual with me, but you are so conversant with the Air Line business that detail is really unnecessary.

There has been about the same amount of incident as heretofore, and any bird lover along the line who will look over his notes may supply all that is lacking in this respect.

Memory will bring the rustle of their unseen wings to his ears; in his mind's eye he may see the windblown wisps of wildfowl scudding before the gales in the yellow gleam of gusty sunsets.

This is part of the dividend he will receive, and if of kindred spirit with the writer, he will treasure it and be thankful.

BAY RIDGE, N. Y.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

Oak Pruners on Long Island.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you by mail a number of twigs, which you will see—if you examine the larger end—appear to have been cut off from the parent stem by the gnawing of some insect.

The history of these twigs, so far as I can give it, is this. In the early summer, beginning almost with the first days of June, these twigs with the green leaves attached begin to fall from the oaks and the hickory trees and continue to drop from the trees until autumn. They fall in the greatest abundance in windy weather. If those found in the summer be split with a knife it will be seen that each contains a worm, or larva, which may be assumed to be the author of the destruction. The fall of these twigs does not take place every year. We here believe that it comes only in what we call the locust year—that is to say, in a year when the seventeen-year locusts make their appearance. Can you tell us what the insect is which does this damage, and what steps may be taken to reduce it?

LONG ISLANDER.

[The twigs referred to are several from the oak tree, and one very stout one from a hickory. They show the work of a well-known beetle called the oak pruner (*Elaphidion villosum*, Fab.). This beetle is slender, nearly cylindrical in form, dark brown in color and seeming to be dusted over with a grayish, somewhat mottled, down. Its antennae are longer than the body and many jointed, while the beetle itself is about half or three-quarters of an inch in length.]

Our correspondent rightly infers that the cutting off of the twigs is performed by the larva of this insect, the work of which we shall briefly describe. It attacks oak hickory, chestnut, maple and many of our common orchard trees, as well as sumach and even the climbing bitter-sweet. On some occasions its attacks on peach orchards are so severe that trees are severely injured by it.

The life history of the species is given by Mr. F. H. Chittenden substantially as follows: The mother beetle inserts an egg usually in one of the smaller twigs of a living tree. The young larva hatching therefrom first attacks the wood under the bark, following the grain of wood and packing its burrow with its sawdust-like castings. As it grows, it cuts its way toward the center of the twig, often consuming the wood entirely around the limb and leaving only the bark to support the twig. After this it cuts a tunnel along the axis of the twig toward its extremity, and plugs up this tunnel behind it with sawdust. The twig now being attached to the limb only by the bark, the first high wind that follows is likely to break this attachment, and the twig falls to the ground. In the autumn, or sometimes in the early spring, the larva transforms to the pupal stage, and about the last of May makes its escape from the twig it has occupied, a perfect beetle and ready to breed.

The question as to why the larva cuts off the twig is one that has been greatly discussed by entomologists, and has as yet by no means been settled. It is suggested by Mr. Chittenden that the limb is cut off in order that the adult insect which is being transformed within it may have a free exit from the tunnel in which it lies by merely cutting through the sawdust which plugs up one end of this tunnel. The boring organs of the beetle are feeble, and it could not cut its way through hardwood, and perhaps not even through bark.

It does not appear that any very great or serious damage is commonly done to trees by the work of *Elaphidion*, although, as already stated, cases have occurred where peach and pear trees have been seriously damaged. But the falling of the twigs on well-kept lawns and on the edges of gardens is undesirable as making an unsightly mess. The simplest way to reduce the numbers of the insect is to take up these twigs as they fall, and to see that during the winter, or, at all events, before spring, they are burned. This will destroy all the beetles which otherwise would make their appearance.

We do not know that any connection between the appearance of the oak pruning beetles and the seventeen-year locusts has ever been observed.]

Vermont's Confiding Deer.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt., Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mrs. Brown and myself went for a drive on a quiet back road yesterday—one of those roads so familiar to every country resident, where the trees meet overhead and the rush line of sturdy young undergrowth can barely be checked at the wheel track. It was one of "those days"—you know them—October, still, warm, hazy. As we drove slowly the rubber cushions of our tires making no noise, we heard the drum of the partridge, the noisy call of crows, and nearer the low fall notes of many of our smaller feathered friends. As we topped the steep wooded ridge and emerged into the pasture, in the grass-grown road ten rods away a beautiful red deer raised her head and gazed intently at these disturbers of the peace.

Instinctively the savage in me reached for the rifle between us, and one hand went into a pocket for the little round death, but memory, who had been completely routed by this surprise, came rushing back, and I knew that in the good old Green Mountain State this proud mother and her young received full protection from her wise people.

Keeping perfectly still in the carriage, we worked our quiet little horse within 25 yards, when out trotted the fawn I knew was near.

Working carefully, we got within 40 feet of the pair. How beautiful they were. The mother would nibble at the grass, occasionally raising her elegant head to take a long look at us. The youngster played about like a young calf, only with more grace, stopping to thrust his small black nose in our direction and stare at us with eyes that showed the fear bred of a thousand years of flight.

All this time we kept moving nearer, slowly, and stopping at the least sign of alarm. We succeeded in getting within 40 feet before they resented our familiarity and retired to the bush, and when we drove by we could see them among the thick foliage not 20 feet away, standing motionless.

W. W. BROWN.

Food of Ruffed Grouse.

NORTH ATTLEBORO, Mass., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am sending you to-day by Adams Express five worms in alcohol, taken from a full-grown ruffed grouse killed yesterday. I am not sure whether they came from the crop or from just under the skin in hollow of breast.

I saw the bird after it was dressed and should say was nearly full grown and of ordinary appearance.

My experience of twenty years tells me of no similar case. Can you tell me anything in regard to the matter? Would be perfectly satisfactory if you briefly state case and reply in FOREST AND STREAM.

A. C. SYLVESTER.

[The five "worms" submitted by our correspondent prove on examination to be young slugs (*Tebinnophorus carolinensis*). This species occurs from Canada to Florida. It is a sluggish, inactive creature, found in the woods, often under bark or in decaying sticks or logs. The specimens sent, after having been in alcohol, measured from about three-quarters of an inch to an inch and a quarter in length. The adult reaches a length of about four inches.]

We have no doubt that these slugs came from the crop of the bird in question, and either by its being torn in removal or in some other way fell into the cavity of the breast. They were probably eaten by the bird for food, just as it might eat any worm or insect, and we have previously known of these molluscs being taken from the crop of a ruffed grouse.]

Migrating Sandhill Cranes.

CUMBERLAND, B. C., Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first sandhill cranes were seen passing this place on their southern migration Sept. 14. Their loud calls were distinctly heard and many of the birds were seen.

W. B.

heard a most peculiar noise, which was neither the growling of bears nor the barking of dogs. The great mystery—a mystery at least to many—has been solved. A colored boy, J. H. Myrick, a few days ago was hunting small game in that great belt of forest land known as the Low Woods, stretching for many miles and embracing thousands of acres. His attention was attracted by an old sow running and pursued by some animal unknown to him. The brave boy, though armed only with a gun loaded with small shot, manfully stood his ground. Onward came pursued and pursuer, unmindfully of his presence, until they were within 40 feet of him. Suddenly the pursuing beast became aware of his presence, and turning at the same time to fly, presented a fair mark. With the coolness of a veteran hunter the boy discharged the full contents of his gun at point blank range. The beast staggered, and with yelp and howl fled as best he could. The underbrush was thick, the boy was alone in the very heart of the gloomy forest, and being unable to load and pursue ere his prey was out of sight, he returned home, and to many related his strange adventure, accurately describing the place of the encounter and locating the part of the body in which the shot must have taken effect.

A day after Mr. J. C. Taylor, on his way to Como in a cart, was attracted by the presence of carrion crows not far from the wood path. Curiosity prompted Mr. Taylor to investigate, and there lay a gaunt wolf all torn and dead. Resolved to establish the true nature of the beasts which have made such terrible havoc, he placed it in his cart and brought it into Como for complete identification. He passed my home on his way and requested me to come into the road and examine him. I instantly recognized him, though a stranger to North Carolina. By this time Mr. Don Spiers, Mr. Thomas Taylor and Mr. Harvey Picot had assembled around the cart to look at the grim monster still in death. I asked Mr. Taylor to wait a minute and I would satisfy him and the others as to the beast. I went into my library, and taking down a very large natural history, showed them his picture. They at once recognized it. I then showed them by pictures the difference between the three well-known species of the wolf family. The dead beast was a monster in size, measuring from snout to caudal extremity fully 7 feet, and weighing when killed at least 175 pounds. He was what is called in zoology the black clouded wolf, an animal peculiar only to extreme northern latitudes. Question: How came this animal here? We might account for the presence of the common gray wolf or the barking wolf of Texas.

The sequel of events proves that he is not alone, but accompanied by many more. A day after the finding of the dead wolf, report was brought that their tracks were numerous and well defined in a field belonging to G. C. Picot and Mr. Carter. Thereupon David Vann placed some strong steel traps where the tracks were thickest beneath some apple trees. His venture was crowned with success, for upon visiting the traps in the early morning Mr. H. B. Picot and his fine dog Bruno, found safely caught a young wolf. Quickly came trooping to the scene many impelled by curiosity. They clamped the little struggling beast, and having safely tied his legs, carried him to Como. The wolf is there still in a large box in the custody of Mr. Hutchins Majette. You can see him free of charge at any time. A wolf and a dog are of the same family, and at a distance easily mistaken the one for the other. Some graduates in zoology, wiseacres in comparative anatomy, will not even believe the evidences of their senses, and no doubt finding a buzzard's callow brood, would swear they were not buzzards because they were white. The salient points of difference between a wolf and a dog are few, but well defined and established. Come, see, and observe and learn. We invite hunters and their dogs to a grand hunt, and the notice below written by the request of Messrs. Vaughan and Majette may possibly make their coming both profitable and interesting. We extend a hearty invitation to that old-time keen sportsman, Mr. P. D. Camp, who, as usual, has a pack of splendid hounds.

I mean just what I write. At least a hundred sheep and as many hogs, or rather pigs, have in quite a short time been destroyed in Maney's Neck by these wolves, proving the presence of many here. The wolf slain by the boy was a female, and her dugs evidenced the fact of her giving suck to young. This is a serious matter and her neglected will lead to disastrous results not only here but to the county.

J. H. P.

NOTICE.

A reward of five dollars will be paid for each wolf killed in Maney's Neck and presented at Como for identification.

J. B. VAUGHAN,

J. G. MAJETTE,

Commissioners.

[We believe that the writer in a local paper has very largely overestimated weight of the animal which he saw. The wolf is very heavy for its size, but never, we fancy, reaches any such weight as that mentioned. At the same time, its weight can only be estimated, as we recall no records where wolves have been put on the scales.]

That wolves should occur now in Vermont and in North Carolina—States from which they have not been reported for many, many years—is most unlikely, and no such vague newspaper records as those quoted will be accepted by naturalists, until some specimen shown to have been killed there has been identified by competent authority. It must be remembered that in these days not one man in ten thousand knows a wolf when he sees it.]

On Sept. 6 a party named Marco Dollintine, of Los Angeles county, Cal., was tried for killing quail out of season. The defense he set up was rather an unusual one; witnesses were called to swear that quail were doing a great deal of damage to the grape crop, and that the only protection grape growers had was to kill the quail when found in the vineyards. Mr. Dollintine himself said that he was compelled to kill the quail to prevent them from destroying his grapes. It was unfortunate for the defense that the deputy game warden who made the arrest was able to swear that the quail in question were not within a mile of a vineyard when killed. To prove also that these quail had not done any harm to a vineyard recently, at least, their crops were opened and nothing but seeds of mountain weeds were found.—Commercial Advertiser.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.*—V.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

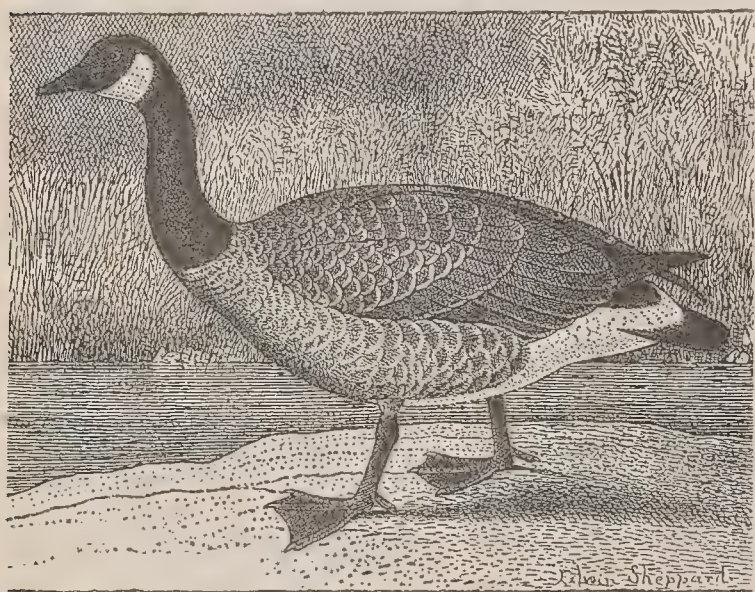
[Continued from page 246.]

Canada Goose.

Branta canadensis (Linn.).

Of all the so-called gray geese, the most common and best known is the Canada goose. Of this there are four different forms—the Canada goose, *Branta canadensis*; Hutchins' goose, *Branta canadensis hutchinsii*; white-cheeked goose, *Branta canadensis occidentalis*; and cackling goose, *Branta canadensis minima*. Of these the common wild goose and Hutchins' goose are distributed over the whole United States; the latter being chiefly Western in its distribution, while the white-cheeked or Western goose and the cackling goose are exclusively Western, although the last named occasionally occurs in the Mississippi Valley.

The Canada goose has a triangular white patch on each cheek, the two meeting under the throat, though rarely they are separated by a black line. The head, neck, wing quills, rump and tail are black; the lower

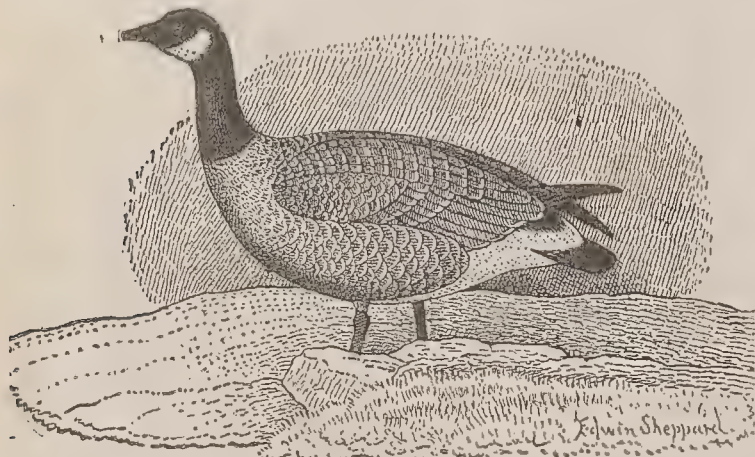


CANADA GOOSE.

belly, upper and under tail covers white; the upper parts are dark grayish-brown, the feathers with paler tips, and the lower parts are gray, fading gradually into the white of the belly. The tail feathers number from eighteen to twenty. The bird's length is from 36 to 40 inches, wing 18. The young are similar to the adult, but the white cheek patches are sometimes marked with black, and the black of the neck fades gradually into the grayish of the breast.

Branta canadensis hutchinsii (Sw. & Rich.).

Hutchins' goose exactly resembles the Canada goose in color, but is smaller, and has fourteen or sixteen tail

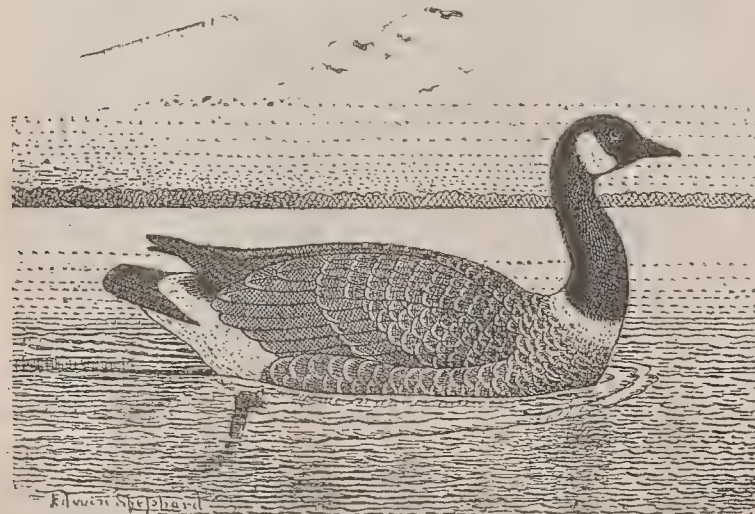


HUTCHINS' GOOSE.

feathers. The length of Hutchins' goose is about 30 inches, wing 16 inches or over.

Branta canadensis occidentalis (Baird).

The Western goose closely resembles the Canada goose, although it is slightly smaller. At the base of the black



WHITE-CHEEKED GOOSE.

neck there is a distinct white collar running around the neck, and separating the black from the gray and brown

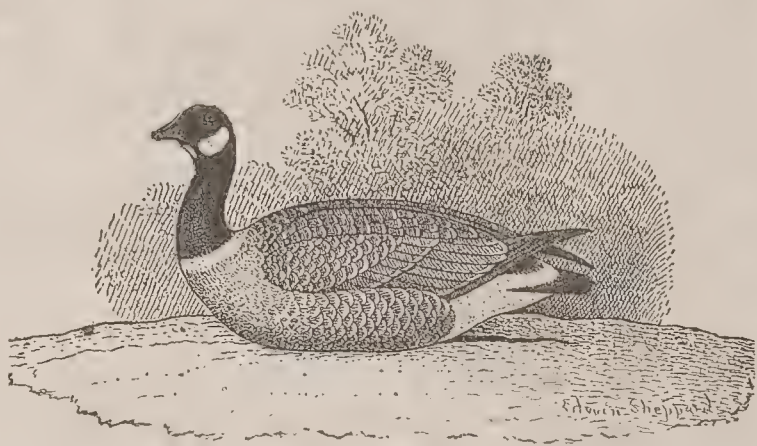
*From advance sheets of "The Book of Duck Shooting."

of the body. "This white collar," Mr. Ridgway writes me, "is a seasonal character, and may occur in all the sub-species. It fades out in summer and reappears with the fresh molt in autumn. Of this fact I had proof in a domesticated Hutchins' goose which my father had for eight or ten years." The back and wings are slightly paler than in the Canada goose, while the feathers of the breast are perhaps a little darker. The tail feathers are 18 to 20, as in the Canada goose; the bird's length is from 33 to 36 inches; wing 18 inches or less. This sub-species is also called the white-cheeked goose.

Branta canadensis minima (Ridgw.).

The cackling goose bears the same relation to the Western goose that Hutchins' does to the Canada goose, except that the difference in size is much greater. The tail feathers are 14 to 16; the length of the bird is about 24 inches. The coloring is almost exactly that of the Western goose; wing about 14 inches.

Of these four forms, the Canada goose is the only one of general distribution throughout North America. It is found from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and during the



CACKLING GOOSE.

migrations is abundant in New England, as well as over the more sparsely settled parts of the country. On the Pacific coast it is less common than the Western goose, but inland it is found in numbers.

The common wild goose is an early migrant, and often passes North while the waters are still sealed in their icy fetters. Soon after its arrival in the North, however, the water becomes open, and the birds mate and separate to select their summer homes. The six or eight eggs are laid in nests, sometimes in the marshes, sometimes on higher land, not far from water, and again on the broken-off stubs of trees, or even in a nest among the branches, high above the ground. The eggs are ivory white, and are carefully brooded by the mother bird. Early in June the young are hatched and taken to the water. Usually they are accompanied by both parents, and at this time, if danger approaches, they follow the mother in a long line, imitating her movements, sinking lower and lower in the water as she sinks in her attempt to hide, and finally diving and scattering under the water when she dives. Soon after the young birds appear the old ones begin to molt, and this is a period of danger for them, many being killed at this time by the Eskimos and the Indians.

All along the Missouri River and its tributaries, and by lakes scattered over the great plains, the Canada goose formerly bred in considerable numbers, and twenty years ago broods of these birds were commonly seen during the summer along these rivers and upon the prairies near these little lakes. The settlement of the Western country, however, has made such breeding places no longer available, and the geese are therefore obliged to journey further to the North before rearing their young.

The wild goose is readily domesticated, and this fact is taken advantage of by gunners, who capture crippled birds, keep them until cured, and subsequently use them as decoys to draw the passing flocks within gunshot of their places of concealment. Not infrequently the geese breed in confinement, though it is probable this does not take place until the females are three years old. Sometimes such domesticated geese, when tethered out as decoys, escape and swim off to join flocks of wild geese, but as the tame ones commonly cannot fly, they are left behind by the flocks when these move away, and frequently turn about and make their way back to the place where their fellow captives are confined. A case of this sort came under my notice in Curruck Sound in January, 1900, when an old gander belonging to the Narrows Island Club, that had slipped his loops and gotten away, made his way back, after three weeks of freedom, nearly to the goose pen where the rest of the stand were kept. The superintendent of the club had heard the goose calling for several days and recognized his voice, and after considerable search found him in one of the little leads in the island.

The flight of the wild goose is firm, swift and steady. The birds commonly fly in a Δ or triangle, though sometimes they spread out into a great crescent whose convexity is directed forward.

The alertness and wariness of this bird have become proverbial, and when at rest, either on the land or water, it is particularly watchful and difficult of approach. Geese are exceedingly gregarious, and where a flock is resting on the water all birds passing near them are likely to lower their flight, and after making one or two circles in the air, to join the resting birds. For this reason, when flying alone or in companies of two or three, the goose may readily be called up to certain points by an imitation of its cry. Where geese are abundant it is exceedingly common for the gunners to call such single birds to within gunshot.

In windy weather the geese, when their flight obliges them to face the gale, fly low, and often barely top the reeds of the marshes among which they are wintering. In foggy weather, or when snow is falling, they also fly low, keeping close to the water, apparently looking for a place in which to alight. At such times they come to decoys with especial readiness. Sometimes in foggy weather, when flying over the land, they become apparently confused and fly about in circles, as if they had quite lost their way.

Hutchins' goose, though so like the Canada goose in coloring, differs from it in habits. Its breeding place is further to the North, and is on the coast near the salt water. There their nests are usually constructed in marshes near the sea, but Audubon quotes Captain Ross as stating that they sometimes breed on ledges of the cliffs. In winter this species is found in California and in Texas; and on the Pacific coast great numbers are killed from blinds, and also from behind domestic animals, trained to gradually approach them as if feeding. Hutchins' goose is common in Alaska, and is reported there by all the explorers. Mr. Macfarlane found them also breeding on the shores and islands of the Arctic Sea.

Whether the Hutchins' goose is found at all on the North Atlantic coast appears to be an unsettled question. The books and the gunners alike state that it used to be found there, but if it occurs at present it is very unusual.

Like the Canada goose, the Hutchins' goose sometimes has its nest in trees. A case of this kind is cited by Dr. Brewer, who states that in one instance four eggs of this species were found in the deserted nest of a crow or hawk, built in the fork of a pine tree and at a height of 9 feet. The parent bird was shot on the nest.

Besides the ordinary book names applied to this species, Mr. Gurdon Trumbull, in his admirable "Names and Portraits of Birds," quotes Eskimo goose, mud goose, goose brant, marsh goose and prairie goose, as well as the general term, brant, which is commonly applied to all the smaller geese. Mr. Elliot says that among the Aleutians this bird is called the tundrina goose.

The habits of the cackling goose do not appear to differ at all from those of the Canada goose, but its range is a very narrow one, being restricted during the summer to the Bering seacoast of Alaska, its principal breeding place being the shores of Norton Sound. It does not occur during the breeding season anywhere south of the Alaska Peninsula, the breeding birds from Cook's Inlet southward being the white-cheeked goose. During migration it extends along the Pacific coast as far as California, but the birds seen in summer along the inlets of the British Columbia and Alaska coast are not this species but the white-cheeked goose. It reaches California in its southward migration about the middle of October, and departs again for the North in April.

Suggestions for a Tropical Game Preserve.

THE idea of making a game preserve on the extensive properties owned by the South American Land and Exploration Company, Limited, suggested itself to the company's manager because of the great abundance of game and the easy accessibility of the property.

Big game is disappearing, and even in South America one must be prepared to endure fatiguing marches and long days in the saddle before, under ordinary circumstances, a place can be reached where big game is really abundant.

The plan proposed is to put the administration of game regulations on the company's property under the direction of FOREST AND STREAM, and to give to the subscribers of that paper the privilege of hunting over the property. A description of the place and the real truth about hunting for big game in South America is as follows:

The lands are situated near Colombia, South America, on the northern slopes of the Serra Nevada de Santa Marta, a rough range of mountains facing the Caribbean Sea, but little known, and containing great stretches of forest land, interior valleys and lofty peaks that have never been visited by a white man. Within these regions every climate can be found, from the luxuriance of the most fertile tropics to the barren regions of perpetual snow among the lofty interior ranges. Strange Indian tribes inhabit the remote valleys, and wild magnificent scenery not excelled by any, however famous, rewards the eye of the traveler and explorer.

To reach this region one must first go to Curacao, the principal island among the Dutch West Indies, easy of access via the Royal Dutch Mail and the Red D Line of steamers. From Curacao a little schooner is taken to Riohacha, in the Republic of Colombia. This sail is the only unpleasant part of the trip, but at present there is no other means of communication. One is on the schooner about two days. The voyage is always rapid because the trade winds and ocean currents sweep continuously along the coast toward Riohacha.

Arriving off this ancient city, one sees a collection of low huts along the seashore with perhaps a dozen more pretentious buildings. The little schooner comes to anchor in a protected roadstead, the waves rocking it continuously, though not with violence. Presently a large canoe capable of holding several tons puts out from the shore, bringing the custom house officials. There is little ceremony entering the port of Riohacha. It is away from the general line of travel, and but little merchandise is to be inspected. The traveler usually finds that the visit of the authorities is in reality not an inspection but a pleasant welcome to the once busy city of Riohacha. The entry of the vessel is quickly made, papers are inspected and the traveler is at liberty to go on shore at his convenience, and he is usually glad to get there after the cramped quarters and rough fare of the schooner. Arriving at the shore one must be carried ingloriously through the low surf and dumped on the sand, while a crowd of men and boys fight and struggle for one's baggage, which must be first taken to the custom house and later to whatever rooms the traveler may engage. There are no hotels in Riohacha. Before leaving Curacao the traveler will have equipped himself with a sleeping hammock, a mosquito bar and other necessities of tropical life. These are quickly arranged, and one is at home. In a short time visitors begin to drop in. A traveler going to the company's property will have all necessary letters of introduction, and will immediately receive the attentions of the most prominent people, and will probably find good friends among them.

The ancient city of Riohacha is interesting, old and rather dirty. The traveler is in a novel situation miles away from the beaten track, among a population made up of Indians, negroes, Spanish-Americans and the representatives of a few proud old families.

The Indians are the most picturesque, and crowd about one eager to see and delighted to show all their belong-

ings. They come long distances from a country to the eastward to trade in the city, and are continually coming and going. In the city they are most friendly, but away in their own country it is a different matter, and one is not too safe in the country east of Riohacha. But to the westward is another region. No doubt the traveler has been looking with deep interest at a great range of mountains over which the sun is setting and the glory of the clouds is intensified by a thousand shades of color from the glistening snow on the summits to the deep purple gray valleys; but perhaps a mist hangs heavily as evening comes on, then all indication of the mountains is shut out.

Toward these mountains the traveler is shortly making his way, journeying along the coast in a great canoe manned by rough natives taking him to their village, called Dibulla.

The voyage along the coast is a novel one, made at night under the covering of the tropical stars that stud the heavens so abundantly that above the sky seems all starlight; and as the open canoe speeds onward the sighing of the winds around it and the swash of the waves along its sides make rhythmic music in the night. The time occupied depends on the wind; sometimes it is only a few hours, and at others daylight comes before Dibulla is reached. In this event the canoe is drawn up on the sand, and the men sleep during the day; the tropical sun is too hot in an open canoe; it is easier to finish the voyage the next evening. It never takes more than two nights to reach Dibulla, and the distance is not over fifty miles. On arriving, the canoe is taken across a bar in the river, and just beyond a sheet of quiet water is the little village of Dibulla, a collection of huts inhabited by very poor people. The traveler is welcomed, but here finds little to interest him. Swarms of teasing black flies and mosquitoes make it desirable to stay indoors, and the people show too plainly a sense of want and privation expressively evidenced in themselves and all their surroundings. Some, however, are strong and healthy, and on selecting guides one is ready to start for the mountains that now are just at hand.

Where one will start in must depend on the object sought. If it is the interior valleys, snow-capped peaks and strange but friendly tribes of Indians, one will go still further along the coast to the trail, probably mounted on an ox or bull, because the trail is too rough in the upper valleys for any other animal. If one seeks only to shoot big game with as little trouble as possible, one will take a staunch donkey or mule and cross the four or five miles of lowlands that separate Dibulla from the mountains. It is probable that during the two or three hours occupied in this journey one will form all sorts of evil opinions of the tropics in general and of the place in particular. There will be swarms of black flies and other teasing insects, blistering heat and dust, alternating with swamp holes and mosquitoes. Arriving at the foothills the way becomes pleasanter. Under the deep shade of the palm trees cool brooks will be found splashing along over clean gravelly bottoms. One must walk here, and will not go far before a cool breath coming down the mountains will invigorate the whole body. A little further and the teasing insects are left behind, and one

surrounded by all that is luxuriant and beautiful in the American tropics—a land of enchantments only ten or twelve days from New York. One will have a thousand questions to ask. But go softly; there is no fresh meat for supper. One cannot walk any great distance in this country without disturbing a flock of wild turkeys, and at any moment the heavy beating of their wings and peculiar cry can be expected as they start flying from the tall tree in which they were passing the heat of the day, giving their cry of warning one to the other and flying from tree to tree in all directions, stopping in the higher branches to peer about as if reluctant to go further, yet anxiously watching to know if they are followed. Now caution and good sportsmanship. Work carefully from tree to tree and earn a shot; the game will be worth killing; the meat well flavored and tender, to be enjoyed later during the cool evening at camp higher up among the mountains. If turkeys fail to bring sport, which is rarely the case, then the dogs will soon find some of the smaller animals. Wild hogs may be encountered, and it is so certain that game will be had on the way to camp that one need have no fear about supplies of fresh meat.

The camp at the upper part of the company's property, not the lower camps where rubber trees are being planted, is the place to stop. There all nature is beyond herself in loveliness—a wilderness of forests and a wealth of vegetation in variety without number; cold, clear brooks, cool, bracing air and that all-rewarding depth of grandeur—that sense of the infinite in the touch of nature, untrammelled by man's necessities, supreme in her primeval splendor.

Archæological evidence in the remains of a former civilization shows abundantly that these regions were once populated by hundreds of thousands and perhaps even millions of people; and they will be again. The lands are too good, the region too beautiful to remain unoccupied. But the game is the interest in this paper. The South American Land and Exploration Company, Limited, has

yes for about two hundred square miles of the best of this region; it proposes to develop the property for mining operations and the forestry cultivation of rubber, and the opportunity to maintain a game preserve will be unexcelled and will last for years. The principal wild animals worthy of interest are the jaguar and the tapir. To secure one of either requires no mean skill, and he who would be successful must have strength, endurance and enthusiasm, for these animals must be tracked far in among the mountains. To kill a tapir requires skill, caution and patience. Perhaps two or three days will pass before the animal is finally cornered. Then one must be quick with the rifle and hold steady, for the infuriated creature may charge to trample on his pursuers and gain his liberty undisturbed. To kill a jaguar requires courage as well as skill and endurance. One may search the mountains for days before overtaking the game, yet they are abundant, and one can feel sure of an encounter. The temper of a jaguar varies; in some places it is cowardly; but in these mountains it is daring, and the encounter must be for a life, and one must be cool and quick indeed. The jaguars haunt the mountains even higher than the company's upper camps, and the way will

be long and rough, and when the jaguar is found the sportsman must go forward to the encounter alone; the guides will not follow him, the animal is so thoroughly dreaded.

Referring once more to the game preserve, the company owns all this beautiful property; the nature of its operations admits of a special effort to preserve the game, and sportsmen who care to see the tropics away from the beaten track, to visit a beautiful region and have a shot at big game, with plenty of smaller animals always at hand, can be the guests of the company to shoot over its property and use its camps, provided they are introduced by the managers of FOREST AND STREAM. What will the company make by it? Nothing. It is not looking to make a profit from guests; but the general manager likes to do a little shooting himself when he can get the time, and would like to start the development of a tropical game preserve.

FRANCIS C. NICHOLS.

The Initiation of the Tenderfeet.

At a certain Adirondack cottage where for years the clerical, legal and medical professions have been much in evidence, with a frequent large spicing of educational workers—for the cottage has been noted for its genial company and the high quality of its intellectual bill of fare—it has long been the practice of the habitués to "initiate" every newcomer of the masculine persuasion. It was done, not by set formula nor prescribed ritual, nor always by prearrangement, but usually by taking the novice on a hunting or fishing trip where opportunities for him to fall into some trap and play a joke on himself were varied and abundant, and where, if he failed to do so unaided, a very little help would suffice to make a complete success and lots of fun.

The past summer furnished two victims, and as both "lived to tell the tale," it is chronicled "for the sake of those who come after."

Case I. A young business man from the city. His appetite for deer hunting was keen—it had long been whetted by camp-fire tales and other items in the experience of friends at the cottage. So enthusiasm was at the boiling point when he arrived in the mountains at the opening of the hunting season. His first trip was with a guide, and was unsuccessful—for though he had a shot it was a long one, and he failed to score. Next week the Scribe went with him to the camp—loved from long association and pleasant experiences—determined that if possible he should get a deer.

After lunch at the spring packs were left in camp, and rifle in hand we proceeded to the pond. The "watch rock" was a little promontory rising from 5 to 25 feet above the water, and nearly covered by trees and bushes. To reach this vantage point we must drag the boat from its concealment, or go a long way around, or walk a log lying on the mud and water near the outlet of the pond. We took the log. It was 30 to 40 feet long, some 14 inches at the butt, and about 3 inches and slippery at the top. The Scribe led the advance, telling and illustrating how the feet should be placed to insure safety. The directions were not followed. The tenderfoot persisted in crossing his legs and placing his feet in the most awkward way possible—toes out on either side the log—and, nearing the small end, he began to waver, then to slip, then to wobble, and presently, with rifle wildly waved in air, he started for China—one foot went as far in that direction as length of leg would permit. A brief but frantic struggle to regain the top of the log, and the other foot went into the mud. Then he waded ashore. He had taken his "first degree." The Scribe offered to return to camp with him and build up a fire to dry him out, but he was game, and replied, "No; the sun will dry out my clothes in two hours. You go up on the rock and watch, and if a deer comes in, shoot it." The Scribe answered, "Very well, I will watch, but if a deer comes you shall have the shot." Positions were taken accordingly, and within three-quarters of an hour a beautiful deer was seen across the pond and about 250 yards away. The Scribe crawled on hands and knees through the bushes and called the tenderfoot. He was using both sun and air to dry his clothes. He had nothing on but shirt and hat. Earnest gesture drew his attention. "Big deer. Come and shoot it!" "Why, I haven't my clothes on! You shoot." "That makes no difference; come along." "No, you shoot." "I will not—I came to give you a shot. Here's your chance, so come along." He came. He hoped to put his mark on the deer. The bushes put their marks on him. Crawling on hands and knees he reached his rifle. Sights were adjusted and he wanted to shoot. "Wait for a broadside." In a few minutes the coveted exposure came. "Now!" The rifle cracked and the deer started for home. Then a hasty glance along the sights of the Scribe's .30-30, and a quick jump, a humped back and a limp flag told of a hard hit. Then the tenderfoot dressed—himself, not the deer which we went to look for. While examining the trail, the novice took his "second degree"—a foot and leg went into the water full length. "Jerusalem! Now I'll certainly have to go to camp and dry out." "All right, we'll go." We returned to the log. The Scribe cut some long sticks to aid in keeping equilibrium on the log. When the Scribe was nearly across he said to the tenderfoot, "Now if you cannot walk this log in safety with your stick, I'll go and get the boat and ferry you across." He replied, "Oh no, I can walk it all right with this." He did along the small end and to the middle. Then his nerve began to fail and he cried out, "I am afraid I shall fall off before I get across." "No you won't. Come along, you're all right." "No, I shall fall off. I know I shall," and he did. He came on the large end of the log within 6 feet of shore, threw away his stick, grasped the overhanging alder bushes, stood wabbling a moment and went with both feet into the mud. He had taken his "third degree." The camp-fire was soon blazing.

Case II. A professional gentleman from ———, full of enthusiasm and gallantry. His wife and a lady, their friend, would see the beauties of the lakes. The Scribe had a big boat, square stern and heavy—a man standing on the side could scarcely tip it over—just the thing for nervous ladies to ride in till they became accustomed to the lakes. It was borrowed. The tenderfoot weighed nearly as much as both ladies, but he loaded the boat as follows: The lightest weight lady at the square stern,

the heaviest in the bow and himself next the bow seat. Of course, as he started backing from the dock the stern of the boat was high. The Scribe called to him, "Your boat does not balance. Shift your oars and sit on the middle seat." He simply turned around and sat on the middle seat facing the bow, and without shifting the oars, rowed the boat backward. A Hebrew came along in a guide boat. The tenderfoot said to himself, "I am not going to be outdone by that fellow," and, as "that fellow" seemed nothing loath, the race was soon on. The tenderfoot's muscle was good. He won, and the boat being large was not swamped by his perspiration. Soon the steamer hove in sight. As it passed, the tenderfoot observed a queer smile on the faces of the crew while looking at him, but he did not suspect the cause. He found out when the ladies disembarked and his eye caught the square stern of that clumsy boat. He had rowed it four miles backward. He was initiated.

The habitués of the cottage hope to be ready for the next candidate in 1901.

JUVENAL.

Maine and Boston.

BOSTON, Oct. 6.—The Maine angling season closed as it began, a remarkably brisk one. Anglers remained at the principal resorts till the last day of the season had expired. Many of them fished till after sundown Sunday night, Sept. 30, hoping to get a last big trout or salmon. Later that night the rigging was all cheerfully packed, but on Monday morning a boat or two was to be seen on the pool at the Upper Dam. The occupants had no fishing tackle, but were looking for the big trout and salmon that were to be seen there. The veteran angler, T. B. Stewart, of New York, who has fished about thirty seasons at the Upper Dam, says that he has never seen so many trout in that pool as during the past season. He will go home greatly pleased, for the banner trout of the season has fallen to his skill, one weighing 8¾ pounds, taken Sept. 21. The same day L. A. Derby, of Lowell, caught a salmon of 8 pounds 7 ounces. Sept. 19, G. S. Osgood caught a trout of 5 pounds 2 ounces, one of 3 pounds 7 ounces, one of 3 pounds 5 ounces and one of 6 pounds 1 ounce. On that day E. H. Abbott, Jr., got a trout of 5 pounds 1 ounce. About that time R. N. Parish has a record of a trout of 5 pounds 5 ounces, a salmon of 4 pounds and one of 3 pounds 7 ounces. On the 25th he took a trout of 3 pounds 4 ounces and one of 3 pounds 8 ounces. On the 27th George Hutchins caught a trout of 3 pounds 8 ounces, and on the 28th a salmon of 3 pounds 5 ounces. The same day R. N. Parish caught a trout of 3 pounds 4 ounces and T. B. Stewart a trout of 3 pounds 4 ounces. On the 29th Richard Rowe, of Boston, a veteran angler at the Upper Dam, caught a trout of 4 pounds 4 ounces. The above catches do not include many smaller trout used for the table and allowed to depart unharmed.

There is a boom in camps and camp lots at the Rangeleys. Still the great trouble is that the timber land owners will not sell camp lots on any of the Rangeley lakes, with the exception of a part of Rangeley Lake, and something on one side of Mooselucmaguntic. But a number of camps are being built on leased land. L. A. Derby and T. J. McDonald, of Lowell, Mass., have a fine camp under way on Black Point, Mooselucmaguntic Lake. Four new cottages have been built at the Upper Dam the past season. Mr. N. G. Manson, proprietor of Camp Leatherstocking, Upper Richardson Lake, is drafting plans for a camp on a point below his place. The camp is to be built for a friend and his wife, who are much pleased with that section. Dr. Haven's Beaver Island camps, on the same lake, have been sold to Mr. J. H. McMillan, of New York, a gentleman of wealth, introduced to that part of the country by J. Parker Whitney. It is reported that he will open up several new trails to the mountains, ponds and points of interest.

The Maine deer shooters have not yet had their usual first-of-the-season success. So far in October the number of deer arriving in Boston from Maine has not been one-third of what it was a year ago. It is suggested that the very warm weather has had much to do with this; hunters killing deer would not try to ship them when the weather is so hot. But I am certain that not the usual number have been killed, for some reason or other. Many of the late anglers staid till October, to get a few days' deer hunting. Many of these hunters have been disappointed. Some of them were on the best runways before daylight on the morning of Oct. 1, but no deer came. The weather was bright and warm, as it has been almost ever since. The guides say that no deer will be taken till there comes cold weather enough to send them out of the swamps and on to the ridges.

Boston gunners have been out after birds since the opening day, Oct. 1, and a good number of partridges and some quail have been taken. C. H. Tarbox, of Byfield, has an Irish setter that he is much pleased with. He had never worked him till the other day. Entering a swampy run, he hoped to start a stray woodcock. The dog did exactly as bidden. Soon he came to a fine point. Tarbox told him to go on and flush the bird. He did so and the game, a partridge, came down before it had time to fly a rod. Tarbox told the dog to go on and retrieve the bird. The knowing animal quickly came to another point, staunch as a ramrod. This would never do, to point on a dead bird. The hunter somewhat severely told the dog to go in and get the game. With a knowing glance backward at the hunter, as much as to say, "Be careful" the dog crawled a few paces further, when up went another partridge. Tarbox got this one also. Then with a gay wag of his tail the dog bounded in and brought out one bird and laid it at his master's feet. He did not stop here, but went in and got the other, without a word of command. Mrs. Tarbox says that the dog knows enough to do just what he is told to do, and Mr. Tarbox says that he knows enough to do the right thing, even when told to do something else. They have a neighbor, generally a dog hater. But that setter has gone over and made friends with him; goes over regularly to see him. The neighbor remarks, "Well, I never supposed that I should learn to love a dog as I love that one."

BOSTON, Oct. 8.—The truth must be told to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, even if it much displeases the

boomers of hunting resorts. The truth to come out this time is that the first week of the open season on big game in Maine has proved a good deal of a failure. More than the usual number of hunters have been in the woods, many of them staying over from the fishing season, with the hope of getting a deer to take out. But they have generally failed. I have seen a number of hunters who have returned from Maine, but have failed to meet one yet who has shot his deer. They say that they tried hard; had good guides, but the deer were not to be found. Not more than one deer a day has yet been received at the railroads here, where ten or a dozen were received for the same days of the open season last year. A special from Bangor reports the largest day's record there at twenty-seven deer, against sixty-seven for the largest day of the first week of the season last year. The total result of the first week of the season this year has been seventy-nine deer, passing through Bangor, against 121 for the same week a year ago.

Game Warden C. C. Nichols is out with an explanation of this fact. He does not expect that as many deer will be killed this year in Maine as last. He is reported to have said that he expects the number to fall off 200 or 300. His reason is that many sportsmen have already killed their deer and convinced their friends of their skill as mighty hunters, and that this year they will be indifferent about killing. Some of the guides do not agree with him. On the contrary, they believe that the number of new hunters will be great, and that the old ones will take all the deer they can legally take under the law. The true reason is doubtless the fact that the number of deer left in Maine is smaller than a year ago. The September license law has set loose a crowd of hunters and guides, and they have invaded the ponds and lakes where the deer come down, and have either shot them or driven them away. I have it from a gentleman who spent the whole of September in a good deer section of Maine that the struggle for deer has been almost terrific. He says that the law is a sad farce. One license is made to answer for a vast amount of hunting by both guides and sportsmen. A registered guide, a man who tells the truth, has told me of a case where one license has been made to do the duty of four deer killed at one camp during the past September. I have visited one hunting region myself, where the deer were very plenty in July and August. A good deal of September license shooting has been done in that section. I hunted one day, faithfully, over exactly the same ground I hunted over on a day of about the same date a year ago. This day not a deer did I start; not seeing a sign of one. Last year, under almost the same weather conditions, I started seven deer. The experience of other deer hunters, so far this October, is being equally unsatisfactory. A great number of sportsmen passed through Bingham, Me., another gateway to a good sporting region, on the last days of September, not to return till they had tried for deer in October. But some of them have returned with most unsatisfactory reports. They shot no deer and started very few that were seen. It is possible that all this poor luck may be changed later, but I do not believe it will. I fear that the supply of deer has been sadly drawn upon, under the September license system. Some of the best deer hunters I am acquainted with are outspoken in declaring that Maine deer cannot stand up under September hunting. Early the weather is hot and the deer come to water every day, especially when the woods are as dry as they were almost all of September this year. Hunters only have to lie in ambush, and the very last deer may be killed. In October the rains have come, and the deer do not have to go to water. The weather is cool, and they take to the ridges, where it takes a smart hunter to find them. It now looks as though September deer hunting in Maine especially early September, is likely to prove a bad mistake.

The attempt of the Commissioners to shut off licenses and keep hunters out of the woods during the driest part of September was "a farce of considerable dignity," says a gentleman who was on the hunting grounds during the whole of September. He thinks it should be compared to "issuing orders to captains and seamen already gone to sea." The guides and hunters kept right on. If deer were killed they were not brought in during the dry weather. If they spoiled in the woods, it was the fault of the law and the weather.

SPECIAL.

Care of Shotguns.

WITHOUT effort, but with a modicum of negligence, one can in a brief period substantially ruin the finest pair of shotgun barrels turned out from the factory of a foreign or domestic gun maker. There are several ways to accomplish this result, among which I may mention the loaning of your gun to a friend; another is to leave your gun unclean after a day's use at game or the traps, and still another to toss it in or out of your wagon or boat as you might your hitching block or boat anchor—"there are others." I have owned some fine guns in my day, and have at times loaned guns to friends, which, when returned, were, if returned at all, sure to be in bad condition. I became tired of that, so I purchased two double guns for the use of friends, succeeded in loaning both, neither of which has been, or ever will be, returned. I am just out of loanable guns; no borrowers need apply.

More effort is required, but not much more, to keep your guns in good condition than to ruin them. In the days of cap lock muzzleloaders we could never inspect the interior of the gun's bore without removing the breech pins. This was rarely done. We removed the nipples or cap cones, inserted the breech of the barrels in a vessel of water, then with a pledget of tow or other substance wrapped on the end of a cleaning rod we inserted the end of the rod so equipped in the muzzle of either barrel and pumped away, changing water from time to time, until the pumped water became clear; after which we poured through a funnel boiling water into the barrels until they became hot to the hand; then we drained, wiped dry, inserted the cones, mounted the barrels and the work was complete, except that to guard against a hang fire we might at times test our work by discharging a light powder load. The barrels might be loaded, rusted or pitted; if so, we were not unhappy; we did not know it.

The advent of breechloaders changed to a great degree the cleaning process. We can readily detect rust, pits and leading, but most of us adhere to the use of water for cleaning. It is some years since I have practiced at the

traps. Another gentleman and myself in those years were credited with having our guns always in the best possible condition internally and externally. I was asked how I managed to do this. My answer was a surprise to my interrogator. I never clean my guns with water—they are never leaded, pitted or rusted, always clean and bright inside and clean outside. I use high test alcohol, spirits of turpentine or coal oil, generally the latter. After using my gun, with a swab moistened with one of the above named fluids I wipe out the barrels; then I search for lead. This, if found at all, will be apparent a few inches from the top of the shell chambers. If I discover any or suspect its presence, I attach to my cleaning rod a brush which I have had constructed of fine brass wire, and with this brush scour the gun bores thoroughly, until I am sure every particle of lead has been removed. Then I wipe the barrels internally with a clean swab moistened with one of those fluids, after which I oil with animal oil. I treat the barrels externally with similar care, as well as all the metal and woodwork, and finally with a piece of oiled chamois wipe all the gun externally, when you may, without touching any of the metal parts with the naked hand, lay it in its case, assured it will come out when called for in good condition and ready for service.

SEPTUAGENARIAN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Backward Season in the West.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 6.—Our season still continues backward in the West, the unusually hot weather over much of the Northwest preventing any general southern flight of the ducks. While any day may make a great change in these matters, at this writing there has been no flight of Northern birds within 200 miles to the north of this point, and such shooting as we have had in this latitude has been merely of a chance sort and of no great extent. The week current should see the flight down over much of North Dakota and upper Minnesota, but we will no doubt have to wait till later in the month for such sport as we may naturally expect on the grounds of this section of the middle West.

With respect to the jacksnipe the above does not apply. These birds have been with us now three weeks, and the moist, warm weather has seemed to suit them, so that they have not pulled out for the south, and are not apt to do so for some days or weeks. The grounds at Koutts and other old-time favorite localities are now in very fair shape, and a decent bag is not out of the question to-day at any one of a score of points on the Kankakee marsh.

Bill Haskell, of this city, was last week down on the Maksawba marsh with the veteran snipe shooter, John Watson, and they found quite a lot of birds in, though at a point some miles from the club house. Mr. Watson bagged twenty-one jacks and Bill got fourteen, a very nice little shoot. They report that a few days before their trip the birds were even more abundant, and it was on this same ground that there was made the biggest bag of this fall, seventy-two birds, which were killed by a local man whose name they did not learn. This bag was made last Saturday, a week ago, and on Friday, a week ago yesterday, there was another heavy bag made, fifty-two birds, killed by a man from Grand Crossing, Cook county, whose name Mr. Haskell did not know. This heavy shooting had driven out the birds to a great extent from this country where Mr. Haskell and Mr. Watson were shooting, but as snipe luck goes, the very next man in there after a rest of a couple of days is apt to meet almost as good sport. Mr. Hoyt, a Maksawba member who lives in Chicago, hunted close about the club house at the same time the two gentlemen above mentioned were down, and he got thus close to home twelve jacks and three woodcock, the latter the first woodcock seen in that part of the world for some time.

There seems little reason to doubt that a very good body of jacksnipe is now in over the Kankakee marsh region, and it is a good tip to try Hanna, Koutts, Water Valley or any one of the old stand-by localities as soon as possible, and before the cold wave strikes us, which is due at almost any time thus late in the fall.

Early Birds.

Those who want to know where the game is going might perhaps to some advantage ask the deputies at Milwaukee, who are keeping an eye peeled a good deal of the time on shipments headed out of their State for the Chicago markets. This past week the deputies seized at Milwaukee 700 partridges and three saddles of venison, all of the same slightly early so far as the legal season is concerned. The owner of the game was not discovered, but he will probably have a sore spot in his heart for the wardens.

For a Sportsmen's Exposition.

Mr. R. E. Follett, mentioned some months ago in these columns as in Chicago for the purpose of enlisting support for an establishment in this city similar to those of New York and Boston, returned to this city during the past week, and now reports that he has received pledges of Chicago capital sufficient to warrant calling the undertaking a certainty and a success. The place of the exposition will be the Coliseum building, and the date Feb. 12 and week following. Some of the wealthier Chicago business men have subscribed to the stock, and the good folk of this burg will give the enterprise the support which they are wont to accord to anything they want and which is really good. The organization of the company was completed to-day, and the following officers were elected: President, ex-Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury James H. Eckels; Treasurer, Harold McCormick; First Vice-President, F. C. Donald, chairman of the Central Traffic Association; Second Vice-President and Manager, Richard E. Follett.

Successful Rocky Mountain Trip.

Mr. John G. Mott, of Michigan City, Ind., whom I referred last summer to Wm. Wells, of Wells P. O., Uinta county, Wyo., for a big-game trip, went out there a month or more ago and is to-day just back, and is a very much pleased man. He was accompanied by his son, Russell Mott, and each was successful in getting some good

heads of elk and antelope. On the first day out from their first camp Mr. Mott killed a blacktail, and on his next hunting day killed a grand bull elk. They then moved camp, but for the next five days did not see any heads that they cared to kill. On the eleventh day Mr. Mott got his second bull elk, another fine specimen. Mr. Russell Mott found nothing to suit him till his sixth day, when he got his first elk, a fine bull. On his ninth day he killed his second bull. The party was out nineteen days and moved camp five times. On the sixteenth day they got three antelope—one a doe killed by mistake for a buck—and on the following day they got three more nice buck antelope, making eleven head of big game. They got all the grouse they wanted, but were a bit disappointed in the trout fishing, for Mr. Mott says the mountain trout out there are wilder and warier than they are in Michigan or Wisconsin. He is skeptical about there being such a thing as an unsophisticated trout. They, however, got all they needed to eat. They were only about forty miles from Mr. Wells' place. They say that both their guides were good, and the outfit all they could ask. They had along sixteen horses in all, four riding horses, three extras and the rest pack horses, which shows the customary manner of making these mountain trips to-day. Mr. Mott says that Mr. Wells has nearly lost all his old bear pack that used to make so much history in Routt county, Colo., and later in the Wind River range, only two or three of the old dogs being left. He does not think there are so very many bear or cats left in that range, but says that for elk it cannot be beaten. For a wonder, Mr. Mott comes back entirely satisfied and sure that he was sent to the right place, which is comforting, since in these days it is not always sure what luck a hunter is to have in even the best of our remaining big-game range.

At the time Mr. Mott left, there was considerable snow falling in the mountains, and they had freezing weather nearly every night, of course. They met on their trip Adjutant-General Williams, of New York, and his friend, Mr. Prime, of New York city, both of whom were going far in and high up after sheep, and who are hardly yet ready to come out.

Mr. Mott said that he enjoyed immensely his first hunting trip in the Rockies, and he seems certainly to have taken to it mighty kindly. He was surprised alike to find how cold it was and how little some of the men he met seemed to care for the cold. One of his guides went about apparently half-clad, but was warm as toast all the time. "That's nothing," said the guide. "You ought to have seen Capt. McNeil, of the Ninety-third Highlanders. That Scotchman who was out here not long ago. He was right from India, and we thought that he would freeze to death, coming from so warm a country, but what does he do but take off all his underwear and say it was too hot for him. He would sit for an hour out on top of a ridge with a big telescope looking for game, when the wind was cold enough to drive us all away, but that man—why, he'd melt out the frozen ground for 10 feet all around him where he had been sitting, he was that warm blooded. He was sure a warm sport."

All About Navajo Blankets.

Speaking of cold weather in camp reminds one naturally of blankets, and chance brings up at this time a few facts about the best of all camp blankets, the Navajo brand, known to all the real old-timers of the West as unquestionably one of the finest fabrics that ever came from a native loom in any quarter of the globe, and good in their way as any weave of the Orient. The ownership of a genuine "old-weave" Navajo nowadays is something of which one may well be almost as proud as of a real buffalo bull hide war shield of the old plains days. In the one case or the other, there is only too much likelihood of disappointment when the article is put under the scrutiny of one who really knows what it should be.

I am tempted to mention of the Navajo blanket primarily from seeing this week Mr. Edward Kemeys, who is recently back from a long trip among the Arizona Indians, taken for the purpose of seeing the historic snake dances of the Moquis and of coming in touch with the ways of the far Southwest, as he already was with the old-time Northwest. Mr. Kemeys has all his life been much devoted to the Navajo blanket, and has many specimens of the old weave, and he added to this collection a couple of dozen more of the more modern sort, to say nothing of one or two of the rare old patterns whose age is their guaranty.

More than this, I met this week also Mr. H. J. Maratta, an artist of this city, who has been out painting things in the Southwest, and who knows many things about that country which are not vouchsafed to any transient to learn. Mr. Maratta has some blankets also, and he knows a good one when he sees it. The dry goods stores now ask \$75 to \$125 for a genuine old-weave Navajo. When I used to live down in New Mexico we thought \$25 too much for the best one in the world, and the regular price was a dollar a pound, and furnish your own wool, a genuine Navajo squaw being a treasure for a community.

Times have changed in the Navajo industry, and the old-time fabric has become commercialized—indeed, commercialized to the point of counterfeiting. I presume it will be news, perhaps not very welcome news, to just everybody who has bought a "genuine Navajo," to learn that "genuine Navajos" are made in very large quantities outside of Arizona. Located on the lake shore not very far to the north of this city, in the city of Racine, a citizen of that city runs a factory there which makes "Indian blankets," though not calling them Navajos. I doubt if one of these blankets would hold a bucket of water over night without leaking, as our New Mexico blankets did, or if the colors would not run a bit if exposed to the rain.

The original Navajo robe was no doubt made of undyed wool, and the colored blankets date back only to the Spanish times. The natives used to take the old red cloth, known as Bayeta cloth, which they got in trade from the Spaniards, and unravel it, then reweaving it after their own fashion. It was this old red cloth which furnished the color scheme which was handed down in the Navajo tribe. The old blankets were not very thick, but were unspeakably dense and impenetrable, and showed a hard fine grain. The modern blankets that one buys along the railroad now are soft, woolly looking things, and

do not very much resemble the old-time blankets. Their dyes are not fast, and they do not wear as the old ones did, though sometimes unscrupulous dealers counterfeit the wear by rubbing the surface, just as the vender of Turkish rugs gives them age by artificial means.

Now, singularly enough, the degeneracy of the Navajo blanket is not the fault of the Indian, but of the white man. It was a white man, a traveling trader, who discovered that the Germantown wools would do for weaving blankets on these old Indian looms. He took these wools to the Indians and told them that the white men wanted that sort of thing, and the Indians used the wools to make their blankets, thinking that they had struck an improvement. They were surprised when some other white men, who knew the old weave, refused to pay top prices for these inferior soft-wool blankets. The Indians thought then that white men were very inconsistent beings.

I presume that the best stock of Navajo blankets of the real sort is now owned by J. L. Hubbell, of Genado, Ariz., about sixty miles from the railroad. He is ignorant of this mention. Hubbell is an old-time Arizona sheriff, and, by the way, was the only single individual that ever stopped a whole railway system by himself. It is said that once upon a time the Santa Fe Railroad forgot to pay its taxes in some little forgotten sand county in the desert and Hubbell strapped on his guns, threw the switch and held the whole thing up till the taxes were paid. Since then he has become an Indian trader and knows how to get along with the Indians as no tourist can.

Hubbell conceived the idea of preserving the integrity of the old Navajo weave, and he has done so if any one can have done so. He employed Marata and Burbank—the latter the well-known artist on Indian topics—to paint in colors the old patterns of these blankets whenever a real specimen was secured. These two gentlemen got him up quite a number of the old designs, known as authentic, and they have an open order to-day to send him the reproduction of any genuine old pattern which they may come across.

This is how a real old-time Navajo pattern is to be obtained to-day, and it is the nearest you can come to a Navajo, unless you are so very lucky as to pick up one of the old indestructibles that has come down from the first days. The trader, who is known and trusted by the Indians, and who knows and trusts them, will meet an Indian woman at his store. You are there, and you pick out one of the old patterns, with all the quaint and mystic lines and bars and puzzling figures. The trader asks the Indian woman if she can weave that pattern, and perhaps she says that she cannot. If she says she can, the trader pays her then and there for the blanket, and she goes away to her village, perhaps sixty or a hundred miles away. The trader pays no more attention to her, and in perhaps six months or a year she comes in with the blanket. Indians are honest. In that way you get the old pattern, and the nearest approach possible now to the old weave. The trader pays the woman more for weaving the blanket than we used to pay for the completed blanket when we got them in the Southeast, nearly twenty years ago. The prices have gone up, and as Mr. Burbank says, the Indians are getting civilized, instancing the fact that one tried to borrow half a dollar of him the other day.

It is said, and I am not sure but I once mentioned it in these columns, that some shrewd traders once broke into the Navajo reservation and bought a lot of the best blankets for two or three dollars apiece, because they paid for the goods in bright new silver dollars, which the simple natives thought were worth far more than an old and worn dollar piece.

The largest Navajo blanket in the world is said to be owned by Hubbell, of Genado. It is an old pattern, and is 24 feet square and weighs over 200 pounds. It would wear well as a dining room rug, but I should not care for it on a snowshoe trip for a camping blanket. The chief fault of the Navajo as a camping blanket for white men is that it is nearly always too small for a sleeping blanket, being woven by the Indians originally as a wearing blanket and not a sleeping cover. It comes from a region where the climate is not so rigorous as in the North lands, and it is singular enough that it should be the best defense ever made against the cold. Its great weight is its only drawback. One of the old-time ones was both blanket, umbrella and poncho, and nothing could phase it. I have often seen a row of Greaser teamsters with a freight train, lying at night on some exposed mountain side, with only a smoky little piñon fire to temper the air, with a few broken, ragged boughs for a wind break and a little, absurd, narrow strip of Navajo weave spread over their shoulders. They made no complaint, though their bivouac might have tried the soul of many a Northern man. There was also in that region the old native Mexican blanket made of loosely woven undyed wool, so loose that you poke your finger through it any place, but still quite warm much as is the rabbit hide blanket of the Alaska Indians, which latter is said to be ideal for cold weather.

Thus go the times, and pat comment enough was that made this morning by a certain small person who was speaking of these very things.

"The white men have been fighting the Indians and killing them off as fast as they could, and doing everything in the world to show them that they were not fit to live. Now that they've got the Indians about all killed, they're taking all sorts of pains to get hold of the things the Indians used, and they make much out of their blankets and things. This seems sort of funny to me."

It is sort of funny. As for the fakes, one takes his chances, naturally, but if you do not believe the fad part of the above statement, just price a "genuine Navajo" in some big fashionable dry goods house. It will make your blood run cold. My Greaser gave two or three pesos for his shoulder strip of a squaw blanket. It wouldn't buy a corner of a "genuine Navajo" to-day at one of our commercial emporiums.

The Saginaw Crowd.

The special car Wm. B. Mershon reached Chicago at 5 P. M. to-day, and left at 6:15 over the Wisconsin Central for North Dakota. The party was composed of Messrs. W. B. Mershon, Watts Humphreys, Geo. E. Morley, C. H. Davis, Varnum Lyons, H. T. A. Harvey, of Saginaw; Waldo Avery, of Detroit, and A. P. Bigelow, of

New York. All are well except Mr. Mershon, who is nearly ill and hopes for benefit in the North.

At this writing a cold rain is falling in Chicago, and heavy storms are reported in the North. The Saginaw party will be apt to meet a good flight.

Strenuous Sport.

A friend just back from California says that he examined some of the boats which are used in the lower coast country in fishing for tuna and yellowtail, and he noticed that the gunwales and stern boards were cut in an inch or so, as though sawed, in a deep groove. This he was informed was done by the sawing of the line on the wood while the boat was towed by some of the big fellows that sometimes fall to the fortune of the angler of that land. This would seem a bit strenuous, whether it be work or sport.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Adirondack Deer.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am sorry if Juvenal cannot get to the Adirondacks, now that the opening of the deer season is put back two weeks, and I admire his sportsmanship if he wails merely from disinterested solicitude for the guides and the "great majority." But I seriously question two things—first, should the game laws be framed with any regard to the convenience or pecuniary profit of the guides, and, second, are the "great majority" of amateur sportsmen inconvenienced by the later season? With regard to the first, the deer are protected and the season circumscribed for the benefit of all who may be imbued with the charm of hunting, be they guide or other, and the guides' cry of "poor business" and "no money in it" when the season is cut down should not "cut any ice." Neither do I think that the guides will be so foolish as to shoot more than the usual number of deer out of season, from the necessity of having meat for their families, because it would be short-sighted policy to kill the goose which lays the golden egg, and try to wipe out the industry by which, if we believe Juvenal, they support their families—which, by the way, they don't. Guiding is a side issue, and business runs good or bad according to the chances of the season, and a guide's cleverness in keeping a man out a week to get a deer which might have been procured the first or second day. Leave the guides alone. They know where their bread is buttered.

Secondly, the "great majority of men who go into the Adirondacks at all" go there with their families to have a good time fishing, boating, walking, driving and all that, and depart with equanimity when the "season" ends with August, while the majority of sportsmen stay at home and work during the summer months looking forward to the fall deer trip with yearning, and roll the anticipated morsel in the mouth with keenest relish. They are the men who appreciate the change in the open season for deer, and who say it is much better as it is, for the slaughter of the beautiful creatures is cut down by two weeks, and the chances for good hunting increased just so much for our children's children.

JOHN A. LEARNED.

Big Game on the Miramichi.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The big-game season has begun well on the Miramichi, and, so far, every sportsman who has come here from the United States and reappeared from the woods has brought with him his moose, and in some cases, additional trophies of the hunt. Among those who have come out during the past week are:

William Crawford, of New York, and A. B. Wallace, of Springfield, Mass., who had Ned Way and Carl Bressing as guides. They were on the headwaters of the Northwest Miramichi. They killed two moose and a bear—all fine specimens—which they brought out to Newcastle on Thursday, 27th.

L. M. Thatcher, of New York, who had Geo. McKay with him as guide on the Tomognops, a branch of the Northwest Miramichi, came out to Newcastle on Friday with a big moose.

Dr. Callé and Adolphe Kouttroff, of New York, whose guides were James Manderville and son, came out from a hunt on the Little Southwest Miramichi on Thursday, 27th, with two moose and two caribou. The antlers of the moose heads spread 53 and 61 inches respectively, and one of the caribou heads had twenty-seven prongs.

S. C. Stanley, of Lawrence, Mass., also came out to Newcastle from Remus on the Southwest Miramichi on Thursday, with Guide Norris Manderville. He had a splendid moose with him which he killed in that region.

Messrs. H. McK. Kirkland and Irving Kisson, of New York, came out to Newcastle on Thursday with two moose, which they killed on the Guagus Lake grounds, where they were guided by John Wambold.

On Sunday, 30th, Ernest Houston and David White, of Boston, who were guided by Ned Menzies and Wm. McKay on Mountain Brook Lake, Northwest Miramichi, brought with them to Newcastle a moose each. They were A1 specimens.

So far I have not heard of a single failure among our hunters and visiting sportsmen. Among those now on the hunting grounds of the Miramichi in quest of moose, caribou and other big game are:

C. C. Taylor, of Philadelphia, and two friends who have Guides George McKay, Ned Menzies and Will McKay on Tomognops.

Henry S. Grew and Alfred Rodman, on Mountain Brook lakes, with Ned Way and Carl Bressing as guides. Harry A. Pitman, of Boston, on the Renous, with Hiram Manderville as guide.

Theodore Hoague, of Boston, is also on the Renous, guided by Duncan Manderville.

Geo. F. Dominic, Jr., of New York, and a friend are with Guide Thomas Weaver, of Blackville, on Sabbies River.

German Consul-General Karl Buenz, Mr. Scheckel and Carl Pickhardt, of New York, are in the North Pole-district, Little Southwest Miramichi, guided by Manderville and son and others.

Edwin C. Holmes, of Boston, is under the guidance of Arthur Pringle in the Bald Mountain region of the Northwest Miramichi.

Mr. R. H. Armstrong, of Newcastle, in addition to doing his own share of hunting, made the necessary local arrangements for all the foregoing, save Mr. Holmes.

D. G. SMITH.

CHATHAM, N. B., Oct. 2.

Wildfowl in Chincoteague Bay.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I suppose that every one knows that this bay is half in Virginia and half in Maryland. It is hard to say exactly where the line is, but it crosses the shoals in such a way that we are often gunning in Virginia, and Virginia people are gunning in Maryland. The trouble in policing these waters has been that the law-breakers would claim to be in Maryland or Virginia, just as it suited them to escape punishment. Last winter the Virginia Sportsmen's Association appointed Capt. Jeffries, an old resident of Chincoteague Island, game warden, paying him a salary for his services, and I am glad to report that at last we are in good shape to protect the wildfowl from light shooting and all other ways forbidden in the laws. Mr. Jeffries is an honest, upright man, and perfectly fearless. A gunner himself, he is acquainted with every crook and turn in the big bay, and is perfectly at home on the water day or night. He knows every lawless shooter on both sides of the line, and knew exactly what trouble he would have when he accepted the position. Capt. Jeffries went to each man and warned him that he would put him under arrest the first time he caught him at illegal work. They threatened to shoot him, burn his house, sink his boats and do all manner of terrible things to him if he attempted to interfere with them. The result has been that Jeffries has nearly broken it up. Two arrests were made, and a third man shot at him as he was going to him. Jeffries opened on the man with his Winchester, and he has disappeared from these parts for good. Now we are in a fair way to get a good warden on the Maryland side, and between the two it will be pretty hot for the lawless gunners.

There are a few black duck and teal on the marshes, but there will be very little shooting here until the first of November, when the big flights of shelducks stop on the shoals. Geese will also be here about that time, and we are looking for a large increase in numbers. Every spring before the one past, hundreds of these geese were killed here in April at night with guns and fire box. Last April, under the special care of Warden Jeffries, I think not a single one was killed. This should mean a difference in our favor of hundreds of young geese. I have not noticed any increase in the brant for a number of years. The same favored localities seem to be visited by the same sized bunches year after year, tame and easily decoyed at first, getting slyer and slyer as the days go by, until only by accident is a shot got at them. Redheads and blue-bills will be here in December, thousands of them covering the shoals and filling the air with quick-passing bunches. I think they are on the increase here. I never saw them more plentiful than they were in '98, and there seemed to be just as many last year. I had a gentleman out last march who shot eighty-four shells in two hours, and every shell represented a good killing shot if the gun was held right. We have wildfowl here and we have good feeding grounds—miles of it—and now that we are protected, we will have the best shooting north of the Carolinas.

O. D. FOULKS.

STOCKTON, Md., Oct. 1.

West Virginia Game.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is gratifying to note that small game generally is more abundant in some parts of Pennsylvania and West Virginia this season than for some years past. In fact, it is many years since squirrels were as plentiful as they are this season in Indiana county, Pa., affording local sportsmen privileges which they had counted as gone forever. Quail, which have been protected in West Virginia at all seasons for four years, are so numerous in this section that their cheerful "Bob White" can be heard during the season from the heart of our town at any time, and it is to be hoped that they may be killed sparingly and be allowed to sound their good cheer through our mountains and valleys.

Nothing can be more indicative of a community of high-minded and right-thinking people than the presence of a goodly amount of game birds and animals. It speaks louder than words.

The cultivation which the FOREST AND STREAM is giving to the minds of its readers along that line is worthy of the support of all persons and institutions which are interested in teaching humanity to think right. It is with pleasure that we note the return of big game to parts of Vermont and other old Eastern States, where it had long ago disappeared, and we now hope that the sentiment which has so long and persistently been advocated is reaching the people, and when the people are possessed of a disposition to protect the game, then it will be protected as no game warden can protect it.

Wild turkeys are quite plentiful within a few miles of here, and one of our townsmen—George Kiger—killed two this season.

EMERSON CARNEY.

The North American Fish and Game Protective Association.

We have received a pamphlet of 200 pages containing the minutes of the proceedings of the first convention of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, held at Montreal, Feb. 2, 1900, as was reported in these columns at the time. A wide range of subjects was under discussion, and the publication in this form is very acceptable.

Virginia Birds.

STAUNTON, Va., Oct. 6.—Birds have never been known to be more plentiful than this year. Pheasants are reported to be numerous, and any quantity of turkeys. Season for quail opens Nov. 1; pheasants and turkeys, Oct. 15.

C. S.

Seventh Annual Sportsmen's Show.

THE next Sportsmen's Show will open March 2, 1901, Madison Square Garden, New York city, under the auspices of the National Sportsmen's Association. We deem it advisable to make this early announcement in order to give ample time for preparation, both in the trade and among those who desire to arrange special attractive features, as many weeks and months of preparation and careful study is necessary to arrange and complete many of the exhibits, and we have learned in the past through intending exhibitors that had they been advised earlier in the season they would have made handsomer exhibits or shown some especially attractive feature. This not alone applies to exhibits of boats, launches and camps, but in collecting rare specimens of game birds and animals, also fish.

The management having already received many inquiries regarding the coming Sportsmen's Show, is assured and encouraged by the interest shown, and desires simply to announce the date of the opening of the show so as to give all intending exhibitors and those who may become interested timely notice.

As soon as arrangements now under way are completed, further announcement will be made.

J. A. H. DRESSEL, General Manager.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Odd Happenings by the Riverside.

RECENTLY looking over an old copy of a well known English sporting paper, I came upon some stories of "remarkable shots" made at various times at fur and feather, many of which, to the reader unused to days spent by "bracken and burn," would seem to partake too much of the Baron Munchausen element to warrant credence. But an experience gained in many outings teaches differently. Old sportsmen know that very odd things do happen sometimes, not only in using shot and bullet at game, but with rod and line as well. Remarkable occurrences are not restricted by any means to the shooting field alone, and many a fisherman could tell of curious incidents by lake and riverside that came under his notice while practicing his gentle art.

In this latter connection, while I cannot lay claim to being able to relate anything very wonderful, perhaps a description of one or two singular exploits pertaining to the wielding of the rod may not prove uninteresting.

For the possessor of a yacht, who is fond of fly-fishing, there is no more charming cruise than one day along the south coast of Nova Scotia in the months of May, June and July. Many fine salmon rivers and trout streams empty into the different bays, on which good sport may be had, and it was on one of these, called the West River at Sheet Harbor, that I had a peculiar battle with a salmon.

This stream issues from a large lake not far from the sea, and falls over a series of ledges between which are good pools that fish ascending delight to rest in. I found, when I arrived at the mouth of the river on a bright afternoon in July—having made a most enjoyable voyage thither from Halifax in a trading schooner—that owing to heavy rains that had fallen previously the water was very high, and on looking over the first pool I saw to my astonishment salmon rising—not leaping with a splash, but just coming up to the surface, and displaying part of the back and tail in the quietest manner imaginable. I never witnessed such a thing before. I fancy they were on the move upwards, for no fly I could show them seemed to attract attention.

Next morning, however, I was bright and early on the spot, and killed a nice salmon of twelve and a half pounds at the first pool on a silver-doctor, lost another at the second, after a ten minutes' fight, got a ten pounder at the third, and at the fourth hooked one in a very peculiar manner, and hereby hangs my tale. At the first or second cast at the place I rose a fish; but though he made a great profession of anxiety to seize it, he did not touch the fly. I rested him, and tried at intervals several favorites, a Butcher, Kate, Fairy, and an Admiral (the latter fly is held in high esteem on Nova Scotian rivers, and is made with pale olive pig's wool, body ribbed with gold tinsel, red game cock's hackle for legs, wings from owl's tail feather—a sort of brownish cream color—and antennae of two fibers of blue and buff macaw). But it was no use. The salmon spurned them all with contempt. I was perplexed. I confess, but by no means inclined to give him up. At last finding flies useless I determined to try a phantom minnow, and removing my fly attached the lure in its place.

Casting well across the pool, I brought the miniature fish by gentle jerks down to the spot where I thought the fish was lying, and was fetching it up stream again with as life-like a motion as I could, when with a mighty rush and back out of water he came at it, and was hooked. And then there was a proper fuss. I do not think there was a square foot of that pool that the fish did not explore. Back and forth, hither and thither he darted, but never leaped once—a thing by the way that struck me as being very strange. At length in spite of all that I could do he made for the rapids at the tail of the pool, and though I gave him the butt as stiffly as I dared I could not check him in the slightest degree. By the heavy strain on my rod I took him to be an immense fish. Down the rapid, and into the next pool he rushed with lightning speed; my reel singing merrily as I followed as fast as I was able through the water—for the trees overhanging the bank—barking my shins badly, by the same token, against sundry rocks in my hurry. Here my antagonist stopped about the middle, and began to sulk. However, I succeeded in starting him soon again by rapping the metal ferrule on the butt of the rod with the blade of my sheath knife, and then away he darted with a vengeance, this time making right across the pool, treating contemptuously my efforts to stop him, and over the furthest little fall from me, on

the other side of the river, among great rough boulders he went into the large pool below; but luckily did not, as I feared, cut the line. In this place I had plenty of sea room, as sailors term it, and smoother water, and a better chance altogether of dealing with my lively opponent. We fought the battle out bravely for half an hour perhaps. At times it seemed as if he was going to have everything his own way and continue his voyage to the sea, at others I managed to hold him well in check. But as the struggle went on I began to gradually get the upper hand, and drew him toward me. Slowly he came, disputing every inch of the way, until at last I caught a glimpse of him, and was much surprised to see he was not so large a fish as the strain on the rod led me to believe. But why, I wondered, was he coming tail first, and why had he never leaped once? The mystery was soon solved, however, on my gaffing and carrying him up the bank away from the water—the latter a practice I have invariably adopted since experiencing the disappointment of seeing a salmon slip off my gaff and escape. I found that one only of the several hooks of the phantom minnow had held him, and this was imbedded beyond the barb in the tough skin of his side, about six or eight inches from the tail. Trying to reason out how this occurred I came to the conclusion that when the fish rushed at the lure he passed closely over it, attempting to strike it with his tail, and in turning to go down, accidentally fastened himself in the way I have described. He weighed only about ten pounds.

I have killed many of the genus *Salmo salar*, but never before or since one that was hooked in any part of the body but the mouth.

I had another singular experience, but of a different kind, on the Medway in Lunenburg county, one of the best rivers on the south shore of Nova Scotia. "Agitating the insect" one afternoon on a long swift piece of water, a little distance from the tideway, I fastened to a fine fresh run salmon, which at first seemed inclined to be very peaceable, and allowed me to draw him quietly up stream to where there was a capital place to manage him. Suddenly he appeared to become alive to his danger, and instituted a series of rushes that were fraught with hazard to the light gear I was using. Shaking his head violently to get rid of the tether that held him, the salmon flung himself out of the water several times and then made a desperate race for the rapid below the pool. Down this he went, turning somersaults by the way, and taking out so much of my line I feared in a second or two it would be all run off the reel, and my chance of securing him gone. After one of these bounds in the air, however, to my great surprise he became quite passive, and beginning to reel in some of my line I found him strangely obedient to my persuasive efforts, and brought him back foot by foot up stream, turning over occasionally on his side and appearing quite done up. In a little time I had him gaffed and on terra firma, when I discovered that in his wild attempts to free himself he had twisted the casting line three or four times round his head and nose, and knotting it in a hitch of his own invention had half suffocated himself, the water necessary for breathing not being able to enter the mouth and pass to the gills.

One more incident and I have done. I remember a very well known salmon fisher in Halifax telling me of an odd thing he witnessed on the La Havre River, also in Lunenburg county. I must preface, however, by stating that the few Micmac Indians living on that stream have long ago abandoned the evil ways of their forefathers, and exchanged the torch and spear for rod and line in catching salmon. I do not say this reformation was voluntary on their part, but rather I fancy because of the river warden's watchful eye, and the knowledge that a sojourn in Bridgewater jail awaited the offender if caught breaking the fishery laws. However, suffice it to say that some of the Indians are now excellent fly fishermen, and have pretty serviceable gear too. They tie most of their own flies, and though these cannot be said to rival Farlow's or Johnny Reid's finish, still they do their work very effectually. But to the story. My friend told me he was sitting one afternoon (like the biblical patriarchs of old) at the door of his tent, on the bank of the river, watching an Indian lad casting in a very workmanlike manner on the opposite shore. Presently the lad hooked a salmon, which with the customary rush and leap made for the middle of the stream, and then sped downwards at the best pace it was capable of. The Indian's rod showed by its contracted curve he was putting the brakes on heavily, when suddenly it straightened in his hands—the salmon was free. It had not only gone, but had taken with it the whole line (which my friend afterwards ascertained was of white whipcord), that had either been carelessly tied to the reel or not fastened to it at all. The lad stood a moment as if cogitating what was to be done, then running to where a canoe lay drawn up on the shore, placed his rod in it, pushed off, and in a jiffy was paddling down stream like mad in the direction the salmon had taken. When he got a certain distance down he stood up in the canoe and began peering this way and that in the water, and presently he made a scoop with his paddle and lifted up his line, which being white he readily saw. Now mark the cunning of the redskins. As soon as he had it in his hands he caught up his rod, and commenced running the recovered line back through the rings from the tip to the reel, and reaching that tied it, no doubt securely this time. Then leisurely the lad began to wind up, and as good luck would have it, he found that the fish—which had stopped to rest as soon as the strain was taken off its mouth—was still attached. As soon as my friend became aware of this, he also jumped into his canoe, delighted with the fellow's pluck and ingenuity, and paddled to his assistance, and renewing the contest with the fish the lad was towed by him to the shore, where, stepping out, he shortly brought his victim to the gaff—a bright lusty fish of about thirty pounds.

Doubtless, many other true stories might be told of odd happenings with rod and line which, to fishermen at least, would be of interest.

NEPOS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

ANGLING NOTES.

A New Walton.

THERE is to be issued in London next winter a new edition of Izaak Walton, to be called "The Twentieth Century Edition." It will be edited by Mr. George A. B. Dewar, author of "Dry Fly Fishing," etc., and will be brought out in the best possible manner as to type, paper and illustrations, and will be sold in large paper for seven guineas—I believe. That Mr. Dewar is to edit the work is to give it a hall-mark of excellence that no one will question.

A Goose.

The goose has been used to typify stupidity for so long a time that I, with others, no doubt, believe the goose to be about as stupid a bird as waddles, and yet all geese are not stupid, as I can testify. I was riding from Cold Spring Station on the Long Island R. R. to Cold Spring Harbor hatchery of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, with the veteran, Mr. Totten, who carries the mail and passengers to and from the railroad, when an enormous gander appeared in the road ahead of us with wings stretched out and head stretched up and hissing as though he would dispute our passage. The horses turned out, and for a moment I thought it might be a hold-up, but Mr. Totten smiled a superior smile and reached under the sea and produced an ear of corn, which he threw to the gander as toll, and then he explained to me, "I feed the old fellow when I pass, and he expects his corn as much as the horses expect their oats at feeding time." This has nothing to do with fish, but I feel compelled to pay a slight tribute to one particular goose that knows enough to recognize Mr. Totten and his team as they pass, for I noticed that he paid no attention to a team following us.

Growth of Trout.

Once a week on an average the year through some one asks me how big trout are at some age or another. Generally the query relates to fingerling or yearling trout, for those have been the sizes most in demand from the hatcheries in the State of New York for planting in public waters. During a year I have occasion to examine a great many young trout, hundreds of thousands, more or less carefully, but if the general health of the fish is good and they are well nourished and free from disease, I have not been particularly interested to know just how long the fish are at a given age. Since the Forest Commission of New York decided to rear no more yearling trout for distribution, but to confine its plantings to fingerlings and fry, the query as to size of fingerlings has been put more frequently than before. Fingerling trout may be from six to eight months of age. The distribution of fingerlings begins as a rule in September, when the largest of the year's hatching are sent out, for fish of the same age vary greatly in size, and as the larger fish are sorted out and planted, there is more room at the hatcheries for the smaller fish, and more opportunity for them to get a fair amount of the food placed in the rearing races. Within the past ten days I have visited three of the State hatcheries—Cold Spring Harbor, on Long Island; Caledonia, in Livingston county, and Pleasant Valley, near Bath, in Steuben county.

At Cold Spring Harbor the men were sorting the brook trout into three sizes, all of the same age—about six and one-half months. In one dip of the scoop net I took from the race containing the larger fish perhaps a dozen trout, and the longest one that I spotted when placed beside a foot rule measured $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches from tip of nose to end of tail; several were $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and nearly every one appeared to be 6 inches. There were 7,000 trout of the larger size already sorted, and I dipped the net at random into the bunch with the result I have given, but undoubtedly there were many in the lot that would not measure 6 inches. Of the smaller fish of the three sizes some would not measure 2 inches, though all were the same age. The stronger fish had secured the most food and in consequence had grown more rapidly than the weaker ones. After the sorting is completed—and there were over 100,000 to sort at that hatchery—the smaller trout will have a better chance and will grow more rapidly than before.

At Caledonia I looked over 50,000 brook trout fingerling, dipping a few from one race after another, and I found one 6-inch trout, and only one. The largest other than the one were about 5 inches in length, but as at Cold Spring Harbor, they were all strong, deep, well-fed fish in splendid health.

At Bath I did not discover a single 6-inch fish among the fingerlings, but 4 and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch fish were common enough, and all the fish I refer to were hatched last spring. The foreman from Caledonia went with me to Bath, and I told the foremen that I did not think the yearling trout would be missed next spring by the applicants who got the fingerlings this fall. Of course, in wild waters the large and small trout must take their chances in the same water, for they cannot expect exemption from cannibalistic propensities once they are removed from the hatchery rearing races, where they are sorted as they grow to reduce cannibalism to the minimum by feeding plenty of liver and putting the small trout out of the reach of the larger ones. The largest yearling trout I ever measured was a brook trout at Cold Spring Harbor, and its extreme length was $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches; but 9-inch yearlings are not uncommon at the same hatchery. Nor by the same token, are 4-inch yearlings. With the same food trout will grow more rapidly in warm trout water than in cold trout water, for trout will not thrive in water above 68 degrees, and they grow more slowly in water that is 45 degrees than in water that is 55 or 60 degrees. There is no way of telling the age of a trout that has not been reared in confinement from the egg, and I have already mentioned the great difference in the size of trout of the same age brought up by hand at the hatcheries.

Perhaps it would be as well right here to qualify the statement made above that the largest of the fingerlings are selected for early planting. To be strictly correct, I should have said of the fish to be planted in filling applications the largest are sent out first when the sorting is completed. Before any distribution is made of fingerlings a portion of them will be set aside for future breeding fish, and very naturally the largest and strongest finger-

lings are selected for this purpose. Each year more than will be required for breeding fish are selected and set apart in a race or pond by themselves. At breeding times in the second autumn these fish are gone over carefully and the number desired for breeding are finally selected and the balance sent out on applications. Eggs from the breeding fish are interchanged among the hatching stations and fresh blood brought in by obtaining eggs from wild waters, and also by the purchase of eggs from trout from other States, which are also distributed around the different stations to keep up a continual out cross with selected fish.

The State of New York is disposing of its big breeding trout of different species at the various hatcheries, and will breed only from two and three year old fish—always selecting the strongest fish for the purpose to obtain a race of vigorous, healthy trout. The big trout serve chiefly for show purposes, and the same bulk of smaller trout will produce more and stronger eggs.

"Pickerel."

In New York State the pike, *Lucius lucius*, is almost universally called pickerel, although some concede so much as to call it great northern pike. If the word pike alone is used, it generally means the pike-perch or wall-eyed pike. I have tried over and over to separate the pike, the pickerel and the pike-perch by describing them in this paper, but have concluded that I will not succeed until all the fishermen in the State become subscribers for *FOREST AND STREAM* and read its "Angling Notes." The reason why I refer again to the "pickerel" is that I recently looked over a lot of fish applications made to the Forest, Fish and Game Commission in which "pickerel" were asked for, and with one exception I concluded that the applicant really wished the pike. The State does not propagate any of the pike family but the mascalonge, but it does propagate the pike-perch, and it has distributed the pike and the pickerel on occasions, but always adult fish. Great care is exercised when pike or pickerel are distributed in Sate waters to place them only where they will do no harm to other fish, and that means that unless the pike or pickerel are already in the water the State will not as a rule furnish them for planting. Pike and pickerel for distribution are procured only when netting inland lakes for other fish, and this year none of the pike tribe were taken. They can be hatched artificially, and have been in Germany, but it is not necessary, for they are perhaps the most prolific of the fresh-water fishes, and being spring spawners they require but a few days for their eggs to hatch, and if they have half a chance during the breeding season fair angling will never materially reduce their numbers in a pond or lake, but they have always been the mark for the man with spear and gun when they run into the shallows to spawn. The late Count von dem Borne told me of propagating the pike and the black bass in his fishery in Germany, and how the pike fry worked through into the black bass pond and lived on the bass fry before he knew of the mingling of fishes. I have already given the details in *FOREST AND STREAM*, but from memory I will say that at five months from hatching the pike that had been living on black bass fry weighed something over 2 pounds, and were 17 inches long. The State of New York may distribute pike—the so-called pickerel—next year, but none will be sent out this season, although applications for this fish are coming in this fall. A. N. CHENEY.

Propagation of Pacific Salmon.

BY S. W. DOWNING.

(Read before the American Fisheries Society.)

WERE I writing this article solely for the purpose of reading it before this meeting, I would not presume to go into details and give a description of the manner of securing the eggs and the methods employed in hatching them, as it is taken for granted that all or at least most of the members present are familiar with this work, but for the benefit of those who may read the forthcoming account of the proceedings of this meeting who are not familiar with the work, I will give a brief description of the work as carried on at the different salmon stations where I have been located during the last three hatching seasons.

First, it is necessary to know something of the nature and habits of the fish in question. In most of the streams, and especially those extending long distances from the ocean, there are two runs of fish, the first occurring in March and April, and the other in July and August.

The fish coming into the streams in the first run go to the very headwaters, reaching the spawning grounds late in July and August, where they remain until spent, and, in fact, until they die, for it is a fact not generally known that all the salmon that ascend the streams any distance above tidewater die soon after the eggs are deposited.

The second run enters the main streams about July or August. These do not ascend the streams to the same distance as the first run but they enter the small tributaries near the mouth of the main streams, apparently being more mature on entering the stream, and in consequence seek a suitable place in which to deposit their eggs soon after leaving salt water.

The method employed by the fish culturist in securing the eggs is to first find some suitable location on either the main stream or some tributary, and throw a barrier across, the slats or pickets of which are sufficiently close together to prevent the fish from passing between them, and high enough to preclude all danger of their jumping over, the lower end, of course, resting on the bottom. This barrier prevents the fish from ascending the stream, and as it is their nature to push their way as far as there is water sufficient for them to swim in, and as they never cease the struggle and turn back, large numbers congregate just below the barrier, which is usually placed just above a deep hole where the fish lie during the ripening period before seeking the riffles and shoals upon which to spawn. Watch is then kept of the movements of the fish, and as soon as they are seen on the riffles, fishing commences. The fish are taken either with a seine, or are caught in a down stream trap, into which the fish are driven by going above them with a seine, and frighten-

ing them so that they make a rush down the stream and are crowded into the traps, from which they are taken, and the ripe ones put into crates, where they are held for the next day's spawning. The latter method of taking the fish is preferred when the nature of the stream will admit of it. The green fish taken are always liberated, as they will not go away, and thus the fishing is continued until the spawning season is over, and practically every fish that entered the stream has been handled.

The need of carrying on this work on as large a scale as possible will be more readily understood when it is more generally known how totally lacking the salmon is in that instinct that prompts the two sexes to seek each other for the purpose of reproduction. The writer has had an excellent opportunity during three entire spawning seasons to study this trait in the salmon, and never but once has he seen the two sexes together performing the functions necessary to fertilize the eggs as they are ejected by the female, and in conversing with others who have had ample opportunity for observing these fishes for years he has never met a man who had ever seen the two sexes together at this time, as we so often see in other fishes, such as the black bass, catfish, sunfishes and many others, and for this reason it is safe to say that not one egg in one thousand is fertilized when the fish spawn on the reefs, naturally.

A female will select a spot upon which to spawn, and if not disturbed will remain there, or nearby, occasionally turning upon her side, and, with a pounding motion with her tail, and, in fact, with the whole body, eject a few eggs. This process is kept up at intervals of from ten minutes to half an hour or more, until all her eggs have been deposited, the time consumed being from a couple of days to a week or more. The spawning always takes place in a swift current, and where the bottom is gravelly, and the pounding motion spoken of loosens the gravel immediately beneath the fish, and, as the current washes it from a few inches to a few feet down the stream, often a hole from one to two feet deep is thus formed, and a correspondingly large pile of gravel made just below. The eggs that have escaped are consumed by the thousands of river whitefish, suckers, and the several kinds of trout with which these streams abound, as the eggs and the gravel are washed down with the current together.

But where all this time is the male? Perhaps lying a few feet below her, or perhaps a few feet at either side, but never once approaching her. The writer has reached the conclusion that the only way in which the fertilization of the salmon egg has ever been brought about is that at those times and places where the fish are so very thick in the streams that during the height of the spawning period the whole water of these small streams is completely permeated with the spermatozoa of the males; and when one realizes that each large male produces a quart or more of semen during the season, it will be readily understood that large numbers of eggs could have been and undoubtedly were fertilized in this manner. But it will be observed that the number of eggs, or the percentage rather, that are fertilized in this manner, is just in proportion of the number of fish in the stream during the spawning period, and that in the streams that but few fish enter the percentage of eggs that are fertilized is reduced in the same ratio, and as the number of salmon entering the streams is becoming less and less each season, it becomes more imperative that the work of propagation be carried on to the fullest extent, as it is in these small streams where formerly so many fish ascended, and where at one time the chances of fertilization were enhanced by the great amount of semen ejected by the males, while now but few ascend, rendering the chances of natural fertilization almost nil, that the work of propagating the salmon should be carried on to the fullest extent. Every stream or tributary that will yield a million or more eggs should have a sub-station, and all the eggs possible taken, hatched, and the fry returned to the stream, scattering them over as much territory as possible. This, in the opinion of the writer, would be a far better method, and the results in mature fish would be much greater, than to have large establishments and turn out many millions into any one stream, as each stream or portion of it has but a limited supply of the natural food suitable for the young salmon, and all in excess of the number that will live upon the food supply must necessarily perish; and as most of these streams are in a broken country where it is almost impossible to give the fry anything like a wide distribution, they must necessarily be put out over a very small area. Thus it will be readily seen that in such instances it would be an easy matter to overstock the streams, and even if none died from starvation, some would become stunted and never reach a normal size; besides, cannibalism would be encouraged, the larger and stronger ones eating the small, weak ones.

It has been noticed that in the past few years the number of undersized salmon that were taken was steadily on the increase, the last season showing a far greater number than any previous season. The only logical conclusion that the writer has been able to reach is that this is the result of overstocking the streams where the work of propagation is carried on to any extent, numbers of the young fish being stunted for lack of sufficient food, and, although they live to mature, they never grow to the normal size.

This line of reason will undoubtedly be objected to by some on the ground that nearly all these undersized fish are males, but it is known that the fish of any one season's hatch do not reach maturity together; that is, a portion will return the third year, while another portion will not return before the fourth season, and it is our opinion that the males mature, even if under size, and return with the regular run, while in the case of the female, she does not mature until after sufficient time has elapsed for the ova to mature, and thus she has one more season's growth than the male, and is consequently larger on an average, although there are instances of very small females coming into the streams, and some have been taken and spawned that have weighed but from 6 to 8 pounds, and the eggs from them hatched and the fry seemed strong and healthy.

The writer is aware that this article is but a crude affair, but hopes that the main idea—i. e., the need of more extended propagation of this most valuable fish—has been made apparent.

See the list of good things in *Woodcraft* in our adv. cols.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Day on the Old Mill Pond.

There is something magical in the name of the old mill pond. We all know it. We have all been there, many a time and oft. It is the same old mill pond, whether it was in Maine or Kansas. We all saw it when we were boys and girls together, years more or less ago. Books could be written about the old mill pond, and good stories. Proof good enough of the latter fact is at hand in a letter from a friend, telling of a single, simple day with children for companions and no far-off country for the scene. Sito is the preferred name of the writer, and thus he writes:

"To those, like us, who love broad, all-embracing Mother Earth, and 'worship well with rod and gun' (as a poetic friend once wrote to me), the simplest excursion into her realms can fill us with a peace and joy unknown, I think, to many all their lives. Therefore a simple account of a day on 'the old mill pond' with my children, may touch a chord in you, and if you think it worth while, perhaps in others of your wide circle, and so I will try and tell you of it.

"This old mill pond is the scene of many a youthful excursion of mine, and hence has for me a peculiar charm. I had not seen it for twenty years, and as it lay once more before me in quiet beauty on an August day, I was delighted and a little surprised to find it lovelier even than my memory had dared to picture it. A good deal of travel and considerable experience of beautiful scenes in other lands have surely not lessened my facilities in the appreciation and just criticism of natural beauty, and, as I stood again on the alder-fringed mill dam, across which runs the high road, and saw on one hand the smooth sheet of water with its thickly wooded banks and floating lilies, its clear waters and restful charm, the old mill, and, yes! the same old miller bustling about, and on the other side the little 'crick' below me, almost hidden by rushes and cattails, winding away to the bay beyond, I realized that it was not all mere boyish recollection of good old times that kept it in my mind when half the distance round the earth lay between me and it—no; it was, and still is, beautiful. But I must tell what I set out to tell.

"I was with my children and we were 'going a-fishing.' Each with a creel slung over the shoulder, a rod case in hand and in each heart an innate love of quiet sport and a fisherman's anticipations of what might happen as to giant fish. The gray-haired miller as we arranged with him for our boat, told us that the trout were gone, but he had planted black bass in their stead, and now and then one was caught, while the yellow perch were as plentiful as ever.

"We soon put our rods together and rowed out on the pond. A 5-inch perch was our first game. I tried a spinner, and was soon fast in a lively fish. It is a long time since I caught a yellow perch, and this 10-inch fish made such a good fight that until he was close alongside I really thought it must be a trout. What a fine fish this same yellow perch is, and what a good fight he makes! How handsome he is, with his tiger stripes, bristling dorsal and bright red pectorals! If he only ate as he looks and fights he would be worthy of a high place on the fisher's list. My chicks are good sportsmen, and at once set our limit on perch at 9 inches, carefully returning all fish below that length.

"We caught many fingerlings, and each child also had the delight of a good fight with the bigger fish—from 9 to 11 inches. I have not caught a trout in home waters for many a year, but it seemed to me that these perch fought about as hard as a trout of equal size. Our light rods bowed, the lines cut through the water and the gamy fish fought well, often making a second and sometimes even a third rush after turning on their sides and being brought almost close enough for the landing net. At lunch time we had a fine string of fourteen, and had put back at least a hundred little fellows. We felt well satisfied as we rowed ashore to eat our lunch under the trees. I send you a snap shot of the party, joined by a boy friend, comparing their fish.

"After a delightful meal on the pine-covered ground and a review of our catch, we were off again, with better luck still to come. We now determined to try trolling for bass. I, of course, had a spinner or two among the varied collection of duffie I always carry with me, and rigging this on a doubled trout leader we rowed slowly around the pond. Several perch of large size took the bait, and two small bass were caught, but put back, for we had read up on the law and found 10 inches the limit on bass. My eldest boy caught a small perch, and finding him hooked through the lip by the large hook of the spinner, I told him to leave the fish on the hook and try a while with this bait. A moment later he had a heavy tug, and, after a grand fight, amid the wildest enthusiasm and excitement, I put the landing net under a 16-inch black bass—a noble fish, and what a fighter! The fighting qualities of the perch faded into nothingness compared with his rushes and leaps, and my hand was shaking with excitement as I netted him. Now came the girl's turn, and in a short time she realized her wish—to hear her reel buzz as a grand bass fought for liberty with all the reckless dash of his fighting tribe. I think we brought him to the boat too soon; at any rate, when about 10 feet away, and as I lowered the net, away he went; got a heavy strain on the light leader, snapped both its parts and was off with the spinner! What a sighing gasp went up from all! He looked full 2 feet long and was so near! But all good fishers are philosophers, and my daughter said with a sigh, 'Never mind, father, I'll catch another'—and so she did.

"Dinner time, coming with awful rapidity, found us with four bass of 15 to 16 inches. Reluctantly we wound up the tackle and rowed through the long shadows under the banks to the landing. Our bass would not go in our small creels, so each child took a turn in carrying the fine string, and if they felt prouder than their parent they must have been puffed up indeed.

"As the sun sank behind the woods in the west, a contented, happy little party chattered as they trudged toward home. Ah! pleasant, wholesome, hungry trade."

Another memory added to my store—a beginning to those of the chicks.

"No joy, dear fellow, can e'er be thine,
Like the curving rod and the whistling line."

Heavy Dressings of Flies.

Anent the mooted "Taylor system" of fly-casting and fly-cutting, and the once-mentioned Japanese fashion of fly-fishing, here is something from an English angling journal, the Fishing Gazette, which may prove interesting to such of the Western readers of the FOREST AND STREAM as have acquired the habit of cutting off about two-thirds of the feathers of the average fly:

"On the Wharfe, as on neighboring streams, we fish the wet fly, and that wet fly is mostly of what is known as the 'spider' variety. I don't think this is a very happy name for a Yorkshire hackled fly. Such spiders as I am personally acquainted with have a decided tendency to 'ombompong'—a podgy, plum-pudding kind of body—and our so-called 'spider' flies are as spare and lean in the body as a charity dinner. They more nearly resemble a miniature umbrella without cover, and when dry and new have about as much likeness in shape to the natural insect as the umbrella frame has to a barn-door rooster, composed as they are merely of a wrapping of colored silk on the shank of the hook, and a turn or two of the hackle at the head. Yet, once in the water, it is wonderful what close resemblance they then bear to the drowned insect, with its wings and legs clogged and clingy to its body by reason of their water-logged condition. True, we occasionally use a winged fly, such as the March-Brown, but the spare, tiny hackled flies are our great stand-by."

This comports entirely with the Japanese idea of a fly. The little Jap hackles which Mr. J. Otis Averill sent me are strikingly similar to the "spider" above mentioned. A great many of our Western anglers have long ago made this discovery pretty much independently. The average artificial fly bought in the stores has three or four times as much feather as will cast well or will look well to the eye of a trout that is a connoisseur on drowned insects. A wet bug is not a very imposing looking object.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Tarpon and Mahseer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In this week's FOREST AND STREAM I see Mr. Cheney brings up Kipling's remark in the "Brushwood Boy" about mahseer fishing in India. On a P. & O. steamer going to India in February, '95, I heard the Anglo-Indians talking of the mahseer and the sport they had taking it. Being fond of fishing I made minute inquiries about this fish. The account you copy of the fishing must have been on a small stream, as the weights were 2 to 6 pounds, and the gentlemen I met (army officers and civil servants) spoke only of fish running from 15 to 125 pounds. The fish giving good sport were those of 15 to 25 pounds, for they would give fair play after the first grand rush; but the very heavy fish make one terrific run of 500 or 600 feet and then go to the bottom and sulk for an hour or more, finally yielding and coming to gaff as the result of the long, tiresome strain kept on them with a large hook and heavy line.

My admiration for Kipling is very great, but when, as Mr. Cheney quotes him, he speaks of the tarpon as being as a "herring beside the mahseer," I think he is talking of what he knows not. The anglers I talked with in India said the mahseer was their best large game fish, but the sport was small as compared with salmon fishing, and they enjoyed it as being the nearest to that grand sport of anything India afforded.

GARD. T. LYON.

And Odd Things Happen in Salt Water, Too.

Mr. James H. Cochrane, of Brooklyn, tells this story of an experience in salt water fishing the other day which goes very well with our correspondent's record of unusual happenings on the river side. Said Mr. Cochrane, "My son Harry was fishing in Jamaica Bay, when he hooked a weakfish, and after some play the line parted above the float, and line and float disappeared. This was at 2 o'clock last Friday afternoon. The float was one which had been borrowed from a friend, Mr. Stoller, and Harry had to make the best apologies he could for the loss of the tackle."

"The next day, Saturday, I went fishing with my son in the same waters; and finding no success in the bay, we started to go around Coney Island outside. I was doing the rowing. When we were off Coney Island Point we saw something coming in, bobbing up and down against the tide, which was going out. We made after it, and when we got up pretty close Harry exclaimed, 'It's my float.' We got almost up to it, when it disappeared, to bob up again some distance off. Again we approached it, and again it disappeared and then reappeared. This kept happening over and over again, until I had chased the thing for an hour and a half, had blistered my hands and was pretty well done for; and I began to reflect that I was making a fool of myself by chasing this bobbing, appearing and disappearing lure all over Jamaica Bay. Finally Harry saw the float down just below the surface close to the boat, plunged his hand down and grabbed it two feet under water. Sure enough it was his float. He hauled in the line, and on the end was a five-pound weakfish. Then I felt repaid for my hour and a half at the oars."

"That night Harry took the float to Mr. Stoller and restored it with the remark, 'I do not let any weakfish get the better of me.'"

Muscallonge at Gananoque.

GANANOQUE, Ont., Oct. 6.—Mr. Myer, of New York, staying at the International, had great luck fishing on Monday. With Frank Latimer as oarsman, he spent a little over two hours on the river and was fortunate enough to secure one of the few muscallonge caught this season. It weighed 34 pounds, was 54 inches long and 24½ in girth. It was sent to Mr. Spanner, Toronto, to be mounted. In addition to the muscallonge, Mr. Myer caught five good sized pike.

Shooting and Fishing Resorts.

THE proprietors of shooting and fishing resorts will find it advantageous to have them registered in the FOREST AND STREAM'S Information Bureau, that they may be brought to the attention of sportsmen. We are constantly in receipt of inquiries for good resorts, and are constantly giving such information.

A Handsome String of Bass.

MR. JAMES CHURCHWARD sends us a photograph of a handsome string of black bass caught by Mrs. Robeson, of Central Park West, this city, in Greenwood Lake. The catch pulled down the scales at 32 pounds.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 30.—Seneca, N. Y.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's sixth annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 7-8.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 20.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.
Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.
Nov. 20.—Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 22.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. Barret Gibson, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Training the Hunting Dog For the Field and Field Trials.

V.—The Best Lessons of Puppyhood.

As intimated in preceding chapters, the most useful education to the puppy is that in nature's own school. His best development, mentally, physically and educationally, comes from his own powers of observation and action. The training which he receives in domestication from association with his master, and in the more special schooling in working to the gun, is but a mere incident of his education, considered as a whole. But, as the puppy develops, the trainer can do much to strengthen the ties of friendly association and evoke therewith enthusiastic effort.

If the trainer gives the puppy a run in the fields every day or two, feeds him regularly, and joins him more or less in his plays, he becomes to the latter an object of distinguished consideration.

Furthermore, the puppy thereby is gradually dominated and accepts his master as the one who is in authority. His association of ideas, if pleasant, impel him to seek his master's society whenever his self-interest is aroused, whether in respect to wandering about through the fields, pursuing his prey or looking to him for food and shelter, or enjoying the peace and comfort of mind which come from agreeable comradeship. By such association he forms a friendly alliance with his master, which, after a length of time, becomes a habit of life, and if properly cherished, a true second nature.

By joining the puppy betimes in his plays, and when afield by permitting him to revel in the delights of strategic stalking and chasing young birds and butterflies, circumventing frogs and admiring and studying all nature through the organ of scent as his master studies it through the organ of sight, he becomes waywise, gains a knowledge of the things of the outer world, besides being afforded the freedom of action so essential to his physical development and well being.

A puppy kept constantly on a chain or in confinement, as many puppies are, can learn nothing of value to his master or himself, simply because under such conditions no opportunity to learn is afforded. The mature city dog, which for the first time experiences the delights of a visit to the country, displays the most unbounded ignorance, though overflowing with amazement and ecstasy. The common domestic animals excite both his predatory interest and apprehension of danger. Even at the sight of a cow in the pasture, though his instinct may impel him to make a bold front, he is filled with the gravest alarms, as shown by his waverings in alert retreats and reluctant advances, near by the strange monster. Again he romps about in a foolish manner, doing a thousand trivial foolish things, at cross purposes with every happening, with his poor mind ever filled with wonderment.

The dog which has his liberty learns the meaning of everything within his environment and adjusts his deportment accordingly.

The dog which is confined constantly, besides being ignorant, is mentally dwarfed and physically inferior, more or less misshapen, with a soured temper and an impaired capacity for companionship. In fact, if he is kept in confinement till he matures, there is likely to be a general lifelong depreciation of his faculties and capabilities.

While permitting him to enjoy in his own natural, riotous manner the ecstatic pleasure of expending the surplus energy, which nature has so wisely implanted in young animals for their best development, the trainer will have no difficulty in maintaining his own domination. Many objectionable natural tendencies may be suppressed inci-

dentally, such as an inclination to chase sheep or poultry. There is no harm in pursuing them from the puppy's point of view; indeed, he could not know that they were not objects of legitimate pursuit and capture till he was so taught by experience. From the standpoint of puppyhood, every living thing found in the woods and fields is there to be chased by him, if he feels in that humor, or to kill it if he wishes to compass its death.

In this connection, by considering how easily he can teach the dog to blink sheep, etc., the trainer will the better comprehend how he may unintentionally teach the dog to blink birds. He, when blinking, merely associates some painful experience with them. If the painfulness be from scoldings and whippings, he quite reasonably considers that they were administered for taking notice of the birds at all rather than for flushing and chasing, the latter being acts which from his standpoint are at first quite right.

It thus will be noted that a certain degree of freedom and association with man is essential to the dog's best education as a servant to assist in the interests of the gun.

The training of a dog to obey a few commands in confinement, when his understanding is dormant and his bodily powers undeveloped, is nothing toward fitting him for active, practical service.

Nor are all the advantages of companionship to be charged to the puppy, in the matter of training. It gives the trainer the best of opportunities to study the puppy's peculiarities and abilities. He will note whether the puppy is intelligent or stupid, timid or bold, diligent or lazy, calm or excitable, etc. In fact, it will be a distinct advantage to the trainer if he cultivate a habit of close observation of the traits and doings of his pupils at all times.

No two dogs have precisely the same talents, nor the same methods of accomplishing their purposes, and indeed most dogs vary widely in their powers and the application of them. Each dog has an individuality of his own, and he can best perform in his own natural manner. Nothing therefore will be gained by any attempts to make him work up to some ideal, even though it be the most famous ideal ever imagined. The idea of the ideal can never be communicated to the dog. The most that the trainer can do is to make the best of such powers as the dog is endowed with by nature. That is the standard every time. The trainer develops the puppy to the extent of its abilities, and having done that he can do no more. Having done that, he has done well. If the puppy have not the powers of greatness within himself, it is as impossible to develop him beyond its limitations as it is to develop a man into a great orator, musician, artist, etc., if he has not the natural talents for any of these accomplishments.

As to house training or house breaking, as it is more commonly called, the puppy acquires most of it by virtue of scoldings and the broomstick. If he mistakes the best bed and bedroom for a dog kennel, he feels that a lashed hide, scoldings, cold looks and unfriendly surveillance are matters worth noting and heeding. Also driven from the parlor at the point of the broomstick, he avoids it as a place of pains and discomfort. The dining room, the table and the food placed upon it are, by virtue of the broomstick, conceded by him, sooner or later to be for his betters. Banished repeatedly from the house in disgrace and deprived of the friendly regard of its members for the time being, he suffers pain and deprivation, and his own self-interest prompts him to learn sooner or later what the household regulations are as they concern himself, what the penalties are if they are violated and therefore what privileges are accorded to him on the lines of least resistance.

B. WATERS.

Three of a Kind and Another.

THIS picture is a reproduced photograph of the Pretzel-Brown family and Rex, the Setter. The names of the Pretzel-Browns are these: Beginning at the right hand of the picture comes first, Fritz Pretzel-Brown. Next and to his left, Maximilian Pretzel-Brown, father of Fritz, and at the extreme left stands Grille Pretzel-Brown, mother of Fritz. Between Maximilian and Grille reclines Rex, the English setter, who is the dignified friend and counselor of the P.-B. family.

Maximilian Pretzel-Brown was born on a stormy September night, in the fall of 1889. His ancestors were of blue Saxony blood, his father claiming to have barked at the king one day as he passed his kennel. His patrician origin possibly accounts for his somewhat overbearing conduct with other dogs, for, from earliest youth, he always seemed to be spoiling for a fight. He was what, in these degenerate days of slang, might be called "scrappy," and after his monthly birthdays had reached the number of eight, it made no difference to him whether it was a fox terrier or a St. Bernard that trespassed; he would attack it tooth and nail, and generally put it to flight. But he never attacked a dog smaller than himself. He was very jealous of prerogatives, and when the setter Rex was introduced into the family in 1891, Maximilian was determined to indicate at once his position of head of the canine household. Rex being exceedingly good natured, excepting when aroused, acquiesced in this arrangement, and it was only when Maximilian deliberately started to take Rex's chop bone from him that Rex turned and put a small hole through Maximilian's left ear with his sharp canine teeth.

Max, as his intimates call him, is very stubborn, as well as slow in obeying orders from his master and mistress. If engaged in making an excavation on the smooth lawn in search of a mole, no amount of ordinary speech will cause him to desist, and it is only when the head of the house, with stout whip, starts toward him that he will look up in the mildest surprise and seem to say: "Oh! was that you? Am I wanted?" And only then, at last, will he saunter slowly toward the house, stopping from time to time to smell after some imaginary animal. At the advanced age of eight years he fell desperately in love with Grille, and married her.

Grille Pretzel-Brown was born a little lady in the late fall of 1897. She was a gentle girl from the start, but, as she grew apace, her figure developed into the finest lines. Her color is jet black, with tan markings, and



THREE OF A KIND AND ANOTHER.

just a splash or two of white on the chest. She soon developed a distinct fondness for chasing grasshoppers and crickets, and it was finally decided to christen her "Grille," which in German is the word for these little chirping insects. After she became the mother of a family, she gave up the pastime as being undignified, and after family cares were over, devoted her energies to mice and rats.

Fritz Pretzel-Brown occupies the right hand corner of the picture, and anyone observing closely can clearly see why his master and mistress have affectionately dubbed him "tough citizen." Fritz is always in mischief. Look at the shadow of a tail. No photographic lens, no matter how sensitive the plates, how instantaneous the exposure, could catch the tail of Fritz Pretzel-Brown. His short stout legs have a dozen crooks in them, yet after he has stolen a stick, or a ball, or a bone, or an old rat from his parents, it would take a clever greyhound to catch him in his devious diversions. His disposition is kindly to a degree. He will never seek a quarrel nor a bath, but for mischievous devilry he stands easily at the head of the class.

Different from all three is sedate old Rex, the English setter. He takes no stock in moles or mice or rats. He never notices grasshoppers, crickets or butterflies. He won't even chase a rabbit, something that puts the Pretzel-Brown family into fits. But put him in the buckwheat stubble! There's his forte!

M. G.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

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Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

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Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

The Amendment of the Racing Rules.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Among the various propositions published in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, looking to a change in the A. C. A. racing regulations with respect to the modification of the present type of sailing canoe, are some which merit a brief discussion. Chief among these is the proposal of Mr. Quick to place an arbitrary minimum limit of weight upon the canoe, exclusive of centerboard. Such a provision might do no very great harm if canoeing were to be confined exclusively to open waters, but for a canoe designed for all-around cruising purposes and capable of frequent and easy transportation, any such provision would prove really harmful. The conditions of canoeing in this country differ widely from those existing elsewhere, and with us the minimum weight consistent with strength and stability is to be aimed at rather than the opposite extreme.

To illustrate what a canoe should be, reference must

be had to the purposes for which it was designed. Take, for example, a cruise that was once extremely popular with canoeists, viz., from Lake George, through Lake Champlain and the Sorel River to the St. Lawrence. Here was presented almost every condition that a canoe might be expected to encounter, from the broad slack waters of the lakes to the rapids of the river, with frequent carries, where the only lifting and drawing power was often necessarily the muscles of the canoeist himself. An all around cruising canoe should be adapted to all of the above conditions. How would a canoeist in a hundred pound canoe, with the additional weight of centerboard, sliding seat, rig and duffle, fare under such conditions?

What we want to get away from in the A. C. A. is the idea of the canoe as a small yacht. What we want to encourage is that able little boat which the older canoeists knew, light and stable, at home almost equally on river, harbor, lake or pond, in quiet waters or in rapids, the most independent craft that floated.

It is not the weight of the canoe or the conformity of its lines to some single arbitrary standard of construction that needs regulation. A hundred pound canoe may be built with its weight so placed as to allow of the most extreme dead rise. Permit the continued use of the sliding seat, and the tendency always will be to whittle down the hull to the last point at which a trained gymnast at the end of a lever can hold it upright on the face of the water.

Abolish the sliding seat, and add the open cockpit, which without the former appliance is a practical necessity, and the sailor who must then depend upon the weight of his body and his skill in handling to counterbalance the wind pressure on his sails will have no other resource to aid him in accomplishing that object than a more stable hull. Dead-rise construction would meet with but little encouragement under such conditions.

Limiting the sail area without abolishing the sliding seat will avail nothing. In 1895 the sail area was limited to 130 sq. ft., and great expectations of improvement as a result were indulged in. The outcome was a less stable hull and longer sliding seat to meet changed conditions.

The canoe with a sliding seat is perhaps dryer when sailing in rough waters than one not so equipped, but the absence of this purely racing appliance did not appear to seriously dampen the enthusiasm of the old canoeists, who in spite of their distressing condition described in Mr. Wilt's letter in your last issue, developed the canoe and canoeing to a high point of popularity, which it did not lose until the advent of the sliding seat. It has, perhaps, some redeeming features, but it is a purely artificial and illegitimate addition to the breadth of the canoe, and none of its good features are sufficient to counterbalance the really great evil it has done and is doing canoeing. It is the germ of a disease that has nearly killed the sport, and the only remedy is its complete and final extirpation.

HENRY M. DATER.

MONTREAL, Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As an old canoeist and a former member of the American Canoe Association, I have been reading with considerable interest the proposed amendments to the rules governing the decked sailing canoe which are to be discussed and acted upon at the next meeting.

With the usual temerity which prompts fools to rush in where angels fear to tread, I am tempted to offer a few suggestions which, I think, would tend to make the sport more popular in our locality.

First. Is it not worth considering whether a little extra beam would not be a good thing, making a stiffer, more roomy and all-round better craft than the present restriction allows? Would suggest that the classification rule be changed to permit a maximum beam of 36in.

Second. That the length of sliding sea be limited to 36in., or not longer than the beam of the canoe.

Third. That a hoisting and lowering rig be used in all races, with proper reefing gear.

Fourth. That the cockpit area be at least 30 per cent. of the area of the deck.

Fifth. That the sail area be limited to 120 sq. ft.

Sixth. That the planking of hull shall not be less than

3/4in. at any point; the deck planking to be not less than 3-16in. A suitable table of scantling restrictions should be drawn up to insure a wholesome, serviceable type of boat.

In the early nineties canoe sailing was in a flourishing condition on Lake St. Louis, but the A. C. A., by placing no limit on sliding seat and sail area, fendered it imperative to have a canoe of ~~moal~~ draft and light displacement, if races were to be won. The costly, freak construction thus fostered proved a death blow to sailing canoe racing, and at the present time there is not a decked sailing canoe to be seen on our lake.

It is, indeed, deplorable to witness the stagnation of such a fine pastime, which so completely furnishes the acme of single-handed sailing.

There are a number of young men here who, while unable to afford the expense of owning a yacht, and too active to take any pleasure out of sailing a one-design dinghy, would gladly turn to the decked sailing canoe, providing the A. C. A. promoted a healthy type of boat, allowing of comparatively cheap construction, and gave them some assurance their canoes would not be outclassed for several seasons.

W. ERNEST BOLTON.

The Executive Committee Meeting.

Com. Britton has announced that the annual meeting of the A. C. A. Executive Committee will be held at Gananoque, Canada, on Saturday, Oct. 20. As a large number of amendments will be presented, it is most desirable that each division should be fully represented.

Yachting.

IN default of all positive knowledge of the intentions of Sir Thomas Lipton, at the present time the only candidate for international honors, the field is clear for all sorts of wild and baseless reports; and absurd and groundless rumors made on one side of the ocean are cabled over to the other and then back, until by mere reiteration they are made to assume a certain sort of plausibility. Two weeks ago it was reported that a challenge was certain, because Mr. Hugh Kelly, of the Royal Ulster Y. C., had been in New York, having run across as the guest of Mr. Howard Gould, on board Niagara II. Last week it was announced that there would be no challenge, on account of the elections now on in Great Britain. One absurd story recently launched states that there will be a challenge, and that "Mr. John Eustace Jameson," the great British yachtsman, will have entire control of Sir Thomas Lipton's new venture. So far as Mr. John Jameson is concerned, he is well known as the maker of a fine Irish whisky, the owner of many racing yachts, and the cousin, we believe, of Mr. W. G. Jameson, the best Corinthian skipper in Great Britain. Mr. John Jameson has built and owned the famous cutters Silver Star, Samæna, Irex and Iverna, he has been a liberal patron of yachting for many years, and he has been noted as a successful racing owner; but the actual work of caring for and handling his yachts has been done by Mr. W. G. Jameson and the late Capt. Billy O'Neil. Mr. W. G. Jameson had charge of Britannia, the representative of her royal owner, during her best racing days. He was on board her in the noted race with Vigilant around the Isle of Wight, and he was mentioned frequently while Shamrock was building as likely to be on board her in her races with Columbia. As far as Mr. John Jameson is concerned, there is little likelihood that he will ever assume such a responsible berth as acting owner of a cup challenger really owned by another.

There is still time for a challenge within the ten months required by the late Deed of Gift III., and beyond this it is more than likely that the ten months' notice would be waived in case of a late challenge, provided that there were still time to build. What Sir Thomas Lipton's intentions are is known only to himself and possibly a few friends; such statements as he has

made within the last few months all indicate that he is in no serious haste for another match.

THERE are two rumors, current for some little time, which are at least plausible, one to the effect that Shamrock will be repaired during the winter and raced in the Mediterranean, the other that when Sir Thomas builds another challenger she will be named Shamrock II. The racing of Shamrock next spring will be important or otherwise according to the condition of British yachting. At that time, if there is any revival and the new boats Sybarita and Distant Shore should be raced, and in particular if the German Emperor should fit out Meteor II, for the Mediterranean, the racing of such a fleet and the test of Shamrock's merits among yachts of her own nationality in design cannot fail to be interesting. If, however, no new boats are built, and the existing ones are not fitted out, the mere sailing of Shamrock against Ailsa or Satanita will be of no possible interest to the yachting public.

The mere naming of a yacht may be a trivial matter, and one in which an owner need consult only his personal preferences, but in the case of a match for the America Cup, the great historic event of all yachting, it does seem as though some other considerations were worthy of attention.

Some of the most famous names in yachting are connected with these contests—America, Cambria, Magic, Livonia, Columbia, Mischief, Puritan, Genesta, Galatea, Mayflower, Volunteer, Thistle and Vigilant. The mere recital of these names is in itself a history to every well-informed yachtsman, his mind instantly supplying the details of each race. It does seem desirable that each match of this great series, now covering the full half century, should be individualized and emphasized by the selection of new and suitable names for the contesting yachts. The sentiment which attaches to such a combination as Mischief and Atalanta, or Puritan and Genesta, is entirely lacking when it comes to a possible Columbia III. and Shamrock II. The series of Valkyries I., II. and III. is already confusing to the mind in running over the history of the Cup races, and there seems no good reason why the foolish fad of Lord Dunraven should be perpetuated by other challengers or defenders.

Whether named by chance or design, the defenders of the Cup have until very recent years borne suitable titles, names that were at least distinctive and not obviously inappropriate. The early names, America, Magic, Sapho, Columbia, Palmer, Madeline, Mischief, were none of them startling in originality or deep meaning, but they answered the purpose well enough. The Paine series, Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer, were better named, as were Priscilla, Colonia and Pilgrim, the unsuccessful aspirants of the same era. Vigilant was a particularly good name, embodying an idea and at the same time new to the yacht lists. Defender was a very poor selection, the word being a common noun, a mere generic term applying to dozens of yachts, and meaningless in its application to this one. Columbia was still worse as being worn and hackneyed, and in actual use on a number of existing yachts, one of which already held a prominent place in Cup history. As for the challengers of recent years, they have exhibited exceptional ingenuity in the selection of unsuitable names. The Valkyrie of Lord Dunraven was worn threadbare in yachting long before he named the first boat in 1889, and the addition of Valkyrie II. in 1893 and Valkyrie III. in 1895 showed a further lack of originality. The name Distant Shore, given by Mr. Charles Day Rose in his premature challenge of 1895, has a place of its own as a specially awkward misfit in yachting, though he has since actually saddled it on a new and costly yacht. In view of the fact that Shamrock was distinctly non-Irish in her design, construction and the *personnel* of skippers and crew, her owner may be pardoned for once in giving her an Irish name, hackneyed as it is; for his other offense, of painting her green, there is no possible justification. The unbroken coat of bright green from water line to rail which disfigured Shamrock last year was not only a piece of vandalism and a violation of all artistic precepts, but a gross injustice to Mr. Will Fife. Painted in the conventional British fashion, with boot-top of red or green, black topsides, and gold band and trailboards, Shamrock would have shown up as a handsome and shapely yacht, any faults of model being reduced to a minimum, so far as appearance was concerned. Daubed as she was, with but one color, and that a most unsuitable one, she looked to the casual eye a veritable box. Much of the harsh criticism which fell on the boat was due solely to the paint put on by the owner, and not to the form given her by the designer, even though that had its own faults.

If this fashion continues in favor we may some day see a Columbia IIII., painted in red and white stripes, with a blue deck covered with stars, defending the cup against a green Shamrock III. with a yellow deck.

It speaks but little for the vaunted wit of the Irish and for the national literature that these two Irish yachtsmen have, in the first place, selected old and hackneyed names and then duplicated them with the addition of distinguishing numerals in later boats. It should be possible, if an Irish name is a necessity, to find one that is in a measure new to yachting, and not obviously inappropriate, and with a crisp ringing sound to it. On this side it should also be possible to find a new name without duplicating or triplicating names that are both ancient and conventional.

It is but natural that the long continued defense of the America Cup has become largely a matter of sentiment and tradition, so that at the present time it is deep in a rut which leads from rather than toward the general upward course of yacht racing in the regular classes. While improvements in rules and methods are made from time to time in the general club racing, it is only by slow degrees that these are incorporated in the conditions governing the America cup. As this trophy is by far the greatest in all yachting, and as a match for it involves an enormous expense on the part of both the clubs and the individuals partaking in it, all the rules and conditions should be as nearly perfect as the skill of man can make them, in order that the sport at large may derive benefit in some degree proportioned to the

outlay of both money and labor. Far from this being the case, it has often happened in the past that the conditions were so faulty or one-sided as to make the races of no possible value in deciding important technical questions, in improving the design of yachts, or in aiding the sport in general ways.

While much has been done in the past three contests to remove the heavy handicaps once placed on the challenger, and to give him a fair fighting chance, the conditions are still largely left to chance, and while there is no longer any intention on either side to handicap or take unfair advantage of the other, there is at the same time no organized and hearty co-operation in the interests of yacht racing.

One point, perhaps the most important of all, that is still left to mere chance is that of the size of the contestants. It is not necessary now to trace out the origin and growth of the so-called 90-footer, which monopolizes the Cup racing—for one thing, the imaginary 90-footer of 1887, was a very different ship, in size and cost, from the real thing of 1899; the cost of the triplicate outfit of canvas required for a Columbia would almost pay for a Volunteer completely rigged. There is no evidence that anyone to-day wishes to build a racing cutter of 90ft. l.w.l. The challenger does so only because he cannot feel altogether safe in risking a smaller yacht in the face of the doubtful meaning of the new deed of gift, and the existence of old defenders of that size, and then the defender has to rely on the spirit and generosity of a few wealthy members to build one new yacht to meet the challenging vessel. It is generally recognized that the resulting boats, such as Shamrock, Valkyrie III., Columbia and Defender, are worthless even as racing machines, except for the Cup matches at long intervals; that they teach no good lessons in design or construction; that they are a permanent bar to the establishment of a regular class of racing yachts of such smaller size as will meet the requirements and the means of the wealthier racing yachtsmen.

Both sides would be better off if the size of the challengers were reduced to a point where a permanent racing class could be maintained, but at the same time neither is likely to take steps to bring about this change. On this side there is a popular sentiment, based entirely on a fallacy, which demands that the Cup races be retained in the nominal class existing for the past dozen years, regardless of the fact that such a reasonable reduction of size as has been at times proposed would give a yacht much larger and faster than Puritan, the parent boat of the Cup class. As long as Defender and Columbia are in existence, even though their uselessness has been proven, and they lie season after season rusting away, the general sentiment is that no smaller yachts should be allowed to race for the Cup. The multitude who hold to this idea pay nothing toward the construction and racing of these expensive machines; they demand this much of a few wealthy Americans; they give no thought to the need of a wholesome stimulus to building and racing in the medium classes, to the encouragement of American designers, skippers and crews and the recruiting of new men to the ranks of racing owners. The one cry is that the Cup must be defended by a 90-footer, cost what it may—to others.

If we are correct in assuming that the continued building and racing of even larger and more costly machines than Columbia and Shamrock is detrimental to yacht racing, and desired by neither party, there is an easy and simple remedy at hand. Out of the great fleet of yachts which have figured in the defense of the America Cup, either as principals or in the secondary capacity of trial boats, every one, we believe, is still afloat, but most of them are out of the question in the future. Even the four of 1893, Vigilant, Colonia, Jubilee and Pilgrim, have long since passed out of the racing field. The only existing yachts of the class are Defender and Columbia, now housed over on the beach at City Island. These yachts are still the property of their original owners, according to the New York Y. C. book for the year, Defender being owned by W. K. Vanderbilt, E. D. Morgan and C. Oliver Iselin; while Columbia is owned by J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Iselin. These gentlemen are the absolute owners of the yachts, and they are also thoroughly informed in the history of the Cup races and of American yachting, and of the present condition and needs of the sport. They know that as matters stand a new challenge will mean a new and still more costly machine, which they, before all others, may be expected to pay for and manage. If in their judgment the interests of American yacht racing will be advanced by a transfer of the Cup contests to a smaller class, they can bring this about in a very short time. It is only necessary that they sell Defender and Columbia in such a way as to make it impossible to use them as racing cutters.

Defender's days are probably over. With the large amount of aluminum in her construction it is unlikely that she can ever be put to permanent use as a yacht; it is doubtful whether she would be fitted out again as a trial boat. Her value as old metal is as great at the present time as it is likely to be in the future, as the top of the market was passed some months ago. Her spars, gear, sails, etc., can all be sold to advantage now, before they have deteriorated by long storage. With more durable metal in her construction, Columbia may still be available in some form as a yacht. Reduced to a practicable draft of 12 or 13ft., with a centerboard and a small rig she would still make a fast and good cruiser, and she might with advantage be converted in this way. Her bronze plating would be far superior to steel, and should insure for her a comparatively large price. Like the fin-keel Pilgrim of 1893, she could well be converted to a steamer, the lead keel and fin being cut away and a new keel, futtocks and floors added, the old plating of the fin being used for the new garboards and lower strakes. Mechanically the conversion to either a centerboard schooner or a steam yacht would be a simple matter.

If these two yachts were taken as they now stand shored up on the beach, the keels and fins removed, and the hulls and outfit sold, the way would be cleared for a speedy challenge for the America Cup in a smaller class. With them out of the way there would be no further question of the propriety of accepting such a challenge,

and as far as the challengers are concerned, they have for years desired a smaller size. The first challenge from Lord Dunraven, in 1889, expressly named the 70ft. class, and the representatives of Sir Thomas Lipton, who visited New York, in September, 1898, to arrange for the last match, came prepared to negotiate for a challenge in the 70ft. class, but abandoned the idea on ascertaining that it would not be entertained by the New York Y. C. The existence of Shamrock is no more a factor in the matter than is that of Valkyrie III. The two can well be disregarded in all future international events.

The suggestion here made is of direct and immediate importance. There can be no question of the legal and moral rights of the owners to dispose of the two yachts in any way they may select. The yachts are worthless to-day and may be so for several years, until another challenge comes. As far as the sale value is concerned, it must decrease every year. The effect of this large class on the general racing has been generally recognized by thinking yachtsmen for some years. In fact, with Defender moored for three years in one spot, and with her and Columbia, now similarly shelved for an indefinite time, it can no longer be contended that such a class is a useful and essential member of the racing fleet. The demand for a revival of some useful and practicable class between the 90ft. and the 51ft. has been growing for some years, and this year has found active expression in the construction of the one design 70 class, and the importation of three British yachts of the next smaller size. Neither of these classes as yet constitute the dreaded "vested interests" which bar all advances in yachting. The Herreshoff quartette, however they may be patched and cobbled up during the winter, are not likely to induce yachtsmen to add to their number, and the British yachts are of an odd measurement for American racing. The way is clear now, as it has not been in the past for many years and may not be in the future, for the establishment of a class of about 70ft. l.w.l., under the regular rules and open to all designers.

Second to the question of the size or class of the yachts in Cup racing is that of the measurement, at present in a very unsatisfactory state. Under existing conditions the waterline only is limited, and each side is free to over-spar at will, offering every inducement to dangerous wrecking above decks. If common sense could but prevail in the making of international matches in the larger classes, both parties would at once come together and, failing even a passably good measurement rule, which neither has at present, would make such an agreement as would be plainly to their mutual advantage; for instance, measurement by the Seawanhaka rule, with crew on board and a limit of extreme draft, neither boat to exceed a racing measurement of 75ft. This is the regular class rule of the New York Y. C. to-day, except that the crew is specifically limited and need not be on board when the yacht is measured, though the latter requirement holds in the Cup races. There is nothing novel or radical about it, and it would favor neither side, but each would know exactly where it stood. The limitation by racing measurement instead of waterline is in accord with the standard American usage, and to a certain extent militates against over-sparring. It would be infinitely better if both parties could agree on a new rule, placing some restrictions on freak features and evasions under which an international racing class could be built up on both sides, the best yacht of the class on each side being selected for the Cup matches, but the time is not yet ripe for such a rule. Even the temporary step outlined above would give a stimulus to building and racing on both sides of the Atlantic, and on this side it would be of especial value in the encouragement of American designers.

The present condition of yachting in all classes above 51ft. is most unsatisfactory and discouraging, the spasmodic racing of a couple of 90ft. machines every few years does far more harm than good. Such machines are beyond the reach of even the wealthiest of the real racing owners, and these have no suitable class to which to build. That there is a demand for such a class is shown by the four 70-footers and the three 65-footers added to the fleet this year, and yet these boats go a long way from being the nucleus of the right class.

In the America Cup the New York Y. C. has in its hands the most powerful instrument ever devised for the encouragement of yachting; but for reasons not necessary to enumerate here this instrument has long since ceased to do good. By prompt and sensible action on the part of the club and some of its members, the whole influence of the Cup may be diverted speedily to the establishment of a new and much needed racing class. With a challenge once in hand for a 90-footer, as it must inevitably be in time if matters remain as they are, this chance disappears for an indefinite period, and in the meanwhile some sort of a class will grow up haphazard, probably a failure in itself and a bar to the establishment of a really good and successful one.

It is now learned that an addition must be made to the long list of partly wrecked racers. Early in the year the new yacht Countess, designed and built by the Herreshoffs for Oswald Sanderson, of the Larchmont Y. C., struck a sunken rock, but, as she soon afterward continued racing, it was thought the damage had been slight. Yesterday, however, an expert in yacht construction said that the effects of her wrenching still existed, and could not be put right without a large expense. Effort, a sister ship to Countess, produced at the same yards for F. M. Smith, did not, like Syce and Countess, try to measure strength with rocks, but she is reported to be almost a wreck as a result of her short summer's sailing. The boat is recorded as having entered five races, and, though it is not known whether or not she was unduly crowded with canvas, it appears that she did not stand the strain. She is now hauled up at Bristol. Another new yacht that must be repaired is the 15-footer Shark, which the owner, F. Lathrop Ames, had to leave in Bristol because he could not get a crew to sail her back around the Cape to Boston.

As has been printed in the Tribune, the new fleet of 70-footers was more or less damaged by the season's racing. This fleet is now gathered or about to gather

at the Herreshoff yards. The latest Bristol report of Mineola is that her bow is turned up in the air and her hull badly strained and out of shape.—New York Tribune, Oct. 5.

The following is from the New York Times:

A report comes from the Herreshoffs' works that these builders have contracts to construct ten of the fifty-one-foot class of yachts, to be completed in season for the racing next summer, and that the class will be headquartered at Newport, as were the thirties and the seventies. It is also reported that August Belmont's name is among the yachtsmen who will own one of the new boats, and in view of that fact had his seventy-footer Mineola towed to New York recently, to be offered for sale.

ACCORDING to Le Yacht the new challenge for the Seawanhaka cup will be designed by Harley Mead, of Cowes. Mr. Currie will try her early in the season, in time to build another boat should she prove unsatisfactory. It is probable that the English challenge will bring out a number of boats for the trial races of the defense from all parts of Canada, and that the new fleet on Lake St. Louis will be national rather than local. It is reported that at least one other English yachtsman will build a trial boat.

A VAGUE report is current, coming from Berlin, that the Emperor William has placed an order with Mr. Watson for a yacht a little larger than the new Sybarita, to make her debut in the Mediterranean next spring.

THE action of the council of the Yacht Racing Union at the annual meeting, in rescinding the linear rating of "girth rule" adopted two years ago, leaves the measurement question just where it then was, and where it is likely to remain so far as the Yacht Racing Union of America is concerned. Though this organization has had a special committee at work for some time on the measurement question, it has no new proposal for a rule. The clubs and associations which looked to the Y. R. U. of N. A. for aid and guidance in this matter are now left to shift for themselves. Apart from the waste of time, the only harm that has been done, except to the prestige of the new Union, is on the Great Lakes, where a good rule was abandoned for a very poor one, with the result that the staunch and sturdy keel yacht in successful use on all the lakes has been handicapped in favor of the extreme type of capsizable racing machine. This result of itself is enough to justify the strong protest which we had the pleasure of making before the meeting of 1898 against what has proved a most unfortunate leap in the dark.

The Ballasting of the 70ft. Class.

THE following letters were made public in New York on Oct. 7 and 8 respectively through all the daily papers. We give them without any comment, as they cover all that is known about the case to others than those directly connected with the four new 70-footers.

The first letter is addressed to the regatta committees of the New York, Seawanhaka and other clubs, a copy being sent to each:

New York, Oct. 5.—Dear Sir: The owners of the four so-called 70-footers entered into an agreement which governed certain of the races between them during the last summer. It was my general understanding of this agreement that it gave the right to any one of the yachts, at her own option, to add ballast for the purpose of bringing her waterline length up to that of the longest yacht, and for this purpose I took in additional ballast on board Rainbow at different times.

My attention has just been called to the fact that I had no right to take in additional ballast in any case, after the yacht had once been measured, without notifying the authorities under which the races were conducted, or procuring an official remeasurement. It had never occurred to me that I was obliged to comply with this condition, but I hasten to say that I think my yacht was subject to disqualification for taking on additional ballast without being officially remeasured, and that she was not entitled to any prizes won under these circumstances.

I deeply regret that I should have been guilty of such a blunder and can only frankly say that it was a blunder, but was committed thoughtlessly and without intention. I cannot, of course, consent to accept any prize which was won by my yacht in violation of the rules, however unwittingly such violation occurred. I beg, therefore, to say that I must decline to accept the prizes offered by your club, to which I otherwise would have been entitled.

I shall at once notify the other owners of these facts, and shall at the same time write to the various committees in charge of the other races which I have sailed, and inform them of my error and how it came to be made. At the same time I shall return all the prizes I have received and refuse to accept the ones not yet delivered.

Respectfully yours,

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

The following is a statement given to the press by Mr. H. B. Duryea:

In an issue of a morning paper I find a reference to myself in connection with Mr. Vanderbilt's letter returning his cups, as follows:

"What called forth this letter is somewhat a mystery, but it is rumored that Herman B. Duryea and Harry Payne Whitney, who owned and raced Yankee, intimated that Rainbow had an advantage over the other yachts which she should not have had."

The suggestion, as I understand it, is that Mr. Vanderbilt was driven to this recent attitude by insinuations made by Mr. Whitney and myself. This does him great injustice, as well as us.

The facts are that not until the racing season was over had we any idea that any such thing could have happened. Immediately upon the information reaching us I sent Mr. Vanderbilt a letter, of which the following is a copy:

"My Dear Vanderbilt: It has come to my knowledge, by such conclusive evidence as to leave no doubt in my

mind that your skipper, Capt. Parker, in the middle of our recent racing season, and after we had all been measured by the official measurer of the New York Y. C., changed the trim of Rainbow by putting in more ballast, without notice to the officials having charge of the racing and without any official remeasurement, in violation of the agreement we made with each other, as owners of the 70-footer class and in violation of the rules of all yacht clubs. I am sure you will agree with me that you should be put in possession of the fact, that you may inaugurate yourself the measures proper to be taken under the circumstances. Upon application from you I will, if Capt. Parker denies it, furnish you the proof.

"Very truly yours,

"H. B. DURYEA."

We never had the slightest idea that Mr. Vanderbilt was cognizant of the transaction, and we did precisely what we would have expected another gentleman to do to us—we mentioned it to no one, but informed him at once.

It is a matter of congratulation that Mr. Vanderbilt, by his sportsmanlike action, has cleared himself of blame, as he has in every one's mind, and Mr. Whitney and I will be the first to insist that the cups remain where they are, and certainly we will never sail for them ourselves, but neither will we sail in any competition in which Capt. Parker is the sailing master of a competing boat.

He is the one who has placed Mr. Vanderbilt and American yachtsmen in this position. Capt. Parker was to Rainbow what I was to Yankee. He managed and sailed her, as I did Yankee. Mr. Vanderbilt had a right to rely upon him as a person experienced in the rules of racing. He had sailed all his life in England and knows that after a boat is officially measured a man may not change the weights and immersion of his boat without a remeasurement and official certificate showing his compliance with the conditions of the race.

The rule is differently stated in different associations, and in some cases one is permitted to give notice and be remeasured after a race, but nowhere would it be deemed honorable to change your weights and immersion and accept the results of a competition without an official certificate of the measurer that your boat complied with the conditions of the race.

A fine situation we would have been in as yachtsmen if this matter had slept and Capt. Parker had gone home and reported, as he quite likely would have done, that we were given to such practices. Mr. Vanderbilt's action has saved us from any imputation of intentional wrongdoing, but as to Capt. Parker, the case is not the same. The circumstances showed plainly that Capt. Parker knew well the character of his acts.

Mr. Whitney and I had been a good deal puzzled in the middle of the season by the sudden change that had somehow come about in the sailing qualities of the different boats, especially Rainbow. After being officially measured on July 13, Yankee won of the first five races four, and was second in the other. We were quite unable to account for the subsequent racing of the boats, but neither made nor entertained any suggestion that there was anything wrong about it.

Just as the racing season was ending facts were stated to us to which we were obliged to give attention, to the effect that Rainbow had extra ballast on board. We still did not believe it. We knew that if it was on board it would necessarily be removed at some time, and until the removal had been actually seen by reliable witnesses we would not believe any such thing. Capt. Parker removed it at night in the most secret manner, and his men engaged in it skulked and denied what they were doing. It was then that we wrote Mr. Vanderbilt, believing that he had been deceived as well as we.

The truth was, Capt. Parker was deceiving him as to the rule and us as to the facts.

It is fair to say that if our information is correct as to the quantity of ballast added by him, Rainbow's immersion was not only considerably in excess of the longest boat, but in excess of the 70ft. limit of our class as well.

However, the amount of change made by adding ballast is not to the point. We may not guess at the length of our waterline or the amount of our immersion, and add and subtract ballast as we guess.

The official measurer's certificate is a title to enter a class, and we may not change our weight or immersion on any view of our own without official verification of our act. This is the rule throughout the world, and no one knows it better than Capt. Parker.

H. B. DURYEA.

The Yacht Racing Union of North America.

THE fourth annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of North America was held on Oct. 6 at the Yachtsmen's Club, New York. The following delegates were present: J. M. Macdonough, Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association; A. F. Bancroft, Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia; F. M. Hoyt, C. P. Tower, E. M. MacLellan and Frank Bowne Jones, Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound; A. J. Prime, New York Yacht Racing Association, and Newberry D. Lawton, Atlantic Y. C.

Mr. N. D. Lawton presided. The report of the secretary showed that the membership included nine associations, comprising 113 clubs, and ten separate clubs. The Connecticut Y. C., of Jamestown, R. I., was elected to membership. The special committee on revision of the measurement rule, Messrs. F. Bowne Jones, C. H. Crane and R. N. Ellis, made a report, after which the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, The adoption of a new rule of measurement is to be considered during the coming winter, and as it is probable that a rule will be suggested that will be generally acceptable,

Resolved, That the rule of measurement now incorporated in the racing rules of the Union be rescinded and that it be recommended that the associations and clubs represented in the Union use locally such rule of measurement as they consider most desirable for the purpose.

The following council was elected for the coming year: L. M. Clark and A. H. Higginson, Boston; Newberry D. Lawton, F. Bowne Jones, F. M. Hoyt, A. J. Prime and Oswald Sanderson, New York; A. F. Bancroft, Philadelphia; Benjamin Carpenter, Chicago; G. Herrick Duggan, Montreal; Ralph N. Ellis, Newport; Emelius Jarvis, Toronto; Joseph M. Macdonough, San Francisco; A. M. Potter, Providence, and J. Adolph Mollenhauer, Brooklyn.

Cruising a la Mode—or Much Ado About Nothing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read a few of the perilous cruises described in the pages of various journals devoted to the noble sport of yachting, it occurred to me that possibly you might like to have some of my experiences.

I observe that the most approved style is to quote verbatim from the log. I regret I am unable to do this; as mine went down in the late, terrible gale when my anchors dragged and my craft was brought up all standing—I (believe that is the correct expression, but if not, I daresay you will kindly supply the proper phrase)—against the stage, where the maid servant draws the water from the duck pond, but as the details of that awful time are indelibly impressed upon my memory you may rely on the fact being strictly accurate. Without further complaint or apology I will begin:

Bank Holiday, Aug. 6, 1900.—Eight bells just gone, —Billy Jones come aboard, bringing luncheon basket —followed by under-gardener wheeling a barrow full of beer. After much exertion and difficulty wheeled this aboard, found only way was to lighten the contents first—they answered admirably. Take great credit to myself for thinking of it.

Two bells.—All stowed snugly; began lunch.

Four bells.—Felt less sleepy. Suggested Billy should see how weather was and if fine get up the mainsail. No answer. Had a pick-me-up.

Four bells.—Billy woke me up, said it was 6 o'clock. He thought anchor was coming loose. Told him to go to — But he didn't, so I got up, and finding it really was the second dog-watch, thought we'd better step ashore and get ready for dinner.

Aug. 7, seven bells.—Found anchor had held, at least the yacht was where we left her, i. e., jammed against the bank under the old willow tree. Two ducks (birds) had got on board. Billy goes after them. Being too energetic he trips over the foresheet. Goes head over heels into the pond. Luckily wind had lulled; not much sea, so I am able to save him. Got a bit muddy. Water fully two feet deep—mud six feet possibly. While I was doing this, awful squall got up from the E.S.E. ½ N. This was right off the land. Result, yacht with me and Billy aboard blown out into the middle of the pond.

Two bells.—The cable has parted. We are driving helpless and broadside on to the stage to leeward. Nothing can save us!

Three bells.—We are bumping awfully against the stage. The gardener, brave chap, sees our peril. He rushes down with the garden line. He heaves it wildly right in the teeth of the blast. Alas! in his agitation he has let go of the other end and the whole bag of tricks, iron spindle, winder and peg, all some crashing through our weather scantling. We are doomed. The yacht gives a few frightful lurches, fills and would have sunk only there was not enough water just there. We only just step ashore in time before the mud yields and our fine boat goes down gunwale under.

Aug. 8, eight bells.—Arrive at the office just as the governor gets there. No more now, but trusting this perilous adventure will be of interest to your readers, I remain,

JACK-ALL-ALONE.

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARDS BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

COURSES: 11¾ miles for 25ft. and 21ft. classes; 7¼ miles for 4th class catboats and 15ft. class. Wind, light N.E., hauling to S.W. good breeze. Tide, flood.

25ft. Class—Start, 1:05.	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....	25.00	3 08 45	2 03 45
Ulula, W. H. Winship.....	25.00	3 17 23	2 12 23
Nokomis, Alfred Winsor.....	25.00	3 17 44	2 12 44
Eina, J. Parkinson.....	25.00	3 18 25	2 13 25
Brundhilde, S. R. Dow.....	25.00	3 24 16	2 19 16

21ft. Class—Start, 1:15.	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cyrilla, R. W. Emmons 2d.....	21.00	3 31 01	2 16 01
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	21.00	3 33 51	2 18 51
Amanita, Louis Bacon.....	21.00	3 36 22	2 21 22
Edith, C. M. Baker.....	21.00	3 44 01	2 29 01

Fourth Class Cats—Start, 1:25.	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Weasel, F. Burgess.....	18.00	2 54 43	1 29 43
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	18.00	2 58 27	1 33 27
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	18.00	2 59 39	1 34 39
Daisy, H. Stockton.....	18.00	3 02 26	1 37 26

15ft. Class—Start, 1:30.	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Uarda, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	15.00	3 01 22	1 31 22
Vim, F. W. Sargent.....	15.00	3 01 40	1 31 40
Flickamaroo, N. F. Emmons.....	15.00	3 02 42	1 32 42
Peacock, Robert Winsor.....	15.00	3 02 53	1 32 53
Go-Bye, S. G. King.....	15.00	3 03 02	1 33 02
Teazer, R. W. Emmons 2d.....	15.00	3 03 58	1 33 58

The winners were: 25ft. class, May Queen, first; Ululu, second. 21ft. class, Cyrilla, first; Quakeress, second. 4th class cats, Weasel, first; Hod, second. 15ft. class, Uarda, first; Vim, second.

Judge, David Rice.

Dorchester Y. C.

DORCHESTER—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 29.

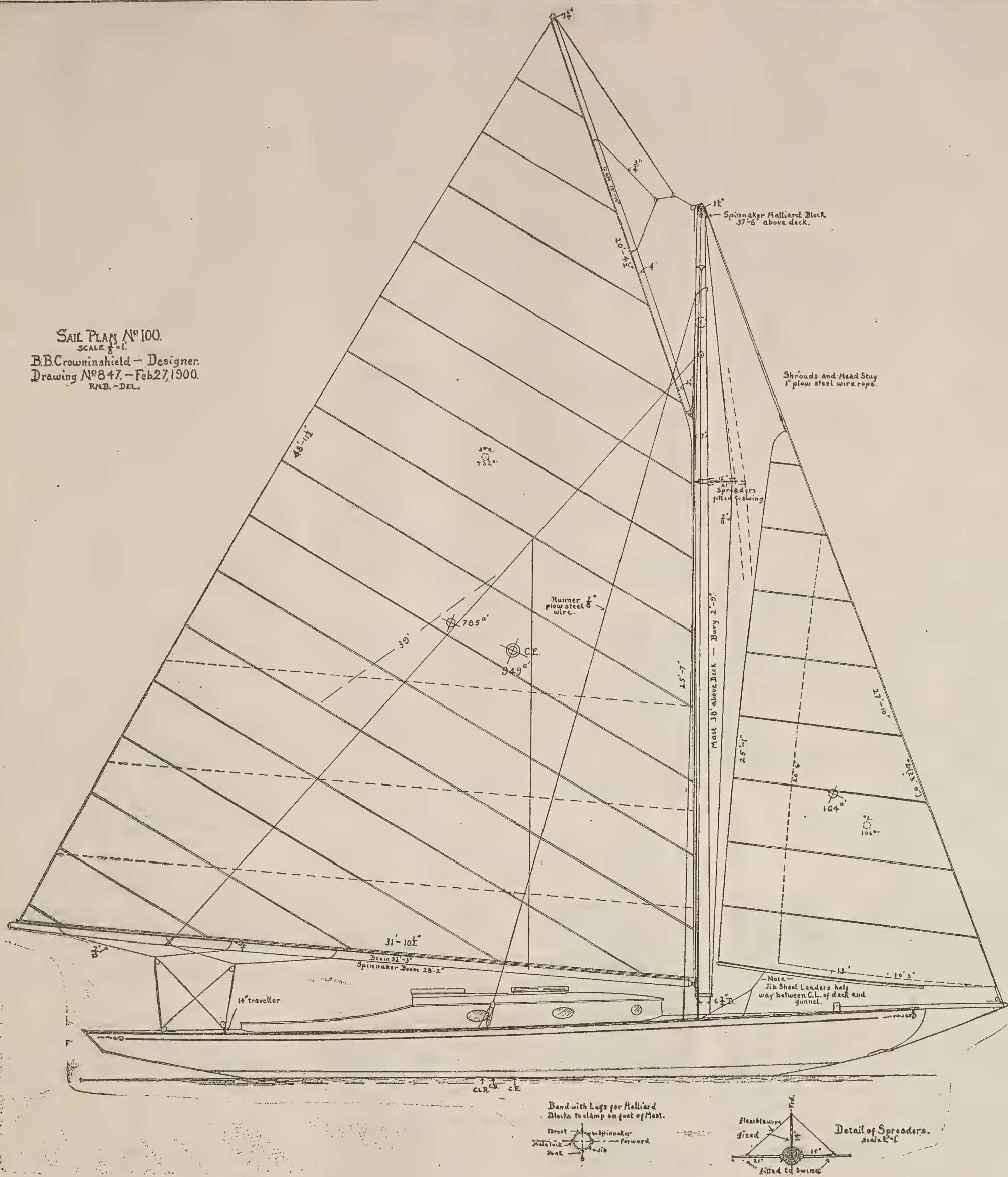
THE Dorchester Y. C. held its third ladies' day on Sept. 29, a part of the programme being a race, the third and last of the series. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Scout, C. Keyes Brastow.....	1 03 30	0 54 30
Dorothy, H. A. Goddard.....	1 06 20	0 56 20
Athena, T. W. Souther.....	1 07 50	0 56 50
Irene, F. B. Driscoll.....	1 10 15	0 57 15
Marion IL, George R. Coolidge.....	1 02 45	0 57 45
Spinster, L. M. Clark.....	0 59 45	0 59 45
Louis F., R. Billings.....	1 14 40	1 01 40
Petrel, A. H. Murray.....	Withdrew.	

The judges were Hartford Davenport, Oliver F. Davenport, Charles H. Nute and Thomas Leavitt.

The first prize for the series, a silver cup, was awarded to Scout, the second to Dorothy and the third to Spinster. Irene and Athena were tied for fourth place.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.



FLIRT—SAIL PLAN.

The Keel Sloop Flirt.

THERE was a time some fifteen to twenty years ago when the keel boat led the centerboard in many of the smaller racing classes in the East; the development of the wide keel sloop in Boston preceding the narrow keel cutter in New York. Of late years the centerboard type, as represented by the Cape Cod cat family, has led in the racing about Boston, comparatively little attention being given to the keel boat by racing yachtsmen, except in the knock-about and raceabout classes. While some very good keel boats have appeared in the last few years in the 25ft. class, they have as a rule been too good to win many races under the existing rules.

The yacht here illustrated, through the kindness of the designer, B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston, was designed last spring for the 25ft. class, in which a special amount of racing was looked for. She was designed under the new rules, and special restrictions of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts. As recently recorded, Flirt has raced through the season and made a most successful showing alongside of the centerboard boats of her class. She is owned by F. Wright Fabian, of Boston, for whom she was built by David Fenton, of Manchester, Mass.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	39ft.	6¾in.
L.W.L.	25ft.	
Overhang—		
Bow	7ft.	1½in.
Counter	7ft.	5½in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	9ft.	6 in.
L.W.L.	9ft.	
Freeboard—		
Bow	3ft.	1¼in.
Least	2ft.	
Taffrail	2ft.	2¼in.

Draft	6ft.	6½in.
Displacement	5.08 long tons.	
Ballast—Lead keel	2.23 long tons.	
Ratio of ballast to displacement	.44	
Displacement per inch at L.W.L.	926.80lbs.	
Midship Section—Area	15.50 sq. ft.	
L.W.L. Plane—Area	174.12 sq. ft.	
Lateral Plane—		
Area, hull	64.10 sq. ft.	
Area, rudder	6.84 sq. ft.	
Area, total	70.94 sq. ft.	
C.L.R. from station O.	13.72ft.	
Coefficient	.549ft.	
Center of Buoyancy—		
From station O.	13.17ft.	
Coefficient	.527ft.	
Mainsail—Area	785 sq. ft.	
Jib—Area	164 sq. ft.	

Total area	949 sq. ft.
C.E. from station O.	12.17ft.

Though intended only for racing, the yacht has a comfortable cabin with two sofa lockers and a berth back of each, and 5ft. headroom, the forecabin having two hammock cots. The lines of the hull are very similar to the Payne boat Beaver, though the sections of the bow are rounder and fuller; the lateral plane is much more cut away than in Beaver, while the latter has the old form of rudder. The construction will be given next week.

Manchester Y. C.

MANCHESTER, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 29.

THE Manchester Y. C. closed its season with a sail-off between Rikki Tikki and Witch for the championship

of the 15ft. class, sailed in a light N.E. breeze. The times were, start 2:30:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rikki Tikki, Loring Brothers	3 34 30	1 01 30
Witch, Norton Wigglesworth	3 36 30	1 06 30

National Sailing Skiff Association.

TORONTO—TORONTO BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 29.

THE last race of the National Sailing Skiff Association for the Hallam challenge cup came off on Sept. 29 after being postponed from Sept. 22. The race was started at 3:00, in a moderate breeze, the times being:

	First Round.	Finish.	Corrected.
Chance	3 44 55	4 40 30	1 39 30
Victoria	3 56 35	4 44 30	1 43 30
Vixen	3 59 10	4 53 05	1 50 35
May Belle	4 02 35	4 52 20	1 52 20
Dream	4 05 05	5 02 50	1 59 23
Zenetta	4 05 55	5 10 00	2 07 23
Arrow	4 11 20	Withdrew.	
Yukon	Withdrew.		
National	Withdrew.		

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Despite the unpopularity achieved by the Earl of Dunraven in this country, no one familiar with his life will fail to recognize his ambition to excel in different lines, and the energy and ability with which he attacks every subject in which he is for the time interested. Good evidence of this is given in the two large volumes just published under the title of "Self-Instruction in the Practice and Theory of Navigation." The very natural question whether any more books on navigation, either elementary or exhaustive, are needed, is answered by the author after a very satisfactory manner in the preface. An examination of the work indicates that he has made good his case as to the possibilities

On Oct. 20 Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and Fred Gilbert shoot for the east iron medal at Richmond, Va.

The programme of the Peters Cartridge Co.'s tournament to be held at Montgomery, Ala., Oct. 16 and 17, under the auspices of the Capital City Gun Club, is now ready for distribution. There are ten events each day, of which six are at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance; three at 20 targets, \$.25, and one at 25 targets, \$2.50. To the 15-target events \$5 is added. To the 20-target events \$10 is added. To the 25-target events \$15. The third day will be devoted to live-bird events, of which there are four on the programme, with conditions as follows: Five birds, \$4; 10 birds, \$7.50; 7 birds, \$5; 10 birds, \$7.50. Plenty of birds on hand for practice. The following further information is presented in the programme: "A handsome gold medal will be given for highest average for two days' targets. Any profit accruing from this tournament will be added to an extra event at the close of the second day's programme. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents each. Two sets of traps will be used—the magautrap and Sergeant system. All events will be shot over the magautrap, and the odd events over the Sergeant system. Target purses will be divided Rose system—5, 3, 2 and 1 in the 15-bird races; 7, 5, 3, 2 and 1 in the 20 and 25 bird races. The referee's decision will be final, except in case of doubt, when he may appeal to contestants in squad. Manufacturers' agents barred from contesting for the purses, but can shoot for price of targets. American Association rules in connection with Magautrap rules will govern all target events. Westcott Arms Co. will be headquarters. Barbecue on the grounds. Rate of one fare for round trip on all roads entering Montgomery. Grounds will be open for practice Oct. 15. Grounds are located at Cloverdale. Cartridges and guns shipped to T. M. Westcott, Montgomery, Ala., will be delivered on the grounds bird events will be divided Rose system—5, 3, 2 and 1. All live-free of charge. Live birds will be trapped at 25 cents each. Live-bird races will be handicap races. For programmes or information, address Westcott Arms Co., Montgomery, Ala., or John Parker, care the Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, O. John Parker will manage."

The Altoona Rod and Gun Club, of Altoona, Pa., of which Mr. G. G. Zeth is secretary, provides a live-bird handicap for amateurs, to take place on Saturday of this week. The event will be at 15 birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra, four moneys, class shooting, handicaps from 25 to 33yds. Birds, 40 cents per pair. The programme presents further information as follows: "Entry applications will be received up until Wednesday, Oct. 3, inclusive, and must be accompanied by \$3, the price of the birds. The entrance fee can be paid at any time before going to the score. The handicaps will be announced the morning of the shoot. A good dinner, free to visiting shooters, will be served in the club house dining room. Logan Valley cars from the heart of the city direct to the grounds every fifteen minutes. Loaded shells for sale on the grounds. Special loads will be furnished if ordered when entry is made. Interstate Association rules will govern. The handicap committee will be D. D. Stine, Tyrone; C. Wendroth, Cresson; J. B. Holsinger, Johnstown; L. R. Leister, Huntingdon; Dr. F. M. Christy, Altoona. Everything is always in readiness for target shooting at these grounds, and after the live-bird race has been finished the remainder of the day will be devoted to this sport; events to be arranged to suit shooters. For further information, address the secretary. Local and long distance telephone."

The Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, O., sends us the following: "At the request of gentlemen interested, the dates of the Peters Cartridge Co.'s tournament at Raleigh, N. C., have been changed to Oct. 24 and 25. The tournament is given under the auspices of the North Carolina State Fair Association, and held upon the State Fair grounds. The two days will be devoted to targets. The State Fair Association, as well as the Peters Cartridge Co., and others interested, are sparing no pains to make this one of the most enjoyable shoots that has ever been held in the South. It will be managed by Mr. John Parker, and this fact in itself is enough to draw a large number of sportsmen from all over the Southeastern States. The State Fair Association has secured low rates of fare from all points in that territory. For programme apply to the Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, O., or Chas. H. Belvin, Jr., Raleigh, N. C." The company further advises us that, as it is found impracticable to get a sufficient number of birds, the programme of the third day has been abandoned.

The last contest of a series of three between the Frankford Gun Club and the Penn Gun Club, of Norristown, Pa., which was shot at Bridesburg, on Saturday of last week, resulted in a victory for Frankford. Each club had a previous winning to its credit, so that the final win determined Frankford's supremacy. The conditions were 25 targets per man, and there were twelve men on each team. The scores were: Frankford—Ridge 22, W. H. W. 22, Myers 21, Dr. Smith 21, Morris 21, Green 20, W. Johnson 20, Redifer 20, Krier 19, George 17, Betson 15, Bourne 14—232. Penn—Newton 23, Harris 21, Hagy 21, P. Johnson 21, F. Y. Smith 21, Cassell 19, J. R. Yost 19, Gross 18, Gleason 18, I. Johnson 17, McMichael 16, Dotterer 14—228.

The fourth annual tournament of the Cherokee Gun Club, Cherokee, Ia., to be held Oct. 16 and 17, offers a programme at both bluebirds and live birds. The magautrap and Sergeant system will be used. Between \$75 and \$100 will be added. The management extends a cordial invitation to all shooters. Manufacturers' agents and professionals are barred from the purses, but will have accommodations to display their goods. Guns and ammunition shipped to the secretary, F. B. Wadsley, will be delivered to the hotel and grounds free of charge.

Messrs. Malone and Collins, the managers of the forthcoming Baltimore live-bird tournament, are exercising the greatest pains in respect to securing a handicap committee which will be of the best. To act in conjunction with themselves they have extended invitations to the members of the Grand American Handicap Committee, and we are informed that several of them have accepted the invitation. The shoot takes place on Oct. 23, 24, 25 and 26, and will be held under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association.

At the recent tournament at Hartford, Conn., Capt. Geo. E. Bartlett, of the Marlin Fire Arms Co., won high average, following it with a similar performance at the Branchville tournament, where he broke 95 out of 100 targets, and made a run of 52. He was accompanied by his wife, who is known on the stage as May Clinton, famous as an expert rifle and pistol shot, and who in the shoots aforementioned was second, scoring 20 straight in one event and breaking 87 out of 100. She has only recently taken up trap-shooting, but handles her Marlin repeater like a veteran.

The Crescent Athletic Club held its opening shoot of the season on Saturday of last week, and had a good attendance, considering that there are still so many of the summer sports to engage the attention of the members. Dr. Henry L. O'Brien scored the victory for the October cup. The conditions governing the cups are handicaps, 25 targets over expert traps and 25 over a magautrap, all handicaps added as breaks, handicaps to be changed each month.

In the second contest of the Keystone Shooting League's championship series Messrs. J. Vandergrift and J. Brewer killed the 10 birds which was the total number shot at in the event by each contestant. In a four-men team race between Messrs. Darby, W. N. Stevenson, Ridge and Sanford on the one side and Messrs. O. K. Stevenson, Van Loon, A. C. Stevenson and Hobbs on the other, each shooting at 25 targets, the former won by a score of 83 to 76.

At Elmer Neal's shoot, Bloomfield, Ill., on the first day, Oct. 2, Mr. Rolla O. Heikes was high average, with W. R. Crosby second and C. W. Budd third. On the second day C. W. Budd was first, Ralph Trimble second and Elmer Neal third. In the high average at targets Budd was first, and Neal was high average in the spar-row contests, with 223 killed. An interesting report of it will be found elsewhere in our columns.

Mr. J. L. Head Peru, Ind., writes us as follows: "In writing you concerning the coming live-bird tournament of the Peru Gun Club, I gave you the dates as Oct. 29 and 30, which was an error. The dates selected were Oct. 30 and 31, which correction please announce in your next issue."

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Oct. 6.—The opening of the shooting season of the Crescent Athletic Club evoked great interest, and there was a goodly attendance of spectators to watch the shooters. The main interest centered in the contest for the October cup, which was won by Dr. H. L. O'Brien with a score of 46, 7 of which was a handicap allowance. Edward Banks, scratch, was close up with 44, as also were C. Kenyon, Jr., and J. H. Hallock with an equal score.

The committee, Messrs. Townsend, Banks and Higgins, were on hand early, and had the mechanical arrangements adjusted to a nicety, so that for the first shoot matters ran very smoothly. The scores:

October cup, 25 expert, 25 magautrap; handicap allowances added:

	Expert rules.		Magautrap.		Grand Total.
	Hdcp.	Broke.	Hdcp.	Broke.	
Dr H L O'Brien.....	4	24	3	22	46
C Kenyon, Jr.....	6	25	5	19	44
J H Hallock.....	3	22	2	22	44
Edward Banks.....	0	21	0	23	44
D G Geddes.....	1	22	1	20	42
H Kryn.....	2	21	2	21	42
W W Marshall.....	4	20	4	20	40
C G Rasmus.....	7	17	6	19	36
L Rhett.....	4	17	3	16	33
T W Stake.....	3	15	2	17	32
G Notman.....	3	14	2	17	31
Capt Borland.....	7	15	7	14	29

Special prize shoot, 25 expert rules; handicap: Banks, scratch, 24; Geddes, 1, 24; Kryn, 2, 23; Hallock, 3, 23; Rasmus, 7, 21; Marshall, 4, 19; O'Brien, 4, 19; Dr. Little, 4, 19; Borland, 10, 19; Sneider, scratch, 18; Kenyon, 6, 18.

Shoot-off, 25 birds: Banks, scratch, 23; Geddes, 1, 21. Sweepstakes, 10 birds: Banks 9, Hallock 7, Wilmot Townsend 7, Rhett 5, Borland 2, Marshall 1. Sweepstakes, 25 birds: Kryn 21, Sneider 18, Hallock 9. Sweepstakes, 25 birds: Sneider 21, Kryn 20, Hallock 16. Sweepstakes, 25 birds: Hallock 17, Kryn 16, McKenzie 16.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Oct. 6.—In the club shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club to-day Messrs. Hamilton, Welch and Davenport killed 10 birds straight. Mr. Hamilton also scored a win with Messrs. Thompson, Lee and Gaughen in the Mauser rifle event, in which all stood at 29yds.

The scores follow:

Club prize, miss-and-out:	
W F Sykes.....	01110
F A Thompson.....	2112112122
Lee.....	1221212122
Gaughen.....	2221222122
Club shoot, 10 birds, \$10:	
F A Thompson.....	2121212120—9
Hamilton.....	1242121211—10
Lee.....	2110121022—8
Hill.....	002020w
Lockwood.....	20211010
Dr Hill.....	0011110220
Hamilton.....	2101112111

Club shoot, 10 birds, \$10: F A Thompson.....2121212120—9 Hamilton.....1242121211—10 Lee.....2110121022—8 Hill.....002020w R A Welch.....1122122122—10 Davenport.....1121212111—10 Postaus.....0212222012—8 Bill Wynn.....1211212110—8

Targets were shot as follows:	
Events: 1 2 3	Events: 1 2 3
Targets: 25 25 25	Targets: 25 25 25
Seward.....	12 18 14
Rodney.....	10 10 11
Denison.....	13 11
Fiske.....	5 10 16
Events: 1 2 3	Events: 1 2 3
Targets: 25 25 25	Targets: 25 25 25
Seward.....	12 18 14
Rodney.....	10 10 11
Denison.....	13 11
Fiske.....	5 10 16

Medicus Gun Club.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., Oct. 5.—There was a good attendance of shooters at the Medicus Gun Club's shoot to-day, the main event of which was the Medicus handicap at 25 live birds, in which Messrs. Welch, Hopkins and Miller killed straight. Following are the scores:

No. 1, 10 birds, \$5 entrance:	
Richter, 28.....	0221*01122—7
Wiess, 28.....	201122**21—7
Amend, 28.....	022222222—9
Webber, 30.....	222222222—10
Woods, 28.....	2222222202—8
Medicus handicap, 25 live birds, \$10 entrance:	
Welch, 30.....	22112212122212122222122—25
Van Allen, 30.....	22202222221222222222222—24
Hopkins, 29.....	22222222221222222222222—25
Woods, 28.....	22222222221222222222222—25
Miller, 29.....	2222221212121221212121222—24
Webber, 30.....	22222222222222222222222—25
Richter, 28.....	20220002*20202w
Wiess, 28.....	21122122022002w
Amend, 28.....	21112022022222w
Lockwood, 28.....	012220122212122220202222—20
Postaus, 28.....	01222121212222122*1221222—23

L. T. "Davenport" vs. S. M. Van Allen.

Interstate Park, L. I., Oct. 6.—A match of exceeding interest was shot to-day at Interstate Park, L. I., between Messrs. L. T. Davenport, of Brooklyn, and S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, L. I., at 100 live birds, 20yds. rise. The former won by the excellent score of 95 to 89. Davenport's 5th was a difficult driver. His 16th, 17th, 19th, 20th and 21st were hot drivers, well killed. His 15th in the second 25 was hard hit, and died out. In his third 25 he had six very difficult drivers, but made the 25 with a clean score. He had lost but two in his first 75, but in his last 25 he lost three more, and ended with a good score notwithstanding. The luck of the draw ran about alike for each in the first 25, Van Allen losing his 18th dead out. In the second 25 his 20th and 30th, left drivers, were fast birds, as also were his 42d, a driver, and his 46th, a twisting left driver. In his third 25 he lost five, of which three were dead out, and the race was then practically decided.

Mr. T. W. Morley acted as referee.	
L T Davenport, 30.....	1211022212211212112222111—24
	1111111111221*222122111—23
	22211211222221211122111—25
	222112212212121212121*20—22-95
S M Van Allen, 30.....	2222221211222222*222122—24
	21200212121122222202101211—21
	2*22222*222220212*2102211—20
	22222222121121120211222—21-89

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garfield of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 6.—Garfield Gun Club to-day begins its live-bird season, and will continue to hold these live-bird shoots, if attendance warrants it, each month clear through the winter, and until the month of May. The trophy entry closes on each trophy shoot at 3 P. M., and the trophy series begins next Saturday, Oct. 13. The trophy shoots will be held only on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month, in each case at 10 live birds, 15 cents. Opportunity for live-bird sweeps will always be present, and with the well-known loyalty of the Garfield members to their club, it is fair to hope that the coming season will see the old grounds crowded every Saturday, trophy day or not.

Garfield Club closed its season on inanimate targets last Saturday, Sept. 29.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Oct. 6.—Please find scores of the Chicago Gun Club shoot, held to-day under very unfavorable conditions. A strong wind blowing across the traps, with low clouds and rain, is not conducive to big scores. You will note, though, that some of our doctors were out after medals. Dr. C. W. Carson cleaned up 25 straight in the yearly trophy event. O'Brien was second with 24; Lem Willard and Dr. Miller scored 23 each.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Shaw, of the Garfield Gun Club, were guests of the Chicago Gun Club to-day. They having spent the summer in the Rockies, haven't had their usual practice at days. Lem Willard made high average on the day. Next Saturday live birds and targets. Birds furnished by Ullman & Co., and are to be handled by the only Frank Barnard.

Yearly trophy:

Dr Carson.....	11111111111111111111—25
L Willard.....	11111111111111111111—23
Mrs Carson.....	00111011111101001111—18

R B Mack.....	000110111001000111101101—14
Dr Miller.....	1111111110111111111011—23
Milliken.....	101000910001110111000001—11
Veitmeyer.....	1111110110110111111111—22
Mrs Howard.....	010011101001101010101001—14
A W Morton.....	001011010111101111111110—18
Dr Morton.....	0011101000101111111111—19
O'Brien.....	1111111110111111111111—24
Dr Shaw.....	11111111011011111101111—22
Mrs Shaw.....	01011100001101111101111—17
A Walters.....	10100000100011111100111—13

Monthly trophy:

L Willard.....	101111111011111—13
Mrs Carson.....	1111110111101—13
R B Mack.....	01010101010111—10
Dr Miller.....	1111101011101—12
Veitmeyer.....	1111111111111—15
Mrs Howard.....	1101110100011—10
A W Morton.....	1111111010111—13
Dr Morton.....	1101110001011—10
O'Brien.....	1110111111001—12
Dr Shaw.....	1111111010011—12
Mrs Shaw.....	1011111011111—13
Walters.....	001110000101100—6

Team race: Dr. Morton's team:

Dr Morton.....	11111111111110—14
O'Brien.....	1111111111111—15
Veitmeyer.....	1111111111111—15
A W Morton.....	0111111101111—12
R B Mack.....	10101101111100—10
A Walters.....	10000001001110—6-72

Dr. Miller's team:

Dr Miller.....	01011011101001—9
L Willard.....	1010111111111—13
Dr Shaw.....	1011111111111—14
Mrs Carson.....	1111111100011—13
Mrs Shaw.....	0110111001100—9
Mrs Howard.....	110001000010111—7-65

Sweepstakes:

Targets: 25 15 15 10 5p	Targets: 25 15 15 10 5p
R B Mack.....	13 .. 15 9 10
L Willard.....	23 .. 15 9 10
Mrs Carson.....	17 .. 11 10
Dr Carson.....	11 .. 11
Dr Miller.....	12 15 7
Veitmeyer.....	14 .. 14
Mrs Howard.....	8 9 5 5
Dr Shaw.....	13 8 10
O'Brien.....	14 8 8
Dr Moore.....	11 ..
Mrs Shaw.....	12 ..
Dr Morton.....	8 ..

BLUE JEANS.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Oct. 6.—The appended scores were made to-day on our grounds on the occasion of the first live-pigeon shoot of the season.

Weather conditions were decidedly unfavorable, it keeping up a constant drizzle of rain and a strong south wind directly across the traps all afternoon.

The birds were not very quick to take wing, but when once started were a fast lot.

The attendance was not as large as usual, but was good, considering the weather:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Barnard, 30.....	22*102—4	20211*0022—6
Kehl, 27.....	121101—5	122112122—10
C J Wolff, 27.....	201010—3	20110211*—7
Tramp, 31.....	111211—6	111210121—9
Dr Meek, 31.....	122111—6	122112011—9
Cook, 28.....	02210*—3	2112212022—9
Dr Groves, 29.....	11*011—4	211210122—9
L Wolff, 27.....		122000101—6
Midgely, 29.....		211121*1—8
Richards, 30.....		22222*21*—8
Dr Mitchell 30.....		0212201*10—6
Baker, 30.....		1211*0211—8
J Wolff, 30.....		1112121221—10
		020101—6

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Oct. 8.—The regular shoot of the Hudson Gun Club was held on this date, and an enjoyable day was passed in breaking aspahls. The attendance was good, when it is noted that there were indications of rain in the early morning. There was no wind to speak of, and the light was very good. There were some close finishes between the first five men, and it was a difficult matter to pick a winner, the finish between Piercy, Dudley, Schorty and Scheubel in several events being very close.

This shoot opened the regular fall season, and contests will be held on alternate weeks, beginning Oct. 21. The grounds are easy of access from New York or Brooklyn by Cortlandt street ferry. Take Turnpike car and get off at Hackensack River Bridge. Summaries:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
Targets:	10 15 15 15 15 15 20 25 15 15 15
Piercy.....	7 14 13 14 12 14 16 24 13 14 15
Dudley.....	8 14 15 15 14 11 12 15 23 13 13
Schorty.....	9 14 12 12 14 12 15 17 21 12 15
Duke.....	7 11 8 13 13 12 12 16 20 8 ..
Scheubel.....	8 9 14 15 11 15 16 20 12 13 ..
Diffley.....	30 6 9 10 8 11 ..
Schields.....	8 9 12 13 ..
Jones.....	7 6 14 12 11 10 7 14 22 ..
Muench.....	4 8 8 11 11 8 15 11 ..
Nagle.....	8 8 9 ..
Banta.....	10 9 12 10 10 11 13 19 11 ..
Altz.....	9 10 8 9 ..
Hughes.....	8 .. 8 8 9 12 .. 11 12 ..
Black.....	12 12 9 11 ..
E Heritage.....	8 9 9 7 .. 47 .. 8 ..
Van Dyne.....	6 .. 9 9 16 .. 5 ..
Dustin.....	8 9 11 .. 12 ..
Wild.....	7 12 .. 5 8 10 11 6 6 9 ..
Kelley.....	8 .. 14 .. 10 ..
Pattern.....	11 10 12 .. 9 12 10 11 ..
Whitley.....	10 .. 10 ..
Charles.....	11 9 8 ..
Tommy.....	6 ..

A. E. HUGHES.

West Chester Tournament

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Oct. 4.—The West Chester Gun Club held its annual all-day target shoot-day. Although the weather was very threatening, and possibly kept several away, the shoot was a success. The visitors from out of town were W. L. Colville, of Dupont Powder Co.; T. H. Keller, Jr., of New York; representative of the Peters Cartridge Co

Elliott vs. Gilbert.

Dupont Cup.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Kansas City's world's champion wingshot, J. A. R. Elliott, on Tuesday, Oct. 2, successfully defended the Dupont championship cup against Fred Gilbert, Iowa's star aspirant for the championship title. It was a great contest, and took place on that historic shooting ground at the Exposition Ball Park, Kansas City, where pigeon shooting history has been made for the past fifteen years. The race was not over until Elliott had graced his 100th bird, which gave him the grand score of 99. Gilbert shot a wonderfully up-hill race all the way, Elliott never letting him get into the lead from start to finish, and the Hawkeye lad was only one bird behind the veteran at the close of the remarkable contest. Only one bird was missed clean out of the 200, and that a big white bird that was drawn by Gilbert at the 24th round. It was not a very hard bird, but he towered and circled in a right-quarterming direction. Gilbert shot under him with both loads, and the bird perched himself on the grand stand to watch the steady slaughter going on at the traps.

Elliott was in his best form, and until the race was nearly half over threatened to tie his former famous performances on the same grounds, he having a record of two winning races where he killed 100 straight birds—once against Dr. W. F. Carver and again when W. F. Crosby was his opponent. He was centering his birds, and his load was effective, and half the time he did not use his second barrel at all. His first and only lost bird was his 48th, the champion having made a run of 47 from the starting of the race. It was a strong black bird that started off in a right-quarterming direction away from the traps, and Elliott hit it hard with both barrels. It was going at such a velocity, however, that it was carried over the boundary line and fell dead at the club house door. From that on to the end he killed his birds clean, finishing with a run of 52 kills.

Gilbert, after losing his 24th bird, settled down, and from that on shot a steady race, losing but one more bird, his 71st, and that fell dead just over the boundary line. It was an unfortunate incident, however, as it cost him the race. The bird was a hard one, and while the audience was naturally in favor of Elliott's winning the crowd sympathized with the visitor, and he was complimented by his victor and Kansas City friends on the stubborn contest he had put up against the champion.

It was a shooting match worth going miles to see, and both men made many remarkable kills that brought enthusiastic applause from the grand stand.

The weather was ideal for the sport, a light wind blowing across the traps occasionally. The birds generally were old, strong flyers, and were accredited with being better than an average lot by the experts. There were of course occasional duffers, but as a whole they were up and away at the fall of the trap. Gilbert used his second barrel at nearly every bird, but it was more from habit than necessity, and was shot generally as a precautionary measure.

Chris Gottlieb acted as referee of the match by special request; James Whitfield was the official scorer and W. V. Rieger pulled the traps.

Elliott used his favorite Winchester pump gun, and his loads were 42grs. of Hazard powder and 1 1/4oz. of No. 7 1/2 Tatham chilled shot in a Leader shell.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1900, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

J A R Elliott... 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2—25

↓ 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2—24

2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2—25

2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1—25

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The Elmer Neal Shoot.

BLOOMFIELD, Ind.—Among the notable and most pleasant shooting events of the year must be recorded the three-day tournament given by Mr. Elmer E. Neal, at Bloomfield, Ind., Oct. 2, 3 and 4. Owing to other engagements in various States, the attendance was not so large as it should have been, and fell considerably below Mr. Neal's expectations. But it was truly good to be with the genial, jovial "Black Diamond Chief" and his associates in the fine old State of Indiana, and for all who were there the week was well spent.

Targets were thrown on the Sergeant system, and there was not a balk anywhere in the programme.

The shooting range is located on a handsome plot, facing the west, one mile east of town, and an excellent turnpike road makes it easy of access. The genial Jack Parker was on hand and managed, with Mr. Neal the executive and financial end of the shoot.

First Day, Oct. 2.

The weather was fair, but with a high temperature that made the work warm in more than one sense during a good portion of the day. These conditions prevailed without variation through the week. On the first day's programme Rolla Heikes won high average, with W. R. Crosby second and C. W. Budd third. Mr. Budd made the long run of the day, with 44 straight. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets	15	15	20	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	10	10	Total.
Stipp	13	12	15	17	11	12	20	17	12	11	18	8	166
Squires	13	13	18	18	14	15	20	18	15	12	18	18	182
Heikes	15	15	19	20	14	14	20	18	15	18	8		191
Trimble	14	15	20	14	12	15	19	17	10	15	18	10	179
Tripp	14	13	18	16	11	12	17	18	11	11	16	10	167
Neal	15	15	18	18	14	13	19	15	14	14	17	10	182
De Long	13	14	15	17	13	13	17	19	12	13	17	7	170
Hughes	13	14	20	18	13	10	19	18	13	14	20	9	181
Meyers	11	14	17	17	14	15	19	19	10	13	18	9	176
Blake	11	12	16	17	13	15	18	19	14	13	16	10	171
Riehl	11	14	19	18	15	13	18	16	14	13	17	10	178
Yakey	13	11	15	13	12	9	13	86
Budd	14	12	20	18	11	14	19	20	15	14	19	8	184
Crosby	13	15	19	18	13	15	19	13	14	14	20	8	185
Graham	13	12	16	12	14	12	17	16	12	11	12	6	153
Burnside	13	11	18	17	14	12	18	14	14	13	17	9	190
Markle	6	6
Ellis	7	10	17

Second Day, Oct. 3.

On the second day an occasionally stiff breeze affected the scores adversely, but Charlie Budd came to the front for first place, while Ralph Trimble was second and Elmer Neal third. The score:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets	15	15	20	20	15	15	20	20	15	15	20	10	Total.
Stipp	13	12	17	15	13	12	14	16	112
Squires	14	14	17	18	15	12	16	18	13	14	17	7	175
Heikes	13	13	20	16	15	13	18	19	13	14	18	10	182
Trimble	12	14	19	19	14	14	20	20	14	13	19	10	188
Tripp	11	11	20	16	15	14	18	20	11	15	18	9	178
Neal	13	15	19	19	15	15	19	17	12	14	19	9	185
De Long	10	9	17	19	12	10	14	14	12	13	19	8	157
Blake	11	15	17	17	14	13	17	17	14	13	16	9	172
Hughes	12	9	16	20	14	13	20	20	13	15	19	10	181
Meyers	11	10	17	13	13	12	15	13	104
Budd	15	15	20	18	14	14	20	19	14	14	19	9	191
Burnside	11	13	19	15	13	13	19	14	11	11	18	9	166
Crosby	15	8	19	20	14	15	20	18	15	15	16	9	184
Riehl	12	15	17	19	12	13	17	18	13	12	17	8	173
Graham	13	7	18	12	15	9	19	15	9	11	16	8	152
Parker	10	13	15	18	13	15	17	17	11	12	19	9	169
Wolford	6	7	13
Bledsoe	10	3	13
Livenguth	13	11	19	16	13	13	16	17	14	13	20	10	175
Thompson	10	6	15	10	12	7	13	15	10	..	14	8	120

FOREST AND STREAM.

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ROBINSON—OGDEN.

THE present number of *FOREST AND STREAM* will bring sadness to many a heart. Richard L. Ogden and Rowland E. Robinson, two of the oldest, the dearest and the ablest of the correspondents of *FOREST AND STREAM*, have passed over to the great majority. The pages that once knew them so well will not again charm the reader with their delightful pens. The loss to *FOREST AND STREAM* and to its readers is as wide as the continent, for Ogden died on the shores of the broad Pacific, while Robinson passed away among the green hills where his boyhood days were spent.

Captain Ogden was a sportsman of the old school, energetic, virile, hospitable—himself a lover of pleasure and delighting to give pleasure to others. He was devoted to sport, in its theory and in its practice, and to him sport meant what it would be expected to mean to such a man, and had none of the meanings which in these later days have often come to degrade the word. He was an honest, cheery, loyal gentleman, who possessed the gift of telling frankly and most charmingly his beliefs and his experiences, and it is not too much to say that some of the letters from his pen that have appeared in *FOREST AND STREAM* have been as popular as those of any writer.

Robinson on his part was a lover of nature and familiar with all her varying moods. He possessed unequalled powers of description. Keen eyed as a trained naturalist, he recorded his observations in language so tender, graceful and poetic that the reader not only saw what the writer saw, but shared the writer's high thoughts. Nor was it nature alone—as we understand the word—that Robinson studied; for in the characters in his books, with which we are all so familiar, he has revealed to us types of manhood and womanhood which exist to-day, as they have existed for more than a century, among the mountains of Vermont and New Hampshire. Uncle 'Lisha, Sam Lovel, Antoine and Cap'n Hill are characters that will not die, and to many readers all over this broad land, and, indeed, in other climes—for where has New England not sent her sturdy sons?—they are as real as if we had seen them in the flesh, grasped their hard hands and heard their drawling speech.

It is the personality of the men that at this time moves us most. We recall their kindness, the large heartedness that put them in close sympathy with their fellow men, and so with their readers; the joyous fondness of "Podgers" for the irrepressible small boy, and the delight with which he narrated his mischievous adventures; the tenderness of "Awahsoose," the heartiness with which he threw himself into the lives of his characters, the sweetness of his description of nature, and the kindly humor which bubbled from his always cheerful spirit, and which made him as dear to the friends and neighbors of his home as he was to the most distant friends made through *FOREST AND STREAM*, in China, or Japan, or merry England. We reprint—for we shall all be glad to read it again—the pleasing picture of Mr. Robinson in his home as Mr. Burnham found him on a visit to Ferrisburgh two years ago.

May the earth rest lightly on the frames which held these genial souls.

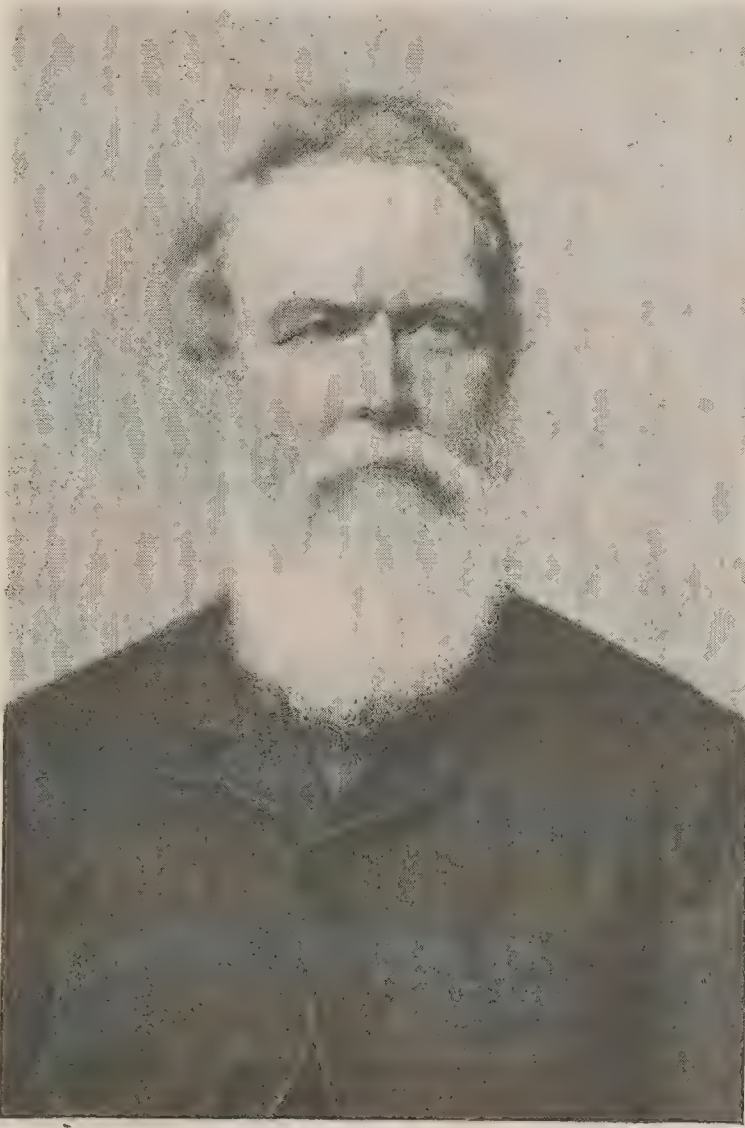
ROWLAND EVANS ROBINSON.

TUESDAY morning of this week brought a letter post-marked Ferrisburgh, Vt., Oct. 15, and bearing the word "Urgent." The endorsement told what was within, even before the seal was broken and the contents were read: "I know you will grieve with us when you know that father died this afternoon. He seemed just to go to sleep, and we were all with him. Even now we cannot help being thankful that he is out of pain at last. He had failed very fast since last Wednesday night, and suffered greatly."

So the end has come; and Robinson has passed away. We of the great *FOREST AND STREAM* family may mourn for a loss which is very real and very personal to each one of us, and we may grieve with those who are to-day sorrowing for their dead; but for him we cannot grieve. For to him, after long suffering, patiently borne, peace and rest have come at last.

Mr. Robinson was widely known and beloved as a writer, and his books have an assured and permanent place in the literature of New England. But that which is best worth recording of him and holding up to the admiration of the world and cherishing of him in this, that in the face of difficulties which would have dismayed and discouraged one of weaker fiber, and under the ever present stress of constant physical suffering, he was buoyed up with a courage, a fortitude and a triumphing of spirit over body, which were as admirable as they were marvelous. In these days of heroes self-proclaimed over the land, this man, in his retired farmhouse in New England, was living a life whose every day and hour partook of the heroism of which humanity stands most in need.

Mr. Robinson was born in 1833 in Ferrisburgh, Vt., and with the exception of a brief period spent in New York city, he had always lived in the old homestead. He came



ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

of Quaker stock, and was a farmer, as his father had been before him. Of his youth we all know, for he has written of it in many a reminiscent chapter in the *FOREST AND STREAM* (we printed one only last week); and we have always liked to fancy that in Sam Lovel, as painted by Robinson, there was much of Robinson himself. We know that the boy had a keen eye for the things of nature—the leaf and the flower, the fern and the forest moss, the lichen and the fungus; all these, the thousand and one phenomena of day and night, the ways of the wood folk, were observed and learned with a thoroughness which were an abiding comfort to him in those after years when sight failed and he could see them only as fixed in memory. When total blindness came, as it did more than ten years ago, it seemed doubly pathetic that one who took such keen delight in seeing things and studying nature's ways should thus have had the world shut out from him. But as we once told him half-playfully, but truly, he had seen more of the outdoor world in his seeing years than the average person would though living with sight unabated far beyond the allotted three score years and ten. And as he had seen, so he made others see through the magic of his pen. It was a continual marvel that this man, propped up in bed, and in the dark, could picture the woods and the marsh and the skies so vividly that by a graphic, illuminating touch he could bring before the eye of the reader the thing as it was, and as author and reader both had seen it.

R. L. OGDEN.

CAPTAIN RICHARD L. OGDEN passed away at his home in San Francisco on the 3d of this month. The end came peacefully; it was, they said, practically the sinking away of old age, the parting which comes when the earthy tenement outworn and weak can no longer contain the spirit.

Captain Ogden was the "Podgers" of *FOREST AND STREAM*. To the readers of this journal the news of his death will bring pain, as it has to those in this office whose privilege it was to have known him personally and to have enjoyed his friendship.

R. L. Ogden was born in Otsego county, N. Y. His father was a lawyer, and among the men whom he knew in his boyhood was Chancellor Kent. Young Ogden had all the enterprise and activity characteristic of a healthy bodied and healthy minded American boy, and he had his full share of youthful experiences, which were charmingly related in after years in a series of reminiscences published in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. Once, drawn by the glamor of the ring, he ran away from home to join a circus, in due time to return to the parental roof, cured for the time of wandering, but with no daunting of that spirit which in after years prompted him to see the world, and caused him to know so much of the ways of men who make up the world. At fourteen he entered the office of his elder brother, Major E. L. Ogden, Assistant Quartermaster U. S. Army, stationed at Buffalo. In 1852, going to California, he entered the office of Major Robert Allen, Quartermaster U. S. Army, as chief clerk and cashier. Here he remained until the increase of the army, when he was appointed First Lieutenant of the Fourteenth U. S. Infantry. A few months later he was promoted Assistant Quartermaster of the Department of the Pacific, a position which he held for about ten years. This was during the Indian wars in Arizona and the Northwest, when supplies for the army for California, Arizona and Washington were provided from San Francisco, and Captain Ogden handled many millions of Government funds. It was while occupying this position that he came into contact with General Grant, and an incident occurred which formed one of his favorite reminiscences.

During this time he was sent by the Government to South America in a charter ship for a cargo of commissary and quartermaster supplies, and while waiting the slow movements of the contractors he improved the opportunity to make an extended trip on mule back into the interior and along the south coast, meeting with many interesting adventures. At the close of the war he resigned his commission and went into business with W. C. Ralston, president of the Bank of California, engaging with him in extensive mining operations and industrial enterprises until the death of Ralston. At the time of the failure of the Bank of California much of Captain Ogden's fortune was lost when the Kimball Company went down.

Captain Ogden organized the first company and opened the first mine on the Comstock ledge, with J. D. Winters as superintendent, and was afterward largely engaged in operating the mines of the great Comstock ledge, being associated with Flood, O'Brien, Latham and other prominent mining people.

During his residence in California, for a period of twenty years he was special correspondent of the New York Times, and at a later period wrote to that journal from Europe, China and Japan. Among the many enterprises in which he was engaged in a long and busy life was the building of a schooner for trade in the Pacific Islands, on which he sailed his own supercargo, and he used to tell how he had been made king of one of the islands, and was perhaps the only American citizen who could lay just claim to royal prerogatives. He used to say jokingly that at some future day he should shake off the shackles of civilization and go back to assume a mild sway over his loyal subjects.

During his long army experience he met and was intimately associated with nearly all the officers of the old army, including Generals Grant, Hooker, Sedgwick, McPherson, Sheridan, Custer, Sherman, Crook and others. Not many years ago, while living in this city, he had completed the manuscript of a book of reminiscences of the old army, and one day he promised to bring this down to the *FOREST AND STREAM* office. At the appointed time he appeared with the intelligence that a chambermaid, mistaking the manuscript for waste paper, had thrown

it out; nor could diligent search ever recover it. Those who know the charm of Captain Ogden's style and the interesting character of his reminiscences will understand in some measure what was lost to us when these stories of the men and the scenes of the old army were destroyed.

Captain Ogden was noted throughout the army for his horses, dogs, guns and extensive sporting outfit, and with these, then and in later years, as is told in our yachting columns to-day, he was ever ready to equip his friends. In recent years, as he often wrote in his "Commentaries" in *FOREST AND STREAM*, though he had lessened inclination to use his guns in the field, he delighted as much as ever in the contemplation of their artistic perfection, and he used to confess that he could never pass the window of a gun shop without stopping to admire the guns and perhaps envy their possessors.

Always active in the promotion of sports, he was one of the chief organizers of the San Francisco Yacht Club, established the California Sportsmen's Club and social clubs. He built the first ark, the favorite type of shooting boats with California duck marsh shooters, imported foreign game birds, and bred high class dogs. All in all, he led an active and busy life, during which he managed to travel extensively and to see much of the world: he met with many adventurous experiences, and amassed a store of reminiscences for the unfailing entertainment of his hosts of friends. It was this extended experience, this wide knowledge of the world, this understanding of human nature with its foibles which gave character to his writings and made him for quarter of a century one of the favorite contributors to *FOREST AND STREAM*. His stories of field incidents, his accounts of the many curious pets he had made of wild animals, and his good natured "Commentaries" on the writings of other contributors, all these were of material and style that insured an interested reading of whatever was printed over the signature of Podgers. As a writer Podgers reflected the humor and shrewdness and kindness which made his conversation always interesting and his companionship so delightful.

When Capt. Ogden was a clerk in the office of the United States Quartermaster at San Francisco, in 1855, Gen. U. S. Grant, then Captain Grant, having resigned his commission, left Oregon, where his command was stationed, and set out to return to his farm near St. Louis, Mo. What happened upon Grant's arrival in San Francisco is told in the following extracts from Captain Ogden's diary:

As I was closing the office a shabbily dressed person came in and inquired for Major Allen, Q. M., who had just left. I did not at first recognize him, but on asking if I could attend to the matter of his business with the Major, he produced a certificate for per diem services on a court-martial, which, of course, identified him. The certificate entitled him to about \$40, but it was incorrectly drawn and virtually void, of which fact I informed him, and also that we were destitute of funds wherewith to pay it in any case, whereupon his countenance fell, and a look of utter despair came over it. He turned to leave the office, then hesitated a moment and turning back asked me if I would allow him to sleep "on the old lounge in Major Allen's office in the next room, for," said he, "I have not a cent to my name." I said, "You need not do that; here is a dollar for your lodgings." He replied, "I am greatly obliged, but with your permission, I will use the dollar for my dinner and breakfast and the lounge will save me the dollar." So he slept on the rickety old lounge, and I found him there when I went to the office early in the morning, and when I said, "You had a hard bed," he replied, "Oh, I slept well, and saved my dollar."

He said that the certificate was a matter of much importance to him, as he had depended upon the amount to pay for a steerage passage East, and without it he could not do it. I was so struck with his look of dejection that I said, "Well, I will cash the certificate personally, and can send it back to Oregon for correction." His face brightened up at once, and signing the usual voucher, he said, "I am greatly obliged to you for the favor, and now I must go and get my ticket." It occurred to me that I could help him in that direction, too, possibly, and said, "I will go to the office with you, and may get you some concession." Walking over to the Pacific Mail Steamship office I left him outside, and going in explained the case to Mr. Babcock. We were paying the company thousands of dollars for transportation and I frequently obtained concessions for officers in the way of free passes for their families, hence did not hesitate to ask. Mr. Babcock in his prompt, off hand way, said, "What do you want?" I said as near a free pass as he could give in the cabin. He called to the ticket clerk, Mr. Haven, and gave orders to issue a cabin ticket on payment of the regular fare across the Isthmus, which the company had to pay for each passenger, which in his case was tantamount to a free pass to New York. I came out of the office and announced my success to Captain Grant, who, as a matter of course, was delighted, as the arrangement left him with some little money, fifteen dollars, in his pocket when he landed in New York to get home with.

Having occasion to go to the steamer to see friends off, I met the Captain again and he showed me the nice stateroom that had fallen to his lot, and said, "This is great luxury and what I did not expect, and I am indebted to you for it," and adding, "the prospect of ever being able to reciprocate is certainly remote, but strange things happen in this world, and there is no knowing; I only wish I could see the way to do it, for you have been very kind to me, when I had no claim upon you at all."

How prophetic his words were we all can testify, nor did he forget the favor, for when, later, I held a commission, and was desirous of being ordered East, he was

asked by General Rufus Ingalls to indorse my application, he did so, saying, "Have him ordered to your staff of assistants." General Wright telegraphed that I could not be spared, hence I did not get East.

Subsequently when he became President, I was written to by General Babcock, by his order, asking me what he could do for me, but having no political ambition, I said "nothing."

I did not see him again from the time I bade him



R. L. OGDEN.

good-bye on the steamer until one day about a year before his death, I met him in the elevator in Wall street, when he at once recognized me and shaking hands, said, "Are you still living in San Francisco? And why did you leave the army?" I said to better my condition. He musingly remarked, "Perhaps some may by resigning, but isn't it pretty much the case of the hare and the tortoise?"

THE MOSQUITO MALARIA EXPERIMENTS.

SEVERAL months ago, during the discussion of the mosquito malaria theory, first formulated by Dr. Manson, it was announced in the *FOREST AND STREAM* that an interesting experiment to test this theory was about to be made in Italy. Dr. L. Sanbon and Dr. G. C. Low, of the London School of Tropical Medicine, arranged to spend the time from May to October in the most dangerous part of the Roman Campagna, near Ostia. This is a situation where scarcely any individual spends the night without contracting a virulent type of malarial fever. These doctors were to be exposed to the night air, to drink the water, and to take no quinine, but to use the one precaution of protecting themselves against the bites of the Anopheles—the malaria-carrying mosquito. This experiment has been going on since May, the investigators living in a mosquito-proof house during the hours when the mosquitoes feed—that is to say, from an hour before sunset until an hour after sunrise.

On Sept. 13 Prof. Grassi visited the investigators, and having found their physical condition excellent, he sent a telegram to Dr. Manson, congratulating him on the results thus far reached. It thus appears that the experiment, so far as it has gone, strongly supports the mosquito theory of malaria.

Further evidence is given by a Dr. Elliott, a member of an expedition sent out from England to investigate malarial fevers in Nigeria. He states that the members of the expedition, although having spent months in places noted for their malarious character, have been perfectly well. They have, however, been most careful in their use of mosquito nets, and themselves attribute their freedom from illness to this care. All this is negative evidence of very strong character, but there is positive evidence to be had also.

Dr. Manson's son, a young man who has never been in a malarious country since childhood, has proved the converse of what has been shown by the experiments of Dr. Sanbon and Dr. Low. By escaping mosquitoes these gentlemen escaped also malaria, but at Dr. Manson's request there were recently sent to London three cages of the mosquito which carries malaria, which mosquitoes had been fed in Rome on the blood of a patient suffering from malaria. These mosquitoes were received in London in three batches, the first one arriving early in July and the others respectively in August and September. Young Mr. Manson was bitten every second day by the insects of each batch until they died—a period usually of about ten days. The subject of the experiment continued in excellent health until Sept. 13, when his temperature began to rise, and he showed all the symptoms of malarial infection of a double tertian type. Further examination revealed the presence of the malaria parasite in the young man's blood.

These experiments are of the highest interest, and give the greatest encouragement to further investigation. They will undoubtedly be continued until results have been arrived at so definite as to be of permanent and lasting value to the race.

A Visit to Rowland Robinson's.

From *Forest and Stream*, Dec. 10, 1898.

THE other day I made a pilgrimage by boat and bicycle to the home of the sage of the Little Otter. The house stands on a rocky elevation, twenty or thirty rods back from the main road, surrounded by a native growth of oak and beech and hickory, except in front, where the exotic locusts and Lombardy poplars mark the approach. A mile away on either side are Lewis and Little Otter creeks, and in front is Lake Champlain, though no water can be seen from the house.

The principal feature of the landscape is the Adirondack Mountain range, of which there is a magnificent view. The house is a fine old mansion, the newer portion dating back of the War of 1812, and the older part antedating the Revolution.

Inside is a wealth of trophies and much interesting and beautiful material of especial interest to sportsmen. There are arrow-heads and implements used by the primeval hunters of the Champlain lowlands, and bullet moulds and rifles of the white men who followed. The antlers of a Vermont moose are over the door, and near by are antlers of elk and deer. On the walls hang half a dozen guns, and sketches and paintings of game and fishing and shooting subjects abound. The atmosphere of the home is distinctly artistic, for not only master and mistress have the talent for visual expression, but also one of the daughters. Mrs. Robinson's oil paintings of game are truthful and felicitous, but in father and daughter the love of line, as exemplified in black and white illustration, is the ruling motive.

In his latest book, "A Hero of Ticonderoga," is an admirable portrait of Rowland E. Robinson. It is the face of a strong, thoughtful and broad-minded man—a man who, despite the fact that he cannot see his surroundings, takes the keenest interest in every-day life, and criticises men and events with a philosophy that is alike humorous and kindly. What the picture does not describe is the good coloring and hardy physique of the sixty-five-year-old six-footer.

Mr. Robinson does not strike you as being a blind man. Certainly no one ever parted with eyesight more gracefully.

In conversation his look follows the speaker, and there is no feeling of anything out of the way or call for sympathy or special attention that is sometimes so awkward and constraining. Robinson is a born host, and instinctively puts his guest at his ease.

Our conversation was largely about *FOREST AND STREAM*. Mr. Robinson has a love of the paper nourished by many years' friendship with its editors and contributors. He mentioned them all by name, and included Schember and Day, of the printing office force, but for fear I should leave some of these *FOREST AND STREAM* friends out, I will not attempt to give the list. Of two of the brotherhood who have gone to the majority he made particular mention. One was Ufford, whose story of the Irishman freed by a pseudo grizzly recurred to memory and furnished a good laugh, and the other was O. O. S., the quizzical humorist, who hid tragic suffering behind a jester's mask. Robinson corresponded with O. O. S., and has one letter written two days before the latter's death, which is as free from repining or self-commiseration as the moon is of green cheese.

Of himself Mr. Robinson said little, and he took more interest in talking of what others had written than of his own stories of the old Yankee frontier life. In a general way I gathered that his first love had been for drawing and illustration, rather than writing, and that he had only taken up the pen when the pencil and brush were denied him. He is a natural story-teller, as any one who listens to him five minutes finds out, and his keen, natural observation, strengthened by artistic training, has apparently gained in power indirectly through his misfortune. The little touches in his descriptions of landscape or such a commonplace as the expression of berries falling in the basket in "Rasberrying in Danvis" show the refinement of observation.

Sam Lovel, Mr. Robinson says, is a creation and not a portrait, but the statement will not make him any the less a portrait to those who have known the fox-hunter and fisher on the Slang.

Sam Lovel is a character with whom most sportsmen are acquainted, and to such the truth of the likeness is a source of never-failing pleasure.

I arrived at the Robinson homestead before the family had risen from dinner, and was shown into the old-fashioned dining room, about which was that air of homeliness and hospitality that seems the special property of old houses. I had already dined, but was persuaded to take some bread and honey, and then some mushrooms but lo and behold! when the time came the mushrooms were all gone. Mr. Robinson said the incident reminded him of the case of an old Quaker lady at whose house a visitor arrived cold and wet after a long drive.

"There are cold and wet," said the old lady, "There needs spirits; won't thee have spirits? But we haven't any spirits in the house."

As it turned out, however, the case wasn't a parallel. Some fresh mushrooms were put on and cooked and served up on toast, deliciously hot and appetizing, and better than any I had ever eaten before.

I happened to allude to the fact that Mr. Robinson was called Judge Robinson on the New York side of Lake Champlain, and the fact amused him greatly. "These people over here don't appreciate me," he said, with a smile; "they're more apt to call me Rowl, or any old nickname, than Judge."

"But aren't you a judge?" I asked.

"No," said Robinson, "not that I know of."

Some one suggested that the title might have been given in an honorary way, and then Mrs. Robinson's brother, who is an old-time Colorado frontiersman, said: "Why, Rowland, you're a Justice of the Peace, aren't you? In parts of New York State they call a justice Judge. You'd better move across the lake and get the benefit of your title."

J. B. BURNHAM.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In Old Virginia—VIII.

"You have a visitor in the kitchen who has been waiting for you, so he says, since sun up," said my hostess, this morning after our fishing trip. "It is old Uncle Bob, and he has come to get you to go possum hunting with him; but you must come in to breakfast before taking up the matter, for he is a garrulous old fellow and will keep you talking for half the morning if you don't send him off."

"I have sent word to Aunt Ellen to give him his breakfast, so he is not likely to grow at all impatient."

Striding around to the rear of the house after breakfast I found Uncle Bob seated on a block by the kitchen door, smoking a very foul old clay pipe, loaded with a charge that smelled like singed dog hair.

"Savvy, Sun!" said he, removing the pipe and pulling off his old hat. "Hope you is well, Sun!"

Assuring him that my health was good, I proceeded to work to the windward of the pipe, and lighted a cigar as an additional protection.

Bidding him resume his seat on the block I sat down on the steps nearby, and he proceeded to state the object of his visit.

"You see, Suh," said he, "I done heah 'bout yo' bein' on a visit to my folks—yo' know I us d'blong to Mis' Lady's raw—an' how as yo' was mighty fon' of huntin' an' had been doin' a pow'ful sight of it, an' hadn't kecht narry possum yit; I des up an' cum to see et yo' did want to go on a possum hunt wid me an' de boys to-night, an' enjoy some huntin' what is huntin'."

"I is got de bes' houn' dawgs dey is in de State of Virginia, an' possum is sho' fat now."

I was getting interested, but the old man smoked as fast as he talked, and the winds veered frequently, giving me the full benefit of his pipe, so I felt it necessary to suppress the pipe or make the interview short.

It was an old trick that often failed, but I concluded to try it.

"Yes, I do want to go possum hunting, Uncle Bob, and am glad you came over," said I. "Here, have this cigar, and we will smoke and talk it over a little."

"Bleeged to yo', Suh, I sho' is, Suh. This heah is de-s a tin' seegyar, Suh, dis is," holding it carefully between his thumb and forefinger and snuffing at it, "an' I will des tote it home wid me an' hang it up 'twel Sunday, an' den if I do have a possum to dinner, I'll des spread a good smell roun' my cabin doah' an' I will member yo' Suh, I des will, sho'."

The failure of my plan to suppress the pipe made a short session desirable, and our arrangements for the hunt were speedily perfected.

The old man took his departure assuring me that he would "be on han' wid de boy an' de dawgs at des good dusk."

With knowledge enough of the sport of possum hunting with enthusiastic devotees to know that it thoroughly tested a sportsman's staying qualities, and bore a very strong resemblance to hard work, I loafed through the day and took a long nap in the afternoon.

Shortly after the lamps were lighted the hunters and dogs were heard coming up through the grove. There was shouting and blowing of horns, mingled with the clear bugle calls of the hounds, which was speedily answered from the barn lot by the two house dogs.

The noise grew in volume, as every negro and every dog tried to make himself heard above all the rest, and finally reached a climax when the farm manager stepped out on his porch and split the air with three or four rebel yells in quick succession.

I expected to find a dozen or more men and boys when I joined them a few moments later, but found Uncle Bob's party to consist only of himself and two boys, Morgan and Jeff by name, and three large black and tan hounds.

They were in high glee over the success of their arrival, and seemed to think that the row they had succeeded in kicking up reflected great credit on all concerned.

The start was made from the overseer's house, he accompanying us, making it a party of five.

Only the three hounds were allowed to go, the other dogs being safely tied up, as they would only interfere with the trained dogs.

No weapons were carried, unless two axes could be so classed, but a lantern was included in the outfit at my special request.

We made for the thick timber down along the river, and the dogs were set to work with a "Hi dahl! boys, git 'long wid yo' an' preceed to hump yo'selfs," from Uncle Bob.

Reaching the river where it was spanned by a foot log we sent Morgan across first with the lantern to light the way. Half way over he slipped, and with a frightened yell fell into the river.

The light was extinguished, so we could only judge what was taking place by the sounds.

There was a terrible commotion in the water—coughing, snorting and blowing—then we heard sounds that indicated an arrival at the opposite bank of the river by the unfortunate boy. "Is yo' wet?" the old man called out.

"'Cose I'se wet, pappy," was the reply in a querulous tone, "an' I mo's drown-ded too."

Owing to our light being out we concluded it was best to take no chances, so all got down and "cooned" the log.

Arriving on the other side we found Morgan shivering in his wet clothes, and concluded to build a fire and dry him off.

But just as we started in to gather wood for that purpose one of the dogs struck a trail near by, and in a moment we were all in full cry after him, down through the dark woods.

The other dogs quickly took up the trail, and led the yelling crowd of hunters at top speed.

The pace was too hot for a tenderfoot, and I soon fell behind, but enthusiastic and excited, continued to

run as best I could through the thick woods after my companions, guided by the noise, until I came to grief.

A vine caught my foot and threw me over a fallen tree, knocking all the enthusiasm and most of the breath out of me.

When I finally regained my feet and found my hat I could hear nothing but the faint baying of the dogs in the distance.

Taking the direction as well as I could, I made a fresh start.

After I had fallen over or run into everything at all prominent on my route, and was becoming both exhausted and discouraged, I noticed a change in the voices of the dogs, and pausing a moment to listen found that they had treed.

Encouraged by this fact I made another run, and without serious mishap soon came up with them.

Men and dogs were gathered around a slim oak tree, not over a foot in diameter, and the excitement of both had reached the highest pitch.

They had, apparently, forgotten me, and seemed surprised when I joined them. "Hit a possum," Uncle Bob was saying in reply to a question, "an' a fat one, too, lem-me tell yo'."

The tree was favorable to climb, and Morgan was soon swarming up for the purpose of shaking out the possum.

Meanwhile I sought information as to how Uncle Bob knew it was a "possum" and "fat."

"Knew by de way de dawgs run de trail dat it was possum, 'stid of coon, an' it fat cause it clim' little tree."

And he was right, for the next moment the dogs were worrying a big fat possum that sounded like a sack of meal when it struck the ground after being shaken loose from the limb on which it had taken refuge.

"If that had been a coon we would have had fun," said the farm manager.

"Well Suh," said Uncle Bob, "seein' coon fiten' de dogs is good fun, but eatin' fat possum is sho' bettah ob'cose. I is goin' to show yo' gentl'm'ns what my dawgs kin do ef we duz fin' a coon, but fat possum is plenty good 'nuf for me."

We worked back toward the low bottom by the river where the timber was tall and the prospect best for coons, for I had a strong desire to see a set-to between the three splendid specimens of the canine tribe and a well developed coon.

Our progress was necessarily slow, as Morgan left the lantern to its fate when he fell in the river, but we soon got on what Uncle Bob pronounced "Ole man coon's stampin' ground."

Soon off to our right we heard a sharp quick bark, followed by a long clear call. This was promptly answered by short eager barks of interrogation from the other two dogs. In a few moments all three dogs were in full cry on a hot scent.

"Dat sho' is game," said Uncle Bob, "'cause ole Bustah opened de ball. Hol' on, hol' on; dey is comin' dis way. Whoope-e! boys, talk to um."

They were coming in our general direction and soon passed near us.

"Coon, pappy, coon," shouted Jeff, who was the nearest one to them as they passed by; "dey runnin' de logs."

The farm manager explained that the coon always traveled along all logs and fallen trees on his route.

We fell in behind the dogs, and I soon fell far behind everybody, but finally arrived on the scene of action just as the boys were beginning with their axes on a big poplar tree in which the coon had taken refuge. Standing on opposite sides of the tree they were making the chips fly with as much apparent precision as though working by bright daylight.

The other two hunters were lining out the direction in which the tree would fall. Noticing my arrival Uncle Bob came to me with the request that I hold the dogs, so that the four might chop turn about and get the tree down in short order, assuring me that it was no trouble as the dogs understood it. Taking me off some distance from the body of the tree, and calling the dogs, he proceeded to post and instruct me.

The dogs seemed to understand what was expected of them, and took position at once huddled up close together.

"Now, Suh," said my instructor, "de tree goin' fall dis way, but hit won' com' fah nuf to hu't yo', Suh. De coon he jump des quick as de tree lite, en des den you mus' leg-go de dawgs; but pleas', Suh, don't let dem go twel de tree is good down, caus' dey sho' to run undah de tree an' git killed. Dey will rast' wid yo' a little bit w'en de firs' crack come, en ef de tree crack loud an' fall slow dey will buck some, but dey won' bite yo' nary bit, an' so please, Suh, don't yo' let 'em loos' too soon, or else I lo's de bes' houn' dawgs in de whol' Nunitid States, I des sho' will."

Then seating me upon my heels immediately behind and partly upon the middle hound, he put one of my arms around the neck of a dog on each side and bid me draw them close together until I could clasp my hands under the throat of the middle dog.

They fully understood the arrangement, and assisted me by crowding up as close together as possible, so four of us could have been covered by a shooting jacket.

My position was fairly comfortable, and I felt as though I had purchase enough to hold a team of mules.

I was not altogether easy in my mind about the big tree that was being felled my way, as I feared the old man's estimate might be incorrect, and it might fall on me, but the thought of the highly prized dogs I held was somewhat reassuring. The old man might have taken some chances on my safety, but not on the dogs'.

The chips flew as they, in turn, plied their axes, and as each large chip struck the ground the three dogs whined in concert and shook with excitement.

Before it seemed possible that the choppers were near through their work, the tree gave a sharp crack of warning.

Instantly the three dogs rose as one straight into the air on their hind feet, bringing me up standing. My grip held, and as the sound was not immediately repeated, they sank back into their former position.

I proceeded to tighten up my grip and commend myself on my development of back and bicep muscles. Holding three big, strong fighting dogs was proving an easier task than expected.

Another crack of the tree brought us all four up standing, only to drop quietly back into our former position, showing conclusively to my mind that the dogs fully recognized that I was master of the situation.

A volley of cracks, accompanied by a sound of rending and breaking, came next, and the big tree started down with a rush. I heard one of the boys call out, "Stan' clear; she's a-comin'," and strained my ears to hear the first limb strike the ground, so as to loose the dogs at exactly the right moment. They were not jumping and struggling as I had expected, but were cowering close to the ground in a bunch, having, I concluded, recognized the utter futility of their struggles against my restraining arm.

The sense of smell has long been supposed to be the hound's strongest point. This is an error; he hears even better than he can smell. When the first leaf on the longest limb of that falling tree touched the ground all three of those black and tan bunches of steel springs set with hair triggers heard it, and it fired them simultaneously. They shot straight up with a force that would have broken the strongest log chain ever forged. My vaunted strength offered about as much resistance as a cardboard wad over 3½ drams of E C in a cylinder bore. But I was faithful to my trust; I did not let go.

Straight up in the air I went, turning over at least once, for I remember to have seen the stars shining down into my face. I thought at the time I was above the tree tops, but presume that was a mistake, due to my excitement.

By rare good luck I did not strike a stump or root, but fell flat on my back in the soft woods earth, with my feet almost in the top of the felled tree. I was badly shaken up and profoundly surprised, but had no time given me even to take stock of damage. This surprising act, which I believed and fervently hoped to be my "grand finale," was only the "curtain raiser." As I struck the ground I heard, mingled with the heavy artillery and fireworks of my fall, the crash of limbs as the big tree settled down and something heavy struck me about midships and slid to my breast. Before I could hazard a guess as to what it was the tree bounced off the ground and fell full length on me—at least that was my impression. What really happened was this: The coon, a monster and dead game, jumped when the tree struck and lit by chance on me. The dogs mounted him at once and compelled him to fight without any choice of location. My ambition to be in a game coon fight was realized all too literally. I was the fortifications, the base of supplies, the field of operations, and the coon's understudy. And yet—I confess it with shame—I was not satisfied. I felt that I was in bad company, and wanted to cash out and quit the game—I mean get away.

The coon swore unceasingly in strange and awful oaths, and the dogs were guilty of very undignified and rowdy conduct. I had not recovered myself sufficiently from the shock of the fall to struggle effectually, but instinctively threw up my arms to try to protect my face. It was already protected—a dog had his foot in the corner of my mouth and was apparently straining with might and main to push it around and button it on my ear. His other foot was planted on my windpipe, which he effectually closed for the time being. The other dogs were using my anatomy with perfect freedom, as suited them best, and the noise was a little ahead of anything ever heard before or since. Every few moments a hold would break, and there would be a change all round, but not for the better. The coon was on his back, sizzling around like a drop of water on a red hot stove, ripping and tearing everything he touched. Every few seconds he would fasten to a dog, which would spring back, raising the coon a foot or so; then failing to break his hold, drive him down on me like a battering ram, with all the combined weight and power of the four combatants, each dog setting his feet, braced with the highest tension, into a tender spot. My clothing was quickly ripped into shreds, and my wounds came too fast to keep count of. In one of the lightning changes a dog set his foot against the point of my chin for a brace, and just before my neck broke it slipped off, his nails laying open my cheek up to the roots of my hair. I began to call lustily for help at the beginning of the fight, but a hound immediately crowded as much of his foot in my mouth as it would chamber, and I quit. I had a horrible fear in the early stages of the fight that my companions might run in and use their axes; but after the fight had lasted a few moments axes lost their terrors entirely.

Flat on my back I lay, with eyes and mouth tightly shut, certainly "in," but not of, the desperate battle. I wondered why it was I had never realized the abandoned brutality of the so-called sport of coon hunting. Bull fighting was a Sunday school picnic compared with it. I honestly concluded that no man with a single gentlemanly instinct would indulge it himself or countenance it in others.

I have no idea how long a period of time the fight covered, but do know it seemed a very long time, and know further that the coon never retreated from his first position.

When the fray did finally cease, one of the boys struck a match and found me lying on my back, dirty, ragged and bloody, with a big dead coon stretched full length across my breast, the dogs still tugging at him, with their feet braced against me. I hoped—and believed—that there was nothing further for me to suffer, but was disappointed. Looking down at me in the most surprised manner, the old man said: "Lawd 'a' mussy, Suh! yo' had'n' ought to 'a' run in to help dem dawgs; w'y, one of den kin whop any coon in de woods—des give him time. I is skeer'd de yhas hu't yo', Suh!"

They had hurt me; badly, too, but not as badly as his idea that I had been fool enough to volunteer for that fight did.

We made up a fire and examined my wounds. They were many, but not deep or serious. My clothes were literally riddled on the outside, and in places torn through to the buff.

After a rest, we started back toward home, and treed again before leaving the woods. The other hunters and dogs were eager, but I had lost interest in the sport. I positively refused to hold the dogs or take any other part in this brutal pastime; and retreating to a safe distance in the woods, sat down and waited the result.

The coon escaped from two trees, and was not caught until the third tree was felled. There was a great deal of noise and excitement attending this kill, but I had been surfeited with both, so remained in retirement. My appetite for blood and carnage was absolutely satisfied. I haven't become addicted to the vice of coon hunting. It is not sport. I admit prejudice, but it is not the prejudice of ignorance. I am a veteran, and can show scars to prove it.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

On Medicine Brook.

It was one of those hot, sultry August days, so not that this old world of ours seemed ready to burst into flame. The air quivered with the heat, and the leaves on the birches and maples and the many bushes lining the banks of Medicine Brook curled up, parched and dried, because of the heat. Even the tall pines suftered. These old kings of the forest laid aside their wonted air of proud indifference, and stretched up their arms appealingly to Heaven.

"Give us rain," they moaned, "or we perish."

It needed but a spark to transform this vast forest into a roaring sea of flame, and the men of the woods knew this and exercised due caution.

With a single exception, the fishes in the brook were the only living things that contrived to keep cool, and even they were glad to seek the sheltering shade of the overhanging bushes at the bottom of some deep pool. I happened upon this lone exception quite unexpectedly, and although not wholly unprepared, still the discovery came in the nature of a surprise.

I was wading down the brook, fighting mosquitoes and flies, and saying things, and at the same time endeavoring to keep up an appearance of fishing. The trout were lazy and responded but indifferently to the most clever manipulation with fly or baited hook of which I was capable. I was disgusted with the fish, but it was cooler in the water than anywhere else, so I was in no hurry to leave the stream and return to the hot, odoriferous lumber camp where we had foolishly taken up our quarters. A lumber camp in hot weather is a thing all wise men will shun.

I rounded a bend in the stream, and stopped short in my tracks at the sight that met my eyes. Lying in the water at full length, and squirming about in a strange, unaccountable manner, with only his head appearing above the surface, was the Doctor.

Now I knew that he was fishing on the stream, but he should have been about half a mile ahead of me, as I had placed a full mile between ourselves when we started out that morning. I calculated that this would give the trout time to settle down and recover from the panic which the Doctor's passage through any stream always caused among the inhabitants thereof. I knew that this intervening distance would be considerably lessened by the time we had covered three or four miles, as the Doctor possessed ways and means of getting into difficulties known only to himself, but we had not been fishing much over an hour, and here he lay before me.

"What in thunder are you trying to do?" I exclaimed when I had fully grasped the situation, and realized that it was the Doctor himself in the flesh and in the water. He raised himself to a sitting posture.

"Oh, hello there," he called out in a tone of relief. "It's you, it is? Was afraid you never would come. I've been waiting here for hours."

"What are you wallowing around in the water for?" I asked, wading toward him. "Trying to get cool?"

"Cool," he cried, and I noticed that his teeth were chattering. "Cool? Why, man alive, this water is simply frigid. I am chilled through and through."

"Why don't you get out then," I inquired, wondering at this new phase of the Doctor's ever changing character.

"You don't suppose I am staying in here on purpose, or for the fun of the thing, do you?" he asked reproachfully. "I'm caught by the leg and can't get out. My foot is between two rocks, and I can't budge it. For Heaven's sake come and help me. I'm frozen."

I went to his assistance, and soon had him released from his uncomfortable watery couch. He found a sunny spot on the top of a huge boulder in midstream, and spread himself out there to dry.

"It was a new experience for me," he explained. "I was standing on one of those rocks when my foot slipped down between them and I found myself caught in a trap. The more I tried to pull it out, the tighter it became wedged in. I stood there and stood there, until I felt like one of those 'standing room only' signs in front of the theaters. And then the thought struck me that if I laid down in the water it would help matters some. But it wasn't much of a thought, after all, because when carried into effect it only made matters worse. My foot refused to be released, and when I went to stand up I found that standing room had all been taken, and I couldn't budge. It was really a serious predicament to be in, and might have ended disastrously for me."

I congratulated him on his escape from a watery grave, and asked him what luck he had met with fishing.

"Nothing to speak of," he replied. "You see I am not used to this new rod of mine. It is so long, and has such a peculiar action. When I get the hang of the thing, though, I'll beat you all. I know its possibilities."

Now this rod of the Doctor's was a source of no little amusement, blended with a slight degree of awe, to the rest of us. It was fully eighteen if not twenty feet in length. He had made it himself—that is, he had bought a long cane pole, and cut it into lengths of four or five feet and then jointed them. The ferrules were not the right size for the joints, but the Doctor had stuck them on in some way, and the completed rod had as many different angles as there were joints, and an endless variety of eel-like movements when in use. It was a rod full of surprises, and, according to the Doctor, great possibilities when manipulated by one thoroughly familiar with the complexity of its character. But the Doctor was not such a one. However, he was not easily discouraged, and struggled manfully, day after day, to subdue this strange thing fashioned by his own hands.

"When I pull a trout out the water," the Doctor continued from his perch on the boulder, "I never know in what direction he is going, nor where he will land. If I plan to toss him out on the bank, he is more than

likely to come straight at me and slap me in the face. To say the least this is apt to prove disconcerting. I have lost more than three good ones in that way this morning. You may have noticed another one, back there, hanging from the branch of a tree about thirty feet above the stream. They often land in trees, generally in a tree that is hard to climb, too. How do you suppose it happens so?"

"Can't say," I replied, "unless it's the joints that cause the trouble. They don't seem to be properly balanced, or something is out of order."

"Maybe so," said he. "I'll look the thing over; not that it will do any good, because I've spent most of my time since I've been here in doing nothing else."

I left him examining the odd contrivance, and continued on down the stream with a better prospect of catching a few "lunkers" now that the Doctor was behind me. I had fair luck, good enough to make me forget the heat and insects and other discomforts of the body. I waited for him at the bridge where the road to camp crossed the stream. His basket was almost empty, and I took pity on him and transferred some of my trout into his creel, well knowing that by the time we reached camp he would be able to give a vivid account of just where and how he had caught each and every one of them. It was an extraordinary faculty he possessed.

Jack had met with better luck than the rest of us. He is one of the few men I know that can successfully manage a fly. I always make a botch of fly casting. Jack was bemoaning the loss of two big trout.

"They were two large ones," he said, sighing deeply. "Great big lunkers. They would have gone over two pounds apiece, I am sure. I almost had 'em on the bank, too. I'll never get over it, and I'll always be wondering just how much they did weigh."

"Makes me think of an experience of mine this summer," said the Doctor. "I was driving through the country, and missed my way, and before I knew it night came on, and with it a thunder shower. I was forced to take refuge in the first house I came to. In response to my loud halloo, a man appeared from the house, and came leisurely toward me. He was well on in years, but seemed quite active, notwithstanding."

"From the expression of his countenance I judged him to be of a stern and melancholy disposition. He wore a gray bunch of whiskers, very much like a paint brush, on his chin which was constantly in motion. Whether the motion was caused from the use of tobacco or from a habit of whispering to himself I could not tell, as he did both incessantly."

"I should like to put up here for the night if possible," I said. "May I?"

"He looked me over carefully, including the horse and buggy and everything else in the inspection."

"Yep," said he, and vouchsafed not another word, but opened the gate, and I drove up to the barn.

"He unharnessed my horse for me in silence, and led him to a stall and backed my buggy under a shed to shelter it from the storm, and then conducted me to the house, still maintaining that oppressive silence."

"After supper I tried to make conversation, but my efforts were of no avail. There were only himself and wife present, and they were sphinxes. All at once, when I was beginning to despair, he picked up his chair and slowly crossed the room and planted it very deliberately alongside of mine, and sat down. I smiled encouragingly, but he never once looked up and his wife kept right on with her knitting."

"Suddenly he turned his head and stared at me out of wide open, light blue eyes, and made this remarkable statement:

"I ain't committed a sin fer seven long years," he said, in slow, passionless tones, and then paused long enough for this unusual assertion to sink deep into my brain. "Fer seven long years," he repeated, as though he would clinch the argument. "About eight years ago I committed two large ones."

"It was so unexpected that I spoiled everything and blurted out a loud 'Ha! Ha!'"

"We don't 'low no levity 'raound here," the old woman remarked, without lifting her eyes from her work. The old man picked up his chair and returned to his former place beside his wife.

"I felt myself in disgrace, and sneaked off to bed. In the morning I tried to draw him out, but he was a stone wall for silence. Haven't been truly happy since. I am always wondering what those 'two large ones' could have been. Your two trout made me think of it," he concluded, turning to Jack.

I am sorry the Doctor told that story, because I, too, have been wondering ever since.

A day or two before we broke up camp the Doctor furnished his customary diversion. We had been looking for it, and had begun to think that he was going to disappoint us, but he was true to himself.

There was a certain bend where Medicine Brook formed a broad, deep pool, and in that pool there was always a big trout waiting for me. It was my discovery, and needless to say I kept it to myself. On one side the bank rose with a steep ascent to a height of forty or fifty feet from the edge of the stream. A big beech tree, growing at the foot of the embankment, stretched out its branches far over the water, and the current had scooped out deep hollows beneath its roots, and there is where the trout loved to lie.

On this particular day I went forth from camp with the determination firm in my breast to break all records. It was a fine day for the fish. The rain had come and gone, leaving a curtain of fleecy clouds over the face of the scorching sun; the air was fresh and cool, and a light west wind rustled through the tall trees. Surely the trout would bite well on such a day, and I was inclined to anticipate my success.

As I drew near the pool I paused and baited my hook, and made all ready to cast in, and then crept cautiously forward. But just as I gained the clump of bushes behind which I was wont to conceal myself when angling in this bend, my attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of a voice. I looked all about, but there was no one in sight, and I was beginning to think that my ears had deceived me, when a slight rustling in the big beech tree caused me to glance up, and the mystery was solved. The voice belonged to the Doctor, of course.

He was working himself slowly along a limb of the

tree overhanging the pool, and muttering to himself in unmistakable terms of disapproval. Dangling from the end of this limb a trout—a big one weighing a pound or more—hung suspended by a short piece of line. The Doctor had freed another fish, and evidently did not intend to lose this one.

So intent was he on his occupation that he was totally oblivious of his surroundings, so I concealed myself in the bushes and awaited developments. The further out on the limb he got the more precarious became his position, which fact he did not seem to realize, all his thoughts being centered on the trout.

And then something seemed to attract his attention down stream, for he suddenly paused, and craning his neck to one side, peered through the leaves. Evidently what he saw did not fill his soul with gladness, for he settled back on the limb and made himself as small as possible and kept very still. At the same moment I heard the sound of footsteps, and the next instant I caught the glint of a rod as the slender tip flashed back and forth through the air, and then a fluffy, tempting fly settled lightly on the water in just the right spot, and was drawn skillfully along the surface. It was a beautiful cast.

"That must be Jack," was my inward comment. Again the rod flashed, and again the fly, but this time one of a different color, struck the water. It was all in vain, though. No big lunker rose to the alluring bait, and I could imagine Jack's rage and chagrin. He soon appeared, working his way warily along.

"What a place for a trout," he murmured softly to himself. "Wonder if Joe or any one else has tried it yet. Guess not, or they'd have mentioned it. Don't understand why I don't get a strike, though."

I was enjoying the situation immensely. I always do when I alone have the key to a situation. The Doctor, judging by his expression, was mortally anxious lest Jack should discover his presence up the tree. For once in his life he was content to remain a silent and inactive spectator on the scene. He knew full well how Jack would revel in the discovery and make sport of him. But, for the nonce, Jack's whole attention was centered on the pool, and the capture of the trout lurking in its depths.

A slight rustling in the beech tree caused me to look up, and I saw that the denouement was about to take place. The Doctor was beginning to slide. The thought of the trout had overcome his fear of Jack's ridicule, and he had made a last desperate attempt to gain possession of the fish, but had overbalanced himself and it was all up with him. With a yell that awoke the echoes of the place, and even startled me—though half expecting it—the Doctor descended with a rush. He struck the water with a loud splash in the very spot and at the same instant that Jack's fly landed gracefully on the surface of the pool.

Probably no angler ever met with quite so great a surprise as was accorded to Jack at that moment. It is not much to his discredit to say that he was badly scared. 'Twas his "not to reason why," and he bolted up the high bank without once looking behind him, nor paused until he reached the top. Here he turned and glanced back. Not seeing a panther nor a royal Bengal tiger in pursuit he halted in his mad flight. The sound of a great commotion and splashing down in the pool reached his ears, and he judged it expedient to hold himself aloof and await developments.

In the meantime the Doctor was doing his best to drown. The water was not over his head, save in one spot, and he insisted upon sticking in this particular spot. I waded in and caught him by a waving arm and dragged him to the bank, where the water was only two or three feet deep, and then withdrew to a distance and waited for the outcome. I knew that in his befuddled state of mind he would not recognize me. He soon found his breath, and his frantic cries for help brought Jack to his senses, and he came leaping and sliding down the bank into the stream, and hauled the Doctor ashore all in a moment.

When the latter had partially recovered from the effects of his immersion, I arrived on the scene all out of breath, and demanded explanations. The Doctor was growing profuse in his thanks to Jack, and Jack was trying to look as though he did not feel like a hero, but with poor success.

"It's nothing. Nothing at all, I tell you," he kept reiterating, throwing out his chest. "You would do the same for me any day. I consider it lucky that I was around to save you."

"But how did it all happen, and what's the trouble, anyhow?" I inquired.

"Well, as for me," said Jack, "I was fishing in the pool there, when all of a sudden, just as I made a cast, something came flying through space and landed square on my fly with a yell that would have startled steadier nerves than mine. I confess that for a moment I was a trifle upset, but the cause of all the trouble soon dissolved itself into the Doctor, here, and as he seemed in danger of drowning I hauled him out. But what I don't understand is where he came from. Where did you come from, anyhow?" he asked, turning to the Doctor.

The Doctor looked painfully embarrassed, and was seized with an attack of coughing. We slapped him on the back, and then Jack put his question again:

"Where did you come from?"

"Oh, I just fell in," the Doctor replied, with a weak smile. "We'd better be moving on or I'll be catching cold."

"But where did you fall from?" Jack persisted.

"Down the bank, I suppose," I suggested, not wishing Jack to have everything his own way. "From the looks of the ground somebody or something has gone up and down there in a great hurry."

Jack's yearning for information suddenly vanished.

"If I were you," he said to the Doctor, "I would be moving about. You're apt to catch cold if you sit around in those wet clothes. I know a fellow that caught pneumonia in that way and nearly died."

"And then they talked of other things," I murmured as I picked up my rod and started on down the stream. As I left them I heard the Doctor remark that he had broken his rod, and so would not fish any more that day, but would return to camp and get on some dry clothes.

By careful questioning each one learned just how much and just how little the other knew regarding the affair at the pool, and when I returned in the evening they had concocted a story that dovetailed so beautifully it would have deceived any jury, and I had not the heart to bring confusion upon them. And yet each one suspected the other, and in the bottom of his heart knew that he was merely weaving strange fancies into fair sounding words.

"By the way," said I to the Doctor just before we turned in, "did you get that trout?"

He stared at me blankly for a moment. "Dear me, I forgot all about it—" he began and then checked himself.

"What trout?" Jack inquired.

"One that he dropped when he fell down the bank," I volunteered. "I saw it there when I arrived on the scene, just as you rescued the Doctor."

"I had one, but I lost him," said the Doctor resignedly. "It was a big one. It weighed about three pounds. It's all on account of that infernal rod. The man that told me about it is a fraud, and I propose to tell him so some day."

"Where is the rod?" I inquired.

"I broke it all to pieces. There is nothing left of the thing, I am glad to say."

"Funny you didn't say something about that trout before," said Jack suspiciously.

"I forgot all about it in the excitement of the moment," the Doctor explained, beginning to show signs of nervousness.

"Don't see how you could," Jack growled. "Three-pound trout are rare."

"They are that," I remarked. "They don't grow on every tree—do they, Doctor?"

The Doctor looked worried, and maintained a discreet silence. I took pity on him and addressed myself to Jack.

"What would you have done," I asked him, "if, instead of the Doctor, a panther had landed in the pool?"

"Don't know, I am sure," he answered, as though the thought had never occurred to him before. "It would have been a good chance to finish him with my revolver, and I think I should have taken the risk. But I am getting sleepy, and am going to turn in. You'd better go back there to-morrow, Doctor, and look for that trout. Good night."

I have never told them all I know about the affair, and I still get my fun out of it when we are together. They both are endowed with extraordinary powers of invention, and it is interesting to observe the wonderful workings of their imagination, especially the Doctor's. He would make a good politician. He can change his mind as gracefully as any woman, and it is so easy for him to make himself believe anything that the occasion demands.

Yes, the Doctor would make a first-class politician with a big P. As a senator he would be a grand success, but as a fisherman—well, the least said the better.

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

Climbing Black Head Mountain.

I USED to have an idea that mountain climbers belonged to a class of individuals with particularly lively imagination, or bumps of exaggeration abnormally developed. But I do not think so any more. On the contrary, I think that cleaning an Augean stable, or anything of that sort, is mere child's play to climbing a mountain. And yet I have not been up Mt. St. Elias, or even the Matterhorn, but only Black Head in the Catskills.

On one occasion the sapient Thackeray wrote: "Young man, never, never climb a mountain." I first read this as a boy, and I remember well with what contempt it inspired me. What a great lazy fellow that Thackeray must have been, I thought. Oh, the presumption of youth—always pretending to know better than age! With what bitter force Thackeray's advice came back to me when—But I anticipate.

The sun was shining brightly when De K. and I got up and cast our eyes toward Black Head. There was the majestic dome looming against the sky exactly as it had loomed for centuries and centuries. Presently a white cloud floated over it, broke and then floated down the side in fragments. This might have served to remind me that Black Head was literally among the clouds, but I only thought of the beauty of the picture—never concerning myself with the climb before me.

Breakfast was dispatched and then we made ready. De K. slung his camera over his shoulders and I my field glasses over mine. In addition to these, we burdened ourselves only with a bottle of water, some sandwiches and apples. Gaily as two boys bent on a bird-nesting expedition, we started off. Keeping to the high road for about half a mile, we met our worthy host, honest Walter Schoonmaker, of Mountandale, who, observing our jaunty air, remarked with one of his slow, wise smiles: "You'll have a different gait coming back!" and then with another smile he swayed his body from side to side. We only scoffed at him and resumed our march with the utmost confidence.

Turning off the high road we made our way through several fields and strips of wood and at length came to the foothills. These seemed interminable, and so wended one of us that when half way up the steepest of them he called a halt, and sitting down grew very pensive. Looking up he saw that practically the mountain had all yet to be climbed. It was then that Thackeray's words came back with such bitter force, and the repentance of the whilom scoffer was sincere and absolute. However, in a little while I got my second wind, and jumping up felt stronger and more determined than ever. "Advance!" was now the word. In half an hour more we got over the foothills and came to the first real ascent. Being well broken in or warmed to our work we took this with more or less ease. Our trail lay through a part of the mountain which had been recently swept by fire, and looked very black and desolate. By 10 o'clock we were on what is known as the Hog's Back. This ascent was gradual, but at the end of it we came to what looked like the side wall of a house. There was no turning back, of course, nor yet turning aside, for on either hand was a deep ravine. Inclining forward, therefore, until we

might have been said to be on all fours, we set to work. Digging our hands and feet into the earth, we crept forward cautiously. There was little or no vegetation to lay hold on, and the earth being loose and gravelly it is needless to say that we spent a bad quarter of an hour. Not the least anxious part of it was when De K., who is a very fiend among photographers, unslung his camera and asked me to pose, before a piece of rock in our path. The look I gave him, in which anguish and appeal were blended in equal parts, would have melted any ordinary heart, but when De K. is on photographic business bent he is inexorable, and so I had to pose. That the camera did not reflect my heels merely as I went crashing down to destruction was due to a mercy of Providence. It was certainly, I am convinced, owing to a decree of fate, angered at De K.'s hardness of heart, that immediately after this the bottle of water which he carried in his pocket fell out and was dashed to pieces. It seemed as if all our hopes had simultaneously met with the same fate, and I involuntarily covered my face in my hands and groaned. To go on without water? That was now the question. The day being cool, we decided this in the affirmative, though perhaps imprudently. Well, the top of the "wall" was at length reached, and to be sure we heaved a sigh of relief, as we wiped our perspiring brows. Then we set out along a plateau on which the walking was easy enough, but presently got among heavy timber and underbrush. Trail there appeared to be none, so we had to steer the best way we could. Arduously forcing our way along, we came to the base of Black Head.

Now began indeed a terrible climb—over rocks, fallen timber, dense underbrush, all on a steep incline—it almost resembled the task of Sisyphus over again. I was too serious now to even think of Thackeray's *jeu d'esprit*, but fortunately I felt no inclination to sit down. Neither evidently did De K. Indeed, we were strung to the highest pitch. There must be no breaking down now! seemed to be our mutual thought, as we silently and laboriously moved upward. Breaking down! That meant a night alone in those savage and solitary wilds, from which we both recoiled with a sort of horror. How long we had been engaged in this last ascent we did not know, or apparently care, so absorbed were we in the idea of reaching our goal. Suddenly as the sun appears from a rack of clouds, the latter appeared to our delighted eyes. A vast table rock, washed to an ivory smoothness by the rains of countless ages. Upon it we jumped with a cheer, and then casting our eyes about—Well, we felt rewarded. Wherefore attempt to picture that view! There is in it that which strikes man dumb and makes him feel how impotent language is after all.

An hour was consumed in blissful ease, eating our frugal luncheon and contemplating the panorama that lay stretched before us. De K. was the first to rise, and again the camera was unslung and again the button was touched—not once, but half a dozen times. But, pshaw! What's the good of photographing such scenery as that! It almost seems a desecration. I hinted something like this to De K., but he replied that he merely wanted to get me in, whereat I blushed and felt smaller than I think I ever had before.

It being now 2 o'clock, we began to consider the advisability of setting out on our return, but having observed that the summit of Black Head seemed to be a little higher than the rock, we decided first to penetrate there. To do this was only a matter of ten or fifteen minutes' progression. When at length we judged that we had reached the very top we stood in silent contemplation. The ground was covered with moss and felt to the feet like a Turkish carpet; pines rose up thickly on all sides with here and there one fallen and rotting on the ground; the light was dim like that of an old cathedral; absolute silence reigned, save for a faint sighing of the wind in the tree tops; the place seemed full of a solemn awe, and one felt as if he were in the very sanctuary of nature. Through what æons this place has remained the same, I mused. Perchance since the great upheaval not half a hundred human feet have penetrated here. Unconsciously a sense of sadness and oppression stole upon one, as if one were remote—far from the world, as upon the bosom of the ocean.

It was with a feeling of relief, yet not unmixed with regret, for there was a strange fascination about the spot, that we set out on our return. Now our march was all down hill, but the same obstacles lay in our path, and besides the downward motion was very trying on the knees. After getting clear of Black Head with its terrible tangle, we pursued our way along the plateau, and decided, instead of returning by the "wall," to search for another trail. This we were fortunate enough to find about a mile further on toward Webster Mountain. Thanks to the coolness of the day and the few apples we carried, we had not experienced any serious thirst. There being one apple left, De K. was for halving and eating it, but I would by no means hear of it. With the utmost gravity I represented that we were still far from home, that a hundred accidents might befall, and that that apple might yet prove our salvation. De K. laughed, but he kept the apple in his pocket until we reached the foothills. There was it halved and partaken of joyously.

As we left the towering mountains behind us, night was falling rapidly and nothing was to be heard but the harsh, wild cries of the woodpeckers and the doleful quavering of the red owl (*Strix asio*). The latter resembles nothing so much as the wailing of an infant, with the addition of some horrid quality which can only be described as unearthly. Falling on the ears of one unaccustomed to hear it, in the forest in the stillness of the night, it is almost enough to make the blood run cold.

Grateful was the sight of home and the shining lights—the friendly faces of the cheerful board. We had come out of the wilderness and having done our work we took our ease.

FRANK MOONAN.

NAMELESS REMITTERS.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. is holding several sums of money which have been sent to it for subscriptions and books by correspondents who have failed to give name and address. If this note comes to the eye of any such nameless remitter we trust to hear from him.

Natural History.

Cherry-Eating Foxes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The other day my farmer shot two fine specimens of the gray fox in the swamp not far from the house. They had evidently been there a good while, and appear to have been feeding on rabbits only.

A peculiar feature of the autopsies is that in the case of both animals I find from twenty to thirty wild cherry pits throughout the course of the small intestine. I should like to know why this is. Is it analogous at all to the habit in the domestic dog of occasionally eating grass? The pits at this season have nothing left on them save a suspicion of wrinkled skin.

All through the summer I have found on all the fox runs in the neighborhood droppings which contained many cherry stones. I have always supposed that these belonged to the raccoon, but what I saw yesterday leads me to believe that this is not true.

FARMER.

[It is well known that several species of the dog family in North America to some extent feed on fruit. The domestic dog is, of course, accustomed to a mixed diet, of which flesh constitutes only a small part. We have seen many dogs that would eat apples, and others that would swallow down grapes as fast as they were offered to them. Domestic animals, however, have perverted tastes, and offer no sure guide as to what wild animals will do.]

On the northwest coast we have seen the droppings of gray or timber wolf which were composed almost entirely of the seeds of the salmon berry, while it is well known that the coyotes of the Southwest feed to a very considerable extent on the fruit of the prickly pear. The foxes of Alaska and the northwest coast feed almost entirely on the wash of the beach, which consists largely of fish and shell fish; our own red fox in times of scarcity eats fish, crabs, shell fish, eggs and even insects. The South American guara lives largely on fruit and roots, as does also the so-called raccoon dog of Japan. The African fennec, which is a fox, is fond of dates, and is said to be able to climb the date palm in order to obtain the fruit. There is a crab-eating dog in South America, which may be assumed to take its name from the food it lives on. In general terms, it may be stated that the doglike animals of Southern countries, appear more disposed to adopt a vegetable diet than those inhabiting the North.

The food habits of the raccoons and of the bears are well understood to be omnivorous, and beechnuts are said sometimes to be eaten by the fisher or black cat (*Mustela pennanti*).

The gray fox is more given to eating vegetable food than the commoner red fox of the North, although fruit is sometimes eaten by that species. It is said that occasionally the gray fox tears down the cornstalks and feeds on the corn in the milk. That a knowledge of the fruit-eating habits of foxes is old is shown by this quotation, attributed to him whose name has become as a proverb for wisdom: "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes."

The fox grapes of Eastern American, however, so familiar to every country dweller, are believed to have received their name not from the fact that they are eaten by foxes to any extent, nor from the further fact that they hang high and so are inaccessible, but from the slightly foxy or musky odor which the clusters exhale.

We have no doubt that foxes commonly eat cherries because they like them, but we should be very glad to record further observations on this point from any of our readers who may have had opportunity to make them.]

Naturalists on the Yukon.

THE publication known as North American Fauna is the especial official organ of the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture. It is issued at irregular intervals, and each issue is complete in itself, containing one or more interesting papers on birds or mammals or faunal areas or an account of the study of some special region.

In No. 19 of this publication, which was issued Oct. 6, is presented a paper giving the "Results of a Biological Reconnaissance of the Yukon River Region," prepared under the direction of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of Division of Biological Survey. The pamphlet gives a general account of the region, an "Annotated List of the Mammals," by Wilfred H. Osgood, and an "Annotated List of Birds," by Dr. Louis B. Bishop, of New Haven, Conn. It is illustrated by a number of full-page plates, some giving views of scenery along the route, others having a bearing on the habits of squirrels, and others still showing skulls of various mammals.

The railway from Skagway and the tram service about the White Horse Rapids have already made very light the labor of reaching the Yukon district. The distance traveled by Mr. Osgood, Dr. Bishop and A. G. Maddren—more than 1,800 miles from Skagway to the Bering Sea—was comfortably traversed. Their progress was easy and rapid, and, except for an unfortunate capsizing between Fort Yukon and Fort Hamlin, was without accident. But the mosquitoes made life a good deal of a burden for the explorers, until they had become more or less accustomed to them, and had learned to protect themselves against their attacks.

Mr. Osgood's discussion of the faunal regions passed over will have an especial interest for all biologists; the more so, since the region about the upper Yukon has never before been studied. It is not surprising that much interesting material should have been collected.

Among the larger game reported on by Mr. Osgood are the two species of caribou, the barren ground and the mountain. The mountain caribou is said to be quite common in northern British Columbia, but spending the summer on the higher ground, it is seldom killed at that season by traveling parties. The domesticated reindeer has in some cases strayed away from the Government herds imported into Alaska and become wild.

The Alaska moose is still numerous, but apparently not long to remain so. In winter moose meat is the staple diet for both Indians and whites, and the price paid—from \$1 to \$2 per pound in the mining camp—naturally stimulates hunting. Sheep are abundant at certain points on Lake Bennett and Lake Tagish, and Mr. Osgood's remarks show that we have still a good deal to learn about the sheep of the North. White goats are not uncommon in the coast mountains. Mr. Osgood describes in his paper several new forms of mammals.

Dr. Bishop's paper on birds includes 171 species, and on many of them the notes are full and interesting. He observes that of 42 species of migratory birds—exclusive of those with a continental range—which occur as summer residents of the Yukon Basin above Fort Yukon 31 per cent. have their center of distribution in eastern North America, 33 per cent. near the Pacific coast, and 36 per cent. in western North America, not far from the Rocky Mountains. Of the bird fauna of the route as a whole Dr. Bishop says:

"The country we traversed between Skagway and Circle divides itself into three quite distinct faunal districts. The coast of southeast Alaska belongs to the Sitka district of Nelson, White Pass Summit, and the heights above Glacier belong to the Arctic-Alpine zone, and the Yukon Valley belongs to the Canadian and Hudsonian zones. In the last the Canadian element is most pronounced in the lake region, with a very slight infusion of Sitkan forms, the strictly Hudsonian species increasing and the others decreasing as the Yukon winds north toward Fort Yukon. Beyond this point Hudsonian forms predominate, giving place to Arctic, where the Yukon loses its identity in the tundra of the delta. The upper Yukon Valley may be divided faunally at Fort Selkirk, where the Pelly from the Rocky Mountains and the Lewes from the Coast Range unite to form the Yukon proper, fifteen species of land and shore birds occurring above this point which have not been found between there and Fort Yukon, and twelve having been recorded between the Pelly and Fort Yukon which have not been taken above. Of the 128 species and subspecies found between Dixon Entrance and Fort Yukon 22 per cent. were common to the coast of southeast Alaska and the Yukon Valley, 19 per cent. confined to the coast, 55 per cent. to the Yukon Valley, and 4 per cent. found only on White Pass Summit and at similar altitudes."

The Pheasant and the Farmer.

WE hear a great deal concerning the usefulness of the English pheasant to the sportsman and of the bird's ability to take care of itself during our Northern winters, but very little is said or printed about the value of this species to the farmer. Yet, like most other birds of the group to which it belongs, the pheasant is extremely useful to the agriculturist, and most so at the season when insects are most numerous and are engaged in the function of reproduction.

It is in spring, summer and early autumn that the broods of ruffed grouse wander through the swamps and along the edges of the open fields, devouring all the insects that they can capture, and the quail, with her brood, journeys backward and forward through the open lots, where grow grain and potatoes and vegetables, destroying each day myriads of flying and creeping things which, if allowed to live and breed, would next year destroy farmers' crops. In this good work the pheasant takes its part, and where numerous they accomplish a vast deal of good. Nearly twenty years ago nineteen pheasants were turned loose on Vancouver Island, B. C., and protected for a term of years. They have greatly increased and have spread up and down the island, and this is the testimony borne in their favor by Mr. W. B. Anderson, the editor of the *Cumberland News*:

"A bird often execrated—and this most unjustly—is the English pheasant, or its cousin, the cross pheasant, more common here. This is one of the most useful birds to the farmer of all. He sometimes eats a bit of grain, but pays for this tenfold by the number of predatory insects he destroys. Farmers there are who condemn him and hound him off for his grain-eating propensities, but these are the ones who do not pause to think before rushing to conclusions. The insect-eating habit is strong in all the birds of the order gallinæ, to which belong the pheasants, grouse, partridges, quail, fowls, etc., and the good they do in insect destroying was well exemplified this season, when certain persons, preferring to let their fowls have the garden crop in preference to the cut worms, turned in their chickens. Those in Cumberland and Union who did that are the only ones who now have any cabbages or other soft-fleshed vegetables. Those who depended on paris green to accomplish the work, lost more or less, especially cabbages and cauliflowers. The pheasant was working in the fields just as the bantams and other fowls were working in the gardens. Many of them fell victims to the poisoned bran placed in the fields to destroy the worm. We believe, however, that most of our district farmers are fully aware of the fact that these birds are of far greater benefit than of harm, and accordingly deplore the untimely and unintentional destruction of so many of them."

That the pheasant is a destroyer of insects by wholesale and so is useful to the farmer is a fact well worthy the consideration of sportsmen and agriculturists, when its introduction is contemplated, and should induce farmers and land owners to do whatever may lie in their power to prevent the destruction of the birds and to protect them at all seasons. While the matter as yet is one which possesses a practical interest chiefly for portions of the West and the South, where only pheasants are abundant, the growing interest in this bird and the increased attention now being given to its introduction justifies a consideration of this phase of its usefulness.

"The Seaboard Air Line."

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In my report of "Seaboard Air Line.—IV." I wish to make correction. For "cerulean warblers" kindly substitute "indigo birds" and oblige.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

Treatment for Snake Bites.

HAVING spent over a year among the native hunters and farmers of the most primitive mountain region of southwestern Arkansas, where the number of poisonous snakes was uncountable, including the copperhead, mountain or timber rattlesnake and rock or diamond-back rattlesnake, upon the uplands or mountains (and while I write I can lift my eyes to the skin of a diamond-back upon the wall of my office, 4½ feet long without the head or tail, which, sporting seventeen rattles, fell before the muzzle of my Winchester just as he was about to spring at me, which speaks for the size of some of the larger specimens of the upland regions), the bottoms along the streams are plentifully supplied with cottonmouths, water moccasins and various kinds of adders, it follows as an axiom that many persons are often bitten by a snake, and the native simple way of treating it I learned in this way:

One of the natives and I were hunting mineral outcrops on the Boar's Tusk Mountain in June, 1896, when we came upon a huckleberry patch and began gathering and eating the ripe berries. My guide cautioned me to be on the lookout for snakes, saying, "Them cussed varmints hide under the huckleberry bushes to catch the birds when they come to feed on the berries," and I was very careful, but he was not, for I soon heard a sharp cry from him, and on looking at him saw him throw his left hand and arm in the air and shake off and throw to some distance a diamond-back which had struck him midway of his left forefinger. While I was scared as badly as if I had myself been bitten, the hunter drew his knife and made two quick cuts on the finger so that it bled freely and began stripping his finger to force the blood out of the cuts. He then took a piece of common alum out of his pocket and bit off a piece as large as a large-sized chestnut and chewed it up and swallowed it, and then he bit off and chewed fine another piece of alum, which he placed upon his cut finger and tied up with a piece of rag torn from the bottom of his homespun cotton shirt, and then he hunted up and killed the snake and again began gathering and eating berries, to my surprise.

In answer to my question as to the need of going to town to consult a doctor, he said, "The blood runnin' from the cuts took out all the pizen, but if it didn't all get out, the alum will fix it, but them cuts will give me a sore finger for a day or two." The result was no swelling of even the finger, and he said that if a man would always cut through the bite and let the blood out and take alum there was no danger from the bite of any snake.

W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The Massachusetts Association.

BOSTON, Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association held its first meeting of the season on Thursday evening, Oct. 11, at Young's Hotel.

An invitation had been extended to a dozen or more of the outlying clubs to send some member who would speak upon the "origin, history and work of his club," or if it should not be feasible for any one to be present to send to the secretary a written account. The responses were very gratifying. Many of those invited came to the meeting and others sent letters or manuscripts to be read. In the absence of the president, Vice-President Rockwell conducted the meeting with his accustomed grace and ability. The first to be called upon for a few remarks was Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, who referred briefly to the work of the Central Committee last winter. He spoke of that organization as the "offspring" of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, and said he should wish to be informed soon whether the Association had further use for the committee.

Chairman Collins, of the State Commission, spoke briefly of the work of his Board. He said it now has twenty-three paid deputies in the service of enforcing the game laws. He suggested that gray squirrels and rabbits should not be shot prior to Oct. 1, as men go out pretending to be hunting those animals when they are really after birds.

Mr. John Fottler, Jr., president of the Rod and Gun Club of Massachusetts, complimented the Association and Central Committee for its work in securing the passage of the bird bill, and said that in his opinion it was "the most important step for game protection that had ever been taken by the Legislature of Massachusetts or of any other State."

Probably that opinion will not be called in question by those of your readers who are familiar with the history of game legislation in the various States of the Union. Mr. Geo. H. Hassam represented the Needham Gun Club. He gave an outline of its history and pledged its members to the support of any measures that should be favored by the State Association. Mr. Geo. G. Tidsbury, president of the Ashland Gun Club, spoke entertainingly of his club, and said he believed every man who was a member of such a club was almost sure to be interested in game protection. He therefore recommended the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association to encourage such clubs and make it a part of its work to start such clubs in every town.

Secretary C. F. Chamberlayne gave an outline of the Old Colony Club and its efforts in abolishing the use of seines, nets, weirs and pounds in the waters of Buzzards Bay.

The members exhibited great interest in the account of the North Attleboro Fish and Game Association, as given by the president, Mr. A. C. Sylvester, this being the youngest of those on our list, organized Jan. 1, 1900, and now numbering 140 members. Mr. Sylvester attributes the remarkable growth and success of the club to the fact that while the club secures leases of woods and streams and puts out birds and fish, it does not reserve exclusive privileges to club members, but it admits the public at large to its territory when it is open to club

members. Representative H. D. Hunt would have been with us if his notification had reached him in time. We all wish success to our enthusiastic friends in North Attleboro, and hope all sportsmen who can will attend their sportsmen's exposition, which is to open Nov. 16.

Others speakers of the evening were L. Frederick Rice, of Brookline; C. J. H. Woodbury, of Lynn; Hon. R. S. Gray, of Walpole, and Mr. C. G. Gibson, of Boston. The time was so fully taken up by the large number of speakers that the reading of manuscripts was necessarily postponed to some future meeting. The secretary has valuable papers from Geo. H. Palmer, Esq., of North Bedford, upon the Southern Massachusetts Fish and Game League, and from Mr. C. W. Walls, on the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Mr. M. E. Hawes, president of the East Weymouth Fish and Game Association, and Mr. Wm. B. Phinney, of the Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association, expected to be present, but were unavoidably prevented. The next meeting of the Association will be on the second Thursday of November as fixed by our by-laws.

Considering that it is a little early yet for evening dinners, the attendance of our own members was fairly good, and all went away with the feeling that our own Association is not "the only pebble," and that we had received many valuable ideas and suggestions by hearing how other clubs do things. D. T. Curtis, the nestor of anglers; Col. Enos Stoddard, Col. E. B. Parker, Dr. B. V. Howe, Dr. E. C. Norton, Dr. A. R. Brown, H. F. Colburn, L. Crocker, Mr. N. Le Roy and Mr. Hewson were some of those in attendance.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

A Wet Coon Hunt.

The Hunt in Prospect.

I SPENT the summer of 1896 in my native village in western New York. September was creeping on apace. A prospective coon hunt for my special benefit had been discussed for a number of days. While the season was hardly propitious, still I was desirous of participating in one hunt at least before my vacation ended, necessitating my departure from boyhood scenes. Of course, the hunt could not go on without having Jack Rumsey along. He was perfectly willing to go almost any night, but he would not promise much success, because his old hound from a summer's period of inaction had grown fat and lazy. An attempt could be made at any rate.

Jack Rumsey.

It would be a pleasure for Mr. J. B. Burnham to meet Jack Rumsey. The result would be a chapter in his delightful "Gens des Bois" series. He is such a character, so filled with the lore of the woods and waters, and few in his section of country know the haunts of the wild creatures better than he. Successful as a fox hunter, he is also equally skillful in following the wild honey bee to its hidden store of sweets. Coon hunting is his special delight. The performance of a hard day's work on the farm is no drawback to this pursuit when the season is at its height. Fatigue and loss of sleep in this case are not to be reckoned with when the right party desires him and his famous old hound as companions. A man of medium height, powerful frame, kindly mien and unfailing good humor, the passing years have dealt gently with old Jack, for now at past sixty he is as active as most men of half his age, and as "tough as a pine knot," to use his own expression.

Our Destination.

The long-looked for evening arrived. Rumsey had made arrangements to take his team and wagon and drive us to a stretch of woods about seven or eight miles southwest of the village, but the weather looked so forbidding that he deemed it better to go afoot and explore Finn Gully and contiguous woods, nearer by three or four miles, and where he had secured several coons the previous fall.

The Party.

There were seven in the party, including Phillips, an enthusiastic young nimrod and general roustabout, who had often accompanied Rumsey on his various hunting expeditions; Dowling, a jolly son of Erin, who would be "in at the death," come what will, and "the timid one," who proudly claimed the distinction of carrying the lantern. Hunting and fishing yarns from Jack beguiled the way until the gully was reached. How dark and frowning its defiles looked! The moon, which occasionally beamed forth through rifts in the clouds the fore part of the night, was now totally obscured in an inky sky. We were fairly launched.

In Coonland.

Silently we stole along like so many dumb shapes. Here and there along our path the glowworms showed their miniature light, and the mysterious "fox-fire" danced and hovered in the dark shadows. To break the silence, a screech owl gave forth its doleful wail, and "the timid one" fell gently over a questionable foot bridge that crossed the path.

Trouble Begins.

True to the prediction of his master, the hound did not feel inclined to do any work. His actions were, if anything, exasperating. After disappearing for a few minutes, reviving fond hopes that we would eventually hear the music of his voice in his triumph of freeing the quarry, he would suddenly return panting to the path, evidently feeling more contented to follow in his master's footsteps. Jack's usual serenity was ruffled. The fame of his hound was at stake. "Boys, what'd I tell ye?" he finally said. "Before I go coon hunting with you again, I'll make several trips by myself, and wear off some of the old fellow's fat, and then he'll be all right."

The end of the gully was finally reached. After scrambling up a steep hillside, we emerged into a freshly plowed field. The hound was there before us, acting as a sort of reception committee of one. Seeing

that he was not inclined to do any more wandering, we threw ourselves on the fresh earth to rest from our exertions.

We Were Tired.

Tobacco now acted as a soother. Jack produced an ancient pipe, leisurely filled it, and after the weed was in full blast, sauntered to the edge of the woods, in a meditative mood. An ominous silence reigned. Save for the murmuring of a brook, the woods were hushed. It was the traditional calm before the storm. We were almost afraid to speak. Our six outstretched figures were like so many clods. Finally the timid one muttered something in an undertone about wishing he were home. And now

It Commenced to Sprinkle.

This suggested a return, but Jack, who had rejoined us, would not listen to it. "No," he said; "we'll work along the woods on top of the gully, and then if nothing shows up, we'll go." Well, we stuck to our guide, lit the lantern and commenced further explorations for the festive coon, penetrating deeper and deeper into the woods. But it was a vain quest. The hound did not change his tactics, and in a disgusted mood we halted in the midst of some small pines in a corner of a high rail fence. To add to our discomfort

The Rain Now Came Down

like a pent-up outpouring of the masses. Like sheep in a pen we huddled under the flimsy roof the pine afforded, making the best of our miserable situation. Jack had found a hollow under a projecting log, and, snugly ensconced on a dry bed of leaves, was quite willing to brave out the storm.

Experience with a Grapevine.

Dowling was restless; his nature was not to be curbed. He cast about for something to amuse the party. From the feeble light shed by our "beacon" he soon found it in a wild-grape vine swinging from a pine over a bank hard by. On the impulse of the moment he took a short run, grasped the vine and swung off. Alas for Willie! Grapevine and all were "consigned to the depths," and landed with many a repeated crash into the bushes below. We rushed to the scene of seeming disaster to ascertain his injuries, when we heard his voice issue forth in that time honored Bowery refrain, "Oh, Uncle John, here I will remain." What a comical looking object he was when he finally crept forth, on all fours, as it were! Not to mention his bedraggled appearance, one tail of his old frock coat had decided to keep company with the bushes and briars. Forgetting the downpour, we couldn't help but join old Jack, from his retreat, in boisterous merriment. Willie had longed to amuse. He did.

Our Nocturnal Devotions.

We once more resorted to our shelter under the pine, where the rain now leaked through in little rivers. Philosophically, we turned to "Rain" in all its phases as a good topic for debate until Jack grew weary of it and suggested a song. Our nocturnal devotions were about to begin. It was a sad sound that assailed our ears when the timid one started up "Nearer, My God, to Thee" in a quavering voice. This was too much for Jack. He crept out of his retreat and started for the singer, but by this time the song had died away and the moaning tree tops took up the refrain in solemn grandeur. The basso now commenced to spout forth "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," but this capped the climax and a stampede began. A feeling to get out of the woods was uppermost. The open road, despite the rain, was at least preferable. "If we stay here, we'll not only be rocked, but drowned," quoth Dowling, and over the fence he went. Phillips followed with the gun. But, oh, what of the lantern bearer, the "timid one," he who was ever intent on stumbling, falling and innocently getting himself into all kinds of trouble! Carefully reaching the top of the fence, he fell down on the other side. No, he wasn't hurt, but the "beacon" had managed to get underneath him in his rapid descent. It must have been a sorry looking thing. We could only feel

Our Light Had Failed.

In times past I have often threaded my way on dark nights through the boyhood woods, where I was familiar with every path, nook and corner, and rather enjoyed the sights, sounds and sensations that such vigils brought. But the ways were even then beset with obstacles, "clear sailing" was not wholly mine. Here, in a strange piece of thick woods, intersected with ravines and gullies, our sensations, in consequence, were not of the pleasantest sort. We were indeed in a dilemma. And then such gloom as enveloped us now! Could the traditional Egyptian darkness be worse? It encompassed us like a shroud, twined its meshes around us, fairly bumped into us. Our matches had also received the "blue shivers" from our water soaked garments. A faint phosphorescent glow was all that rewarded our efforts for a light.

Stumbling Through the Darkness.

Meanwhile the rain came down harder than ever, but its volume mattered little to us now. Jack admonished us to keep close and follow him. We followed, but somehow it was first this and then that one who would get separated. Feeling my way along, a queer lonesomeness crept over me. I paused to listen, when I heard some one (Dowling, it proved to be) say, "Who is here?" Prompt came an answer, "I am (Phillips); let's gather in." So we three gathered. Where the others were was of no consequence now. (I met them the next day.) Way off in the woods we heard the familiar laugh of Jack, enjoying himself, no doubt. Having lost our guide we proceeded to do some guiding ourselves. Yes, the way was rough. It seemed as though every fallen tree and log had congregated in our path to worry us. (I fell over three, at least.) Sudden contacts with trees were no rarities; the rough surface of many a pine, maple, oak and hickory did some promiscuous scraping against nose and cheek, and receding wet

branches wandered in uncertain lines across our faces with no gentle caressing touch. I didn't roll down a gully; it was Dowling (I heard him enter his protest). But I did step into a depression and I thought it was six feet deep. Thus our path was mightily beset, until we entered what seemed like some kind of a clear road. At least there were no prostrate trees, logs, rough bark or receding branches. And a glimmer of light ahead! We had unwittingly stumbled on the road leading through the gully. The highway was just beyond.

Out of the Coon's Domains.

The mud of the open road felt good. Better specimens of "Weary Willies" never traveled in Coxey's army as we trudged along. The moon struggled through the clouds once or twice, and by its feeble light I consulted my watch. It was nearly 12 o'clock. The rain was still falling. The swishing of the water in Dowling's shoes gave forth a painful sound. In the distance the lights of the village glowed with a home-like warmth and spirit.

T. M. S.

Adirondack Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The season for deer shooting in the Adirondack region is now well advanced and the crack of repeating rifles and reports of breechloading shotguns are heard at frequent intervals throughout the wilderness. The mountains, hills and valleys are patrolled by vigilant hunters, some of whom are experienced in this line, and others who are not, while lakes, ponds and marshes are posted with sentinels, who watch day and night for the coming of the timid deer. In those sections of the wilderness where lumbering operations have been carried on and roads cut through the woods the hunter finds it comparatively easy to make his way about, even though he does not pay especial attention to his bearings or the direction in which he is going. These roads are often several miles in length, and at intervals are crossed by others, so that a person can cover a good deal of ground in the course of a day and run little or no risk of becoming lost. In many places on these lumber roads there are long stretches where a view can be had for perhaps 50 rods or more up and down the line, and these afford advantageous points to watch for deer, particularly if their runways and the road intersect, as is often the case. In certain localities these roads are a good deal frequented by deer, and the hunter is more likely to obtain a shot by keeping to them than he would be to plunge into the pathless forest. Lumbering is being carried on so extensively that these roads can now be found in almost every part of the woods.

Notwithstanding the great number of hunters that have been and are in the wilderness this fall, and all the shooting that has been done, comparatively few deer have been killed. The woods have been extremely dry nearly all the fall and consequently still-hunting has been practically out of the question. It has been delightful recreation walking about in the forest, but in spite of the utmost care which could be exercised the hunter could not move so noiselessly as to enable him to get close to a deer. The fallen leaves would be sure to rustle with every footfall, and dry twigs would crack with surprising frequency, so that the deer had early and timely warning of the hunter's approach, and when a shot has been fired it has usually been when the game was on the jump or run. Then, too, the foliage on the shrubbery in the woods is very dense and this has rendered it impossible to see far in any direction, excepting in occasional localities where bushes do not abound. At present the leaves on the bushes are mainly of a bright yellow color, and they interfere very materially with the work of the hunter. The leaves on the large deciduous trees are falling rapidly, but those on the shrubbery are the last to drop.

To be sure, there have been quite a number of deer killed in the Adirondacks this fall, but for the most part their capture has been largely due to luck, not perhaps wholly luck in the shooting, but in the opportunity therefor. Good examples of this were seen on the first day or two of the open season this year. Early on the morning of Sept. 1 a guide saw a big buck feeding in the cornfield near the Bald Mountain House, on Third Lake, Fulton Chain, and shot him without any trouble. Late in the afternoon of the next day a party of four or five hunters, who were stopping in a cottage on Fourth Lake, started out with the intention of spending the night on a small pond, or ponds, watching for deer by moonlight. They had gone only a short distance from the cottage, however, when they started up three deer, and their guide shot a handsome buck, which fell dead in the highway. It has already been intimated that in proportion to the number of shots fired the number of deer killed thus far has been small, and this fact is, no doubt, to a certain extent, due to the snap shots and long range firing which has been necessary. One hunter who watched on a lake shore four or five evenings and saw deer every night but one, sometimes two or three deer together, admits having fired eight shots at one animal without injuring it, and shooting at several others, which he failed to hit. Some hunting parties, who have returned from the Adirondacks after scouring the locality they visited thoroughly for three or four weeks, did not get a single deer. They say the signs of deer are scarce, and give it as their opinion that the animals are not there any more, but have probably been killed off. It is believed, however, by those who are most familiar with the condition of things, that there are a great many deer in the woods, and that this fact will be evidenced by the number of animals killed later in the season.

The hunter who sticks to the lumber roads where they can be found, not only stands a better chance of getting a good shot at a deer than he does when prowling around among the fallen tree-tops, where he can see only a few rods in any direction, but he lessens the risk of being shot himself by mistake through the carelessness of some other person. This is a point which has a good deal of weight with many, as accidental shootings have been so numerous in the wilderness during the past few years that experienced hunters and guides are becoming very cautious in their

movements. It has been repeatedly demonstrated to the sorrow of many hearts—and homes that there are excitable, careless or thoughtless amateurs who are liable to blaze away at any suspicious looking dark object which they espy in the woods without pausing to see whether it is a man or a deer, or who unhesitatingly fire when they see a bush move and hear the bush crack. Under ordinary circumstances these inexperienced fellows might not be able to hit the side of a barn 20 rods distant, but nevertheless their shots seem deadly accurate when aimed at a fellow mortal in the woods, and no one cares to make a target of himself for them to experiment on.

Last year there were a score or more of shooting casualties in the Adirondack region, a number of which were fatal. Thus far there has been only one shooting fatality this season, so far as can be learned, but that occurred last week. Howard Sitterly, aged 20 years, whose home was in Euclid, N. Y., while walking along a deer runway near Otter Lake, was mistaken for a deer and shot and killed. It is said that the man who accidentally shot him has lived in the woods nearly all his life. Ordinarily fatalities of this nature are occasioned by amateurs, as hunters of long experience usually make a point of seeing clearly what they are shooting at.

In view of the lamentable shooting accidents which have occurred in the past, every deer hunter should do all in his power to lessen the risk to himself and others. The man who kills his friend or guide, or perhaps, an utter stranger, while hunting in the woods must necessarily undergo a severe punishment from the agony of mind which follows the act, and time will fail to wholly obliterate the sad memory; but notwithstanding this fact it would seem that there ought to be a penalty attached by law to carelessness when a hunter shoots a fellow being in mistake for a deer. Up in the woods of Lewis county, last week, a party of young and ambitious sportsmen shot a valuable Jersey cow, having mistaken it for a deer, and they had to settle with the owner for their carelessness, but when a human being is the victim the law provides no penalty. It seems to be a difficult matter, in fact, to frame an act which will exactly meet all requirements, and even with the most stringent laws accidents would still be liable to occur. In order, therefore, to reduce the danger to the minimum all hunters should exercise as much caution as possible. It is a wise and important rule never to shoot at an object unless you can see the full outline and color sufficiently to enable you to swear to its identity. Another extremely important precaution is in the matter of costume. The hunter should never wear a brown or gray coat when in the wilderness during the shooting season, as when wearing either of these colors he may easily be mistaken for a deer by some not very careful sportsman. The writer has known of more than one instance where experienced hunters have leveled their rifles at objects which they supposed to be deer, but which subsequently proved to be men in brown clothes, and only for the rule which these hunters had made for themselves, never to shoot at anything unless they could tell positively what it was, the long list of casualties from accidental shooting would probably have been increased. Black clothing should also be avoided as far as possible, as the person wearing it runs the risk of being mistaken for a bear. Probably green, white or red coats, jackets or shirts are the best things for woods wear during the shooting season, and it is well to avoid brown or gray even in hat, vest or trousers. Many experienced woodsmen wear no coat when hunting, and their shirts are of some very light or bright color, so that they cannot easily be mistaken for a wild animal. There was one instance last year, on the Fulton Chain, where a young man shot and killed his brother, who wore a red sweater, mistaking him for a deer, but hunters will find that due care exercised in the matter of clothing will go far toward preventing accidents. Then if everyone will follow the rule never to shoot until the game is positively identified, few, if any, of these sad mistakes will occur.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Oct. 12.

New Hampshire's Game.

THE season of 1900 opened on Sept. 15. The usual prediction of birds being plenty has failed to be verified, as it has been doing more and more each year. On the morning of the opening I shot five grouse within a mile of my house. I found them scarce and but two small broods. Young birds as well as old were very wild and hard to find a second time. I have been out a few times since, and made out to get a few birds by working hard; but what a contrast to years past! In times past I could start ten birds easier than one now, and we have miles of good ground.

There are several young fellows in this neighborhood who are would-be market-shooters. They sell every bird they can get. The price offered by our market men is considered high; yet, as one of my neighbors said (who has hunted day after day in every cover in this vicinity), "I can't kill enough birds so far to pay for the shoes I wear out."

The account of the "Granite State's Neglect" in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 6 is well written. The truth, however, of how the lumber of the White Mountain region is being destroyed has not half been told. I will see that the above article of FOREST AND STREAM is reprinted in some of our local papers.

New Hampshire will realize the necessity of better game and lumber protection when there is little of either to protect.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Oct. 10.

Carrier Pigeon Shot.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—A carrier pigeon, having the inclosed ring upon his leg, was shot by mistake at Meadow Island, Jones' Inlet, south of Freeport, Long Island, Sunday, Oct. 7, at about 3 P. M. The ring reads N H L 9494. I send you the information, thinking that perhaps you may be able to notify the owner, who probably will be glad to know what has become of his bird.

CRAIG E. HALL.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our ad. col.

In the Old Dominion.

27. "And, hark! I hear the pheasant's muffled drumming,
The Bob White whistles in the early morn;
A drowsy bee mid purple asters humming
The far, faint tenor of the hunter's horn.
"And now from yonder beech trunk sheer and sterile,
The rat-tat of the yellow-hammer's bill;
The sharp staccato barking of the squirrel,
A dropping nut, and all again is still!"

RED October is here—the old year's pride, the sportsman's joy! Decked in scarlet and gold he comes over the fields like a crowned prince with a great following of huntsmen in his train.

Who does not long to follow him beyond the city walls into the crisp woodlands, where the brown pheasant makes the echoes, to the dark dell where the woodcock rises on sudden wing, and over the fields where the soft thunder of the rising covey quickens the pulses of the oldest huntsman?

But enough. I started out to report the outlook for sportsmen in the game fields of eastern Virginia. It is, as everywhere this season, unusually fine, owing to the dry summer just past. The coveys of quail are unusually large, and but for the forest fires that have undoubtedly destroyed many young coveys, it seems probable that there would be more than the land could support. When this happens, they invariably migrate to new feeding grounds. However, so long as the hawk and owl, arch enemies of the quail, are allowed to "increase and multiply" with no premium set upon their crafty scalps to hunt in season and out, night and day, 365 days and nights to the sportsman's fifteen or twenty days in season, so long will all his legislation for the protection of game of this class be of no avail, and far better turn loose all the pot-hunters in America in the fields than suffer these skilled huntsmen to prey upon the coveys from the time of incubation till the covey is destroyed. Why not divert the efforts of pot-hunters to the enemies of the birds by offering a premium on their scalps? This was done long ago in the Old Dominion. Why not now and everywhere?

All small game is abundant this season—gray squirrels, hares, opossums and coons. Deer are killed in about the usual numbers, but the flocks of wild turkeys are said to be the largest ever seen here, thanks to the drought at breeding time, which to all but the sportsman was indeed an "ill wind." L. P. BLOW.

LUMBERTON Va.

Retribution.

THIS is the forest suburban; the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearing the scars of the axe, and gray with the smudge of the camp-fire,
Stand in silence, disconsolate, as one whom all hope has abandoned;
Dreaming of epochs primeval, and shuddering when in the distance
Sounds the loud crack of the rifle, and the turbulent yelp of the sportsman.
Sighing in helpless submission at the throb of the hatchet descending.

Down through the glades of the forest, the Fool Killer stalks on his mission;
Responding with kindly grace to the boughs of the monarchs above him;
Friendly was he with the trees, and all manner of Nature's creations;
Listened he now to their woes, as the branches with fingers caressing,
Whispered the story of shame, which told of the loss of their comrades,
Telling in sorrowing tones the tale of the Rape of the Forest.

Up rose the Fool Killer then, and sighing in calm resignation,
Strode through the aisles of the forest straight to the camp of the hunters;
Five of the Sportsmen there were, and clad in the raiments of Sportdom,
Laden with wampum and guns, sombreros and leggings and bug-juice;
Beautiful picture it was, as the Fool Killer gazed on the tableau;
Sighed as he pondered the reason, the Which, and the Why, and the Wherefore.

Forth from its soleleather casket the rifle is drawn, and its owner,
Proud with the pride of possession, passes it round for inspection;
Points to its carving fantastic, and showing the tricks of the safety,
Testing the hammers with care, admiring the sheen of the barrels,
When—bang! and four of the Sportsmen are crying in extenuation,
The wail of the imbecile ever: "I didn't know it was loaded."

Just as the sun is descending, in the flickering haze of the twilight,
Perched on a log sits a man; indeed it is one of the Sportsmen,
Watching and waiting to kill; and clad in his garments of canvas,
Furnished a mark for his friend. "He thought 'twas a deer in a thicket."

Bang! and the sorrowing Sportsmen, reduced to a triplet in numbers,
Were "Awfully sorry it happened," and the Fool Killer smiled in his slumber.

Hushed is the voice of the wave, as it kisses the cheek of the boulder,
Telling the story of him who fished for the leaping ouananiche;
Rocking the slight canoe and laughing in reckless abandon,
Shouting aloud with glee as his boatmates strove to dissuade him.
Fishing now for him are the two disconsolate Sportsmen.
And the Fool Killer smiled in his dreams, as he rested awhile from his labors.

Stepping ashore from his boat, and dragging his rifle behind him,
Tangled the hammer and oarlock. But the tale is as old as the mountains:

One Sportsman alone is left; and the Fool Killer stirred from his slumber,

Knowing full well that the fool is immune from his personal folly,
Grimly whetted his axe, and—hark to the chant of the Forest!

"Slowly grind the mills of the gods, but exceedingly fine is the output."

DR. F. J. TORPINE.

LANSDOWN, N. Y.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—VI.

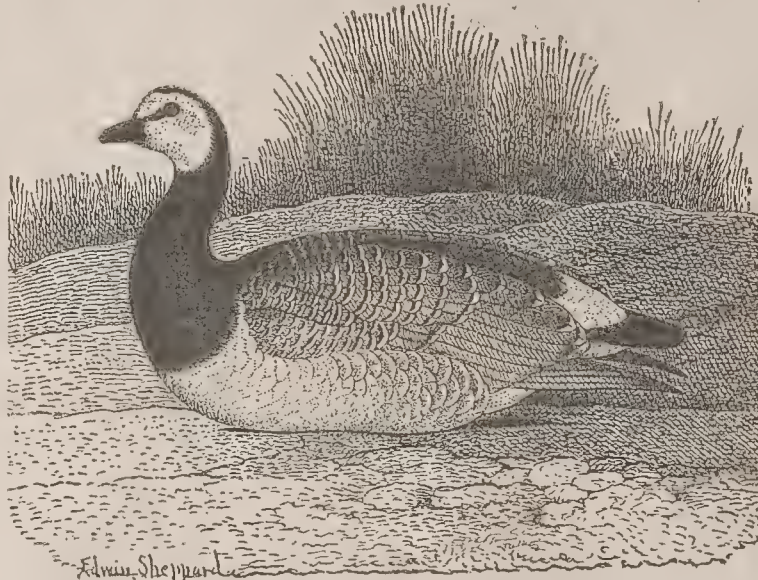
BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[Continued from page 306.]

Barnacle Goose.

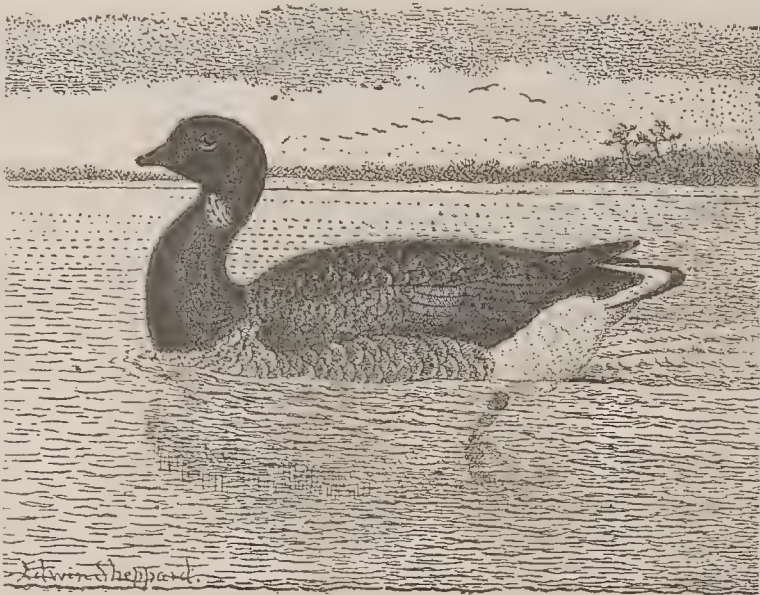
Branta leucopsis (Bechst.).

Another species of this group is the barnacle goose (*Branta leucopsis*), which is entitled to mention here only to complete the list of our wildfowl. It is a straggler from Europe, where it is very common. No doubt it regularly occurs in Greenland. A specimen has been taken near Rupert House, at the southern end of Hudson Bay, and others in Nova Scotia, on Long Island and



BARNACLE GOOSE.

in Currituck Sound, in North Carolina. It is not a bird likely to be met with by the sportsmen, and yet if met with it should at once be reported, since every instance of its capture is of interest. It is a small bird, only a little larger than a brant, and may be known by its having almost the whole head white. The lores—that is to say, the space between the eye and the bill—the back of head, neck and breast, are black; the wings and back are gray, the feathers being tipped by a black bar and margined with white. The under parts are pale grayish;

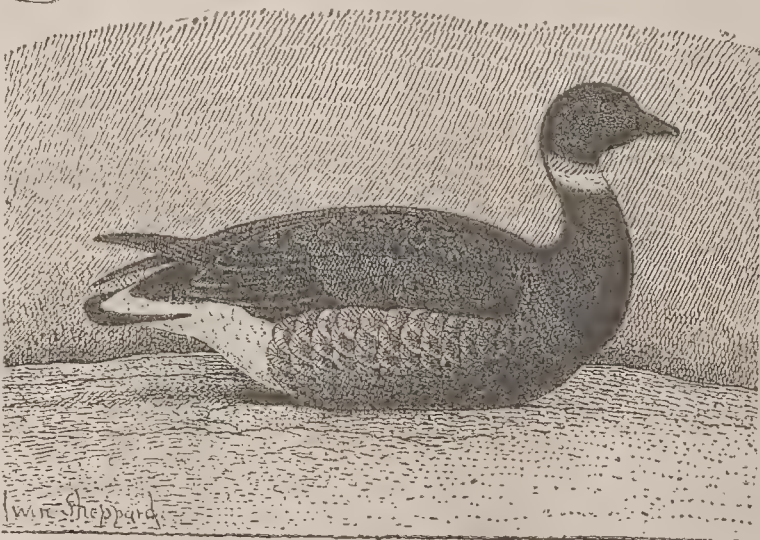


BRANT.

the bill, feet and legs black. The young have the white cheek patches dotted with black, and the feathers of the back tipped with reddish-brown.

It seems noteworthy that the few specimens of this bird taken in America differ from specimens from Europe in being somewhat paler.

The barnacle goose breeds in great numbers in Siberia and Spitzbergen, and it is found in winter very abundantly on the west coast of Great Britain and the north



BLACK BRANT.

coast of Ireland. In some places in England the barnacle goose has been to some extent domesticated, and has bred in captivity.

Brant.

Branta bernicla (Linn.).

Two species of brant, known as the brant or brant goose (*Branta bernicla*), and the black brant (*Branta nigricans*), occupy respectively the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of America. Both are salt water birds, and, as a rule, do not venture inland. They are found almost ex-

clusively on tide waters, although stragglers have occasionally been taken in the Mississippi Valley. The ordinary brant of the Atlantic coast is common to the Old and the New World. Both these species are small geese, but little larger than Ross' goose, which, as already stated, is about the size of a mallard duck. The common brant has the head, neck, breast and fore back black, with narrow touches of white on either side of the neck, just below the head. The upper parts are brownish-gray, much as in the Canada goose, but each feather is narrowly margined with grayish. The under parts are grayish-white, fading into pure white on the belly, the upper and under tail coverts being also white. The middle of the rump and the quill feathers of the wing are blackish. The tail is black, as are the bill, legs and feet. The young is not noticeably different, except that the white touches on the neck are likely to be absent, and white bars cross the wing, formed by the white tips of the secondary feathers.

The black brant, or Pacific brant, *Branta nigricans* (Lawr.), is similar to its eastern relative, but instead of having the faint white neck touches, it has a broad white collar about its neck, which, however, does not quite meet behind. The general color of this bird is much darker than that of its eastern relative. The upper parts, wings and under parts are dark brown, in sharp contrast to the white belly and upper and under tail coverts. The length is about 25 inches, and the wing 12½ inches.

The brant has the reputation of being the bird that goes furthest north to breed, and until recently its nest was unknown. Captain Fielden found the first nest and eggs in latitude 82 degrees 33 minutes north, and subsequently many others in the same neighborhood. These nests were on the beach, near the water. In Greenland Dr. Walker, who found this species near Godthaab, as well as in the mouth of Bellot's Straits, found nests built in the cliffs which formed the sides of the strait. On the European side of the water the bird has been found breeding in great numbers at Spitzbergen, where the ground was found to be covered with its nests.

During its migrations the brant appears on the New England coast in October or November, and is found from there south along the Atlantic as far as South Carolina. Its favorite wintering ground seems to be the coasts of Virginia and North and South Carolina, where it remains in great flocks all winter, unless driven further southward by extremely severe weather. It is a gentle, unsuspicious bird and is readily decoyed. On the Massachusetts coast it is killed chiefly in spring on the sand bars, to which it resorts for the purpose of sanding. In its more southern haunts it is commonly shot from a battery or a bush blind.

Brant do not dive for their food, but feed in the same way as do geese, swans and other shoal water wildfowl, by stretching the long neck down to the bottom and pulling up the grass that grows there. It is thus evident that they can only feed at certain stages of the tide.

Brant are not uncommon in captivity, and are used in New England as decoys on the sand bars. The flocks of migrating birds rarely come up to the land or to points of marsh where there is any opportunity for concealment, and thus few are shot from the shore, except on the bars.

The range of the black brant has already been given. Two or three specimens have been taken on the Atlantic coast, but these were merely stragglers. On the Pacific coast in winter it is found on salt water bays and estuaries, from the Straits of Fuca south to San Diego. They make their appearance in October, and leave again in April.

Black brant appear to be very little shot, notwithstanding their great numbers. On their northward migration they usually proceed in small flocks of from twenty to fifty, but at times collect in such immense numbers that great quantities of them are killed. This is especially true if the birds have to wait near the edge of the ice for the northern waters, which they are seeking, to become open.

The black brant breeds near the Arctic Ocean. Mr. Macfarlane found their nests on little islands in fresh water ponds or in rivers, and saw many others on the shores or on islands in Franklin Bay. The number of eggs in a nest was usually five.

In its migration this species follows the Alaskan coast, over the Bering Sea, passing outside of St. Michael's Island, proceeding to Stewart's Island and thence northward across the open sea to Golofin Sound. They are found in Norton Sound by the middle of May, and breed in this neighborhood in great numbers.

Where Are the Game Constables?

EAST ROCKAWAY, Long Island, N. Y., Oct. 15.—The meadows and woods were overrun with pot-hunters yesterday. They violated the law, both by killing robins, larks and rabbits, but also in gunning on Sunday. No effort was made to stop them. Friday night a net was hauled in the mill pond above Charles Davison's mill, and two large striped bass were caught. They weighed 29 and 32 pounds. It is said that four bass have been seen in the pond, and that a fish trap has been set to catch the other two. The game constables do nothing to prevent the illegal gunning or fishing. To whom should we appeal?

QUAHAUC.

A snake came near breaking up the prayer meeting in the Flemington Baptist Church last night. While the meeting was in progress a woman suddenly discovered the snake wriggling down the aisle. Others saw it about the same time, and there came near being a panic. The cooler heads averted this, however, and one of the male members asked the leader to discontinue the services until he had killed the reptile. It was soon dispatched and the meeting was resumed. It was just an innocent little garter snake, a foot long, but some of the ladies were willing to aver that it was a 10-foot rattler, with eighty-seven rattles and a button.—Philadelphia Record.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

A September Afternoon.

A vast expanse of prairie, dotted here and there with spots of darker green, where the rushes grow from the muddy bottoms of the ponds, and there are also a few squares here and there of dun-colored stubble lying alongside other squares of corn. The sun shines through the thin haze of smoke with a lazy warmth. The drowsy hum of a threshing machine comes from the edge of one of the big patches of stubble, and the cloud of dust it raises floats slowly away in the lazy drift of air. Away down near the other end of the stubble three brant are looking for shattered grains of wheat with one eye, and watching the threshermen with the other.

A man carrying a gun and followed by an old setter comes over the top of a knoll and sits down on its top to rest a little and take a look. He sees the three brant, picking wheat out of the stubble. He wants one of them, but how is he to get it? There is no cover except the foot-high stubble. It seems a hopeless case, but the more he looks at the brant the more he wants them, until it seems as if he just must have one of them. There is a big weed some 60 yards from the brant, and by making a detour of nearly half a mile the weed can be put between the man and the brant, so he goes back over the knoll and out of sight. Presently he peeps over the top of the knoll in another place, and lies down, not to crawl toward the brant, but literally to drag himself on his belly for 400 yards. His clothing matches the color of the dead stubble, and so does the color of the lemon-colored dog. As the man goes down he gives the dog a word of caution, and the dog gets down and crawls along his master's trail. When the brant are looking for grain the man drags himself along, and when they raise their heads he flattens himself on the ground and lies still, and this is very often, for the brant are suspicious, and if the men at the threshing machine were not attracting most of their attention the man would soon be discovered.

It takes over half an hour to get to the big weed, but at last it is reached, and he takes a cautious peep. It looks a long ways to the brant. All of 60 yards, and hardly worth while to shoot. However, he has some extra heavy loads of No. 4 shot, and will try them a couple of times for luck, and perhaps he can get a little closer before they fly; but the instant he pokes his head around the weed every brant head goes up. They are about ready to fly anyway, for the threshing machine has stopped, and the men are watching the man with the gun. As they are well bunched now is the time to shoot, so he suddenly rises to his knees and gives it to 'em. Whoop! Winged one, and one of the other two goes away as if it had not been touched. The dog is sent for the winged one, but the man keeps his eyes on the two that are flying away. After they have gone half a mile one of them "lets go," and tumbling over and over falls on a plowed field. Then the men at the thrasher give a yell of sympathy and approval, and resume their labor; and the man goes over the plowed field and finds the brant lying on its back with its feet in the air.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Choke-Bored Guns.

EARLY in the sixties the gun store in Concord, New Hampshire, was owned by John I. Eastman. Eastman was considered the best all round shot in the State, and I do not think his equal has been seen here since. He was an expert, wing shot, as no doubt some of the old time sportsmen recall, who knew him in the days when in the covers around Concord, woodcock and grouse were abundant. London and Canterbury and other adjacent towns in those days were known to a few as first-rate grounds, not only for local birds, but in flight time. At rifle shooting, and also with a pistol, Eastman was equally expert. Chicken and turkey shoots were numerous then, and the way in which Eastman knocked over turkeys at from forty to sixty rods was rather discouraging to those who set them up.

Eastman had the reputation of choke-boring the muzzleloading shotguns of those days and producing very close, hard shooting guns. He would guarantee 150 pellets of No. 8 shot in a 12-inch circle at eight rods, using 1 1/4 ounces or less of shot. The first choke-bore I ever saw was of his boring. I was a boy then, and one afternoon I was out with a high priced English gun, when I met a local hunter, who after admiring my gun said he had one which would outshoot it. He produced a very cheap looking gun, and we tried both at targets. His gun beat mine about four to one. Afterwards I saw some guns of the same boring. Usually the barrels were bored to within about one-eighth of an inch of muzzle, leaving what looked like a ring of small wire just at muzzle. He also used sometimes what he called the hammer choke, a light hammer being used on the muzzle. Now the gun makers of to-day would say that such methods of choking a gun would not be at all durable, and probably it would not, as guns are now used with nitro powder and chilled shot, but as guns were used in Eastman's time they were said to hold their close shooting for a long time.

There was one gun owned by a well known sportsman of Concord which I wish to mention. This gun was a light twelve bore, made by Hollis & Sheath. Some time in 1864 the owner took this gun to Eastman, asking him to make it shoot as close as possible. The gun was first bored on what Eastman called a long choke, something like the taper choke of to-day. The hammer choke was also added. At an 8-inch ring at eight rods this gun would pattern over 200 pellets, using one ounce of No. 8 shot. At eighty yards, using, as I was told, No. 6 shot, it would average from six to eight pellets in a 6-inch circle. The owner shot a fox at eight rods, using No. 8 shot, killing him instantly. He said he shot at the fox's head, and it looked as though about the whole load struck it. The ears looked like a sieve on account of shot holes. The gun shot with great penetration and always shot to the center.

The owner said that practically for about any sort of game shooting the gun was useless, when he hit a bird it was spoilt, and that it would cut to pieces any

gray squirrel, no matter how tall a tree it was on.

This gun was sold to some one in Salem, Mass., and I am told it beat easily every gun there shot against it.

During the winter of 1885 I saw, at New Orleans, a celebrated gun made by W. W. Greener, which had been treated at the muzzle with a hammer by its owner. The gun in question was Dr. W. F. Carver's celebrated "Old Widow," and when I saw it it showed plainly the hammer treatment.

The modern choke bores all shoot pretty well, and many of them too close for cover shooting, yet I think there are times when some of us would like to own such a close shooting gun as the Concord one I have spoken of. I know I tried for some years to get a gun for our style of fox hunting. I tried a number of guns from twelve to eight bores and also about every shot concentrator I could hear of. Some years since I saw a light gun one barrel of which was bored on what was called the rifle choke. The owner of the gun said that he could kill at every shot a single duck sitting in the water at eighty yards. Shortly afterwards I saw the agents of this gun, and said that I wanted to get a gun which would shoot close enough with large shot to kill a fox at one hundred yards. They thought they could furnish a ten-bore on the rifle choke system, which with single B shot would kill a fox at every shot at 125 yards. I ordered two guns with the understanding that I was to give them a good trial at a target the size of an ordinary fox standing broadside at 125 yards, and if the guns would average three pellets in the target I would take them. Some three months later the guns arrived, and I spent half a day making targets with them. They were both complete failures at all distances down to forty yards. I packed up both guns with the targets made and sent them back, and never heard of them afterwards.

Now the full choke bored guns of to-day shoot pretty well. The trouble I find with many of them (and I have given the most careful trials to a good many) is that they do not shoot to the center of the target shot at. They will shoot high, low or to right, and often to get such patterns as the makers claim, a large target has to be used and the 30-inch circle selected.

Some years since, when the ten-bore was used a good deal, a party of duck shooters were at Currituck. There was considerable talk at night about long range shooting. A sportsman present said his gun would average three No. 8 shot in a target the size of a silver dollar, at ten rods distance. The result was a bet of ten dollars a side for ten shots. Every time the gun put three or more pellets in the target it won a dollar, and when it failed it lost a similar amount. The trial came off on a still day, and the gun failed in ten shots to put a single pellet in the target. I would suggest to any of the owners of what they think extra close shooting guns the following test: Measure exactly forty yards from the muzzle of the gun. Drive a stake at that distance and put one of any of the targets now used for trapshooting on the stake, with edge toward the gun. Shoot say five strings of ten shots each, and see how many times you can break ten straight. Simply knocking the target off the stake does not count—it must be broken in at least two pieces. Try it and let us hear about it.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Oct. 10.

The Maine Guide Law.

BOSTON, Oct. 13.—The celebrated Maine guide case is settled, and probably settled for all time. The Snowman case, which has claimed the attention of the Maine courts for the past two or three years, has evidently been settled, and the Commissioners are victorious. Doubtless others with similar cases will accept Snowman's as a test case, fully testing the license guide law. Elmer Snowman, one of the oldest and best known guides of the Rangeley region, a man well liked by all who have ever employed him, a good citizen and a gentleman, conceived the idea that the law requiring a guide to take out a license is oppressive and unconstitutional. He resisted in the year 1898, and attempted guiding without the required license. He was arrested and arraigned for guiding without a license. He stood trial by jury, which convicted him. His counsel, then Enoch Whitcomb, but later Foster & Hersey, of Portland, filed exceptions, and made motion for arrest of judgment. The case subsequently went to the law court. May 19, 1899. The law court rendered its decision, overruling exceptions as to insufficiency of indictment and as to the constitutionality of the statute under which the indictment was found, but sustained exceptions as to the charge of the presiding justice to the jury. On these exceptions Snowman's counsel advised him to ask for a new trial, and in it he was also supported by brother guides and associations of guides. The new trial was granted, but somehow Snowman has weakened, and at the present term of court at Farmington he has withdrawn his plea of not guilty and has been fined by Judge Whitehouse \$50. Report says that Mr. Snowman has paid this fine and asked for a license for guiding. Will the Commissioners grant it? Newspaper rumors have it that they will. The case has excited a great deal of interest, inasmuch as it has involved a guide of so much note, and must be regarded as a test of the constitutionality of the law.

Oct. 15.—Still the reports show that hardly one-half the number of deer are being taken in Maine that were taken for the corresponding time a year ago. A Bangor special of Saturday says the total number of deer passing through that city for the season to date has been 224; same time last year, 492. Still the week showed a gain of twenty-four deer over the first week of the season. Other outlets to the big-game sections of that State do not make as good a showing as the section above Bangor. From the Rangeley section very few deer have been brought. The section above Bingham makes even a poorer showing compared with a year ago. From foolish reports about deer in great abundance, the papers given to booming the game regions have come around to admitting that deer are not as plenty as last year, but still abundant. They have also fixed up several excuses for the small number brought out, one being the warm weather, making sportsmen not care to bring out their trophies; another the idea that wet weather and falling leaves have made hunt-

ing difficult and unproductive. But the true answer comes from sportsmen returned—the deer are not there. C. E. Sprague, A. Kilgore and F. Vaughn, of Boston, and Mr. Kimball, of Fitchburg, have returned from their hunting trip to Portage Lake, Aroostook county. They got only one or two small deer, though hunting for ten or twelve days in a good game section. Mr. Frank Gannong, of the Boston Herald, is back from a hunting trip to the woods above Caribou. He got no deer; saw but very few.

Mr. C. H. Fairbanks has returned from his annual shooting trip to the Megantic preserve, where he was accompanied by Mrs. Fairbanks. They propose building an ideal log camp of their own on the grounds of the preserve. He saw several deer, and got a good buck, but did not see half as many as he saw on the same grounds a year ago. He also found partridges very scarce where they were plenty a year ago. The guides account for this under the theory that the chicks were killed by the wet weather in June and July, when it rained in that part of the country every day, more or less, for seven weeks. Mr. W. R. Bateman has returned from the same preserve. He was fortunate enough to secure a bear as well as a buck deer with six prongs to each antler. E. M. Gillam, of the Boston Advertiser, was out with the boy in the Reading woods after partridges Friday morning. The dog worked finely and put up one bird, which the boy shot. They also secured a rabbit or two. They think partridges in their section are about the same as last year as to numbers, but wild and very hard to get. Mr. John G. Wright has been absent for a couple of weeks, quartered at the home of the Commodore Club, Moose Lake, Me. He is an active member of that club, and much interested in restocking the waters with trout and salmon. The salmon are doing well, his party having hooked on to one or two good ones before the law came on, but being unaccustomed to handling such lively fish, the prizes got away. They had fine white perch fishing.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Rockies.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 13.—This morning Billy Hofer, of Gardiner, Mont., stepped into the office just as though he belonged here, and I reckon maybe he does while he is in this part of the world. Billy is just back from a trip of forty-five days with two gentlemen prominent in the affairs of the Winchester Repeating Fire Arms Company, and as usual he was successful in showing his clients plenty of game, each killing his legal two head of elk without the slightest difficulty, and both getting very fine heads. The hunt was made south and southeast of the Yellowstone Park, and the party saw probably over 600 elk in all, and took their time in getting the specimens they wished. They had along a Wyoming licensed guide, as the law requires, and, of course, had to take out Wyoming game licenses. Billy says that the local guides kick on the Wyoming law. They don't mind it so much if a non-resident has to pay \$40, but they hate to dig out \$10 themselves. That seems to make the law more of a personal matter.

The Winchester party had a very pleasant time, and put in a part of the time in fishing for trout, of which they took abundance in the Snake River, the Buffalo Fork and other streams which they met on their voyaging through the mountains, which extended as far southeast as the corner of the Wind River range. Billy says that this year the elk horns are the best he has ever seen, or at least has seen for years. The past two winters have been mild, the food good and everything has conspired to make the big game fat and comfortable, so that the elk had full opportunity for expansion in the matter of horns.

A peculiar incident took place during this trip, which shows the occasional lack of brains on the part of a naturally shrewd wild animal. They were traveling along through the mountains one day, with their pack train, having two or three sets of elk antlers lashed on top of the packs. They heard an elk whistling, and presently he came into sight. Instead of running away, he stood and took a good look at the caravan of horses, and seeing the horns sticking up seemed to think that he had run across a new sort of elk, which none the less he was plenty willing to tackle on general principles. He came on down within 50 yards of the pack train, challenging all the time, and seeming to be surprised that he could not pick a fight.

Billy tells me that snow fell in the Park on Aug. 19, and it has snowed since then regularly, and the outlook is for lots of snow. He says the coyotes are very numerous in the Park now, and thinks they may make trouble for the antelope. The antelope have come down in numbers on the Gardiner Flats already, the earliest date of their appearance there ever known, Oct. 3 seeing them there in numbers. It must be pretty bad up in the mountains to drive them down so early. The party saw some buffalo sign while en route through the Park, but did not see any buffalo. The Government is building a wagon road through the lower part of the Park out to Cody, on the Burlington road, and this work probably drove the buffalo away from near the Yellowstone Lake region.

Billy tells me that the whole Northwest is flooded, the fall having been a very wet one. Grass is a foot or eighteen inches high in North Dakota now, and is plum green instead of dead and dry looking, as is usually the case. Between this city and St. Paul, on the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, there have been such heavy floods that for six days no train got through on one section of the road. Just this side of Portage, Wis., Billy saw a singular thing. There had been a freshet near there which had flooded one of the swamps, and apparently it had driven out of the swamp all the spiders that ever had lived there. They had taken refuge on the railway embankment and had spun webs until the clay and gravel were almost entirely obscured from view. Every one has noticed how plainly a web shows when covered with dew of a morning. Billy says that it was a strange and wonderful sight this morning when they came through there. It has apparently been a good spider year up in that part of Wisconsin, for the train passed through water which was literally covered with them. They lay in windrows, and the wind blew ridges of the dead spiders up along the shore.

Wildfowl of all sorts are reported very abundant this

fall out in the Yellowstone country, and Billy Hofer thinks that this is a good game year for all sorts of game in the West.

Singular Fall Weather.

This has been a peculiar sort of fall in this part of the world, and what Mr. Hofer says is only further instance of a singular season. It has been very wet all over Wisconsin and Minnesota for some time, especially the last thirty days, and at Chicago we have had a very warm and open fall thus far. It is indeed quite like spring, and not only have the human beings felt the resemblance to mild springtime, but the shrubs and trees have been utterly deceived. A great many trees have shed their annual coat of leaves, and are now upon the point of putting out buds for a second crop. In the parks of the city and in the woods adjoining here the sprouts and buds are well advanced on their second growth for the year. We will have all sorts of odd things happen if this warm spell holds out. In the woods near here there are said to be violets in bloom, though this is not supported by any direct testimony.

It may be imagined what effect such unusual weather is having upon our shooting season. All calculations are upset. The jacksnipe are no longer in evidence, and may have gone north or south, as one chooses to guess at it. The duck flight is not yet at hand in any unmistakable extent, nor can we do more than guess at the time when it may be expected. It is thought that the duck crop is better than ordinary, for plenty of water nearly always means plenty of ducks, but since the high water has extended over a wide part of the Northwest the birds may be very widely scattered, and the shooting not so heavy as it sometimes is at points which always have water when other regions are dry.

I do not know of any shooting near Chicago this week worth mentioning, though I understand that some of the Swan Lake Club members are going down there to-day and Monday next, which looks as though there might be a tip in from there. No word has come up to-day from Koutts, Ind., saying that it is worth while to try it there for jacksnipe, and no reports would seem to make it a cinch for a bag at any of our better known localities. Mr. C. H. Willoughby is among those who will try Swan Lake this coming week. Mr. Willoughby, by the way, is just back from Ashley, Minn., where he had a very successful duck shoot this past week.

At this writing there is no report of any approaching cold wave or storm to the north or northwest of here.

The Diving of Crippled Ducks.

I believe that the first thing I ever wrote for the good old FOREST AND STREAM dates back to about 1881, and if my recollection serves it was a description of a trip two or three of us boys had recently had in floating down the Skunk River of Iowa in the fall, and shooting ducks along the ice banks that had formed along the river. It was just about Thanksgiving time, but very cold that year. We got a good many ducks, and I remember very clearly, even to-day, how much trouble we had in getting the birds we knocked down unless they were killed stone dead. They were sure to dive and hide under the ice if they had a bit of vitality left to live with, and we lost a great many birds in that day's shoot. We had only muzzleloaders and black powder, of course. I never have had just such an experience as we did that day, nor ever seen ducks act so strangely. They seemed too cold to fly, and would skulk and hide rather than take wing. The ducks we killed were mostly mallards, that species being the latest to leave the central part of Iowa in the fall, and upon rare occasion lingering around open water holes well into the winter time. There was but a little open water in the center of the river at the time we made this trip.

I presume every shooter who has very much experience has seen ducks strike the water and then mysteriously disappear, never to be seen again. I for one can recall many such experiences, though never one so extensive as that of the trip down the Skunk River above mentioned. Once, I can recollect, when I was a boy, I knocked down two mallards that rose out of a little shallow smartweed slough ahead of me. They both fell in the water, which was hardly over 18 inches in depth at any point, and which was covered partly from view by a growth of weeds that stuck up all over the surface. Boylike, I plunged into the water, boots and all, not even waiting for the old dog, a very good retriever, to take his share of the performance. But, though both dog and boy did their best for nearly an hour in and around that shallow little slough, we never saw, hide nor hair of either of those mallards again, and I had to go home with a story at which everybody scoffed except my father, who had perhaps had similar luck himself some day.

A shooter out in Minnesota writes to a local paper of that State this week upon this very subject of the diving of crippled ducks, and what he says is of interest to shooters, many of whom may bring to memory such experiences as my own when seeing the subject mentioned as it is herein:

"Le Sueur, Minn., Oct. 9.—It is a well-authenticated fact, and known to all ornithologists and duck hunters, that a wounded duck will often dive and apparently not come to the surface again, although the place is watched for hours. In scientific works where this is spoken of it is accounted for by saying that the duck catches hold of grass or roots under the water and either drowns or dies of its wounds in a few minutes, the death rigor of the jaws preventing the body from coming to the surface. This theory is probably correct as regards ducks dying of their wounds; but that they must otherwise drown is certainly not correct in all cases, as some well authenticated instances have proven in the case of spoonbills and sawbills, good divers, but it is not likely they possess any marked ability over all other water fowls for remaining under water.

"A sawbill was wounded and dove on being pressed by the dog. After swimming around for some time the dog took refuge on some rushes near by and refused to come when called. The hunter went to dinner and remained away at least an hour and a half, and on his return found the dog still on the watch. As the dog insisted that the duck was there, the man made a search for it, which took considerable time, as the moss was thick, with nearly a foot of water over it. When taken from the water the

duck was found to have a broken wing, but otherwise was not hurt, and did not appear to be in the least exhausted by its long immersion.

"The second case was on Sept. 24, 1900, and was a spoonbill. This duck dove on being shot, the hunter waiting some fifteen minutes for it to come up, then went out and found the duck hanging to some moss just where it had gone down. It was plainly in sight, and after watching it for a few minutes he pushed it loose, when it swam away and was shot on coming to the surface.

"In each instance the duck was under water longer than it could hold its breath, which is the ordinary method of water fowl when diving, and it would seem that nature had provided them with some means of living beneath the water for a considerable length of time, if they remained perfectly quiet. It is possible the position they assume, the body being directly over the head, has something to do with it, and it may be their condition at such times might be a suspended animation, or what in a person would be called a trance state, as they pay no attention to a slight disturbance, allowing themselves to be handled. It requires considerable effort to loosen them from the grass or moss to which they are attached."

It is commonly supposed that the marsh ducks or shallow water ducks—"puddle ducks" they call them in the South—cannot dive to any depth in the water, and cannot secure food when it comes to going over their heads after it. I presume every shooter has seen a flock of mallards standing on their heads in the water, tugging at roots or other food submerged in the water, and from seeing this has thought that the birds could not go any deeper than their length. This I do not believe to be the case. I have earlier by some years in these columns mentioned what I took to be a change of habit in the mallard duck in the region of Puckaway Lake, Wis., where these birds were so persecuted by the gunners that they were forced to feed at night or in the open water in the day time. It was stated by close observers there that the mallards could and did dive in 4 feet of water to feed, and that they fed in with the bluebills and other deep-water ducks. I know that a wounded mallard can dive all right, and am disposed to think that a sound one can if it wants to.

Two Guns.

My old friend J. B. H. was a sportsman of the old school, and for the best part of his life used the muzzle-loader, both rifle and shotgun. When he was fourteen years old, back in old Virginia, his father gave him a rifle, a muzzleloading squirrel rifle, such as the riflemen of Andrew Jackson used at New Orleans, and such as the hunters of America made famous for a century. This was a flint-lock rifle, then, long-barreled, small-bored, with the wood extended clear out to the muzzle. There is no name of any maker on the gun, which would surprise the shooter of to-day. I presume some blacksmith of the mountains made this ancient rifle, and surely he made it honestly. It was ever a grand arm for close shooting, and many is the rabbit and squirrel I have killed with it myself, for it was the first gun I ever shot in my life. When the flint lock went out, this old rifle was altered to use the "pill percussion" lock. Then it was changed again to the percussion cap of later days, such as was used up to the time breechloaders came in. J. B. H. used this gun all his life, so long as he shot a rifle, and I do not think he ever fired a breechloading rifle in his life. He killed deer with this little bullet, and even got buffalo with it when he crossed the plains in the early '60's.

Up to the time J. B. H. was middle aged, he had rather a dislike for any man who would use a scatter gun. Then he moved from old Virginia out into Iowa, away back in 1854. Soon after that time he got him a shotgun, and it was a singular sort of gun—very good, too, in its day and way. I never saw but one other gun like it, and we got that also, and so had a pair of them. The barrels were stub twist, and the stock was made in one short piece of wood, into which a spike or rod extended back from the metal cover of the locks. The locks were altogether encased in this malleable iron cover, lying back of the hammers, but not let into any part of the woodwork, the fore end being but a short piece and fitting back against the iron frame of the lock covers. This peculiar build gave the gun great strength and durability. It was never out of order, and required but little care. Thousands and thousands of prairie chickens and quail and ducks and snipe and wild turkeys this old gun killed in its day. It was my own first tool at wing shooting, and so I came to love it.

In the cabinet which kept these two old guns—which were loved by their master more than his later breechloaders—there was a little black coffee pot, a riveted sheet iron coffee pot which was sturdy as the two old guns. It would not come to pieces or melt in the fire, or leak or get out of humor. This little black coffee pot made the trip across the plains along with the old rifle in 1860. It refreshed its master at many a lonely camp on the Platte. The Rawhide, the many little streams along the old wagon highway that later became the iron way to Denver.

When J. B. H. laid aside forever the things of this life there were left the old rifle, the old shotgun, the old coffee pot, each as it had been for many years past. By his bequest they came to me. This week I took them out carefully and wiped them all off clean, and hung them on the wall. I have a rifle rack where I keep my nice new guns, the modern breechloaders as they have come to me, from the heavy Sharps, up through the Winchester '45-'70, to the '30-'30, which was my last venture at trying to keep up with the times in rifles. I love all these guns, I presume; and there are modern urns for coffee, as we all know. But on the wall, above all the rest, suspended as carefully as I could do it, hang the two old guns of J. B. H., and the little old coffee pot, and the old-time flask and pouches from which he used to load his guns in the days gone by. If there is a fire I think I know what I shall try first to rescue of my household goods.

E. HOFFER.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING NOTES.

Eels.

POSSIBLY on more than one previous occasion I have called attention in this column to the fish law in New York which permits the use of eel pots in waters not inhabited by trout, and urged that the law be amended to legalize the use of eel pots in waters where trout are found, for it is in such waters that eels do most harm by destroying trout spawn. The law says that any eel pots used in the State (for they are permitted in waters not inhabited by trout or lake trout) must be of a form prescribed by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, and it would be perfectly safe to trust this matter entirely to the Commission in all waters. I have urged this upon the Commission, and recommended it to the Legislature, but the old exceptions remain in the law because some one put them there, and they must not be disturbed, though they were conceived in ignorance of the real needs of restrictions. To-day my eye caught a reference to eels in a recent issue of Land and Water, and I copy it, for the writer of the letter has evidently been recommending action similar to what I have recommended, and perhaps failed of a remedy, as I have hitherto failed. This is the letter:

"At this season I would again remind owners of trout waters of the importance of taking all possible opportunities of reducing the numbers of eels in the same. Those fishes, so valuable for food, and so highly appreciated at table, are so terribly destructive to more valuable denizens of the waters that they frequent, that not one should be left to work mischief therein. This subject has been so freely mentioned in sporting papers in former years that there is no need to enter fully into it at the present time. Suffice it then to merely repeat that to secure best results in trout and trout culture, eels should on no account be neglected on their descent to salt water. Every effort should therefore be taken to make use of them for food of man. Let, therefore, every means be taken in order to reduce the number of eels in trout waters."

If any one has an idea that the capture of all the eels that may be captured in eel pots will decrease the ultimate supply of eels this idea is entirely erroneous. I wrote an article of considerable length in FOREST AND STREAM to show that eels did not breed in fresh water, and that females only ascended from the sea as elvers. When mature they descend again to the sea, and there breed, and again the swarm of elvers go up stream to spread far and wide and work destruction to trout spawn. The eel has no fasting period in fresh water, and spawn of other fishes is never secure from them. All the eels that might be taken in eel pots would not materially diminish the supply, and the eel pots would not take trout in trout waters, as our law makers appear to think. We make a certain progress in fishculture, increase the number of fish propagated by artificial means and reduce the cost per thousand of hatching and rearing, but other things do not keep pace with this progress. No doubt that years ago, when the eel pot law was first enacted, it was honestly believed that it was not safe to set eel pots in trout waters, but when experience has taught that the eel is a spawn destroyer, why prevent its capture in the very waters where it does most harm? If a law is useless, or even a menace to cheap food fish, repeal it. More and more I am impressed with the force of a remark made to me by the late Col. Marshall McDonald, when he was U. S. Fish Commissioner—or rather it was in a letter, and I regret that I cannot now quote it verbatim; but the idea was that until one was ready to acknowledge one's errors and correct them, one would never become a successful fish breeder; and this will apply to law makers.

Decrease of Trout.

From the same, or another, Land and Water I cut a paragraph from a letter by that keen observer and practical angler Alder, who deplored the decrease of trout in a certain lake system:

"The decrease in the number of trout can only be explained by overfishing. There is too much legal killing of small trout, and one cannot possibly estimate the amount of illegal fishing."

Solomon in all his glory and power and wisdom, never said truer than this. I put in the italics, but the words are Alder's, and though they were intended to apply to English or Scotch lakes, they will apply to nearly all the trout waters in North America, and would apply to the waters of South America as well, if they had trout there. If it were legal to catch 3-inch trout there are thousands who would catch them, and as it is not legal they are now taken illegally, and of the legal trout, 6 inches, comparatively few are ever returned to the water, even by men who profess to the M. A. degree in angling. If every angler could become a salmon fisherman there would then be a show for small trout, because some would acquire the habit of returning small trout to the water. Alder has a more feasible remedy, though I doubt if it will prove wholly effective until the millennium, when it is to be hoped that fishermen will be educated to that degree that they will return to the water all small trout, whether or not they are of legal size. His plan is as follows:

"The only way that I can see to combat the increase in the numbers of trout killed is to introduce hatcheries on the lakes. There are most excellent sites on most of the lakes for such hatcheries, and the number of small streams running into them would give an ample supply of water than would be necessary for operations on a much larger scale, than is wanted to renew the stock of trout."

Alder's faith is something to admire, or they have better fish laws in Europe, or the laws are better enforced than on this side of the sea, if he thinks a hatchery on a small scale will renew the stock of trout. Here we are

building hatcheries and scouring the country for suitable water to enlarge the output of fish and increase the number of fingerling trout to be turned out all for the purpose of renewing the stock in public waters, and always the cry is "More, more."

I have already had my fling at the people who catch the yearling fish turned out from the State hatcheries before they have had time to get the taste of liver out of their flesh, and apparently there is no way to stop it as long as the legal limit of length is 6 inches and the trout will insist upon growing to more than 6 inches in length before they leave the hatchery rearing races. I have always advocated that a limit be placed upon the number of trout, or, rather, pounds of trout, that can be legally taken in one day, and something of this kind should be done. In Vermont the legal limit of length was 5 inches when last I fished there, and I presume it is yet, and if New York should attempt to increase the legal length above 6 inches I expect the measure would be defeated; but what objection can be urged to restricting the number or weight of trout to be legally taken in one day? We now have a restriction of this kind in black bass fishing, and the trout need a safeguard of this sort quite as much as the black bass, and FOREST AND STREAM is the place to discuss what it shall be.

Artificial Baits.

A correspondent asks FOREST AND STREAM the following question: "Please inform me whether there are any authenticated instances of fishermen catching fish with what is known as artificial bait in its varieties of frog, worm, helgramite, grasshopper, crawfish, etc., and what fish are supposed to bite at this class of bait."

There are plenty of authenticated cases of black bass biting the artificial baits mentioned, and I presume there are of trout, for trout will bite a metal spoon; but while a real crawfish, grasshopper or frog may be impaled upon a hook and cast into the water and allowed to remain as stationary as circumstances will permit for the fish to inspect carefully or otherwise before they seize it, not so with the artificial bait. To lure with the artificial frog it should be kept in motion by casting or drawing against the current, and the same is true of other baits. So far as the form of the artificial bait is concerned, I imagine a black bass would take an artificial door knob of rubber with hooks concealed in it quite as quickly as an artificial helgramite, if it is made by motion to simulate life, for it is not so much the thing itself which attracts as it is the appearance of being alive. There is an authenticated case of a fish seizing a man's nose as he peered over the side of a boat into the water, and there is no known bait which resembles a man's nose, and it was undoubtedly the movement of the nose which led to its being sore after the fish nailed it.

Hybrids.

Dr. John D. Quackenbos has kindly sent to me the following letter on the subject of hybrid fishes from the Howietoun Fishery, Stirling, Scotland:

"We beg to acknowledge receipt of your most interesting letter in which you ask specially as to our experiments with hybrids. Most of these had no practical results, and since Dr. Day's death no fresh ones have been made. The only hybrids or crosses now at the fishery are the zebras, which are made by meeting the ova of Loch Loven or Fario trout with fontinalis char. The progeny are finely marked, hence their name, but are very irregular in size, and subject to deformation. We have a few ten-year-old fish up to 4 or 5 pounds in weight, but they are quite barren. We have also the cross between the *S. leuvenensis* and *S. salar*. In the first cross there was a heavy loss in percentage of ova in hatching. The ova of the brood was again melted by *S. leuvenensis*, which made three-quarters trout and one-quarter salmon. The ova of this lot was again impregnated by *S. leuvenensis*, and this is the seven-eighths trout and one-eighth salmon mentioned in our price list. There is not much perceptible difference between them and *leuvenensis*, only they are a little thicker and stronger on the whole, and in individual fish you can still trace some markings of *Salmo salar*. The late Sir James Maitland, the founder of the fishery, whose death was a great loss both to the fishery and to a much wider circle, took a keen interest in this cross. One can scarcely call them hybrids, as they are perfectly fertile. * * * There is no doubt that the introduction of fresh blood is often beneficial, but the important point is to make sure that the new blood is from mature parents and from a stock as good as or better than the native stock and of the same family. Dr. Day says: 'By judicious selection of breeders, races may be improved. The reverse is quite as true, that by an injudicious crossing of breeders, races may and will be degenerated.'"

Zebra trout were bred at Ringwood, N. J., the estate of Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, and turned into the streams annually with no idea of their reproducing. They were a cross between the fario brown trout, and fontinalis, our native brook trout. Mr. Edward Hewitt was of the opinion that they were earlier fish than the native trout, or than the brown trout, but I was not impressed with them, for I imagine I abhor a mule as much as nature abhors a vacuum. Ringwood is the only place that I have ever caught them, and perhaps the only place where they were bred in this country. I say were bred, for they are bred there no longer. They are handsome fish for those who like zebras, and surely they do take the fly and fight above the water more than our native trout; but when they have had all the praise possible for beauty and grace of movement, they are mules, and either parent is a better fish. Such crossings are well enough for scientists and experimenters, but the practical fish breeder should steer clear of mules, as they are of no use in his business. The State of New York once went extensively into the mule business at one of the fish hatcheries, and when the stock of fish were bred to be ringed, striped and speckled, with marks of the short horn, Devon, Berkshire, Chester, white and Irish terriers, a merciful Providence intervened and destroyed the whole blooming outfit. Now the people get what they have a right to expect, straight goods, without a taint of cross or any other monkey work. Nature is not in the mule business; it is man who is responsible for

hybrids. There is fresh blood enough to be obtained from the same species of fish without going into collateral branches just to see how much the family can be mixed up and live.

Trout Fry and Trout Fingerlings.

On several occasions during the past few years I have referred to a statement made by the late Col. McDonald on the subject of trout fry and fingerlings at the time he was Commissioner of Fisheries of the United States. I have as a rule been obliged to give the substance of his statement, as I had not his letter at hand, but recently I have been asked to give his exact language, and this I am now able to do, for after considerable search I have found his letter, which was written to me on March 26, 1892. This is the extract:

"If he chooses to attack the policy of planting yearling fish it will simply stamp him as unprogressive and past his period of usefulness. The desirability of planting yearlings instead of fry has been recognized everywhere, particularly abroad. In France and Spain several of the establishments have for several years been engaged in rearing their fry before turning them out. In changing from fry to yearlings in our work I have only followed the indications of advantage which were apparent to me from the reports and experiences of others, and from similar experiences of the advantage which I had arrived at by actual test of the matter. The question of the cost seems to be the only material one entering in; but if 100,000 fry can be reared to yearlings at a less cost than 1,000,000 fry can be collected, hatched and distributed, then there is no question but that the results in the first case will be vastly in advance of those obtained in the second. My judgment is that 1,000 yearling fish is the equivalent of 100,000 fry, when planted in waters frequented by small predaceous fish, such as blobs, darters and small perch, which are found almost universally in our streams. And certainly it will cost much less, allowing the largest measure of expenditure for it, to hatch and rear 1,000 trout than it will to hatch and plant 100,000 fry.

"Under advantageous circumstances the cost of rearing is surprisingly small. I think I mentioned to you before that we reared last year at the Green Lake station, Maine, in an improvised hatchery 140,000 landlocked salmon at a cost of about \$1,100. This is an exceptionally favorable case, but it illustrates what may be accomplished when prudent, conservative and economical administration is enforced."

This letter from which I have quoted was written eight years ago, and within that time the cost of rearing fingerling fish has been reduced. I say fingerling fish, for fingerling fish under favorable conditions may be 7 inches long, which is as long as the average yearling trout. For instance, at one of the New York hatching stations suckers are netted and ground in a meat chopper and fed to the young fish, and this form of food costs only the time of the men who do the netting and the grinding, and the wear and tear of nets. Liver and lights cost $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 cents per thousand. Admitting the superiority of yearling fish for planting, it is not possible to rear all the fish hatched by State or National commissions to the age of fingerlings or yearlings, and when from force of circumstances fry must be planted this planting will be made more effective if they are planted in small rivulets, as I have already indicated in a former note, than if planted in the main stream, to fall a prey to their numerous enemies—more numerous in the big waters than in the small waters.

Fish Propagated by State of New York,

While writing the preceding note, it occurred to me that it might be of interest if I made a list of the fishes hatched by the State of New York, for many who ask for fish are not well informed upon the subject. First, of the salmon family, there are hatched at the different hatching stations:

Brook trout—Fall spawning.
Brown trout—Fall spawning.
Lake trout—Fall spawning.
Landlocked salmon—Fall spawning.
Sea salmon—Fall spawning.
Rainbow trout—Spring spawning.
Red throat trout—Spring spawning.
Steelhead trout—Spring spawning.

Last year no sea salmon were hatched, but for nearly twenty years before they have been hatched, but always from eggs furnished by the United States Fish Commission. All the fishes named are reared at the stations (most of them are kept in the stock ponds), and planted as fry or fingerlings.

Other fishes hatched artificially are:
Mascalonge—Spring spawning.
Pike-perch—Spring spawning.
Shad—Spring spawning.
Lobsters—Spring spawning.
Smelts—Spring spawning.
Whitefish—Fall spawning.
Frostfish (round whitefish)—Fall spawning.
Tomcods—Fall spawning.
Lake herring—Fall spawning.

All of these are planted as fry soon after they are hatched.

Black bass, large and small mouth; yellow perch, bullheads, white bass, pike and pickerel are at times distributed, but are captured as fry or adults and shipped. The State has hatched yellow perch, sea trout, Sunapee trout, etc., and may do so again if the occasion should arise for so doing.

Because the State rears trout to fingerlings and has reared them to yearlings before planting it is quite common for applicants to ask for fingerling pike-perch and fingerling or yearling other fish. Almost as soon as the pike-perch begin to swim after they are hatched they begin to eat one another. The large-mouth black bass are gathered as fry and shipped at once, and they eat one another in the cans on the train.

Last spring a fishing club tried the experiment of preparing a pond to rear mascalonge fry to fingerlings before liberating them, and the State furnished 200,000 mascalonge fry to further the experiment. A few days ago the pond was drawn down to secure the fingerlings to transfer

them to their future home, and of the 200,000 fry, but two fingerlings remained. I note that the experimenters do not quite know how to explain the shrinkage, but I would have been satisfied with the explanation if they had said that each of the two survivors had eaten the remainder of the 100,000 fry after they had compounded on one another by a "union or mixture of elements."

Young lobsters also eat one another as soon as they are hatched, and it is wonderful how fast they grow on a lobster diet. At times trout will try to do the same thing when they are scarcely an inch in length, and I have seen them with the jaw of one in the mouth of the other. Then, too, they will bite the tails of one another and cause fungus to form and destroy the bitten fry, but in this respect they do not offend to the degree that the black bass and pike-perch do, and therefore the pike-perch are planted as soon as the yolk sac is absorbed, and trout are reared and well fed and sorted to prevent, as far as possible, cannibalism among them. Put two trout of same size together in an aquarium and give them no food and one will try to eat the other, and from this one can imagine what would happen to small trout among big ones if all were not well fed.

A. N. CHENEY.

My First Tuna.

It will be many years ere I forget my first introduction to the tuna—that stubborn, savage fighter, game to the last, dying rush, a terror to the tyro angler, and oftentimes, indeed, not to be conquered even by the most experienced fisherman.

One beautiful afternoon when sea, sky and mountains were glorious with the varying tints which seem peculiar to Santa Catalina, I started forth with my cousin, B., in the launch Mildred, owned and handled by Harry Elms, of Avalon—and what Harry doesn't know about the game fish of Catalina waters, also handling and gaffing the same when the right time comes, let some one else try and find out. For a while we trolled for yellowtail, and when off the Seal Rocks the keen eyes of Harry discovered signs of tuna off shore. The launch was headed toward them, and B., reeling in his line, rigged a tuna rod, and as we had no flyingfish, the usual bait, we used a large smelt instead, and the lure was soon trolling some 150 feet astern. I retained my yellowtail rig, but shortened the line that I might reel in more quickly and be out of the way should B. get a strike. Suddenly I was startled by the screech of B.'s reel, and almost instantaneously my rod was nearly jerked from my hands, and to the music of my screaming, reel the line fairly smoked, when I put on the leather brake, endeavoring to check the first mad rush of the fish. H. jumped to his engine and reversed, that we might gain line. In a few minutes the two fish crossed, and we were therefore obliged to change places and pass our rods over or under to prevent a bad tangle up of lines; and as the fish towed us out to rough water, we both realized that we had trouble ahead. After our repeated changes of position back and forth, which in the heavy sea proved to be anything but an easy matter, both fish sounded deeply and kept up a powerful strain upon the rod. Foot by foot we "pumped" the fish nearer the surface by slowly raising the rod by main strength, then gathering in the slack line by lowering the tip and reeling quickly in. Several times all the gain was lost by the fish making a savage rush. Then the pumping was resumed. After one and one-half hours from the strike B.'s fish gradually weakened and was carefully reeled in and cleverly gaffed by Harry. The weight was 96 pounds, and B. laid down his rod with a sigh of relief and rubbed his benumbed fingers and aching muscles.

At this time my fish seemed to be as fresh as ever. With my light rod I was able to raise the fish but very little at a time, and the savage rushes proved to be too much for muscles unused to such a strain. Another hour passed, and as we slowly steamed along, the fish steadily kept with us, bearing heavily on the line, keeping it tense as a harp string. Purple shadows slowly crept over the sea, and up the sides of the mountains, whose tops still reflected the gorgeous hues of the setting sun. Wearily dragged another hour, and yet the fish showed but slight signs of weakening. Slowly and rhythmically came the long, deep pulsations of the Pacific, its surface now unruffled and reflecting the last pale tints of sunset. Night coming on, I made one more effort, but my overworked fingers refused to work the reel handle, and I found it impossible to use the leather brake with sufficient force, and so after a four hours' struggle I was reluctantly compelled to hand over the rod to B., for I was completely used up and well beaten by my first tuna. B., who was now well rested, brought the fish to gaff. Weight 102 pounds. Thus I lost my first chance for the coveted button of the Tuna Club, the rules of the club requiring the fish to be brought to gaff unaided.

The following three weeks will no doubt be long remembered by all anglers in Avalon. All previous records as to number of fish taken were broken. Wonderful indeed to witness were the spectacular leaps of the tuna, as they rushed in great schools after mackerel and flyingfish, and lashed the water into sheets of foam. Nearly every man, woman and child became temporarily tuna mad. During the day many eyes carefully scanned the sea, and when a boat was discovered headed for Avalon, the tuna flag proudly fluttering in the breeze, great was the rush to the beach to greet the victorious angler and to see the beautiful fish, glowing with tints of copper, silver and purple, brought ashore and weighed amid many guesses as to the weight. Should the fish prove to be the angler's first button fish, hearty were the congratulations of admiring friends, and the ever-present photographer posed his subject with boatman and fish, and secured an indisputable proof of success for the delighted angler to send to his doubting friends. On the other hand, many tales of woe and disaster were told by the returning fisherman—lines parted, rods smashed, reels wrecked, fingers jammed, knuckles skinned; and as a rule the largest fish of all lost just at the critical moment. The ladies also entered heartily into the spirit of the sport and kept an eager eye upon the launch in which their lords and masters cruised up and down following the feeding fish, and when the launch stopped, reversed and soon slowly pursued a varying course, then it was known that the fight had commenced. The appearance of the tuna flag flung to

the breeze proclaimed the victory to the delighted better-half on shore. One gentleman after days of patient trolling struck a tuna, and while he was playing it a huge shark bit immense chunks from the fighting fish, which was reeled in minus some 25 pounds of flesh. The unexplained rule, viz., to square the girth of the fish, multiply by the length and divide by 800, which has proved to be reliable in getting at the weight of a fish, came to his rescue, and it was proved beyond all question that the fish, when intact, had exceeded 100 pounds, and the button was awarded, to the great satisfaction of the gentleman and his friends. During these days the fish displayed many peculiarities. At times they would put up a tremendous fight and again were landed comparatively easy, but it was demonstrated that with up-to-date tackle the fish could be brought to gaff in much quicker time than has been supposed heretofore possible.

For a number of days, owing to the condition of my hands, I could only look on and witness the sport, but later I got fast to several tuna only to part line or leader by forcing the fish too hard. Then followed several weeks, during which no bait would tempt the fish, though they were seen in larger schools swimming with fins and tails above the surface during the middle of the day, and leaping high in early morning. Disappointed, but by no means discouraged, I left the island for a few weeks. Then again the fish began to strike and I returned to Avalon. In a few days, with Bert Neal as boatman, I took a 116-pound tuna, bringing it to gaff in forty-five minutes; and again with Art, as he is familiarly called, for gaffsman and boatman, I landed one of 126 pounds in thirty-five minutes, and therefore obtained the coveted blue button of the Tuna Club.

Now a word to anglers in regard to Santa Catalina. The fishing is so unlike our Atlantic coast angling, it will prove a delightful novelty to an Eastern man. By all means try it if possible. The island is unique. There one's fishing is the perfection of ease until the fish strikes, then look out. One sits in a comfortable chair with a back in the stern of the launch with a companion beside one if desired; but if after tuna don't both troll at the same time. You are more than liable to lose one or both fish. In these waters no anxiety need be felt in regard to sudden squalls or storms, for it is a perpetual summer sea. As one glides out of the little curved bay of Avalon past Sugar Loaf on the port and a rugged, picturesque promontory on the starboard, one cannot but be charmed by the lovely view of Avalon, backed by mountains so entirely unlike any seen in the East. One notices the varying shades of brown, gray, ash and pink. Then one is amazed at the wonderful colors of the sea—indigo, purple, opal and endless shades of blue and green. Extremely interesting is the marine life, which is very much like that of the Mediterranean. Toward sunset the mountains, which perhaps at noon one had pronounced barren, harsh and uninteresting, change in appearance. The rugged outlines become softened, and as the shadows deepen, the gorgeous hues of the sunset sky mingle with the sea tints. Away to the east the coast range shows clear and blue, at times snow-tipped. At this hour one is apt to forget the trolling bait astern, and to be lost in admiration. Here sea birds and seals are undisturbed and are very fearless, and add greatly to the scene. The launches are well equipped as to rods, reels, etc., though to use one's own tackle is a source of much greater satisfaction. The men I have mentioned also several others, are reliable, well posted and up to all the various peculiarities of the fish, and will do all possible for the visitor.

As the fishing for black sea bass, also called jewfish, has been recently so ably described by Prof. Charles T. Holder in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, I will only mention that in a recent issue of the *Los Angeles Times* the capture of a 405-pound jewfish is recorded. The fish, however, cannot be recorded in the tournament of the Tuna Club, for the gentleman who struck the fish, in the generosity of his heart handed the rod to his less fortunate companion to land the fish. May such a spirit always prevail among all true anglers. Fishing for the yellowtail has also been well described, and I will only add, as my humble opinion that if a 150-pound fish possessed the proportionate strength, speed and dash of a 25-pound yellowtail, the rod and line is yet to be devised to hold such a fish.

Among my angling memories I shall always look back to the happy days passed on the island aptly called the Magic Isle, amid summer seas, Santa Catalina.

CAZADOR.

My First Trout.

SITTING idly at my desk this sultry afternoon, having disposed of the current business of the day, I fell into a reminiscent mood and in memory went back to home and scenes of my boyhood—the old-fashioned country house in which I was born; the outbuildings; the fields in which I had essayed to compete with the hired man in different branches of farm labor; the hay field where I had spread to dry the swaths of grass cut by the mowers' scythes; the hill pasture from which I had gathered the cows and conducted them to the inclosure where they were to be milked; the gathering and garnering of the various products of the farm; the multifarious duties the discharge of which devolved upon the farmer boy. I saw all this, and more; for I saw the brook meandering through the meadow, the source of which was far up in the hills. I saw the very pool with its bordering bushes from which pool I caught my first trout—I was the youngest of a trio of brothers, and had been permitted to accompany my elder brother at times on his fishing excursions—could carry his box of worm bait, and such fish as he might catch when strung upon a forked stick. I had ambition above this. I wished to fish on my own responsibility and judgment. Repetition of request finally procured desired permission—a commercial transaction with the village storekeeper resulted in acquiring a fish hook and lead from the lining of a tea chest for sinker. A cork surreptitiously taken from the molasses jug—substituting therefor a corn cob—supplied the float. I had an alder branch for a rod; but still I lacked a line. This I supplied, by extracting a number of long hairs from the tail of the family horse, twisting them together in a way I had learned, splicing by introduction of additional hairs as I proceeded, until

the proper length of line had been manufactured. With exception of bait box my equipment was now complete. A boy of eight years or thereabout does not indefinitely postpone his first angling excursion for want of so unessential an article of his equipment as a receptacle for bait; my trousers pockets were utilized as a substitute.

In company with the elder brother acting as monitor we approached the stream. Sheltered by a clump of willows, I quietly dropped my baited hook into the water of a favorite pool. Salvellinus quickly responded. In my excitement I forgot my instructions and failed to hook the fish. Raising my alder sapling, elevating my hook and a struggling trout attached two or three feet above the water, I joyously called out "I've got one! I've got one!" My joy was brief. The fish, not being hooked, dropped back to its native element. My grief was great, my tears were copious. The elder brother soothed my perturbed emotions, encouraging me to try again. Renewing my bait I again dropped my hook into the same water, a bite quickly followed, my excitement was modified. I did not forget my admonition to hook the fish; the gentle jerk I administered sent that 1½-ounce trout on an aerial voyage, landing it at least fifty feet away in the meadow grass. Dropping my angling implements I lost no time in retrieving that unfortunate fish. With it in my hands, I made all haste to my home, where on arrival I placed the still struggling trout on exhibition, receiving congratulations from the female portion of the family on my success as an angler. In fancy I was an expert, and from that moment sought to obtain an angling outfit commensurate with my conceived ability.

SEPTUAGENARIAN.

St. Louis, Mo.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Story of Mr. Washburne's Trout.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 13.—A few weeks ago mention was made in these columns of a very large brook trout which was caught late this summer by Hon. Hempstead Washburne, of this city, on the Salmon Trout River, and within the preserves of the Huron Mountain Club, of upper Michigan. Mr. Washburne showed me the skin of this trout, which he was having mounted, and its length was something like two feet and its weight 5 pounds plump. He was very proud of the fish, and chuckled somewhat as he explained that there were others who would have been glad to have taken this very fish.

Mr. Washburne is an occasional attendant upon the midday banquets of the Wishininne Club, where there are a few choice spirits who now and again round up together. At the same place is sometimes to be seen Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago. I have at times spoken of these two Mayors (Mr. Washburne is an ex-Mayor of this city) as friends and hunting companions. They are both members of the Huron Mountain Club and both very ardent trout fishers, of a wide experience and well proved skill. Sometimes they both turn up at the Wishininne meet at the same time, and sometimes they do not. The other day they did not, Mayor Harrison being present and Mr. Washburne absent, which for the purposes in hand was perhaps just as well. Some one spoke of this big trout that Mr. Washburne had caught, and the eyes of Mayor Harrison took on the look of war.

"His trout!" said the Mayor, "his trout! Why, that was my trout. It was a low down trick of Hemp to go and catch my trout. Why, I had that fish located down to an inch. I knew just where he was lying all the time. I had raised him a dozen times, and I had hooked him twice that very day, and payed him for a while. I was out after him that very afternoon, all fixed to take him home with me. I was just sneaking—why, say, it was robbery, pure robbery for Hemp to do that way!" Mayor Harrison's voice showed deep emotion, and it was plain that he felt that he had an undivided interest in that trout.

"I told Hemp that I had seen that fish," he continued, "and that I had had him on, and that I was going out to catch him. I showed him the very pool, the very log where the fish was lying. I told him just where the trout would break and what he would do. Why, I knew that trout like a brother. All I was waiting for was just the time to start home. I was going to bring that fish home with me, just to show what the place could do, and incidentally what I could do. Now, for that man to sneak in there—what do you think I ought to do to him, anyhow?"

"I told him what I was going to do that afternoon, and we both started out together, going in above the pool where my fish was lying. I had been rather careless of the exact look of the river just above there, and as we fished on down I said to Hemp that I guessed we must be getting pretty close to my bend, where the big trout was. 'Oh, no, we ain't,' the villian said. 'We ain't anywhere near it yet.' So I let him fish on down ahead of me and took my own time.

"After a little I got down to a place which I recognized and knew was just around the bend from the hole where my fish was. I thought I would shorten up the distance a little by wading across the stream and taking to the shore so as to cut across the bend and get into the river at just the right place. I waded on through the sandy path across, and took my time to the walk, thinking I could not fail to get that trout this time sure. When I got up to the bank I parted the brush and looked over at the pool. And what do you think I saw?"

"There was that blame robber, standing up pretty near to his waist in the water at the head of the pool, with his hat pushed back on his head, and a cigar stuck up in the corner of his mouth, and about the broadest smile on his face you ever saw. Talk about the cat that ate the canary! I knew in a wink what he had on out there at the end of his line. There was only one trout that would bend a rod into that shape. But Hemp was too busy to run when he heard me call to him and begin to abuse him, as the head robber of all robbers. He just grunted and kept his fingers on the reel, and smiled and looked happy. That's how he got his trout. He can pay the taxidermist's charges on it if he wants to, but it is really my fish!"

As to Mr. Washburne, he sayeth not. He has the fish, and it weighed 5 pounds plump. There wasn't a box long enough to put it in, and its tail was curled up at the end in the box in which it came.

It was on this same stream and at about the same time that there happened another fishing incident of which Mayor Harrison spoke, and in which this same friend was concerned. Mayor Harrison said that he was on his way up the river in his boat, when he saw a good big trout, 2' or 3 pounds weight, lying under a log in a shallow reach about midstream. He came up over the fish, and peering down at it saw that it had something white sticking out of the side of its head, apparently coming from the gills. All at once the fish made a rush down stream, and tore around like mad, churning up the water savagely. Then it came back to its place under the log, but turned up its side slightly as though in distress of some sort. Thinking that they might be able to net the fish, Mayor Harrison told his boatman to try for it, and the latter passed the net under the big trout without much trouble. At once he called out, "Why, here's another fish fast to this one!" and they actually took out two trout, the large one first seen, and a smaller one. The leader had passed out through the gills of the big trout, the same trout which had broken away from Mr. Washburne at that place earlier in the day. The stretcher fly was whipping about in the water and the smaller fish took it after the first one was a little exhausted by its play on the rod. The little fellow had added to the fatigue of the former, so that the whole proposition was about at a standstill when Mayor Harrison came up. He called out to Mr. Washburne that they had taken the fish which had broken him there earlier in the day. From all appearances, it would seem that Mr. Washburne is a very lucky angler, and one hard to tie in a fishing competition.

I recall that Mr. Chas. T. Hills, a well-known bass fisher of this city, once caught two fish with the same hook, while casting frog on Fox Lake, Ill. A large bass ran at the frog, and in some way the frog and hook passed clean through its open gills and out behind, where it was seized an instant later by a second bass. Mr. Hills played and landed them both, much to his own surprise when he learned what was the real state of affairs at the end of his line.

Muscallunge Catch.

One of the best catches of muscullunge this fall for Chicago parties fell to the lot of C. H. Lester and Oswald Von Lengerke this week. They went to Minocqua Lake, a water by no means new and quite unpromising under the weather conditions that prevailed. Mr. Lester got a 30-pound lunge the first afternoon, and on the day following Mr. Von Lengerke caught one of 28 pounds, and another of 16 pounds. Others of less weight were taken later.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Asbury Park Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Oct. 13.—It is really remarkable the continued run of bass all along the coast. Since June there has been an almost unbroken line of catches. While the last two months have not produced the larger ones, what are familiarly known as school bass have been continually in evidence, running in weight from 2 to 5 pounds each. Bluefish have been unusually scarce on shore throughout the season, and but little hope is now entertained of much success in that way. The rivers and bays are still prolific of weakfish and porgies, and blackfish are unusually abundant. Weakfish are beginning to entertain us now at all the piers, and at favorite points they can now be taken direct from the beach. Last autumn I mentioned the fact that the croaker, a fish very abundant in the lower bays, had condescended to visit us, and were taken pretty freely from the boats going out to sea. This year they have gone it one better, and are being taken from the piers and beach direct. They consort with the weakfish, and are taken either with shedder or clam bait, biting both day and night. They are eagerly sought after, as they put up a most determined battle, fully equaling the striped bass, weight considered. I took five fine ones one evening the present week, and cheerfully subscribe to their title as a thoroughly game fish.

Pickrel are now engaging the attention of many who are not devotees to salt-water angling, and the fish are more than ordinarily inclined to take the hook. Our only bass lake has been very unproductive this year. Usually many fish are taken, but only three have been reported for the present year, and all small ones. What the trouble is must be left to conjecture. That the fish are there was proven one evening lately by one of 4 pounds springing into the boat of a pleasure party while rowing leisurely along. They have most persistently refused all baits and lures; and some folks have been unkind enough to say that politics may be at the bottom of all the trouble, and that a mighty convention is being held in the depths of the lake, from which they refuse to adjourn for dinner.

LEONARD HULIT.

A Day at Oak Swamp.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 10.—A party of three left this city early Wednesday morning for a pond about seven miles away. They were well supplied with fiddlers (small species of crab found on salt-water beaches), salt-water shrimp, mummy-changs and about twenty-five small perch and pond shiners 3 inches long. Arrived at the lake, which was very low on account of the dry season for the past two months, we found two pairs of oars standing against a farmer's barn, and not wishing to rouse him, proceeded to the lake, took a boat and got to fishing at 4:30 A. M. But there was no need of being so early, for no fish were caught until after 7 o'clock. The first fish was a bass which took a perch bait; it was about 1½ pounds, and set us all going as we had been told fish would not bite with northeast winds, but as this was the only day we three could come together for two weeks, we had risked it. Before this fish was landed there was another bite, and two of us were busy. All our rods were of very light split bamboo about 6 ounces and single-gut leaders. These two fish were got aboard all right, and the man who got the first bite saw his quill float slowly disappear, and we

told him the bait was pulling it down, but when his line began to slowly unwind from the reel, we saw our mistake. It kept going out until 20 yards were drawn off and stopped, but no red pained quill appeared on the surface. I said, "Strike him, George. He'll have that hook in his tail by this time." George struck him and then commenced a good fight. When he was finally "rescued" from the water, he was a pickerel of 3 pounds, and was, of course, hooked beyond "redemption." We all got good fishing, and also got wet to the skin, as it rained and drizzled all day, but when we summed up our catch we found twenty-three bass, not any over 2 pounds weight; nine pickerel and four perch all weighing 32 pounds. So much for Oak Swamp in its low state.

Who ever heard of house mice for a bait for bass? An old fisherman told me it was the best bait for them. I never tried it, but would if I had any. Does any one know anything from experience of this bait? I would like to hear. He said hook them through the skin in the back and let them swim around. SELDOM.

The October Woodcraft.

THE October number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine contains the game and fish laws of the United States and Canada. The Woodcraft part has this capital list of contents:

GRANTHER HILL'S PARTRIDGE. By Rowland E. Robinson.
IN THE FOREST.
THE OLD CANOE.
THE RESCUE OF MR. HUNDLEY.
KELLUP'S ANNUAL. By Jefferson Scribb.
DEACON THROPE'S PIGEONS.
ANY LETTERS FOR ME? By H. P. Ufford.
JEHOSSIE ISLAND. By Olive F. Gunby.
FLORIDA INDIAN DEER HUNTERS.
AT CLOSE QUARTERS: The Hon. S., the Plover and the Bull; A Nova Scotia Bear; The Panther's Scream; A Time with a Florida Alligator; The Owl's Sweep; The Dog Climbed.
THE DOG AND THE TURKEY. By John James Audubon.
SENATOR VEST'S SUNDAY PIGEON SHOOT.
AUSTRALIAN ROUGH-RIDERS. By R. Boldwood.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 20.—Senecaville, O.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's sixth annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. I. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 7.—Jamesport, L. I., N. Y.—First annual field trials of the Pointer Club of America. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y.
Nov. 7-8.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 13.—Harrisville, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Paterson, Sec'y.
Nov. 15-16.—Riley, Ind.—Second annual field trials of the Riley Field Trials Association. J. L. Graham, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 20.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.
Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.
Nov. 27.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Dec. 10.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

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Jan. 14.—Greenville, Ala.—Fifth annual field trials of the Alabama Field Trials Club. John B. Rosenstiel, Sec'y.
Jan. 21.—Benton County, Miss.—Tenth annual field trials of the United States Field Trials Club. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

BENCH SHOWS

Nov. 13-17.—Vicksburg, Miss.—First annual bench show of the West Mississippi Agricultural, Mechanical and Live Stock Exposition. John Dewhurst, Supt.
Nov. 28-30.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Second annual bench show of the Philadelphia Dog Show Association. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.
Dec. 6-10.—Cincinnati, O.—Annual bench show of the Cincinnati Fox Terrier Club. J. C. Trohler, Sec'y.

1901.

Feb. 26-March 1.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Kennel Club's annual bench show. C. M. Munhall, Sec'y.
March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.

Training the Hunting Dog For the Field and Field Trials.

VI.—Yard Breaking.

THE preliminary schooling of the dog, commonly called yard breaking, consists in teaching him the proper acts of obedience in response to certain commands which are of general utility as well as special usefulness in controlling him in his work afield and at other times. By establishing a habit of prompt and cheerful obedience to these commands before the more serious training in the work afield begins, it is readily apparent that a distinct educational gain is made. Incidentally, these preliminary lessons, by the opportunities of companionship which they afford, establish the most friendly relations between teacher and pupil, if they are kindly and sympathetically conducted.

In the first lessons, to concentrate his mind on what is being taught him even for a short time, is exceedingly difficult and fatiguing to the dog; therefore the teacher would better set a definite limit to the lessons, say fifteen or twenty minutes. He also should avoid acquiring the habit of constantly bossing and nagging the pupil between lessons.

Within the bounds of ordinary, everyday discipline the puppy should be permitted to develop, unhindered, in his own way. If he is bossed and bullied incessantly, he after a certain time loses all power of independent initiative, and is so dominated by his tutor that he is a mere unthinking machine.

These suggestions as to over-discipline are quite as

applicable when the dog is receiving his first experience on game as they are when he is receiving his yard breaking. The subjugation of him to the entire domination of his trainer is undesirable at any time, and its most useful form is quite secondary to the dog's natural educational development. Yet many good dogs are annually spoiled or their best effort marred by rigidly restricting them to lines of action in their yard training which are deemed to be the correct thing when they are actually working to the gun.

While the trainer may have in mind the nice manner in which the theoretical training will fit into the practical work, the dog is entirely ignorant that the training has any reference to anything at all. He recognizes that he is cramped and confined in his efforts, and if so treated till it becomes habit he exhibits slavish deference at all times. Without the ability or inclination to hunt game the dog is worthless for field purposes. Some dogs, if checked too much, perceive nothing then which appeals to their self interest, and consequently they lose all inclination to search for birds. If the dog refuses to hunt it is beyond the power of any one to force him to do so.

This is a point which the trainer should ever bear in mind—that is to say, it is the dog's self interest which impels him to seek game. If this factor is ignored all incentive to effort on his part is thereby eliminated. While his natural impulse for the pursuit of birds and his enthusiasm in his efforts to capture them are so great that he will submit to much balking and punishment before he will desist, there is a certain limit beyond which he will not maintain interest and effort if the trainer is over restrictive.

In the yard training, as in the field work, the trainer should teach and handle quietly. Turbulence in most instances denotes ill-temper or a badly disciplined mind. The loud and incessant issuing of commands and blowing of whistles, in season and out of season, with or without cause, are faults common to nearly all amateurs, and for that matter to nearly all professionals. The majority of trainers are self taught, so that bad habits of method and manner acquired in the beginning are likely to be retained by them throughout their lives. Habituated thus thoroughly to their own ways, they are quite unconscious of the hullabaloo which they create, and of their offensiveness to such company as may be with them, and of the great handicap which they impose upon any dog which may be under their control.

Boisterous shouting of orders and constant whistling are the cause of many flushes; and if the frightened birds be in the proximity of the dog at the time, the noisy trainer is prone to consider that the dog is at fault rather than himself, who is really the guilty party. When so noisily intent on securing obedience in an habitual hullabaloo manner, the trainer is generally lost to all incidental happenings, so far as they relate to his own faults.

It is not at all difficult to teach a dog obedience to quiet commands and gentle signals, and it is infinitely better to handle him in that manner afield than in a manner of noise and violence, apart from all considerations of ease and elegance.

While being taught, the dog quickly learns the signs which indicate punishment and the signs which indicate that the teacher is pleased or displeased. Changes of voice and expression of countenance, whether of pleasure or irritation, are noted and correctly interpreted. It is therefore essential for the best progress in the lessons that the teacher preserve an equable exterior and action at all times, be he pleased or displeased.

In the summer days it is better to give the lessons in the early morning and evening, when the temperature is coolest. When the puppy is warm and panting he suffers much discomfort, and it is then difficult to hold his interest or attention.

The puppy's mind, being immature and undisciplined, can compass only the simplest details; therefore it is best to begin with the most elementary lessons. Thus his mind will be developed in a natural manner, and obedience will be enforced without breaking his spirit or lessening his self-confidence. As with the child in its first attempts at learning, so it is with the puppy; it is extremely difficult and wearisome for it to at first understand the simplest teachings or concentrate its mind on any subject which requires thought. Under such circumstances, the amateur teacher should not too hastily assume that the puppy is stupid.

When teaching the first lessons it is better to be within a room or yard from which the dog cannot escape even if so inclined. Undoubtedly he will make many attempts to do so. It is good training to permit him to make such attempts with the resultant failures. Then, after repeated disappointments, he will abandon them when the lessons are given within an inclosed place.

If the trainer commands the puppy to do something under such circumstances that obedience cannot be enforced, and the latter then escapes or succeeds in disobeying, a very troublesome factor is thereby introduced. The advantages of disobedience are quickly learned and remembered, and thereafter, when he is disinclined to obedience, if pressed to a degree which is displeasing to him, he runs away.

In this connection it may be remarked that every precaution should be taken to prevent the puppy from running away, for once he learns that he can escape, the difficulties of reducing him to subjection are many times multiplied. This alone suggests the wisdom of refraining from any attempts at training between lessons in places where the puppy is not confined within walls or fences.

The lessons should end with some play and romping between teacher and pupil, so that there may be pleasant associations referring to it, in the mind of the latter at least.

From his hours of play wherein the puppy frisks and frolics as he pleases hardly any fatigue ensues. He then is following the simple impulses of his own mind, which do not cause great nervous strain, overheating, confusion, or intense worry. He abhors lessons which are devoid of all amusement. If they are gently and amusingly given success is more progressive. After a time mental strength and stamina will develop, and then longer lessons may be given without distressing him.

Later in the training the powers of the mind become so

much more vigorous that the most difficult of the training lessons are learned with greater ease than were the far more simple beginnings.

The commands to which obedience may be taught in the yard lessons are as follows:

"Go On."

The command "Go on" denotes that the dog is to start forward and work according to his master's pleasure. During the early months of the pupil's puppyhood this command may be easily taught. It is readily accomplished by associating it with the act of freeing the puppy from his kennel, or uttering it at the moment of freeing him from the chain or lead strap when he is taken afield.

When freed from either chain or kennel, he would "go on" whether the command were uttered or not, and this is the main reason that it is so easily taught when the pupil is still a tender puppy. It then is in entire consonance with his inclination, and he learns readily its import by associating it with freedom from all restraint.

A motion of the hand forward, associated with it, is soon understood as signifying the same as the order, and is quite as promptly acted upon.

If the puppy have any spirit at all, he takes unbounded pleasure on hearing the command "Go on," or on seeing the signal, either of which denotes that he is at liberty to romp at his own free will.

"Come In."

"Come in" denotes that the pupil is to cease all effort other than coming promptly and directly to his master. It is not so easily taught as "Go on," for the reason that it nearly always runs counter to the pupil's inclination. He is rarely inclined to give up the pleasures of free romping or other interesting purposes in which he may be engaged at the time that he hears the order; therefore it in most instances is necessary to apply force to establish the desired obedience. Nevertheless, it should not be used till the puppy is properly matured and the formal yard training begins, inasmuch as it does not matter whether the puppy obeys promptly or not before that time.

When the proper juncture arrives it is necessary to enforce the most thorough obedience to the command "Come in"; otherwise no progress worthy of any consideration can be made in any branch of training.

A disregard of this order denotes that the dog is under no control. No reluctant, hesitating or slovenly obedience should be tolerated. It is one of the easiest commands to teach if the trainer is properly persistent and methodical, and yet there are few orders more commonly disobeyed or evaded.

Pronounced obstinacy or disobedience must be corrected by force. It should be impressed upon the puppy that obedience to the order is uncompromisingly imperative; that nothing is left to his own inclination in this matter other than prompt obedience. The discipline established thereby in this one branch has a beneficent effect on all other branches of the training, since it establishes a general domination of the teacher.

The spike collar is the best instrument when the application of force is necessary. The description and uses of it, set forth in another chapter, should be read and carefully noted. It will accomplish the most desirable results when used in the parts of the dog's education to which it is applicable; but, on the other hand, there is no instrument more harmful or capable of more brutal action than is the spike collar when improperly applied.

The advantages of the collar when used to force the dog to "come in" are that it inflicts pain upon him at the time and place that he is guilty of disobedience. If he is standing at a distance from his handler he thereby has no immunity from punishment when the collar is on his neck. It forces him to come in, however much he may struggle against it. In the meantime, the trainer need not make any alarming demonstration in this respect, it being quite different from the demonstration inseparable from the use of the whip. The force is so directly and promptly applied that the pupil associates it entirely with the act of disobedience.

The whip is not even remotely a substitute for the collar in teaching this order. If the puppy comes in and is whipped, he observes that punishment is the result. He soon shows reluctance in coming in when there are grounds to suspect a whipping. On the other hand, the collar forces him to obey, and then punishment ceases. If the trainer then caresses him, thereby indicating that he has done quite right, he quickly learns that obedience results in that which is pleasurable instead of that which is painful.

The collar punishes the dog when he is in the act of disobedience; the whip punishes after he has obeyed.

Besides being promptly effective in establishing obedience, the collar is permanent in its effects.

The manner of applying the collar is simple. It is put on the puppy's neck, with twenty or thirty yards of strong light cord attached to it. The trainer, holding the end of the cord in his hand, trainer and pupil being any number of yards apart within the compass of the cord, quietly gives the order and pulls in the dog at the same time. The latter in all probability struggles and attempts to run away. In his furious struggles he may attempt to fight the collar. In any case the trainer holds him steadily till his flurry is all over. He soon becomes convinced that on his part the attempt to meet force with force is futile and painful.

No attempt at anything more advanced should be made till the dog ceases struggling and is reconciled to yield to the force of the collar. This stage may require two or three minutes, or two or three lessons, according to the circumstances of the case, to prepare him for the next stage. When he ceases to struggle, give the command "Come in" and pull him within reach of the hand, so that he may be petted and caressed, as if he had done a fine thing of his own free will, and so continuing till he has recovered his self-confidence and composure.

The trainer next walks away, repeats the order, and pulls the dog in again if he disobeys. The latter soon notes that the punishment is most likely to occur when he is away from his handler, and will endeavor to follow him closely about as he walks away. This anticipation of the order may be guarded against by fastening a

wooden or iron pin to the cord four or five feet from the collar and sticking it in the ground. The trainer then walks away, waits a few moments, gives the order calmly, at the same time pulling on the cord, which in turn pulls the pin out of the ground, thereby permitting the dog to come in promptly if he will do so, or otherwise forced to come in.

These lessons should be repeated till he will come in promptly to the order. Next, in a room or yard from which he cannot escape, he may be drilled without the collar. If he disobeys, it is put on him, and the forcing process is repeated.

In the field he will need much further disciplining in this as in other branches of his education, as the temptation to act in his own way is a great incentive to disobedience.

A proper composure and deliberation on the part of the trainer add greatly to the efficacy of the lessons. Hurry and senseless violence do much to retard progress and the purpose of the trainer in this as in all other branches of the dog's education.

A long blast on the whistle is commonly used to denote the same act as the command, and it is taught in precisely the same manner.

Notwithstanding the ease and thoroughness with which it may be taught, there are few dogs which are properly proficient in it. At field trials in particular, the place where one would expect to find the greatest perfection in matters of obedience, it not infrequently happens that it is a laborious task for a trainer to bring his dog in during a heat or at the termination of it. Some field trial handlers find it necessary to keep their dogs on chain to prevent them from breaking away at such times as they desire them to cease work. All this shows rank neglect of the proper discipline, though it has for a purpose the encouragement of the dog to remain out at his work, regardless of the whistling or ordering indulged in by an opposing handler. The handlers of such dogs are satisfied to control them in any kind of slipshod manner rather than to take the more troublesome and efficient method of teaching the command specially till it is thoroughly inculcated as a matter of obedience.

B. WATERS.

Canoeing.

Amendments to the Racing Rules.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I don't agree with the opinion that sliding seats injure canoeing. I think that the decline in canoeing was caused by unlimited and insufficiently limited sail area and by standing sails, as all who have cruised or raced will agree that a sliding seat makes the canoe more able, comfortable and dry. Before the sliding seat was invented sail was unlimited; a small dandy and large mainsail were used on the principle that sail confined as much as possible to one sail gave speed. When the sliding seat enabled larger sails to be used, they could not be built in this proportion and used efficiently, so both sails were made about the same size. To balance sails and centerboard the trunk was placed so far aft that it filled up the cockpit, making it liable to catch one's foot against the trunk; so self-bailing cockpits were made a practical necessity for safety as well as for comfort, as canvas bags could not be used.

When sail was limited to 130ft., the amount still was too large to reduce the proportion of the mizzen to the mainsail very much, though I feel satisfied that Archibald did reduce it to some extent. Under the proposed amendment reducing it to 110ft., the sail can very largely be put in the mainsail, and the mizzen need hardly be considered in jibing, so it will be more easily carried, and the 20ft. will not make very much difference in the speed.

Regarding limiting sliding seat, I cannot see anything gained by it, as any seat across the boat, fixed or sliding, even the width of the boat, will interfere with paddling; so the only side to look at it is from the sailor's side, and a light man needs a longer seat than a heavy man, and he is generally quicker and more active, therefore can use a longer seat better. To limit or do away with the sliding seat will not prevent an athlete from having an advantage over others, as I have seen one sail lying prostrate on his chest on the seat, with his head toward the boat, the rest of his body, from his chest down, straight out beyond the seat to windward, steering with his teeth.

I think that doing away with the self-bailing cockpit and limiting a man's sails to one rig of two sails of 110ft. will be a benefit to canoeing. I also think that a canoe which upsets should be out of the race.

Regarding the question of a permanent camp site, I understand that the Association owns an island on Stony Lake and the canoe islands on Lake George, and those who are interested in a permanent camp site have never taken the trouble to find out what rights the Association has on these islands.

I agree with Mr. Allen that the mess charge should be higher. I would place it at \$2 a day, as I think that this sum would force the majority of the men to have club and individual messes, and so bring the Association back to its original idea of a canoe camp. I think also that the camp site committee should not sell any floors larger than 10 by 12.

Cannot the Association or Division arrange to pay the expense of hiring men to put the canoes in the cars before going to the meet, and take them out again at the meet, and put them in on the return from the meet?

HENRY H. SMYTHE, A. C. A. 1308.

WINCHESTER, Mass., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The many proposed amendments to the racing regulations of the A. C. A. certainly show a desire to do something to either entirely change the type or else awaken new interest in the sport. As I understand it, the latter end is desired. I think that the principal cause of the falling off in the entry list has been the fact of the meet being held always at a great distance from New York and Boston. I base this upon a knowledge of the number of sailing canoes—I mean racing canoes—ma-

chines, if you will—within two hours' ride by rail from either of the above cities, as compared with the number in the Northern Division. I venture the statement that in the last ten years there have been ten racing canoes built in the Atlantic Division and five in the Eastern to one in the Northern, and yet the meet is five times in the Northern to one in the Atlantic or Eastern. In 1890 at Jessup's Neck there were over eighty sailing canoes, and over fifty started in the club race, and thirty-seven in the unlimited. The meet was within reach of the sailing men. I believe the remedy is in having the meet once in every four or five years down in the sailing division's territory. It would not seem fair to the division which has held the trophy seven times in the last eleven years to leave it out of the list of sailing divisions; yet the Northern is the paddling division, and sailing has always been by individuals there rather than by clubs.

We have here in Winchester a new wideawake lot of men who are intensely interested in canoe sailing, and every week sees five or six canoes out at a time sailing over a triangle. Next year we hope to send a half dozen men to the meet, but the distance will deter many more from going. Probably next season will see a dozen racing canoes on the lake here, and if the meet could be held within half a day's journey the interest aroused would double our fleet.

I am sure that it would be a serious mistake to rule out the sliding seat. It is more than a comfort. It is indispensable for any long sail or cruise. As for limiting it in length, that is a mistake, as it acts unfairly on a light man. I weigh 185lbs., and in '91 sailed with only a 30in. seat. Butler weighs 120lbs., and with a 30in. seat could not hold up 90ft. of sail in a wind in which I could carry 130.

The smaller the limit of sail the more unequal the conditions become between light and heavy men. Put the limit down to 110ft., and in a light breeze the light man would sail away from the heavy one; and in a blow the heavy man would have his turn, while the light man would reef.

Why legislate against the fixed rudder? It is a harmless thing, inoffensive, and gives its owner no advantage over the man who carries a drop rudder. It is cheaper to make by about 50 per cent., and is an inconvenience only in running ashore. Let any man carry one who wants to, so long as it gives him no advantage in a race over the other man who for his cruising considers the drop necessary.

As to standing sails, I have always until this summer used a hoisting rig, and have only lately learned the joy of a rig without ropes to tangle, or jaws to break, or reefing gear to get out of order; and I shall always use it for sailing here. But if it seems that the standing sail has got to go, and the races be for cruising rigs, it is as fair for one as for another, and we will use halliards without grumbling at the meet.

I feel sure that the end is not to be accomplished by restrictions of the sort suggested. Far better make no new restrictions, but let the trophy be won only once by one man; also the Dolphin trophy, and have a senior and junior class of entries. The juniors to be men who had never won either first record, trophy sailing, Dolphin trophy, Pecowsic cup or trophy paddling. Then have a senior prize to be sailed for if there were three entries, and above all have a meet on this end of the country, or near Long Island Sound. Why not year after next, when the Eastern Division has its turn, hold the meet at some one of the many big fresh-water ponds on Cape Cod, which would combine good camping and salt water within walking distance, as, for instance, Nine-Mile Pond and Centerville, only three miles from Vineyard Sound?

HERMANN DUDLEY MURPHY, A. C. A., 1784.

Yachting.

We learn from the Field that Shamrock is under orders to leave her moorings in the Gareloch for Scott & Co.'s yard, Greenock, where her aluminum topsides will be replaced by steel, being badly corroded.

ACCORDING to the Yachting World, Mr. Lorne C. Currie is having a yacht built from his own design to try against the one now in hand for him by Harley Mead as a challenger for the Seawanbaka cup.

As the exact conditions under which the new 70ft. class was raced through the season are not known except to those directly concerned, it is impossible to pass a fair judgment upon the subject of the over-ballasting of Rainbow, but there are certain general considerations which apply to the class. For obvious reasons yacht racing is carried on under a system of exact and definite rules governing all possible details and contingencies; these rules being now uniform with slight exceptions among the leading yacht clubs. It is not only the duty, but to the direct interest of every yacht owner to do what he can toward perfecting these rules where they are weak and toward maintaining them to the letter as long as they stand on the books. The owners of the new 70-footers are among the most influential members of the New York, Larchmont, Seawanbaka and other large clubs. Their positions as racing yachtsmen with means to build in any class makes it certain that more than ordinary deference will be paid to their ideas and wishes, and they certainly are or should be fully informed as to the present condition and needs of yachting. In establishing a new class where one was so badly needed, between the international syndicate class of 90ft. and the regular 51ft. class, they might, had they so desired, have done a great deal for the advancement of yacht racing. Had they proposed to the clubs the establishment of a new class of about the size of the 70-footers, but under regular club measurement and rules, even with special restrictions or design and fittings, there is little doubt that their overtures would not only have been accepted, but warmly welcomed as a timely step for the sorely needed revival of yacht racing.

Instead of this they ignored the clubs and the existing rules, and as individuals started a one-design class that at best could have but a limited influence on yacht racing. Apparently with no regard to the interests of the clubs or

of yacht racing, they have made certain rules of their own, with one bad result, if no other, that the effect of the regular club rules is weakened by such action on the part of the owners of the largest racing class. Whether or no the rumors now current of irregularities in the ballasting of others of the class as well as Rainbow have any substantial foundation, it is plain that the class has been a failure in more ways than one. It certainly has hurt instead of helping the establishment of a permanent racing class within the reach of individual owners.

The America Cup.

THE American people were treated to two surprises last week, one at least of an agreeable nature, in the news that Sir Thomas Lipton had at last sent a new challenge for the America Cup. By no means as pleasant was the other information, that through a corner on pork, managed by the same gentleman, they might have to dispense with the succulent pork chop and tenderloin, to eat their buckwheat cakes without the sister institution of sausage, and even to take plain fried mush in place of the more nourishing and toothsome scrapple. We confess that for once at least our knowledge of what seems to be an important item of yachting news is at fault, and we are content to quote freely from the New York Herald, as follows:

When Sir Thomas Lipton comes across the Atlantic with a new Shamrock, built to aid him in a second attempt to "lift the cup," it is extremely likely that he will be able to pay all the expenses of his new venture with profits gained in commercial contests with Americans. His corner in pork bids fair to be so successful as to enable him to make Americans pay for his next yacht racing effort; and perhaps even for a third one, should the second be unsuccessful.

Men in the provision trade all over the country are watching Sir Thomas' transactions in pork as keenly as the public watched the struggles of Shamrock and Columbia when the Cup was last at stake. But it is in Chicago that the corner excites the most interest, for Chicagoans will find it necessary to pay the piper when the dance ends.

They have sold the pork market heavily short, while Sir Thomas has quietly snapped up their offerings, and they have attained the unpleasant position of men who have sold a good deal more of a commodity than they can beg borrow or purchase, and are faced with the necessity of covering contracts in eighteen more days or making private settlements with the original buyer. Under the influence of those conditions pork has already jumped up about 33 1-3 per cent., or \$4 a barrel. And the squeeze of the shorts is not yet ended.

It now appears that Sir Thomas has so carefully laid his plans as to provide for the disposal of his purchases without bearing the market to any great extent, thus avoiding the danger which menaces all manipulators of a corner.

The shorts are believed to have sold at least 75,000 barrels of winter packed mess pork. Assuming that he has bought or contracted to buy only this amount—and it may be that his purchases are much larger—his prospective profit may be reckoned to a certain degree, as he is credited with having bought at an average of \$12 a barrel.

The price is only \$16 a barrel now, and should he unload at that figure it would net him not less than \$300,000 profit. But some old traders say that under present conditions, when Chicago provision men have contracted to sell, at much less than prevailing prices, more than twice as much pork as they possibly obtain, pork may be forced much higher. If he can settle his contracts at a basis of \$10 profit on the barrel his total gain will be three-quarters of a million.

"The pork market has been oversold," said a representative of McIntyre & Marshall yesterday. "Shorts have made contracts to deliver vastly more of the staple than they can get their hands on and will have to settle with Sir Thomas as best they may. It looks as if he had his corner so securely in hand that a big profit is inevitable. It is a natural corner. The shorts have brought it on themselves."

Prices for the last few weeks indicate how frantic have been the efforts of the men who oversold the market to cover their contracts. During the first half of September mess pork averaged about \$11.50 a barrel. During the latter half it averaged about \$12. In the first five days of October it climbed from \$12.57 to \$14.50, gaining \$1.40 on Oct. 5. On Oct. 6, last Saturday, the shorts appeared to make a united and disastrous effort to cover, for their competing bids forced up the price in the half day's trading to \$17 a barrel. The market has been quieter this week, and mess pork closed yesterday at \$16.

What makes the position of the shorts peculiarly undesirable and that of the British yachtsman and merchant peculiarly the reverse is the fact that new mess pork is somewhat scarce just now. The stocks reported to the Chicago Board of Trade at the close of business Sept. 30 were only 35,193 barrels, and almost all the new mess pork in stock is in Chicago. A good approximate estimate of the aggregate of new mess pork in the stocks of all Western cities would be 38,000 barrels. This means part of the contract grade, packed since Oct. 1, 1899, which is the sort the shorts have agreed to furnish to Sir Thomas to the extent of 75,000 barrels.

Meanwhile, though Sir Thomas declares his intention of not being hard on Chicagoans at his mercy and his desire not to cause any failures, he is taking care not to let the shorts buy much of his pork.

He had to face a dilemma, whether to hold the pork and run the risk of breaking the market when he tried to sell at the end of the month, or to let the shorts buy, and thus prevent his corner from having full swing.

He was shrewd enough to find a third course, which will greatly help him to build Shamrock II.

"Sir Thomas has hit upon the expedient of selling some of the pork he wanted to unload to the cotton pickers of the South," said E. H. Dougherty, who is an authority in the provision trade, yesterday. "In this way he prevented it from getting into the hands of the shorts, many of whom will be forced to make a private settlement with him. It looks as if he could not fail to win, although I doubt if his profit will be so high as \$10 a barrel. He says he has no disposition to be severe, but he is in a position to be so if he wants to."

"At this time of the year, while cotton is being picked, there is much demand for pork from laborers in the South. Sir Thomas has been taking the pork from the barrels, where the product has been already delivered to him, and cutting it up into 'pork strips.' These are packed in salt loosely in freight cars and so shipped away. For instance, the Chicago Daily Trade Bulletin, which estimated the short interest on Sept. 28 to be 75,000 barrels, reports a sale of 300,000lbs. of 'pork strips' on Oct. 25, and subsequent sales have been heavy. I learn through trade channels that most of these are sales for the Lipton interest.

"There are 200lbs. of pork in a barrel. He might sell the contents of a barrel which cost him \$12 at 6½ cents a pound as 'pork strips,' or \$13 for the lot, and make \$1 profit, besides having the empty barrel. Then the men who have contracted to sell him pork which they cannot deliver may also have to pay him a profit on each barrel to settle their contracts. This profit may be far larger.

"When Joseph Leiter engineered his corner in wheat ran against a snag, because wheat was delivered to him at a rate beyond his calculations. That cannot happen in the pork market. The whereabouts of the pork is too well known. Nor can fresh pork be provided for delivery this month by killing new hogs, because it takes thirty or forty days to cure pork."

It is perhaps but fair to give Sir Thomas Lipton's side of the matter, as told in an interview in London and cabled to New York:

"My purchases of pork have now given me control of the American market, as I hold virtually the entire supply. But I wish it distinctly understood there is no corner. I have not bought with any speculative intent. I never planned a corner nor ever intended to attempt one. Desirous as I am of making money, I would not take a single dollar otherwise than through legitimate business channels.

"If this present state of the pork market should in any way reflect on my business honesty or work injury to people in America, I would immediately let go. My present holdings are largely the result of an accident. My trade growing, it became necessary to lay in a supply for contracts and future orders. Under orders my agents began buying largely, not speculatively, but for purely legitimate purposes.

"I intend my entire holdings for filling the orders of dealers and merchants with whom I do business, not for the purpose of squeezing any speculator on the Chicago Board of Trade. I am sorry indeed to have the impression circulated in America that I am working a corner. That is not the Lipton way of doing business; it is not legitimate.

"I would rather sacrifice every penny than do an unscrupulous or dishonest act. Do not mistake me. If my transactions should affect Chicago speculators and catch some of them short I should not feel called upon to relieve them, but I would drop the whole business if I thought I was doing anything unfair, dishonest or working injury to the country.

"Please say to the American people that I intend no corner, no squeeze no speculation on the Board of Trade. I am doing only a legitimate business as any merchant does."

The news of the pork transaction preceded that of the new challenge by a day or two, the latter information, to the effect that a challenge was on its way by the Germanic, reaching New York on Wednesday of last week. On the following day Sir Thomas, in London, kindly gave the following interview:

"My respect and affection for the New York Y. C., which I regard as the premier yacht club of the world, prevents me from saying anything about my challenge, except that it is not at all controversial and that I have every reason to hope it will be promptly accepted. I do not quite know how the news leaked out, for I have not challenged by cable, and the letter containing the challenge is probably only just delivered. As a matter of courtesy I desire that the contents of the letter be given out by the New York Y. C., rather than by myself.

"Yes, I have every reason to believe I stand a good chance of winning, for I would not challenge unless sure I could get a better boat than my last. Moreover, I know I have got to get the very best going in order to achieve a triumph over the wonderful energy and skill of the Americans, for which no one has greater admiration than I. Realizing this, I have been working steadily for months to perfect my arrangements.

"I now believe that both the boat and the men next contesting for the America Cup will be an improvement over my first attempt.

"What will the challenger be called? Why, Shamrock is good enough for me, and I will sink or swim on that. I have secured a man who is universally admitted to be the best skipper on this side—an amateur, who stands easily ahead of his fellows. I can't tell his name just yet, and, naturally, I cannot say much about the boat.

"But races that will rival the actual Cup races in keenness of interest will be the trial contests between the boat which Watson is designing for me and the old Shamrock, with the alterations Fife is contemplating for the latter. Both designers, the best in England, will be on board their respective boats, and I can guarantee the one that wins will give you, at any rate, a close race.

"I look forward with intense pleasure to revisiting the scene of my former defeat. I could ask for no better opponent than Mr. Iselin, though whether he will again manage the defender, of course, I don't know. I rather hope he will for then the conditions will be more parallel with those of last year."

The Germanic arrived on Oct. 12, and the challenge was duly delivered by mail at the New York Y. C. house, a special meeting being called for Wednesday, Oct. 17, to receive it, until which meeting it will be kept private. It is practically assured that the new yacht will be designed by Mr. Watson, named Shamrock II., and will be of 70ft. l.w.l. Of course all kinds of reports are current as to new boats to be built by various prominent yachtsmen associated with the 70ft. class. One report is to the effect that Mr. Duryea has already disposed of his interest in Yankee.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Richard L. Ogden.

On the 3d of this month there passed from among us one who in his time had played many pleasant parts. "Podgers," or, as he was more affectionately styled by his intimates, "Captain Dick," had seen much of the world in its happiest and brightest aspects, and though of late years the grass had grown a little short, it was no difficult matter to start the bright flow of his reminiscences on any fitting occasion.

Although an intimate friend of Capt. Dick all my life, I find myself unable to give a single date in his career, and must perforce make this little sketch somewhat indefinite, but he had in some way, under the wing of an elder brother, as a boy, seen something of the war with Mexico, had visited Chili in pursuit of flour for the army, and Patagonia to pass away the time while waiting for it. About 1850 he was head of a firm running a line of ships to China, from whence came gorgeous toys for my amusement, and vases and things for the garden worth now fabulous sums, but which I fear we none of us see much store by then.

Later he made several trips to Europe on mingled business and pleasure, and the breaking out of the Civil War found him a clerk in the Quartermaster's department at this post. He received a commission as first lieutenant, was promoted captain, and in the course of his experience as quartermaster came in contact with many, if not most, of the celebrities of the day, such as Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, winning by his tact and courtesy golden opinions from every one. At the close of the war he was persuaded by Kalston to resign and go into business—a great mistake, as he often afterwards acknowledged.

As a sportsman Capt. Dick was an unquestioned success, not for the number of his birds or his fish, but the number of matchless guns he could and did provide for his friends; the rods and reels without number, and all of the first quality, and the fact that hunting, fishing, horse racing or yachting was with him truly sport, and absolutely free from any taint of commercialism or jobbery. There were many who shot straighter, but none who shot more honestly; there were better sailors, but no truer yachtsmen. In his prosperity his keenest pleasure seemed to be in filling his yacht chock-a-block with the pleasantest people he could find and filling those people with the "best the market afforded."

He was the originator of the San Francisco Yacht Club, which was organized in his office, one evening, by himself and some six or eight other gentlemen, and he might almost be said to be the originator—certainly the organizer of yachting on this coast, since he was the first (with perhaps the exception of Com. John Eckley) to indulge in yachting as a sport pure and simple, entirely disassociated from all thought of profit save that which comes from bronzed faces and regenerated appetites. For many years he was a correspondent of the N. Y. Times, and the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have often been entertained by him and his arguments in favor of centerboards and beam, of which he was a most pronounced advocate.

There are among us many, I am sure, who will say with me that the favors for which we are indebted to Capt. Dick were many and great, and who will for the real affection I bore him pardon the shortcomings of this imperfect tribute to his memory.

Britannia.

It is gratifying to know that after ending her career as a racer the cutter Britannia has at last fallen into the hands of a yachtsman who will appreciate and use her as she deserved. It will be remembered that several years ago she fell into the hands of a couple of "promoters," ignorant of yachting and unfit to own such a vessel. The most remarkable point about Britannia is that though built as late as 1893, and raced up to last year, she has from the first been fitted up as a cruising yacht instead of being built and raced with "swept hold," like most if not all her competitors. In her regular racing she was fitted and furnished for comfortable living on board. The following record of her racing is from the Field:

The sale of the Prince of Wales' cutter Britannia to Sir R. Williams Bulkeley, and the report that her racing career is now at an end and that she will be converted into a ketch, brings to our recollection the many classic races won by the vessel under the flag of the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Britannia was built in 1893 by Messrs. D. & W. Henderson, of Glasgow, from lines by Mr. G. L. Watson, and she was, with Valkyrie II., which was constructed the same year, the best all-round racing yacht launched in this country under the old Y. R. A. rating rule, $\frac{L \times S \times A}{6,000}$. She was not outclassed until the

rule was changed in 1896, and the German Emperor's Meteor, another Watson boat, built on the Clyde, made her appearance. In the year 1893 no less than four first-class cutters were built—Britannia, Valkyrie II., Satanita and Calluna—and the racing season was one of the finest ever recorded in this country. A great advance was made in yacht architecture, and the four magnificent vessels were designed upon principles distinct from those that had been hitherto adopted in first-class racing yachts. Queen Mab, a 40-rater built in 1892, was to a great extent a prototype of Britannia and Valkyrie, and all the new boats had the shallow sectioned pram bow and the concave longitudinal vertical section strongly developed. Britannia's record has never been equaled by any vessel; Valkyrie will be chiefly remembered for her visit to America in 1893, when she was beaten by Vigilant in the America Cup races; Satanita was noted for her remarkable speed on a reach in strong winds, while Calluna alone proved only a qualified success. Foremost among the performances of the Prince of Wales' cutter may be classed her victories over the American yachts Navahoe and Vigilant in 1893 and 1894 respectively; the first named never gave serious trouble to Britannia, but Vigilant came across the Atlantic with a great reputation, having defeated Valkyrie, which was generally regarded in this country as Britannia's equal. Strange to say, when Britannia met Vigilant the former won eleven races and Vigilant only six.

We append a table showing the prizes won by the Prince with his famous vessel:

	Number of Starts.	First Prizes.	Other Prizes.	Total Prizes.	Value.
1893	43	24	9	33	1,572
1894	48	36	2	38	2,799
1895	50	38	2	40	3,040
1896	58	14	10	24	1,562
1897	20	10	2	12	1,000
1898	Not in commission.				
1899	7				
Total	226	122	25	147	9,973

It will be noticed from this record that His Royal Highness got the utmost out of the yacht, and only parted with her after a change in the rating rule and an alteration in the scale of time allowances—both were introduced by the Yacht Racing Association in 1896—combined with the improvement in yacht construction and design that is bound to take place in seven seasons, had made it impossible for Britannia to race successfully in first-class matches. Britannia, besides being a thoroughly well-designed and well-handled vessel, was also a lucky one, and it is the wish of every yachtsman that the luck may not desert the red and blue flag with the white fleur de lys, should the Prince of Wales decide to build another first-class racer.

The Keel Sloop Flirt.

SPECIAL interest is given to the plans of the keel sloop Flirt, the first of which were published last week, by the fact that she has been matched to sail against the centerboard 25-footer Early Dawn for a stake of \$1,000, the races to take place on Oct. 20, 22 and 24. The accommodation and construction are fully shown in the accompanying plans; there is all in the way of room that can be looked for in this extreme type. The construction is simple and strong in the general arrangement of the principal members. The following details of the match are given by the Boston Globe:

Articles of agreement have been drawn up and nothing is left undone but the measuring, the sailing and the shouting. There is no apparent chance for a misunderstanding and there will be no opportunity for a kick on either side. Both boats were well represented at the time the match was made, Flirt by L. M. Clark, and Early Dawn by G. J. Coles. Mr. George Lee, of Beverly, has been chosen referee, and the appearance of his name insures absolute fairness.

Both yachts are to be at Lawley's basin on or before noon on Oct. 18 where they will be measured in by G. F. Lawley in the presence of the referee. Y. R. A. measurements and restrictions are to prevail. If either boat exceeds 25ft. waterline, the owner shall have the right to make her fit inside the 25ft. limit. Wilson & Silby's certificate of sail measurement is to be handed to the referee at the time of measurement, and said certificate shall hold.

At the time of measurement the referee shall see to it that all inside fittings as required by the Y. R. A. shall be in place in each boat. If later a question of measurement should arise, and either boat is over 25ft., then such boat shall be disqualified and the race given to the other by default.

On each race day the preparatory gun will be fired at 12 o'clock. Five minutes later the starting gun will be fired, when the time will be taken. The races are to be sailed outside, but should the weather not permit, the referee, in his judgment, may order them to be sailed over an inside course.

The yachts will sail four miles to windward to a mark; thence reach two miles to a second mark; thence reach two miles to the first mark, and thence run four miles to the finish, a distance of twelve miles.

In the records of the Yacht Racing Association for the season it is shown that both boats have started eleven times. Flirt has won seven firsts and three seconds, with a percentage of 81.4-11, and Early Dawn has won four firsts, two seconds and three thirds, with a percentage of 59.1-11. This looks as though Flirt should be a favorite; she certainly will go into the field as such.

But since these records were made there have been changes in Early Dawn, principally in her sail plan, which have made her much faster. She beat Flirt on Labor Day over the Nahant course, and also Little Peter which stands one ahead of her in the Y. R. A. percentages. In the recent match with Little Peter, in the only race in which both went over the course, she beat Little Peter. That she has gained in speed is certain, but how much remains to be seen at the coming races.

Her backers, in spite of the challenge and the match with Flirt, are modest in their claims of the boat's ability and allow that Flirt should win. This may be all right, but people do not generally put up half of a \$1,000 purse with the distinct intention of giving it away to the other fellow, and it may be that the backers of Early Dawn are speaking modestly of their boat, but with that modesty which comes from supreme confidence underneath.

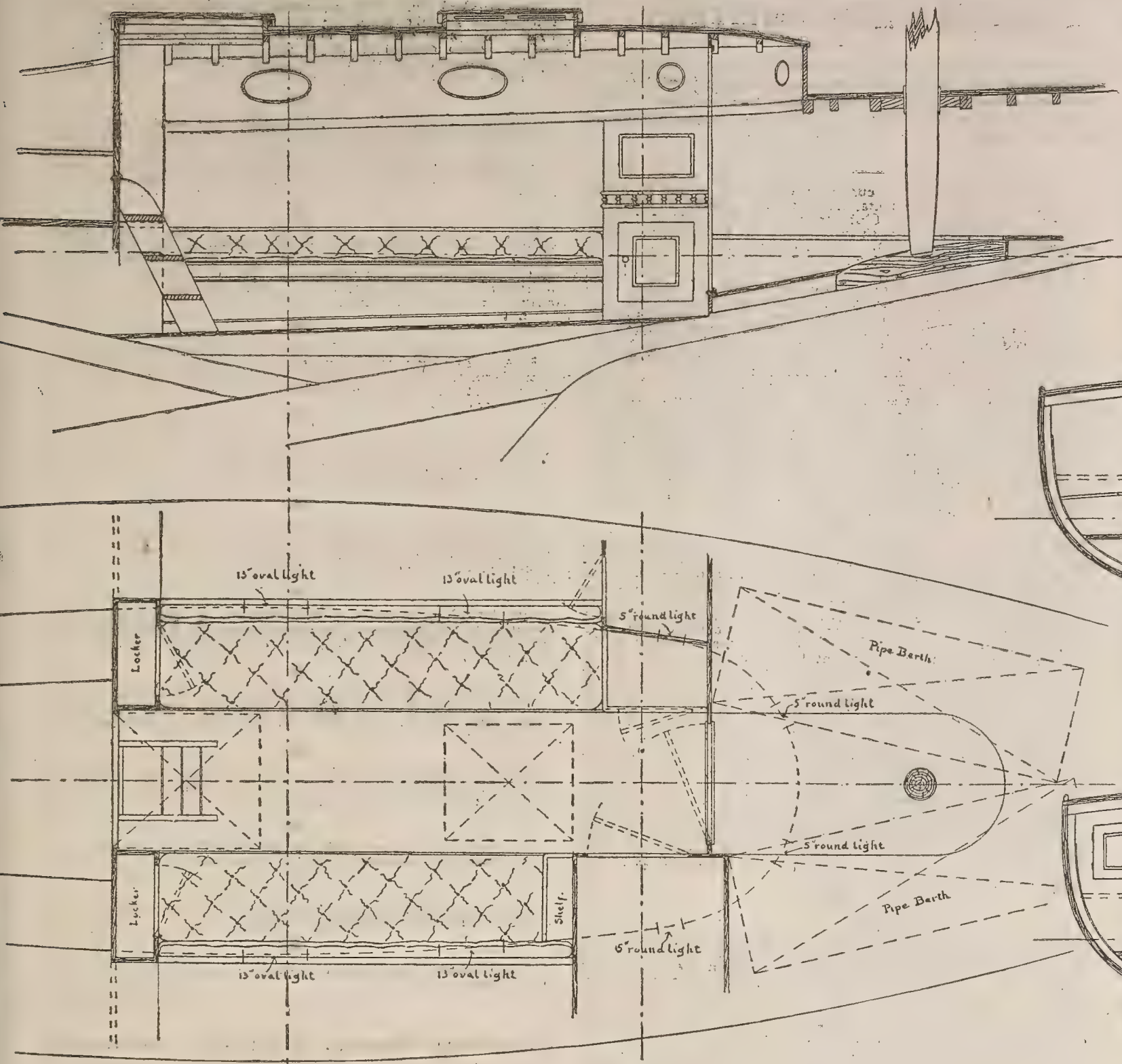
Be that as it may: Let the races be good, the finishes close and may the best boat win.

Rainbow's Ballast.

THE Lipton cup arrived in New York on the Germanic on Oct. 12, and is now in the custody of the New York Y. C. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, owner of Rainbow, has resigned all claims to this cup, and also returned the cups won in the Seawanhaka, Larchmont and Atlantic races. The New York Y. C. regatta committee has decided that Rainbow is not entitled to the cup, and the following letters have been sent by two of the other committees:

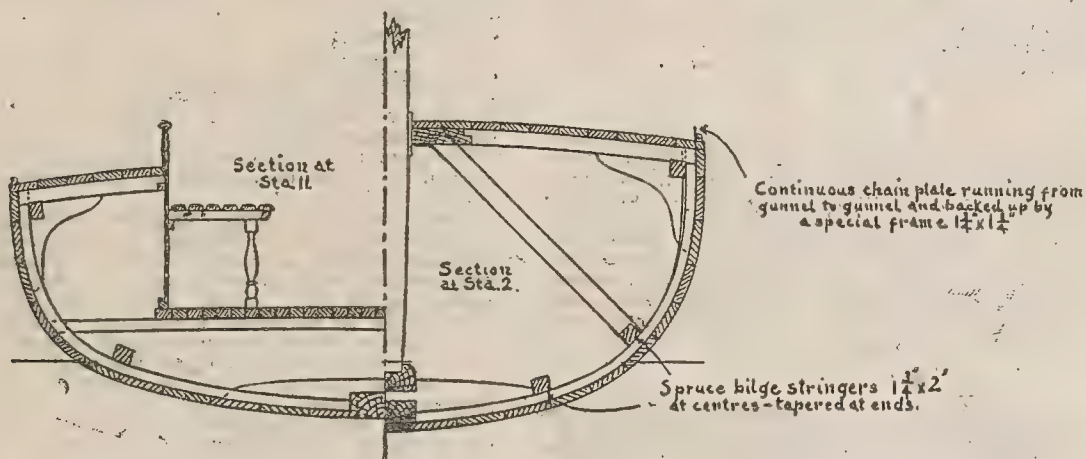
New York, Oct. 2.—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Esq., Knickerbocker Club, New York City. Dear Sir: Your communication of Oct. 5 was duly received, in which you state that, through a misunderstanding of your rights, you did at different times during the last season take additional ballast on board Rainbow after having been officially measured, and without procuring a remeasurement or notifying the regatta committee of the action you had taken and requesting a remeasurement.

An act of this nature, as you are now aware, it having been called to your attention, as you state in your com-



CABIN PLAN, No. 100.
Scale 1/4"=1'.
B.B. Crowninshield — Designer.
Drawing No. 881 — March 24, 1900.
R.N.B.—DEL.

FLIRT—CABIN PLAN.



with the special agreement as between the owners of the four so-called 70-footers.

The committee therefore, in carrying out the duty incumbent upon them, have to advise that Rainbow is disqualified in the race sailed on Sept. 8, 1900, under the auspices of the club, for violation of Rule 25, Section 3. Most respectfully yours,

LARCHMONT REGATTA COMMITTEE,
JOHN F. LOVEJOY, Chairman.

Oct. 13.—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Esq., Newport, R. I. My Dear Sir: Your letter of Oct. 5, in which you state that after Rainbow was officially measured additional ballast was placed on and no remeasurement was made, was duly received. The race committee gave the matter careful attention, and decided that Rule 2, Section 5, of the Racing Rules of the club had been violated by Rainbow and that consequently she was disqualified in the race for the Adams cup, sailed on Sept. 15.

We thank you for having notified us of your error as soon as it was called to your attention, and are satisfied that the error was committed through an oversight. While regretting the unfortunate infringement of our rules, we are obliged to disqualify Rainbow. Respectfully yours,

G. W. McNULTY,
A. F. ALDRIDGE,
Race Committee, Atlantic Y. C.

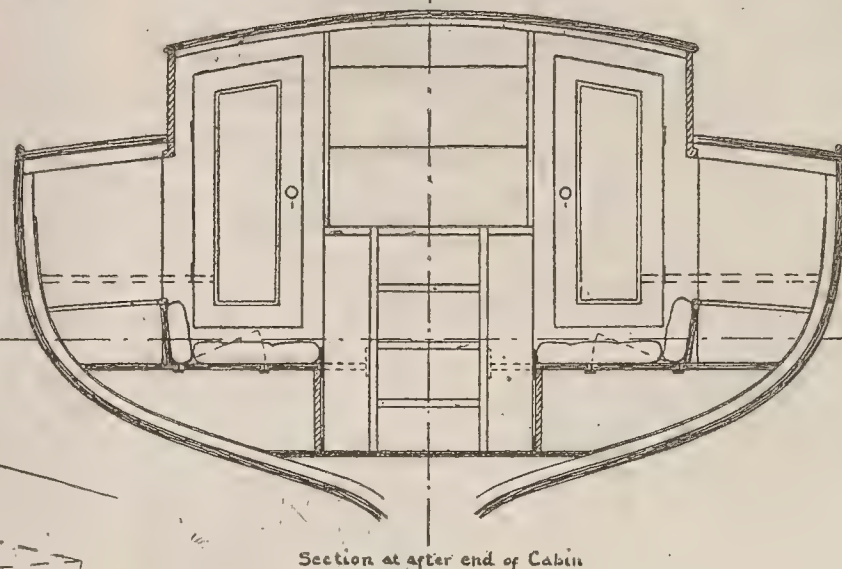
The owners of the other three boats—Mineola II., Yankee, and Virginia—have declared positively that they will not accept any of the cups thus given up by Rainbow.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

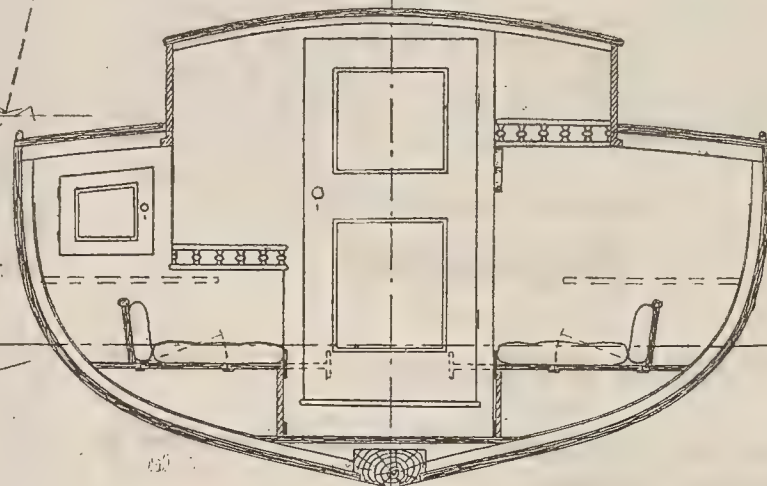
Mystic, schr., designed by G. L. Watson for H. C. Smijli, was launched at White Bros. yard, Itchen Ferry, on Sept. 25. When finished she will sail for the Mediterranean.



The steel auxiliary schooner designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Barbey for James L. Watson, of Rochester, N. Y. former owner of Lasca, was launched at Nixon's yard, Elizabeth, on Oct. 13. Contrary to current report, she was named Genesee; instead of Lasca II. She is 148ft. over all, 110ft. l.w.l., 27ft. breadth, 16ft. 6in. depth and carries an engine with cylinders 9 1/2 and 19 by 14in. and two Almy boilers.



Section at after end of Cabin



Section at forward end of Cabin

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Oct. 14. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Payne was declared champion for the day with the score of 81:

Payne	9	10	9	7	10	8	8	10	7	9	87
	8	9	7	7	8	10	9	9	9	7	83
	8	10	6	7	9	10	9	8	8	7	82
Roberts	8	8	10	9	7	8	8	10	9	8	85
	9	10	10	7	6	7	9	10	9	6	83
	10	10	6	6	10	8	7	10	6	6	79
Drube	10	7	10	5	10	9	8	9	7	9	84
	9	4	7	5	10	5	7	8	9	8	72
	10	6	6	9	5	9	5	8	6	7	71
Bruns	9	10	7	6	10	9	8	7	6	10	82
	8	5	8	5	5	10	10	7	5	10	73
	5	7	9	9	5	6	10	7	6	8	72
Gindele	10	7	8	9	9	8	10	7	5	8	81
	8	6	9	7	8	10	8	9	8	8	81
	10	10	7	9	5	7	7	9	9	7	80
Strickmeier	6	6	8	9	10	10	7	7	9	8	80
	6	10	9	6	9	10	8	9	6	6	79
	10	5	9	9	8	9	6	6	10	6	78
Nestler	9	9	6	10	9	6	10	8	5	8	79
	9	8	10	6	6	7	8	8	7	10	79
	7	8	8	6	7	9	10	8	6	9	78
Jonscher	7	8	8	8	8	4	10	9	8	8	78
	6	9	7	9	8	5	10	10	9	7	77
	6	7	6	9	8	8	6	8	8	5	71
Trounstone	7	8	7	7	7	8	8	10	8	8	78
	10	7	6	7	8	8	9	6	8	7	76
	10	7	9	10	7	8	6	6	6	6	75
Uckotter	9	9	4	9	6	8	6	7	10	10	77
	8	10	6	8	5	6	9	7	10	5	74
	10	9	4	9	5	4	6	6	6	10	69
Lux	9	10	10	8	6	5	7	5	9	6	75
	10	3	7	10	7	6	9	9	6	7	74
	6	5	5	5	9	5	10	9	10	9	73
Topf	7	5	8	4	10	7	7	10	10	7	75
	8	3	9	8	8	7	6	5	8	7	69
	9	5	7	8	6	6	4	4	8	6	63
Weinheimer	6	9	7	6	7	5	8	7	8	7	71
	5	10	10	4	6	8	10	7	4	6	70
	9	5	6	6	5	10	9	6	7	6	69

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 30.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club enthusiasts to the number of eleven assembled at the range Sept. 23 for practice and experimenting, pool shooting, etc., to get themselves ready for the regular shoot. Hoadley beat his best previous pistol score with 40. Young was a close second with 41. With revolver Young had 49 and Becker 50. The score sheet was mislaid, but the above we remembered.

On Sept. 30 ten put in an appearance, and had a fine day's sport, with good shooting all around. Dr. Twist and Hoadley brought their rifles. The Doctor tried L. & R. powder for the priming, and only did it once. The primer was blown out, and the Doctor also came near being blown away with it. Dorrell and Hyman brought their .22cal. rifles. Dorrell did some good work with his, using Peters' long rifle cartridges. Young and Hovey did fine pistol work, using Peters' .22cal. shorts, semi-smokeless. Scores, Columbia target:

A B Dorrell	3	2	1	2	1	1	1	2	1	3	17
	4	2	2	2	2	1	1	2	1	3	19
Pistol:											
F O Young	3	3	1	2	5	5	1	2	11	4	37
	3	5	7	4	6	3	1	4	4	8	45
	5	3	7	3	3	4	3	10	3	7	48
Ed Hovey	3	4	3	2	6	5	3	5	6	5	42
Dr Hunsaker	5	6	2	7	4	7	9	3	3	1	47
G Hoadley	4	5	7	4	9	8	5	2	6	2	52
F S Washburn	4	3	2	6	3	7	8	11	3	8	55
Revolver:											
F O Young	2	2	3	7	8	2	3	10	5	3	45
	4	2	6	2	8	4	8	11	1	1	47
P Becker	5	5	4	8	6	8	5	7	6	5	59

munication, is a direct violation of one of the racing rules of the club.

The committee beg to convey to you their assurance that there is no question in their minds as to your integrity in the matter, fully realizing that the act was committed through lack of a careful reading and understanding of the racing rules and confounding them somewhat

F. S. Washburn, Creedmoor count, 49.
Dr. Hunsaker..... 4 8 8 4 7 2 11 4 12 7-65
Dr. Twist 85.

Dr. Hunsaker beat his own record with pistol; he is likely to be the dark horse in the club this year. Hoadley and Dr. Twist shot the Swiss Club boys a match or two, and felt much elated with their 200yds. rifle shooting—they won out. The younger members of the Swiss Club want to adopt the Columbia target, as they believe it an advantage.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 7.—The shoot to-day found many of our scatter gun cranks after the ducks and quail, the season being just open and game very abundant. Still there was a large number present, many only practicing, but with the intention of doing some good work next year.

C. M. Daiss entered for a 100-shot record with revolver, and his score of 579, or 5.79in. ring average, will stand as the 100-shot record to date on Columbia target.

Mrs. Waltham beat all in the .22 and .25 rifle match at 50yds., and Young led with pistol and rifle. At last shoot Young got the lead on the Twist revolver match, but to-day Daiss forged ahead 7 points again.

Dr. Twist is gaining steadily on the pistol medal, and bet Becker he would win out. At the same time Becker has taken up the .22 rifle, and is closing in on the Doctor in that match.

It looks as though several club records on class and all comers' medals will be beaten.

Washburn got his Bisley working to-day, and may give the members' revolver medal a try yet, though Becker has a strong lead on it.

Trego and Dr. Hunsaker are both promising revolver students, and Mrs. Trego shoots it even better than her husband. She scored two 1s in succession in her practice.

Mannell is on the sick list.
Scores, Columbia target, off-hand shooting:
Class medals, one entry, rifle, 200yds.; experts:

F O Young..... 3 10 2 2 8 2 5 7 4 6-49
Marksmen:

Mrs. Waltham..... 6 16 18 4 9 5 6 16 25 6-111
Dr. Twist scored 124 in the Marksmen match.

Pistol: F. O. Young 55, C. M. Daiss 63.
Sharpshooters: Dr. Twist 74.

Marksmen: Mrs. Waltham 85, E. A. Allen 99.

All comers' medals; rifle:

F O Young..... 2 5 6 5 6 10 6 3 4 3-50

A B Dorrell..... 5 3 7 4 7 9 8 5 2 6-56

E Hovey..... 3 2 2 8 5 2 1 4 8 8-43

5 5 6 1 3 3 10 5 11 5-64

1 6 10 6 7 2 5 3 8 12-60

5 6 2 33 11 16 6 7 1 9-82

Mr. Milroy 201.

Military and repeating rifles, Creedmoor count: P. Becker 44.

Pistol, 50yds.: F. O. Young 44, 50, 53, 54, 55; Dr. Twist 54, 64;

P. Becker 58, 60, 61, 69.

.22 and .25 rifle, 50yds.: Mrs. C. F. Waltham 21, 29, 34, 36; Ed

Hovey 25; P. Becker 26, 27, 28, 29; Dr. Twist 27, 35, 37.

Twist revolver medal: C. M. Daiss 60, 53, 59, 66, 58, 53, 62,

62, 48-579, or 5.79in. ring average for 100 shots; F. O. Young

52, 57, 58, 60.

F. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

Trapshooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY'S TOURNAMENTS.

Oct. 23-25.—Atlanta, Ga.—Peters Cartridge Co.'s live-bird tournament. John H. Mackie, Mgr.

Oct. 24-25.—Raleigh, N. C.—Peters Cartridge Co.'s target tournament, under the auspices of the North Carolina State Fair Association; \$250 added money. John Parker, Mgr.

Oct. 29-30.—Jacksonville, Fla.—Peters Cartridge Co.'s two-day tournament, under auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club; \$100 added. Third day, grand pigeon shoot exclusively under the auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.

Oct. 17.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic City Gun Club's target tournament. C. E. Adamson, Sec'y.

Oct. 17.—Richmond, Ky.—Madison Gun Club's live-bird tournament.

Oct. 17.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Sistersville Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 17-18.—Onawa, Ia.—Onawa Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 17-18.—Sac City, Ia.—Sac City Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 19-20.—Louisville, Ky.—Live-bird tournament of the Kentucky Gun Club. W. H. Kaye, Sec'y.

Oct. 20.—Richmond, Va.—Cast Iron medal contest between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger.

Oct. 22.—Jersey City, N. J.—Bi-weekly shoot of the Hudson Gun Club.

Oct. 23-25.—Baltimore, Md.—Live-bird tournament, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association.

Oct. 24.—Jamestown, N. Y.—Jamestown Gun Club's tournament. F. E. Bonsteel, Sec'y.

Oct. 30.—Mt. Sterling, Ill.—Mt. Sterling Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 30-31.—Peru, Ind.—Live-bird tournament of the Peru Gun Club. Chas. Bruck, Sec'y.

Nov. 1.—Chillicothe, O.—Scioto Gun Club's fall tournament.

Nov. 9.—St. Paul, Minn.—Seventh annual live-bird handicap at St. Paul Shooting Park. Main event at 25 live birds, \$15 entrance; \$50 added. Contest for the Hirschy cup.

Nov. 10.—Newark, N. J.—Merchandise shoot of the Forester Gun Club. John J. Fleming, Sec'y, 21 Waverly avenue.

Nov. 13.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Under auspices of the Greater New York Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Nov. 13-15.—Minden, Neb.—Minden Gun Club's tournament.

Nov. 13-16.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's tournament.

Nov. 14-15.—Springfield, Ill.—Two-day target tournament of the Illinois Gun Club; open to all. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Hackensack Bridge and Rutherford Road, N. J.—Under auspices of the Moonachie Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Nov. 27.—Toledo, O.—East End Gun Club's merchandise shoot.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's trophy shoots, second and fourth Saturdays of each month; live-bird shoots every Saturday. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Oct. 18.—Interstate Park, Queens.—Match at 100 birds, \$100 a side, between Dr. A. A. Webber, 30yds., and Mr. T. W. Morley, 31yds.

Oct. 26.—Interstate Park, Queens.—Under auspices of Medicus Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any regularly organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, Mgrs.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Oct. 26.—Interstate Park, Queens.—Three-men team race at 20 live birds per team, 29yds. rise; members of any regularly organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible; at 2 o'clock. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 o'clock.

Oct. 30.—Interstate Park, Queens.—Match at 100 birds, \$100 a side, between Messrs. J. J. Hallowell and T. W. Morley.

Interstate Park, L. I.—Fountain Gun Club's regular monthly shoots, the third Thursday of October, November and December.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club.—Saturdays

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the amateur tournament of the Peters Cartridge Co., to be held at Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 23, 24 and 25, under the auspices of the Atlanta Gun Club, provides target shooting on the first two days and live-bird shooting on the third, the latter to be conducted by the home club. The target programme is alike for each day—six events at 15 targets, three at 20 targets, and one at 25 targets; entrance based on 10 cents per target. There will be \$150 added money. There are five live-bird events—two at 10, \$7.50; two at 15, \$10, and one at 25 birds; open to Atlanta Club members only, for the club championship and a silver cup emblematic of it. A gold medal will be given for the highest average of the two days' target shooting. Any profit accruing from the shoot will be added to an extra event at the close of the second day's programme. Targets 2 cents. Magautrap and Sergeant system. Rose system—5, 3, 2 and 1—in the 15-target events; 7, 5, 3, 2 and 1 in the 20 and 25 target events. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for price of targets. Barbecue on the grounds. Rate of one and one-third fare on all roads entering Atlanta. Guns and ammunition shipped to Conway & Dunning, 16 N. Forsythe street, will be delivered on the grounds free. Birds 25 cents. All live-bird events will be handicaps, and the moneys will be governed by the Rose system—5, 3, 2 and 1. For programmes, etc., address Mr. Stephen A. Ryan, Atlanta, Ga., or Mr. John H. Mackie, care of the Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati. Mr. Mackie will manage the tournament.

The third of the Schortemeier-Webber series of six team shoots was held at Outwater's grounds, Carlstadt, N. J., on Friday of last week. Two teams contested in the team event, a race at 20 birds. The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, scored 55 to 62 by the Emerald Gun Club, of New York. For the benefit of those who may have forgotten the conditions of the team race they are again presented, as follows: "The team shoot will be three men on a side, 20 birds each, or a total of 60 birds to a team. All at 29yds. rise. The 20 birds may be shot at by individual shooters in an optional sweepstake. All other sweepstake events will be handicapped by the management. Entrance to team contests price of birds only, 25 cents each. To the winning team each day will be given a sum equal to 1½ cents for each bird shot at on that day, including sweepstakes and team shoot. To the three high guns qualifying in five out of the six contests in team shoot, or the individual shooting at the 20 birds with them, there will be divided ½ cent for each and every bird shot at in the entire six contests, team shoots and sweepstakes included. A trophy will be given to the club team winning the greatest number of shoots in the six contests. These contests will be held under the auspices of the Medicus Gun Club, at Interstate Park; the Greater New York Gun Club, at Dexter Park, and the Moonachie Gun Club, at John Hen Outwater's." The dates of the remaining contests are published in our trap fixtures. The next contest takes place at Interstate Park, Queens, on Oct. 26.

The programme of the Jamestown, N. Y., Gun Club's tournament, to be held at Celoron Park, Oct. 24, offers fourteen events at targets, sweepstakes and merchandise prizes. There will be a club team contest for a \$25 trophy for Western New York and Pennsylvania. It is subject to challenge, and when won three times by one team is then that team's property. Shoot commences at 10:30. Targets 2 cents. There is a total of 200 targets in the programme, with a total entrance of \$12.25. The management desires that the secretary, Mr. F. E. Bonsteel, be notified of their intention by shooters who contemplate competing. The club will hold a repast in the evening, concerning which it says that tickets are \$1, and that "Any one wearing a dress suit will be shot. Jamestown Gun Club's first shoot and feed, to be given Oct. 24, in the barn of the Imperial Hotel, Celoron, N. Y. If you want to sit down bring your chair, knife, fork, spoon, etc. N. B.—No napkins or tablecloths allowed. Shoot, 10:30 A. M. Feed, 7:30 P. M." The menu is exceedingly humorous, such rare dishes as cowtail, pigtail and rabbit soup; whales and live sardines, stuffed capers, Mellin's food and Canadian thistles, gnats' eyebrows larded with goose oil, etc.

The live-bird tournament to be held by Messrs. Collins and Malone, under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week, gives every promise of being gratifyingly successful. It has evoked great interest among the live-bird shooters. Full particulars may be obtained of Mr. James R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, or H. P. Collins, 22 S. Calvert street, Baltimore. On the second day a competition of special interest is that for the Dupont smokeless powder championship trophy, open to the world, \$500 guaranteed and all surplus added to the purse. The programme was published in full in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 6.

On Thursday of this week a match of exceptional interest will be shot at Interstate Park between Dr. A. A. Webber and Mr. T. W. Morley, for \$100 a side, the former standing at 30yds., the latter at 31yds. The match begins at 1 o'clock. Each contestant has shown exceptionally high form of late, and therefore a close and skillfully conducted race is anticipated. The grounds can be reached via the Long Island Railroad from Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, or Thirty-fourth street ferry, New York.

At a meeting held on Oct. 10 the Walsrode Gun Club, of Trenton, N. J., changed its title to the Trenton Shooting Association. The officers elected were: President, Dr. E. Barwis; Vice-President, W. H. Mickel; Secretary, Dr. Geo. N. Thomas; Treasurer, Dr. E. H. Ginely. The foregoing, with Wm. B. Widmann, Chas. B. Cole and Jos. D. Hall, constitute the Board of Governors. At the club shoot, held on Oct. 10, Dr. Thomas won the silver badge for the third time.

Mr. Chas. T. Stickle, of Springfield, Ill., secretary of the Illinois Gun Club, under date of Oct. 12, writes us as follows: "The Illinois Gun Club will give a two days' tournament on targets, Nov. 14 and 15, open to all. A committee now has the programme in hand, which will be issued within the coming week or ten days, and it will be mailed to any one upon request by addressing the secretary. We have the best shooting grounds in the West, and our large local entry list makes every event full of interest."

In a race at 25 live birds, 30yds. rise, at Interstate Park, on Friday of last week, between Messrs. R. O. Heikes, R. A. Welch and T. W. Morley, Mr. Welch killed straight, to the tie on 24 of the other two contestants. Mr. Welch also won the first trophy of the Medicus Gun Club, Long Island rules, 10 birds, all at 25yds., on the same day.

In the contest for the E C cup, emblematic of the target championship, held at Watson's Park on Tuesday of last week, Mr. W. R. Crosby defeated Mr. Fred Gilbert by the score of 126 to 123. The conditions were 50 targets at unknown angles, 50 expert rules, and 25 doubles. In the order thus mentioned Crosby scored 47, 36 and 43; Gilbert, 41, 43 and 39. Mr. Hough tells the story at length in "Western Traps."

Mr. Harold Money, who has been absent in the West during many months past, was in evidence in the gun colony in New York last week, looking well and somewhat stouter than when he left. He is an admirably fine shot, and there is likely to be more activity in gun matters about New York when he rounds into form a bit in his practice.

On Tuesday of last week, on the grounds of the New Castle Gun Club, of New Castle, Pa., Mr. James T. Atkinson, successfully defended his title to the championship of Western Pennsylvania against Mr. Henry Born, of Pittsburgh. Each shot at 100 targets, and the score was 91 to 77.

The programme of the Magic City Gun Club's tournament, to be held at Muncie, Ind., on Wednesday of this week, provides eleven events, 140 targets in all, with a total entrance of \$14. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. There are four moneys in all events.

The St. Paul Gun Club announces its seventh annual live-bird tournament to take place on Nov. 9, at the St. Paul Shooting Park. The main event will be at 25 live birds, \$15 entrance, \$50 added. Purse divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The Hirschy trophy, emblematic of the championship of the Northwest, will be the main feature of the tournament.

At the first trophy event of the Garfield Gun Club's fall season, a handicap event at 10 live birds, held last Saturday, Mr. Thos. Eaton made a straight score from the 30yd. mark. The attendance was lighter than usual, a circumstance due to the fact that several of the members were absent on the firing line, where the ducks glimmer.

Last Saturday, in the contest for the October cup at the Crescent Athletic Club's weekly shoot at Bay Ridge, L. I., Mr. Edward Banks, the scratch man of the club, broke 48 out of 50—23 expert and 25 straight over the magautrap. Mr. C. J. McDermott, with a handicap of 2, and Mr. H. M. Brigham, with a handicap of 4 tied on 47, 1 behind the high score.

Mr. R. A. Welch won both trophies at the Carteret Gun Club's shoot last Saturday, though he had to shoot a tie off with the renowned shot, Mr. L. T. Duryea, in each event. Mr. Welch went through the day's shooting without a miss.

Capt. A. W. du Bray shot a match at 50 live birds with Mr. G. W. Schuler, on the grounds of the Cincinnati Gun Club on Tuesday of last week, and won it with the score of 42 to 41. He stood at 33yds., an extreme distance, and Schuler stood at 30.

Capt. A. W. Money, in a letter to a friend, announced his safe arrival in England, with the further information that he would leave England for Yankeeland on Nov. 6, where on his arrival he will receive the glad hand of welcome.

On Oct. 12, in a match at 100 live birds, for \$100 a side, on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, at Holmesburg Junction, between Messrs. F. B. McCoy and H. Henry, the latter won by the score of 93 to 92.

In a match at 20 live birds between Dr. A. A. Webber and Mr. T. W. Morley, 20 birds each, at Interstate Park, Oct. 13, the score was: Webber 13, Morley 17. The former stood at 30yds., the latter at 31.

The City Park Gun Club, of New Orleans, have decided to give a tournament in Mardi Gras week, and steps have been taken to make arrangements for it.

On Saturday of next week, at Richmond, Va., Messrs. Elliott and Gilbert will contest for the cast iron medal.

The regular bi-weekly shoot of the Hudson Gun Club will take place on the week commencing Oct. 22.

The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., will hold a merchandise shoot on Nov. 10.

BERNARD WATERS.

Harrisburg Shooting Association Tournament.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Oct. 13.—The fall shoot of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, held Oct. 12, was a grand success, remunerative, interesting and enjoyable.

Present from a distance were Mr. Thos. H. Keller, of the Peters Cartridge Co.; Messrs. Fox and Roberts, of Winchester Co., and a large number from Lancaster, Carlisle, York, Lebanon, Glenrock and Reading.

The prizes, forty in number, in two merchandise events, were costly and beautiful, ranging from \$20 to a dog collar. One of the novel ones was ice furnished for one year. A ton of coal, a cathedral clock, case of champagne, etc., were others that were hotly contested for.

The dark day, together with the speed at which the targets were pushed out (4,000 being used in five hours), made good scores impossible.

One of the most popular members of the Association, "Sullivan," of Harrisburg, was most sadly missed, being confined to his bed critically ill with pulmonary trouble. Kreuger, with old sportsmanlike instinct during the shoot, collected a dime from each contestant, generously given, which was entrusted to "Brewster," who placed in his room a handsome bouquet of cut flowers and roses, and as he lay on his bed and looked at them he said: "Now I can look at them and think that each flower represents a token of love and esteem toward me from those whom it was always a pleasure to meet."

Over \$3 was contributed. The live-bird event of 15 had to be cut down to 12 on account of darkness, and was participated in by twenty-six. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	15	10	20		Broke.
Kreuger	6	13	16	5	14	15	12	6	16	9	6	11	13	6	16	164
Burnham	8	10	16	7	13	13	11	7	16	7	6	14	14	8	16	165
Schultz	9	13	17	9	13	18	14	7	13	9	6	15	12	7	16	178
Wilson	7	12	13	4	13	12	14	4	16	9	5	10	12	3	15	148
H. Stevenson	6	5	11	8	10	11	9	6	14	4	6	12	10	9	12	134
McKee	6	10	18	3	11											79
Leland	9	8	18	9	7	17	9	7	9	5	4	10	12	8	12	140
Burns	4	10	15	4	10	6	6	2	11	4	5	8	7	6	11	114
Hess	6	12	5			5	5			5			6		9	51
Conway	2	5				11			16		1				11	51
Murnane	3	10	12			10		7		8					9	32
George	6	8							12			14	10	5	12	131
Smith	4	10	13			10	11	12	5	16		7			14	48
Metzger	4				7	7			16						13	52
Hoffman	4	11			10				11		3					3
Barnett		8			4	9		6								...
Charles		10	9	1	3			9		9						...
Keller		9			7	8	11	2	11	6	4	11	6	3	15	93
Bollman		10			1				9				6	5		40
Wilmut					5	6	6			10					5	21
Morris					3	8										11
Trafford					7	8	13	11	4	12	6	4	9	9	7	103
Wall									12	6	4				9	23
Byers								10	6		3					...
Stoll								10	12					6		31
Roberts								7		4		8				19
Dewalt									3	11		10			9	32
Fox									17		7	14	12	8	18	76
Seitz											12	9	6	10		37
W Stevenson																7
Dinkle															14	14
Roat																7
Lutz															14	14

It should be apparent without argument that the establishing of an arbitrary standard for one class to perform to while all

Allentown Rod and Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Oct. 11.—The Allentown Rod and Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot on the grounds at Griesmersville. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	25	10	25	10	25	10	Targets:	10	25	10	25	10	25	10
A Desch.....	4	..	8	A Knauss.....	6	15	7	12	8	..	15
W Desch.....	7	10	7	..	7	..	10	Smith.....	18	..	7
W Fogelman ..	4	16	7	18	9	7	18	Ulmer	14	..	3
O Acker.....	7	21	6	15	9	6	21	E Desch	15	..	8	..	15	..

No. 7 was the medal shoot.

Chicago, Oct. 13.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the first trophy shoot of the season. The day was fine, and the birds were a good lot. Thus, Eaton carried off the honors of the day, being the only one to go straight in the trophy event.

Quite a few of our regular shooters are away at Horicon Marsh and other duck shooting resorts, consequently the attendance is not quite up to our average. We expect to be able to send scores of much larger shoots in the near future:

No. 2, trophy shoot:

Kehl, 28.....11*0120121-7	L Wolff, 28.....201101102-7
Dr Shaw, 31.....11222112*1-9	Cook, 28.....2211000201-6
Mrs Shaw, 27.....1102101202-7	Dr O'Byrne, 28.....1222111022-9
Thos Eaton, 30.....2122121211-10	Midgely, 28.....2202101020-6
Dr Meek, 31.....112111*1-8	Hicks, 31.....101111211-9
J Gardner, 29.....210110111-8	

Kehl.....No. 1.....202110-4	No. 3.....2111*1-5	No. 4.....*00202-2
Dr Shaw.....102212-5	111122-6	
Mrs Shaw.....210102-4		
Thos Eaton.....211111-6	021111-5	2120*0-3
Ed Eaton.....001011-3		
Dr Meek.....10*221-4	1*1211-5	
Cook.....121110-5	010100-2	
L Wolff.....221221-6		
Hicks.....112212-6		
Barnard.....112212-6	2*1111-4	

No. 1 was at 6 birds, \$1; No. 3, the same.

Dr. J. W. MEER, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 10.—We have dropped the old name Walsrode, and adopted the title given above at the second annual meeting, held on the evening of Oct. 10, the change being authorized by more than a two-thirds majority vote of the stockholders.

Messrs. Thomas, Ginnelly and Cole were appointed a committee to attend to the reincorporation of the club and other details made necessary by the change in name.

The secretary was authorized to call in the stock, and reissue other shares to take its place. The secretary's report showed a net increase in value of \$599.81 for the twelve months just ended. The total amount of shares issued was \$300 at the par value of \$10.

The officers chosen to serve for the ensuing year were: President, Dr. E. Barwis; Vice-President, W. H. Mickel; Secretary, G. N. Thomas; Treasurer, Dr. E. H. Ginnelly; Board of Governors, the above and Wm. B. Widmann, Chas. B. Cole and Jos. D. Hall; Captain, Wm. B. Widmann.

Secretary Thomas won the silver badge for the third time, and it has gone to join company with the gold one won some time previously.

The merchandise event experiment was a success, and will be continued.

The scores follow below:

No. 1, merchandise event: Thomas (2) 24, Coates (10) 25, Arend (13) 29, Applegate (12) 28, Maguire (12) 27, Triptoe (8) 22, Steward (11) 24, Mickel (8) 25, Borden (15) 29, Hellman (8) 15.

Ties shot off at 10 targets: Coates (3) 9, Applegate (4) 9, Maguire (4) 10, Mickel (3) 10, Borden (5) 10.

Second tie: Maguire (3) 7, Mickel (2) 10, Borden (4) 10. Mickel and Borden divided.

Merchandise event No. 2: Thomas (2) 20, Cole (8) 25, Corn (13) 26, Borden (11) 21, Coates (10) 25.

On account of darkness, the 25-men matched coins for chickens.

Other events:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7	Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Targets: 10 15 10 15 15 15	Targets: 10 15 10 15 15 15
Coates 5 10 8 6 12 9	Thomas 8 14 14 8 5 14
Arend 7 6	Borden 4 2 6 4 5 7
Applegate 8 7 6 9 6	Steward 8
Triptoe 9 12 9 6	Mickel 6 13 10
J Hellman 5 11 11 9	

No. 5 was badge shoot preliminary to qualify. No. 6 was gold badge. No. 7 was silver badge.

Schortemeier-Webber Series of Team Trophy Contests.

The third of the series of live-bird contests managed by Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber was held under the auspices of the Moonachie Gun Club, at Outwater's grounds, Carlstadt, N. J., on Oct. 12. In the team event at 20 live birds there were two entries, the Emerald Gun Club team and the East Side Gun Club team, the latter winning the contest by a score of 55 to 52. The scores:

Sweeps: 6 birds.	8 birds.
Dr O'Connell, 30.....1.001211-4	29.21212111-8
G Piercy, 29.....212122-6	29.21122222-8
Dr Hudson, 27.....*10212-4	26.22121210-7
Tracy, 28.....110221-5	28.10212121-7
Demarest, 28.....022112-5	28.12212022-7
J Hopkins, 29.....111122-6	29.022121021-8
Koegel, 29.....211122-6	29.21102122-7

Sweeps: 10 birds.	10 birds.
Hopkins.....2211102222-9	2201221222-9
Steffens.....22111211*2-9	0112222012-8
Koegel.....2122212222-10	2221122212-10
Piercy.....1222212222-10	1221221*12-9
Dr O'Connell.....2212212*02-8	2011121211-9
Kay.....022211*222-8	22222*2220-8
Outwater.....2111*22221-9	12111*1212-9
Whitley.....0211221221-9	
Tracy.....01221*01*0-5	
Demarest.....2200020002-4	

Team race, 20 birds per man:
East Side, of Newark.

Hopkins.....1112222220210222212-18
Steffens.....112222*1122211021022-17
Koegel.....2221222211122221222-20-55

Emerald, of New York.

Piercy.....22221222122122121*12-19
Kay.....12220222*1222220222*16
Dr O'Connell.....2212220*211110211212-1-52

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Oct. 13.—Event No. 3 was for merchandise; two prizes; high guns, 25 targets; handicaps in parentheses. Weller won first, Winans second. The prize in the fourth event was won by Fleming. Other events optional sweeps. Duplicate of this shoot on No. 10, with a large number of prizes:

Stanton (8).....7 1 14 7 9 8	J Fleming (4).....4 9 19 10
D Fleming (7).....6 8 10 8 5 8	Winans (13).....14 7 4 6
Weller (9).....1 5 18 7 5 7	Meyer.....8 10 7
Whelan (13).....4 5 10	

JOHN J. FLEMING, Sec'y.

Country Gun Club.

MYERSTOWN, Pa., Oct. 13.—We held a live-bird and target shoot this afternoon and had a fair attendance. Owing to the traps not working, only one live-bird event was shot.

The first event was the merchandise, and Leitner and G. Shanaman tied for the coat on straight scores. R. Shanaman, J. Faust and Zeller tied for second prize, a vest, and decided it miss-and-out, Zeller winning out on the fourth round. The last prize, a box of shells, was shared by the 3s.

In the second event at targets, the moneys were divided.

Five miss-and-out contests were shot. Noll won out in the first event on the third target, Brubaker the second on the third target, G. Shanaman the third on the fourth target, Mounty the fourth on the second target and Laysen the fifth on the third target.

The boys were all enjoying the sport with the low scores. The traps bothered a few. The day was threatening, but held up for us to make the scores.

We expect to hold another match about Thanksgiving, but expect to have all things in working order. Much obliged, boys, for your attendance. We expect you at the next shoot and hope to show you a better time.

The scores were:

Events: 1 2	Events: 1 2
Brubaker.....3 2	M Shanaman.....2 4
Blecker.....3 2	G Shanaman.....2 4
J Dietz.....0 2	Wengert.....2 4
J Noll.....3 3	Rabold.....2 4
R Shanaman.....6 1	W Dietz.....2 4
G Zeller.....4 2	Mounty.....3 4
Faust.....4 3	J Shanaman.....4 4
Leitner.....5 5	

J. L. DIETZ.

Division of the Moneys.

We have had numerous inquiries from shooters of various sections of the United States and Canada asking for information in respect to the manner of applying the different systems for dividing the purses at shoots. In response to the want, we herewith append illustrations of the working of the Rose, Equitable, Jack Rabbit systems, and class shooting:

The Rose System.

Event No. 1—Fifteen targets, entrance \$1.50; targets, 2 cents; added money, \$8; four moneys, ratios 5, 3, 2, 1. Ten entries:

Shooters.	Score.	Points.	Win-nings.	Ten entries at \$1.50.	The Purse.
A.....15	5	\$6.25	Added money.....	\$15.00	8.00
B.....10			
C.....8			
D.....15	5	6.25	Less 150 targets at 2 cents.	3.00	
E.....13	2	2.50			
F.....11	Divided by total points..16	20.00	
G.....12	1	1.25			
H.....14	3	3.75	Gives value of each point..	\$1.25	
I.....11			
J.....7			
Total points.....16					
Total winnings.....		\$20.00			

The ratios commonly used are:

Two moneys, 6 to 4.
Three moneys, 5, 3 to 2.
Four moneys, 5, 3, 2 to 1.
Five moneys, 8, 5, 3, 2 to 1.
Six moneys, 13, 8, 5, 3, 2 to 1.

Any other ratios may be adopted at the shooters' pleasure. Once the ratios are determined, the system works with mathematical accuracy, and the winnings are in accord with the ratios, regardless of the number of winners or of the number of winners who tied. There is absolutely no faulty place in this system which offers a premium on "dropping for place."

This system is applied almost exclusively to target shooting.

Class Shooting.

If in the event mentioned above there were four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., the winnings would have been as follows:

A and D, each 15, divide 40 per cent.....	\$8.00
H broke 14 and receives 30 per cent. alone.....	6.00
E broke 13 and receives 20 per cent. alone.....	4.00
G broke 12 and receives 10 per cent. alone.....	2.00

\$20.00

Applied to both target and live-bird shooting.

Equitable System.

Suppose that the foregoing event was to be governed by the equitable system. The winnings would then be determined in the following manner. The total amount of the net purse—\$20—would be divided by the total number of targets broken by the winners, which is 69, which gives 29 cents for each target. Each winner then receives 29 cents for each target broken, as follows:

A receives 15 × 29 =	\$4.35
D receives 15 × 29 =	4.35
H receives 14 × 29 =	4.06
E receives 13 × 29 =	3.77
G receives 12 × 29 =	3.48

Whatever the number of winners, the amount won by each is found by determining what each broken target is worth, as above, and then multiplying the value of such target by the number broken by each winner.

Applied to target shooting.

Jack Rabbit System.

This system is based on the theory of paying each competitor a certain amount—10 per cent. of his entrance—for each target he breaks. The remainder of his entrance, represented by targets missed, forms a purse to be divided according to the system of class shooting. If the event is at 10 targets, \$1 entrance, the shooter gets 10 cents for each broken target. If at 15, \$1.50 entrance, the shooter gets 15 cents for each broken target. If at 20, 20 cents for each broken target. Let us suppose there are ten shooters in a 10-target event, ten entries, \$1 entrance, with results as follows, targets always being charged for extra:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Missed.	Receives for Targets Broken.
A.....	10	10	0	\$1.00
B.....	10	9	1	.90
C.....	10	8	2	.80
D.....	10	8	2	.80
E.....	10	7	3	.70
F.....	10	5	5	.50
G.....	10	7	3	.70
H.....	10	6	4	.60
I.....	10	4	6	.40
J.....	10	3	7	.30

Total purse.....\$10.00

Broken targets.....6.70

\$3.30

This balance, \$3.30, would be governed by the system of class shooting.

Applied to target shooting.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

ONE of the features of the late fall or early winter in trap-shooting circles will probably be a week's sparrow tournament at Indianapolis. Ernest Tripp, Elmer Neal, Ed Voorhes and others of the stalwart shooters of the Hoosier State are already talking it up.

Guy Burnside, of Knoxville, Ill., than whom trapshooting has no more ardent supporter and follower, is being urged, and will probably conclude to give a four days' shoot at Galesburg late in November or early in December.

Hon. Tom A. Marshall is wearing a handsome Indian head button sent him by Jack Parker, for the longest run of consecutive breaks at the Indian shoot. Mr. W. R. Crosby is displaying a similar trophy, emblematic of his having carried off the honors at Jack Parker's recent shoot at Detroit.

The Indians have selected and placed the order for the badge which is to be symbolic of that organization of stalwart braves. It is the head of a typical Indian chieftain, mounted in colors in the shape of a lapel button, and must be worn by all members in all contests in which they singly or collectively engage.

In the Piasa Gun Club medal contests, Oct. 12, the following scores were made: Handicap medal—H. M. Scheppe 30, 10, 15; Henry Murphy 30, 10, 4; F. C. Riehl 30; G. H. Lane 29, A. J. Howell 29; Fred Schiess 20; H. T. Burnap 21, J. M. Ryrie 18. President's medal—Riehl 45, Lane 44, Howell 42, Schiess 36, Burnap 34, Murphy 37, Scheppe 37.

F. C. RIEHL.

McCoy vs. Henry.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 13.—For the second time within six months F. B. McCoy has been defeated by H. Henry in a 100 live-bird match by one bird to-day. The second match was shot yesterday afternoon on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, at Holmesburg Junction. As both are prominent and well-known wing shots there was a large gathering of interested friends, and considerable money changed hands on the result.

The conditions were 100 birds per man, 30yds. rise, A. S. A. rules, \$100 a side.

The birds were a good lot, with now and then a screamer. McCoy drew the best birds, and he was lucky in gathering three birds which became exhausted, flying around within the boundary fence, the dog catching one bird by making a high jump.

McCoy was also unfortunate in having five of his eight lost birds dead out of bounds, one, the 41st, falling stone dead just over the wire.

Henry had two dead out of bounds, and out of the fifteen lost out of the 200 every one was hard hit.

Henry started the match by making a good kill and then missing his second and fifth birds. This gave McCoy a comfortable lead

of two birds. He was killing his birds in fine shape, making both barrels count. On the 21st round he drew a right-quartering screamer from No. 3 trap; the bird was hit hard with both loads, but was going too fast to be stopped inside the wire. By missing his 24th bird, an outgoing twister from No. 1 trap, the score was tied. After making a run of 23 Henry lost his 29th and 30th birds, which gave McCoy a lead again of two birds. He lost one of the lead on the 37th round, and tied the score again by missing his 41st, which fell dead just over the wire. His next miss was an incomer, which fell dead against the club house. This gave the lead to Henry by one bird, which he held to the end of the match, making a clean run from the 52d to the 94th, 41 straight, McCoy at the same time making a run of 39. The scores follow:

H Henry.....2*120222111112221221222-23	
12200221222221212122222-23	
2022212111222121122212-24	
122212212212222222222-23-93	
2222222222222222222-23	
0222222222222222222-23	
2122222222222222222-22	
3322222222222222222-23-92	

ON LONG ISLAND.

At Interstate Park.

Interstate Park, Oct. 12.—Match at 25 live birds, \$20 entrance:
R O Heikes, 30.....22211110222221212222222-24
R A Welch, 30.....22211222212112221222222-25
T W Morfe, 30.....222222222222222222222-24

Medicus Gun Club.

(Oct. 12.—Shoot of Medicus Gun Club, Long Island rules, all at 25yds.:

Welch.....1111011111-9	Packard.....1011111110-8
Heikes.....0101111101-7	Rodman.....0110110011-6
Webber.....0101111111-8	Lockwood.....0101000001-3
Miller.....1110011101-7	Postaus.....0001100110-4

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Oct. 13.—Scores made by New Utrecht Gun Club:			
Lockwood, 28.....	0220001201-5	0212222220-8	8
Chapman, 27.....	0120001120-5	1100202020-5	5
Lincoln, 28.....	2112001000-5	2022222222-9	9
Gaughen, 30.....	122212022-9		
J Jones, 29.....	1202102121-8	1202112012-8	8
Davis.....		0200200000-2	2

Match for cost of birds and \$5:

Morfe, 31.....2222222222222222222-17
Webber, 30.....2222222222222222222-18

Matches, 10 birds, for cost of birds and \$5 each:

Lockwood, 28.....2112220102-8	2212122022-9
Lincoln, 28.....1112002020-6	1222020222-8

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, Oct. 13.—The greatest interest centered in the October cup contest, for which there were eleven contestants. Mr. Edward Banks, the only shooter who was scratch man, broke 23 out of his first 25, expert, and 25 straight over the magautrap, thus making the excellent score of 48.

In the shoot for the special prize, a beautifully mounted panel of game, it was won by Mr. Carl Rasmus. Following are the scores:

October cup, handicap allowance; 25 targets, expert; 25, magautrap:

	Hdep.	Expert.	Hdep.	Magautrap.	Total.
E Banks.....	0	23	0	25	48
C J McDermott.....	2	23	2	24	47
H M Brigham.....	4	22	3	25	47
W W Marshall.....	4	17	4	23	44
D G Geddes.....	1	21	1	22	43
C Kenyon, Jr.....	6	17	5	25	42
C G Rasmus.....	7	23	6	19	42
H Kryn.....	2	20	2	21	41
E L Rhett.....	4	22	3	18	40
Dr O'Brien.....	4	20	3	19	39
J M Borland.....	9	16	7	13	29
Dr W A Little.....	18	18

Special trophy, 25 targets; expert; handicap:

	Handicap.	Broke.	Total.
C G Rasmus.....	7	20	25
H Kryn.....	2	24	26
Dr O'Brien.....	4	19	23
H M Brigham.....	4	19	23
J C Faulkner.....	10	13	23
W W Marshall.....	4	18	22
C Kenyon, Jr.....	6	15	21
C J McDermott.....	2	18	20
D G Geddes.....	1	18	19
J M Borland.....	9	7	16
Dr Little.....	4	11	15

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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OUR ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENTS.

We have provided a new series of four full-page illustrations which will be published as supplements with the first numbers of November, December, January and February. The half-tone engravings are reproductions of the originals drawn expressly for the purpose, and the subjects will certainly prove to be acceptable and popular. The titles are:

Nov. 3.—**In the Fence Corner.** By Wilfred P. Davison.

Dec. 1.—**When Food Grows Scarce.** By Wilfred P. Davison.

Jan. 5.—**Quail Shooting in Mississippi.** By Edm. H. Osthaus.

Feb. 2.—**In Boyhood Days.** By Wilfred P. Davison.

The readers and friends of FOREST AND STREAM are invited to send us the names of their acquaintances whose tastes are such that they might be interested in the paper. We are printing week after week a store of the best reading in the world for the man who uses rod and gun or who has a taste for the free life of the field and the forest. The FOREST AND STREAM stands for the interests which are his; it is a weekly, monthly, yearly advocate of the preservation of his present opportunities and the enlargement of his privileges; it preaches consistently and untiringly the doctrine of the dignity and deserving of his favorite pastimes; and it is to-day and will be in the future, as it has been in the past, an agency for the attainment of a higher standard in sport and a fuller popular recognition of the place of recreation in a well ordered life.

THE MONTH OF FLAME.

THE face of the country is aglow with hues that presage the death of that visible part of nature which is the foundation and basis of life upon the land. Woods and hillsides and swamps blaze with the changing colors. Viewing a broad landscape, we might imagine that fire was sweeping over the whole land. The swamp is red with colors of deepest flame, the hills are yellow with a milder fire. Tongues of glowing crimson shoot up the ravines where the sumach grows, while at the edges of the swamp, over the conical cedars about which Virginia ivy twines, creep burning lines, soon, it would seem, to burst into blaze and consume them. Over all hangs the autumnal haze, adding vividness to the impression of fire; a faint thin veil which hardly seems to obscure the vision, yet blinds us to what is distant.

We read of brown October, yet in America we know no such month. With us it is flaming October, rich and riotous in its gorgeous beauty, the last outburst of glory in a country whose loveliness is nowhere surpassed.

If hills and swamps are gorgeous at this season, hardly less is the charm of the cultivated prairies, which have just yielded to the farmer the reward of his labors. Yellow or green, or showing rich brown soil where the plow has passed in preparation for the year which is to come, they offer a richer promise—if less of beauty—than the swamps and the rough hillsides, whose barrenness is veiled by a lovelier mask.

If we take our way to the great mountains of the West, the story told there is the same. Aspens and box elders have turned yellow along the stream, mountain maples flame among the cliffs and along the ledges. Only the black pines, changeless as the gray rocks to which they cling, remain unaltered by the changing seasons. The nights grow cooler day by day, and sometimes a skim of ice appears on the little pools of quiet water. The storm clouds which hover about the mountain's heads drop softly on them a light mantle of snow, which gradually creeps lower and lower down toward the valley, and some day the dweller among the foothills is startled by a furious squall, whitening the ground with snow, which vanishes under the next day's sun. It is warmer and then colder, and then warmer again, until at last winter is at hand.

If the vegetation ripens and dies and falls, not less is the change of the advancing season felt by animal life all over the land. Each wild creature anticipates the coming

struggle between the forces making the warmth and the cold, and each prepares for it. The newts have retired to safe shelters in the mud, and the frogs and turtles have chosen their winter homes. Hordes of migrating birds fly above the tree tops of the woods or journey by shorter stages along the hedge rows. Woodcock drop into the wet places, snipe into the meadows; quail and ruffed grouse journey hither and thither in erratic fashion, trying to make up their minds what they shall do, since winter is coming. Sometimes in their confusion they dash themselves against the houses, or fly through the windows or alight on trees in the village street, anxious and bewildered by the portents of the coming change. Now many of the hawks have gone, but a few still remain, traveling southward with the small birds on which they prey, or patiently hunting the sere fields for the mice which are hungrily gathering their autumn stores. The earth dwellers, too, are making ready. The muskrat has built his house, squirrels have chosen theirs, and are busily garnering their harvest. The raccoon still searches along the brook side for the infrequent frog, but now he chiefly depends on the abundant nuts, which he shares with the squirrels and the grouse, and on the grapes already touched by the frost, and sweet, solid and substantial. The hunters of the woods and swamps, the fox, the mink and the humble skunk, are all busy. Food is abundant. They are growing fat and warm coated. They care little for the winter's cold.

In the Western mountains, too, all life is stirring. Birds are migrating and pine squirrels are gathering the last of their cones. Wild sheep and goats, little though they care for storm and cold, are working to the southern slopes. Elk and mule deer are taking their ways by easy stages from the mountain tops to lower altitudes, and the record of their journeyings is plainly printed on the new fallen snow. Here, too, is seen where the snowshoe rabbit has set his sign manual on the white page, where the grouse has walked, and the fox has followed in his trail.

In the higher altitudes Nature's long winter slumber has already begun, but lower down there is yet an interval before the final cold shall come. On the prairie the wildfowl still continue to hurry from the north, and rest on lakes and rivers, and flock to the grain fields for food. There they will remain until the hard frosts shall lock the waters and drive them southward to other feeding grounds.

The gunner is now at work thinning their ranks, and with him work the weasels, the minks, the foxes and the hawks and owls, which are gathering for themselves those birds that man has injured but has not secured. Sometimes the migrating fowl seem countless for multitude, yet how few they are—if we may trust what is told in the books or by men of long experience—by comparison with what they were in the years gone by! In the East a few ducks are still seen—hardly worth counting. Yet we continue to pursue them as if eager to exterminate the fast diminishing race.

Lovely and inspiring as are the fair days of October, there is yet about them a tinge of sadness, for we know how brief is their span, and how soon other days will take their place; days which have their own charm, it is true, but nothing of the richness, the beauty and the softness of these.

Seize then the glorious October days, when the hazy air of mid-day is balmy with the soft and languid perfume of maturity given forth by ripened vegetation, and yet at morning and evening is crisp, strong and exhilarating; so that he who breathes it rejoices in the life and vigor that it lends him. It will be long before these days shall come again.

WHERE COMMISSIONER WOOD LIVES.

It is a not unfamiliar condition in New York city that some of the most vicious dives flourish near the police stations. For many years one of the worst resorts in the town was within a stone's throw of police headquarters. Seeking for the operation of the same principle in the country, we may find it on Long Island, where game law violation is rampant, right under the nose of Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner Wood, whose home is at Jamaica. The local papers of that section of Long Island and the city papers which publish correspondence from that quarter teem with items like this, printed in the Brooklyn Eagle the other day, from Springfield, which is three miles from Jamaica:

Springfield, L. I., Oct. 19.—Complaints are numerous of the reckless conduct of gunners from Brooklyn and Manhattan who are constantly shooting at birds in violation of the game laws, and with an utter disregard of the people's safety. In some sections the residents fear to walk about their places for fear of getting a charge of shot.

With all these stories of game killing out of season, we have yet to hear of any effort to enforce the law and punish the offenders. A correspondent who writes from Lynbrook well remarks that it would be better to repeal all the game laws and have done with them altogether rather than to perpetuate existing conditions "by which the poacher gets all the game and the law abiding sportsman gets left." There can be no excuse whatever for this disgraceful condition in the region contiguous to a game commissioner's home. Commissioner Wood could stop it and stop it at once and for good, if he would. As long as the lawlessness lasts it will be a reproach to the Commission of which he is a member and to himself individually.

They still elect town game constables on Long Island, though the office was abolished by a change in the game laws years ago, and the game constables in some instances which have come to our knowledge refuse to arrest because they were elected by the votes of the game law breakers. One honest and energetic State game protector could break up the whole system of protected lawlessness in less time than a working week of seven days, and his hardest day's work would fall on a Sunday.

SNAP SHOTS.

A point made by a correspondent, C. A. D., in his communication elsewhere, that forests do not affect the rainfall, is perfectly well taken; but we are not aware that any one ever claimed that the rainfall was increased or diminished by the forests. What is a familiar principle is that the forest acts as a retaining reservoir for the storage of the rainfall, and holds it back for the gradual and permanent flow of the streams. This is now so well understood that it is out of the domain of argument. The New Hampshire forest conditions as described in the article under review, were described as ruinous and deplorable because instead of practicing an economic and scientific system of forestry, the owners of the wild mountain lands were denuding them after the old American method, which means waste and ruin. The actual condition in the White Mountains as brought about by the operations of the lumber concern in control of the territory is declared to be of precisely this nature; and this being the case it is certainly high time for the State to intervene.

The Cameron Island Club, of Walkerville, Ont., has prepared for the instruction of its members a cautionary circular of instruction for their conduct in the woods while deer hunting. The one particular point on which most emphasis is laid is stated in the caution not to shoot until one is certain that the object aimed at is game and not a human being. The circular is presented in our game columns. We recommend all hunting clubs to copy it and make it their own. Secretary Amberg well says that "Caution is not cowardice," and that the veteran hunter is much more afraid of accidents with his arms than the novice is who has not learned by experience the dangerous nature of his weapons. Only last week another case of man killed for game was reported from the Maine woods. This topic of peril in the hunting country is not an agreeable one to return to week after week, but with a growing list of such casualties it behooves us to be constant in season and out of season in exhorting and warning one another to a great exercise of caution in the woods.

Hon. Eugene G. Blackford, treasurer of the Baird Memorial Committee of the American Fisheries Society, announces that the nature of the proposed memorial has not yet been determined, and must depend on the amount subscribed. The committee, however, aims to provide a monument entirely worthy of the distinguished man whom the society desires to honor, leaving the details to be settled at some future time. Meanwhile, it has been decided to begin the raising of funds, and the committee invites contributions. In view of the large number of persons who will probably wish to participate, the committee signifies its inclination to encourage small subscriptions. Mr. Blackford's address is Fulton Market, New York.

Rowland E. Robinson.

McNEIL'S FERRY, Vt., Oct. 19.—Stormbound, with Lake Champlain rolling five-foot whitecaps between me and the haven where I would be, and my old Charon unwilling to risk his ancient boat, I sit and write of the man and friend who has just passed over to the Elysian Fields from a far more stormy sea.

Yesterday the body of Rowland E. Robinson was carried to its long resting place in a little hillside graveyard in Ferrisburgh. In the library of his home, a mile away, hundreds of friends and neighbors had come to look on that brave face for the last time, and show respect to the memory of the man, and some, as they turned away from the contemplation of the calm, though wasted, presence, glanced above at a portrait draped with autumn leaves which had long hung on the wall.

It was the same face, but in the pride of vigorous life. It recalled their friend as they had known him a few short years before—straight nose, high forehead, kindly eyes, the leonine poise, suggestive of reserve, force of character and power. The face suggested the sturdy American stock, and one is not surprised to learn that in Mr. Robinson's veins the two sterling strains of Virginian and New England blood unite. His mother was a daughter of Col. Gilpin, of the Fairfax Militia, who served on Washington's staff, and his father a rock ribbed New England anti-slavery advocate, who not only wrote and spoke forcefully, but practiced his principles to the extent of making his home a depot in the underground railroad for transporting escaped slaves to Canada.

All around the library were the usual cultivated flowers, but on the coffin there was nothing except that homely symbol of the woodsman—a balsam bough.

On one of the library tables lay a copy of Hough's "Singing Mouse Stories," and as I turned the pages idly over and mused on the dreamer's tales, an open letter fell out on which I saw the name of O. O. S., and I thought of my first visit to Mr. Robinson when his sense of personal loss in the death of the other FOREST AND STREAM writer was still new. The two men had never met, but there was a strong bond of sympathy between them. They had corresponded, and O. O. S. on his last lonely pilgrimage had sent Mr. Robinson a collection of the beautiful seaweed of the Pacific coast.

It has been well said that sympathy and imagination are twin sisters. Mr. Robinson's heart went out to all men, and if he favored the poor rather than the rich, it was because he found the poor man the more worthy. As Emerson says, "What a man puts in his chest he takes out of his life." There can be no stronger negative framed than Sam Lovel's honest, "I daowt it." Here is a man who has not dwarfed his soul by swapping simple, generous instincts for a money getting habit of mind. Mr. Robinson's sympathy has given him insight into such characters and won the open sesame to our hearts.

His kindness was a ruling trait. He always answered personally all letters received from those interested in his writings, even to the last, and as this correspondence was heavy, it must have been a considerable drain upon his strength. The day his illness took the fatal turn—Oct. 10—he wrote several letters of this character.

Mr. Robinson also had a large circle of pen friends, particularly among the older contributors to FOREST AND STREAM—men whom he had never met, but who, like O. O. S., were attracted to him by the strong sympathy which his character inspired.

This combined correspondence, in part at least, might have proved irksome to another man, but to Mr. Robinson it was a real and substantial pleasure. His own strong sympathy and understanding made him unusually ready to appreciate and reciprocate the friendship of those who sought him out, and he not only took an interest in their love of woods and waters, but also in their work-a-day associations and their hopes and aims. Suffering instead of hardening as it does in some and blotting out beauty in life, put a wonderfully delicate edge to his appreciation of human and animate nature. Mr. Robinson was a devoted reader of FOREST AND STREAM. When his eyesight failed, various members of his family read the paper to him, but chiefly it was his daughter, Mollie, who plodded week after week through hunting stories that must have had a sameness to her feminine ear, omitting nothing from cover to cover. He generally reserved the paper for Sunday reading, and called it his Sunday's sermon.

His first printed article was on New England fox hunting, and his last written letter was to the editor of his favorite journal.

Mr. Robinson had been confined to his bed almost continuously since May a year ago. He battled against sickness long after other men would have succumbed. His mental attitude, as illustrated by his continuance in writing despite physical ills, no doubt prolonged his life for months. Mr. Robinson was at times despondent, as became his nature, but there was a boyish joyousness about him that shows plainly in his writings. It is fitting that his last connected story should have been about a boy, and that he gave us a fresh young life in "Sam's Boy" at the time when he was laying down his own.

When his fox hunting article was published in Scribner's, Mr. Robinson was happy as a boy with his first gun. Then came orders from magazines for articles on uncongenial subjects, one of which was a description of the Vermont marble quarries. From this grind of hack work he turned with keen pleasure to the prescient suggestion of the editor of FOREST AND STREAM to contribute certain sketches of New England life. As a result "Uncle Lisha's Shop" was given to the world in 1888. This book has become and always will be a classic in American literature.

The circle of those who comprehended Mr. Robinson's genius is not so large as it should be. He has failed of the great popular success and laudation accorded to infinitely less worthy men. He could not comprehend how clever, shallow writers with one eye cocked on the almighty dollar could cater to a false sentimentalism by pretending to an occult knowledge of animals and giving to the birds and beasts human and unreal characteristics idealized with a tawdry gloss. His talents were not to be debauched in this way. He refused to work the popular "wild-animal graft." He went direct to nature for his models and gave to all his inventions the stamp of a reality not to be gainsaid.

But Mr. Robinson had a select circle of intense admirers. While traveling I have often met such persons,

and at times they seemed surprised to find that any one else could appreciate Robinson as they did. On a train last winter I overheard a commercial traveler dilating on "Uncle Lisha's Shop" and the other well-known titles, and advising with true missionary enthusiasm the man he was talking with to read the stories. He told how he had just interested a customer in the books, and how the man had got him to buy the whole lot and ship them with his last bill of goods, and how delighted his customer had been when he came to read them.

Mr. Putnam, of Boston, another commercial man, told of an old gentleman at Deighton who at the time of his last illness looked forward each week to the issues of FOREST AND STREAM containing Robinson's chapter as the event of his life, and who had the articles read to him up to the very last. Mr. Robinson's humor was always kindly, and there was nothing in anything he ever wrote that his friends would wish unwritten.

Mr. Robinson's eyes began to fail in 1887, at the time he was writing his first book. For six years he fought against the slowly conquering malady, and wrote "Danvis Folks," "Sam Lovel's Camp" and "Uncle Lisha's Outing," though meanwhile "groping around in the fog" as he himself expressed it. In 1893 he became totally blind. He accepted his visitation with such cheerfulness that it hardly seemed a trial. No one ever became blind more gracefully. It seemed rather to give distinction to Mr. Robinson than to take away any part of his life. No one felt like commiserating him. He did not need or expect sympathy for this cause any more than for gray hair or other natural evidences of advancing age.

In fact no one could talk with him and think of him as a blind man. His eyes were bright and carried expression, and he watched the speaker and turned from one to another in conversation. He advanced to meet his guests and visitors and shook hands in a perfectly natural way, and he never had difficulty in talking on topics of interest to varying minds.

Up to two years ago he was apparently a very vigorous and healthy man—one with whom time had dealt lightly—a fine example of slowly ripening manhood. Then came his illness, but though stricken down, he was the same kindly gentleman as ever, never referring to his ailments as a subject worthy of thought, but taking a keen interest in men and affairs.

Day after day he lay on his back writing on a slotted tablet with his own hand his inimitable descriptions of life or scenery, or corresponding with his friends. He had that which misfortune could not take away, and like Bunyan in prison, his heart was elsewhere, and he saw with surer perception than those face to face with the realities he described.

His mind was clear to the end. The last day of his life he lay with a fixed expression and eyes very bright looking upward. His loving wife could not believe that the eyes were still sightless, and asked:

"Does thee see light, Rowland?"

"No," he answered, in his slow tentative way.

"What does thee see?"

To which he answered nothing. But the silence was more eloquent than words. J. B. BURNHAM.

Mather, Ogden and Robinson.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When Major Mather "fell on sleep" and the members of the FOREST AND STREAM circle mourned the loss of the good and great man, I felt a strong desire to add my mite to the many beautiful tributes paid to his memory, but refrained from doing so, fearing that I, who knew him not personally, might take the space of some of those who had been permitted to call him friend.

But now that the circle has again been invaded and two of the brightest stars in the galaxy been removed, and one of them our Nestor, I no longer hesitate, but feel that the least in the sorrowing and personally bereaved members of the FOREST AND STREAM family may come with his modest but sincere tribute.

How many times in sadness since the death of Major Mather has my mind reverted to a visit to the genial editor of FOREST AND STREAM shortly before the Major left for the scene of his last labors in the Northwest. How, as we talked of this one and that one whose work had given great pleasure, we at last discussed the incomparable Mather, and when I spoke of the strong desire, long cherished, to meet and know him, and was assured that he would be in the office in a very short time and I might do so, and yet allowed a business engagement to hurry me away from this great privilege which was never again to offer, it is small wonder that my regret is deep and lasting.

The tender and touching tribute paid the memory of the two just gone, in the current number of FOREST AND STREAM, leaves but little to add, save only the conventional "We, too, knew and loved them," and yet we would bring our cypress wreath.

My modest library holds few volumes that I value more than the simple annals of honest Sam Lovel and kind, lovable old "Uncle Lisha."

When first the knowledge came to me that the eyes which had stored in memory's chambers the beautiful scenes, so faithfully portrayed, were darkened and could never more see them, it was in reality a personal and lasting sorrow. Truly "death loves a shining mark," and has found it in the three so recently garnered by the grim reaper.

Measured by the happiness given others, these have been full, beautiful and noble lives. They will live in many grateful and loving hearts, though they have come to know

"The one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Charles Emery, of Wichita, Kan., while hunting on the Cherokee Strip, forty miles west of Pond Creek Station, found a gun barrel, on which back of the rear sight was inscribed, "Presented to Mike Jones by Kit Carson in 1849." On the side, just under the sight, was "Scalps," followed by twenty-three file marks. The barrel was badly rusted and slightly bent near the middle. Near it were found two skulls and other evidences that the bodies of two men had been left there many years ago.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In the Ozarks.

Down in Missouri, in the southern part of the State, there is a county known as Douglas county. There is nothing of unusual interest in its history—at least nothing that has ever been recorded—and the inhabitants are unknown to fame.

If you are fond of the gun, there is plenty of game to be had thereabouts in season in the form of wild turkeys, quail and partridge, rabbits and squirrels, and occasionally a deer is shot, but that is getting to be a rare event of late years. On the other hand, if you are city bred and care nothing at all for out-of-door life or the excitement of the hunt you would be apt to perish with ennui before the year was out, for the monotony of one's surroundings down there is killing.

Once upon a time the fates decreed that I should endure existence in that out-of-the-way corner of the globe, though for a brief period only, and in this they dealt kindly with me. For a year or two I received my mail at the combination store and post office in the village of M., and called the place my home.

Douglas county was just over the divide—that is, a range of the Ozark Mountains—and seemed far removed and shut off from the rest of the world, as though an ocean intervened. At the time of which I write the natives of the county were refreshingly ignorant of most things pertaining to modern civilization and advancement, and correspondingly wise with the wisdom of the birds of the air and the flowers of the field that neither toil nor spin.

Were you to mention the "higher life" to a Douglas county man he would think that you had reference to a life on the mountain top. In the rapid march of progress which was beginning to make itself felt in the neighboring counties Douglas county was a straggler, a loiterer by the wayside, and was in no especial hurry to catch up with the shouting, struggling procession. Many Douglasites had never even "seen the cars," nor were they conversant with the wonders of electricity, and yet, mirabile dictu, they managed to live somehow and enjoy life at that, and when it came their turn to die they had the satisfaction of knowing that they would have as eulogistic a funeral sermon preached over what was left of them as the richest nabob in the land. They earned their bread with the sweat of their brow, used strong tobacco and drank stronger whisky, went hunting whenever they felt like it, and, generally speaking, were happy—as happiness goes in this queer world of ours.

So much for the Douglas county people as a class. During my sojourn in that part of the State I formed an acquaintance with several of the male inhabitants of the county, and also with a mule. In one or two instances my acquaintanceship with these men ripened into a warm friendship, but with the mule it was quite different. I could never reciprocate the interest he displayed, on different occasions, in my personal affairs.

The ownership of this creature of strange moods and fancies was vested in an old man by the name of Ebenezer Saunders, or just plain Eb, for short. They never use a man's full Christian name down there, save on solemn occasions, such as weddings and funerals. The mule, being imbued with a righteous desire for independence unrecognized by man in his dealings with the lower animals, was disposed to dispute Saunders' title. Undoubtedly the creature felt a certain degree of superiority to the man, and considered his position in life humiliating. At any rate, there were moments when he "preferred to be alone," consequently Saunders was very often muleless.

My first meeting with the mule was one calculated to leave a lasting impression upon me and also overcome any desire for closer acquaintance. I was obliged to take a long ride down into Douglas county on a matter of business. The large animal that bore me on my journey was called a horse by the man of whom I rented it, but on this point I had my doubts. However, I took his word for it, as I was not in a position to cavil, it being a case of "Hobson's choice."

As for the shape of this quadruped—well, that must be left to the imagination. It was decidedly unique, and its long nose inclined to the severe Romanesque.

Astraddle the broad, hollow back of this strange beast I set forth on my journey. It was fifteen miles to my destination, and I calculated that I could possibly make it in ten or twelve hours if my horse (out of courtesy I shall thus dignify him) held out at the wild, reckless walk he had broken into at the start. I soon discovered that he possessed a peculiar knack of stopping and standing still a full minute or two before the change in the condition of affairs became apparent. He simply merged from a walk into a statuesque pose, from which it was hard to move him. It was a rare accomplishment.

We had covered about four miles of this exciting journey, when, at a place where two roads met, I was joined by a fellow traveler, also heading for Douglas county. He was a large, heavy set man, and his mount, a small, dun-colored, dejected looking pony, seemed greatly overweighted. I expected to see the poor beast shut up like a jack-knife at any moment.

This new comer ambled along beside me for some distance, maintaining a profound silence, and at the same time surreptitiously taking stock of me out of the tail end of his eye. Seeing that he persisted in his silence, I told him my destination, and to save time my business also. This immediately removed his suspicions, and if I had wondered at his reticence before, I was now amazed at his volubility.

"He talked and talked with all his might,
He talked with all his main;
And when he came unto the end,
Then he began again."

His voice soothed my noble steed, and I was obliged to kick him often (the horse, of course), to keep him from sitting down in the road and going to sleep. He displayed a tendency to sit. It had been noticeable for some time back on the road in an occasional yielding of the hinder legs.

Our First Camping Trip.

The man was from Webster county, and as unfamiliar as myself with the country through which we were traveling. He succeeded in talking us off the right road, and we were compelled to stop at a farmhouse and make inquiries. As we drew up at the gate we were received with a most vociferous and boisterous welcome—a barking of dogs and the loud haw-hee, haw-hee of a brazen-voiced mule. The mule stood at the barnyard gate, with his head thrust far over the top rail, braying at us like a creature possessed.

He was a huge black animal, seemingly all ears and voice. He plainly resented our presence and our appearance, though which of us was the object of his derision it was impossible to tell. Somehow I felt myself the guilty one. My horse—but no matter.

We obtained the desired information and rode away. We had gone only a few rods from the house, when we heard a loud crash behind us, and turned in time to see the mule leap the rickety gate, demolishing it in the act. He came trotting after us with a pleased, expectant look, and we stopped and waited for him, curious to learn what his next move would be.

We were not kept long in suspense. He passed on my companion's side of the road, and as he passed suddenly wheeled and delivered a lightning like kick at the pony. The pony saw it coming, and shied in time to escape the brunt of the blow, which just grazed its rider's leg, and having had some experience in the kicking line itself, immediately displayed an unlooked for activity and temper of its own by charging after the mule. The mule tarried not for the fray, but with a final defiant fling of his hoofs in the air, disappeared in the surrounding woods, there being no fences to obstruct his retreat.

Naturally we were more than a little surprised at this unexpected attack, but as the ugly tempered beast showed no signs of returning the incident soon passed from our minds.

We had gone about half a mile and my companion had recovered his volubility, when we were startled at hearing a crackling and breaking of the bushes on my side of the road, and the sound of a heavy creature approaching. The next instant the black mule burst through the underbrush and charged upon me. He planted his heels in the underneath part of my unresisting steed, and then dashed forward and took up a position in the road directly in front of us, as though he would dispute the passage with us.

My poor beast groaned once when the blow fell—a very human sort of groan—and then turned his head and looked reprovingly and half inquiringly at me with an expression that plainly said:

"Mercy to me! what is the meaning of all this? Why did you permit such a thing?"

"Ef I only had my gun with me," my companion exclaimed, "I'd fill that doggon onery critter full o' lead, by Godfrey Simpson Daniels."

We looked around for something to throw, but there was nothing in sight. There never is when you need a thing of that kind the most. The mule suddenly changed his mind and trotted off down the road. We quickly dismounted and secured weapons in the shape of two stout clubs, and followed slowly in the wake of our newly discovered enemy.

The tricky fiend adopted new tactics for his next move, and charged directly upon us from the front. But we outwitted him this time. We suddenly opened ranks, and before he could check his mad charge he was between us, and we belabored him unmercifully with our clubs, and broke them over his head and back, until he was glad to escape without delivering his famous broadside. He was plainly disconcerted, as he had evidently taken us for easy victims, and he realized that he would have to resort to strategy in order to accomplish our destruction.

This strange warfare was carried on intermittently for the next three or four miles—a running fight all the way—until we came in sight of the next farmhouse. There a new diversion occurred. Six very young pigs had crawled through the farmer's fence and were disputing themselves beside the road, and the mule espied them and transferred his attentions to these innocents. He was upon them like a devastating scourge, and killed three of them before they could reach safety on the other side of the fence with their more fortunate brothers and sisters.

This wanton murder enraged us; and we summoned the farmer with loud halloos, and told him our tale of woe, and pointed out the murderer where he stood, trampling his victims underfoot and gloating over his crime.

"Y' don't say?" drawled the owner of the pigs, when we had finished. "Hit's that mule o' Saunders'. He'll pay fer the pigs; Eb will. He's done killed 'em that way onct before. Y' all mus' had a devil uv a time. By Godfrey, I don't see what Eb wants t' keep sech a no-count critter 'baout fer. He's allus lookin' fer trouble. He's a ba-ad mule. He suttinly is."

The farmer opened the barnyard gate and told us to ride in and the mule would come after us. We followed his instructions, and the mule followed us, thinking that he had us at his mercy, but the farmer, armed with a pitchfork, drove him into a corner and kept him there until we had retired from the field.

We left them there and continued on our way rejoicing, with the sound of the mule's brazen voice ringing discordantly in our ears long after the owner thereof was lost to view.

In such wise did I make the acquaintance of "that mule o' Saunders'." He was the most misanthropic animal I ever knew.

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

We shall never forget our first campaign trip. It was to the Adirondack Mountains in the summer of '86, and to me will always remain one of the pleasantest incidents in my life. There were three of us—Billy, the Fiend and Buck, i. e., myself. We had just graduated from college. For four years we had worked hard; even during the usual summer and winter vacations we had worked. Now, however, we had graduated and we were soon to go forth to make a living and a home of our own, and perhaps a name, and perhaps, too, to work even harder than ever. But before launching forth into the cold, hard world of business we thought we were entitled to a little fun—a few weeks of genuine vacation. But what should we do? Just how we decided this question I do not now remember, but shortly before we received our degrees we had finally decided on a camping trip in the Adirondacks. Our ideas were more or less hazy on the subject, until we had graduated, gotten our diplomas and found ourselves free to go wherever we pleased. Then we got down to business, and system soon came out of chaos. In a short time we had made out our list of things, corrected and revised it, purchased our supplies, and found ourselves with lean-to tent, pack baskets, fishing rods and general camping equipments and provisions, and—~~we were off~~. We reached Utica in the evening, and early next morning took the Black River R. R. to Boonville, from thence by stage twelve miles to Moose River, a settlement containing perhaps a dozen houses mostly dilapidated and an inn that had evidently seen better days, but was still famous for its trout and other game dinners. Here we had our noon lunch and our first treat to brook trout done "to a turn." Here was the jumping-off place—the half-way station, the point where straw hats and boiled shirts were laid aside and felt hats and corduroy suits were donned. Here we first met the noted Adirondack guide—and there were many of him. Most of them appeared to be beyond middle life, and a few very old, but all, strange to say looked very much as I imagine we all expect a typical guide to look. Most of them wore broad brimmed felt hats of a light grass color, and with few exceptions were tremendously fond of whisky, and after having partaken freely were exceedingly talkative, for during our brief noon hour we had the opportunity of listening to some "whoppers;" but one thing was certain, their general appearance did not belie their stories in the least. They looked as though they had been through a good deal and were able to go through a good deal more.

Shortly after one o'clock we started for Old Forge at the foot of the Fulton Chain of eight lakes. The trip was one of fourteen miles, and entirely through the woods, save about two miles through what is known as Arnold's Clearing, near Old Forge. Our pack baskets filled with provisions and our camp equipment were securely strapped on a buckboard, but we were advised to walk, which we did the whole distance, reaching our destination in about four hours. We had been told that the road from Moose River in was very rough, and that we had better save our money and walk—in fact, that it would be almost impossible to ride and at times dangerous, and the road proved to be all that was said of it. I have seen some pretty rough roads, but for roughness of all variety, for rock and great boulders, mud holes and broken down corduroy bridges, sharp grades and "thank you marms" this fourteen miles took the prize. How the team and buckboard ever got through I don't know, but it did, and within a half hour after we arrived. The driver reported that he had been thrown out only once, and then he could not help himself, as the buckboard turned completely over. This was very evident, as everything was covered with mud. We had taken pains and had all such things as oat meal, sugar, etc., wrapped up in several thicknesses of paper, but on opening the baskets we found everything in a "jumble," and every bit of the sugar, some ten pounds or more, gone. Fortunately we were able to replace this last article at Old Forge before starting out on our camping trip proper. Since then I have always put sugar, flour and such things in strong canvas bags. They pack snug and go safely through all sorts of jolting.

We arrived at Old Forge at about 5 P. M., and at once ordered our supper, and while that was preparing we succeeded in hiring a boat for our two weeks' trip, and by the time our meal was ready we had everything packed snugly in the boat ready to shove off instantly. Perhaps it would be well to explain here that the summer of '86 was some six years before the Adirondack or so-called Webb railroad was built, and the Fulton chain of lakes, while well known to a chosen few, was in fact comparatively a wild country.

One of the best features of our little trip, and I count it the very best, was the fact that we were all agreed to make the trip as inexpensive as possible. We were going to have no guides, nor run up any unnecessary hotel bills. We were on a camping trip, and we were going to camp that night, and we did. So immediately after supper we bid our host a hearty good-by, got carefully into our boat, very carefully, for we at once discovered that somehow or other it was a trifle different from other boats we had been used to, and we started, we hardly knew where, but we started. We did know, however, that we must find a camping place very soon, and with that end in view we started up the pond and inlet toward First Lake. We had not gone far before we found a point that seemed quite suitable, and as it was out of view from the hotel at Old Forge we made haste to camp, and none too soon, as with the high hills and mountains so close together on either side darkness comes on very suddenly, and we soon learned to start early and make camp early. But how new and strange that first evening! I shall never forget it, or the following two or three days and nights. The scenes and sensations were all so new and strange—so weird, yet so fascinating. We were away from civilization, and away off in the heart of the great woods, and we all felt and enjoyed the feeling that there was considerable of the wild Indian about us.

As soon as we landed we put up the tent, which was simply a lean-to made of oiled canvas 12 feet by 12 feet. This was done by tying the front corners to two trees, a suitable distance apart and at a distance of perhaps 6 or

7 feet from the ground, and fastening the back to a small log cut for the purpose. We then cut and trimmed a number of fir or balsam and spruce trees, using the branches for our bed, and our camp was made. Wood was gathered, a fire kindled. Darkness was upon us, but we were quite at home. Since that time I have been in the woods a great deal and of course know a good deal now about camping, but whenever I recall our first night in the woods, and our first camp and our first breakfast, and all done in such haste and with no experienced hand to help us or to make suggestions, I think we did exceptionally well, in fact almost perfect, and I shall always look back to that first camp with admiration.

But did we sleep well? Of course not. Who does the first night away out in the woods? To be perfectly frank, I got less than an hour's sleep. Billy and the Fiend both declared that they slept several hours. May be they did, but I didn't. Just as I was dozing off I heard a bird in a nearby tree give a warning note. Now, I had read that when wild animals were around you could generally discover the fact by the birds giving warning notes, so I listened. I was not afraid, but I just thought I would listen—no, there was nothing. How strange and quiet everything was, except out in the pond several hoarse bullfrogs kept up a slow rut-k, rut-k-k-k like an old lumber wagon coming slowly down a country road. Chirp! Kee! Kee!! went that bird again—a very fierce warning note. I listened—no, there was nothing, nothing whatever; I must behave myself and go to sleep like a rational human being. "I must be very tired, left early, busy all day, walked 14 miles, and here it was getting late, awfully late." But somehow I did not feel sleepy worth a cent. But wasn't it dark out! It was like a bottle of ink, it was so black, and so quiet too. The croaking of the frogs away out across the pond only seemed to intensify the quietness and the darkness. Hark! what was that, I certainly heard a twig snap, and just under that bird, too. Golly! but I was wide awake now and no mistake, and listening too, but all I could hear was my heart beat; but I was thoroughly tired and I knew that I ought to go to sleep and get rested, and I knew that just as well as I knew anything, and I knew that all wild animals were ten times as afraid of us as we of them, and besides all that there were no wild animals to be afraid of in the Adirondacks anyhow, and I was going to sleep right away, but somehow I didn't.

Now, I don't believe I was really afraid—I was excited. Things were new and strange. I was unaccustomed to the unusual quietness and the black night—I might say awful darkness. The quick turn of events and the absolutely new sensations had the effect of getting us into a state of more or less happy nervous excitement. I would not give a fig for a fellow as a camping companion if an introduction to wild Mother Nature such as we had did not produce in him a so-called happy nervous excitement.

At about 4 A. M. we were up and getting breakfast. We had frogs' legs (fresh), oatmeal, corn beef hash and coffee, and long before the sun shone above the hills everything was in the boat and we were on our way up the chain of lakes. How grand and yet how weird and strange everything was. The water seemed so dark and quiet, the dead and half dead trees in the marshy bays so ghost-like, and various objects assumed at a distance through the fog and the mist rising from the lake all kinds of fantastic shapes, and yet, with the bird notes coming to our ears from wooded slopes and swamps, and the rays of sunlight shooting high over our heads across the hilltops, it seemed quite like a joyous and happy morning in Paradise, and indeed it was all that to us, and I think if I were an artist and wished to draw a picture of Paradise I should choose wild Mother Nature as she is just before sunrise on a pleasant early summer morning.

None of us had ever been in the Adirondacks before, or anywhere near them, or for that matter had ever been off camping, so far I know, and so far as knowledge of woodcraft, of camping or of the Adirondacks was concerned we were almost "infants in the woods." We did not have a map of the woods with us; we had not even seen one. We had, however, been told that the Fulton chain of lakes lay in a northeasterly direction from Old Forge, and also that there were carries or trails between certain lakes, but that was about all we did know. Each of us had a small pocket compass. We had no Adirondack guide. As I said before, we were going in on the cheap plan, and for ordinary camping trips I heartily recommend dispensing with a guide. If you do not believe this, try it and see how much pleasure there is in making your own discoveries, and how much quicker you learn the art of woodcraft. Of course, you can get ideas from books and from guides and experienced campers, but the only way the lessons can be thoroughly learned is to be thrown entirely on your own resources. Learn by hard knocks to be careful, think and plan ahead and keep your eyes open and see everything and take notice of everything, and be prepared for every emergency. In short, to be your own guide, and for the few days or weeks you are out camping to be a veritable Indian, is nine-tenths of the pleasure of the trip. It is wonderful how much of the aboriginal nature of man comes to the surface when he is thrown entirely on his own resources away off in the wild woods far from civilization, and if one is a gentleman and true to himself, it is not a bad nature that comes to the surface. They say that a man does not know himself or know what he is made of until he has suffered adversity. If he is true and made of steel he will come out of the ordeal stronger and better, and if rich and worthless then he generally goes to "the dogs," he is forgotten and the world jogs on without him; but whichever way it goes the man who has gone through a great ordeal knows himself better than he ever did before, and so the man who discovers the "Indian" in himself and succeeds in bringing that Indian or aboriginal nature to the surface, is not only able to know himself better but has discovered an element in his nature worth cultivating, and that will bring to him, when he breaks away from home and office duties, rest, recreation and an immense amount of pleasure, and there is no better method than I know of to cultivate this particular feature of man's make-up than to throw him largely, if not entirely, upon his own resources whenever he goes away on a camping, fishing or hunting trip into the wilds, woods or mountains.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

But I must return to the boat of our early start that first morning will be a late one. We very soon found ourselves in First Lake. It was easy to get in, but how to get out was the question, or rather what direction to take. The lake seemed to be as broad as it was long, and hills coming down on every side, but we held an even course in a northeasterly direction directly across the lake, and almost before we knew it, somehow the hills had shifted and we found ourselves in Second Lake. I shall never forget the strange sensations I experienced while finding our way up the first three lakes that morning. Everything was so odd and strange, and strangely new. The lakes were such odd shapes, with bays running back in the marshes and spruce swamps, and all surrounded on all sides by high hills, and yet as we moved along on our general course the hills really seemed to move about and break away at just the right time and place, and all was grand, yet picturesque. We reached Third Lake without much trouble, but where was the inlet that led to Fourth Lake? All who have been there know how utterly confusing it is, and even when you are in the mouth of the inlet you can't imagine that it leads anywhere or is anything more than a little bay running up close to the foot of the hill a few rods away. That it actually breaks through these hills seems impossible, but it does and in mighty short order. The inlet of Third Lake or outlet of Fourth, whichever you prefer to call it, is in shape of a letter S, and, strange to say, not a very large letter S either, for if the hills and woods were not in this way you could almost throw a stone from the shore of one lake to the other; but if you were a stranger on Third Lake you would never guess by looking at the break in the hills where Fourth Lake lies.

I remember we saw a log camp across the lake, and headed for it, and as we approached a boat, all of a sudden, appeared in sight right against the hill at the further end of the little bay, and yet so near to us that it was quite evident that the boat had just turned a bend. Could it be possible? It must be, for every other opening seemed to lead into a spruce swamp, and so we rowed into the bay-like opening. Soon it turned sharply to the left and then as sharply to the right, and "presto change," we were on the other side of the hill and there was the great Fourth Lake before us. It all seemed like magic, and indeed it was magic, and always will be whenever I can take a new trip like this one without a guide and be my own discoverer. But here we were on Fourth Lake, and on and up the lake we pulled, and with two strong fellows at the oars and the third steering it did not take long to reach the northerly end of the lake. As it was nearly noon we landed and had dinner and a good rest. For the past couple of hours our trip had been easy sailing. Fourth Lake is about six miles long and seldom over a half mile wide, and it was a very simple matter to row to the upper end of the lake, but this upper and northerly end was broad and large and full of bays, and now that we were once more in the boat the question was which way—west, north, northeast or east? The hills gave little evidence. I do not now remember how we decided to go east, except that our general direction was northeast, but east we went, and by some "hook or crook" we struck it exactly right. Yes, there was a small swift stream coming into the lake down a narrow gully between the hills. We would try it, and so up the stream we went. I remember that at times we had difficulty, and several times had to get out and push the boat over the riffles, but eventually we got up and into Fifth Lake. This lake is very small, so small indeed that when we had gotten fairly in the center of it we could see where evidently was the carry, for we knew that between Fifth and Sixth and between Seventh and Eighth lakes there was a trail or carry, and so we were on the lookout for the carry. We landed, and sure enough it was quite evident that this was the commencement of the trail. You could see where boats had been hauled out or pushed in the lake, and there was the ubiquitous empty condensed milk can, and an old weather stained piece of newspaper, and other evidences of campers and—the trail. And now we were to have a new experience. We were to go over our first trail and carry pack baskets and an Adirondack boat, and be quite the typical wild American Indian. I doubt if any of us will ever forget that first trail. The picture is as plain to me now as though it all happened yesterday. Three fellows—and strong healthy fellows too—three pack baskets of about 70 pounds each, a bundle made up of the oars, paddle, fish rods and an axe, and a 70-pound boat—only 70 pounds, but all of a sudden it looked as large and as bulky and as heavy as a meeting house, and acted ten times worse. The wild Indian went out of us and for a good big minute we were, indeed, infants in the woods and no doubt about it. We had never seen a boat carried, and had not been told, and had asked no questions about it. Seventy pounds! Why, there were no questions to ask; the whole matter was simple enough. One would take the light bundle of oars, rods and axe, and the other two, one at each end, would put the boat on their shoulders and make a light, quick trip over the carry, and then all would return and each take a heavy pack basket.

In unloading we had noticed that the boat contained a yoke such as our forefathers used to gather sap with in the sugar bush, but somehow we had paid no attention to it and thought nothing of it; and I speak the truth when I say that had we noticed the yoke when we first got into the boat at Old Forge we might have left it at the boat house as unnecessary luggage unless we had thought to ask some one about it. However, the yoke was there, neatly and snugly tucked into the bow or stern end of the boat, I don't remember which, as both ends of an Adirondack boat are very much alike. On landing and pulling the boat out we proceeded at once to carry out our simple plan, and as I said before, to go over the trail the first time light. Billy and I were to carry the boat, and the Fiend everything else, except the pack baskets. Everything was soon out of the boat and ready. The Fiend got his bundle and Billy and I took hold of the boat. I can't describe our surprise—the thing seemed alive, unruly and balky; then we all three tried getting it on our shoulders, then we turned the blooming, blasted thing over, and then, two on either side, with a cross stick, and one hold of the rear end. On level, open ground this latter plan would have worked

very well, but on a steep sided hill on a crooked trail through brush and trees it was simply out of the question, and as I said a few moments ago, for a minute or so we felt like infants. Could it be possible that this was to be the end of our trip?—for to save us we never could carry that boat over a mile carry. We could not do it any more than we could fly. It was a wonder we did not injure the boat or ourselves in our efforts, but we did not, although we took several good tumbles trying to govern the awkward thing. I tell you about this time we did some "tall thinking," when of a sudden we be-thought ourselves of that yoke—that maybe it had a purpose—maybe it was to put on a man's shoulders, and on them rest and carry perhaps the bulk of the boat's weight and let his companion in the rear carry the light end and steer him. Our respect for 70-pound boats had increased wonderfully during the last few minutes, and the idea that one man could do it all alone had in a large measure been driven out of our heads. Let's try it! And then we noticed for the first time notches on each side of the boat and just about the middle, and strings there too. Yes, that was evidently the place for the yoke—and sure enough it just fitted. It did not take us long then to catch the idea. Soon the yoke was securely tied in place, the boat turned upside down, and as I was looked upon as the strongest I got under and fitted the yoke to my shoulders while my companions held up the forward end. Imagine our surprise when I got everything adjusted and stood up straight to find that not only the boat balanced, but that I absolutely had full control of what a few minutes before we had considered the most awkward old blunderbuss of a thing that any of us had ever come in contact with, and that I could carry it nicely. The Fiend, and even Billy, who was a strapping strong fellow, could hardly believe it after the short but very unsatisfactory experience we had just had, but the new state of things was only too apparent, and away we started over the trail, and I remember that I carried the boat fully a half mile without resting and then gave it to Billy, who was anxious to experiment with the "strange device" and experience the satisfaction of knowing that he was master of that particular 70-pound Adirondack boat. He proved equal to the ordeal and easily finished the carry. We soon had the balance of our outfit over and once more were on the water, this time in Sixth Lake.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

The River St. John's.

OUR canvas canoes, after being afloat for two winters and a summer on the lakes of southern Florida, and a summer on the bay off Clearwater on the Gulf coast, were shipped to Palatka. The St. John's with its mossy shores had appealed to us strongly when we made a trip up it four years previous as passengers on the steamer City of Jacksonville, and we were pleased enough to go back to such a river. With our small boats we could explore every lagoon and creek, or could land and penetrate those swamps that, with their gloomy recesses, had seemed to us so vague. We were to launch our canoes in a river of Wonderland, and we knew it.

The speed of our train after we left Clearwater was terrific. The engineer in his efforts to make up lost time evidently meant to break either a record or our necks. Every carwheel spun in air. Pine woods were changed to green currents, spotted at intervals with orange groves, bright lakes, or skipping cattle. The roadbed was loose sand; the tracks were like grapevines. Babies shrieked wildly. Their mothers avoided our looks. Pandemonium existed. All of us were scared, despondent, but unresigned. The assuring smiles of trainmen did not assure. A hurricane had leveled much of the forest the day before our trip, and the man at the throttle would have shamed that wind. We escaped at Palatka unhurt, but dazed.

The house that we occupied during the following winter stood near the bank of the St. John's. The views from the front veranda were fine. The sun rose across the way. The appearance of the opposite shore changed with change of light. To the left a low pile bridge with a draw midway extended from bank to bank. The enormous trombone of the draw-tender roared doleful tunes and flashed light till we wept. Whistling trains on the bridge and whistling boats on the river were constantly demanding right-of-way. The boats were of all kinds. Those with graceful lines had modern propellers, and those of the scow type had paddle-wheels either behind or at the sides. Some of these moved with lugubrious sighing, and others with animated panting. The whole afternoon fleet timed its departure for upstream points in a way that resulted in a tangle at the narrow bend across the river.irate captains expressed themselves by means of bell and whistle. Towboats with log rafts, coming from the opposite direction, would frequently add to the confusion.

That view we had of the river was entertaining. Small boats were to be seen darting here and there. We could have set the clock by the visits of the beacon-tender to his two lights in midstream. Irritable little launches called attention to their movements. Larger boats, though considered of no great importance when seen at some of the town wharfs, were regarded with reverential awe if they entered our cove, with a respect like that an elephant would have caused by parading our street.

The river was most attractive on days when it slept between its mossy banks like a great giant in a woolly bed—a typical Florida doze, in which perfume and bird song were delightful dreams and the passage of noisy boats was nightmare—a great large sleep that caused the beholder to yawn and rub his eyes. The wind seemed kind to the huge St. John's at such times, and only tickled his face into brightness here and there. The generous sun warmed him in his peaceful nap. The everyday sounds became more musical. Even the saw mills were less harsh in their tones and tried to sing a lullaby. No wonder that the tranquil outlook, with its accompaniments, nearly overthrew me on more than one occasion.

The calm waters would tempt us from the veranda to the boathouse across the street. A moment only was spent in launching our canoes. A few strokes of the paddles would start us well on our way. Whirling eddies from our strokes and ripples from our small ships were

strewn out astern as a brilliant wake. No other motion could be pleasanter than the swift smooth glide of our boats. Shores were inspected where palmettos rustled musically, shady coves entered that gave only glimpses of the river, and bends turned that disclosed more extensive views. Coursing in midstream made one feel that he was infinitesimal; nothing.

All the local races were sailed over a course that lay off our shore. The Meta always had our best wishes in these contests, because she tied up at the pier across the street from our gate. With her great sail area she was strictly a fair weather boat. Many a thrill she gave us as she darted along and rounded the furthest beacon, turned the stake near us, passed out of sight beyond a shingle mill, appeared again, perhaps leading, then ran the course as before, to finish at the stake. If she lost her captain tied up down stream; but if she won the crew were marched past our door, and the boat was photographed at the first opportunity.

When a strange ship appeared in the offing, our town made the most of its coming. Even the captain and crew of a schooner were regarded as sea dogs of the widest experience, though their most startling adventure may have been their course up stream through hyacinths. The small Government boats that visited us at times were treated to ovations that would have surprised the crew of a battleship. Officers and men were dined and danced till all must have thought themselves at least commodores. Every private yacht that came our way had cost "a mint of money," and during its stay would be visited by whole fleets of inquisitive citizens, among others ourselves. Even small sailboats from unknown parts excited a vast interest. Our location was favorable for observing all these strangers.

Soon after our arrival at Palatka I built a lighter canoe. Strips from the scrap heap in the yard of the nearest mill were used for framing, and a piece of "scale" dressed made a neat 4-inch coaming. A graceful craft was completed. The community admired it. A lengthy individual, while he clung to the palings, remarked as follows:

"That there's a mighty pretty boat of yours."

"Think so?"

"Yes; it looks like one of these here Indian canoes."

"Something."

"And I was wondering whether Hiawatha used a little boat like that."

This stupendous bit of flattery caused me to faint. People were so apt to regard our canvas fleet with disfavor, to apply to them such epithets as "rag-bags," and to predict all sorts of dire calamities when certain devastating gales, horrible to think of, should wreak their wrath upon us. To some of our warmest friends, indeed, our prolonged immunity from the severest punishment was no less than offensive. Had the angry waves engulfed our canoes these same neighbors would have risked their lives to save and forgive us.

The liveliest time on the river was in the afternoon when all the local craft were moving about, steamers that gave us their wash or whistled at us if they won a race, and sailboats from which we received taunting cheers, and naphtha launches that were offensively impertinent, and boats of fishermen that were propelled by two rowers who faced each other in a bobbing game much like kissing. Fiery towboats, with rippling rafts of black logs, threatened us after nightfall. The lights on the drawbridge made a brilliant display. Other beacons far down the river would become visible. The waves seemed to be more distinctly audible when darkness had come. There was a fascination in being out on the water at that time.

We were constantly making cruises that lasted all day and took us into all sorts of odd corners. At one point where barb wire fences had been erected in the water to catch hyacinths for cattle, the herd would wade in chin deep to pasture on food that must have been delicious if the happiness expressed by cow faces meant anything. Yearling calves had to swim, and younger fry may have been feeding under water. The grimacing mouths in sight were comical to see. A very large wave might have wrought destruction. We always stopped to watch the herd. Cows that led such an amphibious life must have yielded milk that was either fishy or at least diluted.

On one occasion while going up a small creek through cypress forest we discovered a band that contained thousands and thousands of warbling robins that deluged the wilderness with the sweetest music mortal ever heard, their concert being more effective because of the quiet through which we had been passing. Robins were everywhere—on the ground, bushes, low limbs, treetops, or any other perch—and every individual of them was trying to outdo all of its companions. The rhythmic measure of their voices rose and rose to exalted ecstasy, then fell to subdued passages in which a pretty accompaniment of blackbirds was audible. Barking squirrels could not make themselves heard. Birds had the day. We floated on robin music—miles and miles of it.

Many varieties of blackbirds wintered in Florida, and large flocks of them arose along shore to sing in the trees. Flights crossed from bank to bank, and burst into song as they swept up to high perches. We often gained positions right under these minstrels to listen to them. The leaders would give a few preliminary chuts, then proceed with notes more plaint than those of a violin, their singing accompanied by the whole band through impressive passages, and by the grace notes of a few delightful songsters through the subdued parts. The music would dwindle at times to meagerness, then burst forth with renewed animation. The concert of bird voices and the seductive influence of climate were very soothing.

Great flocks of migrating birds passed south along the St. John's in October, and north in February. Moonlight nights were the most favorable for such travel. A general movement was noticeable in the air overhead directly the sun had set. The small birds seemed to fly scarcely above the treetops, and the larger kinds at a greater elevation. All sorts of notes were to be heard; from the chirps of minute warblers to the croaks of great aquatic birds. The variety of sound caused us to speculate as to the kind of migrants passing overhead. There appeared to be an interval in the flight of small birds if herons or like creatures went by. The owls along the river were unusually silent on these nights, and may have been engaged with affairs of their own.

During the times of migration, warblers, creepers and a great many other small birds were to be seen along the shores by day. I could not identify them in their winter plumage. Towhees and various kinds of thrushes stayed with us from fall till spring, and could be heard chirping among the small palmettos in the morning or evening. The whistling of the cardinal grosbeak heard throughout the day was pleasing music. The mockingbirds were residents during the entire year, and toward spring sang day and night, their most ambitious efforts being serenades to the full-moon.

Small flocks of bufflehead and dusky duck appeared in the fall. We had fire shooting for a while, as our canoes were scarcely noticed by them. However, the hunters with sailboats and launches soon made the game wary. Years ago, before much hunting was done, the fishermen used to catch a great many water fowl in the shad nets. The St. John's, though, is not productive feeding ground for birds of this class.

The bass and perch fishing, the only kinds, were disappointing. Negroes were almost the only anglers. Boat loads of them were out every warm day, and the same shiny faces were to be seen in the same sunny coves. None of the fishermen ever had any luck. A positive gloom appeared to envelop each group. Lines of white eyeballs glared at floating corks with a vindictive stare. The snag that dared to interfere with any of those hooks was punished. There was never any hilarity or song from those boats. The occupants asked one another for bait either in whispers of sepulchral tones. Such intentness on such a river was remarkable. It was impressive. We would watch awhile, then with gently plied strokes we passed on, feeling as if we had viewed the dead. I have often tried to conjecture what the result would have been had a fish by chance plunged one of those corks beneath the water.

There were times when the bay in front of our house became enraged because of harassing winds that whipped the moss of timber on the banks, hissed whitecaps over the water, and lined our shore with foam—a passion so violent that we could hardly make headway against it with canoes, and spent hours to reach the bend on the opposite side. These trips through a storm that washed decks with waves and faces with spray while the wind held us in a grip were exciting. The rowboats that ventured out at such times were either propelled with difficulty or with a rush. Sailboats scudded at terrific speed with canvas reduced to the smallest rig. The wild dreams of the river pleased and appalled all of us.

Calm days were such a contrast. The quietude of semi-tropical shores, the mirror-like condition of water, the brightness of sunshine, and the gentleness of breeze soothed us into a languor in which we cared not for yesterday nor to-morrow, but wished to live forever in the delightful present, and glide past banks where flowering limbs sprinkled us with petals, past cypress forest from whose dark depths came woody perfumes, by palmetto swamps, sunny shores, sunny marshes, our course across bay, through narrow bend, over long reach to other bays, bends and reaches, on a river certainly the most beautiful that ever existed, and in a climate the most delightful. Sometimes we would land in solitudes so quiet that the tapping of woodpeckers became an uproar, and sometimes on shores where there were no noises.

One cruise was a varied experience. I made it alone. Our cook, an old aunty, had provisioned my boat well, because I reminded her so much of her long lost son who had always been "a-pirouting around the woods." Starting at sunrise, I arrived after three hours of slow paddling at a creek ten miles up stream. The way through this was alternately in shadow and sunshine. The forest was composed of huge cypress and of more kinds of palmettos than I had ever seen before. Grapevines and unknown vines leaped from limb to limb at dizzy heights. Flowers were abundant. Scarcely any birds or other living creatures were to be seen. A camp of hog hunters shook their heads to the wag of a bloodhound's tail when they had questioned me.

"I ain't a-saying a word ag'in your little boat—it's right pretty, it sure is—but it 'pears to me if I was out here by myself, I'd want to be in something big enough to float a man."

A native at the landing further up stream told me of deer that he had chased into crotches of trees, then caught alive. He marveled at my intending to camp alone on the lake shore, declaring that there were "scads" of bear in that vicinity. A small steamer came upon me unexpectedly while I was bidding farewell to this loquacious friend. A few miles more of paddling, or ten miles of creek, brought me to Lake Crescent, a narrow sheet that extended far away to a nearly invisible shore.

A log road that left the lake at a place several miles from the entrance ran back through palmetto swamp and beneath live oak limbs to dry ground. A group of stunted pines beyond a ditch made a suitable place for camping. The view through cypress forest ended in a perspective of white tree trunks. The array of cypress knees, white stumps shaped like bottles, resembled an army of pigmies halted in the shadows. The pine hills inland during the afternoon were bright with sunshine. Camp, when established, was a cozy retreat.

I rested in front of the tent when work was over and watched day change to night. The wilderness was not lonely. Small birds like wood thrushes, their eyes nearly as large as shoe buttons, peered at me from ditch brush, and flew about uttering notes that resembled the fall of dropping water. Towhees flew up from the small palmettos just before sunset to inquire of one another whether there would be light for more scratching. Squirrels in big timber announced with barking that the sun still shone where the upper set lived, for the light through the high moss was indeed a glory. This faded, hills in the opposite direction became a shadow, night enveloped everything except the visible world around the camp-fire. All noise except the music made by rushes of air through high timber then ceased.

At the darkest hour of the very dark night I heard some ponderous creature coming through the brush, not in a straightforward manner, but with clumsy hesitation, at times wallowing among palmettos or other thick growth, diverting the line of its approach to one side, then to the other, the tardiness of its appearance becoming at last

so unbearable that I seized my gun and awaited with extreme trepidation the arrival of the unseen visitant. Even when the foe had become ensnared in the brush just beyond the fire nothing for a moment was discernible. Then I saw two glowing balls that shone from a large black head, on which there were white horns of wicked length, the whole countenance the most terrifying apparition that ever disturbed a peaceful camper, and being, without a doubt, that of the prince of all evil. A well-aimed pine knot taught that inquisitive black steer with whom he was trifling. I left for home at daybreak.

The tide, which the day before had flowed toward the lake, was running in the opposite direction through the creek in the morning, and assisted me again. A barge loaded with cross ties passed while I was eating lunch and afterward became a leader that would turn bends half a mile off, to be only a moment later across necks of land a few hundred feet wide, but deriding whistles in time came back from a great distance. A native at the exit of the creek was baiting quarter of a mile of trout line with sweet potato.

Long trips were venturesome because of the water hyacinths, the most insidious foe in those waters, flotillas that jostled purple flags to a chorus of "seek-seeks" wherever they went—treacherous pirates that forever sought to imprison mankind to punish with starvation and other means of inflicting death. Yet under favorable conditions they were only pretty flower beds, on which the spike bloom could be arranged in distinct rows by moving our boats slowly, or could be whirled into masses of color by our paddling swiftly. Nearly every steamer, large or small, that plied on the river had been caught by them. Small craft were in constant danger. The crew of a rowboat that were caught in the morning could not be reached by steamers, and were finally rescued after night by laying boards on the weeds to them.

The plants accomplished their purpose so quickly that our cove would be changed in a few hours from a sparkling bay to a weedy marsh, which would exhale muddy odors and bring loathsome crews, frogs that made night hideous with their singing and moccasins that crawled ashore to lie in wait beneath the electric lights—a strange condition of affairs that caused us to wish for immediate death and greatly fear it. An offshore breeze would quickly disperse the floating fields, with their nauseous smells and obstreperous peediweeps, but would leave the serpents for the cudgel of man.

Six months of constant association made us pretty well acquainted with the river. We learned to recognize nearly all the boats at sight. Every bit of shore scenery became familiar. The coves, jungles, high points with views, cypress swamps, and palmetto groves, were all explored. The knowledge that we acquired of local ornithology, botany and trees was something wonderful. In February foliage came on the deciduous trees. The first to change were the groves of small cypress in sunny shoals. White limbs became tinted clouds, then masses of green. Wild flowers appeared at about the same time. Violets were visible on grassy banks, and blue iris carpeted many of the swamps. Later every breath of atmosphere was sweetened with great white flowers hung high on the big magnolia trees. For a while limbs of the wild pear snowed the shallows with petals. Often we went ashore to gather deck loads of blossoms. There never was such another playground.

But a thousand springs could not greatly disturb our friend the St. John's. Other large rivers have their moods—play or work, are peaceable or angry—but the St. John's knows only how to sleep; and sleep he will, forever and ever, through all time, while earth exists. Sun, shine brightly; flowers, be gay; sing your sweetest, birds; you cannot arouse from that vast slumber, that luxurious ease, that magnitude of restfulness.

H. L. STEIGER.

The Ward Lake House.

THE Ward Lake House is an inn without a host, yet no less it welcomes the weary traveler. Supper is over, and while the fire still flickers (wood is short to-night) I will tell of this diminutive lodging house in the heart of the Hushpuckana Swamp.

Ward Lake is fed at one end and discharged at the other through Hushpuckana Bayou. To name it were to name the acme of untamed nature. Just here, where the levee crosses, the Ward Lake House is situated—not a mile from where the panther uttered his indescribable yell, the day we crossed through the "overflow" in a skiff, a dozen years ago. Time has not much marred the face of nature here, and still the buck and gobbler roam near by; ducks sometimes come in for mast, and now, in the swaying, moaning cypress trees overhead the owls hold discourse in dulcet tones.

Ward Lake is at the middle of a long march for the levee engineer. If he left one end, he must push through, night or day, but now man and horse can rest.

There is but one room, 10 by 12. Inside is a bed and a small stove. Once there was found a nest of young mice between the blankets, but that doesn't signify—they are all grown up now. (Maybe Mr. Hough could teach them to sing.)

The house stands untenanted, except when occasionally a traveler calls who has a key to fit. He unlocks, throws in his saddle and baggage, leads his horse to water and gives him the "bait" of oats he has brought along. He brings himself a bucket of water, chops some wood, starts a fire and lights the lamp. He gets out his bread and meat, brought along in his knapsack, takes down a coffee pot and a box of ground coffee from the shelf and busies himself over the fire a little while, when there evolves a feast to be held in no great derision.

How nearly are the two ends of the earth met! In a corner of the Ward Lake House is a long-distance telephone. The house was built especially to shelter the 'phone which is there for use in times of emergency by the levee guards. Charley, out on the river front, has just agreed to ring "before day" and have me quickly on my way again. At this 'phone you can stand and say, almost, "Give me the world," to wit: "Give me New York"—even have connection right into the office of FOREST AND STREAM. Would you like to hear a Ward Lake owl by wire? Wait, I'll call him—or perhaps you prefer waiting till the panther gets tuned up!

MISSISSIPPI.

TRIPON.

Getting Lost.

Some Experiences in India.

TALKING of getting lost, you may remember the cases in your own experience in which you got "turned round," and of others in which you got lost. You have traveled by river, steamer or train, and have no doubt felt the strange sensation of being "turned round." You know for certain you are going in the proper direction, but you feel you are going in the opposite one to that in which the train or steamer is traveling. This feeling you cannot for the time conquer. But you have only to sit still awhile, close your eyes, open them again, and you are back from the land behind the looking glass, and your world has again become normal. The same feeling takes hold of you as you lie in bed of a night. It may be in your own house, it may be in a strange place, some railway hotel during a journey, for instance. But the feeling is there; this is the preliminary state of mind to getting lost. Merely losing your way by taking a wrong track and wandering miles even in a wrong direction is not what is called getting lost. You must lose all idea of direction. The sun or moon, as the case may be, must be to you in some point in the heavens where you know it must not be, but still you are quite unable to collect your senses and to ascertain your position or direction in the faintest manner. There are some people who will never admit they are lost. A story is told of an American Indian who was found wandering about in a foolish manner in the woods. He was asked if he was lost. "Lost!" said he. "No, Indian not lost; wigwam lost."

On more than one occasion has it been my lot to get properly lost, and two of these occasions were on the huge plain that stretches from the Pegu River on the east to the mouth of the Sittang and the sea on the north-west and west. Fortunately, the getting lost was for only a few hours, but these few hours were hours of the utmost perplexity. On the first occasion it was at night, and I was alone; on the second I had a guide and quite a following, and it was broad daylight.

I had been in camp near a village called Magyibinquin and about eight or ten miles southeast of Pegu town. I had already had a few beats in the surrounding jungles and I flattered myself I knew the adjacent country pretty well, and believed that I could find my way about. We had been after deer only. On one occasion the whole village had come out with their nets to show me their style of hunting. One solitary dog accompanied us, the last of the Pegu hounds of that village, for all the rest had already fallen a prey to tigers. And during one of the beats it also went to join the great majority. I saw the dog go into a bush some twenty yards off. Next there was a yelp and then silence. The tiger had without exposing himself broken the poor beast's back with a single blow of its paw. The country was literally crawling with tigers. We used to pot pea-fowl of a morning in the reaped paddy fields. If a bird shot at happened to fly over into the elephant grass that surrounded these clearings the dogs used to refuse to retrieve them, as the chances were they would meet a tiger face to face, who equally with them was engaged in picking up the wounded birds. The knowledge of the presence of tigers was one that not only added to the excitement of being lost, but was a disturbing factor against a calm view of your position, if you happened to be lost at night.

A short two miles from Pegu is the Kalee stream. It has a deep muddy channel lined with impervious jungle. The prevailing bush has a jagged thorny edged corrugated leaf, much in appearance like holly, for which it is made to do duty in Rangoon for Christmas floral decorations. Coming in from Payagale one morning I pulled up at a laager of country carts on the further side of this stream. There was a tank with a big peepul tree near it, hence the place was fixed on as a regular camping ground. The peepul happened to be in fruit and I stopped to shoot the green pigeons that were settling on it in large numbers. I made a decent bag enough for the dinner pie, and as the sun was getting high I gave up and cantered into Pegu. While at breakfast I heard excited talking and saw a crowd bringing in a poor fellow who had just been struck down by a tiger. On inquiry I found he had gone under the tree I had just been shooting the pigeons at to pick some fuel when he was sprung on. I confess to feeling rather creepy, knowing what I myself had just escaped. A few days later on two men had put up at a village on the outskirts of Pegu. While one of them was busy making the fire to cook the evening meal the other man was preparing something to cook in the rest house above. The man below says he saw a dark mass fly over him and the fire on the floor of the rest house and the next minute he saw his friend being carried off by the tiger.

The day succeeding this occurrence I came into Pegu from another camp. I had hoped to get back early in the afternoon, I knew the road, so had ridden in alone, and was confident I could find my way back again. As a rule it is much easier to find your way into a large town to which all traffic converges than to find your way out of it into an outlying village; but I had marked the turning that led me and felt sure I could find it again on my return. The afternoon, however, was well spent when I started on my return, and I had not gone half a mile when I found night settling down on me, and I still in the outskirts. I made haste to leave the gloom of the gardens for the open plain, when I found myself on a brick causeway, and before I knew where I was I was dodging about among some rest houses and brushing past the very one where the tragedy of the previous night had occurred. The taking of the man so close to town had caused quite a scare, and everybody was giving these rest houses a wide berth as it came on for dark, and I found not a soul about of whom I could ask my way. I had already begun to lose myself, for the rest houses were half a mile out of my route. To do the best for myself I made a bee line, as I thought, for camp till I came on a cart road and a telegraph line skirting it, and this I began to follow. There was a moon of five days old in the heavens and not a cloud about. After going a short way I found the telegraph line going in a direction that was not mine. On this I changed front, leaving the track and riding across country. I found myself going toward a dark line which looked like jungle, while my way lay across

open plain. It was now about 9 o'clock P. M. I found as I got nearer that I had struck the Kalee stream at some point unknown. The fields in the immediate vicinity were dotted with grazing and crouching forms, into which I rode. All scampered into cover. The moon was now nearly setting. I tried to reason out my direction from the position it held in the heavens. I knew that that part where it was setting was the west, but I was now so thoroughly confused I was quite unable to make a single deduction. I knew I was turned. I got off my pony, and sat down eyes closed to recover myself, but when I mounted again I was just as much at sea as ever. Just then I heard the tinkle of cattle bells a good mile away. I galloped over the cracked ground to the imminent danger of my pony's legs and my own neck, and found a cart drawing toward the setting moon. The cart was coming from the village where my camp was and the driver set me on my course. I found that I had turned my back on my road and was going away from it at an angle of 120 degrees. Fortunately the experience was only a short one, but anything more confusing it is hard to imagine. On the other occasion I was not alone and was not responsible for the guiding. But that is another story.

Another time I started from the village of Puzandoung, where a friend had a large grant of paddy land, to visit another grant. It lay some 40 minutes off along a winding footpath across a level plain. Taking the Puzandoung grantee's foreman as a guide, we started at day-break, intending to come back for breakfast, as, it being the cold season, we would not have had a hot sun on our return. We sauntered along, taking shots at the duck and widgeon too, which we started from the small ponds and hollows that lay on either side of the track.

About 7 o'clock a fog settled down. The fogs in this plain are sometimes so thick that you are unable to see your open hand extended before you at arm's length. This fog was not one of the worst, but you could not see further than fifty yards. I started a large purple heron and followed him up. He led me somewhat of a dance, flying low down with short flights. I was trying to get him at a high angle overhead, knowing the danger of shooting low in a fog. The rest of the party followed, just keeping me in sight. On my rejoining them we again started, but after going some two miles we seemed to get no nearer our destination. The foreman declared we had been twice as long on the road as we need have been, and must have passed the grant in the fog. Immediately the tops of some houses came into sight, as the fog lifted a little. The foreman cried out "Here we are," and made for the huts. We had been going on for some two minutes, when he put on a puzzled expression of face and said "Surely that roof there looks like my own—it must be—it is!" But so "turned" was he that he actually recrossed the stream, went up to the house, and sat down on the veranda, and it was not until he had been seated at his own door for a considerable time that he recovered his sense of direction and could make a second start. This time we were not longer on our way than was expected. We had been wandering in a circle the better part of the early morning.

I should have called this a tough yarn if I had heard it from a fisherman. I doubt whether if a person had been the narrator my belief in it would have been much greater, but it was a personal experience and I was bound to believe the evidence of my own senses.—Ranchman in the Asian.

Natural History.

Forests and the Rainfall.

THERE seems to be a general belief that there is so much cutting of timber in the New England States and northern New York that it influences the rainfall and causes the quick melting of the snow by the sun. Many letters and articles are printed in the newspapers, and even in the FOREST AND STREAM, full of indignation toward the wicked pulp and lumber men. Would not the facts from the Department of Agriculture at Washington, or those of Forestry of Maine and New York, be worth publishing?

It would seem as though a paper such as the Springfield Republican would investigate before publishing the article you print in your number of Oct. 6, and see if the facts justify it.

My observation as a sportsman and timber man convinces me that the rainfall is in no way changed by the cutting of timber. Massachusetts has more acres covered by woodland than thirty years ago. I quote from an article on "Possibilities for Farm Forestry in Massachusetts," by Allen Chamberlain, secretary Massachusetts Forestry Association. In that article he says: "Let us see, for a moment, what our woodland represents to-day. By the last census, that of 1895, our wooded area is given as nearly 1,500,000 acres, and its value as almost \$24,000,000. While this is a gain in woodland area in ten years of more than 71,000 acres, its valuation shows a shrinkage of something over \$1,300,000 in the same period of time. In thirty years the value of our woodland has increased some \$440,000, and the acreage increase shows almost identically the same figures. Judging by the census returns, the character of our woodlands appears to have improved on the whole in the ten years from 1885 to 1895, but the depreciation in value of more than \$1,300,000 seems to indicate that further improvement is possible."

The statistics show no change in the rainfall. Thousands of acres of pasture of my boy days are now covered with pasture pines, oaks and birches. Little new land is cleared now. Does any well-informed authority show that rain storms with a velocity of ten, twenty or forty miles an hour are influenced by trees? There is a greater influence producing rain. The snow is mostly melted by rain. The sun is not high or warm enough to do much before the great bulk of the snow is gone.

To know about the woods one must study them at all seasons, and talk with woodmen who think, and see what is going on. The cutting of timber is now made a trade. Owners of the land want the small trees saved, and work

with guides and camp owners to avoid fires. They are the "vandals" who, when a fire is set by some careless hunter, send out men to put it out; no one else can afford it. Hundreds of men are employed to watch and save the forests.

It seems to me that this subject is of importance, and that the FOREST AND STREAM can, by consulting such men as the New York State Superintendent of Forests (I think Mr. Fox) or of Maine (Mr. Oak) or of Massachusetts (Mr. Stockwell), get valuable information that can be relied on as to the actual situation.

Statistics of rainfall have been kept at Gardiner, Me., for about a hundred years, showing the same average rainfall in each ten years of about 44 inches. Minnesota, with abundant forests, shows less rain (St. Paul as the point of observation) than Iowa, which is almost devoid of forests (with Des Moines as the point of observation). This is from U. S. Weather Bureau. The "Tribune Almanac" shows that the rainfall has no relation to forests. This is taken from U. S. Weather Bureau.

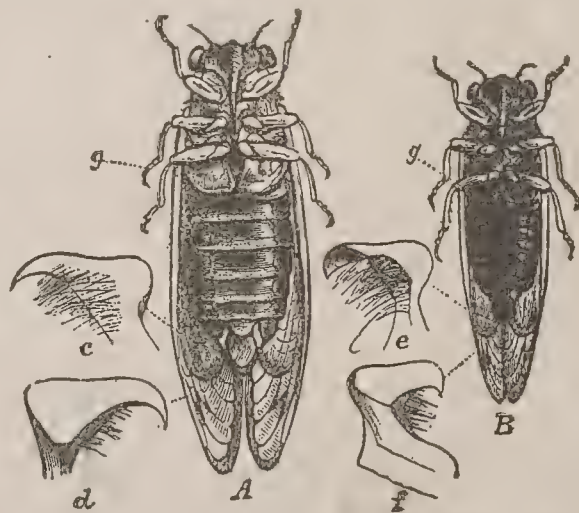
It would seem that the increased use of coal by residents of country towns, and even by farmers, has greatly decreased the use of cordwood, and at the same time the value of woodlands in sections where there is no timber for lumber.

Let a little light in on this subject as the timber men are doing to the young trees. C. A. D.

Locusts.

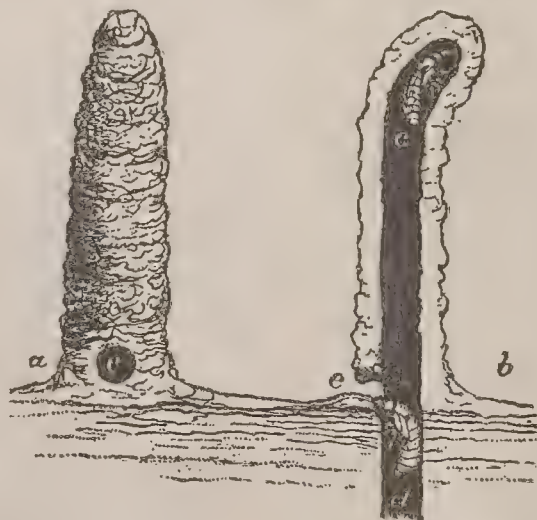
DURING the hot, still days of August, and even during early September, may be heard from the tree tops the shrill cry of the "locust," a name applied by the small boys of the tree country to the cicadas, large hemipterous* insects found from New Hampshire southward and westward through the tree-covered country as far as Kansas. In the prairie region, oftentimes ravaged by the grasshopper plague, the name locust is properly applied, and is given to the so-called Rocky Mountain locust, which is in fact a grasshopper.

The locust of the tree country is a very different creature. He is well known to the small boy, who, when he



The periodical cicada: A, male of typical form, natural size; B, male of the small form; C, D, genital hooks; E, singing apparatus.

finds one on the ground, looks carefully at the markings on the upper surface of the thorax in order to learn whether during the next year peace or war will prevail over the earth. If on the thorax are markings which look like the letter W, the boy knows that the next year will be one of wars, and gravely announces this fact to his young companions, who, with him, speculate as to what countries will be involved. The small boy manufactures from a straight piece of wood, some twisted horsehair, the thick glass about the mouth of a bottle and a bit of parchment a musical instrument which he calls a "locust," and by means of which a



Pupal galleries of the cicada: A, front view; B, section; C, pupa awaiting time of change; D, pupa ready to transform.

sound very much like that produced by the insect is made.

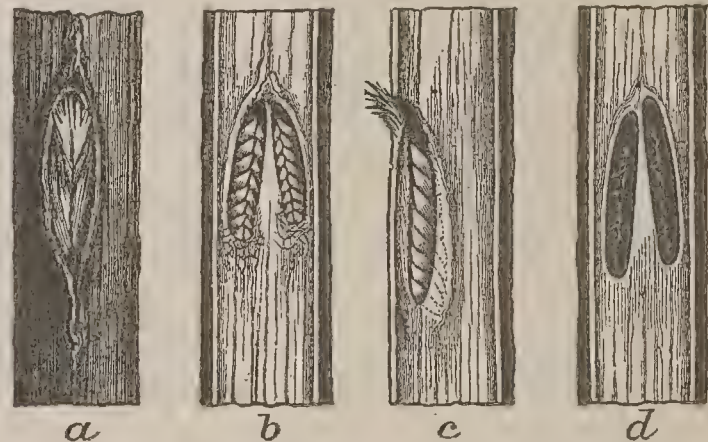
Since the locusts live chiefly in the tree tops and are rarely seen except when dead or dying they are much less well known than many other insects, and indeed most people have very little notion of what the creature is that makes the loud, long drawn out and droning sound that comes from this insect in the late summer. The sound is caused by a peculiar apparatus possessed only by the male locust, and situated beneath the wings in large cavities at the base of the abdomen. These are two large parchment-like sacks, ribbed and gathered into many plaits and folds, and when the air is driven with great force against these plaited surfaces the vibrations caused produce the loud, penetrating, shrill sound with which we are all so familiar. Other species of locust in other lands make even more noise than any

*Hemipterous, "half-winged."

best, is found from the United States far into South America.

One of the most interesting of all these insects is that known as the seventeen-year locust, or cicada. The adult of this species is perhaps less commonly seen than some others. It is medium in size, black in color, has red eyes, red and orange veins on the base and margin of both wings, and red bands on the abdomen. Its young spend no less than seventeen years in the ground before attaining their adult form—the locusts that we know.

When the female locust is ready to deposit her eggs she pierces the slender soft stem of some twig with her ovipositor, making a series of parallel holes, in each of which one or more eggs are deposited. The young larva, hatching a few weeks later, escapes from the hole in which the egg was inserted in the twig, runs around the limb, falls to the ground, and at once burrows into it. Under the ground it forms for itself a little chamber close to some root, where it remains for the next thirteen or seventeen years, feeding on the root, growing slowly, and changing its covering from time to time, preparing, as Mr. C. L. Marlatt says, "for a few weeks only of the society of its fellows and the enjoyment of the warmth and brightness of the sun, and the fragrant air of early summer. During this brief period of aerial life it attends actively to the needs of continuing its species. It is sluggish in movement, rarely taking wing, and seldom if ever takes food. For four or five weeks the



Egg nest of the cicada: A, a recent puncture, front view; B, same, surface removed to show arrangement of eggs, front view; C, side view; D, egg cavity exposed after eggs are removed, and showing the sculpture left by the ovipositor, all enlarged.

male sings his song of love and courtship, and the female busies herself for a little longer, perhaps in the placing of the eggs which are to produce the subsequent generation thirteen or seventeen years later. At the close of its short aerial existence the cicada falls to the ground again, perhaps within a few feet of the point from which it issued, there to be dismembered and scattered about."

For the next seventeen years after its escape from the egg it lives in the earth, feeding on the juices of the roots of various trees. When the time comes for it to assume wings, it slowly digs its way to the surface and emerges, an odd-looking, horn-colored, wingless creature, with long, sharply hooked legs. Now, if the weather is fair, the maturing insects climb up, often in considerable numbers, on the stems of trees or the posts of fences, and digging their claws into the wood or bark remain there until the skin of the back splits lengthwise, and then the winged creature within creeps out of the horny covering which remains attached to the wood. The locust, now mature, hangs for a time on its perch, until it has become dry, and then uses its wings to fly away to the tree tops.

Almost every child has found clinging to the trees the very curiously shaped cases in which the pupæ of this insect emerges from the ground, and there are few natural objects about which more questions are asked than these. It may be said also that there are few about which so little information can be given by adult men and women as these.

Some time before these pupæ come out of the ground prepared to shed their cases and to change to the perfect insect, they have come near to the surface and may sometimes be found under stones, sticks and rails lying on the ground. Sometimes when the season for the change takes place, on reaching the surface of the ground, they build curious shelters or houses, constructed of clay or mud brought up from below the surface of the ground. These houses are sometimes an inch and a quarter in diameter, and the vertical chamber within may be five-eighths of an inch in diameter and four inches in length. The purpose of these houses has not been clearly understood, but within a few years Messrs. Benj. Lander and E. G. Love, of New York, have investigated this subject, and have given what appears to be the true explanation of the building of these chambers. They seem to be formed usually where the soil is thin, and it is thought that when this shallow soil becomes heated in spring and early summer, the pupæ, responding to the heat and coming prematurely to the surface, build these houses as a protection while awaiting maturity.

Sometimes these houses are merely irregular lumps of soil; sometimes they are columns, quite regular, and having the appearance of being carefully made. It is to be noted that in some there is an orifice near the ground, through which the insect might escape, but more often the maturing insect breaks its way through the top of the chamber. If one of these chambers is injured before the insect is ready to escape it repairs the damage by bringing up pellets of mud, which it builds into the wall.

The vast numbers in which these broods sometimes appear is shown by the observations of Mr. McCook, who counted under one tree 9,000 burrows from which insects had emerged, while under another the number of holes was estimated at 22,500. It is said that "about some of the trees the pupæ shells became so numerous that they completely hid the ground. At dusk the sound of the many insects climbing up the tree trunks was quite audible." Sometimes the branches of trees and shrubs are so covered with the insects as to bend down by their weight; and yet it is not known that these adult insects

of ours, and one of the noisiest is a species found in tropical America. The common locust, which we know do any harm by feeding on vegetation, although in some cases they injure trees by depositing their eggs.

Mr. Marlatt, in his interesting paper, gives an early reference to the locust, quoting from the Barton Medical Physical Journal of 1804, which refers to Moreton's "New England's Memorial" as follows:

"Speaking of sickness which, in 1833, carried off many of the whites and Indians in and near to Plymouth (Plymouth in Massachusetts), he says: 'It is to be observed that the spring before this sickness there was a numerous company of *Flies*, which were like for bigness unto *Wasps* or *Bumble-Bees*. They came out of little holes in the ground, and did eat up the green things, and made such a constant yelling noise as made all the woods ring of them, and ready to deaf the hearers; they were not any of them heard or seen by the *English* in the country before this time. But the *Indians* told them that sickness would follow, and so it did. Very hot in the months of *June, July and August* of that summer.'"

North Carolina Wolves and Quail.

KINSTON, N. C., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Weldon Leader reports: "Mr. Tillman Picot, of Littleton, tells us that a pack of wolves are playing havoc with the sheep in that section. He says several have been killed, and that he has several young ones that he captured." Littleton is between Weldon and Raleigh, on the S. A. Line. You might get further information by inquiry of these parties. I would be very pleased to have you settle the matter, as rumors of wolves in eastern North Carolina have often reached my ears of late.

Our season for quail, or Bob White, shooting opens on the first proximo, and there are promises of plenty of birds.

Two of our local shooters went into the adjoining county (Jones) yesterday, where there is no close season, and they report seeing a large number of very young birds barely able to fly.

I have seen recently in my rambles several mixed coveys, about half of them grown and half very young.

Our past summer has been phenomenally dry and favorable to the hatching and rearing of the birds, and I think there is no doubt that many pairs of old birds have made two hatchings this season.

The fact is that the spring and summer of this year have been favorable to the reproductive efforts of all kinds of game. More squirrels are seen this year than have been known to exist in the past ten or fifteen years, and deer are occasionally reported in this county, where they have been about exterminated.

The 'coon and 'possum hunters, however, are meeting with very poor luck so far as your scribe can testify of his own experience.

The black bass and pike fishing is fairly good.

THOS. H. FAULKNER.

Vermont Wolves.

MONTPELIER, Vt., Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly permit me to note that in your issue of Oct. 13 you say: "That wolves should occur now in Vermont and in North Carolina, States from which they have not been reported for many years, is most unlikely, and no such vague newspaper records as those quoted will be accepted by naturalists until some specimen shown to have been killed there has been identified by competent authority. It must be remembered that in these days not one man in ten thousand knows a wolf when he sees it." Now the fact that the town clerk has paid a bounty of \$12 each on those wolves is pretty good authority that they were wolves. What other animal is there which could possibly be mistaken for a wolf? The wolf now lies buried, and the spot has been described to me, so I expect to be able to find it, and I shall exhume the carcass in due time, if nobody else does, and have it mounted.

Wolves are not altogether a great rarity in this State. In Fairlee in 1894 a wolf was killed and bounty paid on it by the town clerk of that town, and you lately published the mention of it in your paper in your issue last previous to Oct. 13, page 265, article by the writer, contributed to Montpelier Daily Journal, "Wild Animals in Vermont." The so-called vague newspaper records of killing the wolves are correct. CARLOS L. SMITH.

[Some years ago we received from the Adirondacks a "wolf's" skin, which proved to have been worn by a yellow dog.]

The whale does not discharge water, but only its breath. This, however, in rushing up into the air hot from the animal's body has the moisture condensed to form a sort of rain, and the colder the air, just as in the case of our breath, the more marked the result. When the spout is made with the blowhole clear above the surface of the water, it appears like a sudden jet of steam from a boiler. When effected, as it sometimes is, before the blowhole reaches the surface, a low fountain, as from a street fire plug is formed, and when the hole is close to the surface at the moment a little water is sent up with the tall jet of steam. The cloud blown up does not disappear at once, but hangs a little while, and is often seen to drift a short distance with the wind.—London Fishing Gazette.

The October Woodcraft.

THE October number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine contains the game and fish laws of the United States and Canada. The Woodcraft part has this capital list of contents:

GRANTHER HILL'S PARTRIDGE. By Rowland E. Robinson.
IN THE FOREST.
THE OLD CANOE.
THE RESCUE OF MR. HUNDLEY.
KELLUP'S ANNUAL. By Jefferson Scribb.
DEACON THROPE'S PIGEONS.
ANY LETTERS FOR ME? By H. P. Ufford.
JEHOSSEE ISLAND. By Olive F. Gunby.
FLORIDA INDIAN DEER HUNTERS.
AT CLOSE QUARTERS: The Hon. S., the Plover and the Bull;
A Nova Scotia Bear; The Panther's Scream; A Time with a Florida Alligator; The Owl's Swoop; The Dog Climbed.
THE DOG AND THE TURKEY. By John James Audubon.
SENATOR VEST'S SUNDAY PIGEON SHOOT.
AUSTRALIAN ROUGH-RIDERS. By R. Boldrewood.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—VII.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[[Continued from page 308.]

Tree Ducks.

INTERMEDIATE between the true geese and the ducks are the so-called tree ducks, belonging to the genus *Dendrocygna*. Of these, two species are found along our southern border, and occasionally afford some sport to gunners. They are rather duck-like in form, but have very large heads and feet, the tarsus being reticulate instead of scutellate, like the ducks. In other words, the skin of the tarsus is covered by small scales, looking like a network, instead of by broad, deep scales which overlap in front. This, it will be remembered, is a character of the geese (*Anserinae*). Moreover, the tarsus in the tree ducks is equal to or longer than the middle toe, instead of being shorter than it. The lower part of the thigh is naked, and the hind toe is extremely long.

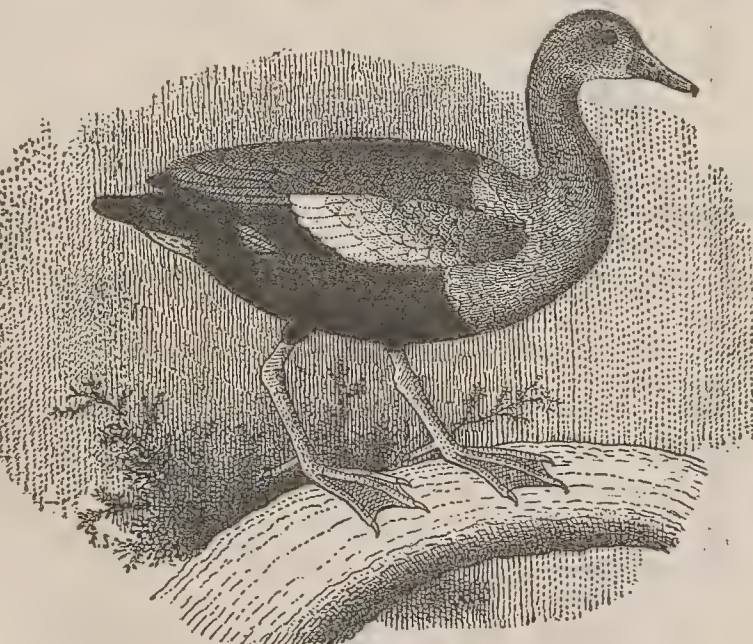
This group appears to have relationship with the Old World sheldrakes, and with the goose-like genus *Chenaloper*, rather than with either the ducks or the geese. They are birds of tropical distribution, and are found only along the southern border of the United States. One species is common in the West India Islands. None of them, however, are sufficiently abundant to be considered as furnishing gunning, but two of the three species belong in the list of our water fowl.

Black-Bellied Tree Duck.

Dendrocygna autumnalis (Linn.).

The neck, back and breast are cinnamon-brown, the forehead somewhat paler. Sides of head, throat and upper neck yellowish-gray. At the back of the head a black strip begins, which runs down the back of the neck. The middle of the back, rump, upper tail coverts, belly, flanks and under wing coverts are black; the wing coverts are yellowish, fading into ashy and grayish-white on the greater coverts. When it is closed the wing thus shows a white strip for nearly its whole length. The tail is blackish, and the under parts yellowish-brown. The under tail coverts are white; the bill is red, changing to orange at the base; its nail is bluish; legs and feet whitish. The young bird resembles the adult, but its colors are duller throughout, and it lacks the black flanks and belly; they are grayish-white, barred with dusky; length, 19 inches; wing, 9½ inches.

In certain parts of Texas the black-bellied tree duck is not a scarce bird. It is found there in summer and autumn, and at this time of the year visits the grain



BLACK-BELLIED TREE DUCK.

fields, where some shooting at them may sometimes be had. Its name is well applied, for it perches in the trees without difficulty, and walks about on the branches as if much at home. In fact, it is said to pass the hours of daylight largely in the branches of trees, and to do its feeding and traveling chiefly at night. This duck nests in the hollow trees, and there deposits twelve to fifteen eggs, without forming any nest. When hatched the young are said to be carried to the water in the mother's bill.

It is easily domesticated, and when once tamed associates with the fowls of the farm on perfectly good terms. When tamed it is said to be very watchful, and to utter a shrill call at the approach of any individual or at any unusual sound.

In parts of Texas, where the bird is common, it is known as the tree duck, cornfield or long-legged duck, while in Louisiana the common appellation for it is fiddler duck, from the clear call-note that it utters at night when in flight. It frequents the old cornfields which have been overflowed, and from such places it may be started in pairs, often giving good shooting. Its flesh is highly esteemed. Some of the local names used in South America and in Mexico are applied to it by reason of its call-note.

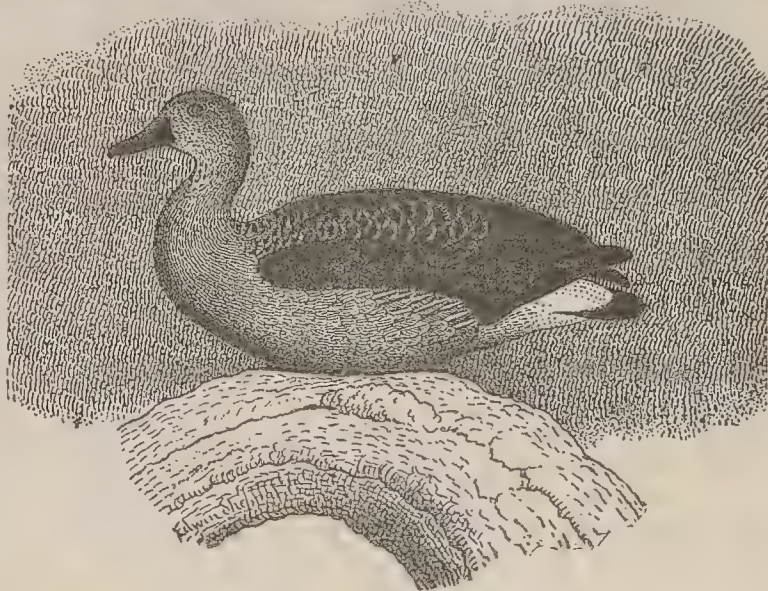
Mr. Xantus took a single specimen of this duck at Fort Tejon, in southern California, but this is the only specimen known from that State. In Mexico and Central America they are common. Dr. Merrill states that these birds reach Fort Brown, Texas, from the South in April. Most of them depart again in September or October, but some stay until November.

Fulvous Tree Duck.

Dendrocygna fulva (Gmel.).

The brown tree duck is a more northerly species than the preceding, and is found in Mexico and northward

through parts of California and Nevada, as well as in Texas and Louisiana. The head, neck and lower parts are deep reddish-yellow, darkest on top of head, and changing to reddish on the flanks, the longer feathers being streaked with pale yellow; middle of neck whitish obscurely streaked with black. A distinct black stripe runs from the head down the hind part of the neck. The upper parts are brownish-black, the feathers of the wing being tipped with chestnut. The upper tail coverts are white; the belly and lower tail coverts yellowish-white; the bill is blackish, and the feet and legs are slate-blue;



FULVOUS-BELLIED TREE DUCK.

the length is about 20 inches; wing, 9½ inches. The colors of the young are somewhat duller, and the wing coverts lack the chestnut.

The fulvous tree duck, known as the yellow-bellied fiddler in Louisiana, and the long-legged duck in Texas, is quite common there at certain seasons. Its habits do not vary greatly from those of the black-bellied tree duck. Like that species, it spends much of its time in fresh water lakes and sloughs, feeding on the grasses that grow there, and it also visits the cornfields at night in search of grain.

The flesh of both these species is said to be very delicious, and is eagerly sought after. The birds are shot only by being stumbled on or by lying in wait for them as they come into or leave the cornfields.

The duck is exceedingly unsuspicious and readily permits approach, so that many of them are killed. When crippled, however, their strong legs enable them to run very fast, and, like all ducks, they are expert hiders, getting into the grass and lying there without moving. The bird is also a good diver, and if it reaches the water is not likely to be captured. It is said never to be found on the salt water, but confines itself entirely to inland pools, rivers and swamps.

An October Afternoon.

THE same man who killed the three brant one September afternoon is on the same prairie again. He has dug a hole 4 feet deep in the same stubble field, and hauled the excavated dirt away and lined the hole with stubble. He has also covered the hole with a trap door of light boards; and the door is supported by a pole laid across the hole under the middle of the door, so that the door is balanced on the pole. It can have either end thrown up quickly, as occasion may require. Bushels of wheat have been strewn over a spot some 30 yards from the south side of the hole, and this afternoon it is observed that the wheat is all gone. The mallards have been after it. It is about 3 o'clock on this particular afternoon when the man arrives. Bunches, droves and clouds of mallards are to be seen flying here, there and everywhere. They have started for their evening feed on the stubbles, and this man proposes to get some of them.

Driving to within 50 yards of the hole, he and his two boy assistants take some twenty tame mallards from a crate and tether them about 30 yards from the edge of the hole and scatter more wheat over the ground. There are two other stubble fields one-half and three-quarters of a mile away, and as these fields are also favorite feeding grounds for mallards, he gives the two boys a lot of ammunition and sends one of them to each field, with instructions to keep the ducks away. Then he seats himself in the hole and waits. The tethered ducks do not struggle with their tethers, for they have been kept tethered at home, and know it is of no use to waste strength trying to get loose, so they walk about a little and eat what wheat they want.

After twenty minutes of waiting, a bunch of twenty or thirty mallards make a circle around the edge of the stubble, but are not satisfied, and swing off to one of the other stubble fields, but catching a sight of one of the boys stationed there, back they come, and after circling a half dozen times, come in to the decoys. Straight they come, from eighty rods away. They are almost ready to spread their wings and drop among the decoys, when some caprice causes them to swing out and up instead of in and down, and away they go, as if they were gone for good; but they turn again and sweep in wide circles around the field again. Once more they come straight for the decoys, and in full faith that it is all safe, hover for a moment and then settle to the decoys with drooping wings. Down, down they drop. Now they are within 30 feet of them—20 feet—6 feet. The trap door flies open and the jack-in-the-box pops up, striking terror to the birds, but it is too late. The puffs of smoke, two sharp explosions, and three fall heavily to the ground, while the rest are flying as they never flew before. The man behind the gun drops powder into the gun, rams down the wads, and follows with the shot charges. Half a mile away he sees a flock of sand-hill cranes coming straight toward him, so he quickly hides in the hole. But it is no use; the cranes saw him before he hid, and as they near him they swerve away and pass 300 yards to the right of him. Presently there come other flocks of mallards. Some of them come to the decoys and leave one or more of their number, but

other flocks suspect something, and after many circlings leave for good.

It is now after sundown, and the ducks have mostly gone back to the ponds. Several flocks of geese have been seen flying to the south during the afternoon, and perhaps some of them might come over as they go back to their roosting grounds, so the man waits a little while and is rewarded, for here they come, not 50 feet high, straight over him. Two shots, and the man wonders what is the reason he can never get but one goose out of a flock; but as he has nineteen mallards he feels pretty well satisfied after all. It is quite dark by the time the boys come, and the decoys are loaded in the wagon, and a moonless prairie is as dark as a pocket. When the horses get into the road they strike out at a lively gait and keep it up, while the folks in the wagon hold on for life while the wagon drops into and lurches out of "chuck" holes that are half hub deep. The air grows chilly, and by the time they reach the top of the hill below which they see the lights of the village these same lights have a pleasant suggestion of warmth and a hot supper.

O. H. HAMPTON.

In the Spotted Mountain Country.

I HAVE just had three days in the woods. Two nights were passed in a deserted lumber camp redolent of porcupines, and the third in a sweet, clean birch and balsam shelter, where, rolled in my white rabbit skin robe lying on the green fir bed, I could look out at the stormy firmament through the branches of the spruce trees and imagine the scintillating faint candles on Christmas trees of the long ago.

This camp will be a permanent headquarters for future fishing and hunting trips. It is on an evergreen knoll in a hardwood forest, and below is an ice-cold spring surrounded by sphagnum moss and shaded by arbor vitae cedars.

Two great canoe birches rise from the slope, and between them I can see the slide scarred side of Spotted Mountain, while other mountains of greater or less degree are all around. Oct. 9 the slides on Dix were covered with a frosty snow, while a few snow crystals lay in the curled up leaves on hardwood ridges at a much lower altitude. This was a good hunting day, but among the mountains the wind is never consistent, and partly from this cause I lost two deer.

At 7 o'clock a large doe chanced to be crossing from one ridge to another 120 yards in front of where I traveled up the stony bed of a brook. The white clouds overhead were sailing directly toward me, but a vagrant puff of wind back backed on their course and gave the deer a friendly hint of my approach, with the result that she was under full headway when I saw her. I fired once, but she went out of sight untouched.

Following her trail to see if there was blood, I found an odd thing. In her third or fourth jump the deer had landed squarely on a small green snake not much larger than a lead pencil. I picked it up, not realizing at first that it was a snake. It was the first and only snake I had seen in this locality.

At 10 o'clock the second deer got my wind and went off as if the devil were after him. I caught a glimpse of him and fired, but missed again.

His trail went down the mountain side, and I could see that another deer had gone up. Deer do not like low levels when danger is about, and I felt sure this buck would regret that he had gone down and would eventually rejoin his companion. I resolved to try to intercept him, and dedicated two hours to the purpose.

I mounted a high stump and stood guard. An hour and forty minutes passed, and then the buck whistled above and behind me. He had skulked along the bottom of a gully less than a hundred feet away with a stealthiness that baffled my dull senses, and I only caught a fleeting glimpse of his white hinder parts as he again snorted his disgust at the man scent.

At the lumber shanty I killed six porcupines to get elbow room, and there are still others there, for my last night's slumber was broken by the gnawing of survivors not included in the above list.

I once tried eating porcupine, but the meat tasted just as the beast smells, and one trial was sufficient. It is not a difficult matter to skin a porcupine, and the fur is handsome when prime, either with the quills present or after they have been pulled out. Porcupines have three kinds of hair, grading from the woolly understratum through bristles into quills. The quills are only loosely attached, and it is easy to see how the popular superstition of the porcupine shooting its quills originated. If a porcupine is shot a number of its quills will be dislodged from various parts of its body and fly into the air, and I have seen forty or fifty quills so projected into the side of a wooden house at a distance of 5 feet at right angles to the line of the rifle ball that killed the animal.

J. B. B.

Killing Cow Moose.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I observe in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 3 a correspondent reports having shot moose from the camp-fire.

This is certainly a very rare case. I notice he speaks of having his camp and camp-fire on the lake, or almost so, where he called the moose. This is unusual and against all the customs of moose hunting. The camp-fire should be at least half a mile from the calling lake. The safer distance is from one to two miles.

I have just returned from a five weeks' moose hunt up the Little Cascapedia, Province of Quebec, and the Upsalquitch, Metapedia.

In the Province of Quebec I was very unfortunate and met with bad treatment from the native guides, who were offended at me for bringing my own men. The people at New Richmond, or at least the guides, seem to have an utter disregard of the game laws or all laws of sport. After towing up the Cascapedia about forty miles we pitched camp. Our calling lake was two miles from the river. On the second visit to the lake our guides discovered the carcasses of one cow moose and calf killed as they judged about the first of August. Both were ex-

posed, and no attempt had been made to cover them or hide the remains in any way. A few days later they found a third carcass of a cow moose killed about one day before we arrived, the best portion of the meat taken and the rest left exposed as the others. We found on inquiry that two native guides had passed us during the night. We were on the ground Aug. 29, the season opening in Quebec on Sept. 1.

During my stay on the Cascapedia we called one moose to the lake, and only had answer the one night, but did not get a shot. Saw fresh tracks, but when the moose smelled the decayed carcasses they left at once. We saw the tracks of a large bull moose where he had come to within three feet of the remains of a moose, and made one leap of at least twenty feet. Such slaughter of game and utter defiance of the game laws is disgraceful, and the culprits should be punished to the fullest extent of the law.

Pulling camp up in disgust we came down the river, took the train at New Richmond, arrived at Metapedia at 5 in the evening. Next morning, at 12, we started to tow up the Metapedia River, until we branched off into the Upsalquitch and took what is known as the Northwest Branch until we came to the forks or sheds where all the lumber supplies for the surrounding district are kept. We portaged in eighteen miles from the river, reaching our camping on the third day, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, which was about two miles from the Ramsay Brook Lakes. There are seven fair-sized lakes within a radius of six miles. We pitched camp on Sept. 25. On the 26th I left camp at 12 o'clock for the nearest and best lake, about two miles distant. No road, only a blaze. At 3 o'clock that afternoon I had killed my moose. His antlers were 54 inches. He weighed about 1,200 pounds. We remained at the lakes' four days, saw any quantity of fresh signs, but were unable to get another shot.

I intend reporting and taking action when I have secured sufficient information against the parties in New Richmond. The game of this country should be preserved for those who intend shooting in proper season and killing the game in manly sport. Unless notice is taken of such infringement of the law as I have described and reported to the proper authorities, it will be impossible to keep the game protected. J. W. Y. S.

MONCTON, N. B., Oct. 18.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Mississippi Valley Game.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 20.—It is a great comfort to get a good, interesting, fair-minded and intelligent letter from a fellow sportsman now and then telling how the game is getting on in any particular section, and such letters are very welcome at the office of the FOREST AND STREAM, as is all news of the covers and the streams. A model letter of this sort from a newspaper point of view, or indeed from any point of view, is that just at hand from Mr. E. K. Stedman, who writes from Mt. Carroll, Ill., and tells about events and things in that corner of the world—a very good corner, too, it has always been from a sporting standpoint. Mr. Stedman says:

"This has been a very backward season so far from a sportsman's standpoint.

"Last season, the last week in September and the week following were good duck weeks, and basing my opinion on these grounds, I planned my trip this year for the corresponding weeks.

"I found plenty of water for the Mississippi is on a boom this fall, the highest since '84 at this time of the year. The lakes are full to overflowing. The small creeks and sloughs are bank full. The water is up over the bottom lands and into the timber, furnishing an unlimited supply of smartweed, mast and seeds of all kinds. In fact I never saw finer feeding grounds for wildfowl than there is along the northern Mississippi this year.

"I went too early. There was no cold weather, and I did not see any ducks or snipe, but when they do come shooting should be the best in years. I heard there was a small flight the 11th and 12th inst., but warm weather set in and the ducks went north again.

"Quail! This region has never known such an abundance of quail in a decade. I was camped on the edge of the river, and back of my camp was a partially overflowed cornfield, potatoe patch and millet patch. It was full of quail. That small ten acres must have contained at least four bevvies. I had a hound puppy with me, and one evening about an hour after 'candle time' I heard a couple of hawks screaming outside the tent. Close by the tent was a jumble of fallen tree tops covered with grass, weeds, etc., making an ideal harborage for persecuted small birds. The puppy picked up a trail near by, followed it into this network of wild weeds and flushed at least fifty quail. I counted five bevvies as they rose. They flew a short distance into the cornfield. I shot the hawks as they circled over camp, and all evening I received hearty thanks from the Bob Whites as they timidly called to each other from among the corn and potatoe rows. Next morning I flushed them again within twenty steps of the tent. The high water has driven them from the low lands so that if the present stage of water holds there will be fine sport on hand next month. The farmers here have nearly all forbidden trespassing, as per inclosed notices, taken from the columns of the Savanna and Mt. Carroll papers. Thus you see we do have some game protection, even if it is backhanded. But I can't blame the farmers. Yearly they show me broken down fences, trampled fields where the stock got out, stock lamed or injured from careless shooting, and they say it comes from allowing anybody to hunt over their farms. But a sportsman of the right sort, one who respects the farmers' rights, does not destroy property and is careful in his shooting should meet with a welcome from them. At least I judge so from the numerous kind invitations I have received to shoot over their broad acres.

"Squirrels are thick. I see in this morning's daily where a couple of ambitious young bucks bagged thirty yesterday. What in the devil they could do with so many or why they should slaughter such a number is beyond my understanding. They certainly were not sportsmen, and 'twill not take long to send the squirrels to the list of the bison, pigeon, etc. But this is an unpleasant ground.

It makes us think less of our fellow men when we notice these porcine qualities, and I can only feel sorry for the game that meets their vision and ashamed of them.

"Chicken shooting was very poor here this season, not over 100 birds being killed in the county. A brother sportsman told me they had taken to the cornfields, where successful shooting was almost an impossibility, which sustains your statements in FOREST AND STREAM, at the middle part of the season when the birds had unaccountably disappeared.

"Fishing has not been much to brag about this season. Continued rains kept the water in a roiled condition during the summer season, and now the excessive high water has made fall fishing a vexation. At the same time it places a needed restraint on the same fisherman, so 'tis an ill wind,' etc., and we should be correspondingly happy at their depression.

"Rabbits will be plentiful this winter, but this weather, I am afraid, unless it soon gets cold, will give them the disease they are subject to during open winters, when they are then unfit for sport or food either.

"Doves have been plentiful here this fall, and some respectable bags within reasonable bounds have been made. This is another delicate subject, as there exists among some sportsmen such a sympathetic feeling for this little bird that one is apt to get scalped even in good company, if he seeks to class the dove as a game bird. Personally, I kill doves when I can hit them during the open season, but it is expensive pleasure, as they are such swift fliers it takes a good shot to show three dead birds for five empty shells.

"Really good duck shooting should be had about Nov. 1 anywhere in this neighborhood.

"My total for my two weeks' trip was eleven squirrels and eight fish. No ducks, snipe or plover at all. And I had a grand time just 'lazyin'."

Just to show the extent of the farm protective movement to which Mr. Stedman refers, it may be well enough to print some specimen trespass notices which have appeared in the local papers of Savanna and Mt. Carroll. This may serve a double purpose—to show that our Western game is attaining a certain respect and a certain protection, and to show also that the farmer is a man whose rights are entitled to respect quite aside from sporting reasons. Perusal of this long list of notices may make some very good fellow even a little more careful than he has perhaps been in the past while out shooting. Sometimes I sort of wonder what sort of a farmer I would be, and what I would do to a certain sort of folk if I should see them come traipsing around without leave over my ground, which I had paid my hard dollars to buy and own, and on which I paid more hard dollars in the way of taxes. Now here are a few of the fellows who pay taxes, and they will serve as an object lesson, for other farmers are just like these, who all live within ten miles of Savanna or Mt. Carroll:

Any one found trespassing on our lands with dog or gun will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Hunters forbidden.

Any one found trespassing on our lands with dog or gun will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Trapping and hunting forbidden.

All persons are forbidden to trespass with dog or gun on lands belonging to us.

All parties are notified not to trespass on the land of the undersigned. No hunting allowed.

Notice is hereby given that any and all persons trespassing on my farm in Savanna township, for any purpose whatever, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the John Law farm in Woodland township either with dog or gun or otherwise. All doing so I will prosecute to the full extent of law.

The undersigned hereby cautions everybody not to trespass on his land in Freedom township with dog or gun, or otherwise, as he will prosecute to the full extent of the law any and everybody found so trespassing.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon my land in Mt. Carroll township, either with dog, gun or trap, or otherwise. All doing so will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

All persons are hereby notified that any person trespassing on my lands in Mt. Carroll township with dog and gun, or in any manner whatever, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

On and after this date I will prosecute any one found hunting or otherwise trespassing on my land west of Mt. Carroll.

One of the most manly and useful accomplishments a city man can acquire is to learn that he is not any better than a country man, and probably not as good.

Farm Preserves

The subjects brought up in the foregoing are very vital ones, having much to do with the success and pleasure of the field shooter of to-day. They bring to mind another matter of kindred nature, and that is the subject of farm preserves, not altogether new as an idea, but new in its application in many quarters of the Western and Southern shooting country.

Something of this came up not long ago in the conversation of a Chicago man who told me that he had acquired quite a little game preserve of his own out in a very good Iowa chicken country, by simply paying the taxes on several farms. The money seemed pretty big to the farmers, but it did not seem so very big to the city man, who was able to belong to shooting clubs, and to pay large sums of money in shooting trips to distant regions. He was willing to pay the money for the sport—for sport is the one and imperishable product of all things on earth that really is worth the money, but he wanted the sport for his money; he wanted to be sure that he was going to get some shooting when he went out as far as Iowa. Upon the other hand, the farmers did not care so very much for the birds, were too busy to go in for shooting very much, and were not concerned with what was more or less an old story to them, though it is more or less a new one to many city shooters. The exchange was therefore no robbery on either side, and both were satisfied.

I spoke last winter of a big section of country, some 25,000 acres, which Capt. W. I. Spears had taken under control and protected near Ingram's Mill, Miss. Capt. Spears simply went about among his farming acquaintances and secured the shooting rights on their farms. He gave for such rights various considerations, but rarely any very exorbitant sums. His chief object was to bring a considerable tract of country under a legal status so that it could be protected and would be protected. He wanted for his services in this, and to cover the cost of holding these shooting rights, a nominal sum per year, and he said that he could, in all probability extend his preserved tract to an indefinite degree. His first object was to stop the market-shooting for quail which he found was beginning in that neighborhood, and he did stop it, too.

To the credit of the South be it said that it has always instinctively rebelled at this market shooting idea, and it has stopped it far more generally than was ever done in the North. It was in the South that the FOREST AND STREAM Plank found more than two-thirds of its support. The South is a great country, and it is the only American part of America. They shoot more black powder in the South than they do anywhere else in the world, and they raise more sportsmen to the square inch, and are further in advance of the times in game protection and in real sportsmanship. It was therefore a bit gratifying to find so well planned and well worked out a preserve idea in this Southern State. I put the matter before some Northern shooting friends, and in November of this fall it is very likely they will make a pilgrimage to this preserve and perhaps take it into charge, furnishing the small amount of capital required to hold it together in good shape, and allowing Capt. Spears plenty of time to go fox hunting with Bobo the bear hunter, which is the chief end of man in that precinct.

Now, as it happens, there was some talk here this summer among a number of Chicago sportsmen of starting a little quail club down at Wheatfield, Ind., not far from the Kankakee bottoms, and on the "Three I" Railway. Mr. Chas. S. Dennis was among those active in getting up this club, and it was the first intention to preserve a good-sized body of land and perhaps to put up a club house, besides employing a keeper or warden. The cost for such an enterprise as this, for a club of twenty to forty men, usually runs somewhere near \$100 each for a starter, with annual dues of perhaps \$25 or more. It was thought by some of the proposed members that perhaps the undertaking might prove less sure and profitable than it seemed at first sight, and so the club did not progress very rapidly. At a little meeting of some of the faithful on this project, a few questions were asked of the writer regarding Capt. Spears' Mississippi preserve, and I told them what I knew of it. As a result, partly perhaps on account of the knowledge of this Southern farmers' preserve, the original plans for this club were discarded. The members resolved upon a simpler and more flexible plan. I present this plan below, feeling sure that it may prove of further use somewhere in this big country of ours. There may be other little bodies of friends who shoot together, who would like to feel sure that they can get a few birds when they go out upon their infrequent little shooting trips, and who will be willing to pay a small sum for the purpose of controlling a little preserve of their own. The plan seems to recommend itself distinctly to such persons at this stage of the shooting situation in the West, where farmers are yearly growing more chary of shooters and are more and more restricting the open shooting. It is all right to pay the farmer something. Pay him. You will get full value received. For instance, I am disposed to think that this very vicinity of Mt. Carroll and Savanna, where these long lists of trespassers' notices are printed, would be one of the best and easiest places in the world to start a splendid farmers' preserve, which would afford really good shooting. The plan of the Chicago gentlemen above referred to, who are now organized under the name of the Jasper County Club, may be seen from the correspondence which follows, first coming the letter of the farmer, making his definite proposal to the club men and stating the acreage he proposes to reserve and protect for them.

"Chicago, Oct. 12.

"To Members of the Jasper County Club:
"Commencing from to-day and ending Jan. 1, 1901, I will tender exclusive shooting privilege on land, amounting to 5,000 acres in all, including my property.
"By shooting privilege is meant that no one outside of the gentlemen specified as members of your club will be allowed to shoot on the property; that the owners and their families will do no shooting, and that the services of Mr. Edw. Seidler will be engaged to insure such, as well as to reduce, as far as possible, the number of hawks, etc., which may destroy quail.
"It is further understood that members of the club will, at least until next session, November, 1901, stop at the hotel in Wheatfield, paying their own expenses, wagon hire and services of man in the field when shooting. Another season it is hoped arrangements can be made for a suitable and satisfactory club house; also that more acreage can be secured, the purpose of this preliminary arrangement being to start the club and for both interests to be assured that the game will be protected on the one hand, and members of the club live up to their obligations as far as payment of dues is concerned on the other.
"In consideration of the above, for the sum of \$—, to be paid within five days, the members of the club will be given all privileges as stated; a new arrangement to be made some time during the month of January, 1901, on a basis that I feel confident will be equitable to all.
(Signed) "H. MARBLE."

On receipt of the above the Committee were able to report to the gentlemen who had been earlier interested in the proposed club, and their communication may suggest to others an easy way of solving the problems of club house, board, care of dogs, etc.

"Chicago, Oct. 17.

"To Members of the Jasper County Club:
"Pursuant with action taken at meeting on the 12th inst., we beg to advise you of results, viz.:
"First.—Inclosed please find copy of understanding with Mr. H. Marble, Wheatfield, Ind. Mr. Marble, in guaranteeing shooting privilege on 5,000 acres, includes 3,000 of his own, which have not been shot over for a few years past. He is a thorough sportsman himself, knows what we want, and if everything goes harmoniously we can depend upon his support for the future.
"Second.—At the meeting to be held next January arrangements for the following year will be made with Mr. Marble, giving the club exclusive privilege on same territory or more if desired, and we are in hopes the annual dues, payable semi-annually, will be from \$25 to \$35 apiece—that is, for a membership of ten or twelve.
"Mr. Seidler reports that the prospects are better than ever, and with the experience of this season, the present members will know next January just what they want to do. Now as to the condition and standing of the club at this date:
"First.—There will be no further assessment; all our obligations are paid in full, and the following named members are entitled to all privileges to Jan. 1, 1901:
"Membership: John V. Clarke, Chicago; Chas. S. Dennis, Chicago; J. J. Flanders, Chicago; Col. E. T. Huffman, Dayton, O.; W. M. Kinnard, Dayton, O.; Frank J. Loesch, Chicago; C. E. Pope, Chicago; J. V. B. Scarborough, Cincinnati; W. L. Wells, Chicago.
"Second.—For this season privileges to be confined to above-mentioned nine members, with the exception of minors under sixteen years of age, sons or in the family of a member, no member being authorized to invite any guest.
"Third.—Shooting season will begin Saturday morning, Nov. 10, lasting until Jan. 1, 1901.
"Fourth.—Our superintendent's address is: Ed Seidler, Wheatfield, Ind. Members will please address all correspondence to him relative to day they will arrive and length of their stay. Should they wish to send their dogs in advance, they may feel certain of good care at the hands of Mr. Seidler.
"Fifth.—It has been left with Mr. Marble to make up and publish shooting and ground rules, of which members will be duly advised.

"Sixth.—In all probability four or five of the Chicago members will be in Wheatfield to commence shooting the morning of Nov. 10, and it is hoped our Dayton and Cincinnati friends will join us, so we can get acquainted as a club. Yours very truly,
"John V. Clarke, Chairman,
"Chas. S. Dennis,
"J. J. Flanders,
"W. L. Wells,
"Acting Committee."

Tardy and Scattering Duck Flight.

Our duck flight in the middle west of this latitude is very tardy and very scattering, and it begins to look as though we aren't going to have so very much of a duck flight after all. A gentleman who spends a winter now and then in Texas says that he this week got word from Rockport that the redheads are already down there, and are offering very heavy shooting. These redheads came somewhere up North, and it maybe there are others which have skipped this part of the world in their southbound flight. Probably they went down some of the western flyways, which are distinct from the course of our flight here.

A few members of the Swan Lake Club have returned from a trip to that famous ground in the Illinois Valley, but at last accounts they could report no very heavy shooting. Hon. Hempstead Washburne got about a dozen birds a day during his stay, and others did not do so well as that. He was there just too late, for last Monday and Tuesday there had been a very heavy flight in. There are near the Swan Lake property some marshes that have been heavily baited, and these were drawing most of the birds, the Swan Lake marsh not having been baited.

At Hennepin Club, in the Illinois Valley also, the highest bag of the season to any one gun is this week reported, 59 birds, killed by Mr. W. W. McFarland. This was a bit of luck, for Mr. McFarland happened to strike in on about the only piece of marsh where there were any birds moving. Others on the same day got only a half dozen birds or so apiece.

Horicon Club, in Wisconsin, is this week having better shooting than any other club in which Chicago men are interested. The Horicon marsh is full of water, and there are a good many birds in. There is a lot of snail feed on that marsh always, and that is why the mallards like it so well. Mr. F. A. Howe, one of our oldest and best Chicago sportsmen, long president of Tolleston Club, of this city, once said to me that he considered the foods of the mallard duck, in order of its preferences, were as follows: First snails, next acorns, next corn. Smartweed, as I remember it, Mr. Howe did not mention, though it is a very valuable feed for mallards. The Horicon men are trying to get a good stand of wild rice on their marsh, and I would suggest that they also try smartweed there, for it will thrive in dryer times and dryer spots than the wild rice, and would be apt to retain its hold better in that capricious region, where a dry year may come any minute, as an Irishman would say.

A party of Chicago shooters were up at Horicon this week, returning early in the week, among these Messrs. T. A. Haggerty, Jack Scully, Victor Borne, Julius Behnke, the three Wolf boys, of Garfield Gun Club, Mr. Freistedt, etc. They had but ordinary sport, 12 mallards to Mr. Freistedt's gun one day, being about the best, others not getting over half a dozen birds, among these Mr. Haggerty, who had six different species of duck in his bag of six. They report lots of water, and a good many jacksnipe too, though the latter are much scattered, owing to the abundance of wet marsh for them this fall. The later reports from Horicon say the mallards are just beginning to come in, and the Fond du Lac men who belong to the club all say that there is going to be as good shooting there this fall as there has been for ten years. At this writing the weather remains very mild and pleasant, and we have had only one little cold flurry above here this past week. It was this little drop up North that gave us what little flight we have had.

Grouse and Deer in North Dakota.

Nearly all the reports which come from the upper Northwest this fall say that the flight of ducks and geese is good or will be good. This week Dick Merrill wandered into the office here, just back from a month up in North Dakota. He was located at Williston, N. D., near the western part of the State, and was shooting grouse in the rosebud thickets of the Missouri bottoms much of the time. He says the birds were there all right and he had good fun, but the country was very hard on dogs. The briers of the heavy thickets cut his heavy leather leggings into strips, and it treated the hides of the dogs much the same way.

Mr. Merrill says that there are lots of deer in that locality. He saw very many deer horns and deer sign, also elk horns, which were now almost crumbling away. They made up a party of four or five and went out deer hunting, driving the thickets on foot, and got five deer, Mr. Merrill getting a nice spike buck to his share. By the way, Dick must have started for the high timber about as soon as he got home, for he only landed from Paris on Sept. 8. He was very dangerously ill of typhoid while at Paris, and for six weeks lay in bed, not quite sure whether he was going to get up again or not; but he says a few weeks of North Dakota is better than a cycle of Paree, and he is now looking pretty fit again. He talks about a bear hunt in the Williston region. While he was there a 15-year-old boy killed a big cinnamon bear, and

two grizzlies and two black bear were seen not far away this fall.

For Love of the Muscullunge.

A very interesting matter comes up to-day in the form of a press despatch from Milwaukee, reporting a suit brought against the wardens of Wisconsin by a Chicago man, the despatch reading as below:

"Douglass Dyrenforth, of Chicago, recently caught two muscullunge at Tucker Lake, Price county, and, according to a complaint filed in the Federal Court to-day, he valued the fish at \$5,000. He says there were only twenty pounds of fish. Mr. Dyrenforth did not get his fish out of the State; they were seized by Deputy Game Warden August Zinn and sold.

"He claims the seizure was illegal, as he was only taking out of the State what the law allows him to carry away.

"If the court upholds the game warden in the seizure, then an action will be brought raising the question of the constitutionality of the Wisconsin game law. The case is of great interest to fishermen and hunters from outside Wisconsin who come here for their favorite sport."

An interview could not be obtained with Mr. Dyrenforth to-day in time to include with this writing. There is, however, a kernel of great interest in the above news. All this summer the vigilant wardens at Milwaukee have been keeping mighty close tab on the boxes of fish that go down to Chicago, and not ore, but very many, seizures have been made, including the fish of several fishers of the sort we are apt to call prominent citizens. There are two sides to the stories which come up about this matter. The sportsmen say that the wardens seize any box of fish they can get hold of, take the fish to the nearest fish market, sell them, and put the cash in their clothes. The wardens say, and it is upon the face of things much more apt to be true, that they act only within the limits of the law; that it is the exception when a party of Chicago fishers go up to the muscullunge country and do not bring out more than 20 pounds of fish, muscullunge, bass and pike all counted. The law says two muscullunge may be brought, and of course it would be two very small muscullunge which would not weigh over 20 pounds. Legally they might weigh a hundred pounds, and if Bill Haskell, Eddie Price or some of our other standbys caught them, I don't doubt they would weigh that much; but if the dispatch reports Mr. Dyrenforth correctly, and if his two lunge really weighed less than 20 pounds, he must have had an intense personal affection for them if he thinks they were worth \$5,000. The end is not yet, and we shall see what we shall see.

These laws prohibiting a man from bringing home with him a reasonable amount of fish or game that he has killed in a sportsmanlike manner, are among the most distasteful of any to sportsmen, and we should be all the better off without them, if the world had only sportsmen in it, and no one who would evade the law for mercantile purposes. The Milwaukee wardens have put their own construction on the law. This attack upon its constitutionality is the first of similar nature since the suits brought against the Indiana law by the late Judge Knickerbocker and Mr. F. A. Howe, of the old Tolleston Club, many years ago. It is to be hoped this test case will not be dismissed, but will go to the uppermost courts and get a final settlement. It affects very closely many Chicago shooters and anglers, for whom Wisconsin is one of the most popular and accessible sporting grounds of the day.

Deer.

If anybody has lost a deer, he can very likely find him this fall up along the railroad of Mr. J. D. Hawks, our trout fishing host of last spring, in the Thunder Bay region. The Detroit & Mackinac Railroad has near it some of the best deer country in Michigan. Its headquarters are in Detroit, and inquirers can get information by asking for it there. I observe that there is a three years' close season now on in the following counties: Alcona, Lapeer, Huron, Sanilac, Tuscola, Macomb, Allegan, Ottawa and St. Clair.

Quail.

Thousands of quail everywhere this fall. That is the common report, and let us hope it will be true after the opening of the season, as it seems to be now.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Caution in the Woods.

WALKERVILLE, Ont., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of this date I notice a very interesting letter from Mr. W. E. Wolcott, of Utica, N. Y., on the subject of "Adirondack Deer," and his reference to the dangers that beset hunters in the woods leads me to inclose herewith a little set of suggestions which we have had printed for the guidance of our party, which leaves about the end of this week for the Parry Sound District. Our hunting shanty is situated upon a small island in one of the many rivers that water that part of the country, and therefore some of the rules would not be appropriate for general adoption. Fortunately, there have been few accidents in the Canadian woods, but the ever-increasing number of fatalities in the woods of Michigan during the hunting season force us to contemplate with some misgivings the time when our shooting grounds will also be overcrowded with a vast army of hunters, a great majority of whom are inexperienced and prove an everlasting menace to themselves as well as their friends.

C. C. AMBERG.

Suggestions for the Better Protection of Members—Cameron Island.

Inasmuch as the yearly hunting trip is undertaken in search of health and pleasure, and the killing of deer is not so essential as to warrant placing human lives in jeopardy, through excessive anxiety to obtain the legal complement, it seems well to formulate rules for the better protection of the members of the party.

With this end in view it has been thought wise to suggest:

1. That no rifles be loaded until the members of the

◆◆◆◆◆
DON'T SHOOT
Until you see your game, and
see that it is game and
not a man.
◆◆◆◆◆

party have crossed the river and are about to enter the woods.

2. That all rifles be emptied of their contents before entering the boat to be ferried to the island upon returning from the hunt.

3. That no one discharge his rifle at a moving object in the woods, or elsewhere, UNTIL HE BE CONVINCED THAT WHAT HE SEES IS A DEER, OR OTHER GAME ANIMAL.

N. B.—This rule is above all others the most important. The great majority of hunting accidents are occasioned by criminal carelessness in this respect on the part of inexperienced hunters.

4. That after a member is placed in position to watch a certain runway he is not to leave his station, even after the dogs have passed, or have gone in another direction, until called for by the hunter.

5. That whenever parties of two or more are together in the woods, or elsewhere, it should be the earnest endeavor of each individual to see that his rifle be so carried as to preclude the possibility of danger to the other members of the party in case of its accidental discharge.

6. That the rifle be never carried at full cock at any time, whether loaded or empty.

It must be remembered that it is not an evidence of experience to disregard caution. The oldest hunters respect more than amateurs the capabilities and danger of the arm they carry. Caution is not cowardice, but the desire to guard as far as possible against the perils that necessarily surround the hunter when roaming the woods in quest of game, in common with numbers of others bent on the same mission.

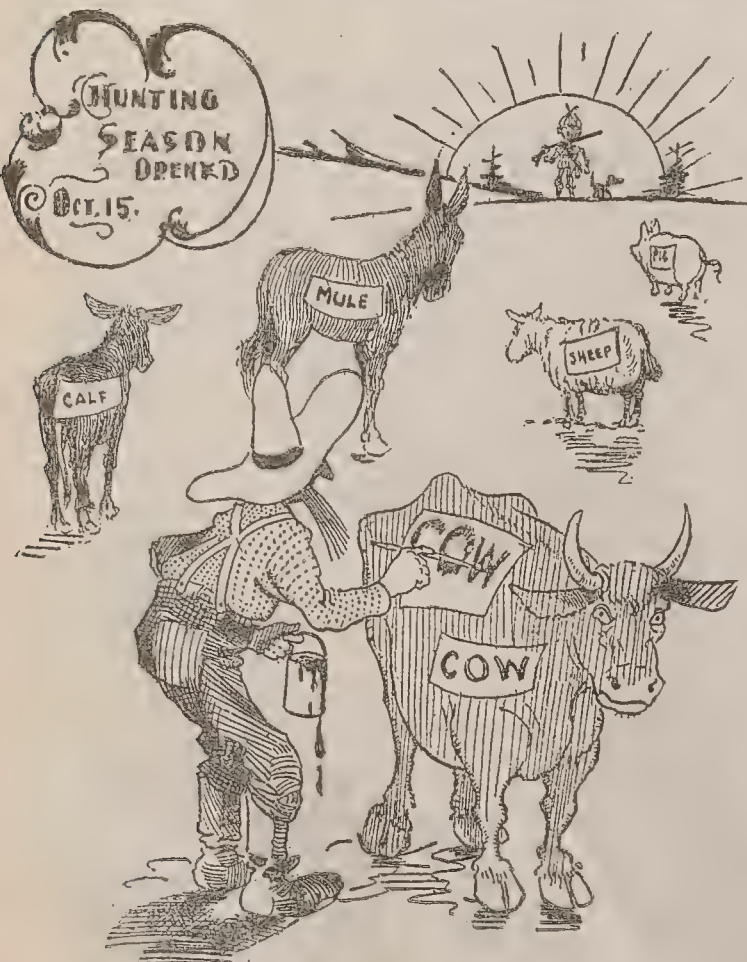
It is earnestly requested that these simple rules be consistently followed. That being the case, the risk of accident will be very greatly minimized, and the comfort and pleasure of the whole party very considerably enhanced.

Nov. 1, 1900.

Maine Big Game.

BOSTON, Oct. 20.—In the absence of the usual number of deer to shoot in the Maine woods the amateur hunter needs watching. Commissioner Stanley was approached the other day by a newspaper reporter, to ascertain if there was any truth in the report that the Maine Central Railroad, a train of which corporation had killed a big moose somewhere in the town of Burnham, was to be made to take out a license, and to pay for killing the moose in close time. Mr. Stanley was somewhat amused, and told a story of a young Dixfield nimrod who was bound to get his deer the first morning of the open season. Early he wended his way up Sugarloaf. The dawn was just gilding the east. He saw a motion. An animal got up. The excited nimrod fired. The beast made a few steps, then fell in its tracks. The hunter ran up. There lay a neighbor's Jersey calf. Mr. Stanley says that the people there propose to have a close time put on Jersey calves, and think that young hunters should take out a license. Another story comes from Kineo. A young hunter from the city was being entertained and guided by a venerable farmer. They were out in the evening. Not jacking? Oh, no! That is against the law. They were hunting by moonlight, and had a lantern to show them the way home. Creeping along in deathly silence, suddenly they saw two glaring eyes in the dim light, shining through the bushes. "Shoot!" whispered the farmer. The hunter let go two barrels of buckshot in quick succession. All was still. The hunters rushed up. There lay the game. The shot was a good one. It had killed the farmer's old ram, the patriarch of the flock, stone dead, and going still further, had wounded a lamb or two, so that they had to be killed. "Blast it!" groaned the farmer. "How in thunder came those sheep in the woods?" "That was a great shot, though," suggested the young hunter. But when the farmer added the damages to his bill for guiding and board, the young fellow thought he would go to another hunting section next year.

Reports from the Connecticut Valley region in New Hampshire speak of good shooting there. Deer are reported in greater abundance than for many years. The local hunters are after them. Charles Munn, of Orford, has slain his deer, which walked down the main street of the town quietly browsing. S. Q. Cutting, of the same town, has killed two small deer. Squirrels and partridges



A HUNT FROM THE PITTSBURG (PA.) DISPATCH.

are plenty. Reports are no better from Maine than a weeks ago. I have seen several returned Boston deer hunters. They got no trophies, seeing very few deer. Commissioner Oak has attempted to explain the scarcity of deer this fall under theory of so much rain and falling leaves that hunting has been exceedingly difficult. Later he expects to see the number of deer taken run to greater figures than a year ago.

The season on moose, which opened on Monday last, has not been successful so far as reported up to date. The Eastern papers, nearest to the best moose sections, have no accounts of moose taken yet. A year ago a number of bull moose were slain the first open week. Hundreds of sportsmen were in the woods on the opening day, and some moose were expected Monday night, but they were not brought to light. Some of the Boston hunters are waiting for better reports from the big-game country.

SPECIAL.

The Fitchburg Club.

OFFICE OF MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Boston, Mass., Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my last letter I gave a very brief account of our meeting Oct. 11 in Boston, but unintentionally omitted to mention that the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club was ably represented by its president, Dr. D. S. Woodworth. The Doctor is well known as an enthusiastic sportsman, and his brief review of the work that has been done by his club was listened to with earnest attention. The club has for many years been a terror to evil doers, having been active in the enforcement of fish and game laws, while at the same time it has been engaged in other lines of work. It is a wide-awake, progressive organization, numbering 150 members, among whom are many of the ablest men of the city in business, professional and mechanical circles.

The club has made a record of which it may justly be proud, and has for several years been in close touch with the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, and has labored assiduously in seconding the efforts of the parent organization to secure an increased supply of fish and game.

Unquestionably the Fitchburg sportsmen have one of the best clubs in the State, and if the pressure of other duties is not too great, I hope before long to give your readers more detailed information pertaining to its history and work. I hope also to find time to draw off an abstract of some of the carefully prepared manuscripts that I have received from other clubs.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 25, our Board of Management will meet at the Copley Square Hotel to consider the subjects suggested by Chairman Collins and others at our last meeting, other matters pertaining to the welfare of the Association and plans for work to be done the coming winter.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Cottonwood River Big-Mouths.

WHEN I was a school boy on the west shore of Cayuga Lake, in central New York, I learned in my geography that the Great American Desert included the greater portion of what was then the Territory of Kansas, while we sang with the teacher:

"Ho, brothers! brave brothers!
List, we call to thee!
We'll sing upon the Kansas Plains
The song of liberty."

And now, forty-five years later, I am writing an account of a day with the large-mouth black bass of the Cottonwood River, 150 miles by railway southwest of Kansas City and 120 in a direct line west from the eastern State line of Kansas and about 20 miles west from the farm Fred Mather took as a homestead, as described by him in his peerless recollections of "Men I Have Fished With."

Extending north from the Kiomeche Mountains of the Indian Territory is a range of hills, high and rocky, with ledges, boldly encircling the tops of the hills like fortifications of blue and gray limestone, and this range of hills extends about half way across the State of Kansas, known as the Flint Hills. This county of Chase has this range of hills crossing it from north to south through the central portion of the county, and the copious springs of these hills nourish and feed the Cottonwood River, and keep its water always of a low temperature. This river has a bed of a few shoals or "ripples" (common name), separated by long, deep pools of clear, cold water, in which the lordly bass flourish, kings of the finny tribes, and so well fed are they that as I look back over thirteen years' fishing in its pools I can never recall a single instance when I caught a bass with an artificial fly; nor have I ever found a person who could tell when or where the first bass were planted in its waters, except that the early settlers say, "They were here when civilized men first came here," so, like Topsy, probably they "just grewed" here, and it is on account of their plebeian origin that they have such a depraved taste that they only bite a good fat chub or sucker minnow, or, if they can be found, the most tempting, attractive bait is a young flathead, shovel head, yellow or mud catfish from 4 to 6 inches long, and his clear, faint yellow body becomes very attractive when fastened to a hook inserted through his skin just at the base of his dorsal fin, and in spite of his many local names he makes the most perfect bass bait that we can get here.

Just at present we are enjoying that perfect autumn weather found only in Kansas of clear sunshine, warm, drowsy days, with light frosts at night—just enough to make the forest trees along the river banks put on their "show day" garments of many colors, and the air is filled with pulse-quickenning ozone, so that a day spent upon the river, following its course from bend to

bend, with the scenery ever changing, with a blending of all the colors of the rainbow, reflected from the surface of each pool, is a day in paradise (even if you have a boat that leaks, which has to be bailed out about every fifteen minutes, as was the case on the day of which I write—Oct. 11, 1900, which will hereafter stand out on memory's calendar for the perfect enjoyment that fell to the lot of the writer and Ed E., one of the editors of the Topeka Daily State Journal).

Wednesday evening we put in two hours of hard work upon a rocky rapid, holding a minnow seine below rocks, which we lifted and piled out of the way, catching our bait, the young catfish I have given a description of, and at 7 A. M. we bailed out the (so-called) boat and started down the Cottonwood River through the foggy mist that hung over its surface, and O the charm and the beautiful vistas that opened up to our delighted eyes as we rounded bend after bend for a distance of a mile until we came to an old log and brush heap on the south bank, which we quietly approached and each dropped a minnow just outside the brush to see the floats disappear. After giving time enough for the minnow to be taken in the mouth we made our strikes and drew up the lines, and one caught his bass and the other one failed to hook his, and this style of fishing admits of no light tackle with reel and fly-rod, but in lieu thereof each had a light bamboo solid rod of about 12 feet in length, and when the bass was hooked there was business on hand lifting him by force from the water to the boat, giving him no chance to play or fight on account of the brush that lines the banks and bottoms of the pools. Placing the captured one upon the string, we continued this style of fishing down the river for a distance of about one and a half miles, and then fished back over the same course, until, just at night-fall, we found all our stock of small minnows were used up and only some large ones, about 8 inches long, left in the can as we drew near a brush heap at the upper end of a pool. Casting two large catfish minnows at the outer edge of the brush, they were seized and for ten minutes we had the fun of bass big enough to partly swallow the minnow, but not large enough to take the hook hanging upon the minnow until lifted to the surface of the water, and then dropping back, but not being able to catch a single one, when we promised the hungry ones that we would call upon them some other day, and left them with their appetites unsatisfied, and not one added to our string, to reach our boat landing with thirteen large-mouths, all above 12 inches in length (our rule here), the lot weighing 30 pounds—not a very large catch, but one satisfactory to those who made it upon one of the most ideal days and of the most perfect enjoyment that the fishers ever spent in their lives. Truly did Izaak Walton say "that the catching of fish was not all of fishing."

W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

Vermont Fish Stocking.

From the Fifteenth Biennial Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game.

First—As to the introduction of foreign varieties of fish. Without any reflection on past Commissioners, it may be said that during the past ten years no pickerel, bass, pike or perch have been introduced into waters not already inhabited by them, with the knowledge and consent of the Commissioners. The Commissioners recommended to the State Legislature, and the recommendations were incorporated into law, prohibiting the introduction of any fish, except trout, salmon, smelt and minnows, into the public waters of this State frequented by trout or salmon, and the violation of this law is subject to a penalty of not more than \$500, and not less than \$50. It is a regrettable fact that a very large number of our natural trout ponds and lakes have been ruined by the introduction of foreign varieties of fish, like pickerel, black bass, rock bass, pumpkin seeds, perch and bullheads. All of these fish are valuable as food fishes commercially in the waters to which they are congenial. In most of the waters to which they are introduced they do not thrive, and after the trout have been cleaned out by them their food supply is practically exhausted and they prey upon each other, and in many instances become a thin and cadaverous race, unfit for human food. They are a curse to all trout waters. When they were introduced into these trout waters, it was in the infancy of fishcultural work. The Commissioners who did it thought they were doing some good, just as the man who introduced the English sparrow thought he was helping us in increasing our song and insectivorous birds. It was done at the same time by Commissioners in other States, notably Maine and New Hampshire. The most of this destructive work was done from 12 to 18 years ago. It is a curse to the trout waters which can never be overcome.

Some illustrious examples of this work may be mentioned in connection with Crystal Lake at Barton, which ought to be inhabited by lake trout and salmon instead of by black bass, pickerel, rock bass and pumpkin seeds. Seymour Lake, in Morgan, should be inhabited by lake trout and salmon, but bass were introduced. Newark Pond, of about 150 acres, in the town of Newark, should be inhabited by lake trout and salmon. It is probable that it was originally inhabited by the speckled trout. The lake is now inhabited by rock bass, known as red eye or goggle eye. It is not the pumpkin seed, although frequently so called. The rock bass is a valuable food fish in some waters, but it is not of much value in Newark Pond. It was probably introduced as food for the black bass, but black bass do not now exist there. One of the old reports of the Commissioners states that they introduced rock bass as food for the black bass in many waters. Even Pillsbury's mill pond, in South Barton, is cursed with the little rock bass, so thin and cadaverous that it is almost transparent. The pond naturally should be inhabited by brook trout. There is no way to exterminate the rock bass in a water of this character, unless it can be entirely drawn out. Lake Dunmore was stocked with all kinds of fish from Lake Champlain, many years ago.

Now, as to the work of the present Commission. When we find a body of water like Newark Pond cursed with rock bass or other useless varieties of fish, we strive to find something more valuable than any fish now in-

habiting such a lake, and by its introduction improve the fishing. The wall-eyed pike is a very much more valuable fish than the bass or any of the coarse scale fish inhabiting these waters. It has, therefore, been introduced to a certain extent in some of these lakes, but not in any waters inhabited by trout or salmon. The rainbow trout is a brook trout with habits similar to those of the speckled trout. It is not introduced into small streams inhabited by brook trout. It has been a success in only a few places in this State. The supply, however, is not equal to the demand, either of the State Commission or the United States Commission. It will endure a warmer temperature of water than the brook trout, and where it has successfully been introduced is regarded as a valuable game fish, and equal to the brook trout as a table fish. Senator Proctor has a pond in which he introduced the rainbow trout, and regards them more gamy than the speckled trout, and quite as good eating. The rainbow trout takes the lower ends of the streams, where the water gets warm and where the brook trout have run out. The State hatchery does not propagate any varieties of fish except the brook trout, lake trout, landlocked salmon, the rainbow trout and the brown trout. Most of the work at Willoughby Lake has been done by the U. S. Fish Commission, but under the direction of the chairman of the State Commission. At Willoughby Lake the landlocked salmon, of course, are not an experimental fish. They are being introduced in all the large lakes in Maine. The lake trout is indigenous to Willoughby Lake, but the stock has become depleted through illegal fishing and, perhaps, to some extent, owing to natural causes. The only new fish introduced here is the steelhead trout, and quite a number of them were caught last season. These fish have about the same habits as the salmon, but spawn in the spring of the year instead of in the fall. They have become successfully introduced in Lake Michigan, where they are regarded as a valuable food fish, and the commercial fisheries of that lake are of great financial importance. For the trout streams in Vermont no fish can ever supplant the speckled trout, and the most of the fish propagated by the State are brook trout.

The Commissioners believe that if the State fosters the interests placed in their hands, large financial returns will result. The State of Maine maintains several large hatcheries, and considers it a good investment. New Hampshire maintains eleven hatcheries, and the Labor Commissioner of New Hampshire reports the amount invested in the summer tourist business of the State at \$10,442,352, in 1899. The cash income from the business is estimated at over \$5,500,000. A large part of the money invested is along the lake shores, and fishing is one of the chief attractions. "Incidental with the business of summer boarders, and the opportunities it affords all along the upward trend of farm life, in home markets for truck gardening, poultry raising, dairy and berry supplies, and the general awakening of public spirit and enterprise in home conditions, surroundings, and the well-being of the town, come the subjects of education, rural mail delivery and better roads, all intimately linked with the public weal, and what the best interests of advanced civilization demand."

Vermont has the same attraction as New Hampshire, and the same opportunities to attract investments of the above character. It is the policy of the Fish and Game Commissioners to do what is possible in their department to meet the demands of Vermonters, as well as the ever increasing class of summer visitors who are willing to pay big prices for the privilege of catching a few fish.

ANGLING NOTES.

Limit the Basket of Trout.

A FEW days ago a gentleman said to me that I was right in saying that anglers killed too many trout when they were in the woods, that all men should be content with such trout as could be eaten in camp and ten pounds to bring home. It was my opinion that no trout should be taken home, for surely the man who had just had a season of fresh trout in the woods would not care for trout that had been transported a sufficient distance to deprive them of their flavor (and this distance is very short), and he would not care to give his friends what he would not eat himself. A salmon will bear transportation, and one who receives a salmon may consider that a compliment has been paid to him by the man who kills and sends it, but it is, in my opinion, no compliment to kill a lot of little trout and pack them in moss, or what not, and deliver them to a friend in a condition more suited to the ash barrel than the table, and most of the trout brought out of the woods are in that condition. They may not quite smell to heaven, but they are not fresh, no matter if they have been kept on ice or covered with ice.

It is the bringing home of trout for friends that destroys a lot of good fish, and I contend that it is not a compliment to the friends. If one must give one's friends fish after a vacation in the woods far from town, a nice, fat salted mackerel is much more of a compliment, for such a fish is good to eat.

Last evening I returned home after an absence of two weeks, and in my mail was a letter from a very dear friend, the mother of two boys who will grow into first-class sportsmen, because their parents are sportsmen, and know how to train sportsmen, and I quote from the letter as follows:

"We spent last Sunday with the boys at St. Paul's School. They are happy and doing well. G. wants his rod, and says there is but one fisherman among the boys here. This boy puts back all the fish he catches, no matter what their size may be, except ones which he kills to eat!"

"I would like to know that boy, and wish I were not so old myself, that I could be sure of living to see what sort of a man the boy would grow into. Just think of a boy killing but one fish of his catch, and putting all others back in the water alive! Really, that is the first omen that I have discovered that indicates that the millennium may be about due. Men—some men—when they are approaching the meridian of life, or have passed it a few notches, discover that it is not well, or not

decent, depending upon the particular man, to kill more fish than can be used where the fish are killed, and they cease to parade that moth eaten excuse of killing to take home to friends. It is possible that at this period of life the love for killing, which seems to have been inherited by most men from ancestors perhaps as remote as the cave dwellers, ceases in a measure from being overfed, but it is a fact that this change actually occurs in a few men, but that a boy should exist without a highly developed desire to kill is most wonderful, and shows that the world is producing better, in spots.

Trout and Low Water.

In many of the counties of New York there has been a great drought this year; in some sections it was unprecedented. Streams that were never before known to run dry presented a watercourse of sun-heated cobble stones and gravel, with nothing to suggest moisture. The newspapers have had items in their news columns stating that trout have perished by thousands in consequence of the drying up of the brooks and springs, one paper stating that millions of trout have perished.

I doubt if it is quite as bad as the newspapers would make it, although some trout have probably been destroyed by the absence of water in the streams. Trout know pretty well when the water is falling, and drop down stream as the water recedes, though some do take refuge in the pools where springs come in from the bottom and where the water is cooler than in other portions of the stream. In a previous note I mentioned that the men employed at the State hatchery in Sullivan county had been engaged in the work of rescuing trout in the streams that were drying up by taking them out of the pools and conveying them to better and deeper water. Since then I have talked with the men who did the work and they tell me that not many trout were found in any single pool, though the aggregate of all the pools was considerable. While the work was in progress the rains came and raised the streams beyond the danger point. No dead fish were found, but it is true that when the streams recede, leaving the trout in pools, their natural enemies have a better chance to destroy them. Last year I was informed that a stream where I had previously planted young fish was practically dried up. I examined it for several miles, and though pools were left where there were springs, I did not find a single fish alive or dead; all apparently had dropped down stream into a lake into which the brook emptied. The fish at some of the State hatcheries have suffered from low and warm weather, but the loss was confined almost entirely to fry that were being reared to fingerlings, especially to lake trout, and the total loss was little if any more than it has been in other previous years, when the water has become low and consequently warm. One feature of the drought in its relation to trout fishing has not been commented upon by the daily newspapers that have killed off millions of fish with a few strokes of the pen. In northern New York the low water has made it necessary for trout to seek new spawning grounds in some streams. Men employed at one of the State hatcheries in the Adirondacks have been seeking the wild trout to obtain eggs for the hatchery, and have found the usual spawning place deserted because the water was too low for spawning, and they have been searching for the trout in new places. I will know more about this matter a little later, but now the men have established the fact that in many instances trout have been forced to seek new spawning places, but that they will spawn somewhere there can be no doubt, though the change may change the fishing conditions somewhat in the near future in such streams as are wholly dependent upon the natural increase and are not planted with fish reared artificially. The trout breeding this year in new places because of force of circumstances may return to their old haunts next season should there be an abundance of water at the spawning time, but the young from eggs deposited this fall will probably remain in or near the waters where they may be born and there establish generations of trout for the future.

This condition will not obtain to such a degree in waters in more southern portions of the State, where trout spawn later than in the Adirondacks, and where the rains have raised the streams to normal conditions before the spawning period arrives. The difference in trout and spawning season between northern and southern New York may be illustrated by the following. On Oct. 3 I looked over the ponds at Saranac hatchery, and one solitary female brook trout had entered the spawning race. Oct. 18 I looked over the ponds at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, and found two trout fanning the gravel in one of the ponds, and both were male trout. Oct. 15 10,000 brook trout eggs were taken at the Sacandaga hatchery, which is beyond and near Lake Pleasant. These eggs were taken from wild trout. The colder the water the earlier the trout will spawn, and so the earliest eggs are taken in the Adirondacks, and as it remains colder for a longer period than on Long Island, the eggs require a longer time to hatch, as, for example, last year the average time required to hatch trout eggs on Long Island was about forty-five days, which was shorter than usual, and in the Adirondacks trout eggs have been 156 days in hatching, and at the salmon hatchery on the Ristigouche River in Canada the eggs of salmon have required 210 days. I am not inclined to accept the statement that millions of trout have perished because of the drought, for if the destruction was as great as the newspaper items would indicate there would be forthcoming evidence of some dead fish somewhere, and as yet no one has produced this evidence, and I have been pretty well over the State, and being interested in the matter I have tried to get all the evidence possible on the ground. Trout understand pretty well how to take care of themselves whether nature frowns or smiles on conditions best suited to their welfare at certain places, and when she frowns at one place they seek another where she is smiling. As an illustration of this, let me recite from personal experience. During the height of the drought I was hunting for living springs in Delaware and Sullivan counties, and examined all that I could hear of through friends who were interested in telling me of the best that would serve to provide an unfailing supply for trout hatching. At one place the streams were very dry, for most pools, and there were rumors that many trout had perished. No one knew that they had only then assumed that they must have perished because the water was so low in the main streams. Up in our little valley, a spur

of the main valley, there was a small brook which was said never to run dry under any circumstances. I followed this brook to its source, and it was fed by springs. One spring, the largest of four, started high up on the side of a mountain, and as I climbed up and up, occasionally stopping to stick a thermometer in the water, I found that the little brook which the spring made was full of trout, too many trout to be sustained for any great length of time by the fish food natural to the water. To one who had never given thought to the matter it would have appeared impossible for trout to get up to the places where they were, but they were there, and that was evidence enough.

How Do They Do It?

How do little trout get up over falls and strong water, and places seemingly impossible for trout? The larger trout will swim up a sheer fall if the volume of water is thick enough to envelope their fins, but trout 2 to 3 inches long seem such weak little things that a strong current must wash them away if they were venture-enough to enter it.

Two days ago I was at the Long Island hatchery of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of New York, and the rearing races were being repaired. The water had been diverted from its usual course to enable the upper races to be rebuilt, and it was directed through a temporary box into a rearing pond containing several thousands of fingerling brook trout. This gave the water a greater head at the pond than the fish were accustomed to, and as it came in with considerable force it fell on an inclined plank just above the surface of the water in the rearing pond, making for the little fish a miniature Niagara with falls and rapids. The fingerlings instantly tackled it, and forty, fifty, a hundred, were jumping and in the air at the same time. The inclined plank was in the nature of an apron below a dam, and the trout could not clear it, but they made some grand efforts to, and all the time the atmosphere over the rough water was filled with little trout. As nearly as the eye could measure the distance, some of the little trout, 3 to 5 inches long, jumped a foot above the water, and leaps of 6 or 7 inches were not uncommon. All day they were at it, and I presume they will continue to jump so long as the water comes in with a rush as it does at present. It would be well worth seeing as an exhibition of high and continuous leaping if the pond and fish could be moved to Madison Square Garden during the Sportsmen's Show, and I am sure the exhibition would draw a crowd. I advised one friend in New York to go down to the hatchery by train and look at the show, assuring him he would be repaid for the time it required, as he is interested in all that relates to fish, and it would interest those who are not fond of fish as well as those who are, and then, too, seeing is believing. The show will probably continue at the hatchery until the water is again directed into its old course a month hence, so that if any one happens to be in the vicinity during that time I would suggest that a call be made upon the leapers in the pond and that every witness of the athletics make it his or her pleasure to spread the information regarding what they may see with their own eyes.

A. N. CHENEY.

South Sea Whitebait.

FOR a few days in each year, and always in the month of September, the South Sea people have a treat in the way of fish—a small stream runner smaller than the Thames whitebait and better flavored.

The natural history of the fish is obscure. It seems to be the fry of some fish, for when taken many have the yolk sac still attached to them. The first that is known of it is when schools appear in the mouths of rivers. The river mouths at all seasons of the tide seem fairly alive with the multitudes of fish not an inch long, but all swimming and leaping under the impulse of the instinct to ascend the fresh-water streams. Then they are caught simply by sinking a piece of cloth in the water and lifting it by its four corners at once. A square of cloth 6 feet each way will hold at an ordinary draft half a bushel of the fish, which the Samoans and many other islanders know under the name "inanga." During the few days they are running they are taken by millions without diminishing the schools in the least. Enormous numbers of them are known to pass up the streams, but once past the bar at the river mouth they disappear from sight and all knowledge. Even in the height of their return they are not seen in the streams above the mouth, yet they are never seen running back to sea. The run lasts for not more than a week or ten days in any one stream, and on the Island of Upolu seems to begin in the eastern streams earlier than in those down to the west. Apia harbor has two streams debouching into it. Not more than half a mile separates the two, yet the school begins to run in the Vaisigano three days before it makes its appearance in the Mulivai, which lies to the westward.

In native cookery they are wrapped in banana leaves and steamed for a short time. But the catchers eat them raw with great avidity. Once a foreign resident secured a mess of the dainty fish and gave them to a Samoan cook boy to prepare after civilized methods of cookery. The domestic tyrant was not prepared to venture on blunt refusal, but he professed to be much shocked at the order. When asked why it affected him that way, he whispered that, of course, he would obey orders, but he would have to do it when he could be sure that no other Samoan could discover what he was doing. Still further pressed for reasons for so much secrecy, he announced that the "inanga" was, in his own way of putting it, extremely "tufanua" or low caste, and not at all a fish for one to eat so highly placed as the family he had the honor to serve. It was a clever device, but it did not bear the investigation which followed, the question of foods proper to certain ranks being interesting if true. The frying of the fish showed why the cook shirked the task. They keep their vitality for a surprisingly long time, and when they are put into a hot pan it is a task of much attention to keep them there, for they hop about like so many winged creatures. It was solely to save himself this bother that the cook had invented a low rank for a fish that is really superior to any of the most famous whitebait, whether of England, New Zealand or Puget Sound.

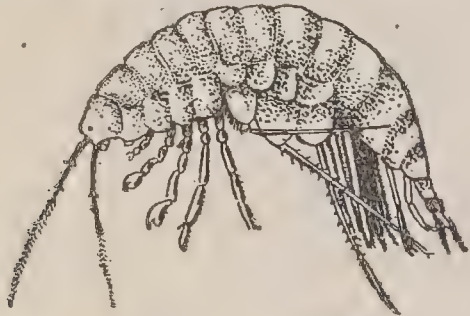
LLEWELLA PIERCE GURCHILL.

An Enemy of Trout.

BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Among the interesting incidents of our fishcultural work this year is the supposed discovery of a new enemy to trout fry. This is a fresh-water form (*Gammarus fasciatus*) resembling in general appearance and size that common species of marine crustacean found along our sea beaches, and usually known as "sea flea" or "sand flea."

Last spring some trout fry were put into the waters controlled by the Water Commissioners of Newburyport, Mass. Not long thereafter the secretary of the Water Board, Mr. Harry S. Noyes, informed me that the fry had been attacked by a small animal, which destroyed a considerable number of the young fish.

I immediately wrote for specimens, which were promptly obtained. These were identified as *Gammarus fasciatus* by the scientists of the U. S. Fish Commission, who, however, were of the opinion that probably a mistake in observation had been made, since it was not thought *G.*



THE GAMMARUS.

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fasciatus would attack living fish, though it was deemed quite probable it would promptly devour fish which had died from any cause.

In order, therefore, to obtain fuller information on this interesting subject, I wrote to Mr. Noyes for details. In his reply he makes the following statements:

"The only information I can give you in regard to the *Gammarus* comes from the engineer at the works, who spent some time watching the trout. He reported that if the fish remained motionless in the water the insects would attack them; the trout in most cases were able to dislodge them by rapid swimming, but not always. I think he saw them have three dead ones one day.

"At the present time the trout are doing finely, some being over 3 inches long, and they seem to be eating the *Gammarus*, as they are not near as numerous as they were."

If the observations of fishculturists in other States, or future studies determine beyond question that trout fry are liable to be destroyed by *G. fasciatus*, and likewise that the latter is eagerly eaten by fingerling fish, then the advocates of artificially rearing trout to the size of fingerlings, before depositing them in brooks or ponds to look out for themselves, will have additional reason for their belief.

J. W. COLLINS.

Bullheads.

It may be of interest to your readers and at the same time chance to serve for the more careful protection of our angling waters to describe in your columns a couple of fish hogs whom I came face to face with while angling for bass at Prior Lake, Minn., last fall.

One evening just as the sun was setting I left McKennett's place at the foot of the lake and started for a favorite fishing spot some half-mile distant, and, reaching it after a pleasant paddle, landed my canoe and started casting off shore. At twilight, when winding in my line preparatory to gathering a couple of bass I'd staked out close by me and starting on my homeward journey, the sounds of footsteps attracted my attention, and gazing behind, I spied two men, lugging a large sack, approaching me. Not being in a hurry, I thought I'd wait for them to come up, as the sack had aroused my suspicion and set me to wondering what was in it. When they came up I inquired, "What have you in the sack, partners? Made a big haul of something, I surmise." "Bullheads!" they answered. "Reckon you think we've got our share of 'em, eh?" And sure enough the large sack contained an immense number of the fish mentioned, seemingly thousands of them.

"What are you going to do with them?" I queried, after satisfying myself they were bullheads.

"Take 'em back to the house and feed 'em to the hogs," they replied. Seeing my native State fish slaughtered in the manner mentioned was too much for me to bear to keep quiet, and I couldn't refrain from lecturing them severely. My talk, I guess, put the idea into their heads that I was a game warden, and after some hot words had been exchanged among us, they picked up their sack and walked briskly away.

I hurriedly gathered the two bass, which I didn't want darkness to prevent my finding, then started in pursuit of the fish hogs, but when I came to look for them they were no longer following the lake edge. They had disappeared in the woods and were gone. Where they came from or where they went to I was never able to learn afterward, but I knew they had made their haul from the water I was fishing, and it was my opinion they had made similar ones numerous times before. It seems a pity some check can't be put on such fellows. What will become of our fishes if they continue to be slaughtered in numbers like the one described?

It may be possible that a few persons, and probably a great number might say: "Well, what if those nasty, slimy bullheads were run out of existence? They're not good to eat or for anything else, save to prick one's hands severely, that I can see." But ask the old angler who has caught and eaten most every kind of fish what he thinks of the bullhead as a table fish, and the greater odds are that he'll say: "Doubt if I ever tasted a better fish. I've eaten all kinds, and bullheads, when properly cooked, seem as good as the next to me." Although the bullhead is rarely, if ever, fished for by the experienced angler, it is surprising what an exciting battle a fair sized fish of the bullhead family can afford. Some five years since, while fishing a little Western lake—Prairie Lake, Minn.—I saw a whopper bullhead landed, and the fight it put up did me much good to see.

One morning when about to push my boat off shore for a long row to an island in the distance, an old farmer came up and begged me take him to a particular portion of the water, and wishing to grant his desire, I gladly ushered him in for the ride. He had a tree branch for a rod, to which was attached a stout cord, on the water end of which was a curved nail for a hook, and with that arrangement he was going off "Fer a mess fer breakfast," he told me. When nearing the farmer's favored spot a large fish splattered noisily by the boat's side, then my friend said, anxiously, "Slow up, partner, and I'll try ter fetch 'im." A moment after he had lowered a large hunk of meat over the boat side his rod was carried several inches under water and the wrestle that then followed was very excitable and laughable indeed. After a long struggle the captive was flopped into the boat between us, and such a large and mean looking bullhead neither the farmer nor I had before seen. The farmer thought, according to his judgment, that it was a 5-pounder, but I knew it would lack well 2 pounds, and probably more from the figure he stated to me. When we reached the shore a few moments later and I held the big fish up to attach to its death string, I couldn't help but regret the fact that it hadn't started its fight against my slender rod and afforded my reel some music instead of yielding its last attempt at struggling to the old farmer's seeming crowbar and clothes line.

SHEE-ROO-KEE.

St. Lawrence Fishing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The majestic St. Lawrence River and its enchanting Thousand Islands are becoming more popular as a summer resort year by year and ever gaining a warmer place in the hearts of the American people as time rolls on. The grand old river which links the great fresh water seas on the northern border of our nation with the greater Atlantic, and along whose course runs the boundary line between two powerful countries, is in itself one of the most beautiful streams on the globe. For many miles after leaving Lake Ontario it moves with scarcely perceptible current, and it is not until the Thousand Islands have been left far behind and the city of Prescott has been passed that the hitherto sedate river exhibits a new phase of character and becomes boisterously active in the famous rapids known as the Gallops, Long Sault, Coteau, Cedar, Cascade and Lachine. Calmly and peacefully it flows on undisturbed for the most part, even by the violent storms which sometimes visit the lake region. Safe in the inexhaustible reservoirs which nature has so generously provided to supply it, the St. Lawrence pursues the even tenor of its way with unchanged volume in drought and deluge alike, unmindful of and unaffected by the causes which ordinarily occasion a diminution or increase of flow in other less dignified streams. The river varies in width from one mile or less in some places to ten miles in others, and in depth from a few inches on the shoals, marshes and sand beaches to over 100 feet in certain localities. Its waters are of such crystalline purity that the river bottom can be discerned in all places save where the depth is exceptionally great, and they are characterized by a soft azure tint sometimes merging into a delicate green, which lends a wonderful charm and beauty to the river. It is at the Thousand Island, however, where the most abundant and striking evidences are found of the great and increasing popularity of the river as a summer resort. The manner in which the island region has been developed during the past few years by people in quest of health, rest and recreation is little short of marvelous. A quarter of a century ago or even less the Thousand Islands were comparatively unknown, excepting as an excellent locality for fishing, and land could be had there at a nominal figure. Since then, however, and especially within the past decade, palatial summer hotels have sprung up on the islands and both the American and Canadian shores, magnificent summer residences, many of which cost fabulous sums, have been erected on the islands, and everywhere smaller and less pretentious, but nevertheless comfortable and cozy, cottages have been built in such numbers in several places as to create veritable villages. Naturally there has been a corresponding increase in real estate values, and this is fairly illustrated by the fact the Governor's Island, near Clayton, which was once bought for \$170, was sold a few years ago for \$5,000, and it is not long since an offer of \$10,000 was refused for an island near Alexandria Bay which had been bought for \$100. The number of summer visitors at the islands is annually on the increase, and the past season was the best ever known.

The Thousand Islands, so-called, although there are more than 1,500 of them, planted in the broad expanse of the St. Lawrence, form one of the most beautiful archipelagos in the world. The islands proper begin at Cape Vincent and extend to Morristown and Brockville, about thirty-eight miles below, and vary in size from a small pile of rocks covered by a few small trees to others of large proportions, one of them Wellsley Island, containing nearly 10,000 acres of arable land. The scenery on and among the islands is picturesque and charming, the air is pure, clear and invigorating, and the facilities for boating are unsurpassed. Joseph Octave Cremizie, the Canadian poet, in writing of the islands, said:

"When Eve plucked death from the Tree of Life and brought tears and sorrow upon earth, Adam was driven out into the world to mourn with her, and taste from the bitter spring that we drink to-day. Then angels on their wings bore the silent Eden to the eternal spheres on high, and placed it in the heavens, but in passing through space they dropped along the way to mark their course some flowers from the Divine Garden. These flowers, of changing hues, falling into the great river, became the Thousand Isles—the paradise of the St. Lawrence. The Thousand Isles—magnificent necklace of diamond and sapphire that those of the ancient world would have preferred to the bright gold of Ophir! Sublime and beautiful crown that rests upon the ample brow of the St. Lawrence, on her throne of the vast lakes that display the tinted rainbow, and return the echoes of thundering Niagara! The Thousand Isles—charming wonder—oases on the sleeping waves—that which might be thought a flower basket borne by a lover's hand! In thy picturesque retreats I find naught but peace and happiness, and spend the tranquil days in singing the lays of a heart

content! Not proud Andalusia—nor the banks of Cadiz, nor the kingdom of the Moors sparkling-like rubies, nor the poetic scenes of Florence and Milan, nor Rome with its ancient splendors, nor Naples with its volcano, nor that charmed sea where Stamboul lifts its towers, nor the Vales of Sorrow where the fierce Giaours dwell, nor India in its native wealth, where Para-Brahma shines, nor the seas of verdure that Kalidsa celebrate, nor all the treasures of Memphis, nor the rapids of the Nile, where we seek and admire Osiris—shall ever thy echoes repeat from the notes of this lyre which is tuned amid these charming scenes."

Taking into consideration the entrancing beauty of the region with the many natural advantages it possesses and the fact that practically all the comforts and luxuries of modern civilization are obtainable there, it is not strange that it has become one of the most popular summer resorts on the American continent. This portion of the river also has many places of historic interest, and innumerable legends and tales of romantic adventure are associated with its islands, bays and channels. In addition to all its other attractions is an important feature which must not be overlooked, and that is the fishing. The river contains the muskallonge (*Esox nobilior*), the pike proper or St. Lawrence pickerel (*Esox lucius*), the black bass (*Micropterus dolomieu*) and several other varieties of less gamy fresh-water fish, including the wall-eyed pike, perch, rock bass, catfish, etc.

The Thousand Island region was a favorite resort for anglers long before it was ever thought of as a popular summer resort in the present acceptance of the term. In those early days the river teemed with game fish, and the labors of the angler were abundantly rewarded. Then came a period, however, when the greed for money proved disastrous to the finny tribe, and net fishermen held unmolested sway over the waters, shipping their great catches to market, until at last there were few fish left for those who angled with rod and line. This state of affairs existed until 1883, when the organization known as the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River was formed, its aim being the preservation, protection and perpetuation of game fishing in the river. Through the energy and activity of the members and their agents, net fishing was stopped within a few years, and since then the fishing has been constantly improving. The Anglers' Association is now one of the most powerful organizations of its kind in the State, having in its ranks all of the wealthy men from different parts of the country who annually visit the islands, as well as many of the most prominent citizens of the river towns. The importance of the work which has been accomplished by the Anglers' Association, and which it is still doing in the interests of the Thousand Island region, cannot be overestimated.

Some very large muskallonge are caught in the St. Lawrence River, specimens weighing 40 pounds or perhaps a little more being taken occasionally, while not a season passes without a number weighing from 20 to 30 pounds being captured. It is a pretty good muskallonge, however, that tips the scales at 15 pounds, and from that point to 20 pounds, and such prizes are quite often brought in. The average weight of the St. Lawrence River pickerel or pike proper is somewhere from 3 to 8 pounds, and anything above the latter figure may be considered a good catch. These fish are quite often captured, however, weighing as much as 15 pounds, and now and then one is taken which weighs a few pounds more than that. The black bass which are brought in average from 1 to 2 pounds in weight, and one that weighs 3 pounds is conceded to be a fine specimen. Sometimes, however, they are caught weighing as much as 4 pounds or even a little more than that, and these are the fellows that the anglers like to talk about.

Taken as a whole, the past season has been a remarkably good one for fishing on the St. Lawrence. June was a very fair month, and some nice fish were taken, but July was very windy, and the fishing was not so good. In August and September, however, the weather was beautiful and the fishing superb. It has also averaged pretty well during the present month. One experienced angler says that in the fifteen summers he has spent on the river he never before saw such splendid bass fishing as there has been this year. A record of the best catches made on the St. Lawrence during the past season makes this showing:

On June 29, J. S. Cox, John Muller and R. C. Fisher, who were stopping in Clayton, captured 75 pounds of black bass in three hours' fishing. The fish ranged in weight from 1½ to 4 pounds.

On July 6, B. French, E. Lowe and John Lavoncher, of Alexandria Bay, caught forty-eight bass in the Lake of the Isles, which ranged from 1½ to 4 pounds.

S. R. Shear, Superintendent of Schools of White Plains, with Albert Marshall as guide or oarsman, had good success, catching pickerel on July 13. Their catch included one weighing 12 pounds, one weighing 8 and three which tipped the scales at 6 pounds each.

Artist Russell, who went out from Clayton fishing on July 9, caught a 3½-pound black bass. On or about the same date Wm. Bastern and Harry Hanson, of New York city, with Louis Minnoe as guide, landed a 12½-pound pickerel and several smaller ones.

Mrs. Nora Bender, of Utica, and Mrs. H. J. Kilbourn, of Grinnell Island, on July 13 captured seventy-two bass and perch, the largest bass weighing 3½ pounds.

At Fisher's Landing on July 27 a muskallonge weighing 21½ pounds was caught by Melzer Prime.

On Aug. 3 the Smith party, stopping at Clayton, with Geo. Lalonde, Sr., as oarsman, caught the limit of twenty-four black bass for the sixth consecutive day's fishing. About this time Mrs. Smith caught a 7½-pound muskallonge with a light rod and single hook.

Fred Dickinson captured a muskallonge weighing 18 pounds at Fisher's Landing on Aug. 4.

On Aug. 8 Artist C. W. Russell, of Clayton, it is said, captured twenty-seven strawberry or calico bass, the smallest weighing over a pound. The catch was made in the upper bay. But few of this species of fish have been seen in these waters for several years.

In Simcoe Bay early in August a party consisting of Messrs. King, Alexander, Coin and Vandergrief, with their guides, Riley Allen, Stephen Leyare and Chas. Gardner, in two or three days' fishing took 240 pounds of black bass, some weighing as high as 4 pounds. The party went out from Clayton in a yacht.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 30.—Senecaville, O.—Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's sixth annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
 Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.
 Nov. 7.—Jamesport, L. I., N. Y.—First annual field trials of the Pointer Club of America. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y.
 Nov. 7-8.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
 Nov. 13.—Harrisville, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Paterson, Sec'y.
 No. 15-16.—Riley, Ind.—Second annual field trials of the Riley Field Trials Association. J. L. Graham, Sec'y.
 Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
 Nov. 20.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.
 Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.
 Nov. 27.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
 Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
 Dec. 10.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

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Jan. 14.—Greenville, Ala.—Fifth annual field trials of the Alabama Field Trials Club. John B. Rosenstihl, Sec'y.
 Jan. 21.—Benton County, Miss.—Tenth annual field trials of the United States Field Trials Club. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 13-17.—Vicksburg, Miss.—First annual bench show of the West Mississippi Agricultural, Mechanical and Live Stock Exposition. John Dewhurst, Supt.
 Nov. 28-30.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Second annual bench show of the Philadelphia Dog Show Association. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.
 Dec. 6-10.—Cincinnati, O.—Annual bench show of the Cincinnati Fox Terrier Club. J. C. Trohliger, Sec'y.

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Feb. 26-March 1.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Kennel Club's annual bench show. C. M. Munhall, Sec'y.
 March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Fetch and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

VII.—"Heel."

"HEEL" is the order commonly used to denote that the dog is to follow behind the shooter. There are constantly recurring occasions for its use, such as to keep the dog from aimlessly and annoyingly running about; to save him from expending his strength in working out unfavorable or barren ground; to prevent him from intrusive visitations to yards and houses while passing them, and to keep him generally in place when the shooter desires that he stop hunting.

Special pains should be taken to teach perfect obedience to this order, as it is essential to the best control of the dog at all times, and is particularly useful when two or more dogs are to be handled afield together.

The proper obedience to this command is not established till the dog will come promptly to heel when ordered, and there remain reliably and quietly till he receives the order or signal to go on, and all this whether the eye of the trainer is on him or not. Restraining the dog at heel betimes serves also to rest him without any lessening of the day's sport. It also serves as a protection to him from the attacks of vicious curs, and from frittering away his time in visiting idle curs of social proclivities.

Simple as is the act required in response to this order, and notwithstanding the ease with which it can be taught, few dogs are trained to obey it with even a reasonable degree of observance. Commonly as taught the dog comes dawdling in with contemptuous castings to the right and left, nosing about meanwhile, and, when he at last is at heel, if the trainer takes his eyes off him for a moment, he casts back to the rear, begins hunting in the wake of his trainer, paying visits to vagrant curs, or pottering about in search of bones and garbage. A good thrashing is a great benefit to the offender in such instances.

The first lessons in teaching this command may be given in the yard, or when taking him for a run in the fields. Then it is better to lead him with a cord which is held in one hand while the other hand holds a whip.

At first he will go anywhere rather than behind his trainer, and may exhibit more or less obstinacy and resistance if his inclination is opposed. When walking along, the command "heel" is given, at the same time jerking him toward the rear with the cord. If he, after being forced to the rear, attempts to go ahead of his trainer, he should be whipped back to place, the trainer being careful to so hit him that he will endeavor to get behind for safety. Then the trainer calmly resumes his walk, and any further attempts to lag behind or to forge ahead are to be thwarted as at first.

If he is resolutely obstinate and resistant, a spike collar should be put on him. Then if he charges ahead or sags in the collar in a refusal to go at all, or if he struggles to escape, a pull on the cord will correct him and bring him into place at once. If he is persistent in charging ahead, a sharp cut or two with the whip will make him retreat to his place in the rear.

At every correction the command should be repeated so that he will learn to associate it with the act of taking his place at the heels of the trainer, and this should be persisted in till he will walk steadily at heel. However, no more punishment should be inflicted than is really needed to enforce the command. The regular repetition of the lessons and fidelity in enforcing obedience to details should be relied upon to teach steadiness rather than violence, long lessons and hurry.

That is the first stage. When the cord and collar are removed, he may immediately attempt to exercise his

Roy Shoemaker, of Alexandria Bay, on Aug. 14, caught seventeen black bass, the largest of which tipped the scales at 4¾ pounds. He also landed six pickerel, one of which is said to have weighed 24½ pounds.

On Aug. 17 Oarsman Daniel Quinn, of Alexandria Bay, caught a 12-pound pickerel in the Lake of the Isles.

About the middle of August a yachting party consisting of Louis Marx, Nathan Strauss, Isidore Strauss and A. Abrams, of New York city, guests at Alexandria Bay, and a few friends visited Watterson's Point and enjoyed a barbecue near that place. During the day a 10-pound pickerel was captured. About the same time Miss Ruby Fall, who was fishing in company with Capt. and Mrs. Kratzenberg, of Utica, near Wagoner's Point, caught a 9-pound pickerel.

Late in August James Chalmers, of Bay Side, and M. Bowling, of Virginia, while fishing near Fisher's Landing, captured in half a day nineteen pickerel, the total weight of which was 54 pounds. On Aug. 29 the same anglers in the same locality took 454 perch, weighing in the aggregate 96 pounds.

On Aug. 28 John Foley, of Clayton, and his brother, James Foley, of Illinois, with Louis Marshall as guide, made a fine catch of fish, including a 14-pound muskallonge.

F. W. Emery, of Boston, who spent the summer at the Hubbard House, Clayton, was out fishing sixty-two days prior to Sept. 1, and succeeded daily in catching the limit allowed by law for black bass, which is twenty-four. H. G. Gould was his guide.

John H. Dana, of Rochester, while a guest at Alexandria Bay, early in September, caught a 12-pound pickerel.

Rev. W. H. Barton, of New York, who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Campbell, of Alexandria Bay, the fore part of September, went out fishing one day with the Martin party and captured two fine muskallonge, the larger weighing 17 pounds. Miss Martin landed one weighing 10 pounds.

T. H. McCoy, of New York city, with Louis Minnoe as oarsman, went out fishing from Clayton one day during the latter part of September, and caught a pickerel weighing 10½ pounds, one weighing 9¾ pounds, one weighing 8 pounds and several smaller specimens, ranging from 3 to 6 pounds. He also caught a number of black bass, including one that weighed 2½ pounds.

George H. Marsh, Harold D. Marsh and Roy Shoemaker went out from Alexandria Bay the latter part of September and caught forty-seven fine bass, fourteen pickerel and six muskallonge.

During the first week in October the Bergman party, who went out from Clayton with Albert Marshall as guide, brought in a 25-pound muskallonge. Mrs. Mann, with Charles Seymour as guide, landed one that weighed 15 pounds.

On Oct. 4 Joseph Churco and Ed Mennoe, of Clayton, captured the largest muskallonge recorded as taken during the season. It weighed 43 pounds.

On the same day Albert Marshall and Cahres Seymour, of Clayton, caught a muskallonge weighing 32 pounds.

L. E. Fry and E. Denny, who went out from Clayton early in October, captured twenty-three fine pickerel.

A gentleman from New York, accompanied by Oarsman McDonnell, of Cape Vincent, while trolling in Button Bay, landed a muskallonge weighing 27 pounds.

William Howarth, druggist, of Utica, spent the past season, as is his annual custom, at his summer residence on Carlton Island, St. Lawrence River. In company with his wife, they remained there from June 16 to Sept. 20, and during that period had some splendid fishing, especially for bass. Of course, there were many days on which they did not go out to fish, but they went often, and almost invariably met with excellent success. In fact, they seemed to have the knack of catching bass when other anglers in their immediate vicinity failed. At times during the season they had guests visiting them, and the new comers, under the guidance of their host and hostess, also made big catches. A record kept at the cottage of the number of fish caught by members of the Howarth party during the season shows these totals: Black bass, 574; perch, 726; pickerel, 95; muskallonge, 1; making in the aggregate, 1,396 fish taken. Certainly this is a great record in view of the fact that the fish were all captured with rod and line, and all were up to the full size prescribed by law. No bass less than 10 inches in length or weighing less than half a pound were kept, as a matter of course, and they ranged from 8 or 10 ounces up to 4½ pounds. The perch averaged from ¼ to 1 pound, and ran from that to 2 pounds. They were very plentiful and of good size. The pickerel taken did not run very large. The largest one, which weighed 12½ pounds, was caught on Sept. 6. The muskallonge was captured on Sept. 12 and weighed 16 pounds. The bass fishing was particularly good during August and September. On Aug. 7 Mr. and Mrs. Howarth took twelve bass weighing in the aggregate 24 pounds.

On Aug. 10 Mr. and Mrs. Howarth, accompanied by A. C. Salisbury and Dr. J. G. Kilbourne, of Utica, who were their guests, went out in two boats and caught twenty-eight black bass in the forenoon and fifteen in the afternoon. Seven of the bass then taken weighed 32 pounds, an average of 4½ pounds.

On Aug. 24 Mr. and Mrs. Howarth landed nine bass which averaged in weight 3½ pounds apiece.

On Sept. 2 Mr. and Mrs. Howarth and their guests, Theodore M. Glatt and John Carberry, of Utica, caught ten black bass, which weighed 29½ pounds, and two pickerel, one weighing 7 and the other 9 pounds. This was all done in the forenoon.

The black bass fishing in Lake Ontario at and near Cape Vincent has been better than has ever before been known. Some of the oarsmen there who go out with fishermen and are fortunate enough to have patrons who angle solely for pleasure, are allowed to sell the fish they catch. They are readily disposed of at the fish house at Cape Vincent, and black bass bring 8 cents a pound. The revenue of the guides is thus often largely increased. One oarsman who accompanied a New Yorker from June 15 to Sept. 1 made a good thing out of the sale of fish, as they caught nearly half a ton of bass during that period. Another guide, who was in the employ of a sportsman during the season, did even better than that, for their aggregate catch amounted to one and one-quarter tons of bass, and the fish were sold at 8 cents a pound, the former receiving the proceeds.

Trolling with spoons is commonly conceded to be the

most effectual method of capturing the muskallonge, and those of gold, silver, brass and copper are used according to the weather conditions. When the sun shines brightly a copper spoon is considered the proper thing. When there are occasional clouds a gold or brass one is used, and in case it is a dark, lowering day the silver spoon is favored. Many of the most popular spoons are constructed of two metals, showing one on the face and another on the reverse, while some show the metal only on the face, and are painted red inside. Large hooks made of coarse wire with three or four barbs, one placed an inch under the others, and the whole heavily dressed with quill feathers, are recommended for muskallonge fishing. Stiff trolling poles, cable laid linen trolling lines, strong silver gimp leaders with a swivel at either end, and good, reliable reels, are also among the desirable articles in an outfit. Trolling spoons and minnows are used for pickerel fishing, and for black bass and perch, minnows and crabs form tempting bait.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Oct. 19.

Mice for Bass Bait.

PRINCESS Bay, N. Y., Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw a question to-day in FOREST AND STREAM, put by "Seldom," of Providence, R. I. It is "Who ever heard of house mice for bait for bass?"

I can inform "Seldom" that I tried them for bait over thirty years ago and seldom failed to catch a bass as long as the bait held out. How I found out that mice would be a good thing for bass was thus: On the old farm, in Hampshire county, Mass., we had in the barnyard a large hogshead with one-third sawed off; and set in the ground about 18 inches, and from a nice cool spring on the side of the mountain we led the water to this. We boys always had fish in it, sometimes bullheads, perch and pumpkin seeds, etc. One day I caught a fine black bass out of the Connecticut River, and I thought I would take him out to the barn and put him in the "watering tub," as we called it. We used to feed him worms, liver, etc., until one day we boys found a nest of young mice in the barn with their eyes just opened; so I suppose more out of deviltry than anything else we took them out to the "tub" to see if they could swim. They could nicely, but after the first one was about in the middle of that artificial lake the bass had him. Then we put in another, and it met the same fate, and so on until the bass had eaten five small mice. The fish would probably weigh about 1¾ pounds.

After that when I found a nest of mice I would always manage to bring home a good string of bass; but I never advertised it around amongst the other boys of the neighborhood. This is only my experience; perhaps others used the same lure 100 years ago. But of all the young mice I found I used to give the pet bass in the barnyard watering tub, one or two out of every litter. We kept him (I say him) five or six years. Those were happy days. ***

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

23

J. A. Spaulding and party, of St. Louis, while out hunting in the swamps near Madison, Wis., discovered a female hermit who lives in a hollow tree in the center of the swamp. She appeared to be about thirty-five years old, and to be insane. She fled from the hunters, who were unable to overtake her.

24

George Johnson, who lives four miles south of Hiseville, Ky., went coon hunting, and the dogs chased a coon up a large poplar. After daylight Mr. Johnson cut the tree, and, after killing the coon, returned to the stump to get his axe. In the hollow of the stump he found a stone jar which contained \$3,700 in gold coin and two gold watches. These were undoubtedly placed there by the famous guerrilla, Bill McGruder. One of the watches is marked "J. B. L." and has been identified by J. B. Lessenberry, of Glasgow, as his. Mr. Lessenberry was relieved of this watch in the spring of 1862 by Bill McGruder and his gang, who bound Mr. Lessenberry behind the counter in a barroom in Glasgow, and after helping themselves to all the whiskey they wanted, went through the cash drawer and took the watch. A few days later they were met by Col. Frank Wolford, who killed several of them and chased the others to the mountains of East Tennessee.

25

The Phoenix (Ariz. Ter.) Gazette relates that "Parties out deer hunting ran across an old ruin on the top of the highest mountain nine miles north of Phoenix. It is of stone, and some of the walls are still standing ten feet high. The old building, or buildings, covered an area of about two acres of land. The large stones around the place are covered with hieroglyphics."

26

A curious law suit is exercising the minds of the judicial authorities of a French provincial town. Some time ago two sportsmen went scouring the country round with guns, dogs and ferrets, when suddenly they saw a rabbit bound out of a hole, and with it, wonderful to relate, a coin of the sixteenth century. The sportsmen picked up the piece of money, and being unable to ascertain its age or origin, took it to the local curé and mayor. Being by this time enlightened as to its value, they returned the next day to the spot, and after groping about, hit upon a number of other coins, accumulating a collection of about 100 specimens, almost all of Italian workmanship, and bearing effigies, among others, of Francis de Medici, Duke of Etruria, 1585; of Ferdinand de Medici, as well as of Philip the Second of Spain, Henry IV., and other high and mighty potentates—both native and foreign. The owner of the ground has taken action against the two sportsmen for the recovery of the collection.



TATTAA—SAIL PLAN.

own pleasure. He must then be taught that no liberties will be tolerated, whether the cord restrains him or not. The trainer should keep a close eye on him, and if he dawdles behind, or attempts to break away to the rear, he should be forced to return to his proper place, and be punished according to his needs. Nothing short of implicit obedience to orders should be accepted. If, from the beginning, he feels that the eye of the trainer is upon him, he will soon cease to take liberties which violates orders.

On the other hand, he should not be kept so continuously at heel that he becomes habituated to it, or acquires a liking for it. If he is of a lazy disposition, or easily wearied, he quickly learns the greater comfort at his master's heels than that to be found elsewhere.

After a time the discipline will be firmly inculcated and habitual. Then, whether the trainer is afoot, horseback or in a wagon, the dog will reliably and cheerfully follow at heel when ordered to do so.

The advantage of obedience to the command is specially useful when two dogs are used at the same time afield. The ability to keep one dog at heel in a trained way while the other is working is a material advantage in many ways; it affords an opportunity to rest one dog while the other is at work; it is a means of quietly restraining one dog when interference is undesirable, as in roading, drawing, pointing, etc.; and it has a general moral effect by keeping the dog in proper restraint when he is not engaged in the work at hand.

When a dog is to be worked in company with other dogs, it is well to teach him to go on from heel by merely speaking his name. Thus, if the two dogs A and B are at heel, and the trainer wishes the former to begin work, he utters the name of A, looking him in the eye at the same time. If B starts also, which he is quite likely to do at first, he must instantly be brought back to heel and kept there till the trainer orders him out. In time each dog will learn that when he hears his name uttered when at heel, it is the same as the order "Go on."

When the order is thoroughly inculcated, the trainer can take his dogs along following at heel, and send out with perfect ease any dog that he wishes to send.

English Setter Club.

The following circular letter, from Mr. W. S. Bell, explains itself:

Pittsburg Pa., Oct. 19.—To the Members of the English Setter Club: The committees appointed by me as temporary chairman have made their report,

The Committee on Nomination have formulated a ticket and sent it out which has been voted with the following results: For President, H. R. Edwards, Cleveland, O.; for First Vice-President, John E. DeRuyter, San Francisco, Cal.; for Second Vice-President, E. A. Burdette, Radnor, Pa.; for Third Vice-President, Norvin T. Harris, Louisville, Ky.; for Fourth Vice-President, J. A. Graham, St. Louis, Mo.; for Fifth Vice-President, Hobart Ames, Boston, Mass.; for Secretary, Major J. M. Taylor, Rutherford, N. J., who are now declared to be duly elected for one year.

The reports of the other committees I have turned over to your permanent organization with the assurance that any assistance that I may be able to give will be rendered gladly.

Eastern Field Trials Club All-Age Entries.

NEWTON, N. C., Oct. 18.—Herewith is a list of the all-age entries for the All-Age Stake.

We have ten subscriptions for our Subscription Stake: Prime Minister—Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Prynne).

Roysterer—Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Prynne).

Count Gladstone V.—Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Capuchin).

Tony Man—Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. setter dog (Tony Boy—May Blue).

Sioux—Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Prynne).

Clip Windem—Avent & Duryea's b. and w. setter bitch (Tony Boy—R. Windem).

Mortimer—Robert Kelly's b. and w. setter dog (Eugene T.—Maude).

Count Hunter—Dr. C. I. Shoop's b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Hunter's Queen).

Minnie's Girl—George Crocker's o. and w. setter bitch (Antonio—Minnie T.).

Bob Acres—George Crocker's o. and w. setter dog (Tony Gale—Minnie T.).

Gilt Edge—George Crocker's o. and w. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Lillian Russell).

Lady's Count—J. D. Low's b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).

Brighton Bob II.—James Thomson's b., w. and t. setter dog (Brighton Dick—Miss Fortune).

Peg's Girl—E. L. Jamison's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Rodfield—Lady Webster).

Senator P.—J. W. Flynn's o. and w. pointer dog (Captain B.—Queen P.).

Daughter Gladstone—W. T. Hunter's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Lady's Count Gladstone—Daughter Noble).

Earl Jingo—E. M. Beale's l. and w. pointer dog (Jingo—Pearl's Dot).

Zephyr II.—J. S. Crane's b. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Jingo's Joy).

Dot's Daisy—J. S. Crane's l. and w. pointer bitch (Jingo—Dot's Pearl).

Rap's Ranger—J. J. Rooney's l. and w. pointer dog (Rip Rap—Eldred Polly).

Max Gladstone—Leon S. Seay's b., w. and t. setter dog (Greenway—Buena Vista).

Fairland Count—J. M. Watson's b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Rod's Petrel).

Rod's Son—R. J. Raney's b. and w. setter dog (— — —).

Jack—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b., w. and t. setter dog (Eugene T.—Maud).

Why Not—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b., w. and t. setter dog (Eugene T.—Miss Ruby).

Geneva—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch, (Tony Boy—Lena Belle).

Sport's Boy—C. B. Cook's l. and w. setter dog (Marie's Sport—Isabella Maid).

Sport's Gath—G. G. Williamson's b., w. and t., setter dog (Marie's Sport—Mark Fleet).

Sport McAllester—D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog (Tony Boy—Blue Belle).

Oakley Hill—D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter dog (Rodfield— — —).

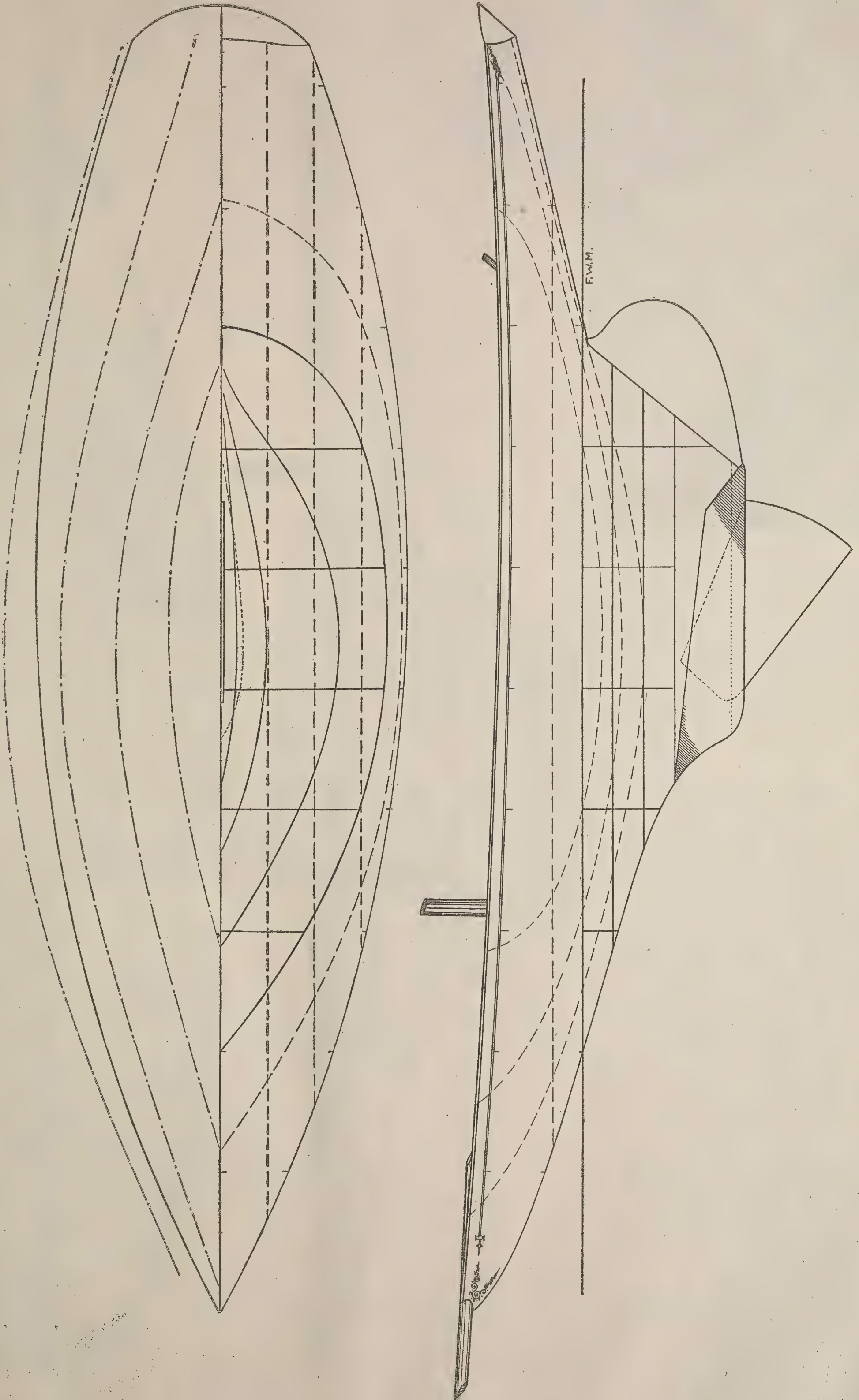
Tramp—J. E. Reyburn's l. and w. pointer dog (Prince Boras—Derby).

Ponce—L. W. White's (agt.) o. and w. pointer dog (— — —).

S. C. BRADLEY, Sec'y-Treas. E. F. T. C.

Champion Field Trial Association.

TRENTON, Tenn.—The annual trial of the Champion Field Trial Association will be held the week following the United States Field Trials in January next, on the grounds of the latter club in Benton county, Miss. None but field trial winners are eligible to compete in this trial. The trophy this year, aside from a sweepstake of entry fees, will be an elegant silver cup, donated by Mr. Edward



TATTOO—DESIGNED AND BUILT FOR C. B. LOCKWOOD, ESQ., BY F. W. MARTIN.

Dexter, of Boston. Winners of All-Age stakes in the various State organizations can in this trial have an opportunity to compete among themselves for the highest field trial honors of the year.

Entries to this stake do not close till Jan. 1, 1901.
W. B. STAFFORD, Sec'y.

Yachting.

Tattoo.

THE little yacht here illustrated has proved herself quite fast in the open waters of Lake Erie between Sandusky, her home port, and Ballast and Put-in-Bay islands, the rendezvous of the Interlake Y. R. A., and at the same time she is in model and construction an excellent cruiser.

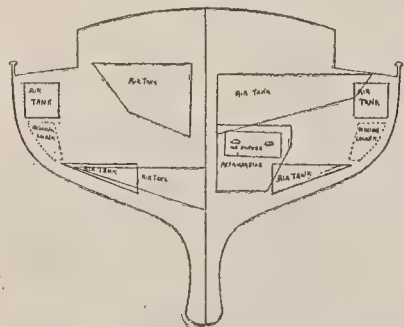


TATTOO.

She was designed and built for Mr. C. B. Lockwood, of Sandusky, by F. W. Martin, of Waukegan, Ill. Her dimensions are:

Length—	
Over all	32ft. 6in.
L.W.L.	18ft. 3in.
Overhang—	
Bow	6ft. 5in.
Counter	7ft. 10in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	9ft. 2in.
L.W.L.	8ft. 4in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	3ft.
Least	2ft.
Counter	2ft. 4in.
Draft—	
Hull	4ft.
With board	6ft. 8in.
Mainsail	470 sq. ft.
Jib	170 sq. ft.
Total	640 sq. ft.
Measurement, Seawanhaka rule.....	22ft.
Mast—	
From stem at L.W.L.....	3ft. 6in.
Deck to truck	28ft.
Boom	25ft.
Gaff	16ft. 3in.
Spinnaker boom	12ft.

The breadth and iron keel and centerboard give ample stability for the big sail plan, and the long ends leave very little said outboard. The centerboard is entirely below the floor, so that the full space in the cabin is avail-

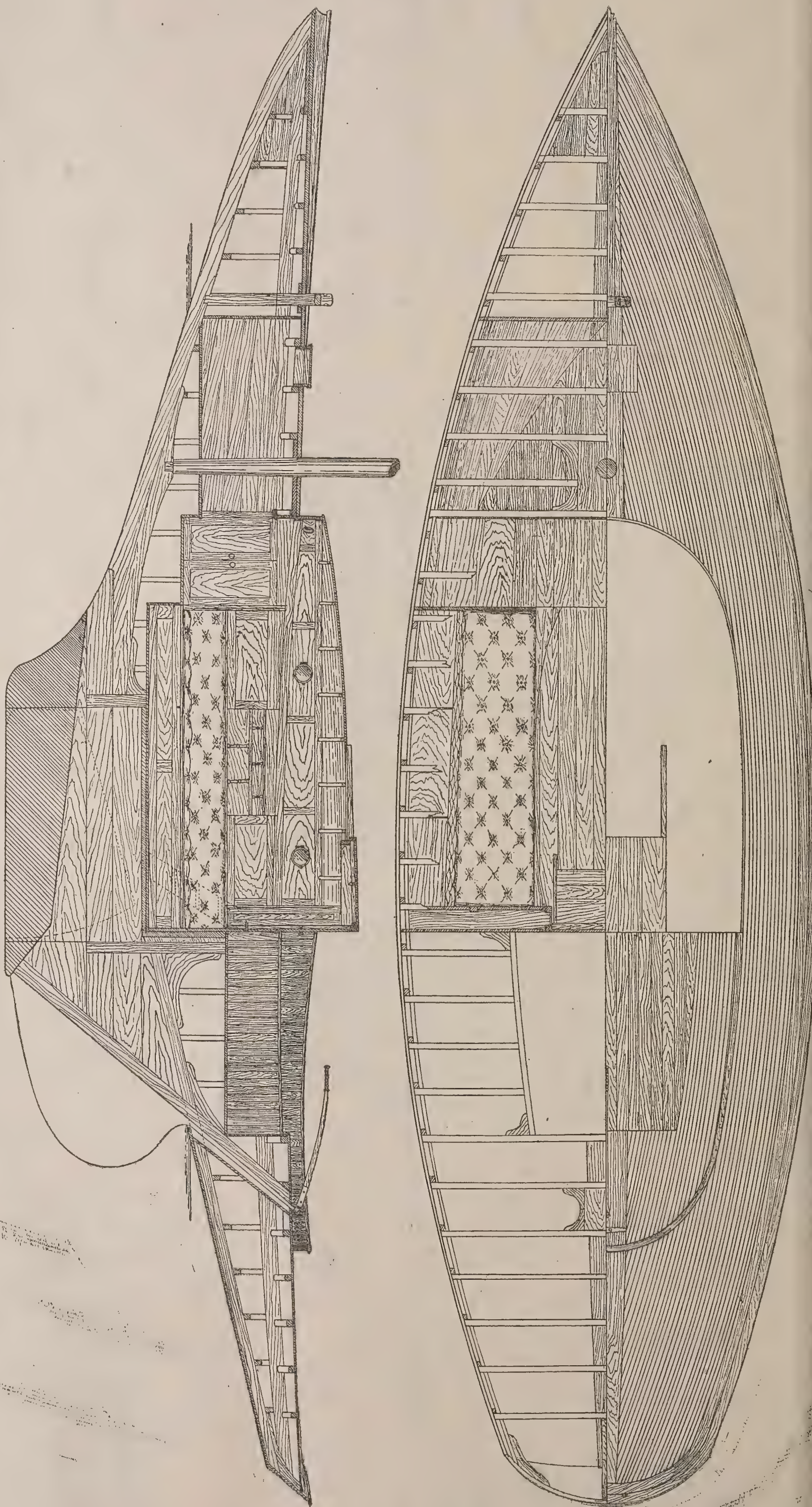


able. Though the head room is limited, only 4ft., there is ample space for wide berths, lockers, etc. The hull is fitted with a very complete system of air tanks, making the boat safe in case of an accident. The interior is very conveniently arranged for cruising, with ice box, pantry, etc. With her moderate draft, staunch body and good accommodations, the boat is suitable for many waters.

William E. Robinson.

ON Saturday, Oct. 13, William E. Robinson, yachting editor of the Boston Globe, died suddenly of heart failure, at his home in Somerville, a suburb of Boston. On Friday Mr. Robinson prepared his copy for the Sunday Globe and returned to his home at night, complaining of not feeling well, and he remained in bed most of Saturday, though with no serious symptoms. Early on Sunday morning he was found dead in bed.

Mr. Robinson was born in Somerville on March 5, 1859, and graduated from the local schools in 1876, entering a dry goods house in Boston, but leaving it after a year to read law. Becoming acquainted with newspaper men in his new position, he finally abandoned the study of the law and became the local representative of the Globe in Somerville and Charlestown in 1881, and



TATTOO—CABIN PLAN.

a year later he changed to a similar position on the Boston Journal. He proved to be a good reporter, and in the years following did both yachting and general reporting about Boston and through New England for the Journal. In 1891 he returned to the Globe, taking the position, as yachting editor, vacated by the late George A. Stewart, and since this time he has become well known personally and through his writings. In his personality he was genial, pleasant and companionable, an agreeable acquaintance and a good friend. In his work he was well informed technically, being a practical yachtsman, and he was an able, careful and conscientious writer. Though his early training was that of a general reporter, and not of an expert in yachting, he was a hard student, and spared no pains to perfect himself in the extent necessary to the intelligent discussion of matters of design and construction; and though not a designer he did the best work of the kind in the descriptions of the models and construction of yachts. As a reporter of yacht races he was a careful observer and ready writer. In spite of the strong temptation to exaggeration and falsification engendered by modern competition in the daily press, he wrote only what he believed to be true, and his work was eminently reliable. He was well known to all Eastern yachtsmen, being a member of the Hull Massachusetts Y. C., and also to those of New York and other localities where his work called him. With the late George A. Stewart he belonged to a later generation of yachting writers than Capt. Coffin and Capt. McKay, but in the comparatively short lives of each of these younger men they have done work which will stand beside that of the two old sailors who were so closely identified with yachting journalism in America. Mr. Robinson leaves a widow and two children.

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

THE eighth general meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers will take place in New York city, at 10 A. M., Thursday, Nov. 15. Through the courtesy of the president and managers of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the meetings will be held in the auditorium of No. 12 West Thirty-first street, the sessions continuing through Thursday and Friday, Nov. 15 and 16.

There will be a banquet at Delmonico's at 7 P. M. Friday, Nov. 16, to which members and their guests are cordially invited. Tickets, exclusive of wine, will be \$5 each; and they can be obtained at the society's office on Nov. 14, 15 and 16.

Notice is given that in general seats will not be reserved and tickets must be presented. It is requested that members obtain tickets as early as practicable.

Members intending to propose candidates for membership can secure a blank form of application by addressing the secretary. The application should be returned to the secretary on or before Nov. 13.

The Council will meet at No. 12 West Thirty-first street, New York, on Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 3 P. M.

A list of the papers to be read at this meeting follows:

Thursday, Nov. 15.

1. Capacity Test of a Unique Form of Air Pump. By F. Meriam Wheeler, Esq., member.
2. Interchangeability of Units for Marine Work. By W. D. Forbes, Esq., member.
3. The United States Experimental Model Basin. By Naval Constructor D. W. Taylor, U. S. N., member.
4. The Composition and Classification of Paints and Varnishes. By Prof. A. H. Sabin.
5. Tests of the Electric Plants of the Battleships Kearsarge and Kentucky. By Naval Constructor J. J. Woodward, U. S. N., member.
6. Coaling of the U. S. S. Massachusetts at Sea. By Spencer Miller, Esq., associate.

Friday, Nov. 16.

7. Notes on Recent Improvements in Foreign Shipbuilding Plants. By Assistant Naval Constructor H. G. Gillmor, U. S. N., member.
8. Can the American Shipbuilder Under Present Conditions Compete with the British and German Shipbuilders in the Production of the Largest Class of Ocean Passenger and Freight Steamships? By George W. Dickie, Esq., member of Council.
9. Classification Rules. By Theodore Lucas, Esq., member.
10. Recent Designs of Battleships and Cruisers for the U. S. Navy. By Chief Constructor Philip Hichborn, U. S. N., vice-president.
11. A Comparison of the Contract Prices of Our Naval Vessels. By Harrison S. Taft, Esq., associate.
12. Launch of a Cruiser and a Battleship. By James Dickie, Esq., member.
13. The Safety of Torpedo Boats at Sea and in Action Under Various Conditions. By Naval Constructor Lloyd Bankson, U. S. N., member.

By direction of the Executive Committee.

FRANCIS T. BOWLES, Sec'y-Treas.

The America Cup.

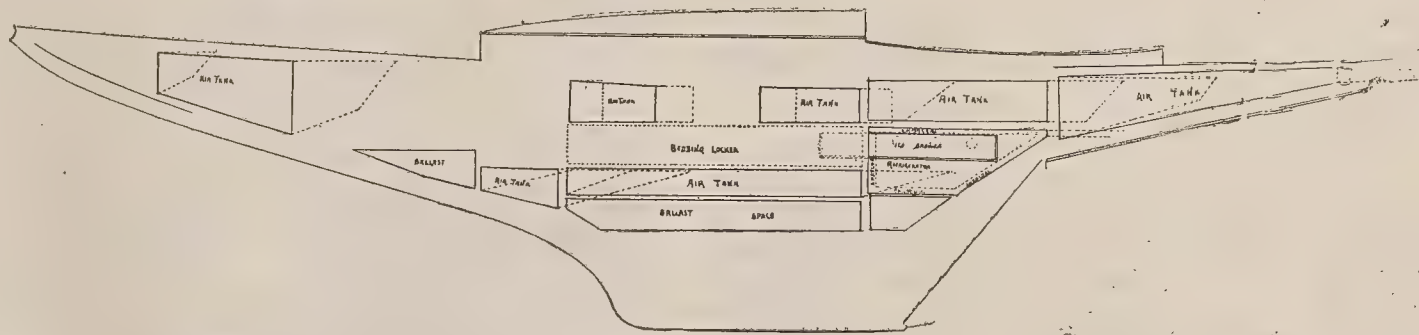
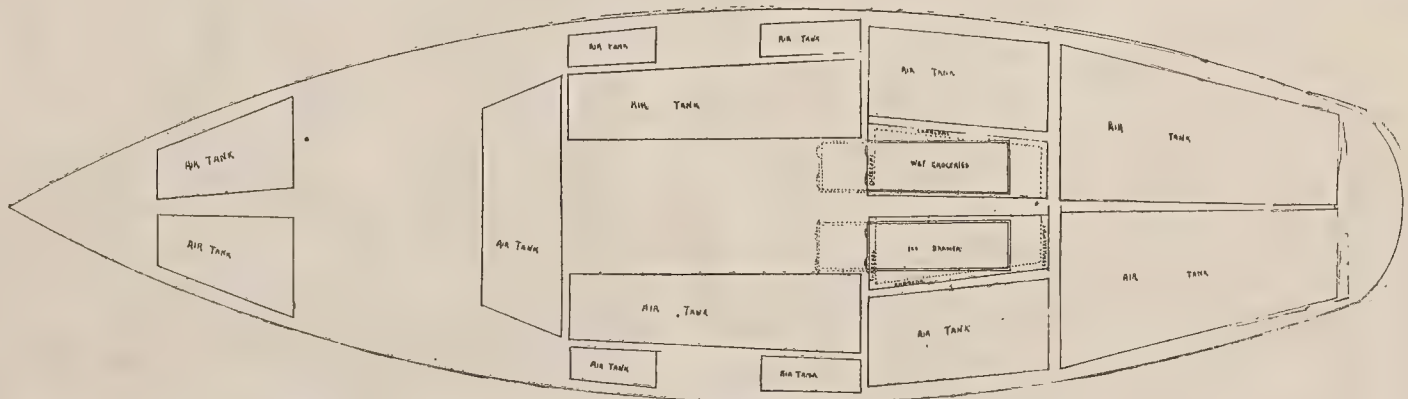
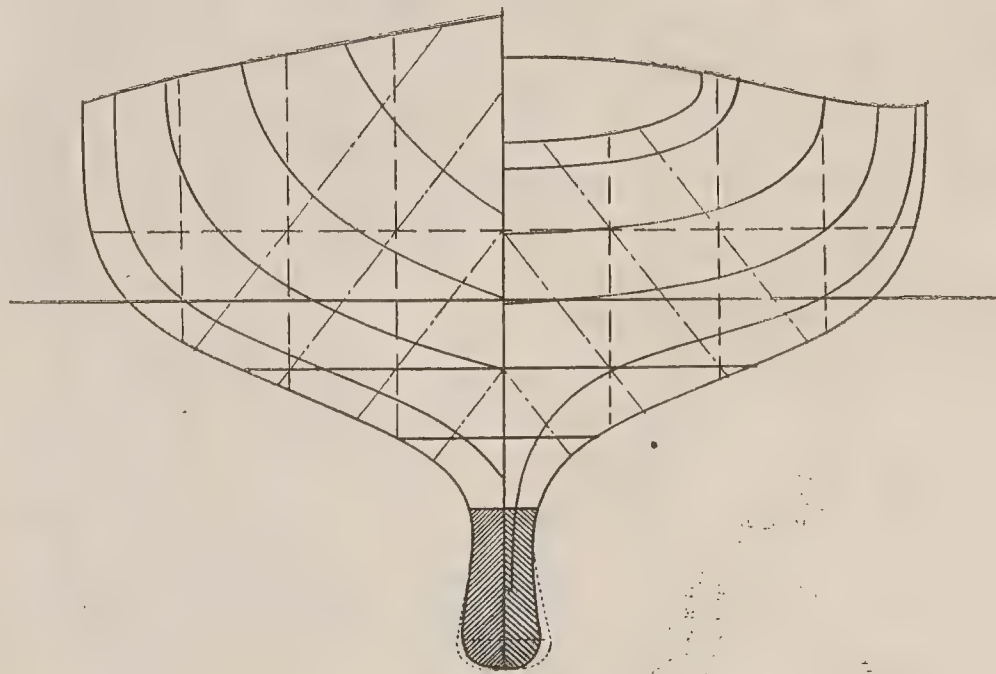
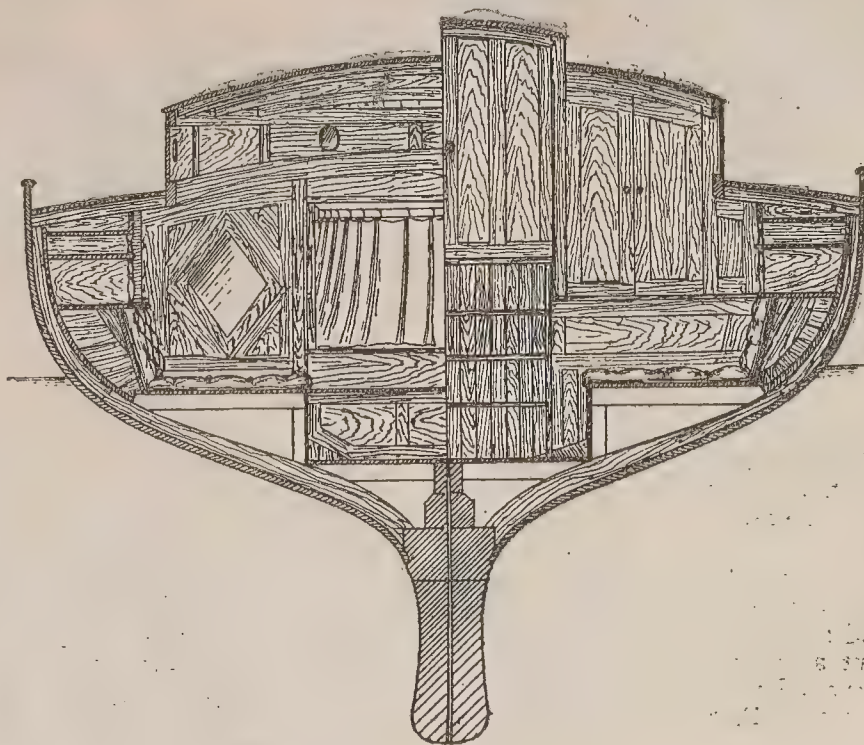
As announced last week, a special meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Oct. 17 to consider the challenge of the Royal Ulster Y. C. on behalf of Sir Thomas J. Lipton. Com. Ledyard presided, and a large number of members were present. The challenge was read by Sec'y Oddie, as follows:

ROYAL ULSTER Y. C., Mountpottinger Road, Belfast, Oct. 2.—J. V. S. Oddie, Esq., Secretary New York Y. C., New York: Dear Sir—I am requested by Sir Thomas J. Lipton to forward you this challenge for the America Cup, subject, as to starts and courses and other details, to the same conditions as upon the occasion of last race, which were found so satisfactory.

The first race to be sailed on Tuesday, Aug. 20, 1901.

The second race to be sailed on Thursday, Aug. 22, 1901.

The third race to be sailed on Saturday, Aug. 24, 1901.



Further races, if any, to be sailed upon the same days in the following weeks.

I, therefore, on behalf of the Royal Ulster Y. C., and in the name of Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Rear-Commodore of the club, challenge to sail a series of matches with the yacht Shamrock II. against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the United States of America for the America Cup.

The following are the particulars of the challenging vessel, viz.: Owner, Sir Thomas J. Lipton; name of yacht, Shamrock II.; length of load waterline, 89.5ft.; rig, cutter.

The Custom House measurement will follow as soon as the vessel can be measured for registration.

I shall be much obliged if you will cable the receipt of this challenge.

HUGH C. KELLY,
Hon. Sec'y Royal Ulster Y. C.

The following correspondence was also read:

S. Y. ERIN, Oct. 2.—Dear Mr. Oddie: I have much pleasure in inclosing you challenge for a series of races for the America Cup, to take place next year.

You will see that I ask for no change in the conditions,

as I was perfectly satisfied with all the arrangements made on the last occasion and in respect of which the New York Y. C. was so deservedly congratulated.

I sincerely trust that last year's successful arrangements may be repeated, with the sole exception that I hope the name of the boat that lifts the Cup may this time be Shamrock II.

With kind regards, I am, yours faithfully,

THOMAS J. LIPTON.

J. V. S. Oddie, Esq., Sec'y New York Y. C., New York.

Sec'y Oddie also read a copy of the letter which he had sent acknowledging the receipt of the letter, which was as follows:

SECRETARY'S OFFICE. New York Y. C., 67 Madison Avenue, Oct. 13.—Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your cordial communication of the 2d inst., together with a challenge for the America Cup on your behalf, from the Royal Ulster Y. C.

The challenge will be considered and acted upon at a special meeting of the club, to be held on Wednesday next, the 17th inst.

I sincerely hope with you that the successful arrangements of last year may be repeated, but, of course, not

that the cup will be lifted by even so fair and honored a sportsman as yourself. I am, my dear sir, yours sincerely,
J. V. S. ODDIE, Sec'y.

Sir Thomas J. Lipton.

The secretary also stated that he had written to Hugh C. Kelly confirming the cablegram he sent on Oct. 12 and stating that the challenge would be considered at a special meeting of the club to be held on the 17th.

On motion of ex-Com. E. M. Brown, seconded by Major C. F. Ulrich, Com. Ledyard was empowered to appoint a special committee with power to accept the challenge and arrange all terms of the match. After the meeting the following committee was appointed: Com. L. Cass Ledyard, Vice-Com. August Belmont, Rear-Com. C. L. F. Robinson, Sec'y J. V. S. Oddie, Chairman of the Regatta Committee S. Nicholson Kane, and these ex-commodores of the club: J. Pierpont Morgan, E. D. Morgan and E. M. Brown and C. Oliver Iselin.

All these gentlemen being present, the committee at once held its first meeting, accepting the challenge, and the following cablegram was sent:

Hugh C. Kelly, Secretary Royal Ulster Y. C., Belfast: Meeting committee held. Your challenge accepted. Conditions same as they stood at close of last year's races, including private agreement as to accidents and except as modified as to days of races by your challenge and extend limit of time to start to 2 P. M., suitable to change of month. Is this satisfactory? ODDIE, Sec'y.

The match will consist of a series of three out of five races, as in 1893 and 1899, sailed under the same general conditions. Nothing has as yet been decided as to the construction of a new defender. It is reported on apparently good authority that Capt. Edward Sycamore, who steered Valkyrie III. in 1895, and who spent last summer in this country, will be in command of the new cutter, which will be designed by Watson.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 14.—An even dozen of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club cranks were at Harbor View range to-day pool shooting and experimenting.

Becker and Washburn excelled themselves with revolvers and pistols. Best Scores:

Revolvers, 50yds.:
P. Becker 5' 5 6 4 2 4 4 1 4 9-44
F. S. Washburn 2 3 7 3 6 3 2 8 7 6-52
F. O. Young 5 7 6 7 4 4 8 4 4 5-54

Washburn's and Young's are the possible 50, Creedmoor count, and Washburn felt much elated, as it is his first. Becker shot a Colt's new service, Washburn a Colt's Bisley, and Young his S. & W.

Pistol:
F. O. Young 5 9 3 4 2 3 4 1 1 6-38
5 2 5 7 6 4 1 4 3 5-47
2 3 5 3 9 8 2 5 6 4-47
2 6 4 10 4 4 2 5 7 4-48
2 6 6 10 6 3 4 1 5 5-48
P. Becker 3 4 3 5 4 6 8 4 6 4-47
4 3 4 3 10 4 4 5 1 4-47
F. S. Washburn 2 5 4 5 8 10 5 5 1 5-50
5 5 6 4 8 6 10 3 5 3-55
4 3 2 3 7 6 10 10 3 5-58
3 5 1 9 3 2 9 10 5 5-52
7 5 3 4 5 6 6 6 2 8-52

Hoadley and Dr. Twist shot a match of 10 shots at 200yds. with rifles. Hoadley won with 114 to the Doctor's 132. One of the soldiers came out with his Krag, and the boys tried it, but still like their .30-30 carbines best for 200yds., using bullet 1 to 12.

The friends and members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club attended A. H. Pape's banquet to-night, given in honor of his recent prize shooting at Schuetzen Club's annual world's record on the German point target, 388 points in 200 shots, beating the former record by 15 points. Fifty attended, and were wine and dined by Mr. and Mrs. Pape and her two sons. Alex, the youngest, by the way, holds the championship of the Pacific coast in sculling.

The wild ducks supplied for the occasion fell to A. H. Pape's gun, and were the most delicious I ever tasted. Papa Pape's fine old wines flowed in abundance, and just put on the finishing touches to a most elaborate repast, limbering up the tongues for speeches, and putting all in the mood to listen to the fine musical and literary entertainment which followed, into the small hours. We departed with the oft-expressed wish that Pape beat the record next year.

F. O. Young.

Rifle at Shell Mound Range.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 15.—Yesterday was an exceptionally fine shooting day at Shell Mound range. Some fine work was done, notably the 10-shot score, 25-ring target, by D. W. McLaughlin in the Bushnell trophy contest of the Golden Gate Club. Mr. McLaughlin's score of 239 rings out of 250 possible. This is the record 10-shot score of the Pacific coast. In the same contest yesterday F. E. Mason scored 234 rings—a very fine score.

In an adjoining stall D. B. Faktor made 458 rings in his 20-shot score in the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein medal shoot. He made a close approach to the record, which is 461 rings, held by Dr. L. O. Rodgers, of the Germania Schuetzen Club. All the local clubs formerly prescribed 20 shots to the score in medal shooting, but there is now a tendency to adopt 10-shot scores. Yesterday's scores:

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, F. P. Schuster 229; second champion class, Herman Huber 213; first class, J. Bridges 203; second class, J. D. Heise 220; third class, S. Heino 196; best first shot, J. D. Heise, 25; best last shot, D. Salfeld, 25.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly class and medal shoot: Champion class, D. B. Faktor 158; first class, P. Stettin 425; second class, J. Lankenau 395; third class, W. Morken 373; fourth class, Dr. F. H. Cranz 357; best first shot, J. Lankenau, 25; best last shot, D. B. Faktor, 25.

Independent Rifles, monthly medal shoot: Sergt. J. Heinbockel 10, C. Frederickson 34, C. F. Schafer 27, H. Reinhardt 35, J. Skowran 21, A. Dietrich 35, C. Schneider 33, G. Kellenberger 36, Sergt. C. Worthington 18, Dr. W. A. Meierdierks 40, P. Stadmann 27, C. Lindecker 34, H. Meisner, Jr., 2, H. Kuhlke 40, Sergt. C. Andrews 43, H. Schlichtmann 30, J. Schlichtmann 24.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club—Bushnell trophy: D. W. McLaughlin 230, 211, 220, 239; F. E. Mason 223, 230, 234, 221, 225. Gold medal: F. E. Mason 229, D. W. McLaughlin 223, C. M. Henderson 220, 207, 205; J. F. Bridges 209, 211. Silver medal: H. Hinkel 203, 197, 195, 201; B. Jonas 201, 198, 190. First class trophy: C. M. Henderson 215, 212, 224, 223. Second class trophy: G. Tammeyer 215, C. L. Reimenschinder 202.

Pistol scores, all comers, pistol: J. E. Gorman 93, 92; M. J. White 87. First class trophy: C. M. Henderson 74, 68. Silver medal: J. F. Bridges 70, 67. Revolver: J. E. Gorman 86, 85.

ROELL.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY'S TOURNAMENTS.

Oct. 24-25.—Raleigh, N. C.—Peters Cartridge Co.'s target tournament, under the auspices of the North Carolina State Fair Association; \$250 added money. John Parker, Mgr.

Oct. 29-30.—Jacksonville, Fla.—Peters Cartridge Co.'s two-day tournament, under auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club; \$100 added. Third day, grand pigeon shoot exclusively under the auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club. John Parker, Mgr.

Oct. 24.—Jamestown, N. Y.—Jamestown Gun Club's tournament. F. E. Bonsteel, Sec'y.

Oct. 24-25.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Crawfordsville Gun Club's sparrow tournament.

Oct. 24-25.—West Liberty, Ia.—West Liberty Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 27-28.—Chicago, Ill.—Crescent Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 30.—Sac City, Ia.—Sac City Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 30-31.—Fairmont, Minn.—Fairmont Gun Club's amateur tournament.

Oct. 30.—Mt. Sterling, Ill.—Mt. Sterling Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 30-31.—Peru, Ind.—Live-bird tournament of the Peru Gun Club. Chas. Bruck, Sec'y.

Oct. 31.—Jacksonville, Fla.—Live-bird tournament of the Jacksonville Gun Club.

Oct. 31-Nov. 1.—Rochester, N. Y.—Fall target tournament of the Rochester Gun Club. F. E. McCord, Sec'y.

Nov. 1.—Chillicothe, O.—Scioto Gun Club's fall tournament. James McVicker, Sec'y.

Nov. 9.—St. Paul, Minn.—Seventh annual live-bird handicap at St. Paul Shooting Park. Main event at 25 live birds, \$15 entrance; \$50 added. Contest for the Hirschy cup. W. R. Brown, Mgr.

Nov. 10.—Newark, N. J.—Merchandise shoot of the Forester Gun Club. John J. Fleming, Sec'y, 21 Waverly avenue.

Nov. 13.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Under auspices of the Greater New York Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Nov. 13-14.—Osceola, Ia.—Amateur tournament of the Osceola Gun Club. D. K. Douthett, Sec'y.

Nov. 13-15.—Minden, Neb.—Minden Gun Club's tournament.

Nov. 13-16.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's tournament; live birds and targets.

Nov. 14-15.—Springfield, Ill.—Two-day target tournament of the Illinois Gun Club; open to all. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Hackensack Bridge and Rutherford Road, N. J.—Under auspices of the Moonachie Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Nov. 27.—Toledo, O.—East End Gun Club's merchandise shoot.

Nov. 29.—Milwaukee, Wis.—South Side Gun Club's tournament. A. D. Gropper, Sec'y.

Dec. 11-14.—Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Annual live-bird tournament. John Watson, Mgr.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's trophy shoots, second and fourth Saturdays of each month; live-bird shoots every Saturday. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Oct. 26.—Interstate Park, Queens.—Under auspices of Medicus Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any regularly organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, Mgrs.

Oct. 30.—Interstate Park, Queens.—Match at 100 birds, \$100 a side, between Messrs. J. J. Halliwell and T. W. Morley.

Nov. 6.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's live-bird shoot; open to all.

Nov. 7, 14, 21, 28.—Interstate Park.—Live-bird championship; 25 birds; handicaps 25 to 33yds.; \$10 entrance, birds extra; sweep optional; open to all; money instead of trophy.

Nov. 16.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's target shoot; open to all.

Nov. 22.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's live-bird shoot; open to all.

Nov. 27.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's live-bird shoot; open to all.

Dec. 5.—Shoot-off of the winners of the November events, with \$20 in gold to the winner.

Interstate Park, L. I.—Fountain Gun Club's regular monthly shoots, the third Thursday of October, November and December.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the autumn live-bird tournament of the Peru Gun Club, Peru, Ind., announces that it is open to all. The dates are Oct. 30 and 31. All events are handicaps, and high guns govern the division of the purses. There are five events on the programme of the first day, of which two are at 5 birds, \$3.50; two at 7 birds, \$5, and one at 10 birds, \$7.50; handicaps 26 to 32yds., with dead line at 30yds. On the second day the event will be at 25 live birds, \$20 entrance, two high guns to every five entries, and entries to close when the last man has shot his second bird. Interstate Association rules will govern. Live-bird loads for sale on the grounds. Hot lunch will be served. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock, but on the first day events will be held open for shooters arriving on the 10:20 A. M. train. Live birds 20 cents, but the club reserves the right to charge 25 cents if it is compelled to import more birds. A postal to the secretary from those who contemplate participating will greatly assist the management in making its preparations for the tournament. Good management and excellent birds are promised. Concerning its committee the club says as follows: "The handicap committee will be composed of the following sportsmen, all of whom have promised to serve, and whose names are synonymous with all that represents clean, fair and honest sportsmanship, namely: Messrs. Chas. W. Budd, Elmer E. Neal, Ernest H. Tripp, Rolla O. Heikes and Hon. Tom A. Marshall. Right here the Peru Gun Club wishes to thank these Indians for their kindness, and to warn the kickers to stay away, as the band will be in war paint, and will certainly be on the lookout for an opportunity to use their scalping knives." In its announcement the club presents the following: "In presenting this programme of our autumn live-pigeon shoot to the pigeon shooters of America, particular attention is called to the radical departure from the old 'cut-and-slash' method of dividing the purses by the per cent. plan. The lovers of pigeon shooting are fully aware that by the old method of dividing the purses it is indeed difficult to make your very best shooting pay for the birds you shoot in a two days' programme, and again you are confronted with that ever cursed proposition of dropping for place. That the high gun system is the proper system and that it is popular is clearly demonstrated each year at the Grand American Handicap, where the sweepstake races have from 100 to 150 entries, high-priced birds, not a dollar added to the purses, and if you miss a pigeon, never a cent. The Peru Gun Club hopes by making their races short, all handicaps, moderate price for birds and all high guns to win, to show that the shooters of the middle West will shoot in just as hard a game at home as they will in New York."

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club, Rochester, N. Y., announces its ninth annual fall tournament, to be held Oct. 31 and Nov. 1. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. There are ten programme events, alike for each day, excepting event 7. Of these, three are at 10 targets, \$1 entrance; three at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance, \$15

guaranteed in each; four at 20 targets, \$2 entrance, one of which has \$25 guaranteed. No. 7, above mentioned, is a three-men team race, a handicap at 20 targets, for the championship of western New York; entrance \$3 per team. Any regularly organized gun club is eligible to enter as many teams as it chooses. No person allowed to shoot on more than one team. The purse will be divided 70 and 30 per cent. to the two teams making the highest scores. Event 7, on the second day, will be a political team race, "McKinley and Bryan are expected to be present to captain the two teams, and the successful candidate guarantees the shooter making the highest score on his team a seat in his Cabinet." The conditions of this race are 20 targets, 40 cents entrance. In the 15 and 20 target events the money will be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; in the 10-target events 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Five per cent. of all the purses will be deducted for average money and divided each day, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Targets 2 cents each, included in all events. Lunch will be served at the club house. All the popular trap loads for sale on the grounds. Headquarters at the Hotel Eggleston. Guns and ammunition shipped to the secretary, Mr. F. E. McCord, care Gibson & Woolworth, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. The distance handicap will be adopted, ranging from 14 to 20yds. Shooters' stand protected from all weather, rain or shine. The members of the committee are Messrs. Geo. Borst, A. A. Mosher, and F. E. McCord. Mr. Thos. R. Griffith is president, Mr. E. C. Meyer is vice-president, and Mr. S. B. Williams is treasurer.

Tom Donley's fourth annual handicap tournament, St. Thomas, Ont., Nov. 13 to 16, under the management of Mr. John Parker, is open to all. No one is barred, and the sum of \$1,300 is guaranteed. No targets will be thrown over 50yds. Class division in all events, and all events handicaps. Target events, handicaps 14 to 24yds; live-bird events 25 to 33yds. The handicap committee will be Messrs. E. H. Tripp, Indianapolis; Emil Werk, Cincinnati; John Parker, Detroit; Bob Emslie, St. Thomas; B. Norton, New York; Dr. J. E. Overholt, Hamilton, Ont. To avoid delay with the Customs, ship guns and ammunition to Tom Donley, St. Thomas, Ont. "All shooters should purchase single tickets to St. Thomas, and receive certificate from ticket agent, and on presenting these, countersigned by Mr. Donley, they will be entitled to return at one-third regular fare on any of the lines owned by Michigan Central, Wabash, Grand Trunk, Lake Erie & Detroit River, and Canadian Pacific railways." Each day live birds and targets. No. 6 on the first day is the Grand International Handicap championship for the Guman & Barnes live-bird trophy; 25 live birds, \$25 entrance; \$400 guaranteed; four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. No. 6 on the second day is the Canadian Handicap championship for the Donley trophy; open to Canadians only. Conditions the same as for the Guman & Barnes trophy, excepting the latter must be won three times, the Donley trophy once. The target events are at 15 and 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. The live-bird events are at 7 birds, \$5; 10 birds, \$7; 20 birds, \$15; 12 birds, \$10, with liberal sums of added moneys.

The programme of the Illinois Gun Club, of Springfield, Ill., for its target tournament, Nov. 14 and 15, has twelve events each day. There are two at 10 targets, \$1 entrance; six at 20 targets, \$2; two at 15 targets, \$1.50, and two at 25 targets, a total of 220 targets for each day, with a total entrance of \$22.50. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Events are open to all. Maggaurap rules to govern. No bang no bird. Refusing a difficult bird is not allowed. Ammunition can be obtained on the grounds. A good lunch will be served. Shotguns and ammunition shipped to the treasurer, Mr. Geo. E. Day, will be delivered on the grounds free. Targets 2 cents. Rose system; ratios 5, 4, 3 and 2. To reach the grounds take Spring street cars. For further information address the secretary, Mr. Chas. T. Stickle.

Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer of Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., sends us information as follows: "The following events will take place at Interstate Park: Nov. 6, live birds, Medicus Gun Club; open to all. Nov. 16, targets, Medicus Gun Club; open to all. Nov. 22, live birds, Medicus Gun Club; open to all. Nov. 27, live birds, Medicus Gun Club; open to all. Nov. 14, 21 and 28, Interstate Park live-bird championship; 25 birds per man; handicaps 25 to 33yds.; \$10 entrance, birds extra; sweep optional; open to all; money instead of trophy. Dec. 5, shoot-off of the winners of the November events, with \$20 in gold to the winner."

The Frankford Gun Club, of Frankford, Pa., in its team race with the team of the Clearview Gun Club, of Darby, Oct. 20, made an even competition, on grounds of the latter. The race was close till near the finish, when the Frankford team pulled out well to the fore. The teams were composed of eleven men each, who respectively shot at 30 targets, unknown angles. The scores were: Frankford—Wolstencroft 26, Redifer 23, George 25, Johnson 24, Betson 23, Smith 24, Green 28, Dalton 26, Morris 26, Myers 26, Bourne 26; total 277. Clearview—Longnecker 29, Bell 22, Harris 27, Fisher 29, Hill 18; Williamson 24, Urian 28, Harkins 29, Carr 17, Elwell 15, Edwards 12; total 260.

The fourth team contest of the Schortemeier-Webber series is to take place at Interstate Park on Friday of this week. The competition is open to teams of three men from any gun club in the United States. Each team shoots at 60 birds at 29yds. rise. The 20 birds per man also may be shot at by individual shooters in an optional sweepstake. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 o'clock, the team shoot at 2 o'clock. All sweeps are at 8 birds each, \$3; birds extra; class shooting.

Mr. E. W. Bird, of Fairmont, Minn., writes us as follows: "The Fairmont, Minn., Gun Club will give an amateur tournament on Oct. 30 and 31. The first day will be devoted to live birds. Five 10-bird events, \$5 entrance to each. Moneys divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The second day will be at targets—eight 15 and four 20 target events, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance, moneys divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. Fifty dollars will be divided among the ten high guns shooting the entire programme."

Mr. Harold B. Money, who has been many months absent in the far West, took up shooting again after his return to this shooting bailiwick, and demonstrated that he had lost none of his old deftness in using the scatter gun. In a match with Mr. T. W. Morley at Interstate Park on Friday of last week, 100 birds each, \$100 a side, each standing at 33yds., Mr. Money won by a score of 91 to 83. The extra distance apparently was no handicap to his good shooting.

The following was recently published by the Danville, Ill., Daily Democrat: "H. W. Cadwallader, of this city, has received a challenge from W. T. Irwin, of Chicago, known to all trapshooters as 'Tramp' Irwin. He wants a match for \$50 a side, at 50 live birds. Cad has accepted the challenge, and the shoot will take place at Attica, Ind., at a date to be decided upon, and will be under the auspices of the Attica Gun Club."

There are fifteen events on the programme of the Mt. Sterling Gun Club's fifth annual target tournament, to be held at Mt. Sterling, Ill., on Oct. 30, commencing at 9:30. The Rose system will govern in the ratios of 5, 4, 3 and 2. No one barred. There are fifteen events at 10 and 15 targets, with a uniform entrance of \$1. Added money, \$15.

Mr. Cadwallader has lately defeated Mr. Voris in a similar race, and if the old Tramp has not lost his eagle eye this will be an interesting and hotly contested match. We learn that Mr. Irwin is prepared to shoot a number of matches this fall, one of which he will shoot at Crawfordsville, Ind., on Oct. 24.

The match at 100 live birds each between Mr. T. W. Morley and Dr. A. A. Webber took place at Interstate Park, L. I., on Thursday of last week, and resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 96 to 92. Dr. Webber stood at 30yds., while his opponent stood 1yd. further back.

A cablegram sent recently by the War Department of England to Capt. A. W. Money, Oakland, N. J., contained the information that Mr. Noel E. Money was slightly wounded in South Africa. He is a member of the Imperial Yeomanry, a body of fighters who are picked men.

At the third shoot for the October cup of the Crescent Athletic Club last Saturday at Bay Ridge, L. I., Mr. Henry Kryn with a handicap of 2 made the high score of 46 out of a possible 50. Mr. Edward Banks, scratch man, was but 1 target behind him.

In the contest for the cast iron medal at Richmond, Va., last Saturday, between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and Fred Gilbert the former won by the score of 98 to 93. Mr. Franklin Stearns, Jr., acted as referee; Mr. R. F. Banks acted as official scorer.

Mr. George Piercy, of Jersey City, has challenged Mr. F. E. Sinnock, holder of the E C cup, to contest for the championship of New Jersey, of which the said cup is the emblem. Time and place will be announced in the near future.

On Tuesday of next week at Interstate Park, L. I., Messrs. J. J. Hollowell and T. W. Morfev will shoot a match at 100 birds each, for \$100 a side. Both are famous and skillful shooters, hence the race should be close and interesting.

Mr. F. C. Bissett, of South River, N. J., announces a live-bird shoot under his management on Thursday of this week, commencing at 1:30 o'clock. He announces that plenty of birds will be on hand for the shooting events.

Mr. W. Fred Quimby, of the E C & Schultze Powder Co., returned recently from a long business trip in the West. He leaves early this week for the firing line at Baltimore, Md., where the good shots congregate.

The good shooters of Fremont, Neb., will have among them in a few weeks a clerical shot of exceedingly high merit, hence they would do well to furnish up their shooting gear and prepare to defend their laurels.

Mr. John Watson, of Burnside Crossing, Chicago, Ill., informs us that his annual live-bird tournament will be held on Dec. 11 to 14, inclusive, and that the programme will be ready for distribution about Nov. 15.

In the shoot of the Emerald Gun Club, held last week at Dexter Park, Dr. O'Connell, Dr. Webber, W. A. Sands and J. P. Kay killed 10 straight, that number comprising the club event.

There is a probability that Mr. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., will challenge Mr. J. A. R. Elliott to contest for the cast iron medal, which the latter still wears on his chatelaine.

In its third weekly live-bird shoot of the season, held by the Garfield Gun Club last Saturday, Dr. J. W. Meek made a straight score from the 31yds. mark in the club event at 10 birds.

Mr. W. L. Colville, of the Dupont Powder Co., has been making an extended business tour through Pennsylvania of late and has had gratifying success.

On Oct. 16 the Trapshooters' League of Indiana granted to the Peru Gun Club, Peru, Ind., sanction for a tournament on Oct. 30 and 31.

BERNARD WATERS.

Altoona Rod and Gun Club.

ALTOONA, Pa.—Not for many a day has it been my good fortune to be present at a shoot that was more generally enjoyed by participants and onlookers than that given by the Altoona Rod and Gun Club on Saturday, Oct. 13. The principal event was a 15-live-bird race, handicap rise, \$5 entrance, birds extra, four moneys, class shooting.

A fifteen minutes' trolley ride from the center of the city lands you right at the grounds. A spacious club house, of some 50 by 50 feet dimensions, is located in a beautiful level meadow. The house is a model for the purpose for which it was constructed. There is every convenience one could wish for, from a large lounging room to well appointed dining and kitchen apartments, where caterers serve in up-to-date style meals and refreshments fit for the gods, and all free, too, to visitors.

On arriving at the grounds we found everything in readiness, and promptly at 9:30 the shooting was begun. There were twenty-nine entries, and it therefore required the scoring of 435 birds to complete the race. This was accomplished in less than five hours, and was very pretty work. Secretary Zeth, Capt. Killitts, Billy Sands and other enthusiastic members of the club worked in splendid unison, and the result was that there was not a moment's delay throughout the contest. Ed Kottmann's dog Kit did most of the retrieving, and his excellent work was the subject of much comment. The first 25 birds were only a fair lot, but after that they were quick starters and very fast, down to the last crate, and it required some fine work to score many of the twisters that came from the traps like rockets. It was two to one that nobody would go straight, and the bet was a good one.

Thirty men had entered a week in advance of the date of the shoot, and all save one either appeared or sent a substitute. Among the substitutes were several manufacturers' agents, who shot for the price of birds only, the conditions of the race not allowing any but amateurs to enter for the purse.

After the live-bird event had been finished the remainder of the afternoon was devoted to target shooting. The day had been a delightful one up to this time, but now a cold rain began to fall. This, however, did not interfere with the target shooting, as the score is under a large pavilion and amply protected in all kinds of weather.

The entrance to the house and that part of the grounds used by the shooters were roped off, and spectators were not permitted to come within the inclosure. Chairs and shelter were provided for them on the outside. In this way the large crowd was handled without the least confusion.

The scores follow. Live-bird handicap:

Kott, Altoona, 27.....	220211*11121112-13
Henigan, Altoona, 26.....	1111*1012011222-12
Killitts, Altoona, 27.....	222*2022211222-12
Trego, Tyrone, 28.....	122111*11111112-13
Dipner, Hollidaysburg, 27.....	2212*122101210-11
Sands, Altoona, 28.....	222222*2110222-10
Tosh, South Fork, 28.....	2012*1112010101-10
Evans, Dunlo, 26.....	2222222*201122-13
McNaught, Hollidaysburg, 28.....	*121*22*1101212-11
Highberger, Cresson, 27.....	10122*2*11*010-8
McClaren, Ebensburg, 27.....	022011*0121121-10
Richards, Ebensburg, 27.....	100121200220002-8
Coon, Cresson, 28.....	122221111*2*021-12
Kellerman, Cresson, 26.....	021*020002*0112-7
Nisley, Johnstown, 27.....	0*1221212202220-11
House, Altoona, 27.....	20001110100*211-8
Grant, Altoona, 28.....	*212*22002*211-9
Feeney, Altoona, 26.....	21212*022021200-10
Forney, Altoona, 27.....	012102011102001-9
Clover, Altoona, 28.....	212*22210012220-11
Bell, Altoona, 26.....	*111*011112221-11
Slater, Johnstown, 26.....	022011*0121121-10
Roach, Windbur, 27.....	121221*02221122-13
Fox, Baltimore, 30.....	122222202*2022-12
Kreuger, Lancaster, 28.....	122122121102222-14
Fields, Lancaster, 29.....	*2222210120222-12
Schultze, Baltimore, 30.....	22222122220220-13
Doerr, Altoona, 26.....	221*112000012-8
Keller, New York, 28.....	222*222222222-13

Target contests:
Targets: 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
Kreuger 9 6 8 10 8 7 9 8

Clover	6	7
McClaren	6	9	7	7	..	4	6
Roach	10	8	10	6	..	6	8
Slater	5	6	5
Doyle	8	9	6	8	..	7	9
Sands	8	10	8	10	7	4	10
Fields	6	6	7	9	8	8	7
Keller	9	8	8	8
Fox	9	10	9	9	9	10	9
Schultze	8	6	6	8	9	7	10
Highberger	6	6	9	..	8	..	7
Hough	8	9	8
Trego	9	10	8	7
House	4	6	5	6
Kott	6	5	9	5
Killitts	10	6	8	5	..	8	..
Nisley	9	8	9	8	..	8	9
Grant	6
Abe	5	6
Coon	9	9	8
Richards	3	..	3
Dipner	7

CHOKER BORE.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Money vs. Morfev.

Interstate Park, L. I., Oct. 19.—To-day at Interstate Park, L. I., Mr. H. B. Money defeated Mr. T. W. Morfev in a match at 100 live birds each for \$100 a side. Each stood at 33yds. Morfev was suffering somewhat from rheumatism.

Money shot in excellent time and pointed his gun with admirable precision. While the birds were a good lot, he prevented them from becoming hard by his quick shooting, catching them close to the traps. He had the race well in hand from the beginning, and won on the rather wide margin of 91 to 83. The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1900, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

8 1 2 5 8 4 5 5 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 5 5 2 5 2 8 8 5 4	
Money, 88.....	0.2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2
2 1 5 2 8 4 5 5 1 3 1 2 8 4 5 2 4 2 5 5 1 1 5 1 1	
Morfev, 83.....	0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2
5 2 8 4 5 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 4 1 1 2 2 2 2 5 1 5 2 2 2	
Money, 88.....	0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2
5 2 2 2 8 5 2 1 1 1 5 1 2 5 8 2 5 3 4 2 8 4 5 3 8	
Morfev, 83.....	0 2
2 5 1 2 1 1 1 1 3 4 5 5 1 5 8 1 1 1 1 1 2 8 1 1 1	
Money, 88.....	1 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 0-19
3 5 1 2 2 1 1 1 8 3 5 1 1 1 1 8 1 1 1 2 5 2 1 4 5	
Morfev, 83.....	0 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0-18
5 2 8 2 1 5 1 5 5 3 2 8 2 4 5 5 4 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2	
Money, 88.....	2 2-24
1 1 1 1 1 1 1 4 2 1 5 1 3 4 1 2 3 1 2 8 1 2 2 1	
Morfev, 83.....	2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2-22-83

Morfev vs. Webber.

Interstate Park, L. I., Oct. 18.—The match between Dr. A. A. Webber and Mr. T. W. Morfev at 100 birds each, the former at 30yds., the latter at 31, was closely contested, and resulted in a good race to-day. At the end of the first 25 the Doctor was 1 ahead, but in the second 25 Morfev killed straight, while Webber lost 4, and thereafter was never headed. He won out with 4 to the good, the scores being 96 to 92. The scores contain the particulars, as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1900, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

2 8 3 2 2 2 2 4 2 2 5 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 5 5 5 1 4 1	
Morfev, 81.....	1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2-22
4 8 1 5 1 4 4 1 2 5 5 1 1 1 1 5 2 8 5 5 1 2 1 1 1	
Webber, 80.....	2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2-25
1 5 4 1 4 4 5 2 5 2 2 2 2 2 5 8 1 2 1 2 1 5 3 1 2	
Morfev, 81.....	2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2-24
2 8 1 1 2 2 2 2 4 2 2 8 5 2 5 4 1 2 2 4 1 4 1 5 1	
Webber, 80.....	1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1-25-96
5 2 1 5 1 1 1 1 1 2 4 1 5 4 2 2 8 2 1 1 5 2 1 1	
Webber, 80.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2-28
1 2 2 2 5 1 2 5 1 1 2 5 2 5 1 1 2 2 1 1 5 3 5 4 4	
Webber, 80.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2-21
2 1 5 2 2 4 1 1 1 8 3 3 3 1 2 2 3 5 4 2 2 2 5 5 8	
Webber, 80.....	2 2-25
3 2 5 5 3 4 1 1 8 8 2 2 1 8 1 5 4 1 5 2 5 5 2 5 4	
Webber, 80.....	2 2 0 2-23-92

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Oct. 20.—A stiff wind made difficult competition at the Crescent Athletic Club's weekly shoot to-day. Mr. Henry Kryn, with 2 for a handicap, scored 46 out of 50. The scores:

October cup, 25 targets, expert; 25 magautrap; handicap allowances added:

	—Expert—		—Magautrap—		Grand
	Hdcp.	Total.	Hdcp.	Total.	Total.
H Kryn	2	23	2	23	46
E Banks	0	23	0	22	45
C Kenyon, Jr.	6	22	5	21	43
H M Brigham	4	22	3	19	41
W W Marshall	4	21	4	19	40
J S S Remsen	0	21	0	18	39
J M Borland	9	21	7	17	38
A E Corliss	0	17	0	14	31
C J McDermott	2	20	2	10	30
Dr H L O'Brien	4	15	3	10	25

Prize shoot, 15 targets, expert; 15 magautrap; handicap allowances added:

	—Expert—		—Magautrap—		Grand
	Hdcp.	Total.	Hdcp.	Total.	Total.
J J Keyes	6	14	4	14	28
H M Brigham	3	13	2	13	26
W W Marshall	3	11	2	13	24
E Banks	0	14	0	10	24
Dr H L O'Brien	2	13	2	10	23
H Kryn	1	12	1	12	24
A E Corliss	5	11	2	11	22
J S S Remsen	0	10	0	11	21
C J McDermott	1	10	1	11	21

Sweepstake, 25 birds, expert: Banks 23, Remsen 23, Kryn 17, Kenyon 13, Borland 5.

Sweepstake, 15 birds, expert: Remsen 15, Kryn 14, Kenyon 12, Marshall 12, Rhett 10, Dr. O'Brien 9, Borland 8, McDermott 6, McColville 2.

Sweepstake, 10 birds, magautrap: Remsen 9, Banks 8, Brigham 8, Kryn 8, Kenyon 7, Rhett 6, Borland 5, Marshall 5, McDermott 5, Dr. O'Brien 4.

Sweepstake, 25 birds, magautrap: Remsen 24, Kryn 23, Brigham 21, McDermott 20, Stake 19, Marshall 18.

Sweepstake, 10 pairs, magautrap: Remsen 15, Kryn 15, Banks 13, Brigham 11.

Match, 5 pairs, magautrap: Corliss 7, Kryn 6.

Trap at Interstate Park.

Interstate Park, L. I., Oct. 20.—The following events were shot at Interstate Park to-day:

Ten birds, \$5:							
Welch, 30.....	2112112122	Postaus, 29.....	1221212022				
Lockwood, 28.....	2202222122						
No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Welch	221	112111	1212	22120	11211*	1120	...
Wood	120	22*	2121210	2120	22222	22210	1221
Postaus	212	20	10	120	120	122210	0
Lockwood	120	22110	1112	21222	0	...	1110

Lockwood vs. "Wood."

Interstate Park, Oct. 20.—In a match at 50 live birds each between Messrs. Lockwood and Wood the former won by a score of 38 to 35, as follows:

Lockwood	021222222*001*22*220211-17
Wood	0*22*2222222222222202-21-38
	2121211222121101112201010-24
	120102*002020022220012120-14-35

Sheephead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Sheephead Bay, L. I., Oct. 18.—The badge to-day was won by Mr. John J. Pillion:

J J Pillion, 27.....	2222022-6	D J Heffner, 23.....	0100101-3
Capt Baldwin, 24.....	2001200-3	H Koch, 27.....	22*2020-4
J B Voorhies, 28.....	00221*2-4	H Kronika, 26.....	100*202-3
R Smith, 25.....	00121*2-3	F Von Fricken, 25.....	220*000-2
J P Lute, 23.....	1000020-2	H Montanus, 27.....	2220120-5
Geo McKane, 25.....	00*1212-4	W Boyle, 25.....	22*0202-4
A Soeller, 23.....	1021022-5	I McKane, 27.....	2222*02-5
G Thiebault, 21.....	0000000-0	H Freyler, 23.....	0020101-3
F Lundy, 26.....	2002020-3		

Elliott vs. Gilbert for the Cast Iron Medal.

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 20.—Jim Elliott is still the proud possessor of the cast iron badge, having once more proved his title to it by to-day defeating Fred Gilbert. Score, 98 to 93. It was an ideal day for a shoot—a nice cool breeze, not enough to inconvenience any one, a bright sun and a snap in the air to make the birds lively. Not that the birds needed much enlivening, for they were quite a good lot, nearly all of them leaving the traps in a hurry, as though they knew what was in store for them, and very few needing a second hint.

The shoot was held at Baseball Park, and a fair-sized crowd, including many ladies, watched the race with interest, manifesting their appreciation frequently.

Elliott had a bit the best of the luck as to birds, though there was not very much in it. Both men made some rattling second-barrel stops which woke up the grand stand.

Elliott's 2 lost birds were simply streaks, his 15th, a circling right-quarterer, showing very little sign of being hit, and his 97th, a circling left-quarterer, escaping, apparently unhurt. His 13th bird came very near being a blot on his score, as it only fell 6in. short of the back line. His 50th, 58th, 67th, 69th and 81st birds were all clinking good ones and required Jim's best efforts to stop them; but stop them he did, in a way that made many realize what it is that makes him champion.

Gilbert also gave a grand exhibition, and used his second barrel very effectively, stopping many, notably his 20th (a hard incomer), 24th, 28th, 36th, 40th and 42d, which many of the spectators thought would escape.

The birds were supplied by W. C. Lyndham. Franklin Stearns, Jr., acted as referee; R. F. Banks as official scorer, and W. J. Lyndham as trap puller.

The score tells the rest of the story:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1900, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

1 5 4 2 3 8 1 4 4 3 4 2 1 1 4 3 4 8 1 1 5 2 4 1 5	
Fred Gilbert.....	2 2-24
5 3 4 5 1 5 5 1 5 5 2 1 2 2 8 1 5 3 1 2 2 8 4 2 3	
Elliott.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2-23
2 2 8 2 2 1 4 4 2 2 1 3 2 2 4 2 8 4 4 4 3 2 4 4 8	
Elliott.....	2 2-24
4 2 5 5 8 2 1 5 8 5 8 4 4 8 8 5 8 2 5 5 5 2 8 8 5	
Elliott.....	2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2-22-93
2 2 4 4 1 4 8 4 4 4 2 5 4 2 2 1 2 3 4 8 5 1 8 2 2	
Elliott.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2-2

Peters Cartridge Company Tournament at Montgomery, Ala.

THE shoot given Oct. 16, 17 and 18 by the Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, at Montgomery, Ala., was a highly successful affair. It was held upon the grounds of the Capital City Gun Club.

Shooters were in attendance from Pensacola, Fla.; Birmingham, Ala.; Chattanooga, Tenn., and from different points in the State.

Two sets of traps—one magautrap and one set of three expert traps, Sergeant system—were used.

The weather was fine. The Street Fair was going on all week in town, which was the means of keeping many of the local shooters from attending the shoot.

The shoot was managed by John Parker, of Detroit, Mich., who as usual gave perfect satisfaction to all. He was very ably assisted by Mr. Maurice Kaufman, of New Orleans, the Southern representative of the Peters Cartridge Co. The local boys also were untiring in their efforts to make the shoot a success and energetically all the time, besides shooting through the entire programme.

Satisfactory remarks were constantly heard on all sides regarding the tournaments the Peters Cartridge Co. were giving, and they were highly complimented by all the shooters present for giving such an entertaining and pleasant shoot. Mr. Forbes, of Pensacola, Fla., made high average on the targets, shooting remarkably well, as the Sergeant system traps threw targets very fast, and it was impossible for most of the shooters to make straight scores on same. Mr. Forbes was very highly pleased with the handsome gold trophy donated by the Peters Cartridge Co. for best average, and requested Messrs. Parker and Kaufman to give him a lock of hair each, which he placed in the pocket as a token of remembrance.

The Pensacola boys anticipate giving a similar shoot in the near future, and will undoubtedly ask for the services of Messrs. Parker and Kaufman.

The live birds were far above the average, 95 per cent. of them being hard, outgoing drivers, as the scores will show.

The boys evidently did not get enough of shooting during the three days of the tournament and stayed over a fourth day to shoot up the balance of the live birds and targets.

Everybody left for home Friday evening very highly pleased with the tournament. This has been the means of booming trapshooting in the vicinity of Montgomery, and other shoots of like character will follow.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Parker and Kaufman, representing the Peters Cartridge Co. and King Powder Co., and James Skelly, representing Lafin & Rand Powder Co.

First Day, Oct. 16.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	
Jones	12	13	18	13	14	17	7	13	14	17	138
Garth	13	10	19	11	13	18	13	14	15	18	144
Skelly	10	10	13	12	11	13	13	14	19	20	140
Broyles	12	11	15	9	8	15	9	14	18	21	132
Aird	15	14	18	12	11	14	9	15	17	20	139
Yates	8	12	15	10	15	16	14	14	14	17	135
Randolph	13	13	16	13	13	17	8	13	15	16	137
Forbes	15	15	19	13	15	20	13	15	18	24	187
Fulcher	10	6	16	13	8	17	11	13	13	13	120
Webber	11	10	11	8	40
Anderson	10	11	14	6	7	16	15	14	13	18	124
Smithers	7	13	13	11	13	19	10	15	17	17	135
Wescott	9	10	14	9	12	19	13	15	16	16	130
A Henderson	11	14	18	10	13	17	10	10	14	21	138
J Henderson	12	11	15	13	13	16	7	10	15	17	129
Muldon	12	15	17	11	13	17	12	14	15	21	147
Vidal	14	15	15	12	8	15	12	13	10	12	126
Enzor	9	11	15	11	9	16	11	11	14	12	119
W Jewell	7	7	14	11	11	16	11	12	16	21	126
Livingston	13	14	18	11	13	18	13	15	18	19	152
Kaufman	12	11	18	13	9	16	11	14	15	19	138
Waddell	13	14	16	13	13	19	15	15	15	21	154
Foster	10	14	15	11	13	11	7	13	11	..	105
James	13	12	20	14	14	18	14	13	15	19	152
Goettner	5	10	10	18	59
Dawson	14	..	18	..	14	59
D Jewell	9	13	14	36
Wilkinson	3	10	15
Graves	9	9
Sears	9	9	9	27
Gunter	5	8	10	..	14	17	12	..	14	13	93
McHugh	9	9
Hines	4	4
Burdett	..	14	8	22
Towey	..	10	10
Merewether	..	13	13
Cowan	12	16	15	9	13	14	79
O Hines	8	8
Brassel	13	13

Second Day, Oct. 17.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	
Jones	14	7	18	8	11	14	11	12	15	21	131
Garth	12	11	18	11	10	14	9	13	19	19	136
Skelly	14	12	14	10	9	13	14	13	17	22	138
Broyles	12	13	16	9	13	17	10	7	18	18	133
Aird	12	10	18	13	13	19	13	14	13	22	147
Henderson	14	8	17	12	14	15	8	12	16	13	129
Charles	13	11	18	11	15	17	12	18	19	14	147
Livingston	15	13	18	13	13	17	15	13	18	21	156
Blount	14	14	18	12	14	14	14	13	18	20	151
Smithers	13	9	15	12	12	15	12	8	14	19	129
W Jewell	13	12	18	12	11	14	12	13	17	17	139
Wescott	12	11	16	9	10	12	9	9	14	18	120
Waddell	15	13	13	12	14	17	13	14	17	23	151
Yates	13	12	19	12	13	16	14	11	17	16	143
Fulcher	7	11	9	11	10	11	70
Forbes	14	12	18	12	15	19	15	13	19	23	160
Vidal	14	10	19	11	14	16	13	12	18	16	143
Muldon	11	13	18	14	15	18	14	13	19	21	156
Randolph	12	15	17	14	11	14	12	10	17	18	140
Kaufman	13	10	10	12	13	15	12	11	13	22	131
Parker	11	13	15	14	11	15	14	13	17	21	144
Brassel	11	10	11	..	8	9	49
Kirk	15	8	16	9	13	..	12	..	15	..	88
Rogers	13	8	14	..	12	19	66
Dawson	14	7	17	10	..	18	66
Anderson	12	10	16	38
Mathews	..	11	18	12	12	16	14	12	19	18	132
Allen	11	10	13	11	12	15	15	15	15	15	126
Brewer	12	12	17	13	12	16	14	12	17	22	147
Gordon	10	..	12	8	12	13	..	17	21	..	106
Hale	8	..	12	..	11	..	31
Wagh	7	..	11	18
Cowan	15	10	13	16	70
Lowson	14	14

Third Day, Oct. 18.—Live Birds.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Birds:	5	10	7	Birds:	5	10	7
Broyles	5	8	6	Kirk	5	6	4
Garth	4	3	4	W Meyers	4	8	..
Livingston	4	8	5	Perry	5	6	4
Cowan	4	6	5	Anderson	5	7	5
Frazer	2	8	5	Skelly	4	2	4
Wagh	2	4	..	Parker	4	9	7
Canty	3	7	4	Kaufman	4	8	5
James	3	7	6	Hogler	5	8	6
Waddell	3	9	5	Blount	4	6	5
J Gordon	4	7	4	Aird	2	..	5
Yates	4	6	4	Wescott	4	..	6
Fulcher	1	5	6	E Gordon	4	..	4
Randolph	5	6	4	Goettner	4
Forbes	5	8	7	White	6
Muldon	4	6	4	McDade	6
Vidal	3	4	4	Towser	5
Smithers	3	9	5	Ottis	4
W Jewell	2	3	5

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Oct. 20.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the third weekly shoot of the season. Dr. Meek carried off the honors of the day, being the only one to go straight in the main event of the day.

The day was a fine one for shooting, being cool and pleasant, with quite a stiff and rather gusty wind quartering across the traps.

The birds were an unusually good lot, taking them all through. Our members are still dallying with the elusive duck and festive jacksnipe, and a little later will try a whirl at the quail, and then for the pigeons in earnest.

No. 1, 10 birds, \$1.50 entrance. No. 2, 6 birds, \$1 entrance. No. 3, 6 birds, \$1 entrance. No. 4, 6 birds, \$1 entrance.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
T Eaton, 30.....	121211011—9	1112*—5	1*1001—3	*10121—4
C H Kehl, 27.....	021001002*—4	210021—4	010*1—2	001102—3
Dr Meek, 31.....	112111112—10	11*12—5
J Wolff, 29.....	101211110—8	110101—4	022211—5	221101—5
F Wolff, 26.....	0001021201—5	101012—4
F Barnard, 30.....	102210202—7	*1*1—2	212122—6	022211—5
L Wolff, 27.....	0102022120—6	12*100—3	000010—1	..
Dr Huff	0100*1—2	..	120w

Event 5, 6 birds, \$1:

T Eaton	012121—5	C H Kehl.....	01211—4
..	..	Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.	..

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 13.—Herewith are the scores of the Chicago Gun Club's shoot this afternoon. Live birds were the attraction. Twenty-two shooters faced the traps, or in other words called "Pull" and watched for the birds to come up from the tall grass.

The five traps were completely hidden from view. The birds were strong flyers, and this is the explanation for the goose eggs.

Geo. Roll, the 100-straight man, found them all, and our friend Lem Willard also killed 16.

Mr. C. P. Richards and A. Hellman, of the Garfield Club, were visitors. They were shooting targets at a good clip.

Dr. C. W. Carson, the club's hustler, could not attend the shoot owing to urgent business out of town.

The Chicago Club seems to have a lot of willing ones to help a shoot along, and make a visiting sportsman think he is at home.

Weekly trophy, 25 targets:

G Roll	0110110101001111111100	17
R B Mack	11101101011111111111—21	..
Mrs Carson	11111111111111111111—22	..
Milliken	1110001111111000010111—17	..
Sundermeier	1100111101001001010001—15	..
Dr Morton	11111101101110011011—20	..
L Willard	11111011111111111111—23	..
Walters	11111001111110110111—20	..
Cornwell	10110111111111111001100—19	..
A V Lane	1001010100110011001111—14	..
A W Morton	1110110110010111111111—20	..
A W Adams	111101011111111110010111—20	..
Dr Miller	1111110111111011011111—22	..
Dr Turck	0101110110110010111111—18	..
Weart	1011000101011110010001—14	..
H D James	1000101101010010010111—15	..
*C P Richards	11111110111111111111—24	..
*A Hellman	11111111111111111111—24	..
*Dr H C Mitchell	11101111100111110110101—19	..
*W O King	10110011011111111001100—17	..
Chas Antoine	10101111011111101101101—19	..
Whitman	1111111111111110101111—23	..
J L Jones	10011011110110010110101—16	..
*Visitors.

No. 2, monthly trophy. Dr. Miller and Mr. L. Willard tied for the trophy, but owing to darkness did not shoot the tie off:

For the trophy, buowing to darkness did not shoot the tie off:	
Dr Miller	1111111111111110-14
Cornwell	00111110111111-14
A V Lane	10111111001111-12
Walters	11101111011111-13
R B Mack	11011011111101-12
Mrs Carson	11011111111111-13
L Willard	11111111111110-14
Geo Roll	10111011111111-13
A W Adams	11001101111101-11
H James	000000000001010-2

FOREST AND STREAM.

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FOREST AND STREAM AT PARIS.

THE photograph shows the principal exhibit of the FOREST AND STREAM at the Paris Exposition, which consisted of the fifty-three bound volumes from 1873 to 1899, shown in a handsome bookcase. Dr. Tarleton H. Bean tells us that the paper attracted much attention and the current files were in constant demand. In addition there were shown a portfolio of illustrations which have appeared from time to time as supplements, and a series of the volumes published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company on outdoor life and field sports.

THE FOREST AND STREAM was the only journal of its class to receive mention at the Exposition, and, as has already been announced, the recognition given to it by the judges was generous and gratifying. The awards comprised a first prize, Gold Medal, a Bronze Medal and two Honorable Mentions.

OUR ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENTS.

We give to-day the first one of a series of four full-page illustrations which have been provided to accompany the first numbers of the months for November, December, January and February. The originals have been drawn for the FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. Wilfred P. Davison and Mr. Edmund Osthaus, and the subjects will, we are sure, prove acceptable and popular, as reminders of days in the field. The titles of the four pictures are:

Nov. 3.—*In the Fence Corner.* By Wilfred P. Davison.

Dec. 1.—*When Food Grows Scarce.* By Wilfred P. Davison.

Jan. 5.—*Quail Shooting in Mississippi.* By Edm. H. Osthaus.

Feb. 2.—*In Boyhood Days.* By Wilfred P. Davison.

AN AGENCY FOR GAME PROTECTION.

It has often been said by correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM that no work could be undertaken which would accomplish so much for game protection as to extend the circulation of FOREST AND STREAM among persons interested in shooting and fishing, in order that they might become interested in the subject, and read good doctrine. If every reader of the FOREST AND STREAM will do what he can to bring the paper to the notice of others interested in these subjects, he will be doing for game protection a work that will count. If, with a view of conserving and increasing the game and fish supply, our readers will send in to us the names of all persons who are interested in these and kindred subjects, we, on our part, will do all that we can to increase the interest which they feel by sending out free numbers of FOREST AND STREAM containing special articles on the subject.

WOMAN IN THE SADDLE.

THE question as to how a woman should sit a horse is gradually attracting—as it should—more and more attention, and signs are not wanting that before long there will be a considerable proportion of the horsewomen of the country who will insist on riding in the only rational and safe way. Already in most of the large cities—and certainly in many localities far from large cities—there are horsewomen who ride a man's saddle, and it is not to be doubted that this number will constantly increase. It is but a few years since the short skirt, variously known as the rainy day, golf or bicycle skirt, began to be worn by a few advanced women, and yet to-day it is so popular that most working women, and a very large proportion of shoppers in the large cities assume this garb when they go abroad.

The matter of woman's seat on a horse comes again to public notice by a dispatch from Chicago stating that a woman there who had entered a number of horses at the coming horse show and expected to ride them herself in the ladies' saddle horse class, intended to ride a man's saddle; and that when this knowledge came to the horse show authorities they requested her to withdraw her entries.

Public agitation of this matter is all that is required to push the reform to the front, and all persons interested in seeing the change brought about will be glad that the question has come up again. The woman who has ventured to bring it up in this public way, and to the attention of the class which is commonly denominated "society," is to be congratulated on her courage. But then it has long been known that women make the best martyrs.

Horseback riding is perhaps the most wholesome and altogether the best form of exercise that can be taken by man or woman, but in the larger communities its practice is limited by the fact that it is expensive, both as to time and money. In the country, however, this objection exists to a less degree, and everywhere the fondness for horseback riding is increasing.

Of the world's population women are by far the conservative part. They object to change, cling to the old things and wish to do to-day as their mothers did before them. To attempt to alter sentiments or customs among them is to undertake a task far greater than would be found in turning the thoughts of men into new channels. At the same time the views of women on many matters have changed so rapidly within the last few years, and the sex has made such long strides toward taking its place in many respects on an absolute equality with man, that we may hope that within a few years the difference in standing which existed half a century ago will have largely disappeared.

SETTLED.

THIS talk about the constitutionality of non-export game law is coming to be somewhat wearisome. The last case is that of Mr. Douglass Dyrenforth, of Chicago, and his Wisconsin muscalonge. The Wisconsin statute forbids the export of fish taken from inland waters, except that two fish (or more if not in excess of 20 pounds) may be carried out of the State when accompanied by the owner. Mr. Dyrenforth was taking some muscalonge home to Chicago, and, according to the published report, was quite within his right as to the limited amount he was carrying. The fish were seized by a Wisconsin warden, and Mr. Dyrenforth has sued to recover \$5,000 damages. In the event of the court's upholding the warden, Mr. Dyrenforth announces that he will bring suit to test the constitutionality of the anti-export provision.

To value two Wisconsin muscalonge at \$2,500 apiece is, of course, to put a moderate and conservative price on them, reckoned from the standpoint of the angler who caught them; and we shall all hope that the whole sum sued for may be recovered, or at least enough of it to soothe Mr. Dyrenforth's outraged feelings, which, it is evident, come high. But what shall be said of a proposition at this day to test the constitutionality of laws forbidding the export of game or fish? For the point is no longer subject to test. It has already been tested and settled by numerous State courts and by the Supreme Court of the United States. In the case of *Geer vs. Connecticut* this very question was at issue. The Connecticut statute forbids the export of ruffed grouse. Mr. Geer, a game

dealer, bought some grouse, which by purchase became his property, and carried them to New York. When sued for the penalties, he contended that the birds having by purchase become his property he might do with them as he pleased. When the case got to Washington the Supreme Court found against Mr. Geer on this point. It held that the game of a State belonged to the State, and the State might prescribe conditions both as to its capture and as to its disposition after it was taken. The State might thus provide, as in the case under consideration, that the game might be taken only for the purpose of consumption within the State. Under these circumstances it would be impossible for any one to acquire in the dead game any absolute property right which would warrant his doing with it other than the State had provided might be done. So as to these Wisconsin muscalonge. The State owns the fish; it may forbid the taking of them at any time for any purpose, or it may permit their capture at certain times for certain purposes. The authority which prescribes the purpose of taking and the disposition after taking is identical with that which prescribes the times and the modes of taking. We do not hear any one affirming that he has a constitutional right to catch Wisconsin muscalonge when, where and how he pleases; but that contention would be just as reasonable as the common one that a person may do what he pleases with his fish after he has captured them.

Undoubtedly there are certain constitutional questions involved in the game laws which it would be worth while to test, but this one of game export does not fall within the category. It has been settled already. And because it is settled talk about settling it over again will end in talk. The talk will probably continue far into the next century, for it is talk of a kind that soothes the feelings of the victim of the law. When one has had his fish taken away from him or has been compelled to pay a fine, it mitigates the severity of the penalty if he can set himself up on a pedestal and contemplate himself as an aggrieved and injured citizen shorn of his constitutional rights.

CALIFORNIA QUAIL FOR THE APPALACHIANS.

IT has more than once been suggested in FOREST AND STREAM that the plumed partridge of California, better known as the mountain quail, might do well on the higher slopes of the Appalachian Mountains, in North Carolina, and possibly further south. Until recently, however, no one especially interested in the region appears to have given much thought to the matter. However, we learn now that Mr. Chas. Hallock, Dr. A. K. Fisher, of the Biological Survey, and Manager Hayes, of Sapphire, North Carolina, have taken the matter up together, and that there is a prospect that something may be done about it.

In connection with this, it is proposed to introduce on the southern slopes of the same mountains some blue quail from the Rio Grande, which will be fed and sheltered in winter. These birds are easily domesticated. Mexican children are said to use them universally as pets, and they are said to constitute a considerable part of the food of the people in some localities.

Of course these last are birds of a dry region, and seem to prefer a country where the rainfall is very slight; but on the other hand they have been introduced in portions of British Columbia—a country of great precipitation—and there have done well and greatly increased in numbers. There seems no obvious reason why they might not do equally well in North Carolina, and if not there, at least in South Carolina and Georgia. They are not cold weather birds and would be easily winter killed. Projects such as this are equally interesting to sportsmen and to naturalists.

TALKS TO BOYS.

WE shall begin in our next issue the publication of a series of "Talks to Boys," by Mr. W. G. De Groot. To those who know Mr. De Groot it is not necessary for us to say that for the authorship of such a series no one could be found better equipped than he by long experience in the field, thorough sportsmanship and sympathy with the youngsters of to-day, who are to be the sportsmen of to-morrow. The papers will be highly practical in character, and we shall miss our guess if they do not find readers of mature years as well as among the boys.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In the Ozarks.

(Continued from last week.)

One beautiful October day the hunting fever attacked me with all its old-time irresistible power, and unfitted me temporarily for work of any kind whatsoever. Nature called to me insistently to come out and play, and from my office window showed me an alluring prospect to tempt me from the dull, uncompanionable books lying open on my desk and staring blankly in my face.

The hills stretched away on every side as far as the eye could reach, their wooded slopes showing touches of russet and gold, intermingled with the green of the unturned foliage; overhead the sky was blue and clear, with here and there a white, fleecy cloud sailing lazily by; the air seemed filled with those tiny gossamer balloons, floating along, light as thistledown, with gleaming, silken cobwebs trailing far behind like the tails to so many kites, by means of which the energetic balloon spiders accomplish their fall moving; and over all brooded the soft, hazy atmosphere of an Indian summer's day.

There was no resisting such an invitation. I closed my books with a bang, hung my "out-of-town-will-be-back-to-morrow" sign on the door, and was soon headed for the hills with a gun over my shoulder and my good dog Twist trailing at my heels. This dog was a fine Irish setter, and his full name was Oliver Twist, which title he had acquired from his insatiable craving for "more."

It was his first season with the birds, and I was trying to break him in. I had not hunted much in that part of the country, and had never before done any quail shooting to speak of, so there was all the charm of novelty in my surroundings, on this particular day. So far as Twist was concerned, my instruction was not likely to prove of much worth.

But the rustle of the dead leaves underfoot was sweetest music to my ears, and it mattered little to me whether I shot anything or nothing at all. In fact, when Twist flushed a covey of quail and sent them whirling away into the thick woods before I was within shot of them I merely reproved him with a yell, and followed leisurely after the birds.

I got three quail out of this covey, when I should have bagged at least eight. If the dog had been more experienced such shooting would have been enough for him, and he would forthwith and forever have cut me from his list of sporting friends. Fortunately for me we were about on a par when it came to quail hunting, and each one's attention was wholly occupied with his own blunders.

I tramped many miles that day, up hill and down dale, and along toward sundown bethought me that it was time to be starting homeward—and then I made a discovery. I did not know in what direction home was; in other words, I was lost. Those hills were so much alike in their general appearance that I could not get my bearings. There was nothing for it but to strike out in a straight line, and trust to luck to come across some habitation.

I put the plan into effect, but it was after dark before I struck even a roadway. I would have been in a sorry plight were it not for a bright moon that lighted up my way and made objects distinguishable in the darkness. I followed the road for a mile or more, and at last my eyes were greeted with the welcome sight of a light shining from the window of a dwelling. I approached this seemingly lonely habitation, and greeted it with a loud "Hello, the house!" The door opened immediately, and in the broad shaft of light streaming from the interior a man appeared, his figure assuming gigantic proportions as he stood there framed in the low doorway.

"What's the trouble?" he called out.

"Lost my way," I made answer. "How far is it to M.?"

"'Baout six mile, I reck'n," said he. "Better come in and have some grub."

I did not wait to be urged. Through the open door I could see the bright fire burning in the big fireplace at one end of the room, over which a tea kettle was singing merrily, and an appetizing odor of fried bacon and baked yams was wafted to my nostrils.

With a word of heartfelt thanks I entered the house—or, more correctly speaking, the cabin—and mine host closed the door and drew up a cracker box beside the fire with an invitation for me to sit down and make myself at home.

We exchanged information regarding each other over our supper. Mine host's name was Saunders, I learned, and he lived in this small cabin by himself and "didn't ask no odds o' nobuddy, hi ganny." He was a man well on in years. His sandy hair and long, scraggly beard were plentifully streaked with gray, but he was still hale and hearty, and though past the three-score mark, "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." His shoulders were bent, but this was more from his habit of sitting all hunched over, with elbows resting on knees, than from old age.

Further conversation developed the fact that he was the owner of a certain black mule, with whom I had previously formed an undesirable acquaintance.

I declined Saunders' invitation to spend the night at his cabin, and also the loan of his mule, and feeling greatly refreshed after the plain but substantial supper whistled for Twist and started for home. Twist had regaled himself with a fight with one of Saunders' dogs, and had won the fight and the cause of it—a ham bone.

As I passed the barn a loud, blatant voice broke the stillness of the night.

"It's 'that mule o' Saunders'," said I to Twist as the familiar haw-hee! haw-hee! haw-hee! echoed all about the place. The sound seemed to follow us for miles, and I gave thanks that the black demon was safely housed for the night.

Saunders and I became good friends after that. He was trying to obtain a pension from an ungrateful Government, he informed me, and I drew up some papers for him, gratis, and in this way earned his lasting gratitude.

In return I received an invitation to join him in a turkey hunt. I had been longing for such an opportunity, and gladly accepted his invitation; so the day was set and I arranged to spend the night with him, that we might get an early start in the morning.

Now, in all my hunting experience I had never shot a wild turkey; in fact, had never so much as seen one running wild. I was therefore wholly unacquainted with their habits, and relied upon Saunders to initiate me into the mysteries of the sport. He was one of the best shots and the most successful turkey hunter in that whole region.

We breakfasted by candle light, and then, with rifles in hand, went forth in search of the craftiest game bird of our woods.

"Yo' got t' shoot 'em in the hade," Saunders explained, as we walked briskly along through the crisp morning air. "Ef they sees yuh fust hit's good-by, Jonny, 'cause they'll run like the devil afore they rise, an' then hit's all off. Ther' e'n't no meaner birruds t' shoot, ther' suttently e'n't. Quail e'n't nuthin' 'longside o' turkeys. Hit's a good mawnin' fer 'em. Reck'n we'll git one or two."

We had tramped three or four miles, when Saunders, who was a little ahead of me, suddenly paused and motioned for me to go easy. I crept up cautiously to his side.

"Ther's a roost over yonder," he whispered, pointing to a heavy clump of oaks in front of us. "Reck'n we're too late; but I'll just give 'em a try fer luck."

He squatted on the ground, drew a goose quill from his pocket and placed it to his lips. Had I not been prepared I would have sworn there was a turkey of some kind in the neighborhood. He repeated the call several times at odd intervals without any result, and I was about to advise him to "give it up as a bad job," when an answering call came from somewhere off to our left in exact imitation of the sound Saunders had made.

The next five minutes were exciting ones. The turkey approached warily, and seemed in no hurry to offer itself as a target for our rifles.

"I see him," Saunders suddenly whispered. "Try for his hade, an' aim low."

I strained my eyes in the direction he indicated, but no sign of a turkey nor of any living thing could I see.

"You'll have to take him," I whispered back. "I can't locate him. Go ahead and let him have it."

Saunders' rifle slowly came to his shoulder, there was a moment's anxious suspense, and then a sharp report, and—I located the turkey. At the same instant I caught a glimpse of something scurrying away through the underbrush on my right, and the next moment heard the flapping of heavy wings. "Thar goes another," Saunders shouted, springing to his feet. "Hi ganny! he was a big gobbler, tew. We mought 'a' had 'em both."

We ran forward to the spot where his turkey was flopping about in its last convulsive struggles. It was a fine large bird, and I envied Saunders his success; but it only whetted my own desire to go and do likewise.

"Reck'n we'd better work alone fer a spell," Saunders suggested when he had quieted the turkey. "You all go that a-way an' I'll keep on straight ahead. Keep yore eye skinned an' I'll meet yuh at t'other end o' that ridge yonder. I mought drive one over yore way, an' you all mought drive one over t' me."

I liked this plan, as it gave me an opportunity to blunder unobserved, so we separated. And I did blunder. I crossed over the ridge, walking carefully and keeping a sharp lookout for any sign of a turkey. I had not gone far, when my efforts were rewarded by the sight of a pair of them disappearing over the crest of a ridge a long distance away. I followed after them of course, not realizing the futility of attempting to run them down, now that they had taken alarm.

I forgot all about Saunders, and "alone and with unabated zeal" kept on in pursuit of the game. Twice I caught a fleeting glimpse of their swiftly vanishing forms, and then they spread their wings and soared away to parts unknown.

I seated myself on a log and rested my weary limbs and gave myself up to meditation. To begin with, I knew not from whence I had come in my circuitous wanderings, nor how to find my way back again. Truly those hills were most confusing. I wondered what Saunders would think of my disappearance, and could not forebear a smile as I pictured his surprise at my mysterious vanishment.

Suddenly I was aroused from my reverie by a slight rustling of the fallen leaves and the snapping of a twig. I was on the qui vive at once. I glanced in the direction of the sound, and in a second every nerve in my body was tingling, and my heart was thumping madly, and my hand involuntarily sought my rifle, for before me, not thirty paces away, appeared the head and bronze throat of a turkey. The rest of its body was concealed by a log.

At last my chance had come. I raised my rifle, took careful aim, and pulled the trigger. Immediately there was a great commotion in the bushes, and I sprang forward and threw myself upon the fluttering, squawking bundle of feathers and kicking legs. I had my hands full, as the turkey turned out to be a big gobbler, but I finally triumphed, although much scratched up and disfigured in the struggle.

I held the huge bird aloft with both hands. My bosom swelled with pride as I gazed upon its ample proportions, and I gave a whoop of joy that "made the welkin ring." My shout of victory was answered by a faint, far-distant halloo. I called again, and received another answering cry, and before long Saunders appeared upon the scene.

"What in blazes be y' doin' away back yere?" he inquired in puzzled tones.

"I was following a pair of turkeys," I replied. He had not discovered my turkey as yet.

"Follerin' turkeys, hey?" said he, with a chuckle. "Waal, waal! I orter told yuh 't e'n't no use wastin' yore time that way. Reck'n y' faound that out by this time, howsomever. Y' seem sorter dug up like." He eyed my many scratches, questioningly.

"What do you think of that?" was my proud answer, as I stepped aside and pointed to my great prize—my first wild turkey.

Saunders looked at the turkey, then at me, and then back at the turkey again, and a slow smile played about

the corners of his mouth, gradually expanding into a broad grin.

"I'll be doggoned!" he exclaimed. "Did you all kill that air birrud?"

"I most certainly did," I replied, striking an attitude. "Isn't he a beauty?"

"He suttently is," the old man assented, with a chuckle. "He's 'baout the finest turkey in these yere parts. He's wuth nigh on to four dollars."

"Four dollars!" I repeated. "You must be mistaken."

"Mebbe so," he replied. "But Sam sez that's what he give fer him."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed, with an awful suspicion stealing o'er me that things were not what they seemed to be.

"Mean?" said he, and I shall never, never forget that moment. "Mean? Why, you all have gone an' shot Sam Hawkins' prize gobbler. Sam lives yonder jest o'er the hill."

I collapsed.

"What's to be done about it?" I asked, helplessly, when I had recovered from the first shock of the painful disclosure.

"Nuthin', 'cep'n pay Sam fer the turkey," Saunders drawled, solemnly.

Not to dwell too long on a distressing subject, I did pay for the turkey—no matter how much—and I have never been very enthusiastic over turkey shooting since.

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

In the Shadow of Katahdin.

"How be you?"

"Fine! How be you?"

"Good! Say, you daren't go to Maine with me in December!"

"Don't be so sure; I'll go if you will!"

"Good! Put it there!" We shook hands, and it was settled.

My challenger, Mr. Wilbert Thomas, of Hamden, Conn., is considerably my elder in years, but in actions—well, this yarn will probably prove that there is abundant opportunity for improvement in both of us. Wilbert is an extensive garden farmer, and he dispenses luscious berries and other fruits to a confiding public in the summer time. Then he spends part of the proceeds in chase of the elusive deer of Maine in the fall.

In accordance with established precedent "the eventful day arrived." Dec. 4 found a gathering of relatives and friends of both parties at Wilbert's house. They were there to say good-by and extend well wishes. In the gathering was a cousin of Wilbert's, who had shot deer in many States, and who mourned his unhappy lot in not being one of our party. He sighed again and again, and when the time came for the last handshake he bolted like a Shanghai rooster for the back door. He acted so strange we feared for his sanity. "What time does that train go?" yelled he, with his hand on the knob.

"In an hour and a half," answered Wilbert, in a dazed way.

"I'm going, too, and I'll see you at the depot! Bang! The door slammed, and a dark streak shot across the fields and disappeared over the brow of a hill. That streak was Elizur Thomas, Wilbert's nephew, and he was the first one at the depot. Wilbert and I had talked it up for months, and made preparations. Lide did the business in an hour and a half.

Arrived at Millinockett, we failed to find the Spencer boys, who were to meet us there, and so we arranged to stop until the next day at least at Reade's camp there. Just east of this camp, within 20 yards, flows the Millinockett River; and we were told it is a good trout stream. The camp is a neat, snug log affair, and for persons who prefer to be in touch with the railroad, telegraph, doctor, drug store, and civilization in general, and yet wish to hunt deer, this is an ideal spot. The viands are first class from a sportsman's standpoint.

Dinner over, it was voted to try a couple of hours' hunt near camp. Moccasins and hunting togs were donned, and Wilbert and I took to the woods on the west bank of the river. Lide crossed the railroad bridge and tried the east bank.

Wilbert's rifle was a light .45-70 Winchester, and made to his order three years ago. Deer had fallen before it on previous trips, and Wilbert swears by that gun. Lide carried a .38-70 model 86 Winchester, and it had tumbled deer in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Carolinas and Maine. Lide thinks his rifle just right; and who can blame him? My rifle was a beautiful little half octagon nickel steel, .30-30 Winchester. The beauty was presented to me by my shop associates the day before Thanksgiving, and was a surprise. There is greater significance in this to me than might appear in the mere telling. Shopmates usually need all spare change the day before Thanksgiving; and I sincerely trust the free contributions of my warm-hearted friends lightened the good cheer or no Thanksgiving table—not even to the extent of one small grain of salt. The little .30-30 is more highly prized than anything else in my den, for it is treasured and sacred, and its resting place shall be on the handsome antlers of the fine old buck which came with it and me from the scented forests of the State of Maine.

The afternoon was glorious. The sun shone brightly, and the air was crisp and cold. The boughs of arbores, hemlocks and other evergreens bent under a crystallized weight of crusted snow; and the dark recesses of the forest were penetrated by reflection from the white mantle that covered the ground. Here and there red squirrels frisked, and bluejays piped discordant notes, while snowbirds hopped from limb to limb. Nearby, the ceaseless voice of the river added solemn music, which lent double enchantment to the scene.

We followed the Nesowadnehunk road for perhaps three-quarters of a mile. Then Wilbert pointed out a spot in an old tote road where a nephew of his shot a deer two years before. Here the complexion of the forest changed, and hardwood predominated. After walking perhaps a mile through a heavy growth of beech, oak, maple, ash and other trees, I had my first sight of deer tracks—they were made by a doe and fawn. They were not fresh, and Wilbert pronounced them a day old. They looked good to me, for they were the first I had ever seen.

Our First Camping Trip.

(Concluded from page 324.)

A short way beyond the tracks we found another tote road, and right in the fork of the two roads stood a birch tree. The bark had been peeled from a spot 6 inches square, leaving the clean body of the tree exposed. Here, written in pencil, was a notice. It read: "Spencer Brothers' Camp, nine miles." An arrow pointed north, the general trend of the Nesowadnehunk road. We considered this a lucky find, for it pointed the direction of our destination.

We went a short distance beyond the fork of the roads and found where a large buck had crossed. The track was fresh, and we followed it over a mile. The experience was new and fascinated me so that I regretted to give up, even after the sun had set. Discretion was policy here, however, for those beautiful enchanting woods dispense heartless hospitality to the lost tenderfoot of a cold winter night.

Lide was in camp ahead of us, and he was thoroughly disgusted. He had tested his patience and swearing powers by creeping through a blowdown for over a mile without being rewarded by sight of a single track. He could not be reconciled, and swore there were no deer in the whole blasted country. He confessed to me the next morning that he had been ready to take the first train home after getting into camp the night before.

We were joined at supper by eight or ten men, Mr. Reade being one. Some were guides and others were from the village; all, however, were experienced more or less in deer hunting.

After supper all hands gathered around the fireplace. The sparks soared up the chimney from blazing logs, and we smoked and listened to one another's stories. One yarn ran like this:

"A few winters ago I was employed in a lumber camp. We had worked into logs all the desirable timber in the vicinity, and the stream, which connected with the Penobscot, was badly jammed with logs. So thick was the jam that it was impossible to drive anything through. 'Jim,' said the boss to me one day, 'we're out of dynamite, and some one will have to go to the other camp and get some. We must start these logs moving. How would you like the trip?'"

"Now the other camp was twenty miles away, and not a building between, and an old tote road was the only way. I was willing to go, however, and next morning bright and early I was on my way. It took the best part of the day to make the trip, for the thawing weather had melted the snow, and the traveling was bad. I was ready for supper and bed that night, you can bet!"

"I had breakfast before daylight next morning, and with 20 pounds of dynamite sticks with fuses attached on my back I started on the return trip. With the exception of seeing a few deer, nothing occurred until I was within two miles of camp. I had been compelled to rest a number of times, and it was getting dark. I had just crossed a strip of burnt land, and was on the point of entering a stretch of the road which ran through a blowdown where the young growth had reached a height of about 20 feet, when, happening to turn my head, I thought I saw an animal moving in the path behind me. 'It's another deer,' said I to myself, and paid no further attention. It was quite dusky in the blowdown, but my tracks of the day before could be seen in the wet snow. Becoming tired, I sat down for a short rest. I had hardly seated myself, when cold chills chased rapidly up and down my spine. Back on my track, and not over 150 feet away, I could see the shadowy outlines of an 'Indian devil.' The animal stood motionless, and was looking straight at me.

"To say that I wasn't scared would be a thundering lie. Some say the 'Indian devil' (wolverine) is a cowardly sneak, and I might not have feared this one. But to save extra weight I had left my rifle in camp, so was unarmed. I sat there and eyed the animal quite awhile. Finally it sneaked into the timber at the right of the road. 'Good!' thought I. 'He's afraid to tackle me and has gone.' I was mistaken, for I had hardly resumed my journey, when I looked back, and there was the beast on my trail again—and closer than before!"

"Matters were getting serious, and I cudged my brain for a scheme to get rid of my unwelcome follower. Finally I turned and shouted back at him, and you bet I felt good to see that cuss sneak into the timber again. I now hurried as fast as possible, but kept a sharp lookout all the while. Camp was a mile away, when the shadowy form loomed on my trail again, and I was horrified to see that it was within less than 100 feet. 'What can I do? What can I do?' thought I. Suddenly I remembered the dynamite, and like a flash came an idea. I stopped and stood still—so did the 'Indian devil.' Then I pulled off my coat—a heavy reefer—took one of the sticks of dynamite from the bundle, lighted a match and touched the fuse to the flame. It sputtered, and I placed the stick on the ground, hastily threw my coat over it in a manner not to interfere with the fuse, and took to my heels.

"How far I ran before the explosion, I don't know. But I was making the best licks I ever made in my life, when the woods burst into a flame of light, and a report like a cannon shook the earth. I never looked behind, but kept up the pace right into camp, where I arrived barheaded, coatless and breathless. The whole camp was aroused, and as soon as my wind came back I told my story. Lanterns, axes, clubs and rifles were hastily procured, and all hands started back with me. We picked up the bundle of dynamite which I had dropped in my hurry within 100 feet of a big hole in the ground. Then pieces of coat, hide, flesh and bones and bunches of hair were found scattered within a radius of 100 feet or more. That 'Indian devil' had stopped to smell of the old coat, and the dynamite blew him up all right."

Our narrator knocked the ashes from his pipe into the fireplace, borrowed tobacco and a match from his nearest neighbor, struck a light and resumed smoking; and his eyes seemed to study the moving shadows of our circle, which the flames threw on the log walls, and the gyrations of the starlike sparks on their course up the chimney. Then some one yawned, and Wilbert complacently eyed each face through his glasses, and there was a look on his countenance which eloquently said: "Boys, I've heard liars before, but this chap is the champion of them all."

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

At the outlet of Sixth Lake the State had built a high dam for the purpose, as we afterward learned, of storing water for the canals, as these waters eventually find their way to the State canals via Moose and Black rivers. Thus the waters of Sixth and Seventh lakes had been raised some 6 feet or more, and in places had backed into the forest for a considerable distance on nearly all sides. The result was that acres and acres of dead forest appeared to have at one time grown right out of the lake, and on all sides, except close to the dam, where we had pushed off. To have found a landing place at any other point across the lake would have been impossible, for to have reached the new shores one would have had to work his boat a long distance through water filled with floating logs and brush, and all in the midst of a forest of old dead trees. It was very evident that the outlet of Seventh Lake came through this submerged forest somewhere on the north and emptied into Sixth Lake, but where? Fortunately it was early afternoon. In very short order we had rowed across the open water and skirted the woods along its whole northern border. We entered every little bay and every little opening in among the trees in hopes of discovering the channel, but all to no effect. It was getting late, and we hardly knew what to do, and were beginning to think we would have to camp all night at the dam, when all of a sudden a boat shot out of the dead forest and made toward the carry we had lately come over. We were some distance away at this time, but we marked the place well and rowed for it for dear life. It did not look a bit like an inlet, but we pushed on and soon the way became well defined, although there was a dead forest close to us on either side. That night we camped early on Seventh Lake, and I remember that we all retired early, slept soundly, were up with the lark, and all felt as fresh and as happy as three daisies.

I doubt if it was very much after 5 o'clock when we had finished breakfast and found ourselves once more in the boat and making for the north end of the lake to try and solve a problem similar to the one presented to us the day before, viz., to locate a boat trail through a submerged forest. I will not tire any one by reciting our troubles in detail. We eventually found the inlet, but not until we had enjoyed the experience of having been actually lost in the woods in a boat for several hours, and the only way we got out was to steer a fairly direct course to open water and cut our way out with an axe, and with three fellows and three heavy pack baskets in a light Adirondack boat this undertaking was no laughing matter, or, rather, it might have been, for the others would certainly have laughed, and laughed heartily, if one of us had got a good ducking. It was peculiar, but in cutting our way out we ran across the inlet, and although it was quite a long one, we soon found ourselves at the carry. Up to this time we had been troubled little if any by mosquitoes, but the moment we put foot on the landing we were tackled by swarms and swarms of them, until it seemed almost unendurable, and before we got everything ready to pack over the trail we had to stop work several times and go back in the woods, take a breathing spell and anoint our necks, faces, hands and wrists with coal tar. Of all the mosquito plagues I ever struck I think this landing was the worst, and in spite of a liberal use of tar oil, by the time we got away our faces, necks and hands were covered with blood, and not one of us but had tears in his eyes. It was simply unendurable, and I can well imagine that some of the mosquito stories that we hear once in a while from the Canadian Northwest are only too true.

If I remember correctly, the carry before us over to Eighth Lake was a mile and a half or possibly two miles long; at any rate it was a good, long trail, but with our experience of the day before we considered we were old hands at it, and proved it, too, and by noon everything was over, and we had dinner on the shore of Eighth Lake—and a beautiful and isolated sheet of water it is, too. To row on it when its surface was smooth was like floating in mid air, for the water was so clear that the rocky bottom could be distinctly seen to a very great depth.

In Eighth Lake is a beautiful little island, with a hunter's little log cabin on it, and as it was Friday this island spot seemed a good place to make camp for over Sunday, which was accordingly done.

Friday we pulled up to the northerly end of the lake, found the trail and took a morning stroll over to Raquette Lake Inlet. A trail always has a fascination for most people. If it is quite plain and there is no danger of losing it you simply abandon yourself to it and go where it leads you, without respect to your location or regard to the points of the compass, and you know that in time it will surely bring you to water; perhaps only a stream, but maybe to a beautiful sheet of water. And we not only enjoyed our trip on the Raquette Lake trail that morning, but we could now say that we had been as far as Raquette Lake Inlet.

This was the end of our trip in this direction. Our plan was to go hastily over to Raquette Lake, remain at Eighth Lake over Sunday, have a good rest, and then go back to Fourth, where we were to make a permanent camp from the balance of our two weeks' vacation, and from which camp we could make, from time to time, various boating and fishing excursions.

Sunday afternoon, I remember, we discovered an old tin Dutch oven in the woodshed of the hunter's log cabin, and having flour and baking powder with us, and being desirous of trying my hand, I proceeded to break the Sabbath by baking a batch of biscuit. I had never done such a thing before—I do not mean I had never broken the Sabbath, but that this was my maiden effort at baking. I read and followed carefully the directions printed on the baking powder can, and for a wonder the biscuit were fairly good, and before night I tried it again, it was all so easy, and I enjoyed the satisfaction I derived in being so successful at such a new venture. I will not quote any Scripture or undertake to explain how it happened; I do not know. I did exactly as I did before, but the biscuit didn't. They were surely made of flour, butter (I suppose) and water and baking powder, first made into dough and then baked, but I have never known of an instance before or since where

dough of flower and water first made into dough, or, for that matter, anything in the supposed eatable line, could get into such a hard state as that second batch of biscuit. They were harder than lead bullets. Man can dent lead, but you could not those biscuit. They would break first. Of course, it was some time before I heard the last of those armor-clad biscuit, but what would a camping trip be unless some one did something that the others could guy him about?

For over two days we had not seen a soul, and for nearly three had not said "boo" to any one except ourselves, and it was really beginning to get lonesome, and so early Monday morning found us on the move, and on our way back to Fourth Lake, and it was still early forenoon when we reached the open water of Seventh Lake. We were aware that a fairly strong wind was blowing, but were not prepared for what we saw as we came to open water, for, lo and behold! the lake was covered with whitecaps. We had heard of its being a dangerous and rather treacherous lake, and now it appeared to be so in dead earnest. With three men and three full pack baskets on our boat, as you may well imagine, was well loaded down, and it was not very far from the water to the top of the gunwale. We ventured out several rods into the open water, but felt too ticklish about going further, and returned to the shelter of the submerged forest. There was no place to land; we must patiently wait in our boat for the wind to go down or else go back up the inlet a mile or so to the dreaded mosquito landing; either that or venture across the lake through the acres of whitecaps to solid ground. We held a long consultation. Across the bay to our right was a log camp, evidently the home of some guide. Perhaps he would see us and come to our rescue. So we endeavored to keep in plain sight. Finally a little girl, to all appearance not more than ten or twelve years old, came out and watched us. We knew she saw us, and expected every minute she would go in and tell her father. Perhaps he was away. However, imagine our surprise a moment later to see the little chick go down to the landing, push off the boat that was there, jump in and row away out into the lake in the very midst of the whitecaps; then turn around and row back, as much as to say, "See that? There is no danger! If a little girl in a light boat won't tip over three men in a loaded boat surely will not." I do not know if that reasoning is logical or not—i. e., that a loaded boat is safer in a heavy sea than a light one—nor do I care particularly. The example had its effect, and we got through all right, but we took in lots of water and got thoroughly wet. We cut diagonally across the waves to the nearest point of solid land, directly across the bay, but long before we got there our courage had gotten up and we turned our boat to a point further down and finally ended by striking straight across the lake to the outlet. And although our confidence in ourselves and our boat had greatly increased, yet we breathed easier when we finally glided the boat into the narrow and quiet waters of the outlet. But we shall always remember that guide's little daughter.

Sixth and Fifth lakes were soon reached and crossed, and by noon we were once more at Fourth Lake. Now this lake is very large at its upper end; at any rate, large enough to let the wind get a good sweep at it, and this wind, if anything, had increased and was taking advantage of the opportunity. We knew pretty nearly where we wanted to make a permanent camp, and we did want to reach this point early. We felt that we had had experience, and so forth we went bravely. I won't keep the reader in suspense. We got through with our lives and luggage, but we were as wet as drowned rats, and really it was a dangerous undertaking. But we got to the spot selected, and it proved to be a splendid place, with one exception. There was a good spring, and on the beach a large section of a raft upon which we could land or put out our boat or go out and wash our dishes. The one exception above mentioned was that the place did not get quite enough of the lake breezes to keep the camp free of "punkies," a very, very small fly—so small that you can hardly see it—and yet its bite is almost as bad as that of the mosquito. There is only one comfort (if a torment can have a comfort), and that is you cannot hear them sing. I think that the song of a mosquito is a great deal more annoying than its bite. The only safe way to keep rid of the "punkies" is to locate your camp if possible out pretty well on some point, for a very slight current of air will drive them away in no time.

The place selected for our permanent camp was at a point on the easterly side of Fourth Lake, about two-thirds the distance of the lake and almost opposite a small island called by us Huckleberry Island, it being a huge rock rising out of the lake and literally covered with huckleberry bushes, and the bushes with good, ripe huckleberries, too.

That night we slept in our permanent camp, and to use a popular expression, "it was a beauty." We had been discussing the matter between ourselves and had made up our minds as to pretty near what we wanted and intended to have, and that was a nice, large, open lean-to camp built of hemlock bark, and fronting on the lake, with a good fire directly in front. We laid out the camp 9 feet by 9 feet, and it was a very easy matter to build a fairly strong and substantial framework. Our canvas lean-to that we had been using was 12 by 12, and would cover the back and a portion of the roof, which would make the rear part quite light, but this left fully 6 feet of the slanting roof in front and the most important part of all yet to cover, and now if we only had one whole piece of bark 6 feet by 9 feet for the roof and two other pieces almost as large for the sides our camp would be perfect, and more than that it would be unique, comfortable, attractive, picturesque and a whole lot of other things. We had the idea. Could we do it? One of the things we first took notice of on landing was a monster hemlock close by and over 3 feet in diameter. It was indeed a big proposition, but in the course of a half hour or so down came that tree, spuds were made, and off came the bark, and that night we slept in a camp made of some sticks, three pieces of bark and a piece of canvas; but it was no small affair; it was a full-grown camp, and during the ten days or more that it was our home it served us well, was comfortable and never leaked a drop, although we had several very heavy showers. During our stay there we had

many visitors, and all were loud in their praise of our camp, and our large pieces of bark excited a great deal of wonder and comment. I will not go into the jolly times we had around the camp-fire. Undoubtedly they were very much like those of other and similar camps, but this being our first camping trip somehow it seemed as though we got more out of it than most people did who go camping, and undoubtedly we did.

But I must tell you something of our fishing experiences, for this was a fishing trip as well as a camping trip. None of us had ever before fished with a fly. We had never even seen it done. The Fiend cared nothing for fishing; Billy was more or less indifferent about the matter, but I was determined to have some trout and to catch them in the regular orthodox fly-casting way or have some experience in making the attempt. At any rate I had learned that once in a while some fine brook trout were to be had at the mouth of Eagle Creek, diagonally across the lake from us, and so one morning I took the boat and crossed over, tied my boat up, worked my way along the bank, and as opportunity offered and the bushes permitted, I gave myself my very first lessons in fly-casting. I can't remember now just what kind of a job I did make of it, but I worked away, and had not gone so very far or worked so very long before I had a strike, and, my! but how that line went out, and how I perspired! I knew it must be a monster, and jolly! but I did want to land him. It seemed almost an age, but gradually he came inshore. Then of a sudden there was renewed life and another desperate effort, and under a log he went and up on the other side, but his strength was so near gone that he could not take advantage of the opportunity, and by some good fortune I was able to keep the line taut and bring the trout back the way he came, and eventually landed him safely. It was my first trout caught with a fly, and was the largest I caught that season or for several seasons thereafter, for he weighed a trifle over 1 pound. It was the only fish I was able to catch that morning, but I was very well pleased with my effort and my experience. I had had a taste of true sport that I was never to forget but was bound to cultivate. Of course we had broiled trout for dinner. We tried baiting a buoy and chugging for lake trout, and in that way caught several lake trout of from 3 up to as high as 7 pounds. But our great experience was to come the second Wednesday in the woods. We had been looking forward to this date with a great deal of pleasure and anticipation. The president of our college would be in the woods by that time, and he was an old Adirondacker and an old and experienced fisherman. It was he who had told us where to go, what to do and given us the few general ideas that we had about this whole camping trip, and his last parting injunction was to be sure and meet him at a certain camp that second Wednesday morning, and that he would surely be there—and he was, and so were we. I do not remember the exact hour, but at the appointed time we started out in what was to be really our first fishing trip that was worth mentioning, and one we shall all remember, for on this little trip we were taught the first rudiments of fly-casting, and given our first lesson in genuine brook trout fishing, and by one of the best masters of the art. We appreciated the privilege, and you may be assured that we kept our eyes and ears open and listened attentively to instructions. The Doctor and his guide were in one boat and we three in another, and away we started.

"Well, boys, we will not go far unless we have to. We will try it at first over in this little bay to the right. There is a little stream coming in there, and I know of a spring hole near its mouth that I am glad to say very few are aware of except my guide and myself."

So we started, the Doctor's boat taking the lead and we following, and in a few minutes we were at the place. It seemed to us a most unlikely spot for brook trout. Lily-pads and various water plants grew up through the water, showing that the lake at that point was not very deep, and the stream that came in was more of a swale filled with logs, dead trees, brush and ferns, through which the water must have found its way so slowly that it must be as warm as if not warmer than the lake water—so we reasoned. I do not remember whether we had ever heard of spring holes before that day or not, but we soon found out what such a hole was, or rather is. Only two of us fished—Billy and myself—while the Fiend handled the oars or held the boat steady by grasping hold of the lily-pads. The Doctor had previous to our starting out examined our rods, lines and flies, made a few changes and had finally satisfied himself that we were properly equipped, and in arriving on the field of action he drew off to one side and directed our boat where to proceed.

"Now, boys, I propose to catch some trout this afternoon by proxy, and as you are my proxy you must do exactly as I tell you. Now move up your boat about a rod toward that tree leaning over the water there. There, that will do. Now cast your flies out a short distance; now let out a little more line. Whoa, whoa! Give yourself more time on the back cast. No, no; don't snap your line like a whiplash. Now watch me."

Here the dear old Doctor proceeded to give us an exhibition of fly-casting that I have seldom seen equaled, explaining each movement. He would choose some lily-pad out in the bay as an imaginary trout, and out would shoot his line, and down would come his leader of flies so gently—twitch, twitch—then stop as though they were truly alive and had changed their mind and were going to rest a moment, then twitch, twitch—whizz, and away they went on the back cast, swiftly, but the Doctor's rod seemed hardly to move and was absolutely stationary for a full moment on the back cast. It looked easy, and for the Doctor it was easy.

"Now, boys, try it again—there, carefully, now. Now, Henry, put your flies about to feet this side of that stump in the water. That's good. Let them come down lightly; trail them carefully. There, that's good. Don't get anxious. What did you say? No trout there? Oh, yes, there are! Keep on; that's all. Well, well, that certainly is all right. Do you see an old log down there under the water? Don't see it? Look sharp! It is largely in the mud with one end pretty well up, but perhaps 4 or 5 feet under water. Over there? Yes, yes, I had forgotten. I began to think that perhaps I was a yard or so out of the way. Now work up gradually and

cut nearer and nearer until you cast over and a little beyond the log."

"Oh! Oh!"

"There, I knew you would find them. Now be careful. Keep your poles apart. Take plenty of time. Well, how do you like that?" as we both succeeded in landing a good sized trout each.

At the next cast the water just boiled and seemed to be alive with trout. There must have been a dozen or more that sprang out of the water at every cast, and several times we brought in doubles. All were of fair size, and some quite large, but none were as large as my first trout. But, oh! the sport we had there for an hour or so. It was fast and furious. Between us we captured some thirty-five trout, and then the fun stopped almost as suddenly as it had commenced, and cast as carefully and as skillfully as we could, not a fish would rise.

This ended our fun for that day. The Doctor undoubtedly enjoyed that fishing by proxy fully as much as we, and a great deal more than if he had done the work himself.

During the following week we went on many little trips with the Doctor and received further instruction, not only in fishing, but in the habits of trout and where and when to look for them, and also tried lake trout fishing, and had the pleasure of seeing the Doctor land a ro-pound salmon with a 6-ounce rod in Third Lake. The Doctor was very fond of this fishing, and undoubtedly at that time had taken more large fish out of Third Lake than any other fisherman.

Finally, however, our camping trip came to an end. Our two weeks were up, and if I am not mistaken we were all glad to get back to civilization. This is generally the case. But there is not one of us but looks back on that first trip with the greatest pleasure, and as perhaps among the happiest days of our life. Every day of it was a revelation and brought new experiences, and as time goes by the memory of it will only become dearer, at least to one of us who on that trip fell in love at first sight with beautiful wild Dame Nature, and who has ever since courted her at every opportunity to his great blessing of health and happiness to mind, body and soul.

BUCK.

Natural History.

Habits of the Buffalo Bird.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some weeks ago I wrote you concerning the buffalo bird, and made some inquiry of your readers with regard to its habits in old times, when it was constantly found associated with the buffalo herds.

That letter brought to me two interesting notes—one from Mr. J. W. Schultz, who nearly twenty years ago saw much of the buffalo in northern Montana, and the other from that veteran plainsman, scout and cattleman Capt. L. H. North, whose knowledge of the buffalo goes back forty years or more. Mr. Schultz says:

"The Blackfeet call the cowbird (*Molothrus ater*) *ksini*, which sounds most suspiciously like under buffalo. I have asked several of the Indians what the word means, but they cannot tell me. However, I am quite sure that my interpretation of the word is correct.

"The cowbird, or buffalo bird, as the old-timers used to call it, is one of the few wild creatures that is holding its own. Indeed, it seems to be increasing year by year. I cannot remember that there were such large and numerous flocks of them in the old times as we see in recent years, and this is also the opinion of friends with whom I have talked upon the subject.

"I cannot learn that the buffalo birds ever associated with antelope as they did with buffalo, but it is reasonable to suppose that they did. The two animals used to range and graze together, and no doubt the birds swarmed about both.

"Mr. Jos. Kipp says he has seen them perch on the backs of elk along the bars of the Missouri, just as they did upon the buffalo.

"All the Indians, and old-timers agree that the bird fed upon grasshoppers and other insects which the buffalo scared up and put to flight as it grazed along on the plains. Yet how many, many times we have seen these active little creatures come wheeling and dipping through the air, and alighting on the backs of the buffalo of a herd, only to resume their erratic flight in a moment or two. Often they will thus wheel about and alight on the beasts five or six times in succession without ever once taking to the ground, from which it seems reasonable to infer that they either have an attachment for the large ruminants and horses, or that they prefer a lofty perch, from which they can see the approach of their enemies, the hawks, in preference to resting in the grass."

Capt. North's note, though brief, is very much to the point. He says:

"I always supposed the buffalo birds were after flies when they were with buffalo or cattle. A friend, Mr. Gerard, tells me that a couple of them stayed in his house one summer, and that they caught flies. They had entire liberty to go and come as they pleased, and when it got cold in the fall they would bring others of their kind, and tried to coax them into the house, but the strangers would only come to the door.

"I used to think that when they stayed on the ground near the buffalo it was because the wind was blowing and the flies were staying close to the buffalo's hoofs, and that when they were on their backs and were pecking or pulling at the skin they were trying to get the grub-worms that are found in the backs of the buffalo and cattle."

It is certainly interesting to have positive testimony that the buffalo birds associated with the elk as they did with the buffalo, but it would seem that Capt. North has given the truer explanation of the bird's presence on the ground, and it is altogether likely that much of the work that they were seen to do on the great animals' backs was trying to rid them of the grubs so constantly found in the backs of the buffalo and the cattle. It was not uncommon to find buffalo hides, taken off at certain seasons, perforated by these grubs, so that when the hides were dressed for any purpose they were seen to

contain numbers of holes. The same thing may be seen in the hides of cattle to-day. If the cowbirds succeed in relieving the buffalo and cattle of the grubs which trouble them they perform the same service that the so-called "rhinoceros bird" (*Buphaga*) does for certain large animals in Africa.

It is of course well understood that flies and mosquitoes have great difficulty in supporting themselves in a high wind, and that they seek the shelter of branches, undergrowth or grass to escape the wind's violence. It is also remembered that in many portions of the plains country of the West the wind blows almost continuously through the day. It is readily conceivable therefore that the flying insects which hover about large game and the large domestic animals when the wind is not blowing, drop down into the grass for shelter so soon as it begins to blow. Here they would be the ready prey of the buffalo bird, and it seems altogether probable that this is just what happens.

The frequent flights of which Mr. Schultz speaks are probably nothing more than the birds taking exercise, as birds commonly do.

G. B. G.
NEW YORK, Oct. 23.

The Belgian Hare.

TORONTO, Oct. 14.—Editor Forest and Stream: Your correspondent Mrs. Llewella Pierce Churchill has admirably described the Belgium hare (rabbit) fad of California. For the benefit of your readers who wish to try the experiment of breeding the Belgium hare (rabbit) I will write what I have discovered at considerable time and expense.

The Belgium hare is not a hare at all, but a rabbit (*Lepus cuniculus*). The common rabbit of Europe is its progenitor, as it also is the progenitor of the Australian and New Zealand rabbit, the domestic rabbit here and all the fancy breeds, such as the lop ear, Angora, black and tan, Dutch, Flemish giants, Himalaya, etc. There are no native specimens of the rabbit outside of Africa, Europe and Asia; in other words, there is only one rabbit (*Lepus cuniculus*). What astonishes me most is the absurd prices paid for the Belgium hare (rabbit) in California, and the delicate, uncertain constitution of the animal in question.

Its breeding capacity is the same as that of any other rabbit. Its period of gestation is thirty-one days. Its young are born naked and blind, and number from one to thirteen, according to the age and fatness of the mother, the very old fat does having only one. It will breed six times a year, but is bred only three or four, as size is one consideration in this breed. It takes six months to mature, and if properly fed should weigh 5 pounds; in the next six it will add 2 more pounds to its weight. A Belgium hare (rabbit) should not weigh more than 8 pounds, as it then loses shape and becomes clumsy, its ears will lop and its color be too gray and not golden enough, and it thus approaches the Flemish giant in appearance. Like the Flemish giant and all other breeds, the Belgians have originated in the brain and desires of an English fancier, whose chief idea was to breed a rabbit in imitation of the European hare in size and color. The ideal Belgium hare is a long, rakish animal of 7 pounds, with long, straight ears, of a beautiful bronze color. On close inspection of the animal you will observe that the longest hairs are half gold and black, the shorter under hairs are blue, the tips of the ears are velvety black, the belly and undersurfaces dull white. On stroking the hairs down you will notice them gather in jet black streaks against the gold background. Color, shape and size as like the English hare as you can breed them is the rule with fanciers.

All hutch-bred fancy rabbits have the consumption. The causes of consumption are two-fold. First, over-feeding with oats under exercise; second, want of sufficient air.

Food is a very important matter in breeding rabbits for market or show. All green food should be free from drops of water, and is best gathered the day before and spread out to drain. The only cabbage rabbits should eat is the outside dark green leaf of the curly or savoy; lettuce and dandelion are good; chicory tops, carrots and carrot tops are excellent; timothy is the best hay to feed, and grass hays are better than clover hays. Turnips make the flesh strong, and the tops are poison to the constitution of the rabbit. Oats are the best grain to feed the rabbit. Night or evening is the proper time to feed rabbits, and feed them enough, so that they will sleep all day. Whatever is left over in the morning should be taken away from them. Dry and moist food should be fed in proportion. Does with young should be fed more moist food, and more oats and less bulk than the others. It is unnecessary to give them water unless the weather is very hot and dry or very cold and dry, and under these circumstances, if not given a drink they will suffer from constipation, and the hind limbs will become paralyzed. Cabbage, plantain and many other weeds, also beet tops and beets, tend to cause the young to become punchy and the old to suffer from diarrhoea and slobbers. Milk or sow thistle is natural food for rabbits; in fact any plant containing a milky opiate agrees with the constitution of *Lepus cuniculus*.

The constitution of the rabbit is so delicate that almost any disease it is troubled with will kill it, and it will be the best plan to kill all sickly stock, and by proper out and breeding, food and environment get hardened stock.

To make a success of Belgium hare (rabbit) farming for the market, taking it for granted that there is a market at 20 cents per animal at six months old, dead, I would advise the stock raising on a large scale. Don't try the experiment on poor soil; there is plenty of rich soil just as cheap as the poor a little further away from the centers of industry. Three hundred acres would make a good rabbit farm, divided thus: Fifty acres to timothy hay, fifty acres to oats, twenty acres to carrots. There should be eighty acres of rich, low meadow land sown with milk or sow thistle, dandelion, lettuce, clover, timothy, oats and other grasses. Immediately beside this eighty acres of meadow should be 100 acres of hogbacks—that is, land that goes up one side and down the other. The more the ridges are lumped together the better, for then one would need just so much less land; in fact this space could be reduced to twenty acres if the

ridges were very numerous and well defined. This space is the rabbit's breeding ground, and should be well drained. Clay ridges are the best, as sand is apt to give way, and is too damp during rains. By first boring a few hundred holes into the ridges the rabbits are given a start. The hole is bored by a long, narrow spade and should be bored not straight into the hill, but slightly upward; this is the way the rabbit does it, and it keeps it dry. Trees can be grown on this space, as rabbits do not eat the bark of trees, except when other food is covered with snow. The land and neighboring country must be cleared from vermin, such as rats, mink, skunks, owls, hawks, eagles and snakes. It would be best to surround the 180 acres with a wire netting fence 4 feet high, thus [; 9 inches placed along the ground prevents the rabbits from burrowing through, and they will never try to jump over it, no matter how wild they may be. All the ridges must be surrounded by low land, otherwise it would be useless to fence it in, as high land would be burrowed under. On such a large scale you could not alter the bucks. The rabbits are gathered from their feeding grounds at night time after their bellies are full. This is accomplished by long drag-nets. None but the bucks and the late or small does should be killed. When a rabbit is killed it should be immediately bled and opened. The offal could be profitably fed to skunks or utilized to manure the soil. The above carried out on a smaller scale, say of fifty acres, could also be made to pay.

But the question with most people is: Where is the market? Of all rabbits, the Belgium hare (rabbit) has the best flavor, providing it is not hutch fed. Fried, it is equal to frogs' hind legs; as a pie, it is not second to pigeon; stewed, it is better than the best beef; roasted, it is the equal of partridge; and no chicken soup or broth is better than it. My advice to Belgium hare (rabbit) raisers is never to glut the market. Send them in on very cold days, or just preceding a cold spell. Distribute them; send each commission merchant a few. Never send them in when the market is glutted with poultry. The best months will be February and March, when poultry is high and scarce. Drive into the city yourself with a small load now and then during cold weather and visit the chefs of the clubs and the high-toned restaurants, and then the high-class butchers. They all like to hang up a few pairs of them even if they don't sell them, just for show, you know. Of all the cities of North America, Toronto is the most difficult to sell rabbits in, and yet when this market is properly studied it could be supplied with thousands of pairs. In writing this paper I am not considering California, but the Northern and Eastern States and Canada. We must first establish a demand East, and then California can wrestle with the cheaper transportation and cold storage problems, and then they can start their big game farms and supply us with hares (rabbits).

In buying stock to start your game farm I will say that the difficulty of procuring the Belgium hare (rabbit) is much overrated. If you take a clay-colored rabbit and cross it with a gray rabbit you will find that you have at least one rabbit near the color of the Belgium—it may have a white foot or a white star on the forehead or a white patch. By careful breeding and foster-mothering the young, in a few generations you can procure as good a Belgium as it is possible to get, or you can get a wild, burrowing cottontail buck and cross with a bronze, lop-ear doe, and the young will be as nearly like the Belgium as you would want. Again, cross a gray rabbit on a Himalaya doe and you will find the young are all gray, and by careful breeding you can procure the bronze.

One unaccountable mistake Mrs. Churchill made is in calling the Belgians blue. "The color is blue or Maltese," she says. The color is bronze; gold and black hairs cause this rich bronze color. If you blow the hair apart you will find a second hair that is entirely out of sight that is bluish. But a Maltese-colored rabbit is an entirely different color from a Belgium. Some of your readers might think that I, who never was in California, do not know what a California-Belgium hare (rabbit) is like. I may say that the best prize winners were sent to that State by a man in this city who imported them from England. As a thing of beauty the Belgium is not to be compared to the jackass rabbit-hare of the Western States. The clumsy movement of the Belgium as compared to the jack rabbit's grace and lightning-like movements is evident to a blind man. In color and size of body the black-tailed Texas jack rabbit-hare (*Lepus texanus*) and the Belgium are very similar, the ears and legs of the former being much longer, and the Texan has a larger black mark on the tops of the ears.

The Belgium is nothing more nor less than a large, well-fed, less hardy cottontail rabbit. Turn every breed of rabbits loose in a field in the spring time, and by the next spring you will find the descendants all cottontails. This is the natural color of the rabbit, just as the blue-rock is the natural color of the pigeon. You may take the prize winners of all the Belgium hare clubs and breed them, and you will find that they will throw young that are off color (gray). You will notice our wild rabbits—some gray and some bronze—and the same can be said of the jackrabbit hare of the prairie—some are gray and others rich bronze. As a fact this Belgium business is hollow, and bound to fall through. You are breeding the animal for color and shape, and when you have attained that, if you examine prize winners you will find that it has got the consumption, for rabbits will not get that rakish shape unless they have this disease. If you are satisfied with an animal that is more stocky and more bronze, or grayer and not so golden, then you have a healthy rabbit, that is good to eat, but not a prize winner. I have noticed that consumption is also the cause of that lighter bronze, the color aimed at by fanciers. A light bronze will always beat a dark bronze at a show. The real truth of the matter—and I think I should know—is that if you want to win a prize you must have a sick rabbit. A large, strong, healthy rabbit never won a prize at a Belgium show, because they are off color—too dark. I have written this in order to keep your readers out of this craze. Why, some of the California papers have more news about Belgians than about the war! And think of farmers keeping them in their cellars! I hope that Californians will not get like that Yorkshire man who could not speak with rage upon

discovering that the baby and not his pet prize bull dog was occupying the cradle. I do not wish to underrate the value of this particular rabbit in question. I have eaten a large number of Belgium hares (rabbits)—that is, a rabbit with bluish-colored down and bronze hair—and I can say that they have a better flavor than any other breed of rabbits. By flavor I do not mean the taste of the hutch nor of turnips nor highness, but freedom from such. Next to the Belgium for flavor comes the silver gray.

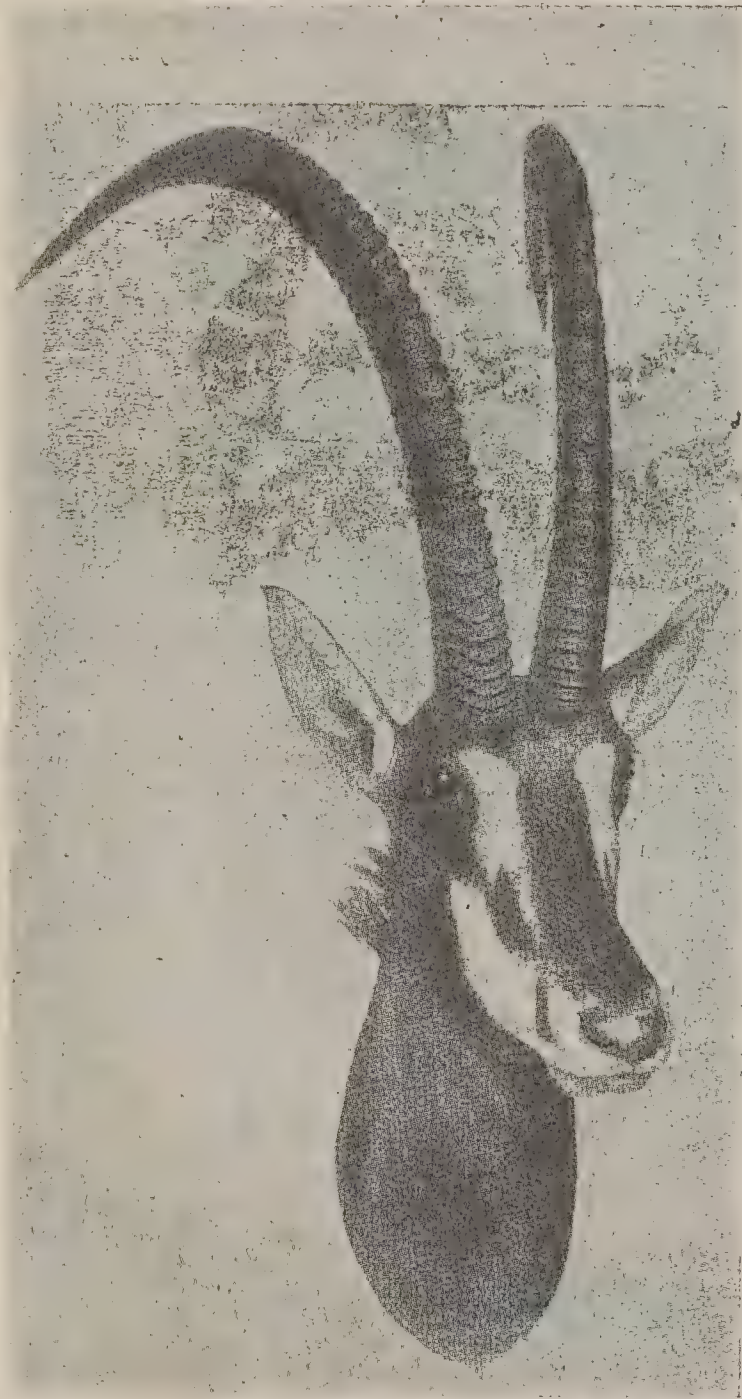
In conclusion, I would say to Belgium farmers' go into the stock raising business in expectation of low prices, say 35 cents per pair at the highest, and then you will not be disappointed. I am inclined to think that one acre will produce as much or more Belgium as any other kind of flesh, but it would be absurd to expect the retail public to pay more for them than for chickens or ducks, and 35 cents is the average price per pair for them in the United States and Canadian markets.

Speaking of hare-rabbits, I do not wish any one to be deceived, by the word, as there is no such animal as a mule. Such an animal never was bred and never will be. The hare will not cross with the rabbit under any circumstances whatever.

G. H. CORSAN.

A Record Sable Antelope Head.

THE sable antelope, one of the largest and noblest of all African antelopes, is, from its splendid horns, high courage and the excellent sport it affords, always looked upon by all hunters with great admiration. There is not a handsomer beast of chase in the world than the splendid sable antelope bull, with its coat of glossy black, touched with chestnut, its snow-white underparts, bushy, upstanding mane and fine scimitar-shaped horns. These horns are highly valued trophies, and form striking adornments to a hall or smoking room. The sable antelope stands about thirteen hands at the withers.



A RECORD SABLE ANTELOPE HEAD.

When wounded or set up at bay it will charge savagely, and with a few sweeps of its dangerous horns slay half a dozen dogs. The female is somewhat smaller than the male, and her coat chestnut colored, instead of black. First discovered by the great hunter-naturalist, Captain Cornwallis Harris, in 1837, in the western portion of the present Transvaal country, the sable antelope has since been found to range over much of southeast Africa and as far north as Nyasaland. Westward it is found in fair abundance in the Portuguese territory of Angola. It runs with plenty of speed and bottom. It is still plentiful in the eastern parts of Rhodesia; Mashonaland, where Mr. Selous discovered it in very large numbers, being still a favorite for this grand bulk. Hitherto the finest known pair of horns of the sable antelope, measured by Mr. Selous in Rhodesia, and recorded in "Records of Big Game," extended to 47½ in. over the curve. Mr. Rowland Ward has, however, lately received a pair of horns for setting up which measure no less than 48½ in. This head, a photograph of which we reproduce, was obtained by Mr. John H. Hayes, in the Loangwa River country, central Africa. A more perfect pair of horns of the sable antelope, showing beautiful symmetry of curves with great strength, we have never set eyes upon. —London Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

South Sea Alilis.

ONE of the most common molluscs of the reef waters of the South Sea from Samoa as far to the west as New Guinea is the shell known only by the Samoan name of Alili. It has a shape similar to the shell of a land snail, it grows to be about 2 inches across, and is a trifle longer from point to mouth. The shell is striped with yellow and reddish brown. These shells are most common on the lagoon side of barrier reefs, where they rest among the branches of the coral, and are not exposed to the rough usage which would fall to them when carried away by the heavy waves. They form a considerable article of the diet of the islanders both raw and baked in their own shells.

They are popular for another reason. The mouth of every shell is closed with an operculum which is decidedly ornamental. This is a boss of shell, flat on the side attached to the animal tissue, where it is marked with a whorl, which shows how it is being built up to correspond with the growth of the shell, of which it forms the lid. The other surface is rounded and very smooth; it is colored with a stripe of dark red irregularly blending with a circle of a rich green. The resemblance to an eye is not only close enough to cause white people in the islands to speak of these as "cat's eyes," but has led the wild natives in the Solomons and other cannibal islands to insert the disks to serve as eyes for their war gods of wood and chalk.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Musk-Oxen for Sweden.

It will be remembered that some years ago the Hon. C. J. Jones, known more familiarly as Buffalo Jones, made the long and difficult journey to the Barren Grounds for the purpose of capturing young musk-oxen, which he intended to bring to the United States.

How he went, what he did there, the securing of the calves and their subsequent loss, is all told in Mr. Jones' "Forty Years of Adventure."

It appears that Prof. Kolthoff, the leader of a Norwegian Arctic expedition, has recently returned to Sweden, bringing with him a male and a female calf of the musk-ox. Prof. Kolthoff believes in the possibility of acclimatizing, domesticating and breeding the musk-ox, and has a high idea of the value of this animal on account of its heavy coat of wool, which is said to be extremely strong and fine. It is reported to be the purpose of Prof. Kolthoff, as soon as these animals appear to be acclimatized, to set them free in the mountains of the North, where it is thought they will do well.

It is of course well known that in ancient times the musk-ox was found throughout the Arctic regions, but it has now become extinct everywhere except in eastern Arctic America.

Mayor and Chief of Police Taken In.

THE current issue of the Suffolk County News reports: "State Fish and Game Protector John F. Overton, of Port Jefferson, is a man who believes in enforcing the law. Learning that the law against shooting wild ducks from sail boats in the Great South Bay was being violated, he came over to the south side and went out in Mr. Havemeyer's yacht on Tuesday. While cruising off Sayville he detected Everett Rogers, of Bay Shore, and his friends, George B. Burgkamp, Mayor, and William Vetter, Chief of Police of West Hoboken, violating the law. They were arrested and taken before Justice Frederick Smith Wright at Islip, and by advice of counsel pleaded guilty. The three men were fined \$15 each."

Commenting on this, a Sing Sing correspondent writes, under date of Oct. 27: Great South Bay, with its report of arrests for violations of game law, calls to mind a similar case of "shooting ducks out of a sail boat" which occurred here two weeks ago. We have a curiosity, a local game warden, Frederick Cronk by name, who has attended strictly to business, to the undoing of illegal shooters to the tune of \$72 for the quartet. In spite of numerous violations this is the first instance where fines have been imposed—a case worth mentioning. Would there were more like Cronk.

C. G. BLANDFORD.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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Colonel B. B. Jackson, of Siskiyou county, Cal., tells this story: "In 1849, I and eight other Oregonians ran across Kit Carson and General Fremont with a small force of men, near the sink of the Humboldt in Nevada. They had been rounded up by a lot of Indians, but we beat them off, and all went into camp together on the spot. Provisions had got pretty low, and one day Carson proposed to me that we go out and try for some deer. We started out together, and met with poor luck, and while separated from Kit I took a shot at a fat buck in the brush, but he got away from me. Just after I fired I noticed a fluttering sound coming from the direction in which I had aimed, and upon investigation I found a young goose, which had been slightly injured, but had become entangled in the thick underbrush and thus prevented from escaping. At this juncture Carson came up and I proposed that we take a rest, at the same time telling him that I was going to mark the goose and let it go. For this purpose I took a tin tag which always came around the percussion cap boxes furnished by Uncle Sam in those days, and marked the initials of my name and the date on the tag in heavy and enduring characters with a file which we carried to repair the locks of our guns. This tag was twisted around the goose's leg in such a manner as to prevent its falling off, and he was released. That was the last I ever heard of the goose until May, 1894, when a letter informed me that Jim Sturgeon, editor of the Homer Index, had the goose in his possession, alive and well. My information stated that the tag was intact and that the initials were still plainly visible."

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—VIII.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[Continued from page 827.]

The True Ducks.

THE ducks may be distinguished from their relatives, the geese, by characters already indicated. The tarsus—that is to say, the naked portion of the leg between the joint where the feathers end and that where the toes begin—is covered in front by broad, overlapping scales, instead of by a naked skin, ornamented with small hexagonal scales. The ducks are usually smaller than the geese. They are also as a rule more highly colored, though this brilliancy prevails more in the males of the fresh-water ducks than in the sea ducks. Nevertheless, this is not the invariable rule, for the males of all the mergansers and such species of sea ducks as the eiders, the harlequin, the butterball and longtailed duck are extremely showy and beautiful birds. As a rule, the ducks have shorter necks and legs than the geese.

It has long been known to naturalists and to a few gunners that in the mallard and some other ducks the males assume during the summer a plumage very different from that which they commonly wear during the autumn, winter and spring, and not unlike that of the female. This is not generally known, and even by ornithologists has not been at all understood. Recently, however, in the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, for the last quarter of 1899, Mr. Witmer Stone, in a paper entitled "The Summer Molt and Plumage of Certain Ducks," has discussed the subject in a very suggestive way.

Mr. Stone calls attention to the fact that in only one of our ducks—the old squaw—does the adult male possess a distinct winter plumage which is different from the breeding dress, that the old males of all our other ducks remain in the same plumage from the time they arrive in autumn till their departure northward in spring, and intimates that, judging by analogy, we should suppose that since these ducks show no tendency toward a change of plumage when they leave us in the spring, they must retain the same feathers that covered them during the winter until the end of the breeding season, when a complete molt should occur and a new dress be assumed exactly like the one just shed.

It is known, however, that this is not the fact, and as stated, the "plumage after the breeding season" has been described in some species. The first record of this peculiar summer plumage in the male ducks is found in the supplement to "Montague's Ornithological Dictionary," 1813, under the head of "The Pintail (*Dafila acuta*). The observations made on some domesticated birds are given as follows: "In the month of June or beginning of July these birds commence their change of plumage, and by degrees, after making a singular mottled appearance, especially on the part of the body which was white before, became by the first week in August entirely of a brown color. The beautiful bronze on the head, the white streak on each side of the neck, and all the white beneath, as well as the elegant scapulars, had entirely vanished, and to all appearance a sexual metamorphosis had taken place. But this change was of short duration, for about the latter end of September one of the males began to assume the masculine attire * * * and by the middle of October this bird was again in full plumage."

Twenty-five years later the naturalist Waterton described a similar molt in the male mallard, and as time went on, other species were found to undergo like changes. In Mr. Ridgway's "Manual of North American Birds," a number of species are given as having a peculiar summer plumage resembling the female. Such are the mallard, bluewing and cinnamon teal, the gadwall, widgeon, pintail and scaup. On the whole, however, very little is said in the books about this change.

Mr. Stone's examination of four species of eider ducks brought back from the Arctic by Mr. E. A. McIlhenny, and taken near Point Barrow, in the late summer or early autumn, leads Mr. Stone, to believe that in all ducks where the plumages of the male and female are markedly different we may expect to find this double molt and a dull summer plumage in the male. He points out that this summer plumage is in no sense a nuptial dress, and that, while it may begin to appear before the young birds are hatched, it is not seen until after the mating season is over, and is distinctly a post-nuptial dress. The change is chiefly restricted to the head, neck, breast and scapulars; in other words, to those parts which are most conspicuously colored.

A very important point in connection with this summer plumage is that the annual molt of the flight feathers does not begin until it has been fully acquired, and that as soon as the new flight feathers have become strong enough to be used, the dull plumage, as well as the remainder of the old plumage, is lost, the molt of the body feathers proceeding in the usual way. In other words, this dull plumage lasts only during the period while the birds are unable to fly, for, as is well understood, ducks molt the quill feathers of their wings all at once, and for a time lose the power of flight. Now at such a time a dull plumage would naturally be useful in rendering the bird inconspicuous, and thereby protecting it, and Mr. Stone believes this to be the explanation of this curious summer molt. He adds that the feathers of this plumage are very poor and loosely constructed, like the "first" plumage of young birds, which is only a temporary summer dress.

Mr. Stone quotes European authors who have described eider ducks of different species in this dress, but have called them young males, evidently not appreciating the meaning of the change. He then goes on to describe in detail this summer plumage in four species of Pacific eiders, and in the red-breasted merganser, from which it appears that up to July the nuptial dress of the male is usually retained, but that by the latter part of

August and in early September this "summer molting plumage," as Mr. Stone calls it, is fully assumed.

Non-Diving Ducks.

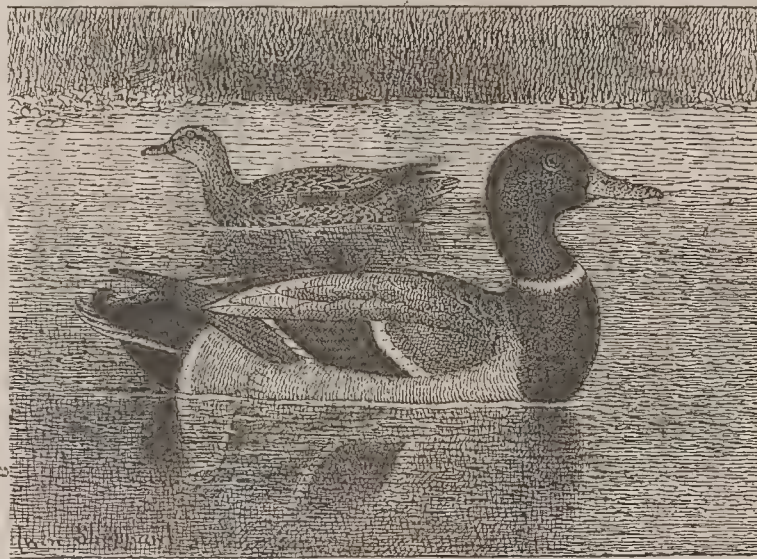
Sub-Family *Anatine*.

As has already been said, the ducks are divided into three sub-families. Of these, the first is the *Anatine*, or fresh-water ducks. One unvarying character of this group is that it has the hind toe simple, while in all the sea or diving ducks it is lobed, or provided with a loose membrane or flap. The feet of the fresh-water ducks, as a rule, are smaller than those of the sea ducks, formed more for progression on land than for swimming. The fresh-water ducks feed in shallow water, gathering their food from the bottom by stretching down their necks, or by tipping up the body, as do also the geese and the swans. They do not dive for food, though they often do so to escape from danger when wounded. As a rule they feed on vegetable matter, from which it results that their flesh is very palatable. As it is a fact, however, that all ducks are indiscriminate feeders, in cases where the fresh-water ducks have access to animal food their flesh readily acquires an unpleasant, fishy taste. There are thirteen or fourteen species of fresh-water ducks found in North America, most of which are familiar to gunners. Naturalists are by no means agreed as to the proper nomenclature to be applied to the different species in this group, but for the purposes of this work it will be sufficient to take that adopted by the American Ornithologists' Union in its revised "Check List of North American Birds." It is to be noted, however, that the order in which the species arranged is not that of the Check List.

Mallard.

Anas boschas (Linn.).

In autumn, winter and spring the colors of the mallard are those of the common domestic duck, which is its descendant. The head and neck are brilliant metallic green, sometimes showing golden and purple reflections, as the light strikes it differently. About the neck, below this green, is a narrow ring of white, usually broken at



THE MALLARD.

the back. The back is brown, or brownish gray, finely waved with grayish white, as are the inner scapular feathers, which darken to rich brown on the wing. The speculum, or wing patch, is violet, with metallic reflections, crossed near the end with a black bar, and tipped with a white one. The rump and upper tail-coverts are black, and the tail white, each feather being grayish along the shaft. The breast is deep glossy chestnut, and the other under parts gray, waved with narrow black lines. The under tail-coverts are black. The bill is yellow-green, with a black nail, the eyes dark brown and the feet orange. The length is about 2 feet and the wing from 11 to 12 inches. The summer dress of the male closely resembles that of the female, but is darker. This plumage is assumed in June and is lost again in August, when the winter dress is resumed.

The female is colored much as the female of the tame duck; the feathers generally are dusky, with broad, pale yellow or buff edges. On the upper parts the dark color predominates; on the lower, the buff, often almost to the exclusion of the blackish streaks. The wing patch is colored as in the male, as are the bill, feet and legs. The chin is almost white and the throat is buff.

No one of our ducks has a wider range than the mallard, which, as has been said, is the progenitor of the common domestic duck. It is found over the entire northern portion of the world; and in America as far south as Mexico, while in Europe it breeds in southern Spain and Greece. It is believed to be common throughout Asia, except in tropical India, and it is more or less abundant in northern Africa. Although a migratory bird, the mallard may usually be found throughout its range in winter, provided there is open water, and so a place where it may feed. In many places in the northern Rocky Mountains, where the thermometer often goes to 30 or 40 degrees below zero, mallards may be found throughout the winter living in warm springs or along swift streams where the current is so rapid that the water never freezes. Thus it is seen that the winter's cold has little to do with the migration of the mallard—or, in fact, with that of many other ducks—and that, if food is plenty, the birds can bear almost any degree of cold. It is the freezing of the waters and thus the shutting off of the food supply that forces these inland birds to move southward.

In the New England States the mallard is not a common bird, but in the Southern States, the interior and California it is extremely abundant.

In the northern interior the mallard is shot from early October until the waters close in November, and all through the winter it is abundant in the Southern States. Here it feeds in the marshes along the salt water, in the rice fields and along the sloughs and streams throughout the interior, and becomes fat and well flavored, and is eagerly pursued. It comes readily to decoys, and if one or more live ducks are tethered with the decoys to call down the wild birds, they are quite certain to re-

spond and to offer easy shooting to the gunner. Formerly the mallard bred in considerable numbers within the limits of the United States, though it has never been a common bird at any season on the Atlantic coast north of New York. It formerly bred, however, in great numbers in Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, as well as in the prairies of the further West and about alkaline lakes and pools on the high central plateau. Now most of the birds proceed further north to breed, and Canada, the Hudson's Bay country and the shores of the Arctic Sea are all occupied by it during the nesting season. Dr. Brewer states that "It has been known in rare instances to nest in a tree, in such cases occupying a deserted nest of a hawk, crow or other large bird."

The mallard is one of our typical fresh-water ducks. It is rarely or never found on salt water, but, on the other hand, is common on the lagoons along the southern Atlantic coast, which are brackish. Here it associates with many other fresh-water ducks, and is frequently seen flying in company with black ducks, sprig-tails, widgeons and other species.

The mallard rises from the water by a single spring, almost straight up in the air, and then flies upward at a sharp angle, until it has reached a height of 30 or 40 feet, when it flies rapidly away. Its speed on the wing is considerable, and when coming before the wind it is necessary for the gunner to make considerable allowance to hit it. When the mallard rises on the water it usually utters several loud quacks of alarm, and when associated in companies, as it usually is, the birds keep up a more or less continuous conversation. When it is flying, its attention is readily attracted by an imitation of its note, and this call, made either with the mouth or with a certain instrument known as a duck call, is often used to lead it to observe the decoys. If it should see these, it is extremely likely to come to them.

This species readily hybridizes with certain other ducks. A hybrid supposed to be mallard and muscovy duck is common. So also is one between the mallard and the black duck, and of these I have killed a number. They bear a general resemblance to the black duck, but the head and neck are much darker and show glossy reflections. Moreover, the crissum or anal region is jet black, as are the upper tail-coverts, and the male is likely to possess the recurved tail feathers which characterize the mallard drake.

Many years ago, in Carbon county, Wyo., I killed a male hybrid between the mallard and pintail. In form it resembles the male pintail, but its head is blackish green, with metallic reflections, almost the color of the male shoveler. Its breast is chestnut, and its back much like that of a mallard. The general effect is that of a male pintail with mallard coloring.

Perhaps no one of our North American ducks is so well known as the mallard, and yet it has comparatively few common names. It is called greenhead, wild drake, wild duck, English duck, French duck and gray duck, or sometimes gray mallard for the female. In Canada the name stock duck was formerly common, referring evidently to this bird as a progenitor of the domestic duck. The French-Canadians call it canard Français, or French duck. Mr. Trumbull calls attention to the old but now obsolete duckinmallard, a word supposed to be a corruption of duck and mallard, duck being the female and mallard the male. The word is thus the equivalent of duck and drake, it having been the custom seemingly to speak of the species by this double name.

Hunting Rifles.

A NEIGHBOR has just returned from a short trip a few miles north of here, bringing home a good-sized deer. He shot this deer with a .30-30, using soft-nosed bullets. The first shot was at 55 yards, deer standing broadside. The bullet struck fair in the center of body, just back of heart. The deer dropped at once, but was on its feet and running in an instant. A second shot struck just back of ribs, ranging forward toward opposite shoulder. The deer then turned and ran down hill directly toward the shore, where a third shot broke its back. The hole where the bullet, which went through, came out is very little if any larger than where it went in. Neither of the other bullets went through. That which struck back of ribs was found near the shoulder, and had mushroomed to about one-third larger. The last bullet, which broke the back, could not found. Now I know from experience that some deer require great deal more killing than others, yet the above shooting was certainly one practical test of the rifle, and it did not prove its much vaunted killing powers.

There are good points to the small bore niter rifles—lightness, absence of smoke, accuracy and flat trajectory—yet according to such statements of practical woodsmen like the guide Braithwaite, of New Brunswick, more wounded game escapes than with much larger caliber. I will say, however, that I have known of a number of instances where deer have been shot through the body with both 45 and 40 caliber solid bullets and got away, although followed for miles on snow.

It is some years since I took up the hunting of big game, and I got a great deal of practical information by reading Van Dyke's "Still Hunter." I wanted a rifle which would kill at any distance I was likely to shoot while hunting in the woods. My choice was a .45-90 Winchester half magazine, and I was so well pleased with its work that I have used no other. I wanted something, however, more killing than a solid bullet, and at first tried the hollow pointed express. I found after killing some deer that the bullet did not, as far as I could see, open at point, and sometimes when trying them at a target they would tip. I then got from the Winchester Company some Keene split-point bullets. I found them fully as accurate at targets as solid bullets, and I afterwards killed the following game with them: Three moose, five caribou, four bears and one deer. I used eighteen cartridges to kill the above, and three of the cartridges named used on the moose were not needed. None of the animals went fifty yards from where first shot at, and in most instances dropped at once or within a few yards. I did not try (in fact did not have to) any long range shooting, except once at a bear under most unfavorable conditions, and I was sorry for it, as

I have always been confident I could have gotten much nearer.

I was urged by my guide on the last caribou I ever saw to try some long range shooting. The caribou was crossing a lake on the snow, and was so far away that it looked about the size of a sheep. I waited until it went into the woods and followed it about a mile, killing it with a single shot, at seventy yards. Of course, there are times when game has been started or is on some large open place where it cannot be got nearer to, where it is a long range or none, but I think in spite of the stories of killing at 200 to 400 yards, that more game is missed, or at best crippled, and lost at all distances over 150 yards. I refer only to such game as I have hunted, and which is found in New England and the Provinces. I have had considerable experience in the woods for a good many years, and have tried to educate myself to judge various distances in all manner of places, only to find that I am way off oftentimes. One hundred yards down an old tote road in the woods looks a long way. The same distance out on a frozen lake, or open bog or barren, does not look half as far.

Some years since a test was made at a well known rifle range in Massachusetts, of the Keene bullet, and it was not satisfactory. The rifle used was the .45-70, and the bullets opened at the point before reaching the target, even at 100 yards. After hearing of the above I carefully tried some of the bullets in my .45-90, at waxed paper, and could see no signs of spreading before reaching targets. It was afterwards admitted by the party who tried the Keene bullet, that the fault was in the rifle, as the twist of .45-70 was much quicker than .45-90. As for penetration of the above bullets I found it satisfactory. I saw two moose, each killed with a single shot with cartridges of my loading in a rifle similar to mine, one at 295 and the other at 175 yards.

I want to mention the peculiar death of an old fox hunter in this section. He was a man past seventy, but pretty strong and vigorous. A few mornings since, he went out after a fox. At night his hounds came home, but he did not. A party tried to find him that night, but failed. The following morning they again went out and found him dead. He was sitting down with his back against a large rock, his hat on his head, and his gun with both barrels cocked across his knees. It is thought that his dogs had started a fox and he was watching for it when he died, apparently without the slightest motion.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Oct. 25.

Moose Hunting on the Tobique.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

During the last few months I have noticed in the *FOREST AND STREAM* letters from different sportsmen about the moose on the Tobique River, in New Brunswick. One man writes that the moose are scarce and big bulls rare; another says that he and his wife killed two big bulls within a short distance of their camp-fire. In other sporting papers I notice where a man writes of seeing and killing big bulls on the Tobique, while another says that there is none there.

Last winter I decided to go to the Tobique for a moose hunt this fall, and so made arrangements, but by the time I was ready I had about made up my mind that I was going on a wild goose chase, but my guide assured me there were plenty of moose there, so I went.

A doctor friend went with me, and we arrived at Riley Brook at noon on Sept. 11. Our guides had everything ready, and we expected to start into the woods early the next morning, but it rained that night and the next day, so we had to wait until the 13th before we could move.

We reached our camp on the afternoon of the 13th about 4:30 after a good, hard day's tramp, and good and hungry.

Saturday, the 15th, was the first day of the open season and our guides took us over some of the country we were to hunt in, so that we could see it, and also see some of the ponds and lakes, around which we saw plenty of fresh moose signs, some of which had been made by big bulls.

Sunday being a close day, we did not go out for moose, but spent the day in setting bear traps and taking in some more of the country.

It rained again on Monday, so we did not go out until Tuesday, which opened up clear and cool. The Doctor and guide went one way, and my guide and I another. We went to some ponds where the guide was sure we would find moose, and where we did find plenty of fresh signs, also signs showing that the bulls and cows had gotten together. I was for stopping until it was time to call late in the afternoon, but he thought it best to return to camp and start out the next morning with a supply of grub for two or three days.

The next morning the Doctor and his man went to the Upper Lake to camp and stay a day or two for the morning and evening calling. My guide and I struck out for one of the ponds where we had seen the signs the day before, and located in a small bog near a pond for the evening calling, which we commenced about 5 P. M., and soon had a young bull dancing around in the alders trying to make us think he was something big; but he could not fool us. We soon had an answer from a big bull, and the youngster got out in short order.

The first answer from the big one was about 5:30 P. M., but it was after 8 before he came out on the bog. His horns were so wide that he could not move very fast, and it was hard work for him to get through the thick woods; besides, he was very cautious, and stopped a good many times to listen; but a blat from the horn and a splash or two of water started him ahead with renewed vigor. At last he came out, but it was too dark to see him. I knew he was near, but I could not locate him, and would not shoot, as I did not want to wound him and have him go off and die somewhere where I could not find him. My guide said he could see the white of his horns, and told me to look for them, but I could not see them. The guide was young and had good eyes; I am getting along in years and wear glasses. The old fellow stood there until he got our scent, when he went off with a rush, trying to tear down the woods as he went, and every now and then would roar like a wild barnyard bull.

We "b'iled the kettle," ate some cold grub and turned in, but was up again before day, ate breakfast and started across the ridge to another pond for the morning calling, which we reached about 5:20 A. M., and started in to call at once. Soon we heard some old cows tramping around in the woods above us, but got no answer to our calls. After a little we heard something coming down behind us, and to get a better view the guide stood up, and at once saw a bull and cow coming to the water. He touched me, and as I got up he whispered, "The bull is to the left of the big birch; the cow ahead of him." I saw about 18 inches of moose about 50 or 60 yards away between two trees, with a cow standing just ahead of him. She was looking at us and seemed very restless. I raised the rifle, took good aim just back of the fore leg and over the heart and pulled the trigger, but there was no report, only a snap; the cartridge had failed to go off. I pumped in another shell slowly, so as not to make any noise, but as the lever came into place there was a sharp click that caused the cow to bolt and the bull followed her. When I stooped to pick up the defective cartridge my language was soft and sweet. The guide said the bull had a big head of horns, but I could not see them, as they were behind the birch and a bush next to it. If the cow had not been with the bull I would have gotten him, as he would have stood a little longer.

It rained that afternoon, so we went back to camp, where we found the Doctor cussing his luck, his guide having called a big one down to the lake, but could not entice him out into the water where the Doctor could get a sight of him.

The next three or four days it rained, and we did not do much except fish and look up our bear traps, when we found that we had caught two bears.

The middle of the next week I killed a caribou. I was fishing on a small lake when the caribou came to the water. I was sitting on a raft made of three cedar logs and the caribou was over 200 yards away. I shot at him five times and hit him four times out of the five. He was a young one, but had a very pretty head of horns.

On the 28th I got the Doctor to take my guide and go to the Upper Lake and see if he could get out the big bull he had called in twice. They did so, and got a bull, but it did not altogether suit the Doctor. The next day I shot a bull, and our moose hunt was over.

The rest of the time was spent in fishing, calling in moose for practice (and, by the way, I called in one with a big head of horns) and packing up and getting ready to go out.

If we had had good weather we would have gotten our moose during the first ten days we were in the woods. There are plenty of them in that country, and lots of big ones, notwithstanding some say that they are scarce. I am so sure of it that we have made our arrangements for another moose hunt on the Tobique next year.

As we were coming down the Tobique we saw some large heads belonging to sportsmen going out, and at McAdam Junction we saw a fine big set that I think must have spread over 60 inches.

It won't be long before the New Brunswick Government will have to shorten up the close season, as the moose are being killed off too fast.

W. W. KING.

In the Fence Corner.

THE spirited full-page supplement, entitled "In the Fence Corner," published in this issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*, is replete with the theme dear to the hearts and memory of all sportsmen. It vividly portrays a climax to many different experiences when seeking quail with dog and gun.

Perchance the shooter has plodded through tangle and open during many weary hours before the warning attitude of his dog brought to him exhilaration of mind and forgetfulness of fatigue in the anticipation of the rise, the kill and the capture.

Perchance the shooter has but just sallied forth in the early season, with nerves over tense and unsteady. The point of the dog causes his blood to course swiftly and his imagination to run riot. Visions of swiftly flying birds, of smart kills with each barrel, and of finished retrieves glimmer through his brain. As he nears the dog to flush, his fingers begin to tremble and his knees to wobble. When the birds rise with a roar of wings, he nervously discharges one barrel before the gun reaches his shoulder, and the other one at the flock or before he can bring it to bear steadily on a bird. He has buck fever, with a few little birds as an origin of it. More birds rise as he holds the empty gun in his hands, and he resolves that never, never again will he be nervous or hurried or accept that illusive chance called shooting into a flying flock.

Perchance the dog finds birds after the shooter has walked over miles of hill and dale, and from over eagerness or malice springs in and flushes. All the effort has then resulted in vexatious, lost opportunity. This is a climax which every shooter can remember.

But to every shooter the picture has its special climax. To some it portrays experience of success; to others, of disappointment. To the average shooter it will portray successes keenly remembered and failures almost forgotten.

The old fence, with its enticing nooks for the birds, also tells its story of hopes evoked in the weary shooter, while the woods in the distance have an alluring suggestion of ruffed grouse.

As a whole, the picture is most pleasing, and we feel a wish that the shooter portrayed may have good luck and a pleasant day.

Vermont Game.

SWANTON, Vt., Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Below please find a few brief game notes:

WOODCOCK.—Where, oh, where are our woodcock? They were here in abundance in July and the first part of August; then they disappeared. We have hunted the country thoroughly over, and we have only found a few single birds, where the last of July we could flush dozens. The only solution is that they bred early in the season, consequently were ready for their flight southward when the storm of August 6 and 7 struck us. Some of our sporting farmers say that if they can't shoot woodcock hereafter Aug. 1 they will clear up their breeding grounds and turn them into pasture land.

RUFFED GROUSE.—The early dry season was favorable for the early growth of these young birds, but nevertheless the coveys are few and far between. Cause: too many good wing shots nowadays. The pot-shooter who only shoots at sitting birds does not get a shot at one in six of the birds that he sees, while the wing shot shoots at five of every six birds that he flushes, wounds and destroys many that he does not kill outright. As the army of wing shots is steadily increasing, the grouse are as rapidly decreasing. Shortening the open season will not remedy this, as the shorter the open season the greater novelty it is, consequently the more guns will be out. The way to keep the general public from following a thing is to strip it of its novelty.

The true and best way to keep our game from utter extermination is to have in every township several tracts of woodland protected as preserves, where no person should be allowed with a gun. In these places the ruffed grouse in particular could breed and rear their broods unmolested. These protected grounds should not be too extensive in size—if in square form not over 200 acres; then the game—that is, a portion of it—would stray out on to unprotected covers, where the sportsman would have a chance to indulge in his favorite pastime. This work of securing the permits from farmers to post their lands should be done by our fish and game leagues, and the farmers, with few exceptions, would readily grant permission to have their woodlands posted, and would also take an interest in protecting these preserves. Let every reader of the *FOREST AND STREAM* make an effort in this direction, and they will be surprised to see how easy it will be to establish such a preserve.

DUCKS.—The usual number of black ducks bred on the marshes around the Missisquoi Bay. The flight ducks, owing to the warm season, have not at this time of writing arrived, with the exception of the woodduck; they have come and gone, with another exception of a few flocks that have recently come in, composed almost if not wholly of cock birds.

WILD GEESE.—A few flocks of wild geese for the past two weeks have been hanging about our bays; only a few as yet have been bagged.

ENGLISH SNIPE.—The native bred snipe have been nearly all shot off, and the flight birds are not here; but last night's cold snap should bring them in.

POLOVER.—The flight of golden plover was a small one, and is passed. The yellowlegs and dowits are here in diminishing numbers. The upland plover bred in large numbers back on our hill farms, but started southward soon after the first cold rain in August. Unless the open season is extended to Aug. 1 our boys will another season be law-breakers, for they are determined to have a few of the birds that they protect during their breeding season. It is to be hoped that our present Legislature will, for this section at least, extend the open season to Aug. 1, for if our young men break the ice and become law-breakers on this bird, it will so harden them that they will be likely to disregard the laws on other game.

DEER.—Does and fawns are quite common, but we have neither seen nor know of a buck with horns being seen in this part of the State.

FOXES.—Foxes are scarce, consequently meadow mice are plentiful.

HARES.—The Northern hares are numerous, though beagles are also numerous. *Lepus americanus* will hold his own so long as there are large tracts of land grown up with white birches.

SQUIRRELS.—A few fair-sized bags of grays have been brought in from hills where the trees were not stripped last season by the forest caterpillar. No nuts on those hills this year.

IMPORTED BIRDS.—A few coveys of quail are to be found, the result of stocking some years ago; but no pheasants. We expect to again this season hear favorable reports from the black game released in East Middlebury, Vt. This town made no mistake in its election of town representative this year, as this gentleman, Col. C. C. Gilmore, is chairman of the Committee on Game and Fisheries. Personally, he has introduced a bill to largely increase the appropriation toward supporting our State hatchery.

In an agricultural State, like Vermont, when farm products are so low in price as they are now and have been for years past, it would be good business for these farmer voters to instruct their representatives to make such laws as would attract the summer tourists to come into the State and spend their money. Now the summer visitor during his vacation is going where he can have or get recreation as well as rest, and their favorite recreation is fishing; and every dollar of public money that is expended in developing and improving our fishing—hook and line and fly-fishing—will bring back to the general public large returns. New hatcheries should be established, fishways built in the dams of our rivers, and the spawning fish thoroughly protected; the small feeders of our trout streams should be closed against all fishing, and during the warm months fishing in the rapids of streams that contain bass should be strictly prohibited, as in these rapids the baby bass congregate and fall victims to the small boys, who take them out by the thousand.

The last wolf killed in this part of the State was shot in Sheldon during the winter of 1851, by E. W. Geer (the Old Gent). The rifle used, a small underlock Windsor, is now in the possession of the writer.

N. P. LEACH.

See the list of good things in *Woodcraft* in our adv. cols.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Crippled Ducks.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 27.—Mr. A. G. Holmes, of Green Bay, Wis., is good enough to send down a word regarding the game situation in his section, and to give us the benefit of his observations regarding the actions of crippled ducks. What he says as to the duck sticking up only a little part of its bill above water when trying to hide tallies with what has no doubt been observed by many others. I have sometimes seen a redhead which had gone under water in a place where detection seemed impossible, lie with its body entirely submerged, and just the head out of water, lying flat and perfectly motionless. At such times it is only the bright, beady eye of the duck which attracts attention, the instinct of the bird invariably leading it to pick out its own color tone perfectly in the cover it selects. It will push in among brush or weeds, and stick its head out into a bit of grass, weeds or brush tips, which are as near as can be the same color as its own head. A favorite trick of the redhead, which is a famous diver, when it is crippled and falls in running water, is to come up under the overhanging willows or brush of other sort which perhaps lines the shore. In such cases it will always flatten its head down close on the water, and have it hidden by some little, trivial bit of overhanging branch or leaf, so that the hunter hardly ever discovers it except by accident. Mr. Holmes is lucky in having been able to watch these birds in their action under water, regarding which he goes on to say:

"In this week's issue of the FOREST AND STREAM there is a mention regarding crippled ducks. I have noticed and captured crippled ducks here on our bay very often, and have watched for birds to come up but never showed up. I have found them very frequently with just the bill out, and especially in this true of our redheads and bluebills when crippled. I have followed them out on the bars where the water was clear, and I could watch them and what tricks they did, and the maneuvers they would go through are certainly surprising. I have crippled redheads, and in following them up, poling along in the water from three to five feet deep, have seen them turn under water at the shadow of the canoe approaching, and travel at least 60 yards without coming up, and then only the least bit of their bill out, and float in the water for at least ten minutes, never showing up any more than that. I have also taken them out of weeds with just the bill out, that a person could hardly see.

"Our ducks are here by the thousands, and a good many nice bags have been brought in. The snipe are now coming in fairly well, and I expect by the latter part of the week they will be here in great numbers.

"Geese are also flying south fairly well. Squirrels and coons are here in good numbers this fall."

No Flight.

It cannot be said that we have had any flight of ducks near here this fall. The weather has remained simply superb all this week, and from all appearances intends to remain so, the fall being one of the mildest ever recorded here. The birds, from what Mr. Holmes says, may be seen to be still some hundreds of miles north of here, his point, Green Bay, being perhaps a couple of hundred miles above Chicago. Horicon marsh is beginning to get a good many birds, and they are entirely contented to stay up there so long as they have good feed and water in abundance, as they have this year. They will not be apt to pass this latitude until quite late in November, when it begins to freeze pretty sharply where they now are. Nothing of consequence develops lower down along the natural flyways which cross this country, not even along the Mississippi, the Illinois and the other big waterways which adjoin us. Regarding conditions at his part of the Mississippi bottom regions, Mr. E. K. Stedman writes, under date of Oct. 24, from Mt. Carroll:

"Dear Sir:—Conditions have changed very little since last week. The water in the Mississippi attained its highest mark the latter part of last week, and is now steadily receding. Wild fowl were numerous the 21st and 22d, but are now scarce—the river men tell me they are flying north again yesterday and to-day. I heard of one Savannah hunter who killed 50 ducks Sunday—using a scull boat.

"Most of the low land farms were overflowed in this vicinity—so if the ducks do come, and weather conditions encourage them to visit, we should have excellent sport. So much water places the sportsman at a disadvantage, inasmuch as it gives a greater territory to feed over than when confined to less limited feeding grounds.

"No large bags of snipe or plover have yet been reported. No geese that I have heard of. The quail are being carefully watched by the farmers, which keeps out the 'sooners,' so that when the season does open they will be in superb condition for the nimrod.

"All in all, everything is favorable for good wild fowl and quail shooting at this point.

"As Mt. Carroll is ten miles from the river, Savannah more fittingly holds as to these tips.

"Wild fowl shooting and fall bass, croppie and wall-eyed pike fishing should be prime by Nov 1, if this state of weather continues. If rougher weather sets in, cut the fishing out."

Quail.

It will be seen that all reports continue to speak of the almost unparalleled abundance of quail. The latter bird seems to have fairly taken the West this fall. All over lower Minnesota the quail are very numerous indeed, seeming to have become perfectly well established, just as they have been for many years in Iowa, and steadily on the increase. The average of the northbound movement of the bird seems to be noticeable now in the thickening up of its numbers along lines where heretofore there were not so many. Thus, as far north as Waupaca, in Wisconsin, there are now a good many quail, where a few years ago there would only one or two be heard now and then in the summer time, and no one cared to make a regular hunt for them in the shooting season. The reason for this northward movement is not in any

climatic change, nor in any push of quail population in the country below. It is simply due to the fact that the slashed-off pine regions are more and more being devoted to agricultural or semi-agricultural purposes. The little backwoods farms are going further and further north in Wisconsin and Michigan, and though they are very poor and very dubious farms, they raise enough weed seeds and millet and buckwheat to feed the quail, and the brush heaps offer shelter. Give Bob White half a chance and he will take care of himself. He has no chance at all, according to his habits, in a raw pine country.

It was this same way in regard to the extension of the prairie chicken range to the westward. It is sometimes thought that the prairie chicken was always abundant out in Dakota, and what is commonly called the West, but such is not the case. This bird followed the wheat fields just as the quail is following the millet and buckwheat fields. As soon as the wheat stubbles began to appear in South Dakota, the chickens also began to appear in numbers. All creatures, wild or tame, like to make a living in the easiest possible way, and they like also to move on out from the place where they were born and raised, the spread of animal life being quite similar to that of human population. In the late hard times the railways were much troubled with tramps and workmen who were trying to get out of the places where they could

October on to their lands to shoot quail, but I did not attempt it. Saw many young quail chicks that were evidently late or second broods. Met farmer boys hunting squirrels who had three and four dozen quail in their pouches. Farmers claim that as the game feed on their lands, they might as well have the products whenever wanted.

"Bass and salmon—local name for the wall-eyed pike—fishing fairly good. I found that a good deal of illegal netting is constantly practiced all along the river, both by farmers and market men. Localities will have a big net in common; farmers and young fellows meet together, seine the river thoroughly, and divide the fish among them. Hence, when a rod fisherman goes out for pleasure and a few fish, he gets only a few. Looks like it would take State wardens posted every few miles along the rivers to capture illegal fishers and hunters. The difficulty seems to be that the wardens are appointed by the farmers themselves, and they won't arrest anybody except a few poachers from the towns."

The Wisconsin Export Law.

Mr. Douglas Dyrenforth, the Chicago man who lost a box of muscallunge last week at the hands of the wardens of Wisconsin, has received many offers of support from friends in his case against the Wisconsin



MRS. LYDIA P. WILLIAMS AND THE TORCH SHE FOUND.

not get work enough to make a living. It is the same way with game birds. They come and go with the food supply, and occupy the earth just as their pursuers have been doing for so long.

Poor Game Protection in Iowa.

It would seem that there is a very poor observance of the game laws out in the big and rich State of Iowa, at least in a certain portion of what is naturally a very good game region. Iowa was always a peculiar State in regard to game laws. In the preceding generation much of Northwestern Iowa was settled by a foreign element, men who did not care to shoot and who knew nothing and cared nothing about the game that might be in their neighborhood. It was nothing to these men if alien market shooters came in and killed off their birds, provided they did not tramp down the fields or shoot the stock. The prairie chickens, over many foreign settlements, were thus shot off to the point of extinction. Then arose the present generation of population on that same soil, the children of the first immigrants. These young men have attained the habits of the new land to which their parents came, and most of them like to shoot. They are more selfish in regard to their game, and about all the protection they ask is prohibition for everybody but themselves, which is the pure American attitude as to game protection anyway. Mr. R. L. Blair, of Des Moines, Iowa, covers some of these questions in a letter just at hand, and can perhaps shed a little light on the perplexing question, Why does not Iowa pass a good game law and see it enforced? Perhaps the first half of this question is all that we ought to ask. It is almost too much to ask or expect that a game law should be enforced. At least Mr. Blair's letter would not indicate much hope of it. He says:

"Believing from your letters in FOREST AND STREAM that you would like outdoor items from the West, I would report my return from a three weeks' camping, boating, fishing and hunting trip up the Des Moines River. I found quail plenty, but the farmers had been harvesting the crop since Oct. 1, although the legal season does not open till November. Many farmers pay no attention to the game laws. There is a law not allowing hunting on lands without owner's permission. Many farms are posted against trespassers, hence the owners or occupants can shoot game out of season, no one seeing them or caring to report them. Prairie chickens were invisible in the thickly settled portions. They seemed to be in the cornfields. Farmers with whom I became acquainted actually invited me the middle of

wardens. It is to be hoped that the matter will not be dropped in the lower courts, but that it may really prove a test case of the constitutionality of the law. The facts as learned at date are that the fish were taken from the Wisconsin Central train, at Rugby Junction. An official of the latter road, Mr. F. J. Effert, whose offices are in this city, was one of the party that caught the fish, their angling place having been at Tucker Lake, Wis., and the fish having been taken legally by rod and line. One fish was taken by Mr. Effert, one by Mr. Dyrenforth, and one by Mrs. Dyrenforth. The fish caught by Mr. Dyrenforth weighed 19 pounds, that taken by his wife 7½ pounds. All three of the fish were packed in one box, which box therefore had more than two fish, and more than 20 pounds of fish in it. Yet one of the fish was marked with Mrs. Dyrenforth's card, the other two having the name of Mr. Dyrenforth on them, according to his report. The warden, August Zinn, perhaps did not see the cards, and took in charge the evidence in what was a prima facie violation of the law. It is to be seen what the outcome will be. The suit is brought in the Federal Court, in which the amount must exceed \$2,000. The sum sued for is \$5,000.

The principle involved applies to game birds as well as game fishes, in so far as the legality of bringing home legally killed game is concerned, and the case is one which attracts considerable attention here on that account.

The Saginaw Crowd's Northwestern Trip.

The Saginaw Crowd, whose special car passed through here some weeks ago, as mentioned at the time, has returned, and apparently did not have a very heavy shoot, but as usual a very good time—a time which one of the party, Mr. Tom Harvey, is mighty apt to consider the luckiest sort of a time. Mr. W. B. Merhson writes as below regarding the experiences of the party and of Mr. Harvey:

"We arrived home last Wednesday. We had a pretty good time. Tom Harvey, whom you remember you described as the sportsman that had something to loan to every one, when we were on the Grassmere trip, concluded he was a regular hoodoo. His first experience was falling down in a duck marsh, filling his boots and getting wet all over. We then started for home to warm him up, and going up a stiff hill the wagon met with a breakdown; the driver had to go to town for repairs, so Tom mounted one of the horses to go with him. He proved to be a veritable Westerner, and the bronco bucked him off and threw him some 20 feet, in less time than it

takes me to write this even in shorthand. In the meantime the other load carried off the blankets, and poor Tom had to shiver into town on foot, though it was only about one mile away. The next day he was lying in the stubble-sunning himself, and in taking up his gun got his finger on the trigger instead of on the guard. Well, you know what that means—the gun went off. He was struck in the heel, the luckiest shot he ever made in his life, for if it had gone half an inch to one side he would have been a cripple for life. As it was it only tore his rubber boot and blistered his heel, and put two shot holes in it, but luckily the shot did not go in. We fixed him up in good shape, and before we came home he was able to get out and sit on a stool and bang away at ducks, but he was so gun shy he couldn't hit anything, until finally one lone white goose came along and he punctured him.

"The railroad people were not very swift about side-tracking us at the proper point, and three days were wasted before we did induce them to take us to a station five miles nearer our shooting. It proved to be an ideal spot, lots of white geese, quite a good many ducks. The weather was absolutely fine, not a cloud or a breath of wind stirring, which, of course, means no duck shooting, or goose shooting for that matter, except by chance, but we had a lazy crowd. Ten o'clock in the morning was as early as any of us could get our traps together and get started, but we had to our credit when we started for home something over 80 geese, and more than that number of ducks. We concluded that we had game enough, and had had a bully good time."

Minnesota Deer Crop.

It is now but a few days till the opening of the Minnesota deer season, and all deer hunters who are disposed to try that State will be very apt to have fine shooting this fall. In all the northern parts of the State, in Itasca, Beltrami, St. Louis, Hubbard and Ottertail counties the deer are reported very numerous. Indians have killed less than usual this summer, and the supply is the best for some years, according to local estimates.

The Dead and Down Timber Act.

Reference has been repeatedly made in these columns, in the course of reporting the progress of the movement for the Minnesota National Park, to the dead and down timber act, which has been the cloak for so many shameless thefts of the pine on the Indian reservations. To make it brief, this Act of Congress makes it legal for a lumberman to cut trees that have been burned and to take away fallen trees. This has been construed, to make it mild, in the most liberal way imaginable. Anyone visiting that region would not think there was the slightest restriction to the cutting of the pine. The lumbermen have found the act wide enough to give them all the pine they want, and so have not bothered about anything more at present.

It has always been known to the men familiar with the upper Minnesota country that the pine trees on the reservations are burned, deliberately burned, so that they can be construed to be fair game under the terms of the act above referred to. This has been known, but nothing has ever been done to punish the thieves who do this sort of work, and no arrest was ever made until this fall. On Oct. 10, in the United States Court, at Duluth, two of these men who do the work for the lumber concern, C. E. Selve and Harry Shearer, were found guilty of deliberately firing timber in this way, and sentence is expected soon. They may be sentenced to three years' imprisonment or \$5,000 fine. The wonder is that these thefts have not been punished oftener and long ago.

This work of destroying trees or marking them to evade the law is brought to a high point of perfection by the timber thieves. Sometimes a tree is slightly scorched by a fire built at its roots, the fire being out before it does more than blacken the bark. But this outside firing was hard to control, and was apt to spread forest fires, which would be too much in earnest. So the lumbermen devised a lamp, which they put in under the roots of a tree, which will burn out in a certain time, and cause the tree to fall or be disfigured enough to claim under the act. Mrs. Lydia P. Williams, president of the Federation of Women's Clubs in Minnesota, the body of women to whom belongs first credit for the idea of the park, was this fall up in the country of Cass Lake and Leech Lake reservations and she not only saw miles of fine timber which had been killed by these lamps, but found one of the lamps herself, burned out, under the roots of one of the big pines. She brought the lamp home as a souvenir, and as a proof of the maliciously false methods of the men who are stealing from Minnesota her heritage of pine. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Long Island Deer.

THE Long Island deer season law reads: "Deer shall not be taken at any other time than between daylight and sunset on the first two Wednesdays and first two Fridays of November."

The fact that this year the first Thursday (Nov. 1) comes before the first Wednesday (Nov. 7) has created some uncertainty as to the open Thursdays; but manifestly there is no room for doubt. The "first two Wednesdays" are Nov. 7 and 14; the "first two Thursdays" are Nov. 1 and 8. These are the four days on which deer hunting is lawful. The Long Island wardens announce that they so construe the law; and they hold that the possession of venison is lawful on and after Thursday, Nov. 1.

Long Island Duck Shooting.

SAYVILLE, Long Island, N. Y., Oct. 27.—The changing of the duck shooting opening date from Oct. 1 to Oct. 20 this year had the effect of giving excellent shooting on the first days. The fowl began to come in soon after Oct. 1, and being undisturbed, selected their feeding grounds and settled down to make themselves at home. The result was that when the season opened on the 20th there was a great supply, and the gunners secured large bags. Our local shooters have killed over 500 within the last few days. One hunter is credited with eighty-six in one day.

LONG ISLANDER.

In Maine Woods.

Boston, Oct. 27.—Now and then a moose is being taken in Maine, but the record is yet a good deal behind that of a year ago. Frank Hutchins, of Kingfield, shot a bull moose near the railroad station, in Carrabassett, on Monday. The animal was evidently about seven years of age and weighed 742 pounds. The antler spread is 4 feet and 1 inch. Mr. I. Harvey Young, of Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, has had more than his usual good luck hunting in the Maine woods. He first sent out two bears, that attracted a good deal of attention in the market, as well as bringing his friends to congratulations. A few days after he brought out a big bull moose, which was shown at the stall of Goodnough & Freeman; the first moose of the season in Faneuil Hall Market. Later it is reported that he has gone back and taken a couple of deer.

Mr. Ellery Stevens, of Waterville, Me., had a queer hunting experience in the vicinity of Monson Junction. After three days of very hard hunting he had secured a fine moose. A knock at the cabin door that night awakened Stevens and his guide, and they admitted a stranger. In the morning the man announced that he was a guide, registered guide, with the powers of a game warden; that they had shot a moose in close time; that they must deliver the moose to him, and Stevens must go with him, to appear in court at Foxcroft, and answer for shooting the moose. Mr. Stevens protested that the moose was shot on Thursday, after the legal season opened on Monday. But the man would not listen, and claimed that he had all the powers necessary to make an arrest and take Stevens out to the settlement. Mr. Stevens, finding that argument was of no avail, and feeling sure that he could establish the fact that he had taken the moose legally, finally agreed to go out to the settlement, and answer before a justice for the killing of the moose. At this the guide seemed to let up on his man, and told him that he looked honest, and that he would take his word for his appearance Saturday morning. About this time another stranger appeared, whom the guide or warden seemed to know very well, and he was engaged to help get the moose out to the settlement. Stevens asked the warden for his name, but he answered: "Oh, never mind about my name; you will find that out soon enough." The two men then went off to get the moose out, which they did, taking the carcass along with them. Mr. Stevens, thoroughly disgusted with such luck, and knowing that he was not guilty of killing the moose in close time, concluded not to go out that day, but to hunt deer instead, and let the warden wait for him with the moose. He did so, and succeeded in getting a fine deer. With this he started out to the settlement the next day. Arriving there, what was his surprise to find that neither man nor moose had appeared. Later he found that two men answering the description he gave had gone another way with a moose they pretended to have shot. "Got him mighty easy," they said. Mr. Stevens has not yet been able to find his moose, and concludes that he has been buncoed out of it by a smooth-tongued stranger. Now he believes that had he asked for a badge or other insignia of authority, he might have brought home his moose.

News of fatal shooting accidents with Maine game seekers are of terrible frequency. The last one is that Joseph Hubert, of Augusta, Me., has fatally shot and probably killed Harry Hillicker, of Lowell, Mass., with whom he was hunting for deer in the vicinity of the Katahdin Iron Works. In making a short cut for camp, across a thicket, Hubert's rifle, which was cocked, was discharged by the trigger catching in the brush, and a 30-30 bullet passed through Hillicker's body, entering the back just beside the spinal column, and passing out through the abdomen. Not striking a bone, the bullet did not mushroom, and hence the wound was a very small one. Up to last accounts received the man was alive, although he had been brought out to Patten, 23 miles, by relays of strong lumbermen, from a camp some five or six miles from where the accident happened. Arrived at the settlement, Hillicker had strength enough to state that he wished it understood that the shooting was purely accidental, and that Hubert was not in the least to blame. But Hubert can think while he lives upon the carelessness of carrying a gun at cock through the brush, especially with a companion near him.

Under the head of Game Notes items like the following are being found in the Maine papers:

"The devil himself seems to be aiming some of those rifles in the Maine woods." "Mr. Bill Johnson has returned to town with a piece of big game. He mistook his hunting companion for a deer and killed him." "Mr. Peter Perkins brought down a fine large man the other day, by his rifle trigger catching in the bushes." "The Maine Legislature will be asked this winter to frame some further laws concerning the carrying of guns into the woods, and possibly concerning the responsibility of the man who shoots another hunter."

All the above is simply horrible. In the blackest of capital letters it should be branded into the very brain of every hunter who goes into the woods: "Never shoot till you are dead sure that it is game and not a man that you are pointing at. Never fire at a mere motion in the bushes, not at a sound." "Never carry a gun at cock through the brush, nor when there is anybody in possible range."

Oct. 29.—A Bangor dispatch of Saturday says that great quantities of game have been coming in for the week, though the number of deer to date is far behind that of a year ago, and behind any season for three years. For the week the number of deer recorded by the wardens, who watch the trains at Bangor, was 423, and 43 moose. This is four more deer than for the same week a year ago, and two less moose. The total receipts of deer to Oct. 27 was 1,000, and 56 moose—251 deer less than for the same time a year ago, and six moose. From the Kingfield region more deer are coming out, and a few moose. From the Rangeley region the reports are better, with more deer being taken and yet the record at the principal outlets, Bemis and Rangeley, is scarcely half that of a year ago.

Mr. Tom French, of Andover, Me., whom the Richardson Lake sportsmen will so well remember as building and running a couple of steamers on that lake, was

in Boston the other day, in the interest of a steam automobile that he has invented. He says that the deer are plenty around Andover and above. A number have been taken. He is going into the woods hunting this week; says that there is great duck shooting at Umbagog Lake. Others bear out his testimony that black ducks have been unusually plenty in that section this season. Bears are reported to be unusually plenty at several hunting resorts in Maine this fall. At Chain of Ponds, above Stratton, three bears have been secured. At the Ledge House camps, Dead River, bears have come up into the very dooryard. Game Warden George W. Ross, of Vanceboro, is out with the statement that there are more deer than ever in Washington county. A great deal of poaching used to be done in his county, but Warden Ross says that all that has been changed. Mr. Frank Witcher, who owns the camp at that point, from which he and Mr. Hildreth hunted, has shot a fine specimen of albino deer.

Coot shooting along the shores of Massachusetts Bay is attracting attention. Chatham reports say that shooting has been good all the week. From Chatham Bay to Monomoy the most of the shooting is had. Walter Woodman and Louis Boyden, of Brookline, were at Chatham last week, and secured 40 coot, 6 black duck and a string of shore birds. Russell A. Bearse, a local gunner, has shot within a week over 20 black duck and 75 shore birds, at Inward Point. W. B. Cutter, of Boston, has been at Train's camp, Inward Point, for a week, and has had good shooting. Quail and partridge shooting on the Cape is reported to be very poor. It is claimed that the Sunday law, forbidding shooting on that day in this State, is to be rigidly enforced this fall. No arrests have yet been made, but the officers are reported to be keeping strict watch. SPECIAL.

Roping an Elk.

It was when we went to bring the branches off the mountain that we got the elk. We ran out of meat, so decided to take a hunt. We had two guns between the four of us, so Brown and I went down the cañon, while Smith and the boy drove the timber above with dogs. The place where we settled ourselves was near the bottom, just opposite a bare point, which ran out, terminating in a cliff 100 feet high.

Scarcely were we in our places, when we heard the most awful noise coming from up the cañon—whoops that would have put to shame an Indian, accompanied by the baying of a hound and the barking of the shepherd dogs. And suddenly on the point opposite appeared a big bull elk, running for the cliff, with Smith in full pursuit, swinging his rope. Just as the elk reached the edge, Smith threw and caught him around the antlers. The elk ran around on to a ledge 8 feet below and tried his best first to jump over the cliff and then get up at Smith. For about five minutes he fought, the man and horse having all they could do to hold him, and being sometimes within 10 feet of the cliff.

We ran down the cañon and climbed the other side as quickly as possible, and when we arrived, the elk was standing quietly, so with our Winchesters we administered his coup de grace. The rope, which had held so long, broke as he fell dead on the side of the cliff and he fell over, fortunately not injuring the head, which was fairly large, with eight points.

When we began to skin him we heard the story. It appeared that when Smith and the boy went into the timber they heard the dogs barking, but they presently came back. Smith, thinking they had found a bear, went in that direction and found a yearling elk track, which the dogs got on to, and while following it jumped the old bull, which started off through the timber. How Smith ever kept up with him I can't imagine, but he did, and at the first open place roped him round one horn and "busted" him. The rope, however, came off. The elk was undecided whether to make a fight or not, but finally he headed for the pines, with what result you know. He was a fine, eight-point bull, dressing about 600 pounds, I should think. It took five pack horses to get the meat and hide out of the cañon where he fell. His remains served as bait for the bear trap.

J. K. McK.

SHELL, Wyo.

In West Virginia Mountains.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Oct. 26.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: All who enjoy shooting are now having their "innings" and outings. The great majority of such are, like myself, so situated that business at this season of the year forbids an extended trip, with the joys of camp life and big game hunting, and must be content with a day out occasionally, after such game as we can find.

A new railroad is being built from our town up through the heavily timbered mountains, where there are many thousands of acres of wooded land. They now run trains ten miles, leaving here in the morning, and returning in the evening, which gives an excellent opportunity for persons to spend a day in the mountains. As a result of this convenience, I have been enabled to help pick the bones of eleven gray squirrels and two partridges this season, which was a luxury denied me for several years. However, the luxury of picking the bones is small compared with that of climbing the mountains and securing the game by careful hunting. The squirrels are not what would be termed plentiful, but there being a large territory for their range, and a good supply of chestnuts scattered all through the woods to keep them there, makes the hunting good for any but the game-hog, who needs all he can carry to satisfy him. Five is the most I killed in any one day's hunt, which should satisfy any sportsman, with the present condition of game.

The season for quail opens Nov. 1, and there will be some good shooting, as the law has protected them at all seasons for some years.

Last week a man, visiting some friends here, went up the new railroad one morning for a hunt with his new rifle, which was a recent present from his wife. The daily paper had a flattering account next day of how Mr. — had gone up the railroad and succeeded in bringing home with him a 20-pound wild turkey, which he had shot while (it was) flying. The truth of the matter

leaked out, as all such things will, and a couple of days later some unfeeling wretch caused the following to appear in the paper: "Here is a revised and corrected version of the story of the man who went from here up the M. & K. railroad last Friday and killed a 20-pound wild turkey with his new gun. After demonstrating to himself clearly that he was going to get skunked, he went to a farmer, paid the farmer one dollar for a turkey, took it out to shoot it to make it look more gamy, and after firing five shots succeeded in bagging it. After paying twenty-five cents for his dinner, he was ready to come home loaded with turkey and glory; any one having the required \$1.25, plus railroad fare and the new gun, can have the same exciting experience."

Pittsburg, Pa. and the thickly populated country between here and there, send out an army of hunters in every direction, and it is with difficulty that they are kept from hunting in West Virginia mountains without a license.

EMERSON CARNEY.

J. W. Y. S. and His Moose.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent J. W. Y. S., in issue of Oct. 27, 1900, ought also to be prosecuted. The open season for moose killing in the Province of Quebec is Oct. 1. In Ontario—this year first time in ten years—Nov. 1, for fifteen days; then closed for three years. What right has J. W. Y. S. to kill moose in September?

ONE WHO HAS BEEN IN CANADA.

[One Who Has Been in Canada is mistaken in his dates. The Quebec moose season opens Sept. 1.]

A New Brunswick Hunt.

WESTERLY, R. I., Oct. 22.—Dr. R. B. Smith, of Westerly, and myself have returned from a hunting trip to the headwaters of Mill Stream and Bartibogue River, New Brunswick via Newcastle. We encountered rain and flood, but secured one fine bull moose with a spread of 50 inches, and two caribou. The guides were Jack Connell and Jim Way.

C. W. WILLARD.

Sportsmen's Map of Maine.

ELSEWHERE will be found an advertisement of a sportsmen's map of Maine, which covers the hunting country and will be found extremely useful by those who propose visiting that State for game.

DON'T SHOOT

Until you see your game, and see that it is game and not a man.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Winninsh in New Hampshire.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Oct. 24.—Editor Forest and Stream: Last week's FOREST AND STREAM had a sad opening, with the announcement of the death of both Rowland E. Robinson and Richard L. Ogden, and your most appropriate notices of both of them leave little to be said. They will be sadly missed and mourned by those of us who, like myself, have known them through your columns for a quarter of a century, and they leave a void not easily to be filled. "Podgers' Commentaries" would seem worth preserving in book form, and the writings of Mr. Robinson have, I think, taken an established place in the literature of New England. Speaking from the standpoint of a septuagenarian myself, I think that no one has so faithfully portrayed the manners, customs, dialect and character of rural New England fifty years ago as has Mr. Robinson, and I predict a long survival of his artistic portraits—for portraits they are of originals whom many of us have seen. The shrewd and terse Uncle Lisha, the garrulous Antoine, the verbose Solon Briggs and the undecided Joseph Hill are familiar to all of us, and I have known two men who might have sat for the picture of Sam Lovel.

Some of your bright news contributors enlivened the number before its close, and the sketches of Lewis Hopkins and Fayette Durlin show that there are good recruits to fill the ranks as the remorseless Reaper cuts down the old "front files."

To change the subject, I have been endeavoring for some time to ascertain the results of the planting of winninish in the New Hampshire lakes, and have got at this much information. The salmon trout reported in the Boston Herald were not salmon at all, but merely some of the large 2 or 3 pound trout which have always been taken in the upper lake, or Little Diamond, but never in the lower one. They are not only much larger than any fish taken in the lower lake, which rarely exceed ½ pound, but the flesh is lighter colored, and has not the "beefsteak red" of the trout from the lower lake, of which I have taken many, but they are the genuine *salvelinus* after all, and nothing else. To account for these differences in the trout of the two lakes, with a short, open water connection, I am unable.

My friend Commissioner Wentworth writes me on the subject: "I don't believe there are any [winninish] in Diamond Ponds. I have been to them for the last eight years and have never seen one. I have heard Commissioner Shurtliff say he once saw a small one taken there."

"There are salmon to-day in Connecticut lakes. Masconia Lake, North Pond, in Stark (or Lake Christine); Silver Lake, in Madison; Stinsons Pond, Winnepesaukee Lake, Squam Lake, Winnesquam Lake, Dan Hole Pond, Newfound Lake and Pleasant Pond, in

New London. They have been put in Lake Mapabesie and Long Pond, in Concord, but none has yet been taken in these last two. In fact, Connecticut Lake, Newfound Lake, Dan Hole and Pleasant Ponds give the best results so far."

I have always believed that the presence of bass in Sunapee Lake has been one cause why it has not yielded more salmon, but it may be due to the saibling, which have appeared and multiplied since the salmon were introduced, and which may have considered them a food supply.

VON W.

The Pollock as an Angler's Fish.

FOR many years I have been impressed with the belief that angling for large sea pollock had in it possibilities of sport that only had to be understood to be appreciated. Indeed, knowing the pollock as I do, and being aware of the fact that during the summer it can be found in abundance off the coast of Massachusetts near the surface of the sea, it has been a matter of wonder to me that it has so long been overlooked by the angler, and especially by the sportsman who longs for a close acquaintance with a large, free-biting, gamy fish that can be found in such numbers as to give the most eager fisherman all the sport he wants. One may well be in doubt if this apparent oversight is due to lack of knowledge of the game qualities of the pollock, of unfamiliarity with its habitat, or because angling for it in the orthodox way with rod and reel has been neglected and therefore has not become popular.

The fact, too, that the pollock is to be had in abundance in the proper place and season might be thought to create an indifference toward it were it not for the fact that what is true of it in this particular is also true of the bluefish, weakfish and many other species that are eagerly sought by anglers, and few of which can give the actual sport that may be obtained in pollock fishing.

The following account of angling for pollock is extracted from a letter addressed to the writer by Hon. E. D. Buffington, who, as is well known, has been a devoted disciple of Walton for many years, and has fished for both sea and fresh-water species from Florida to Canada:

"It was my good fortune to spend a part of last August and September at the village of Annisquam, on Cape Ann. Being fond of fishing, I inquired of the fishermen what could best be done in that locality. I was advised to go pollock fishing in Ipswich Bay. And as I had had some experience of that kind before, I made arrangements to start at 5:30 the next morning.

"In the evening I looked over my tackle and selected a new Cuttyhunk line, No. 4-0 Virginia hooks, several small lead sinkers and a good tarpon rod and reel, the rod strong enough to lift about 8 pounds, dead weight. With this equipment, the appointed hour found us in a large sailing dory, running slowly out of the harbor, with a gentle breeze about abeam. When about a mile or so outside of the lighthouse the boatman suggested that we put our lines out.

"Both of us had a drail very much like those used for bluefish, but without the eel skin.

"I had let out 75 or 100 feet of line, when there came a fierce tug, that would have done credit to a 25-pound salmon, and the way that fish darted to the right and left was something I was wholly unprepared for. For the first five minutes all I could do was to hold on. I asked the boatman to bring the boat into the wind, which he did at once, and after ten or fifteen minutes of as lively work as I ever had with a fish I landed a 15-pound pollock. This was repeated with variations until we had seventeen pollock in the boat, which weighed very nearly 200 pounds. They then disappeared, or 'went to the bottom,' as the man said.

"I then took in my drail and put on my small hook and sinker. Bottom was found at about 75 feet depth. I soon was at work again, and found it quite as much sport to handle a 10 or 15 pound pollock in 75 feet of water, and get him alongside of the boat, as trolling. Occasionally we got a cod, haddock, hake or dogfish. But more than half the fish we caught were pollock. When we started for harbor at 3 P. M. we had thirty-eight pollock, which weighed nearly 400 pounds, and at least two-thirds of them were caught with a rod and reel. It was fine sport, but I had had enough for one day. The day's fishing fully convinced me that a pollock is as strong as or even stronger than a bluefish of the same size. While its runs are not as long as those of a sea bass they are much quicker, and it does not give up nearly so soon. A salmon is perhaps quicker and does more surface work than a pollock, much resembling a tarpon in that respect. A weakfish is generally comparatively logy. A kingfish gives up much easier; the tautog and grouper stick to the bottom and root, while the red snapper is similar to a sea bass. The only fish which has the strength, gaminess and staying qualities of a pollock is the 'jack' or 'cavally' of the South.

"Of course circumstances may vary, but taking it all in all, I think if one wants sport and cannot own a salmon river, he will do well to go to Cape Ann when pollock are running, and if he don't have all the sport he wants he must be hard to satisfy. Indeed, when pollock are feeding one gets no chance to wait, for the fish are on in most cases within 75 feet of the boat and before the line has run out."

The satisfactory experience in pollock fishing related by Mr. Buffington will, it is hoped, prove helpful in a suggestive way to many who love the "gentle art," but who do not "own a salmon river" in Canada, though they may be perhaps able to get out where they can hear the click of a reel or see the curve of a straining rod, while the humming line has at its outer end a powerful pollock that tugs and rushes to free itself from the cruel hook fastened in its jaw. But, while rod and reel as well as trolling line may become well known hereafter on the pollock grounds, attention may be directed to angling possibilities in another direction that may rival the famed tarpon fishing of Florida.

It is a well-known fact that for weeks in summer Cape Cod Bay is frequented by the horse mackerel or tuny (*Oreomus thynnus*), which is often abundant. Those taken in the pound nets usually range in weight from 30 to 100 pounds, though much larger individuals are caught oc-

asionally. This species is strong and active, and is blessed with a voracious appetite.

I have never known of a horse mackerel being taken with a rod or reel, but it is not difficult to imagine the fight one might have to bring to gaff a 75-pounder of this species, with the strength of a steam tug in his fins and tail. I certainly hope some one will try his skill with the horse mackerel in the near future.

J. W. COLLINS.

ANGLING NOTES.

"The Big Four."

The last time that I was at home I received a letter from Mr. George E. Hart, of Waterbury, Conn., in which he told me of his visit to the Triton Club in Canada on his annual vacation for trout fishing in those favored waters. Incidentally he mentioned that he was sending me with his letter a photograph of himself and others that had been taken in Quebec on his return from the club. He did not say who the others were, and as the photograph did not arrive with the letter, I did not know. This evening when I again returned home the photograph was in my mail on my desk, and I found it to be of four personal friends—Mr. Walter M. Brackett, of Boston, who paints salmon as no other man can; Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, author of "The Ouananiche and Its Canadian Environment"; Mr. L. Z. Joncas, Superintendent of Fisheries of the Province of Quebec, and Mr. Hart. The likeness of each is good, and it would be like finding money in a letter if one could get a bet on to bet that when the picture was taken the air was burdened with conversation about fish and fishing, or perhaps I should say fishing and fish. From the expressions of the four faces one could assume that Joncas was in a hole, for he is very thoughtful, and Brackett looks as though he might have asked him why his Government had put up the annual rental of his salmon river fifty dollars a year. Hart may have asked why American anglers who are members of Canadian clubs have to take out a license for guests that they take over the line to fish in club waters, and Chambers as a newspaper man is watching Joncas for his reply, that he may telegraph it to the New York Sun, and write me about it so I can give it to FOREST AND STREAM. Anyway, the three men are looking at Joncas, as though they had asked him something that had made him thoughtful, and it was up to him to explain or reply, or say something.

Salmon in Salmon River.

Under date of Oct. 17 Hon. T. M. Costello, of Altmar, N. Y., writes me as follows:

"The salmon are back in the river at Pulaski trying to get over the dams. I was at Port Ontario yesterday and the fishermen told me the river was full of them. One was found dead that weighed 14 pounds. It was killed by a 'lamper eel.' Nothing has been done to the fishways, as the river is up and the water is cold, and I doubt if the ways will be erected this year."

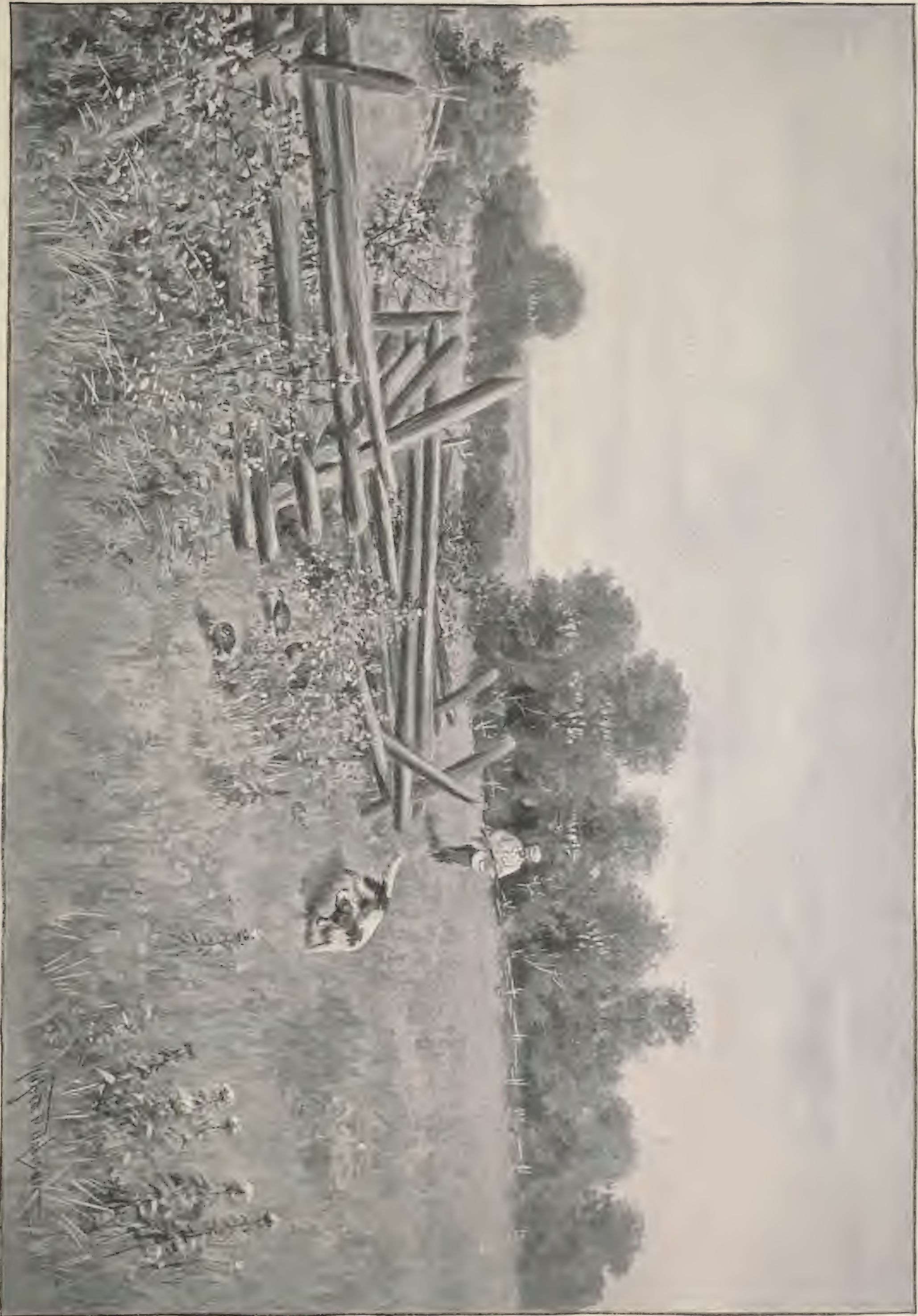
First, as to the fishways. When the matter came into the hands of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission the United States Fish Commission was applied to for the services of the engineer, Mr. Von Boyer, who improved the Cail system of fishway, to visit Salmon River and prepare fishway plans. There was no time lost over this matter. Mr. Von Boyer did visit the river and prepared the plans, and when received, the plans were submitted to contractors after the State Engineer had furnished estimates of materials. When a bid was received that was within the engineer's estimates, the contract was let, notice being given by wire, not even waiting for the contract to be drawn by the Attorney-General. The bidder ordered the materials, but the river came up suddenly, as he said, at a most unusual time, and work was stopped, and that is all there is to it. The Commission could not let the contract until plans were prepared and it was known that the work could be done within the appropriation.

Second, the appearance of the salmon so late in the season, if this is to be taken as the time that they regularly appear in the river—and I understand that they have returned about the same time each year that they have appeared since the plants of fry were made—would indicate that if the stream is successfully restocked it would furnish very little rod fishing. Mr. Costello has fixed the time for the salmon to return as "about Oct. 12." Now the question is, will salmon rise to the fly at all when they are so late in arriving in the river?—for they have probably been in fresh water since May or June, perhaps leisurely making their way up the St. Lawrence and through the lake to the river's mouth. The present open season for salmon in New York is from March 1 to Aug. 15, and when Salmon River is provided with fishways and the salmon ascend the stream, to take them legally in any manner the season will have to be changed. In Scotland there is an open fishing season for salmon in October, and fish are then killed with fly in that month, but they are fish that run in on the fall freshets from the sea, and as yet we do not know just when the Salmon River fish did leave salt water, or whether or not they will take the fly at all.

If the dead salmon—I say if the dead salmon—was killed by a lake lamprey, it must have been loafing somewhere in fresh water, but from what I gleaned at Pulaski about the reception the salmon received last year I question if they need be so much in fear of "lamper eels" as of other things wielded by man.

Of course it is most encouraging to have the salmon come back to the river, even though they come so late in the season as to preclude rod fishing after they return. Up to this time I have been unable to learn anything about the movements of salmon in Salmon River when the fish frequented the river early in this century and up to the times the nets, spears and "lamper eels" destroyed them, so that none came back at all until fresh plants were made of fish artificially hatched and brought from other waters. The salmon have probably spawned in the river since the first plants were made, and with such aid as the United States Fish Commission will render by furnishing more fry from the Penobscot for planting Salmon River seems in a fair way to be again considered a salmon stream, but who will tell us about its former conditions, when salmon were regular visitors to it?

A. N. CHENEY.



Fishing Out of Season.

My memory of events of my youth does not go back so far as that of "Gran'ther Hill of Danvis," but I was once a boy of ten, at which age my taste for fishing was well developed, and in spring I was ever impatient for the arrival of the time when the condition of weather and water would justify a trip to the brook with a possibility of catching a few trout. The only close season then known was when the streams were closed by ice. At all other times stream fishing was not debarred.

In April of a certain year a warm wind from the south, accompanied by heavy rain, cleared the adjacent brooks and larger streams of ice; a succession of days with clear skies and bright, warm sun laid bare the knolls and points of rocks in the hill pastures. Cooler weather soon followed with sufficient frost to check the melting snow; the streams and brooks soon cleared and resumed their ordinary stage. Sugar making season had arrived. One night an early morning snow fell to a depth of 10 or 12 inches, a light, feathery "sugar snow," and the sun shone out bright and warm, promising a perfect "sap day." The older males of the family were off for the sugar camp to put everything in order to secure the expected flow of sap. The boy's legs were too short to wade in the snow in the sugar orchard. He was left at home to do chores about the house.

I was left alone; the day was bright and warm; the chores were done; several hours must elapse before any active duties must be performed. I must meantime have occupation. What should I do during those ensuing hours? The thought struck to go a-fishing. Acting on the impulse, I resurrected the trout tackle of last season. It was all complete, but I had no bait—no angle dogs could be found at that season. I must have bait to catch at least one trout. With one in hand I knew how to utilize that fish for a further supply. Five or six half-decayed maple logs were lying in a field not far distant. I had seen grubs in logs of that character. With an axe I attacked one of those logs, and soon had an ample bait supply. About this time my mother suspected I had something on hand of an unusual character, and asked for an explanation. I made known my proposed visit to the brook, which did not meet her approval. She said I could catch no fish, would get my feet and legs soaking wet, catch a cold and be sick, and had better come in the house and study my Sunday school lesson and let the fishing go until fishing season should arrive. I argued that getting wet had never resulted unfavorably, the Sunday school literature could be consulted in the evening, I had everything ready and knew the trout would bite. Mother's boy generally wins his contention. I carried my point. Wrapping the legs of my pants around their respective ankles, making fast with a string, that no snow should find lodgment between the bootleg and pants, rod in hand I struck out for the stream. The snow, moist and soft, ranging in depth from the knee to the waist, offered no discouraging impediment to locomotion. Speedily arriving at an open pool in a bend of the stream, I impaled a fat grub on my hook and cast it into the water. I was not long in suspense. A bite followed, and then a 4-ounce trout was landed in the soft, clean snow.

Encouraged by success, I visited other pools, until six fair-sized trout dangled from my forked stick. One other and the last pool remained. A platform of snow overhung this pool, upon which I stepped to make a final cast. The platform gave way, the boy with his impedimenta dropped into water about 2 feet in depth. My! but that was a cool surprise. Scrambling out, I lost no time on a "home run," landing in the kitchen adrip, where my mother gave me a warm reception.

I was stripped, "wrung out," put to bed, a dose of herb tea was prescribed, concocted and taken scalding hot, and then I was left to reflect until such a time as suited my mother to give me dry clothing—she did not hurry about it either. My apparel was finally forthcoming. I was permitted to dress and told to resume the chore business, and that angling would not be resumed until the season was fairly opened. My angling enthusiasm had sustained a severe shock, but my six 4-ounce trout in part compensated me for a snow water immersion.

SEPTUAGENARIAN.

Fishing at Harvey Cedars.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Oct. 15.—To show that fishing on the south coast of the State is of the best, I append the following just received from my friend L. P. Streeter, who is an ardent channel bass fisherman. The catch is for the week ending Oct. 4:

L. HULIT.

C. A. Atkins, 7 channel bass; weight 39, 25½, 25, 22, 20, 20 and 14 pounds; 1 striped bass, 4 pounds, and 39 kingfish. Dr. G. B. Herbert, 7 channel bass; weight 28, 25, 22, 20, 20, 16 and 13 pounds; 3 striped bass; weight 6½, 2½ and 2½ pounds; 1 bluefish of 5 pounds. L. P. Streeter, 10 channel bass; weight 32, "27," 25, 25, 23, 23, 22, 22, 21 and 20 pounds.

Total number of pounds of channel bass: C. A. Atkins, 7 channel bass, 165½ pounds; Dr. G. B. Herbert, 7 channel bass, 144 pounds; L. P. Streeter, 10 channel bass, 240 pounds.

The Smelt Fishing Season.

Boston, Oct. 27.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: The smelt fishing season is drawing to a close. The Nantasket steamer does not run after Wednesday next, and with that means of getting to New Hull and Nantasket waters cut off, very few fishermen go down. The sport will continue some time longer in and around Dorchester and Quincy bays, as those points are easy of access by rail and electric. I was down to Commodore Roberts' cottage on Peddock's Island for three days this week, and the weather was delightful, but the fishing was not up to the average, owing, no doubt, to the August-like weather. I was pleased to find Mr. Charles G. Gibson at his cottage, and with him big, jolly Jack Burke, one of Boston's "finest," who was on his vacation. Mr. Gibson is a thorough sportsman with both rod and gun, and he has a very comfortable and well-stocked cottage, where he takes great delight in entertaining his friends. He

has long been on the Board of Government of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association, and with Commodore Roberts and the writer constituted the committee on the enforcement of the laws relating to fish for several years. Mr. George B. Appleton, of the sporting goods firm of Appleton & Bassett, was Mr. Gibson's guest Wednesday night. He came down for the fishing, and Charley did his best, but owing to state of the tide in the afternoon and the young gale the next morning, George was obliged to return to the city empty handed. The Commodore and I went out Thursday morning early, getting our anchors down before sunrise, and we soon began to get fish. As the sun rose higher the wind followed suit, but we managed to keep our seats in the boat for about three hours, when we gave it up. But we got a fairly good catch and were satisfied.

WM. B. SMART.

Nets in New York Waters.

THE Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen, whose headquarters are at No. 106 West Thirty-first street, this city, has, through President Theodore Biedinger, addressed a communication to candidates for the State Legislature, asking them to declare their attitude as to the anti-netting bills proposed by the League. The new sections which the League desires to have incorporated in the law are as follows:

Section 67. No person or persons, corporation or corporations, shall willfully take with purse or shirred nets in the manner in which menhaden are taken, any porgies, bluefish, weakfish or any other kind of food fish in any of the tidewaters within the jurisdiction of this State, including the waters of the Atlantic Ocean within three nautical miles of the coast line of this State, either on his or their own account and benefit or on account of the benefit of his or their employer or employers; provided that nothing in this act shall be construed to prohibit the taking of such food fish as may be useful for food for the men employed in the operations of such purse or shirred nets.

Section 68. No person or persons, corporation or corporations, shall either on his or their own account and benefit or the account and benefit of his or their employer or employers render for oil or convert into any kind of fertilizing material any food fish so unlawfully taken.

Section 69. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons, corporation or corporations, to erect or to maintain any pound net or pound nets in any of the tidewaters within the jurisdiction of this State, including the waters of the Atlantic Ocean within three nautical miles of the coast line of this State, the leader of which shall begin at a point less than 1,000 feet from the shore at low water mark; said leader shall not have a mesh in size less than 5½ inches, and the pocket of said pound net shall have a mesh not less than 3 inches.

Section 70. All persons and corporations owning, leasing or controlling any pound nets shall raise the pockets thereof on Saturday before the hour of noon, weather permitting, and said pockets shall remain so raised as to render them incapable of retaining any fish until the hour of midnight between Sunday and Monday.

Section 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A Florida Incident.

JOE and I were spending the winter in Florida, making headquarters at Kissimmee. One day we took our guns and hiring a pair of saddle horses, rode out on to the prairie which bounds the northwestern shores of Lake Tohopekaliga. We were very much amused by the gophers (a large species of land turtle), which were very numerous in this locality. They would run up the road ahead of us as if to challenge us to a race, then suddenly disappear in a hole. After riding some four or five miles we found ourselves in an open country, which seemed to abound with rabbits and quail. The first shot was made by Joe, scoring two dead birds. Then I came in for a shot at a rabbit, scoring a miss, but the shot had flushed another covey of quail, and I regained my reputation by scoring three dead birds on a double shot. There was a great variety of beautiful plumaged birds, with thousands of those little chattering paroquets which resemble a parrot in appearance, but are much smaller.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and we had all the game we could conveniently carry, so we were resting our horses on the edge of the prairie under a large live oak, preparatory to the start for home. I had just mounted, and casting my eye over the grass my attention was attracted by the tail of a small animal which seemed to be running away from us. I had never seen anything like it before, and did not know what it was, but I thought it the most beautiful little creature I had ever seen. I said nothing to my friend, but put spurs to my horse and started in pursuit. When I got within easy range I pulled up and fired, knocking the little fellow over. I was jubilant. I dismounted and ran up to it. Seeing that the animal was not yet dead, I placed the butt of my gun on his neck and—. Well, I know what a skunk is now, and I never did like the suit I had on that day, so I just threw it away, and the gun seemed to kick so that I thought it best to sell it. My friend politely refrained from bursting his sides at my expense, but he seldom forgets to inquire if I have killed any skunks lately.

W. M. W.

The October Woodcraft.

THE October number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine contains the game and fish laws of the United States and Canada. The Woodcraft part has this capital list of contents:

GRAN'THER HILL'S PA'TRIDGE. By Rowland E. Robinson.
IN THE FOREST.
THE OLD CANOE.
THE RESCUE OF MR. HUNDLEY.
KELLUP'S ANNUAL. By Jefferson Scribb.
DEACON THROPE'S PIGEONS.
ANY LETTERS FOR ME? By H. P. Ufford.
JEHOSSIE ISLAND. By Olive F. Gunby.
FLORIDA INDIAN DEER HUNTERS.
AT CLOSE QUARTERS: The Hon. S., the Plover and the Bull;
A Nova Scotia Bear; The Panther's Scream; A Time with a Florida Alligator; The Owl's Swoop; The Dog Climbed.
THE DOG AND THE TURKEY. By John James Audubon.
SENATOR VEST'S SUNDAY PIGEON SHOOT.
AUSTRALIAN ROUGH RIDERS. By R. Boldrewood.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials Club's field trials. J. E. Bassett, Sec'y, Box 603, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 7.—Jamesport, L. I., N. Y.—First annual field trials of the Jointer Club of America. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y.
Nov. 7-8.—Lake View, Mich.—Third annual field trials of the Michigan Field Trials Association. E. Rice, Sec'y, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. F. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 13.—Harrisville, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Paterson, Sec'y.
Nov. 15-16.—Riley, Ind.—Second annual field trials of the Riley Field Trials Association. J. L. Graham, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby.
Nov. 16.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.
Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.
Nov. 27.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Storres, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Dec. 10.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

1901.

Jan. 14.—Greenville, Ala.—Fifth annual field trials of the Alabama Field Trials Club. John B. Rosenstihl, Sec'y.
Jan. 21.—Benton County, Miss.—Tenth annual field trials of the United States Field Trials Club. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 13-17.—Vicksburg, Miss.—First annual bench show of the West Mississippi Agricultural, Mechanical and Live Stock Exposition. John Dewhurst, Supt.
Nov. 28-30.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Second annual bench show of the Philadelphia Dog Show Association. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.
Dec. 6-10.—Cincinnati, O.—Annual bench show of the Cincinnati Fox Terrier Club. J. C. Trohlinger, Sec'y.

1901.

Feb. 26-March 1.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Kennel Club's annual bench show. C. M. Munhall, Sec'y.
March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Fetch and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

"Drop" or "Down Charge."

Drop or Down Charge or Charge are terms commonly used to signify that the dog is to lie down, and so remain till ordered up. The manner of teaching obedience to it is very simple. A cord, four or five feet long, is tied to the dog's collar. The trainer holds the end of it in one hand while with the other he forces the dog to lie down, at the same time uttering the command "Drop." A tap or two on the shoulder is given with a whip if he attempts to rise. After a time he is permitted to rise and the lesson is then repeated.

After a few lessons he will understand the meaning of the order, but may be disinclined to obey it. Under such circumstances the trainer holds the end of the cord in one hand, utters the order, at the same time hitting the dog sharply on the shoulder with the whip. He will soon drop, and punishment should then cease instantly. If he rolls over on his back, a position which is entirely undesirable, a few light taps with the whip on his paws or chest will cause him to turn quickly over in the right position. This is kept up day after day till the pupil will drop promptly to the order.

If the trainer desires to teach him to drop to signal, he raises his right hand in the air when he gives the order, so that the dog associates it with the command. If the signal alone is used at any time and the dog disobeys it, obedience to it is taught in manner precisely the same as in teaching the oral order.

When the order is given nothing less than instant obedience should be accepted. No nosing about seeking for a good place in which to lie down, or evasions of any kind should be tolerated. The place where the dog stood at the time of the command should be the place where he should drop.

Some special lessons in the open field are necessary to make him reliably obedient therein. A strong wooden pin should be firmly driven into the ground, and to it the dog is tied, leaving him with twenty or thirty yards of free cord. He is then made to drop close by the pin. The trainer then walks away, and if the dog follows he is taken back to place, forced to drop and properly admonished. If he attempts to bolt the cord will check him.

If, however, he resolutely persists in his attempts to bolt, a spike collar may be put on him, and after he is snubbed by it once or twice, he will desist from his attempts to escape.

He is taught to drop to shot by discharging a gun or pistol and forcing him to drop to the report precisely as if it were the word of command. A pistol with a light powder charge is most commonly used to teach him this branch. Great care should be exercised to avoid causing gunshyness, and no attempt should be made to teach dropping to shot till the dog is thoroughly without fear of the gun. However, the act of dropping to shot is of no special utility.

Dropping to wing may be classed as another over-refinement. It has no special advantages, and has many distinct disadvantages. It is taught by making him drop to wing every time that a bird flushes within hearing or sight of him, and after a time by adding thereto some mild punishment if he is slow to understand or reluctant to obey. However, in this respect the amateur would best make haste slowly, very slowly, for he may by indiscreet punishment make the dog afraid of the bird, if its rise is associated with too much pain. Herein lies the cause in many instances of the serious fault called "blinking."

"Hold Up."

Hold up is the order commonly used when the trainer

desires the dog to rise from the "Drop." As it is in accord with his inclination in most instances, it is quite as easily taught as the order "Go on." A signal of the hand, accompanying the order, is understood by the puppy after he observes it a sufficient number of times. However, if he should happen to be of a sulky, malicious nature, and, consequently reluctant to obey, the spike collar may be used to enforce obedience. It is placed on his neck with a strong piece of rope attached to it. The trainer gives the order "Hold up," and if the dog refuses to obey, a light jerk on the collar or a repetition of light jerks will quickly bring him to his feet. This lesson repeated a few times will insure prompt and permanent obedience.

"Toho."

"Toho" is the order which signifies that the dog is to stop and stand still, much after the same manner that a horse is supposed to respond to the order "Whoa," though, unlike the latter, it is of no practical use. This command, if properly taught, requires a great deal of pains and labor on the part of the trainer, beside cumbering the mind of the pupil with a term and its significance having no useful purpose or application in practical field work. Theoretically, from an extremely superficial point of view, as the dog stands still when he points game, there would seem to be a most useful gain in furthering the act of pointing and backing by teaching him to stop and stand still at the word of command. In practice, teaching the term and enforcing obedience to it retard rather than advance the training of the dog.

However, the older writers earnestly set forth its importance as an essential to the dog's proper education, and made much of it accordingly. It was considered useful in teaching both pointing and backing besides being of spectacular interest at almost any time that the dog was engaged in serious work. When he was feathering near the game on which he was roading or drawing, and the sharp command "Toho" caused him to stop and stand still, it was considered that the act came near to being a point and was therefore of material assistance in teaching the real point. On the theory that the trainer teaches the dog to point, it was not inconsistent therewith, but when we consider that the trainer does not teach the dog to point and furthermore cannot so teach him, the uselessness of "Toho" is at once apparent. Nevertheless, as it was consistent with the old theories, it served a useful purpose for the older authors who were not so intent on words to express true knowledge as they were on words to fill a book.

"Toho" is a most difficult order to teach thoroughly, and still more difficult to enforce afield after it is taught. If the trainer disregards all else pertaining to training and makes a specialty of educating the dog to obey "Toho," by the time he has accomplished it he will have spent much more time and many times more effort than would be required to establish correct backing and pointing without it. Under it teacher and pupil are in a manner slaves to a worthless idea.

After it is taught with much labor and pains, there is but little opportunity to use it after the manner set forth in the older books, for out of the sum total of opportunities presented to the dog to point birds, the trainer concerning them is in profound ignorance of the proper juncture of time and place at which to order the dog to "Toho." To apply the order intelligently, the trainer must know the time and place at which the dog should make his stand, yet ordinarily he does not know where the birds are, or, indeed, whether there are any at all. If by any chance the trainer sees the birds, he seldom is able to get the dog in the right position to fit the order; but even if he succeeds in getting him to the right place, his own sight and judgment are in no sense a substitute for the dog's sense of smell and consciousness.

The meddlesome attempt to force the dog to proceed according to the trainer's thought and plans, with the incidental bawlings of "Toho, toho," etc., seldom fails to flush the birds and confuse the dog. Conditions which make all clear to the trainer's sense of sight may be conditions which do not in the least serve the dog's sense of smell. If the dog stops to the order without having scent of the birds, it is a meaningless act so far as pointing is concerned, and if he stops to order when he has scent of them, it has no more significance of a point than if the trainer attempted to do the pointing himself. Ordinarily, when on birds, the puppy pays no more attention to the command "Toho" than he does to the murmur of the gentle breezes.

If obedience is at length pounded into him—and there is no other manner of enforcing it in this connection—interest in the birds is incidentally pounded out of him. Punishment in reference to birds is a source of blinking. Nevertheless, some of the old school will stoutly maintain that dogs are beneficially assisted to point by the aid of "Toho," although dogs, as a matter of fact, have learned to point and back in spite of it.

Even for the benefits advocated for it the "drop" fulfills all requirements. Let us assume that the handler, for any good reason, desires the dog to stop roading. He gives the command or signal to "Drop," and the dog ceases at once. Being down he cannot sneak forward as he can when standing up. In either instance, by obedience to the order the dog's mind is diverted from his work, and the handler engages his attention instead. This will be more apparent by referring to the chapter on pointing, backing, etc., in this work.

If the trainer nevertheless desires to teach it, it can be made a part of the yard training, and is best done in a room or small inclosure. The trainer ties a cord to the dog's collar and walks him around, giving betimes the command "Toho," and incidentally therewith forcing him to stand still. After he stands a reasonable length of time, the trainer utters the command "Go on," or "He on," and then the walk is resumed.

Lessons in this manner should be conducted day after day till the pupil has a comprehension of the command, and after he shows some obedience to it he may be trained to stop on his dinner or pieces of food. A piece of meat may be thrown out. As he rushes eagerly for it he is ordered to "Toho." He refuses to obey as a matter of course, and the cord in the trainer's hand checks him and prevents him from seizing the meat. He is forced to stand still notwithstanding his eagerness,

and after a time he is ordered on and permitted to eat the morsel. At his regular meals he may have a similar training.

These lessons are persisted in till at length the dog will stop promptly and reliably at the command or signal as the trainer may desire. He can be taught so thoroughly that he will stop to order at every step as he advances to the dish containing his food, and can be held on the "Toho" with his nose on the food. But stopping to order on food bears no relation to a point or the purposes of a point, although it may be considered as something out of the ordinary in the way of a trick.

The arm extended at less than a right angle from the body is supposed to be the best signal to designate "Toho."

Admonitory Orders.

"Hi" and "Ware" are exclamations which as the trainer chooses may be used as a warning for the dog to desist from undesirable acts in which he is engaged, or to attract his attention to a signal. Those consisting of a single word are best.

Irregular Commands.

Long commands, such as "Come here to me, I tell you," "Look out," "What are you about?" "Why don't you hunt out that corner, you fool?" etc., should be avoided if it is within the power of the trainer to do so. However, if he must prattle or perish, it is better to prattle notwithstanding that it is detrimental to the dog's best service.

The notes of the whistle or signals used to denote certain commands, and no others, should be used invariably, and thus they will always have a fixed and definite meaning.

Sometimes the beginner, when the dog is on birds or seeking for them, will deliver a continued discourse mostly devoted to the dog's utter worthlessness, notwithstanding that the dog is but a few months old, and a novice in respect to what is correct methods or wrong methods.

Having taught the puppy the meaning of the orders "Come in" and "Go on" as the first lessons, the further special yard training may profitably rest in abeyance till the puppy is eight or ten months old. Under proper conditions he at the latter age begins to have some maturity of ideas, has become waywise if he has had proper treatment and freedom, and thus from his own powers of perception will intelligently adjust his actions to the governing circumstances of his life.

In teaching these commands one thing at a time should be the rule. By observing it, the puppy will be much more thoroughly taught and with infinitely less confusion to him than if several educational branches are all attempted at the same time.

Fetch and Seek are commands which are applicable when the dog is desired to retrieve, and will be treated fully under that head.

Connecticut Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The third annual trials of the Connecticut Field Trials Club will be run at Hampton, Conn., Nov. 7. The annual meeting will be held on the evening of Nov. 7 at Whitaker's Hotel, which is one of the best hotels for the accommodation of sportsmen to be found in the State. We request sportsmen to come visit the trials, and we sincerely hope to please every gentleman who has entered his dog for this season. We wish for prosperity and success of the club. Come with us, boys and brother sportsmen, and enjoy the outing. With the three judges selected, we hope to see on one go away dissatisfied.

Derby Entries.

Daughter Conanatus—American Kennels' b., w. and ticked English setter bitch, A. K. C. S. B. No. 55109.
Solitaire—N. Wallace's b., w. and t. English setter dog.
Lael's Monk—N. Wallace's l. and w. pointer dog.
Good Hope Clip—N. Wallace's b., w. and t. English setter bitch.
Evans' Pride—Evans Bros.' b. and w. English setter dog.
Rod's Tip—Wm. G. Comstock's b. b. setter dog.
Flora Noble II.—Wm. J. Purcell's b. and w. ticked English setter bitch.
Starr—D. A. Goodwin's b., w. and t. English setter bitch.
Pet—O. D. Redfield's b. and w. English setter bitch.
Lady—Randolph Crompton's w., b. and t. English setter bitch.
Mushkodose—F. G. Goodridge's b., w. and ticked English setter dog.
Ranger Boy—Wm. J. Purcell's b., w. and t. ticked English setter dog.

All Age Entries.

Topsy III.—Wm. J. Purcell's b., w. and t. English setter bitch.
Dash—Jesse Stewart's b. and w. English setter dog.
Rob—D. A. Goodwin's b. and w. English setter dog.
Jerry—A. A. Jacques' l. and w. English setter dog.
Count Navarre—W. M. Neubauer's b. b. setter dog.
American Boy—American Kennels' b. b. setter dog, No. 47863.
Blade's Ruby—American Kennels' b., w. and t. ticked English setter bitch, No. 51194.
Bruce—F. G. Goodridge's liv. and w. pointer dog.
Ruby and Rod—Wm. G. Comstock's b., w. and t. English setter dog, No. 45952.
Ruby and Dan—Wm. G. Comstock's b., w. and t. English setter dog, No. 45953.
Nig—W. W. B. Markham's b. English setter bitch.
Prince—J. S. Merchant's r. and w. English setter dog.
Good Hope Nellie—N. Wallace's w. and b. English setter bitch.
Glen Noble—N. Wallace's w. and b. English setter dog.
Good Hope Maid—N. Wallace's l. and w. pointer bitch.
Montel, Jr.—H. L. Keyes' b., w. and t. English setter dog.

Mr. Wm. G. Comstock names Doll Gladstone for the Membership Stake, which is to be arranged for at the meeting.

The judges are: John C. Chamberlin, Bridgeport, Conn.; Ransom T. Hewitt, South Wethersfield, Conn.; Joseph G. Lane, Hartford, Conn.
JOHN E. BASSETT, Sec'y and Treas.,
P. O. Box 603, New Haven, Conn.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. C. T. Brownell, of New Bedford, Mass., writes as follows: "One of the cleverest breakers in this part of the State, Mr. Chas. H. Babcock, has accepted a position as handler for Mr. W. W. Van Arsdale, of McCloud, Cal. You no doubt will hear from him later connected with the south California field trials. He has been connected as handler for the Mt. Pleasant Gordon Kennels for a number of years."

Gananoque.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

Commodore, C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION

Vice-Com., Henry M. Dater, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rear-Com., H. D. Hewitt, Burlington, N. J.
Purser, Joseph F. Eastmond, 199 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Dr. C. R. Henry, Perry, N. Y.
Purser, Lyman P. Hubbell, Buffalo, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.
Rear-Com., C. M. Lamprey, Lawrence, Mass.
Purser, A. E. Kimberly, Lawrence Experimental Station, Lawrence, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., G. A. Howell, Toronto, Can.
Rear-Com., R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ontario, Can.
Purser, R. Norman Brown, Toronto, Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

American Canoe Association.

Annual Meeting of the Executive Committee.

GANANOQUE, SATURDAY, OCT. 20.

WHAT has proved to be a very important meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association was held at Gananoque, Canada, the home of Com. C. E. Britton, on Saturday, Oct. 20. This point was selected as being within the Northern Division and in the vicinity within which the next annual meet will be held, so that the committee could make a personal examination of sites. The location was not a convenient one at this season of the year, when the summer travel to the St. Lawrence River is ended, either for the Canadians or Americans. The members from New York and the East could reach Clayton only at noon, instead of 6 A. M., as in summer, so that it was 3 P. M. before they had crossed the river to Gananoque. At the same time, the distance from the West and even from Toronto was a serious drawback to many members. The Executive Committee for 1900-1 is made up as follows:

Com., C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Canada.
*Sec'y-Treas., Herb Begg, Toronto, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

*Vice-Com., Henry M. Dater, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Hobart D. Hewitt, Burlington, N. J.
*Purser, Joseph F. Eastmond, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Executive Committee—*L. W. Seavey, New York city; H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.; *Maurice D. Wilt, Philadelphia, Pa.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Dr. C. R. Hervey, Perry, N. Y.
Purser, Lyman P. Hubbell, Buffalo, N. Y.
Executive Committee—*John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.; Frederic G. Mather, Albany, N. Y.; Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

*Vice-Com., Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.
Rear-Com., Chas. M. Lamprey, Lawrence, Mass.
Purser, A. E. Kimberly, Lawrence, Mass.
Executive Committee—A. V. Coulson, Worcester, Mass.; F. H. French, Boston, Mass.; Chas. F. Dodge, Dorchester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., George A. Howell, Toronto, Canada.
*Rear-Com., R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Canada.
*Purser, P. Norman Brown, Toronto, Canada.
Executive Committee—*Walter J. English, Peterboro, Canada; E. D. McNeill, Ottawa, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

*Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
*Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, F. T. Barcroft, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee—O. A. Woodruff, Dayton, O.; S. B. Lafferty, Davenport, O.

Those present are marked thus *. The proxies were: For Rear-Com. Hewitt, H. C. Allen; for H. L. Quick, H. C. Smythe; for Vice-Com. Howell, H. R. Tilley. Ex-Com. W. G. MacKendrick, J. N. MacKendrick and R. J. Wilkin, the latter president of the Board of Governors, were also present.

Com. Britton was ill in bed and unable to attend the meeting, so Vice-Com. Burns presided in his place. The meeting was called to order at 2 P. M., with Herb Begg as secretary, no successor to him having been elected at the meet.

Board of Governors' Annual Report.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 3.—The board of governors, since the last report to the executive committee, have held two meetings—one at Toronto, Oct. 27, 1899, and one at the A. C. A. camp in Muskoka, Canada, Aug. 13, 1900.

At the meeting in Toronto, the report showed a balance in the treasury of \$1,355.50, an increase from the year before of \$183.01.

At that meeting also the following resolution was carried:

"Whereas, The board of governors estimate the probable receipts of the secretary-treasurer for 1900 to be as follows:

Atlantic Division.....	\$60.00
Central Division.....	60.00
Eastern Division.....	85.00
Northern Division.....	125.00
Western Division.....	30.00
Camp dues.....	100.00
Total	\$460.00

"Resolved, That the commodore may expend 90 per cent. of this amount for all expenses of the year, including committee and other expenses, and he shall pay the 10 per cent. remaining to the board of governors. In the event of his general receipts being in excess of this estimated amount, he may expend all of said excess as he may deem best for the interest of the Association.

In case the receipts from all sources do not amount to said estimated figure, viz., \$460, or if in his judgment an exigency exists requiring an expenditure that would exceed such apportionment or allowance, he shall, before incurring the same, obtain the consent of the board of governors in writing."

At the meeting held at camp, the Central Division notified the board that Mr. W. R. Huntington, of Rome, was elected a member of the board from that Division, in place of Mr. C. V. Winne.

At the same meeting the president was re-elected, and Mr. W. R. Huntington was elected recorder, vice Mr. C. V. Winne—term expired.

Communication was received by the board in October, 1899, being an appeal from the decision of the regatta committee, but the board unanimously decided they could not go into the particulars of the appeal; that Section V. of the "Duties of the Board of Governors" limits the power of the board to the hearing of disputes when referred to them by the executive committee, and therefore this appeal from a private member of the Association could not be considered.

Attached to this report will be found the financial statement, from which it will be discovered that the provisions of the resolution passed at the Toronto meeting have not been carried into effect, as the 10 per cent. that the commodore was to pay to the reserve fund has not been as yet received.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

(Signed) ROBERT J. WILKIN,
Pres. Board of Governors, A. C. A.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 4, 1900.
The board of governors, in account with the American Canoe Association:
1899.
Oct. 1, balance Brooklyn Savings Bank.....\$1,355.50
1900.
July 1, interest accrued.....46.55

Oct. 1, balance Brooklyn Savings Bank.....\$1,402.05
Respectfully submitted, ROBERT J. WILKIN, Pres.
Audited and found correct—Henry M. Dater.

Secretary-Treasurer's Report.

TORONTO, Oct. 18.—To the Executive Committee of the American Association: I present herewith my report of receipts and disbursements for 1899 and 1900:

Receipts.	
Atlantic Division.....	\$71.40
Central Division.....	64.50
Eastern Division.....	124.90
Northern Division.....	151.93
Western Division.....	16.80
Rent of House.....	125.00
Camp dues.....	171.00
Rent of camp outfits.....	500.55
Receipts from sale of Muskoka cards.....	7.00
Rent of ground, John McKendrick.....	7.00
Proceeds of Bala and Lake Rosseau excursion.....	51.75
Proceeds of Lake Joseph excursion.....	13.25
Code books sold.....	.20
Collection for fireworks.....	45.75
Sale of lumber.....	108.00
Sale of sundry articles—flag pole, lemons, ham-mocks, candles, lanterns, tub, glasses, tent and megaphone.....	26.59
Rent of camp store.....	25.00
Proceeds of Year Book.....	881.68
Sale of Pins.....	170.32
Due from Atlantic Division.....	10.20
Total.....	\$2,573.32
Expenditures.	
Office expenses.....	\$78.81
General expenses.....	118.13
Camp site expenses.....	1,159.04
Regatta committee.....	268.39
Entertainment.....	179.22
Printing and stationery.....	102.29
Signal officer.....	33.32
Camp surgeon.....	10.75
Pins.....	169.05
Year Book.....	454.32
Total.....	\$2,573.32

Up to date I have not received the report of the Western Division. From the report of the Atlantic Division I find the Association is entitled to \$10.20, as the Purser has only remitted for 1900 dues, and not for initiation fees and back dues collected during the year.

I regret having to report our inability to save the \$46 which should be due the Board of Governors to add to their surplus.

I had anticipated having a surplus, which, however, was dispelled by an excess of expenditure on camp site of a considerable amount over the original estimate. The regatta was also a source of considerable expenditure.

The receipts of the Northern Division took an unexpected decline over those of last year by some \$200, due, no doubt, to the formation of the Canadian Canoe Association, which absorbed a large number of our Eastern men, and also the camp dues were not up to the expectation.

During the year I have enrolled 190 new members. The Year Book, edited and published by the Commodore and Secretary-Treasurer, was a source of considerable revenue.

Respectfully submitted,

HERB BEGG, Sec'y-Treas. A. C. A.

Audited and found correct,

Pursers' Reports.

Atlantic Division.

Receipts.	
Balance from purser, 1899.....	\$157.28
Dues, 1896.....	1.00
Dues, 1897.....	1.00
Dues, 1898.....	1.00
Dues, 1899.....	5.00
Dues, 1900.....	238.00
Initiation fees.....	26.00
Total.....	\$429.28
Expenditures.	
Stationery, printing and postage.....	\$145.00
Division meet net expenses.....	123.69
A. C. A., 30 per cent.....	71.40
Atlantic Division dinner.....	37.15
Transportation A. C. A. meet, 1899.....	27.05
Transportation A. C. A. meet, 1900.....	4.00
Balance Oct. 1, 1900.....	20.99
Total.....	\$429.28
Membership.	
Membership Oct. 1, 1899.....	229
New members, 1900.....	25
Total.....	255
Resigned.....	7
Dropped.....	26
Total.....	33
Membership Oct. 1, 1900.....	222
(Signed) A. H. Woods, Purser.	

Central Division.

Receipts.	
Balance from purser, 1899.....	\$365.70
Dues, 1898.....	6.00
Dues, 1899.....	25.00
Dues, 1900.....	164.00
Initiation fees.....	20.00
Interest on deposit.....	5.05
Total.....	\$585.75
Expenditures.	
Express charges on books and trophies.....	\$3.05
Collection charges on checks.....	3.85
Postage.....	18.52
Postage on Year Books.....	10.35
Stationery.....	21.19
Printing.....	5.35
Trophy.....	7.50
Bag and engraving trophy.....	2.75
Paid to Forbush account Western Division.....	100.00
Paid to Forbush balance, 1899.....	21.96
New ledger.....	5.75
Paid to A. C. A. purser 30 per cent. of receipts.....	64.50
Expense of Division meet.....	170.85
Balance Oct. 1.....	150.12
Total.....	\$585.75
Membership.	
New members elected 1900.....	20
Membership Oct. 1, 1900.....	165
In reporting membership of Central Division as 165 on Oct. 1 I only report such members who have paid the 1900 dues. Having sent several notices to all delinquent members and receiving no replies their names have been dropped from membership roll in accordance with constitution, Article 1, Section 2.	
(Signed) C. F. WOLTERS, Purser.	
Audited and found correct—Isaac Stern, H. C. Hoyt.	

Northern Division.

Receipts.	
Balance from purser.....	\$291.62
Yearly dues, 1900.....	149.00
Initiation fees.....	46.00
Total.....	\$486.62
Expenditures.	
Printing and stationery.....	\$15.65
Postage.....	11.42
Postage on Year Books.....	13.25
Express and cartage.....	2.50
Exchange.....	.25
Herb Begg, Sec'y-Treas. A. C. A.....	151.93
Total.....	\$195.00
Balance on hand.....	\$291.62
Membership.	
Membership Oct. 8, 1900.....	149
(Signed) J. E. CUNNINGHAM, Purser.	
Audited and found correct—R. Easton Burns, No. 2007; W. H. Macnee, No. 2297.	

Eastern Division.

Receipts.	
Balance from W. W. Crosby.....	\$79.86
Dues, 1899.....	6.00
Dues, 1900.....	328.00
Initiation fees.....	82.00
Total.....	\$495.86
Expenditures.	
Expenses executive committee to meetings.....	\$35.50
Stationery, printing, postage.....	65.91
Thirty per cent. collection.....	124.80
Prizes, Division meet.....	63.00
Expenses of meet.....	\$206.05
Less amount collected.....	160.85
Total.....	\$45.20
Subscription to FOREST AND STREAM.....	3.00
Postage and express on Year Books.....	16.35
Expense of Division at Muskoka.....	2.00
Balance.....	137.10
Total.....	\$495.86
Membership.	
Membership Oct. 1, 1899.....	320
New Members, 1900.....	82
Reinstated.....	23
Total.....	425
Resigned.....	9
Died.....	1
Transferred.....	1
Dropped.....	86
Total.....	97
Membership Oct. 1, 1900.....	328
(Signed) FRED COULSON, Purser, E. D. A. C. A.	

Report of Camp Site Committee.

In submitting this report, your committee beg particularly to call attention to the total disbursements of \$1,159.04, and total receipts of \$748.09, showing a deficit of \$410.95.

This deficit is chiefly the result of your committee endeavoring to have the charges for camp supplies at the very lowest possible rate, owing to a considerable outlay in the way of mileage, etc., the members would be put to; but in arranging the scale of prices, certainly did not expect to have a greater deficit than \$100 or \$150.

Now as the only remedy for preventing any disaster of this nature in the future, your committee strongly suggests the advisability of the members bringing their own camp supplies, such as tents, beds, chairs, etc., and limit the responsibility of the Camp Site Committee to furnishing labor and lumber for floors, etc., or in lieu of this the Association have a permanent camp site.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

R. OSLER WADE,

Chairman Toronto C. S. C.

Toronto, Ont., Oct. 19, 1900.

Detailed statement of expenditures as per Secretary-Treasurer:

Expenditures.	
R. O. Wade, sundries, telegrams, etc.....	\$4.67
John Baillie, labor.....	16.00
Mack Gordon, labor.....	12.00
Rice Lewis & Co., sundries as per account.....	2.90

Mickle and Dymont, lumber.....	177.00
N. McCully, labor.....	2.63
Mack Gordon, labor.....	18.00
Geo. McCully, labor.....	6.10
Geo. McCully, labor.....	18.70
A. Chambers, blacksmithing.....	.75
M. Tobin, wood.....	4.00
R. Baillie, labor.....	30.70
R. Foreman, labor.....	4.43
Mack Gordon, labor.....	8.00
E. Davidson, labor.....	13.20
R. Baillie, labor.....	13.20
C. McCully, labor.....	14.10
E. Davidson, labor.....	16.60
M. McCully, labor.....	2.63
O. Stubbs, labor.....	4.43
Rathbun Co., lumber and switching cars.....	4.40
Toilet paper.....	3.75
Disinfectant.....	7.00
Telegrams at camp as per Hanna's account.....	1.09
Express account at camp as per Hanna's account.....	11.75
Hanna & Co., account at camp.....	26.00
G. R. R. Cockburn, rent of house.....	350.00
Pike & Co., rent of tents.....	186.75
Pike & Co., rent of beds, etc.....	87.30
Mrs. E. C. Wallace, lumber.....	35.00
Turner & Co., tents.....	30.10
W. G. MacKendrick, sundry accounts.....	30.39
Muskoka Navigation Co., freighting as per account.....	9.17
E. Davidson, labor.....	6.30

Receipts.

Rent of outfits.....	\$500.55
Rent of house.....	125.00
Sale of lumber.....	108.00
Sale of flag pole.....	1.50
Refund on candles.....	2.04
Refund on lanterns.....	3.00
Sale of megaphone.....	2.00
Sale of tent.....	6.00
Total.....	\$748.09

Audited and found correct—H. Madeau.

H. MADEAU.

Report of the Regatta Committee.

The Regatta Committee beg to submit the following results of the races held at the meet in Muskoka, August, 1900. (The record has already appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM.)

The following amendments to the Racing Regulations have been proposed and are presented for the consideration of the Executive Committee. (See FOREST AND STREAM, Oct. 6.)

The proposals are so numerous that a summary has been made which accompanies this report, and we recommend the adoption of all Mr. Dater's amendments except as to abolishing the sliding seat; of all Mr. Moore's except that regarding large cockpits and the carrying of double blade paddles, these being indefinite and unnecessary; of Mr. Quick's proposal in regard to practical hoisting and lowering rig; of all Mr. Smythe's except where he would limit the sail area to 75ft. Mr. Wilt's amendments are not indorsed except that to abolish the appeal to the executive, and then only in case the proposal to substitute an elected racing board for the Regatta Committee be adopted.

It is suggested that the number of races be materially reduced—say to twenty—in order to lessen the expense for prizes, and because of the lack of interest taken in many of the events.

R. EASTON BURNS, Chairman.

Detailed statement of disbursements by Secretary-Treasurer on Regatta Committee account:

July.	12. Express on trophies Gananoque to Toronto..	\$0.70
	18. Express on stand for trophy, Buffalo to Toronto.....	.41
	20. Two signs re exhibition of prizes.....	1.50
	28. One sign re exhibition of prizes.....	.25
August.	1. Shells for cannon.....	6.25
	2. Racing numbers.....	7.00
	3. Express on trophies Toronto to camp.....	.55
	9. Express on prizes and additional trophies.....	2.50
	9. Rope for buoys.....	.75
	10. Twenty-four sheets of tin for buoys.....	2.15
	13. One fish pole.....	.20
	15. Five fish poles (for tilting).....	.85
September.	— Express on prizes to Bloomfield, Hamilton..	.35
August.	21. Telegram to McNeil, Ottawa.....	.32
July.	21. Express on trophies camp to Toronto.....	1.25
August.	19. Express on two shields to Ottawa.....	.35
	— Express on McCaskell's shield from Montreal.....	.50
March.	28. Telegrams.....	.70
March.	29. Surveying course.....	2.00
	— Roden Brothers, prize shields.....	230.50
August.	— Entry blanks.....	1.50
October.	16. Engraving on paddling trophy.....	1.11
Total.....		\$268.39

The reports of officers and committees were read, the reports of the pursers of the Northern, Atlantic and Western divisions being returned for corrections. No candidate for Secretary-Treasurer being available, Mr. Herb Begg was re-elected, with a salary of \$200 per year.

The Regatta Committee's report was received and accepted, and on motion by Mr. Dater, seconded by Mr. Wilkin, the meeting proceeded to a discussion of the various proposed changes in the racing rules and regulations as published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

The following motion by Mr. Dater, seconded by Mr. Wilt, was carried, viz.: "Amend Rule No. 1 of the Racing Regulations by adding after the word, 'canoes' at the end of the paragraph therein contained, entitled 'Dimensions and Limitations—Sailing,' the following: 'No fixed rudder shall be used, and all drop rudders must be so constructed and fitted that the same when drawn up shall not project below a fair line along the keel.'" To further amend Rule 1 by adding to the above paragraph and after the said change the following: "In all sailing and combined races no rig other than a practical hoisting and lowering rig shall be used." This motion was proposed by Mr. Dater and seconded by Mr. Wilkin and was carried.

Motion by Mr. Dater, seconded by Mr. Wilkin, "That Rule No. 1 be amended by adding to the last mentioned paragraph and after the above two changes the words, 'No deck sliding seat shall be used in any race,'" was carried. Mr. Wilt, seconded by Mr. Allen, made the following amendment to the motion, which, however, was lost, viz.: "No deck sliding seat of a length greater than the beam of the canoe be used." An amendment to the above amendment, as follows, was lost, viz., moved by Mr. Smythe, seconded by Mr. Wilkin, "That no deck sliding seat of a greater length than 4ft. 6in. be used."

The following motion by Mr. Wilt, seconded by Mr.

Allen, was carried, viz.: "To amend Rule 1 by adding 'All decked sailing canoes shall have cockpit not less than 6ft. between bulkheads, with a ceiling not less than 4ft. 6in. long by 16in. width.' A motion by Mr. Burns, seconded by Mr. Seavey, that Rule No. 22 of racing regulations be amended as follows, was lost: 'A canoe must use the same suit of sails in all races held at any one meet, these sails to be a practical hoisting and lowering rig, and must not exceed in area 110 sq. ft. for a decked canoe and 40 sq. ft. for an open canoe.'"

The following motion by Mr. English, seconded by Mr. Wilt, was carried: "A canoe must use the same set of sails in all races at any one meet. Exception to be made in case of accident, by the Regatta Committee."

On motion by Mr. Tilley, seconded by Mr. Seavey, that Rule 7 be amended, "and must not exceed 60ft. for an open canoe," was carried.

On motion by Mr. Allen, seconded by Mr. Wilt, that "130 sq. ft. be the limit for decked canoes," was carried.

On motion by Mr. Tilley, seconded by Mr. Allen, the following amendment to Article 22, Rule No. 1, paragraph entitled "Dimensions and Limitation," after the sentence, "Leeboards may be carried by canoes not having centerboards," adding the following, "The minimum weight of a decked sailing canoe, exclusive of centerboard and steering gear, shall be 85lbs.," was carried.

On motion by Mr. Tilley, seconded by Mr. Wilt, the following amendment to Rule 5 was carried, viz.: "Amend the first paragraph to read as follows, 'Prizes shall be given as follows' (instead of flags shall be given as follows), and amend Paragraphs 2 and 3 by leaving them out entirely and substituting the following: 'Prizes shall consist of shields or some lasting memento with the event, the letters A. C. A., the year expressed in four figures, the place of the meet and the words 'first prize or second prize' expressed thereon. The prizes for any one meet shall be uniform in shape and design. Prizes donated for special races or competitions may be accepted at the discretion of the Regatta Committee. No prizes of money shall be raced for. All prizes not awarded shall be destroyed by the Regatta Committee. Flags shall be given for the paddling and sailing trophy in addition to regular prizes.'"

On motion by Mr. Wilt, seconded by Mr. Allen, Rule 5, Paragraph 4, was amended as follows, viz.: After the words "No. 1 paddling and sailing combined" insert the words "three miles, time limit one and one-half hours," after the words "No. 2, paddling," insert the words "one-half mile straightaway." After the words "No. 3, sailing," insert the words "four and one-half miles, time limit two and one-half hours." Paragraph 5 add the words "limited to 75ft." Paragraph 7, omit the words, "The contestant obtaining the highest aggregate of points becomes the leading honor man for the year," and insert instead these words, "There shall be a free-for-all sailing race, six miles, time limit two and one-half hours. A one-half mile paddling race, single blade. A one-half mile paddling race, double blade. A one-half mile tandem paddling race, single blades. A one-half mile fours paddling race, single blades. A one-half mile paddling race, double blades, tandem. A one-half mile race, fours, double blades." Insert after the words "paddling trophy" the words "one mile straightaway." Add to this paragraph the following words, "The Dolphin trophy, seven and one-half mile consolation sailing race, open only to the losers in the trophy race, shall be called if there are two or more entries." Paragraph 8 omit entirely and insert instead these words, "Accredited representatives of foreign clubs shall be eligible to start in all races."

Add the following sentence at the end of Rule 5: "At least one-half of all the paddling races shall be straightaway." Rule 9, Paragraph 2, amend by omitting all of the paragraph after the word "protest" on the fourth line, and substitute the words, "and a decision of a majority of the members present shall be final." Add to the last paragraph of Rule 9 the sentence, "No man shall contest in any race until he has been two days in camp, except in war canoe races, except by special permission of the Regatta Committee."

A motion by Mr. Smythe, seconded by Mr. Dater, "That a movable canvas bag cockpit not exceeding 4ft. in length may be used in sailing races," was carried.

A motion by Mr. Burns, seconded by Mr. Brown, "That it is the sense of the meeting that the chairman of the incoming Regatta Committee limit his races to a number not exceeding twenty," Carried.

A motion by Mr. Wilt, seconded by Mr. Smythe, "That it is the sense of this meeting that the Association buy or obtain control of a permanent camp site on the St. Lawrence River for the occasional use of the Association, and a committee of three be appointed to look for one and report to the Board of Governors as soon as possible," was carried. The committee appointed consisted of the present Commodore, C. E. Britton, J. N. MacKendrick and R. E. Burns.

The date for the 1901 meet was set for Aug. 9 to 23.

Com. T. H. B. Bartlev and Vice-Com. Percy Nisbet, British C. A., were elected honorary members.

As there was not the required quorum present, the amendments to the constitution could not be acted on. It was late on Saturday night before the business meeting was over. On Sunday the committee visited Sugar Island and other possible sites for the next meet, but no final decision was made.

Canadian Canoe Association.

THE Canadian Canoe Association was formed but a few months ago, and is now one of the strongest associations in Canada. For several years canoeing has been booming in the country, but it was noticed by those who followed this sport that organization was lacking, and that there was need of a body to govern the regattas and meets held by the different clubs throughout Canada.

With this end in view, representatives of nine of the strongest clubs in Canada met in Brockville last April and launched the new Association under the above name. Since that time the organization has done a great deal to help canoeing, and the outlook for next summer's meet is very encouraging.

The Association elected the following officers: Com., E. A. Black, Ottawa C. C.; Rear-Com., C. A. McNaughton, Brockville Rowing Club; Hon. Sec'y-Treas., E. R. McNeil, Britannia Boating Club.

The first annual meet was held at Brockville under the auspices of the B. A. A. A. on Saturday, Aug. 4. Excursions were run on all steamboat and railroad lines connecting with Brockville, and it is safe to say that the number of visitors at Brockville that day far outnumbered the attendance at any demonstration held there for years.

The officers at the Regatta were as follows: Umpire, E. A. Black; Judge, Wm. Percival; Assistant, Andrew Davie; Timekeepers, F. B. Steacy, H. B. Coates; Clerks of the Course, C. A. McNaughton, H. S. Seaman. The day was warm and an ideal one for both spectators and paddlers.

The chief event on the programme was the half-mile war canoe race for the championship of Canada. The race was very exciting from start to finish. Six canoes entered and finished in the following order: First, Bohemian A. A. A.; second, Britannia Boating Club; third, Ottawa C. C.; fourth, Carleton Place C. C.; fifth, Brockville Rowing Club; sixth, Y. M. C. A. of Brockville.

The crews got away all together, and it was hard to pick the likely crew until a few yards from the finish, when it was seen that the Bohemian and Britannia canoes, driven by crews of fifteen of the best paddlers that have ever been entered in a war canoe race, were fighting hard for first place. The Britannias, from a spectator's point of view, crossed the line first, but the judge's boat had drifted down stream, which gave the Britannias a few feet more to paddle. This gave the event to the Bohemians, who paddled a splendid race. The Bohemians are now champions of Canada.

The fours championship race was won by the Grand Trunk crew, with the Ottawa C. C. second and Britannia Boating Club third. The Kingston Y. C. was represented by a four. Carleton Place also entered a crew. The distance between the first three crews could be measured by inches, the finish was so close. The championship tandem fell to the Ottawa C. C., J. Maingy and Holly Clayton carrying off the honors. Grand Trunk took second place, with Kingston third.

The single blade also fell to the Ottawa C. C., H. B. Cowan crossing the line first. A great deal of dissatisfaction was expressed by the paddlers in this event. The spectators in rowboats and sailing boats, canoes and skiffs interfered with the paddlers, and it was impossible for the men paddling to see where they were going. The race was protested, but the judges gave the race to Cowan.

E. H. Pulford, of the Britannia Boating Club, won the double blade single. Pulford put up a strong race and won easily. The entries were of Carleton Place, Ottawa C. C. and Grand Trunk Boating Club.

THE many friends of Mr. Louis H. May, of the New York C. C., will be interested in the news of his marriage on Oct. 17 to Miss Clara Britton, daughter of B. M. Britton, M. P., of Kingston, Canada.

Yachting.

THERE is an eloquent commentary on the present advanced methods of design in the resolution of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, to the effect that it is opposed to ties and loose turnbuckles by which, after measurement, a yacht may be lengthened on the waterline. To what extent such a practice, as low and despicable as shifting ballast, prevails in yachting, we are not aware, but the following, from the Boston Globe, indicates that it exists:

The other question which was brought up is of special interest to racing men of the smaller classes, and the smaller classes are by no means the least important among the racers. It was voted that it be the sense of the meeting that the association is opposed to any adjustable trusses or other similar contrivances which temporarily shorten the waterline length of boats, and that it is in favor of measures which will prohibit them. This means that an amendment or a new law will be proposed which will compel the sealing up of turnbuckles after a boat has been officially measured.

Everybody knows that many of the yachts in the unrestricted classes are strengthened by longitudinal trusses, or struts, which are set up with turnbuckles. It is also known that such boats have gained rapidly in waterline length, after having passed the measurer's hands, but it is not positively known whether the gain has been caused by the great strain on the boat, when under sail, untwisting the turnbuckles, or whether said turnbuckles received human aid in their revolutions. With a law compelling the turnbuckles to be sealed there will be no such uncertainty. It will be better for the boats, too, for the ends will be more rigid on account of the turnbuckles being immovable.

The Y. R. A. of Massachusetts is no more to blame in this matter than other associations and clubs, but it is a disgrace to yachting that such a state of affairs should exist, and that so gross an evil should be patched up in such a childish manner. If the associations and clubs with whom rests the responsibility for yachting legislation had either the authority or the intelligence which alone can justify the positions they hold, the use of wire stays and turnbuckles to hold up the ends, whether in the Herreshoff 70-footers or the Quincy and Seawanhaka cup racers, would be made unnecessary by such plain organic measurement rules and scantling restrictions as would wipe out the whole fleet of flimsy traps, little and big, and bar all yachts not designed to a rule which would rate every factor at its true value, and built in a manner that would make them at least safe and seaworthy for their first season.

It is a sad fact that the whole tendency of yachting authority, both legislative and executive, is to shirk all principles and broad issues and to trifle over petty and insignificant details, the result being that yachtsmen neither know nor respect the vital principles of yacht

racing. It may be the fault of no one in particular that there is no good measurement rule in use in this country to-day, and no prospect of the speedy adoption of one; though it is little to the credit of the yachting bodies that such a state of affairs exists. Taking the rules as they are printed, however, they are not even enforced. If every yacht club, the New York Y. C. above all as the leading one, would refuse to time every yacht whose measurement certificate is not in the hands of the race committee before the start, no matter whom the owner may be, one fruitful source of trouble would be disposed of forever. Had the larger clubs followed the rules in their books and refused to accept the entries of the 70-footers until they were officially measured by the rules, the miserable business of Rainbow's ballast would have been impossible. There is to-day too much special, hasty and foolish legislation in yachting, and too little that is deliberate, wise and effective.

WHILE there has always been a question as to the respective merits of the system of spar measurement originated and used as a part of the Seawanhaka rule, and the system of the British Y. R. A. of measurement from the sails in the case of large yachts of the cutter or schooner rig, in the smaller classes some system of actual sail measurement seems to be necessary, owing to the diversity of rigs and the absence of topmast and jib topsails. Since the beginning of the small racing in the Spruce-Ethelwyn match of 1895, various methods of measuring the headsail have been tried, all more or less failures. This season a palpable evasion of the spirit of the rule has been practiced in Eastern waters, certain yachts being measured with legitimate "working jibs" of small areas, and then carrying much larger jibs to windward. This may not always be an advantage—in fact we believe that in most cases it is better to have too small a jib than too large; but the practice has given rise to disputes and uncertainty. It is now proposed to number every jib plainly and make a record of the one officially measured as the largest which may be carried close-hauled.

The British Y. R. A. method, of measuring the entire head triangle has been in use since 1887, and with some small changes of detail has answered most satisfactorily, avoiding all the disputes, uncertainty and frequent amendment which has been necessary in the case of the Seawanhaka cup and other races. Whatever objections may be urged to it, there are the plain positive merits of simplicity, easy measurement and speedy and accurate verification; with the impossibility of evasion. By this rule the head triangle is limited by three points, the end of bowsprit where cut by the line of the foremost headsail; the corresponding intersection of the same line with the mast or topmast head; and the deck at the fore side of mast. Any excess of spinnaker boom beyond the forward point of measurement must be added to the baseline. While this rule might at the start bear hard on some particular sail plans, the rule as a whole encourages a good sail plan, though it limits the spinnaker.

SOME months ago the Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. pointed out what it believed to be a fatal defect in one of the most important of the racing rules of the road, that securing the rights of the starboard tack. If the committee is correct in its reasoning this rule is now a dead letter, and any man who claims the right of way because he is on the starboard tack does so at his own risk. While a very trivial and unimportant rule has since been taken up and amended, nothing whatever has been done to amend and strengthen this rule, of port and starboard tack, omitting the expression "close-hauled" and substituting "on the wind" or some similar phrase. The matter is a vital one, and if neglected there will be trouble sooner or later.

THE recent victory of the keel sloop Flirt in her match with the centerboard Early Dawn, following the many victories over the best centerboards in the class during the past season, is most interesting in connection with the question of type, as involved in the races of the 35ft. L. R. class on the lakes. While Early Dawn and Little Peter are of the same type as Genesee, shoal and wide centerboard boats, Flirt is not only similar in type to Beaver but very much the same in form of hull, the main difference being that her fin is more cut away, and she has a balanced rudder, whereas that of Beaver is hung on a straight sternpost, with a moderate rake. In the 25ft. class on Boston Bay the question of rig has been eliminated, all the yachts, whether keel or centerboard, carrying much the same rig in areas and proportions, a relatively large area of mainsail disposed of on a short boom, with great hoist and high peak. In the 35ft. class on the lakes a great difference in rig is found, some of the yachts having the full cutter rig, with pole topmast and big club topsails, some, like Beaver and Minota, having the sloop rig, but with the mast aft and relatively large jib, while only Genesee has the Boston rig. Whatever the case may be in general use about the lakes, for such light weather racing as has been done in all the important contests of 1899 and 1900 the Boston rig is clearly the best. Since the Canada cup races of last year we have held that her rig has been a very material factor in the success of Genesee against both Beaver and Minota, and that with the same sail plans on the two the keel boat would win the majority of races, even in light weather. The sail plan of Flirt shows 82 per cent. of the total area in the mainsail, while that of Minota shows but 72 per cent.

The battle of the types about Boston has been on a much more even basis than on the lakes. There have been more boats and more races. All concerned have profited by an equal amount of local knowledge, and the sail plans and sail making have been practically the same on all the boats. Under these conditions the keel type has won fairly and squarely.

SHAMROCK I. was docked at Greenock on Oct. 26 to be repaired and fitted for early racing next season.

THE Field of Oct. 27 comments as follows on the

perpetuation of the useless and harmful goft. class through another international match:

"The second challenge of Sir Thomas Lipton for the America Cup attracts an immense amount of attention in certain circles. Although the conditions of these races are regarded by yachtsmen as far from satisfactory, the much advertised international event has a strange fascination for the public. In the present instance neither the challenger nor the defender, which will be a second edition of Columbia, will be a vessel of the type which experienced yachtsmen consider suitable for racing in American or British waters.

"Shamrock, though she cost many thousands of pounds to construct, under British rules is really not worth the price of her lead. The amount of money thrown away in turning out a yacht of Shamrock's type is probably of little moment to the owner of a modern Cup challenger or defender, but the wasted energy expended in designing and building vessels of this kind is an irretrievable loss to the science of yacht architecture.

"The purity of yacht racing is the boast of every Corinthian sailor, but so long as the America Cup racing is carried on for purposes other than the love of sport and the encouraging of yacht designing, it can never be regarded as one of the best phases of yacht racing. The America Cup competed for by unwieldy machines such as Columbia and Shamrock has ceased to command the good wishes of yachtsmen that Sir Richard Sutton carried when he took Genesta to Sandy Hook."

The America Cup.

ON Oct. 22 a meeting of the Cup Committee of the New York Y. C. was held at the club house to consider the following cable from Sir Thomas Lipton:

London, Oct. 18.—Oddie, Secretary New York Yacht Club:—Many thanks kind telegrams to myself and Kelly. Very willing to meet you on point proposed, but is not 1 o'clock late enough, especially as I consider it would be better to revert to original six-hour limit, the shortening of which to five and a half hours at my request was productive of at least one abortive race on last occasion? Regarding private agreement as to accidents, I agree to this as before. Kindly wire if you approve.

LIPTON.

After discussion the committee decided that no race should be started later than 1 P. M., but declined to extend the time limit beyond five and one-half hours, as in the match of 1899. The following reply was sent:

New York, Oct. 22.—Lipton, London:—The committee adheres to five hours and a half for time limit for races, as in conditions of last match, and accepts, as you request, 1 o'clock as limit of time for starting. Is this satisfactory?

ODDIE, Secretary.

At the general meeting of the New York Y. C. on Oct. 25, Com. Ledyard made the announcement that a yacht would be built to represent the club in the defense of the Cup, but gave no information as to the ownership or other details. Thus far there is no reason to believe that the plans of the two parties, for the challenge and the defense, are known outside of those immediately interested: Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. Watson, Capt. Sycamore and probably Henderson & Co., the ship and yacht builders, and on this side Mr. Herreshoff, the officers of the New York Y. C. and a small party of yachtsmen, who will be intimately associated with the new boat. The positive statements and exclusive information which are published every day are utterly unreliable, and much of it all is obviously but random guesswork. It is reported on the authority of a Glasgow paper that the challenger will be built by Denny & Bros., of Dumbarton, Scotland, the noted ship builders. As this firm is entirely without experience in yacht construction, it is most unlikely that Mr. Watson will imitate the unsuccessful experiment tried in Shamrock, deserting a firm which has turned out such magnificent specimens of yacht construction as Thistle, Genesta, Britannia, Valkyrie II., Valkyrie III., Queen Mab, Caress, Meteor II., Distant Shore, Gleniffer, Rainbow and Sybarita, with other sailing and steam yachts, for one whose work is radically different. The Denny rumor looks like a clumsy guess, based on a previous report, which is probably true, that Mr. Watson has been experimenting for some time with models of a goft. cutter in the experimental tank which this firm maintains as a part of its shipbuilding plant. In the same dispatch it is actually stated as a piece of news worth cabling across the ocean, that the new boat is known in the Denny yard by a number and not by the name Shamrock II.; as though any vessel in a large yard was ever known other than by her yard number before the work of construction was well under way.

As to the material for the challenger, there is a wide field for guesswork, as only those in close touch with the subject of modern materials and methods of construction, such as Mr. Herreshoff, Mr. Watson and Mr. Fife, are in any way competent to express opinions. It may be said in a general way that wood, iron, and commercial steel are out of the question to-day, and it is probable that neither party will care to fool again with aluminum; but it is a more difficult matter to those not specially informed to choose between nickel steel, bronze and composite. The practicability and the advantages in strength and surface of the best bronze alloys, Tobin bronze, Delta metal, manganese bronze, etc., have been thoroughly tested in Vigilant, Defender, Columbia and Shamrock; they are easily obtainable, and they can be handled readily by such expert workers as are to be had. It is most probable that both yachts will have an interior frame of nickel steel, plated with one of the bronze alloys. In view of high degree of perfection attained by Mr. Watson and the Hendersons in the real composite construction, a very different thing from the cheap and nasty imitation known on this side under the name of composite, and which has made so much trouble this year, it is quite possible that the new challenger may be similar in build to Valkyrie III., Meteor II. and the two yachts Sybarita and Distant Shore.

It may be put down at the start that the two yachts will be as close as each can be built to goft. waterline, and approximately the same in type, dimensions and rig; both keel cutters, of the extreme semi-fin type. Unless one or the other designer concludes that he has made some radically new discovery, and this is hardly likely, the whole course of modern designing tends to bring the two boats more closely together than in any previous matches. The conditions are now as fair as either side could ask, the same for defender and challenger; the only great inequality being that on the part of the challenger, due to the necessity of stripping after but a brief trial, and losing the best month of the season in the Atlantic voyage, while the defending boat is sailing every day against Columbia. This of itself is a handicap that can hardly be overcome where designers are working as closely together as they are to-day.

The question of Mr. Herreshoff's ability to outbuild Columbia is now being generally discussed on both sides of the ocean. On this point it may be said that no large yacht built to the limit of light construction, as is necessary in international racing, can be at her best in her first season. This was proved by Vigilant and Defender, each in turn making a hard fight for a time against a newer boat of obviously improved design and construction, and each being evidently faster than in her initial year. It is probable that Columbia is capable of much better performance than has yet been required of her, and that she will be much improved in 1901 over her original form. It is at the same time evident that the margin for improvement in speed is growing smaller each year, so that before many seasons the two-year-old boat, perfected by a long course of experiment, must be very close indeed to the new boat, which must of necessity be in many respects but a new experiment. It is now most probable that Columbia, if fitted out as she is likely to be next year, in the hands of those thus far associated with her, will make more trouble for the new boat than Vigilant did for Defender in 1895, or than Defender did for Columbia in 1899.

The Flirt—Early Dawn Match.

Boston, Oct. 20-22.

THE private match between the keel sloop Flirt and the centerboard sloop Early Dawn for \$500 per side, the conditions of which were given two weeks since, was decided by two races sailed on Oct. 20 and 22, Flirt winning both. While the weather conditions were not in all respects ideal, they were such as to afford a fair test of types under average conditions, it being conceded that the centerboard is at her best in smooth water and a moderate to fresh breeze, while the keel type comes to the front in light breezes and again when it blows harder, especially if there be any sea. Both boats were in the best possible condition, Early Dawn, in particular, having been much improved during the latter part of the season, while she had Capt. Joe Turner to sail her. The course for the first race was L shaped, the start being off Nahant. There was very little wind in the morning, and the start was postponed at noon. While the breeze was from S.E., it promised for a time to shift to S. and the committee steamer ran out to Egg Rock, which would make a course of four miles to windward to the Graves whistling buoy. The wind went back to S.E., and the steamer ran inside of Nahant Head, anchoring off Joe Beach Ledge. This made the first leg to windward, and a little under four nautical miles in length, and a mark boat was set two miles N.E. of the Whistler, making the required L course of just under twelve miles. The preparatory was given at 2:02, and the start at 2:07, Early Dawn making a good start squarely on the weather beam of Flirt, both crossing on starboard tack. The wind was quite light and there was an easy sea at the start. Flirt tried all possible tactics to get out of a bad place, but in vain for a time, Early Dawn going about with her in a series of half a dozen short tacks. What with a very slight gain in each tack, and a stiffer roll to the sea, as they worked out from the shore, the keel boat finally cleared her wind, and then it took but a very short time to reverse the original positions. With Early Dawn once under her lee in spite of an effort to break tacks, Flirt began to leave her steadily as they crossed Broad Sound on port tack. The sea was on the port beam, enough of it to tell against the wide boat, but Early Dawn was sailed well and kept footing in spite of the way in which Flirt was pointing and weathering out. Flirt tacked first, the other following in her wake; the wind being now very light. Two fishing schooners bound out crossed the course, and Early Dawn was compelled to give way a little, Flirt, well in the lead, going clear. As Early Dawn tacked Flirt followed to keep between her and the mark. The Graves buoy was timed:

Flirt 3 25 43 Early Dawn 3 37 55

In the short four miles to windward the keel boat had made 12m. 12s. gain in spite of the serious handicap at the start. The wind had been very light and fluky, and she had had the best of the luck, but the conditions were too nearly even to account for more than a fraction of this big gain.

With balloon jib set, Flirt reached out to the second mark hardly feeling the head sea. She rounded at 3:51:30 and Early Dawn at 4:05:50, after losing 2m. 8s. in the reach of two miles.

After jibing round the outer mark Flirt trimmed her balloon jib for a reach in with a much fresher breeze, but the wind went to the south, so that she had to stow the balloon and beat in under working jib, the wind increasing all the time. She turned the Graves at 4:26:42, with Early Dawn 22m. astern, at 4:48:20, the latter having lost 7m. 18s. more, in part through the shift of wind. There was now enough wind for the centerboard boat, and a bit of luck with it, as it freshened very fast on the way home. Flirt set her balloon jib at the Whistler, but when Early Dawn came up the wind was so far aft that she set a spinnaker and ran in at about her best speed. The finish was timed:

Flirt Finish. Elapsed. Lead.
Early Dawn 5 01 00 2 54 00 0 10 18
..... 5 12 40 3 05 40

The second race was sailed on Monday, Oct. 22, again in light weather. The course was from off Egg Rock, around the Winthrop Bar buoy, four miles, then S.E. two miles around a mark boat off Devil's Back, and home over the same course, the first leg being to windward, S.W. The breeze was very light, even at 1:15, at which time the preparatory was given after a wait since noon. This time Flirt was alert and away first with the gun, and just enough ahead and to leeward to give a kick to the other boat's sails. Early Dawn tacked to get clear of the back wind, but Flirt was about on her weather, and they stood on for some time, Flirt steadily gaining. She was the first to tack when off Nahant Head, but Early Dawn stood on for some distance and picked up a freshening breeze from the shore, which set her going very fast, while Flirt struck a soft spot a little later. Early Dawn had quite enough wind as the two worked across Broad Sound against a strong ebb tide, and she about held her own for a time, but as they neared the Winthrop shore the wind softened a little and she failed to catch Flirt. The latter did the better work, as they beat out across the ebb tide, the times at the buoy being:

Flirt 2 31 07 Early Dawn 2 37 15

In the four miles Flirt had gained 3m. 8s.

They reached out to the Devil's Back mark with less wind, both carrying balloon jibs. Early Dawn picked up a few seconds, the times being:

Flirt 2 52 58 Early Dawn 2 55 43

The wind had been working to the westward and now headed them so that working jibs were set and sheeted home for a close reach in a lightening breeze. Before they reached the Winthrop Bar Buoy both had spinakers ready in stops with booms dropped to port. The times at this mark showed a gain of 18s. for Flirt in the two miles:

Flirt 3 13 28 Early Dawn 3 16 31

They ran in with a falling wind, both moving slowly. Early Dawn was in Flirt's wake, but too far astern to hurt her. The finish was timed:

Flirt Finish. Elapsed. Lead.
Early Dawn 4 07 30 2 47 30 0 02 06
..... 4 09 36 2 49 36

While the weather conditions in both races were not of the best, they were the same for both yachts, and the result was not materially affected by any flukes. Under conditions which represented rather what is most often found than what is always wanted in yacht racing, the keel boat won cleanly and handsomely. As already stated, Flirt, whose lines appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 13-20, was designed by B. B. Crowninshield; Early Dawn was designed by her builder, Shiverick, of Kingston, an old hand at the centerboard type.

Yacht Measurement in England.

THE Rating Rule Committee, appointed in August last, has finished its work and prepared its report, which will be presented to the council of the Yacht Racing Association on Oct. 24. We may therefore expect that the new rating rule will be submitted to the general body of the association at a special meeting early in November. The gentlemen in whose hands the construction of the new rule was left were Mr. Manning and Mr. W. G. Jameson (the vice-presidents of the Y. R. A.), Mr. G. B. Thompson, Col. Bagot, Mr. W. P. Burton, Capt. du Boulay, Mr. H. G. A. Rouse, Mr. C. E. Newton-Robinson, Capt. R. T. Dixon, Col. Barrington-Baker, and Mr. R. E. Froude, F. R. S., in consultation with five of the most eminent yacht designers, Messrs. G. L. Watson, W. Fife, Jr., A. E. Payne, C. Nicholson and C. Sibbick. We have often expressed a hope that the new rating rule will be framed so as to produce a more full-bodied type of boat, especially in the classes which should be, given a sound rating rule, the backbone of yacht racing, namely, the 52-footers and 65-footers, better known under their old nomenclature as the twenties and the forties. These classes have shown splendid sport in bygone years, and when skimming dishes, extreme bulb fins and all uninhabitable craft are eliminated from yacht racing, yachtsmen will use vessels of this size for racing as well as for living on board to follow the regattas round the coast as in days of yore. While we await the report of the rating rule committee, and whatever it may bring forth, yacht owners may rest assured that their interests have been well guarded in the hands of the composite committee, consisting of the sixteen owners and experts we have enumerated above.—The Field.

The Lake Y. R. A.

THE annual meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association will be held in Buffalo, on Nov. 3. The clubs belonging to the association are Buffalo, Royal Canadian, of Toronto; Royal Hamilton Victoria, of Hamilton; Queen City, of Toronto; Oswego, Kingston and Rochester. Jas. S. Thompson, of Buffalo, is president, and F. J. Campbell, of Toronto, secretary-treasurer.

The time for sending in notices of motion has expired, and the only business that will come up in that line is covered in these motions, which are now in the hands of the secretary-treasurer.

On page 13, first paragraph, strike out first four lines, commencing at the word "to" and ending at the word "extent," and substitute, "To the girth of centerboard yachts must be added twice the distance between the lower side of the keel (immediately above the center of area of the centerboard to the center of area of the centerboard when lowered to its fullest extent."

On same page, same paragraph, after "fixed keels" add "the measurer shall record the drop of the centerboard by measuring the pennant thereto and by making such marks as will readily identify the point to which the measurement applies."

Page 25, paragraph "area of midship section," add "exclusive of centerboard."

Page 31, "form of certificate of measurement," tenth line, after "feet," insert "length of centerboard pennant."

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

The Ballasting of the 70-Footers.

THE following letter has been made public by the Seawanhaka Race Committee:

New York, Oct. 16.—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Esq., Knickerbocker Club, New York:—Dear Mr. Vanderbilt:—Your letter of Oct. 5, notifying us that you consider that Rainbow should be disqualified in our race of Sept. 18 because of your failure, through misapprehension, to inform us that additional ballast had been taken aboard since she was measured by the official measurer of our club, and to procure a new measurement, has been fully considered at a meeting of our Race Committee, held to-day.

Rule II., section 5, of the racing rules of our club is as follows:

"If a yacht, after having been officially measured, be increased in load water line length, or should an increase be made in the sail-area, the yacht must be remeasured before starting in a race."

It is the opinion of our committee that, under this provision, we have no choice except to disqualify Rainbow.

Permit us to express our regret that a different decision is not open to us, and our full appreciation of your conduct in bringing your mistake to our attention immediately upon its discovery, and of the sportsmanlike spirit in which you have dealt with this incident.

With assurances of our personal regard, we are, very sincerely yours,

RACE COMMITTEE,
Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club.
By C. W. WETMORE, Chairman.

The following additional correspondence relating to the same matter explains itself:

New York, Oct. 18.—August Belmont, Esq., New York:—Dear Mr. Belmont:—The Race Committee of the Seawanhaka Club have disqualified the Rainbow in the race at Oyster Bay, on Sept. 21, and have awarded the prize for that race to the Mineola. Very sincerely yours,
C. W. WETMORE,
Chairman Race Committee, S. C. Y. C.

New York, Oct. 19.—My Dear Mr. Wetmore:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of Oct. 18, informing me of the disqualification of the Rainbow by your committee in the race at Oyster Bay, on Sept. 21, and that the prize had been awarded to the Mineola.

I cannot express to you how deeply I deplore the unintentional violation of your rules by Mr. Vanderbilt, through which he is deprived of the fruits of a race won in so conclusive a manner. I could not keep the trophy, feeling, as I do, that I was fairly beaten by one of the most honorable and thorough sportsmen I have ever had the pleasure of sailing against.

I request you, therefore, to keep the cup, to do with it as your committee may see fit during the next season. I shall always hold myself in readiness, should you determine to offer it in any race in which Mr. Vanderbilt and I may chance to meet; but please understand that I restrict you in no way as to its disposition in returning it to your club. Believe me, yours very truly,

AUGUST BELMONT.
Mr. CHARLES W. WETMORE, Chairman Regatta Committee, Seawanhaka Yacht Club, New York City.

New York, Oct. 22.—August Belmont, Esq., New York:—My Dear Mr. Belmont:—I am in receipt of your letter of Oct. 19, declining to accept the prize awarded to the Mineola for our race of Sept. 21, in consequence of the disqualification of the Rainbow.

We fully sympathize with the reasons which have influenced your action, and shall have much pleasure in offering this prize next season for competition between the two yachts, under such conditions as may be mutually satisfactory to you and Mr. Vanderbilt. Very sincerely yours,
C. W. WETMORE,
Chairman Race Committee, S. C. Y. C.

James Everson.

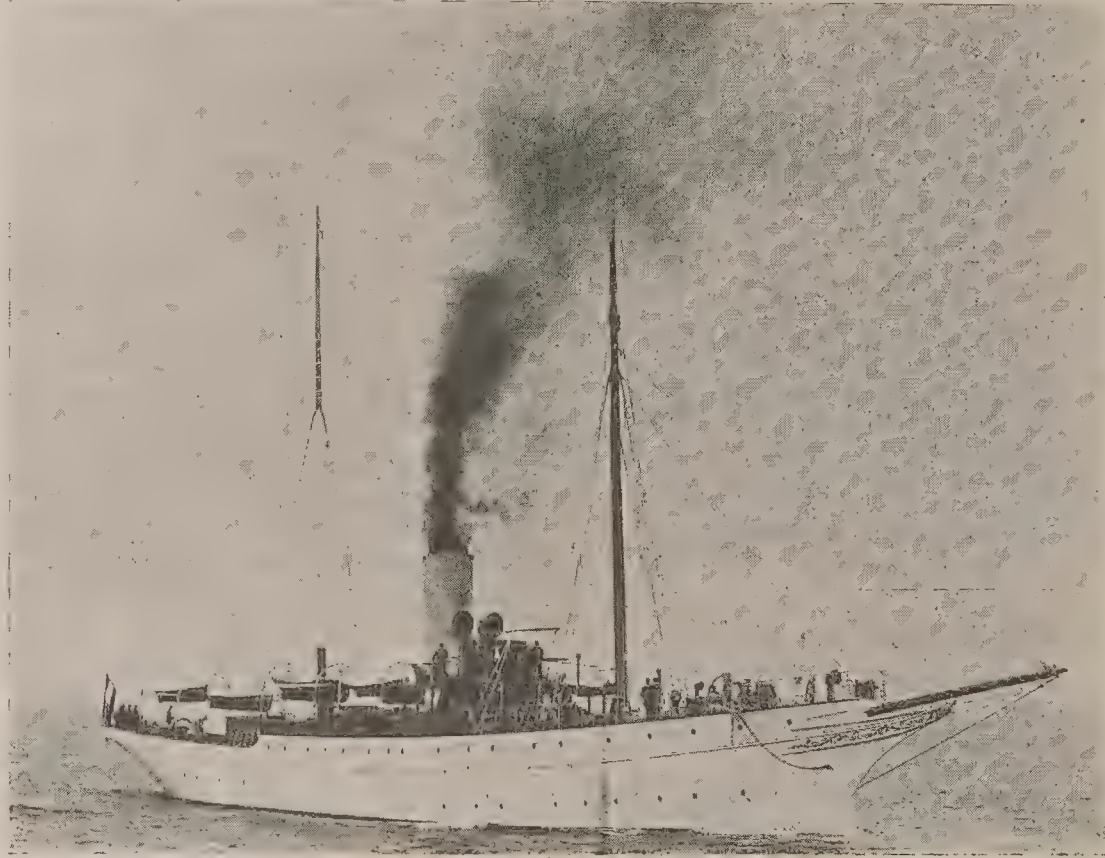
JAMES EVERSON, the boat and canoe builder, of Greenpoint, Brooklyn, died on Oct. 25, of apoplexy, at the age of 79 years, having followed his business actively up to the last. Mr. Everson is known throughout the whole United States, both from his canoes and his boats, as well as for his honesty and the high character of his work. As a boy Mr. Everson was much about the water, and he grew up in the old Whitehall boat, which was once in general use about New York before the days of steam ferries and tugboats, both for ferrying and for all harbor work between the shore and the shipping. To him is due the full credit for the boat now in universal use in this country, under the name of Whitehall boat, derived from the old landing of the Battery boatmen at the foot of Whitehall street, New York. The original boats of this class were designed largely for speed, it being often a matter of money to board a ship first; and to this end the general model was sacrificed, and the boats were cranky and unsafe. The present boat originated with Mr. Everson over 50 years ago, he filling out the bow so that a man could stand up forward without capsizing the boat, and making many other improvements in model and construction. While other builders have imitated him, the Everson boat has long been recognized as the best of the class.

When canoeing first started in a mild way in this country, about 1868, through the publication of John MacGregor's books, Mr. Everson was called on to build a Rob Roy canoe from the lines and description thus given, and when the sport was formally inaugurated by Messrs. W. L. Alden, G. L. Morse, Montgomery Schuyler, M. Roosevelt Schuyler and a few others in 1870, Mr. Everson built a number of canoes, first from the Rob Roy model and then from a design, Nautilus No. 3, kindly sent over from London by Mr. Baden Powell. In 1878 he built, to the specifications of Com. Alden the famous Shadow canoe, once the popular canoe of this country. In the next dozen years he built a large number of canoes of different models, which found their way everywhere. Though not a canoeist himself, Mr.

Everson was a clever mechanic, a thorough boat builder, and ever ready to work with canoeists in improving their boats. Working along in the old-fashioned way, with a good business in a small shop, and with few hands to help, he never worked to extend his business, and of late years he has done little canoe building, but he had a large number of old customers, both among the boatmen and among men of wealth, who came to him for the

thanks of the club were tendered to Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston, for photos of portraits of old yachts, including Cleopatra's Barge, built in 1816. The following announcement was made by Com. Ledyard:

Gentlemen, it is with the utmost pleasure that I am able to assure you to-night that you need have no uneasiness as to whether a yacht will be built to defend the



WATURUS—DESIGNED BY ALFRED H. BROWN.

finer class of row boats. He was liked and respected by all who came in contact with him, and the news of his death will be regretted by a very large number of canoeists, especially the older ones.

Waturus.

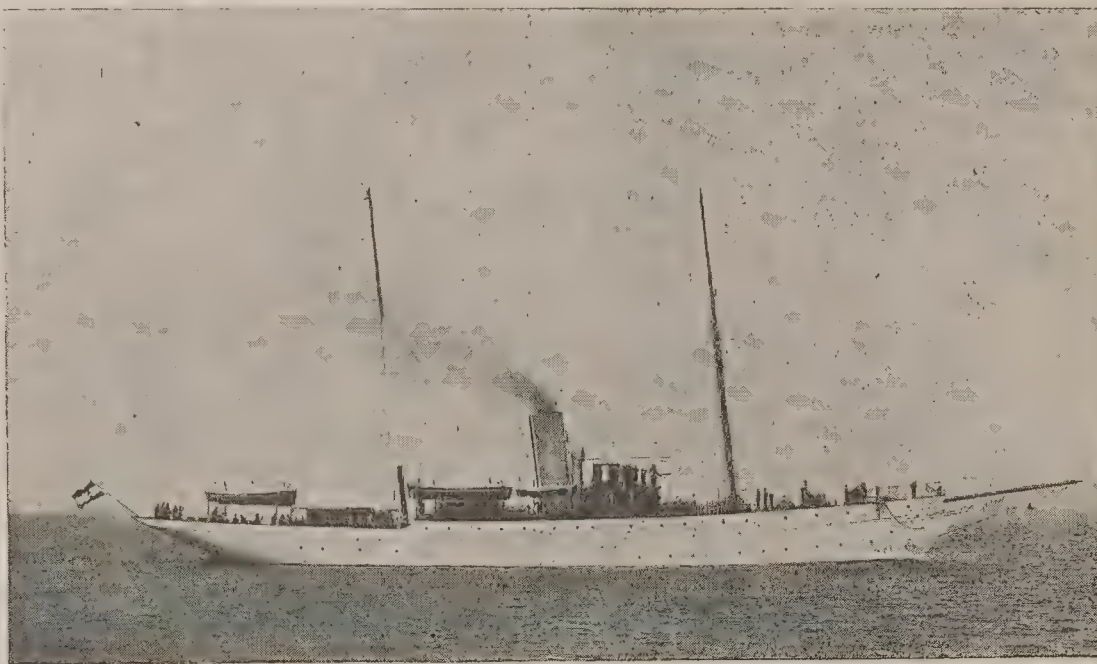
THE steam yacht Waturus was designed by Alfred H. Brown, designer of Narada, Enterprise and Eugenia I., for H. I. H. the Archduke Charles Stephen of Austria, and built this year by Hawthorns & Co., Ltd., Leith. She is 175 ft. l.w.l., 27 ft. 6 in. breadth, 16 ft. 2 in. depth and 611 tons T.M. Her engines are 18, 28 and 49 in. by 33 in. The general style of the yacht is original for this size of vessel; and the awning deck forward gives greatly increased accommodation. She has given great satisfaction to her owner, easily making 13½ knots on continuous runs, being economical in coal and running with very little vibration.

New York Y. C.

A GENERAL meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Oct. 25, with Com. Ledyard in the chair. By way of routine business the following nominating committee was elected to nominate a list of new officers, to be voted

The Loss of the Yacht Aliris.

THE sloop Aliris, of the Brooklyn Y. C., well known about the Lower Bay, owned by William and Frederick Langston, of Brooklyn, sailed from the Atlantic Highlands, just inside Sandy Hook, on Tuesday, Oct. 16, for her anchorage in Gravesend Bay. She had been lying off the Atlantic Highlands for some time, and her owners were intending to take her home for laying up. With them were Otto Segelcke, of Brooklyn, and Noah F. Mason, Jr., of Bath Beach, the four going down from New York early in the morning and getting under way about noon. The weather was not specially threatening, and in view of the short distance, some 15 miles, no supply of food or water was taken. Though there was plenty of wind at the outset all went well until off the Romer Beacon, when the wind freshened to almost a



WATURUS.

on at the first general meeting of the club for 1901: C. Oliver Iselin, J. Pierpont Morgan, James B. Ford, Charles F. Ulrich, F. M. Hoyt, Philip Schuyler, E. M. Brown, C. P. Minton, J. Searle Barclay, and W. H. Osgood.

Thirty-one new members were elected, as follows: Robert L. Forest, Charles W. Morgan, Francis B. Riggs, Capt. Henry C. Haines, United States Marine Corps; Lieut. Commander Charles E. Vreeland, U. S. N.; Paymaster B. P. Du Bois, U. S. N.; Lieut. Marbury Johnston, U. S. N.; Paymaster W. T. Gray, U. S. N.; Lieut. H. A. Pearson, U. S. N.; Lieut. H. I. Cone, U. S. N.; C. Ledyard Blair, Capt. Cyrus S. Radford, United States Marine Corps; Lieut. Commander James C. Cresap, U. S. N.; Richard T. Wainwright, Capt. Charles S. Sperry, U. S. N.; Henry B. Joy, Lieut. Roscoe Spear, U. S. N.; Surgeon Charles A. Riggs, U. S. N.; Henry Scholtz, Veryl Preston, Lieut. H. A. Bispham, U. S. N.; F. M. Freeman, Capt. James G. Green, U. S. N.; Lieut. Luke McNamee, U. S. N.; Surgeon James C. Byrnes, U. S. N.; E. V. Douglas, Arthur S. Fairchild, Dr. Francis E. Doughty, Paymaster Joseph J. Cheatham, U. S. N.; Frank C. Henderson, Charles J. Canfield.

The chairman of the building committee announced that the new club house would be ready for occupancy by Dec. 1. Sec'y Oddie announced that the subscriptions to the club house fund amounted to \$113,000. The

gale from N.W. and the yacht was soon disabled, her sails blowing away. She was left helpless, and the gale swept her by the Hook and out to sea, the dinghy going adrift. When nothing was heard of her after a couple of days serious fears were felt for the safety of the party, especially as the dinghy was picked up by a pilot boat off the Hook. On Saturday Miss Langston chartered a tug and spent two days cruising about the Lower Bay and up and down the coast outside, with no news of the yacht. On Oct. 22, the British steamer Ethelred arrived at Port Antonio, Jamaica, with the four yachtsmen safe on board, the news being at once cabled to New York. It seems that Aliris drifted out to sea in a helpless condition, the small supply of food and water being soon exhausted; and the crew constantly wet and compelled to bail; all Tuesday night they were washed by the heavy seas, and all hope of rescue was abandoned. The gale continued on Wednesday after a brief lull, but about 10 A. M. the steamer Ethelred, Capt. Nickerson, owned by the United Fruit Co., and just from New York for Jamaica, sighted the wreck about 30 miles from the lightships and took off the party; the yacht being abandoned in a leaking condition. After being most hospitably treated by Capt. Nickerson the four wrecked yachtsmen were safely landed in Port Antonio, and returned by steamer to New York.

Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts.

THE Y. R. A. of Massachusetts held a meeting at the Parker House, Boston, on Oct. 18. President A. H. Higginson being in the chair. The following amendment to Article 3 of the by-laws was adopted: "Sec. 3. Association members shall be eligible to office, and if elected shall have all the rights pertaining to the office." This disposes of a contingency which occurred this year, Mr. Henry M. Faxon, the delegate of the Quincy Y. C., being elected vice-president, and later on the Quincy Y. C. withdrawing from the Association, leaving him with no official standing. Under the amendment associate members are eligible to office, but only club delegates have the right to vote. The following amendment was passed, to meet the violation of the spirit of the rule limiting jibs:

"The perpendicular shall be the height from a point half way between the upper side of the sheave of the upper block of the halyard of the working jib and the upper side of the uppermost jib topsail or spinnaker halyard block to a point on the forward side of the foremast 18 in. above the deck. No yacht when close hauled shall carry any jib larger than the working jib for which she has been measured."

An amendment relating to prizes and measurements of winners was not adopted. A resolution was adopted to the effect that the Association condemns the use of trusses and turnbuckles by which the measured length of a yacht may be altered from time to time. The Executive Committee was instructed to prepare a method of measuring mainsails, to be presented at a future meeting.

Lake Skiff Sailing Association.

THE ninth annual meeting of the Lake Skiff Sailing Association was held at the Rossin House, Toronto, on Oct. 21, with President Frank E. Walker in the chair. Seven clubs were represented. The report of the president and that of Secretary-Treasurer G. R. Judd showed a very prosperous year. The delegates from Hamilton offered a rule, which was adopted, to the effect that in all Association races the skiff finishing first must be measured immediately after the race by two official measurers appointed by the president. It was also decided that all deadweight must be placed amidships in measuring. The following officers were elected: President, E. K. M. Webb, Royal Canadian Y. C.; Vice-President, G. F. Birely, Royal Hamilton Y. C.; Secretary-Treasurer, R. Slee, Queen City Y. C.; Executive Committee, G. R. Judd, Royal Hamilton Y. C.; John Morris, Victoria Y. C.; A. J. Phillips, Queen City Y. C.; F. J. Campbell, Royal Canadian Y. C.; J. S. Ellis, National Y. and S. C.; W. A. Watts, Parkdale S. C.; R. T. Cuff, Royal Toronto S. S. C.

Mr. Walker's services to the Association during the three years of his office as president were recognized by a special vote of thanks. The date of the Walker cup was set for July 1, 1901, at Hamilton.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

COLONIA II, steam yacht, formerly Alberta, has been sold by Com. Postley to F. G. Bourne, owner of the steam yacht Reverie.

ON Oct. 21 a fire broke out at the Herreshoff Works, Bristol, and a storehouse, with its contents of yacht gear, lumber, etc., was destroyed. The 36-footer Effort and the 30-footer Sirocco were badly injured, and two catboats were destroyed.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Oct. 28. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Gindele was declared champion for the day with a score of 93:

Gindele	8	10	10	8	9	10	10	8	10	10	93
	10	9	8	8	9	8	10	9	10	7	88
	10	9	8	9	10	10	10	6	7	85	
Roberts	10	7	10	9	7	10	10	7	10	90	
	8	7	9	9	9	10	6	10	10	8	86
	7	9	10	8	7	6	10	9	8	83	
Payne	10	10	6	9	8	9	8	10	8	86	
	9	8	8	7	7	10	9	7	10	9	84
	6	10	8	10	6	10	9	8	8	7	82
Drube	10	8	10	9	6	10	7	8	7	6	81
	7	9	8	6	6	8	5	10	10	6	75
	9	7	7	8	6	9	5	4	10	9	74
Strickmeier	7	6	7	10	8	7	8	7	10	9	79
	8	5	8	10	7	10	5	7	8	9	77
	9	9	8	5	7	10	7	4	8	5	72
Jonscher	9	9	5	10	10	8	7	9	9	7	78
	6	6	8	10	5	6	9	10	5	8	73
	6	7	9	6	9	8	5	7	8	7	72
Trounstine	8	8	8	5	6	9	5	10	10	8	77
	8	5	6	4	10	10	10	5	8	7	73
	4	7	10	9	6	10	9	5	9	7	79
Weinheimer	8	9	10	4	8	4	8	7	9	10	77
	7	8	10	6	6	7	9	7	7	8	75
	9	7	6	7	6	9	4	7	7	8	66
Lux	5	7	9	10	5	5	9	10	10	5	74
	5	5	8	8	6	6	9	9	6	8	70
	7	7	6	7	8	5	4	9	6	9	68
Topf	8	5	5	6	9	7	7	9	7	7	70
	7	9	8	1	7	8	6	7	5	8	66
	8	3	9	6	1	10	7	7	9	2	62

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Nov. 1.—Chillicothe, O.—Scioto Gun Club's fall tournament. James McVicker, Sec'y.
Nov. 9.—St. Paul, Minn.—Seventh annual live-bird handicap at St. Paul Shooting Park. Main event at 25 live birds, \$15 entrance; \$50 added. Contest for the Hirsch cup. W. R. Brown, Mgr.
Nov. 10.—Newark, N. J.—Contest for E C cup, emblematic of the inanimate championship of New Jersey between F. E. Sinnock, holder, and Mr. G. H. Piercy, of Jersey City, the challenger, on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club.
Nov. 10.—Newark, N. J.—Merchandise shoot of the Forester Gun Club. John J. Fleming, Sec'y. 21 Waverly avenue.
Nov. 13.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Under auspices of the Greater New York Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.
Nov. 13-14.—Osceola, Ia.—Amateur tournament of the Osceola Gun Club. D. K. Douthett, Sec'y.
Nov. 13-15.—Minden, Neb.—Minden Gun Club's tournament.
Nov. 13-16.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's tournament; live birds and targets.

Nov. 14-15.—Springfield, Ill.—Two-day target tournament of the Illinois Gun Club; open to all. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Hackensack Bridge and Rutherford Road, N. J.—Under auspices of the Moonachie Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.

Nov. 27.—Toledo, O.—East End Gun Club's merchandise shoot.
Nov. 29.—Milwaukee, Wis.—South Side Gun Club's tournament. A. D. Gropper, Sec'y.

Dec. 11-14.—Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Annual live-bird tournament. John Watson, Mgr.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's trophy shoots, second and fourth Saturdays of each month; live-bird shoots every Saturday. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Nov. 6.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's live-bird shoot; open to all.

Nov. 7, 14, 21, 28.—Interstate Park.—Live-bird championship; 25 birds; handicaps 25 to 33yds.; \$10 entrance, birds extra; sweep optional; open to all; money instead of trophy.

Nov. 16.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's target shoot; open to all.

Nov. 22.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's live-bird shoot; open to all.

Nov. 27.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's live-bird shoot; open to all.

Dec. 5.—Shoot-off of the winners of the November events, with \$20 in gold to the winner.

Interstate Park, L. I.—Fountain Gun Club's regular monthly shoots, the third Thursday of October, November and December.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Garden City Gun Club, Chicago, Ill., has issued through its secretary, Mr. H. Levi, the following circular letter to its members: "The next regular shoot of the Garden City Gun Club will be held Saturday, Nov. 10, 1 P. M., for the usual two gold medals and \$5 cash prizes. In addition we will shoot for the handsome silver loving cup presented by our fellow club member, Mr. O. H. Porter, which can now be seen at J. L. Van Uxen's store. Twenty-five birds, with extra handicap birds to shoot at. The birds you shoot at in the regular club event will also count in the cup event. Ties for cup at 10 birds, with extra handicap birds. John Watson adds \$5 cash for second high gun, and the club gives \$5 extra for next gun. Remember the cup becomes the personal property of the winner. Every member owes it to Mr. Porter and the club to be on hand to try to win the cup. If you are contemplating going away, be here that day sure. Will arrange to let you get through early, if wanting to catch a train to go quail shooting Nov. 10."

The programme of the Ossining Gun Club's Thanksgiving Day shoot presents events at live birds and targets, to be held on the club grounds, Sing Sing, N. Y., commencing at 10 A. M. The live-bird events, open to all, will be shot first. No. 1 is at 5 birds, \$5; No. 2, 7 birds, \$7; birds included in each event at 20 cents each; class shooting; handicaps 25 to 31yds. There are fifteen target events, nine of which are at 10 targets, four at 15 targets, one at 20, and one at 20 doubles, a total of 190 targets, with a total entrance of \$15. Targets 2 cents in programme events. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only at 1 cent each. Refreshments served free to out-of-town shooters. Loaded shells can be obtained. Send shells to L. A. Sherwood, Sing Sing, N. Y. The officers of the club are: President, F. Brandreth; Secretary, Wm. P. Hall; Captain, Chas. G. Blandford.

Mr. Edmund H. Osthaus, the famous painter of field scenes, has unlimited versatility in the practice of his profession. He has with distinguished success portrayed scenes with dog and gun which for fidelity and technical accuracy are unequalled. His more recent work of this character is a painting 20 by 15 portraying two shooters who have just arrived at the scene of the day's shoot. One is taking a supply of shells from the rear end of the wagon, while the other, gun on shoulder, holds two dogs in leash, one a setter, the other a pointer, and both with the spirit and life-like character which is characteristic of Prof. Osthaus' work. This picture was made for the American E C & Schultze Gunpowder Co., which has had it reduced to a size for their envelopes and letterheads, which it beautifully adorns.

Concerning the reorganization of his club, Mr. George F. Titus writes us as follows: "After a long dormant period the Norwalk, O., Gun Club has reorganized, and with the admission of new blood the club starts out with a larger active membership than it has ever had. The club grounds are located west of the city, near the electric line, and are considered as fine as is possessed by any club in the State. A set of three expert traps has been put in, housed in a brick waterproof pit. The officers are: President, George F. Titus; Vice-President, Geo. H. Gates; Secretary-Treasurer, W. J. Bascom; Captain, Frank Reily. Club shoots are held every Thursday afternoon, to which visiting sportsmen are cordially welcomed."

In the contest for the Dupont championship trophy at Baltimore, Wednesday of last week, Mr. R. A. Welch was victor, being one of three to score 25 straight at 30yds. Mr. J. W. Postans (Musgrave), of Headley, England, who has been shooting at Interstate Park for some weeks past, and Mr. R. L. Peirce were in the tie on 25 with Mr. Welch. In the shoot-off at 10 birds Mr. Welch killed straight, while Mr. Postans missed his 10th bird. This left Mr. Welch the victor. The three in the tie used Schultze powder. Mr. Welch used a Parker gun, as did Mr. J. G. Ward, of Paris, Ky., who recently won the championship of his State, at Louisville, Ky., making a total of 76 straight kills in the different events, and returning home with an unbroken record at that shoot.

In the contest for the championship of Philadelphia, held on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League last Saturday, seven killed the 10 birds, namely, Henry, Wharton, McCoy, Bucknell, Geikler, Hobbs and Darby. In the shoot-off at 3 birds Henry killed 18 more straight, Hobbs holding him level to the end of the 15th round. Mr. E. D. Fulford was a visitor, and participated in the first event, killing his 10 straight. He used a single trigger Remington, which excited much interest. When he left he had an order for a new set of Fulford's traps.

The dates of the East Side Gun Club's members' live-bird shoots for 1900-1901 are Nov. 22, Dec. 27, Jan. 24, Feb. 18, March 23, April 25, May 23 and June 27. Two have already taken place, Sept. 27 and Oct. 25. Extra live-bird shoots Nov. 6, Dec. 25, Jan. 1, Feb. 12 and 22, and May 30. Inanimate target shooting on the second Thursday of each month. The best eight out of ten scores to count for the prizes, amounting to \$50, to be divided among classes A and B. Class A 29yds., Class B, 27yds.

Before the event for it was completed at Baltimore last week Mr. J. A. R. Elliott challenged Mr. R. A. Welch to contest for the Dupont trophy, but the challenge did not hold good, for the reason that a challenge under its conditions was not valid if made before a race, in progress, was finished. Mr. T. W. Morley challenged for it after the race was finished, and his challenge was accepted. Owing to Mr. Welch's desire to take a shooting trip of some weeks' duration, the race will probably be postponed till mid-December.

In the competition for the Peoria Herald trophy, Oct. 24, on the grounds of the Peoria, Ill., Gun Club, J. C. England defeated eight competitors. The contest was at 25 live birds, and three, Messrs. Hall, England and Barston, tied on 24 kills. In the shoot-off, miss-and-out, England won in the 10th round.

Elsewhere in our columns the full programme of Mr. John Watson's shoot is published. It takes place on Dec. 11 to 14, Burnside Crossing, Ill.

Under date of Oct. 26 Mr. Edward Banks, Secretary of the E C & Schultze Gunpowder Co., writes us: "Mr. F. E. Sinnock, of

Newark, N. J., informs me that he accepts Mr. G. H. Piercy's challenge for the E C cup and inanimate target championship of New Jersey, and names Saturday afternoon, Nov. 10, and the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, as the date and place for holding the match."

The final shoot for the October cup of the Crescent Athletic Club resulted in a victory for Mr. Edward Banks, so far as the total of the three best scores of the month were concerned, although Mr. H. M. Brigham scored 49 to Mr. Banks' 45, the latter being the only scratch man. This is an exceptional win, as the scratch man has to average high form, there being no margin for erratic performance.

In the fourth team contest of the Schortemeier-Webber series, held at Interstate Park on Oct. 26, the Emerald Gun Club was victorious with a score of 53 out of a possible 60, The East Side Gun Club, of Newark, was a close second, being but 1 bird less. The next contest of this series will be held at Dexter Park on Tuesday, Nov. 13.

BERNARD WATERS.

At Holmesburg Junction.

THE grounds of the Keystone Shooting League at Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia, Oct. 27, were the center of attraction of shooting matters in that section. There were two contests of special interest, namely, the championship of Philadelphia and the championship of the league. The scores were high from a combination of good shooting and easy birds.

The conditions of the championship of Philadelphia are: Ten birds, 29yds., \$2.50, sweepstake, A. S. A. rules. Dr. G. Darby was the victor in the last contest two weeks ago. He had sixteen challengers to compete against on Oct. 27, of whom Henry, Wharton, McCoy, Bucknell, Geikler and Hobbs killed straight, a feat which he also performed himself. The tie between the seven straights was shot off at 3 birds per man, and the birds were stronger and better. The scores show the results. Hobbs made a sensational kill of a towering driving twister in the 15th round.

Henry	1121222211	10	Bucknell	1211221212	10
Sanford	2212*11122	9	Davis	1101122222	9
Vandergrift	1110222121	9	Leedom	2021111111	9
Wharton	1221111122	10	Geikler	2222222222	10
Van Loon	1222222022	9	Budd	2220222122	9
McCoy	2222222222	10	Felix	012*112222	7
Stevenson	2222222222	9	Hobbs	1222221222	10
Brewer	2222222221	9	Russell	0211121*11	8
Darby	2221222222	10	Fulford	2222221122	10

Tie contest:						
Henry	221	111	111	112	122	212
Hobbs	221	222	222	222	222	0
McCoy	222	222	*			
Geikler	222	20				
Bucknell		111	20			
Darby	212	0				
Wharton	220					

League championship trophy, emblematic of the handicap championship of the league; 10 birds. The scores:

Budd	30	1222221222	9	Brewer	30	2122222022	9
Vandergrift	30	2011122122	9	Darby	29	2221222222	10
Hobbs	30	2122122202	9	McCoy	30	2122222222	10
Wharton	29	0211021102	7	Henry	30	1221201122	9
Van Loon	29	2221022222	9	Thurman	30	2202222220	7
Stevenson	29	1111012211	9	Russell	29	2121121022	9
Leedom	27	111000w		Geikler	28	2222222222	10
Bucknell	29	1122122022	9	Hauft	28	21120*0012	6
Davis	28	1211221220	9				

Jamestown Gun Club.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 24.—A magantrap was used to throw the targets in the competition at the Jamestown Gun Club's tournament to-day. No. 2 was a merchandise event. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	10	10	25	15	20	10	15	15	10	15	15	15
Walker	7	6	7	4	12	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Bartlett	10	13	11	8	22	13	19	8	9	13	11	10	13	13
Holstein	5	8	12	5	13	9	14	9	7	6	7	7	7	7
Shelley	8	11	11	8	17	8	16	7	5	11	12	7	12	13
Kirkover	8	10	10	8	19	11	13	8	10	12	13	11	12	12
Mason	5	7	6	6	6	6	6	7	6	14	13	6	12	7
Babcock	4	10												
Altice	7	5	6	16	9	9	6	5	9	8	6	9	8	8
Coleman	8	5	5	6										
Durrell	10			7	14			5		9				
Scott	8			7	14	7		5						
Hamilton	8			5				6	5	11		6		
W J Graff	7	9	6	14	8	16	8	9	9	10		10		
Mason	9					13	9							
Bonsteil	10	11	6	12		12	5	3	12	12	8			
Adams														
Morrison					6	19	11	10	4	7	8	12	5	
Fretts					5				3	9	8	3	3	10
C Jones						11	11	6		9		2		
Rawson								8						
Cowan									7		9	5		5
Reed									6	4	8			
A H Graff														
Bonton														
Hanchett														
C J Jones														

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Baltimore Live-Bird Tournament.

BALTIMORE, Md.—The Baltimore tournament at live birds, Oct. 23, 24 and 25, engaged the participation of members of America's most eminent trap shots. The competition was held under the auspices of the Baltimore Shooting Association. Messrs. H. P. Collins and J. R. Malone were the promoters of it, and most energetically attended to the preliminary work of insuring its success. Mr. Collins, during the shoot, attended to the financial and office interests, while Mr. Malone managed the competition. The trapping was done expeditiously by boys who were stationed in pits conveniently near to the traps, and the retrieving was done by dogs.

Tuesday, Oct. 23, First Day.

The three programme events of the day had conditions as follows: Baltimore Introductory, 7 birds, \$7 entrance, birds included; 30yds. rise. Three moneys—50, 30 and 20 per cent. High guns. Ties in this event will not be shot off, but must be divided. Suburban Sweepstakes, 10 birds, \$10 entrance, birds included; 30yds. rise. Four moneys—30, 20 and 10 per cent. High guns. Ties in this event will not be shot off, but must be divided. Pimlico Handicap, 15 birds, \$15 entrance, birds included; handicaps, 25 to 32yds., and the handicaps which contestants receive in the Dupont cup event will govern in this event. High guns. Six moneys—30, 20, 15, 13, 12 and 10 per cent. Ties in this event will not be shot off, but must be divided. Thirty-two competitors took part in the different events. The 7-bird race paid each straight man \$9, the 10-bird event paid each \$19, and the 15-bird event paid each of the six high men \$60. Two miss-and-out events paid each high man from \$10 to \$15. Hallowell did not miss a bird all day. Malone shot in only two regular events, and made straight scores in each.

During the day there was a strong southwest wind, which made the shooting difficult, and carried across the boundaries some birds that were killed in the air.

Baltimore Introductory:	
Hallowell, 30.....	2222122-7
Farley, 27.....	2220222-6
Wicks, 28.....	2112121-7
Mosher, 28.....	2222202-6
Geikler, 27.....	2022222-6
P. Dupont, 25.....	2110221-6
Hobbs, 29.....	2222222-7
Henry, 29.....	1221222-7
Gilbert, 29.....	2222222-7
Leroy, 30.....	2222222-7
Burke, 29.....	2222222-7
I. W. Budd, 31.....	2222222-6
McMurphy, 31.....	2222222-7
Halstead, 32.....	2022102-5
Elliott, 32.....	2222212-7

Suburban Sweepstakes:	
Hallowell, 30.....	222122212-10
Farley, 27.....	120212222-9
Wicks, 28.....	222222212-9
Mosher, 28.....	222022221-9
Geikler, 27.....	222222202-8
P. Dupont, 25.....	212020222-8
Hobbs, 29.....	222222202-9
Henry, 29.....	121221212-10
Gilbert, 29.....	122222222-10
Leroy, 30.....	222022220-8
Burke, 29.....	122221222-10
I. W. Budd, 31.....	222222212-10
McMurphy, 31.....	111212212-10
Halstead, 32.....	222222222-10
Elliott, 32.....	021221222-9

Pimlico Handicap:	
Hallowell, 30.....	12222221222222-15
Farley, 27.....	22202222222222-13
Wicks, 28.....	02212101101211-12
Mosher, 28.....	022222221022222-12
Geikler, 27.....	02012020202222-9
P. Dupont, 25.....	12212222212211-15
Hobbs, 29.....	222222222222001-13
Henry, 29.....	111122121210111-14
Leroy, 30.....	22222222222202-12
Gilbert, 29.....	222222222222122-15
Burke, 29.....	111012220111111-13
I. W. Budd, 31.....	21222212121211-14
McMurphy, 31.....	122221212102102-13
Halstead, 32.....	002220202221211-11
Elliott, 32.....	22212121212121-15
Fanning, 31.....	22222121210221-14
Armstrong, 30.....	220222222212221-14

Wednesday, Oct. 24, Second Day.

The main event of the day was the Dupont Smokeless Powder Championship contest, of which the following were the conditions: Open to the world, \$500 guaranteed and all surplus added to the purse. E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Co., of Wilmington, Del., offer for contest their magnificent trophy. The contest is open to the world, and the conditions are as follows: 25 live birds, \$25 entrance, birds extra; handicaps 25 to 32yds., inclusive; three moneys—50, 30 and 20 per cent. Class shooting. The managers guarantee \$500 in this event, and all entries in excess of twenty will be added to the purse and divided in accordance with the above conditions. In addition to first money, the winner of same is declared the winner of the sterling trophy, and will hold same, subject to the rules governing holder and future individual contests. All ties for first place in this event will be shot off in series of 5 birds per man until the winner of the cup is declared. Regular entries for the Dupont trophy cup event closed at 12 o'clock noon, Tuesday, Oct. 23, which must be accompanied by a \$10 forfeit; but post entries may be made up to the time the last man fires at his second bird by paying \$30.

The competition was keen and of a high order. There were forty-three contestants. Mr. R. A. Welch, the eminent amateur, outshot the rest of the contestants, and won the cup. Mr. T. W. Morley, the manager of Interstate Park, and one of the crack shots of America, challenged Mr. Welch, and the challenge was accepted. Mr. J. W. Postans, of England, and Mr. R. L. Peirce were in the tie on 25 birds. In the shoot-off Mr. Peirce dropped out on his 4th bird; Mr. Postans on his 10th; Mr. Welch killed his 10 straight and won. Congratulations were liberally bestowed on both the winner, Mr. Welch, and Mr. Postans, who had held him such a close race. Mr. Welch shot under the name of Armstrong; Mr. Postans under the name of Musgrove.

Mr. J. J. Hallowell, up to a certain point in the competition, in connection with what he had done in recent shoots, had a run of 112; Fred Gilbert, under similar circumstances, had a run of 116. The scores:

Dupont Championship:	
Gilbert, 32.....	2222222122222022222222-21
Fanning, 31.....	*112211220222221121212-23
Farley, 27.....	122212022212120222222-21
Burke, 29.....	221221211212111101022-20
Geikler, 27.....	210*2121022021220112212-20
Henry, 29.....	21221211112121211112220-20
Martin, 30.....	222*1111221222222222222-20
Du Bray, 29.....	222222222222222222222-23
McMurphy, 31.....	*11102211221221222212122-23
Leroy, 30.....	202222222222222222222-22
Hayward, 28.....	001211112021210201w
Hallowell, 30.....	222220111112222222221010-22
Elliott, 32.....	1211212222212122122222-21
Peirce, 30.....	222222222222222222222-25
Malone, 29.....	11111112112221211112*23
Wicks, 28.....	021212221*0221100110110-18
Paul, 28.....	222222222222222222222-23
Krueger, 28.....	12*2121010111221121212-19
George, 25.....	221212201220*00211122022-19
Hobbs, 29.....	222222222222222222222-22
Griffin, 29.....	22222122222221222020220-22
Quimby, 28.....	2222212*210112222211222-23
Mosher, 28.....	22222221122222222222222-24
Hazard, No. 2, 27.....	12212212101222222112222-23
Seitz, 27.....	2012*212112112202222100-19
West, 26.....	22222221011212222022012-21
Bond, 28.....	2222111211*22112122212-24
Hood, 29.....	22222212222222222222222-24
Fulford, 30.....	22221212222222222222222-24
De Bullet, 25.....	1001222212221202112221-22
Massey, 28.....	212012220211120712101212-20
Morley, 31.....	212222222021*222122222-22
P. F. Dupont, 25.....	200122021221122*11220222-20
Armstrong, 30.....	22122211222222222222222-25
Thomas, 28.....	22222222222222222222222-20
I. W. Budd, 31.....	211112122122112301122222-24
Middleton, 25.....	121120202020202011212*102-18
Smith, 29.....	12220202012122*212222201-20
Leland, 26.....	11222212222211212012221-24

Collins, 26.....	222223012202122022222202-21
Hazard, No. 1, 28.....	30022211212102112212121*0-20
Musgrove, 28.....	1122222222222222222222-25
Wagner, 28.....	22212121212211*21012121-23

Shoot-off of ties:	
Welch.....	122211221-10
Musgrove.....	222222220-9
Peirce.....	2220

Thursday, Oct. 25, Third Day.

There was a cessation in the competition, most of the shooters leaving after the Consolation Handicap, the conditions of which were: 20 birds, \$20 entrance, birds included, and \$50 added. Six moneys—30, 20, 15, 13, 12 and 10 per cent. High guns. Handicaps 25 to 32yds.

There were three who killed straight in this event, Messrs. Martin, Smith and Postans. These divided first three moneys, each getting \$75.75. Hallowell, Fanning and Welch were next high, each having killed 19 birds, and divided the last three moneys. This netted to each of the three \$40.75.

Hallowell, 30.....	222222212222222222-19
Fanning, 31.....	212122222222122122021-19
McMurphy, 30.....	1222221*2122*2211101-17
Henry, 29.....	1211*2102*1122221122-17
Mosher, 28.....	12221011*101122122-17
Hood, 29.....	222222222222222222*17
Smith, 28.....	22222222222222222222-20
Peirce, 30.....	22202222222222222222-17
Hayward, 27.....	012212110111110w
Martin, 30.....	22122221222222222222-20
Welch, 30.....	122201222112221222-19
Postans, 28.....	222222222212221222-20
Farley, 27.....	221222121*11222222-18
Leitz, 26.....	21*2121221020121301-16
Gilbert, 32.....	22222222222222222222-16
Paul, 28.....	22221222222120122222-17
Malone, 29.....	2122222101222111122-18
Krueger, 26.....	1112022*2121100222-16
Du Bray, 28.....	22202222222222222222-17
Leroy, 29.....	221122*222222222222-18

ON LONG ISLAND.

Webber-Schortemeier Series.

Interstate Park, L. I., Oct. 26.—The team of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York, distinguished itself by making the highest score in the club team competition in the Schortemeier-Webber series at Interstate Park to-day. It scored 53 out of a possible 60, and was closely pressed by the East Side, of Newark, which was but 1 behind. The third team in the competition—that of the Medicus Gun Club—scored 49. Each man stood at 29yds. The scores follow:

East Side Gun Club, of Newark.	
H. C. Koegel.....	10101211201222221212-17
C. Steffens.....	22221011222212121020-16
J. B. Hopkins.....	1122222111112220112-19-52

Medicus Gun Club, of Brooklyn.	
Dr. Woods.....	222222200020222222-14
Dr. Kay.....	21210222122122*0112-17
Dr. Miller.....	22222222022222222222-18-49

Emerald Gun Club, of New York.	
Dr. Stillman.....	1212122212011222220-18
H. P. Fessenden.....	222222202222222222*17
Dr. Day.....	122121*1212*1121222-18-53

Match, 10 birds:	
Feigenspan, 30.....	2202012222
J. B. Hopkins, 30.....	211121111

The sweeps were at 8 birds each, \$3 entrance, birds extra; class shooting, 50, 30 and 20 per cent, alternating with the Rose system; ratios 6, 3 and 1. The scores:

Dr. Day, 29.....	22220120-6
Dr. Kay, 27.....	12211222-8
Dr. Hudson, 27.....	21212111-8
J. B. Hopkins, 30.....	11221020-6
J. J. Hallowell, 30.....	22211112-8
Dr. Woods, 27.....	22200022-5
H. C. Koegel, 29.....	22212222-8
Feigenspan, 29.....	22022222-7
Sanders, 26.....	12020200-4

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Oct. 27.—The final contest for the October cup of the Crescent Athletic Club resulted in a victory for Mr. Edward Banks, the scratch man of the club, his three best scores for the month being better than the three best of any competitor.

Sweepstakes, 15 targets: E. Banks 15, H. M. Brigham 12, H. A. Kryn 9, W. W. Marshall 8.

Ten targets: Brigham 9, Hallowell 6, Kryn 6, C. J. 5, McDermott 5, C. G. Rasmus 5.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, magatrap: W. W. Marshall 14, McDermott 13, Hallowell 13, Rasmus 11, Banks 11, Kryn 10, Brigham 12.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, magatrap, and 15 expert: H. M. Brigham 14, 14-28; C. J. McDermott 15, 15-27; C. G. Rasmus 15, 15-26; H. A. Kryn 14, 14-26; John H. Hallowell 15, 15-26; J. A. Keyes 10, 10-25; Dr. H. L. O'Brien 11, 11-23; J. N. Borland 12, 12-22; E. Banks 11, 11-22; W. W. Marshall 8, 8-19.

October cup, 50 targets per man; 25 expert and 25 magatrap: H. M. Brigham 25, 24-49; Henry A. Kryn 22, 24-46; E. Banks 22, 23-45; C. J. McDermott 18, 25-43; W. W. Marshall 17, 23-40; C. G. Rasmus 20, 20-40; J. N. Borland 14, 19-33; J. A. Keyes 13, 17-30; H. M. Harrington 6, 16-22; Dr. H. L. O'Brien 13, 20-33; John H. Hallowell 16, expert only.

H. C. Hirschy Trophy.

THE programme for the H. C. Hirschy cup contest, given under the auspices of the St. Paul Gun Club, can be obtained of W. P. Brown, Inter-city Shooting Park, Minneapolis, Minn. The handicaps are 27 to 30yds. Division of moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., with \$50 in cash added.

The conditions governing the contest for this cup are as follows: First.—Open to shooters who are residents of Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, North and South Dakota.

Second.—The winner of this contest to hold cup and defend same subject to the following rules and conditions:

Third.—All individual contests for this cup shall be shot under American Association rules, 30yds. rise, 25 pigeons each man, \$10 a side, loser to pay for pigeons shot at by both contestants.

Fourth.—The holder of the cup is subject to challenge by the posting of a forfeit of \$10 with W. P. Brown, manager of the Inter-city Shooting Park, Minneapolis, Minn., for a match; the holder to name the place, date and hour of the shoot. The date to be within ten days after the challenge or forfeit trophy. The holder shall give the challenger at least five days' notice by filing the same with W. P. Brown, manager of the Inter-city Shooting Park, of time and place of contest, and shall deliver trophy at place of contest in good condition.

Fifth.—Donor reserves right of asking guarantee for safe return of trophy, and also the right to call in trophy at any time for the purpose of offering it in open competition by paying holder \$10. Any eligible gun club within the State of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa or Wisconsin may have trophy to offer in open competition by paying holder of trophy \$10 and guaranteeing a purse of \$100.

Sixth.—In open competitions, the club under whose auspices the shoot is given shall have the right to appoint handicap committee.

Seventh.—In the event of the death or removal from the States mentioned at any time before the final contest the trophy shall revert to H. C. Hirschy to be again offered in open competition under the rules and conditions herein specified.

Eighth.—At the expiration of three years from the date of the first contest the winners of the cup, either in open competition or by challenge, shall engage in a special 25-bird race, \$15 entrance, birds included, for the absolute possession of the trophy; the surplus money in the sweepstakes to be divided according to the will of a majority of the contestants, and in the event of their being unable to agree on that point, the distribution of such surplus shall be decided by Mr. H. C. Hirschy, the donor. Said contest shall take place at the Inter-city Shooting Park, Minneapolis, Minn.

Ninth.—American Association rules shall govern all open contests.

Tenth.—The holder of this trophy shall provide suitable grounds and the best live-pigeons obtainable at a nominal price, not to exceed 25 cents each. He will further be entitled to all ground benefits.

Eleventh.—The distance between the home of the challenger and the holder will be considered fair and neutral; should the holder of the trophy, through any mean intention, name a place of a

greater distance, he will be required, before the contest takes place, to pay the challenger the excess expense which he has incurred by failing to name a neutral place.

Twelfth.—Ties for trophy must be shot off on the same day of contest, daylight permitting, and shall be at 5 birds, until decided.

Thirteenth.—This cup shall not be shot for on Sunday.

Crawfordsville Gun Club.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Oct. 25.—As per announcement which appeared in your journal, the annual live-bird shoot of the Crawfordsville Gun Club took place yesterday and to-day. We had the grandest weather ever known this time of year—bright sunshine, and warm enough to cause the shooters to hunt the shade, with just enough cross wind to assist the sparrows in their zigzag, and to carry some hard-hit pigeons over the boundary line.

It was the universal opinion of all present that the grounds and arrangements were the most perfect that could be found anywhere. The sparrows were lively and the pigeons strong, clean and fresh from the country—probably not above half a dozen sitters in the whole lot. The good scores made may indicate that the birds were easy. Yet not so, as I can tell you that the shooters were shooters and in fine fettle.

This enterprising city has long been known to all shooters as being famous for its excellent tournaments, and much of it is due to its being the home of Ed Voris, that prince of good fellows, and champion live-bird shot of the State. But he has very able assistants in Chas. E. Lacy, secretary, and Mac Stillwell, general manager. Then again there is Frank Snyder, L. D. Helm, Frank Davis, Chas. Service and others to make up a great team. This, together with the Crawford House to furnish first-class entertainment, will cause the boys to journey to Crawfordsville just as often as they get a programme announcing a shoot.

The attendance was not large, but then they were enthusiastic and stayers, quite a majority of them being old-timers.

Those whom I remember were E. S. Rice and Tramp Irwin, of Chicago; C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia.; E. H. Tripp, Geo. J. Marott and H. Comstock, of Indianapolis; J. C. Small and H. B. Hill, of Aurora; A. C. Parsons and his daughter Orpha, of Frankfort, Ind.; J. L. Head, of Peru; Joe Blistam and Al Livenguth, Lafayette; W. H. Washburn, New Richmond; C. B. Wiggins, Homer, Ill.; H. W. Cadwallader, Danville, Ill.; Mr. Lamme, Attica, and Marc Reed, of Lafayette.

The list reveals a number of old-timers, while among the tenderfeet I think honors for best shooting fell to Mr. Wiggins.

The way the 2,200 sparrows were grassed can be readily seen by referring to the following recapitulation:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Birds:	10	15	20	10	15	15	25	10	15	20
Tripp	7	14	20	9	13	15	25	8	14	17
Rice	6	13	16	9	10	12	16	4	11	18
Budd	10	14	19	10	15	14	23	10	14	19
Voris	9	11	19	10	11	15	21	10	14	15
Small	7	11	17
Helm	5	16	7
Irwin	6	14	18	8	15	10	7	15	18
Davis	5	11	14
Hill	10	14	16	8	15	14	24	9	13	18
Washburn	9	15	18	9	14	14	24	9	12	20
Cadwallader	7	12	19	8	13	13	25	10	14	19
Wiggins	8	14	17	8	11	14	8	15	18
Snyder	10	13	17	9	9	8
Miller	5	10	13	6
Stillwell	4	7	8	10
Lacey	11
Parsons	9	8	11	9
Reed	7	12	11	9	8

Review of Tournaments.

The following is a review of its tournaments of 1900, issued by the Interstate Association:

Though "good wine needs no bush," time-honored custom demands a brief résumé of the Interstate Association's tenth season.

Like its nine predecessors, it was an unqualified success, and we can only say that no signs of degeneration were perceptible. Interest was sustained to the maximum, and our programmes were as enthusiastically carried out as in the day of small beginnings.

The Macedonian cry, "Come and help us!" is still heard in all parts of the land, and it comes from gun clubs composed of the right kind of material. As stated last year, these testimonials to the worth of our work are gratifying, and the burdens gladly assumed when practicable, but it is a confusing matter to decide which shall obtain preference among so many worthy and appreciative. Consistent with its entire history, the Interstate Association will continue to work for what it considers best for all under the circumstances, and as in its bright lexicon of youth it knew no such word as "fail," neither has it yet obtained even an inkling that it will learn the meaning of decrepitude in its operations.

Our growth is not moss-grown, and the ever-expanding interest taken by outsiders indicates that we are the first institution of the kind in the world. The main elements contributing to our success have been the chivalrous devotion of members to the common weal, and not to selfish private interest, and to the judicious combination of democracy and aristocracy in our make-up—democracy in putting every member on an original footing of equality, and aristocracy in cheerfully awarding the honors to those who were able to forge to the front.

Year added to year has proven that our business methods are the best that human wisdom has been able to evolve, and though we still invite honest criticism, we have not been presented with any plan that promises better or even equal results, nor are there any indications that the scepter will depart from us. We are still able to control our growing household and will be for an indefinite time.

It is not considered necessary to go into detail here, as the record of 1900 is abundantly set forth elsewhere.

Grand American Handicap at Live Birds.

The inaugural tournament for 1900 was the eighth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds, which was decided at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y., April 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. The Interstate Association guaranteed \$1,500 (and all surplus added) in the main even, which was shot under the following conditions, viz.: 25 live birds, \$25 entrance; 50yds. boundary, with a dead line at the 33yd. mark, handicaps ranging from 25 to 33yds., high guns to win, and money to be divided in accordance with the number of entries received.

In addition to guaranteeing \$1,500, the Interstate Association presented to the winner of first place a sterling silver trophy commemorative of the win.

The system of dividing the moneys which prevailed in 1896, 1897, 1898 and 1899 was adopted again for 1900. The entries numbered 224, of which number 196 were regular entries at \$25 each, 15 were penalty or post entries at \$35 each, and 13 were forfeits at \$10 each, making the total purse \$5,555. The purse, under the system of division of moneys adopted by the Interstate Association, provided for 54 moneys. There were eight straight scores of 25 made, which took the first eight moneys, a total of \$2,513.75. Twenty-five tied on 24 out of 25 and took the next 25 moneys, a total of \$2,187.50. Thirty-eight tied on 23 out of 25 and took the next 21 moneys, a total of \$851.55. The eight men with straight scores of 25 shot off the tie, miss-and-out, for the silver trophy. This was won by Mr. H. D. Bates, of Ridgetown, Ontario, Can., on the 36th round.

Following are the scores of the money winners:

Twenty-five straight:

J. L. Smith, 27.....	2221222212221221222211111—25
H. D. Bates, 28.....	2222222222222222222222222—25
Arno, 27.....	2222212222222222222122222—25
J. R. Malone, 28.....	222112212222221121212222—25
Col. A. G. Courtney, 28.....	2212212222221212121222121—25
Dr. Casey, 28.....	2222222222222222222222222—25
T. A. Marshall, 31.....	2222222222222222222222222—25
Phil Daly, Jr., 28.....	2222222122222222222222222—25

Ties on 24:

G. T. Hall, 28.....	2201222222222222222222222—24
Leroy, 25.....	2222222222222222222222222—24
Morrison, 27.....	222222222222222222202212222—24
J. D. Gay, 29.....	2222212222222222222222222—24
C. C. Nauman, Jr., 28.....	2222212222222222222222222—24
D. D. Gross, 27.....	2222222222222222222222222—24
A. H. Fox, 28.....	2222222222222222222222222—24
J. J. Hollowell, 28.....	2222222222222222222222222—24
Hood, 28.....	2222222222222222222222222—24
C. W. Budd, 29.....	2222222222222222222222222—24
F. S. Parmelee, 30.....	2222222222222222222222222—24
H. J. Lyons, 28.....	2222222122222222222222222—24
A. P. Smith, 30.....	2222222222222222222222222—24
H. D. Kirkover, Jr., 28.....	2122222222222222222222222—24
Levi Fulton, 27.....	2222122201211211211222121—24
A. H. King, 28.....	2222022222222222222222222—24
T. H. Greer, 26.....	2212111112222122222201212—24
E. M. Stout, 27.....	2222212222222222222222212—24
E. E. Neal, 28.....	2222222222222222222222222—24
W. R. Crosby, 31.....	2222022222222222222222222—24
H. B. Fisher, 27.....	1222102211212211222222222—25
G. H. Piercy, 27.....	2222222222222222222222222—25
J. L. Rehrig, 28.....	2221222222222222222222222—24
D. C. Byers, 26.....	2222222222222222222222222—24
M. D. Stevens, 27.....	12222222222222222222222122—24

Ties on 23:

John Parker, 28.....	2222222222222222222200212222—23
E. D. Fulford, 30.....	22202222222222222222222022—23
J. C. Hicks, 28.....	02222222222222222222222222—23
Allen Wiley, 27.....	22222222222222222222222220—23
E. D. Lenthion, 26.....	22222222222222222222222222—23
Capt. A. W. Money, 28.....	1202212222222212222222202—23
J. G. Knowlton, 29.....	22222222222222222222222222—23
Puck, 26.....	22222222222222222222222222—23
F. Schwarz, Jr., 27.....	222012220121121121111121—23
Clifford, 27.....	22222222222222222222222222—23
G. E. Greiff, 27.....	12121222222222222222222222—23
Blake, 28.....	22222222222222222222222222—23
C. von Lengerke, 28.....	022222222222222222222222201—23
Geo. W. Clay, 28.....	02222222222222222222222222—23
Capt. Barker, 31.....	22222222222222222222222222—23
A. L. Ivins, 28.....	222222222222222222222220212—23
W. S. Cannon, 25.....	1210220221221212112222212—23
Jay Ell, 29.....	22222222022222222222222222—23
G. A. Mosher, 27.....	22122222210222222222222222—23
G. E. Geikler, 26.....	222222222222222222212222022—23
R. O. Heikes, 30.....	22222222222222222222222222—23
J. C. England, 27.....	222221222210222222222222202—23
George Roll, 30.....	20222222222222222222222222—23
Louie Painter, 27.....	02220222222222222222222222—23
R. Rahm, 26.....	22202222222222222222222222—23
Price, 28.....	22222222222222222222222222—23
F. E. Sinnock, 27.....	22222222222222222222222222—23
William Wagner, 27.....	221122122112201202211222—23
Jim Jones, 27.....	1222212011211211012221222—23
Howard Bucknell, 27.....	22211221222022122222222220—23
J. S. Fanning, 30.....	22202222222222222222222222—23
O. R. Dickey, 29.....	22222222222222222222222222—23
S. M. Van Allen, 28.....	22222020222212222222222222—23
R. Dwyer, 27.....	20222221222122222222222220—23
F. C. Butler, 27.....	22222222222222222222222222—23
I. B. Hopkins, 27.....	22222220212221222222222222—23
H. M. Heffick, 27.....	22222222222222222222222222—23
Col. Thos. Martin, 28.....	2201122222212222212220222—23

Shoot-off for trophy:

H. D. Bates, 28.....	22222222222222222222222222—34
J. R. Malone, 28.....	121212222221222212122221222—31
Phil Daly, Jr., 28.....	2222220—6
Col. A. G. Courtney, 28.....	1210—6
Dr. Casey, 28.....	2220—3
J. L. Smith, 27.....	220—2
T. A. Marshall, 31.....	220—2
Arno, 27.....	20—1

Two hundred and forty-seven shooters took part in the tournament, and \$13,835.40 was divided in different purses. The total number of live birds trapped was 12,888.

Near the Metropolis.

The second tournament was given at Trenton, N. J., May 2 and 3, under the auspices of the Walsrode Gun Club.

Best Averages First Day.—J. S. Fanning, first, .884; H. H. Stevens, second, .872; Edward Banks, third, .848.

Best Averages Second Day.—J. S. Fanning, first, .957; H. H. Stevens, second, .915; Edward Banks, third, .890.

General Averages Both Days.—J. S. Fanning, first, .921; H. H. Stevens, second, .893; Edward Banks, third, .869.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 50. Average entry first day, 26.3; average entry second day, 23.5. The total amount of money divided in purses was \$507.20. 8,795 targets were trapped during the tournament.

The Old Dominion.

The third tournament was given at Richmond, Va., May 23 and 24, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club.

Best Average First Day.—J. S. Fanning, first, .927; A. H. Fox, second, .921; H. C. Bridgers, third, .896.

A continuous rain from 3 A. M. until 5 P. M. compelled the canceling of the second day's programme. A few impromptu sweeps were shot, after the programme was declared off. The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 28. Average entry first day, 21. The total amount of money divided in purses was \$349. 7,555 targets were trapped during the tournament.

Grand American Handicap at Targets.

The fourth tournament was the Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap Target Tournament, which was decided at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y., June 12, 13, 14 and 15. The Association added \$1,000 to the purses, of which amount \$100 was reserved to purchase a sterling silver trophy for the winner of first money in the Grand American Handicap at Targets.

This tournament was more in the nature of an experiment than anything else, the idea being to arrange a programme that would bring together as many amateurs as possible, and also to pit against them, under a handicap of course, the best trapshooters in the country. A handicap committee of undoubted experience was selected, and the principal events were shot under the "high gun" rule, precisely the same as those in the Grand American Handicap at live birds.

The rule of the Interstate Association barring manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc., was in force in all the regular events; but in the handicap events amateurs and manufacturers' agents met in a free-for-all, handicapping being done by placing the men on different marks. This was the first time in the history of trapshooting that handicapping by distance has been applied to any target tournament on a large scale. It has apparently taken the fancy of all who competed in the three separate handicap events, and seems to bid fair to grow in popularity the more it is tried.

Best Averages First Day—Regular Events.—Manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc. (for targets only): R. O. Heikes, first, .954; J. S. Fanning, second, .948; W. R. Crosby, third, .920.

Best Averages First Day—Regular Events.—Amateurs: E. D. Rike, first, .942; I. Tallman, second, .931; R. L. Pierce, third, .914.

Best Averages Second Day—Regular Events.—Manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc. (for targets only): R. O. Heikes and W. R. Crosby, first, .952; J. S. Fanning, second, .929; B. Leroy Woodard, third, .917.

Best Averages Second Day—Regular Events.—Amateurs: E. D. Rike, first, .952; F. H. Snow, second, .917; A. H. Fox, H. G. Wheeler and Neaf Appgar, third, .882.

Preliminary Handicap—Open to All.

This event was shot under the following conditions: 100 blue-locks, unknown angles, \$7 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 25yds.; high guns, not class shooting; \$100 added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the purse was divided was determined by the number of entries received.

There were 70 entries, and first place was won by Mr. H. C. Bridgers, Tarboro, N. C., who stood at the 19yd. mark and scored 89.

Best Averages Third Day—Regular Events.—Manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc. (for targets only): J. S. Fanning, first, .964; R. O. Heikes, second, .952; W. R. Crosby and E. D. Fulford, third, .941.

Best Averages Third Day—Regular Events.—Amateurs: F. D. Kelsey, first, .976; G. H. Piercy, second, .964; C. W. Feigenspan, third, .952.

Grand American Handicap at Targets—Open to All.

This event was shot under the following conditions: 100 blue-locks, unknown angles; \$10 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 25yds.; high guns, not class shooting; \$200 added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the purse was divided was determined by the number of entries received.

In addition to first money, the Interstate Association presented to the winner of first place a sterling silver trophy commemorative of the win.

There were seventy-four entries, and first place was won by Mr. R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., who stood at the 22yd. mark and scored 91.

Best Averages Fourth Day—Regular Events.—Manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc. (for targets only): J. S. Fanning and R. O. Heikes, first, .964; E. D. Fulford, second, .941; J. R. Malone, third, .917.

Best Averages Fourth Day—Regular Events.—Amateurs: F. D. Kelsey, first, .952; John A. Flick, F. H. Snow and Wm. Allison, second, .929; Wm. Morris, third, .917.

Consolation Handicap—Open to All.

This event was shot under the following conditions: 100 blue-locks, unknown angles; \$7 entrance, targets, included; handicaps 14 to 25 yds.; high guns, not class shooting; \$100 added to the purse. Winners of money in the Grand American Handicap at Targets had one yard added to their handicap. The number of moneys into which the purse was divided was determined by the number of entries received.

There were forty-three entries, and first place was won by Mr. Ralph Worthington, Cleveland, O., who stood at the 16yd. mark and scored 93.

General Averages for Four Days—Regular Events.—Manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc. (for targets only): R. O. Heikes, first, .955; J. S. Fanning, second, .951; W. R. Crosby, third, .928.

General Averages for Four Days—Regular Events.—Amateurs: E. D. Rike, first, .909; F. D. Kelsey, second, .907; F. H. Snow, third, .895.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 101. Average entry first day in regular events, 74 2-5; average entry second day, 82 2-5; average entry third day, 74; average entry fourth day, 55 4-5. The total amount of money divided in purses was \$5,170.70. 52,535 targets were trapped during the tournament.

By the Sea Shore.

The fifth tournament was given at Narragansett Pier, R. I., July 11 and 12, under the auspices of the Canonchet Gun Club.

Best Averages First Day.—J. S. Fanning, first, .941; S. A. Tucker, second, .917; Edward Banks, third, .911.

Best Averages Second Day.—J. S. Fanning, first, .935; Edward Banks, second, .906; B. Leroy Woodard, third, .900.

General Averages Both Days.—J. S. Fanning, .937; Edward Banks, second, .908; S. A. Tucker, third, .894.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 67. Average entry first day, 44.9; average entry second day, 41. The total amount of money divided in purses was \$874.90. 14,965 targets were trapped during the tournament.

On Lake Memphremagog.

The sixth tournament was given at Newport, Vt., Aug. 7 and 8, under the auspices of the Newport Gun Club.

Best Averages First Day.—B. Leroy Woodard, first, .921; O. R. Dickey and J. R. Hull, second, .913; C. D. White, third, .895.

Best Averages Second Day.—B. Leroy Woodard, first, .940; O. R. Dickey, second, .910; J. S. Fanning, third, .890.

General Averages Both Days.—B. Leroy Woodard, first, .930; O. R. Dickey, second, .893; J. S. Fanning, third, .888.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 58. Average entry first day, 31 4-7; average entry second day, 33 1-3. The total amount of money divided in purses was \$217.74. 7,950 targets were trapped during the tournament.

The Empire State.

The seventh tournament was given at Salem, N. Y., Sept. 12 and 13, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club.

Best Averages First Day.—J. S. Fanning, E. C. Griffith and B. Leroy Woodard, first, .842; J. J. Hollowell, second, .818; J. R. Hull, third, .806.

Best Averages Second Day.—J. S. Fanning, first, .951; B. Leroy Woodard, second, .933; J. R. Hull, third, .915.

General Averages Both Day.—J. S. Fanning, first, .896; B. Leroy Woodard, second, .887; E. C. Griffith, third, .875.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 32. Average entry first day, 25; average entry second day, 21 9-10. The total amount of money divided in purses was \$329.73. 8,980 targets were trapped during the tournament.

Recapitulation.

In the table as outlined below will be found a summary of the work accomplished during the season of 1900:

Shooters taking part.....	583
Live birds trapped.....	12,888
Bluerocks trapped.....	100,500
Money divided in purses.....	\$21,284.67

Though the year has been one of unrest, notwithstanding the great material prosperity of the United States, and the oldest, proudest and most exclusive kingdom of the world is tottering to a probable fall, and our own nation has been doing considerable bushwhacking among the isles of the sea; and though these complications added to a Presidential campaign have tended to stir a fever in the blood of many, we are able to say that the present year has been one of the most glorious in our history as an organization, and there has not been a breath of contention to jar the harmony.

Season 1901 Tournaments.

Clubs contemplating holding tournaments and desiring the assistance of the Interstate Association, should have their applications in the hands of the manager by Dec. 10, in order that they may be presented to the Tournament Committee for action thereon at the annual meeting of the Association, Dec. 13.

Communications relating to inanimate target tournaments should be sent to the manager's home address: Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa.

Grand American Handicap at Live Birds, 1901.—Full details pertaining to the ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at Live Birds will be announced in due season.

Grand American Handicap at Targets, 1901.—Full details pertaining to the second annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at Targets will be announced in due season.

The Leading of Shotguns.

The following reply to a query pertaining to it is worth reading and noting. It appeared recently in the London Field:

In order to enlighten our correspondent and others interested in the above subject, we have made a large number of experiments. Three 12-bore shot barrels, with highly polished bores were used, made of three different kinds of metal, viz., Krupp's special gun steel, Whitworth's fluid pressed steel, and a very soft steel made by the Siemens-Martin process. Both hard and soft shot were used, with various kinds of wadding. The results of our trials may be summed up in a few words. The leading of gun barrels is caused entirely by the absence of a suitable lubricant. So long as the barrel is highly polished, it matters little of what metal it is composed. In the absence of a lubricant of proper consistency hard shot leads more than soft shot. Various lubricants were tested, their value for this purpose being in the following order: Mutton suet, Russian tallow, Webley's "Semper Idem," vaseline, almond oil and olive oil.

Corroborative evidence of the above was obtained in the following manner: Two solid disks were turned up and their peripheries highly polished in the lathe. One of the disks was made of crucible cast steel, the other of soft Bessemer. Bars of metal, made by melting and re-casting hard and soft respectively, were pressed alternately by means of a lever and weight against the peripheries of the rapidly revolving disks—the pressure employed being equal to two tons per square inch of the metals in contact.

When the bar made from the hard shot was pressed against the unlubricated disk it was quickly ground away in the form of powder. The soft lead bar resisted this disintegration to a much greater extent. All the lubricants above enumerated were successfully tested upon the disks, and their anti-friction qualities proved to be in the order stated. Whether using the hard or soft steel disks, no frictional difference could be detected.

These results confirm us in the opinion, which we have so often expressed, that soft felt wadding saturated with grease should invariably be used, in preference to the hard felt that is so generally employed.

Clinton Bidwell Trophy.

BUFFALO, Oct. 24.—The final contest for permanent possession of the handsome Clinton Bidwell live-bird trophy was completed on Oct. 20 at Audubon Park, Buffalo, N. Y., and the trophy, which is a sterling silver loving cup costing the donor \$150, together with the title of live-bird championship of Buffalo and Erie counties, was won by E. C. Burkhardt.

This trophy was donated on Jan. 1, 1899, by Mr. Clinton Bidwell, the local representative of the Dupont Powder Co., and was a challenge trophy. Thirty-four local live-bird shots, including all the prominent local trap shots, have endeavored to win same, and as a result the competition was very keen.

The conditions provided that any shooter winning one or more contests would be eligible to contest in the final. There were eight contestants in the final. Each shot at 50 birds, 30yds., and resulted in three ties of 48 out of 50. In the shoot-off, which was miss-and-out, C. S. Burkhardt lost his first bird and retired; R. C. Stacy lost his sixth bird, while E. C. Burkhardt killed and won out.

The birds were a first-class lot, and the shooting throughout was of a high class. There have been five open to all contests and fourteen challenge contests, besides the final contest, of which E. C. Burkhardt won six, and made an average of 90 per cent. for the entire series; F. G. Wheeler won five, R. C. Stacy two, C. S. Burkhardt two, H. D. Kirkover, Jr., two, Geo. D. Cooper, W. N. McCarthy and F. D. Kelsey one each.

The winner shot throughout the series 3½drs. Hazard Blue Ribbon powder, with 1¼oz. 7½ and 7 chilled shot in U. M. C. factory-loaded Trap shells.

Following are the scores in final contest out of a possible 50 birds, viz.: E. C. Burkhardt 48, R. C. Stacy 48, C. S. Burkhardt 48, F. D. Kelsey 47, F. G. Wheeler 47, G. D. Cooper 45, H. D. Kirkover, Jr., 43, W. N. McCarthy 38.

Shoot-off, miss-and-out: E. C. Burkhardt 6, R. C. Stacy 5, C. S. Burkhardt 0.

Columbus Gun Club.

COLUMBUS, Wis., Oct. 22.—Herewith find a few scores made at live birds on the grounds of the Columbus Gun Club.

The club will shoot live birds regularly each week during the winter season.

Mr. Guy V. Dering, our crack amateur shot, shooting a new Titanic steel Parker pigeon gun, just received on the morning of the 19th, direct from the factory, made the beautiful score of 29 out of 30 at A1 live birds.

The Columbus Gun Club has one of the finest shooting parks in the State, and the club is beginning to arrange for the Trapshooters' League tournament of Wisconsin for 1901. I will say to the shooters of Wisconsin, we will make this the banner shoot of Wisconsin for 1901.

Shoot No. 1, 25 live birds:	
G. V. Dering.....	*12121211111222111022121—23
H. O. Anderson.....	110222222111221112*12211—23
E. Berdell.....	122020222211110—12
O. M. Dering.....	1020202111—7
Oct. 13.—Forty-five birds per man, 30yds. rise:	
G. V. Dering.....	120202211222220111121212—22
	112222222211222221*2—19
H. O. Anderson.....	121002120102020222222011—41
	022222*2222*22222222—17-35
R. Peck.....	211211122w
O. M. Dering.....	1212*2111w
Oct. 19.—Thirty birds per man:	
G. V. Dering.....	1111112222111221220112211—29
H. O. Anderson.....	111122222*220111021011*211222—25

CREMO.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

The quarterly competition for the Peoria Herald trophy at 25 live birds was shot on the Peoria Gun Club grounds Oct. 24. There were nine competitors, 24 being the high score. The birds were of Tom Scott's famous vintage, and none of them waited to be shot, but got away in a hurry as soon as released. The race was shot as a \$15 sweep, class shooting; moneys divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Of the three high guns, J. C. England, of Mt. Pulaski, lost his fourth, a strong outgoer. Tom Hall, of Springfield, failed to negotiate his 13th, a right-quartering driver. Barston came to grief on a straight incomer. In the shoot-off Hall lost his 3d and Barston his 10th, leaving England winner of the trophy. After the big race a miss-and-out was shot. Scores are appended:

Barr	112121002122*201110211001—18
Hall	22222222222222222222—24
Portman	222222*022*2220102212220—19
Walpert	22*22120221212212212220—22
Meidroth	2222*22*11220*122202022*—17
Baker	222201200211121222122212—22
England	212*222122112211222122—24
Barston	2.22121212122*11222221—21
Leisy	*002022222222212122*21—18

Shoot-off, miss-and-out:
Hall 22* Barston 2212221220
England 121222112

Miss-and-out sweep: Hall 5, Barr 2, Baker 3, Walpert 5, England 2, Meidroth 5, Barston 4, Portman 3.

At St. Louis.

The initial match for a handsome trophy donated by Alec Mermod was shot at the Dupont Park grounds, St. Louis, Oct. 27. This trophy is subject to challenge and open to competition to any resident of St. Louis or town in the immediate vicinity. Challenge races to be for price of birds, loser to pay for both, and all matches to be shot at 25 birds; handicaps 26 to 33yds.; Interstate Association rules to govern.

In the Oct. 26 competition for Piassa Gun Club medals, A. J. Howell won president's and H. Cole handicap trophy.

The big Galesburg tournament has been decided on as a certainty. Dates will be named this week.

The Danville Gun Club has issued programme invitations for a two days' target shoot Nov. 8 and 9; open to all; 200 targets per day; magautrap rules.

The Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, is entertaining with a target and sparrow shoot, Thursday and Friday of this week.

In Emulation of Nessmuk.

It is something over two years since the FOREST AND STREAM printed the formal notice of the organization, and constitution and by-laws of the Nessmuk Club, of Alton, Ill. That the club has been silent since that time, not vaunting its doings in print, does not signify that it was in any sense a failure, or did not make substantial and satisfactory progress in the work for which it was designed. Quite to the contrary, indeed, it has grown in importance and interest, with an increasing roll of members, who are enthusiastic in its behalf.

The first rule of membership is congeniality. The code knows no distinction of station or difference of years; but let the man who makes a trip or two on probation show a trait which marks him as an alien to this society—and he is quickly found out—it is a safe bet at long odds that he will not go again.

The third annual field day was celebrated on Oct. 21. Twelve of the twenty members met at the dock of the trim little launch Nina at 8:30 A. M. in full habiliments for the fray. Provender was provided by a committee of one, backed by the treasurer.

For this particular occasion, however, it had been agreed to have a genuine old-fashioned trapshooting contest. A thousand targets were brought along, and these hurled at the greatest possible speed on the broadest variation of angles from one expert trap afforded ample pastime for the crowd for hours.

The shooting is done in sets of five shots at a turn, one man up. It is intended as a preliminary to the opening of the game season two weeks later, and it does not matter that scores are not up to the average published records of public tournaments. There is no money up on this contest, and no man's salary depends upon the appearance of his string in print after it is over. He who scores 3, 2 or 1 out of his 5 is as heartily cheered as he who goes straight, and he knows that the ovations are not tempered in either jealousy or derision. So, amid jest and raillery that comes from the heart, the day flies on, and comes to the close all too soon.

F. C. RIEHL.

Peters Cartridge Co.'s Tournament at Raleigh.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 26.—The two days' shooting tournament at the Fair Grounds, given by the Peters Cartridge Co., under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club, was brought to a successful close yesterday. Both parties were more than pleased with the results and contemplate giving a similar affair on a larger scale next year.

The shoot was a grand success in every way; not so much in the way of experts in attendance, but through the appreciative on-lookers and participants. As a matter of fact the gun contest drew a much larger attendance than any of the other attractions on the grounds. Nearly every Tar Heel is a shooter, inasmuch as North Carolina is the sportsman's paradise.

The shoots at Baltimore and at Atlanta drew many of the experts away who would otherwise have attended. The fact of their non-attendance was the cause of these old bird shooters taking a hand in the shooting, as when they saw their friends missing the illusive asphalts they had a desire to shoot, and there was a constant demand for guns and shells. In fact the guns of the regular contestants were kept so hot that they could hardly be handled, and one ejector was broken, but the owner said, smilingly, "It is all right; I am satisfied if the other contestants enjoyed themselves."

The local shooters took part in the majority of the events, the Crawford brothers and Walters showing up to good advantage. One of the features of yesterday's shoot was the remarkable shooting of Maj. McKissick, of Asheville, who tied Barney Worthen, of Charleston, both making 92 per cent. of the number of targets shot at. The Major should feel proud of this, as Mr. Worthen is considered one of the best trap shots in the South, and Maj. McKissick is comparatively a new shooter at targets. If the Major keeps up his present gait he will be heard from in the near future.

Mr. Worthen won the handsome gold locket presented by the Peters Cartridge Co. to the man making the highest average throughout the two days. Mr. T. H. Keller, the Eastern agent of the Peters Cartridge Co., presented Mr. Worthen with the trophy with a few appropriate remarks, and also thanked the shooters for their attendance.

Maj. McKissick would have given Mr. Worthen a close race if he had shot entirely through the programme. Both of these gentlemen used Peters Ideal shells loaded with King Smokeless powder, as did all the contestants, with one or two exceptions, and the manner in which they broke their targets was evidence that the ammunition they used had killing qualities. About 4,000 targets were thrown, and at least seventy-five to eighty different shooters took part. A large audience of interested spectators viewed the shooting continually, and were greatly pleased with the skillful exhibitions of several of the marksmen.

The Peters Cartridge Co.'s representatives, Messrs. Keller, Sr. and Keller Jr., Lamcke and Parker, worked hard to make it pleasant for all. Instructions and guns were furnished gratis, as the majority of the shooters taking part, though all of them natural field shots, were not posted on trapshooting. They all found time to shoot occasionally, Mr. Parker shooting clean through and was close to the leaders at the end.

This shoot will give a new impetus to trapshooting in North Carolina. Greensboro and Durham will organize gun clubs, and undoubtedly the Raleigh shooters will take more interest in the sport, and when the next shoot is held here will be able to hold their own with any one.

The Fair Association managers have requested the Peters Cartridge Co. to again favor them next year with a tournament, and promise to assist them materially in a financial way if they will come next year. A few of the old-time trap shots were present and participated in a few of the events, most notable among whom was Mr. Jordan, of Greensboro. This gentleman in former years shot at the traps, but he is most favorably known throughout the entire United States as one of the grandest quail shots that ever handled a gun.

Messrs. Daniels and Glenn, also of Greensboro, shot in a few events, and Mr. Grant, of Portsmouth, Va., shot through the entire programme the first day, but was called away the second. The souvenir buttons and scarf pins, made to represent .22cal. cartridges, were in great demand, and were a clever advertisement for the Peters company. The efforts of the Peters Cartridge Co.

and their representatives will long be appreciated by the shooters of North Carolina, and we hope another year to show by a largely increased attendance our appreciation.

The scores of each day are hereto attached:

First Day, Oct. 24.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Worthen	10	15	19	13	12	16	85
Grant	10	7	15	6	8	14	60
McKissick	9	13	16	12	13	15	78
Walters	9	5	11	12	7	17	56
Lemcke	9	11	14	12	7	17	56
Crawford	5	10	3	6	11	23	24
Green	11	12	11	12	13	18	36
Parker	12	13	18	12	13	18	56
Keller, Jr.	11	11	14	9	11	11	62
T. H. Keller	6	19	13	9	15	30	62
Gray	8	14	8	11	11	11	61
Byrd	12	15	12	11	14	42	61
Johnson	9	17	10	6	11	68	68
Jordan	12	15	15	11	15	25	68
Welch	5	12	8	11	11	12	25
Belvin	8	11	4	11	11	20	12
Rand	9	11	9	2	11	11	20
Tomlinson	5	6	11	11	12	32	11
Duffee	11	11	9	12	12	24	32
Fleming	11	11	12	12	12	6	24
Ball	11	11	12	12	12	2	24
Hay	11	11	12	12	12	7	24
Mitchell	11	11	12	12	12	8	24
Brenig	11	11	12	12	12	12	24
Johnson, Jr.	11	11	12	12	12	5	24
Broughton	11	11	12	12	12	4	24
Upchurch	11	11	12	12	12	4	24
Hervey	11	11	12	12	12	4	24

Second Day, Oct. 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	Broke.
Worthen	15	14	19	14	14	18	13	14	121
Walters	8	10	8	12	11	11	11	11	38
Turner	6	10	10	11	11	11	11	11	16
Lemcke	10	10	12	11	11	11	11	11	32
Welch	12	5	11	11	11	11	11	11	17
Byrd	13	10	14	13	13	16	14	9	102
Keller, Jr.	10	10	14	11	11	11	11	11	45
Parker	12	13	20	12	15	17	14	14	117
Fleming	11	10	12	11	11	11	11	11	33
Pennington	4	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Ed Crawford	6	11	17	11	11	11	11	11	34
Yeagan	4	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	4
Hunter	4	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	19
Adcock	11	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	12
Walsh	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	12
M. Hay	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	6
W R Crawford	11	8	12	5	11	11	11	11	36
T H Keller	11	12	15	12	11	11	11	11	50
Park	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	7
Jordan	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
A Lyon	4	12	12	6	15	11	11	11	49
Guile	4	3	10	11	11	11	11	11	23
Olkey	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Haws	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	7
Hill	5	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	5
Rothrock	5	8	9	8	11	11	11	11	30
Lambert	4	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	4
McKissick	13	20	14	12	19	15	13	106	
Cradsheer	15	7	11	11	11	11	11	29	
Gurner	15	15	11	11	11	11	11	15	
Hunt	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	6	
Barbel	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	8	
Ford	3	11	11	11	11	11	11	3	
Johnson	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	9	
Gen Glenn	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	9	
Daniels	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	6	
F M Parker	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	
Diffee	12	13	10	8	6	11	11	24	
Williamson	4	11	11	11	11	11	11	5	
Critcher	4	11	11	11	11	13	8	21	
Hazlett	6	11	11	11	11	6	11	6	
Green	15	11	11	11	11	15	11	15	

TAR HEEL.

Peters Cartridge Co.'s Tournament at Atlanta.

ATLANTA, Ga.—The tournament given by the Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, O., under the auspices of the Atlanta Gun Club, Oct. 23, 24 and 25, \$150 added money, was a very successful shoot, even though there was a small attendance, and those who were not present do not know what a good time they missed, as the Peters Cartridge Co., with such men as they have to manage the shoots they give, know how to take care of the boys. No doubt had it not been for the rainy weather Monday and Tuesday, along with the shoots at Raleigh and Jacksonville, there would have been a good many more present.

The first two days were devoted to targets, and the last day to live birds. The magautrap was used entirely, and did not work as fine as it usually does, but, like the shooters, it is bound to get out of order once in a while. The Interstate Fair, going on the same days as the shoot, was also a drawback, keeping a good many Atlanta shooters away.

The birds were a good lot, and were livelier at the close of the last race, which was partly shot in the dusk of evening, which accounts for the poor scores made in that event. The shoot was managed by John H. Mackie, the genial representative of the Peters Cartridge Co., assisted by J. E. Avery, the company's representative at Atlanta. Mr. Avery's shooting would have been much improved on had he not had to work around the trap and assist in running the shoot. The local boys did all in their power to assist the management, and Mr. Mackie at the close of the shoot, on behalf of the company, thanked them all, especially Mr. Ryan, for the help and assistance given them.

Mr. Fox made high average for the two days at targets, but being a representative was not eligible to compete for money or prizes. The handsome gold medal given by the Peters Cartridge Co. for the highest average was won by Mr. Geo. Peterman, of Charleston, S. C. The picture "Steady," given by Mr. Yarbrough to member of Atlanta Gun Club (not a manufacturer's agent) for best average, was won by Mr. Ryan. The barbecue refreshments were served by the ladies.

The shoot closed at dark, and speeches were made by several of the shooters, complimenting the Peters Cartridge Co. on the able way the shoot was conducted, and to the satisfaction of all. Mr. Mackie was requested to manage several shoots next year in the South, from shooters who were here, and no doubt his company will accept the offer and have him get them up.

The trade was represented by John S. Sanders, of U. M. C. Co.; J. T. Skelly, of Laffin & Rand Powder Co.; A. H. Fox, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

All went away from the shoot satisfied, and said they hoped to be able to attend another shoot soon given by the same company. The scores follow:

First Day, Oct. 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	Broke
Fox	15	14	19	14	13	18	13	15	19	23	163
Alston	10	15	19	13	15	10	12	17	22	146	
Skelly	14	12	17	12	13	18	11	15	20	23	155
Baker	13	11	19	9	11	17	14	13	20	23	148
Peterman	12	12	19	13	12	20	13	12	19	23	155
Ryan	10	9	17	12	12	16	9	14	19	23	141
Swan	5	11	15	13	14	17	10	14	17	22	138
Avery	11	13	17	12	9	18	10	13	19	21	146
Anthony	12	13	15	13	12	16	11	12	18	21	143
Tigner	11	11	15	13	11	18	13	14	16	20	142
Angier	11	10	12	10	12	15	6	8	16	15	115
Holland	9	13	13	10	12	13	12	9	16	23	130
Bizzell	9	14	18	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Thompson	9	17	10	11	15	12	14	11	11	11	111
Dunning	14	11	17	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Hunter	14	12	16	10	13	11	11	11	11	11	111
Etheridge	12	12	14	13	11	19	22	11	11	11	111
Arnold	11	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Miles	14	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
A. L. Dunn	12	13	17	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
A. Dunn	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Healey	14	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Yarbrough	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111

Second Day, Oct. 24.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	Broke.
Fox	13	12	11	15	15	16	13	12	20	24	160
Alston	15	14	17	11	10	20	13	10	14	23	147
Skelly	14	15	15	11	11	18	11	13	14	22	143
Baker	15	12	14	11	12	16	14	11	20	25	143
Peterman	13	15	12	13	13	17	14	11	15	24	138
Ryan	13	14	15	9	12	13	12	6	17	19	132
Avery	10	10	17	10	7	14
Etheridge	14	10	17	13	15	17	12	17	16	22	145
Anthony	14	13	18	9	9	17	15	13	15	20	146
Thompson	13	12	18	11	14	13	14	15	21	..	131
Millins	11	11	10	8	9	12	10	11	11	11	103
Holland	15	9	13	8	8	11	19	14	..
Angier	8	6	9	10	14	14	20	..
Winters	14	15	15	12	11	10	14
Hightower	12	10	..	15	8	20	..
Dunning	12	..	15	11	8	13	..	13	..	14	..
Swan	13	13	15	10	12	16	11	9	14	20	133
Tigner	5	..	16	10	8	..	11	7	14	16	17
Bizzell	9	12	21
A L Dunn	15
McRae	10	..

FOREST AND STREAM.

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YACHTING AND CANOEING.

AFTER long connection with the FOREST AND STREAM, as editor of the yachting and canoeing pages, Mr. W. P. Stephens has resigned the conduct of these departments into other hands. As a yachting editor Mr. Stephens possessed the qualifications of thorough technical knowledge and wide information in the several branches of the sport, and to these was added a high spirit of sportsmanship, a combination of qualities, which, as reflected in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, have given the paper a pre-eminent place among the yachting journals of the world. Mr. Stephens is succeeded by Mr. Albert B. Hunt, whose equipment for the work is such as amply to warrant the confidence that under his direction the FOREST AND STREAM will continue to give the best possible service to the promotion of the interests of yachting and canoeing in America. We have only to add that the intimate and uniformly pleasant relations, which have been sustained between Mr. Stephens and his fellow workers in this office for so many years are severed not without sincere regret on the part of his associates.

A QUESTION OF CLOTHING.

ONE would imagine that the question as to what clothing a man should wear when going out after game was one that need never be asked. Yet it frequently is asked, and is not infrequently answered in an unintelligent fashion, which is likely to mislead the inquirer.

Obviously light clothing is needed for warm weather and heavy clothing for cold. A man expecting to spend the summer in Alaska or among lofty mountain peaks should not carry with him light outer garments. It is easy enough to lay off coat, waistcoat, sweater and even a flannel shirt if necessary, but he who finds himself lightly clad in a snow storm on a mountain top, or obliged to lie out over night where fuel is scarce, is likely to suffer. It is better then always to carry heavy clothing, even though sometimes it does make the wearer uncomfortably warm. In mountain climbing, where the long continued exertion causes one to perspire, where he is continually ascending into air that is colder and colder, and where, when his labors are done, he sits down to rest on the mountain peak where it is cold, where the wind is blowing, a dense fog often sweeping along, and a cold rain or snow storm likely to come up at any moment, the man requires more protection than he had when climbing. Under such circumstances many men carry a heavy sweater tied to the belt, to be assumed on reaching the mountain top; others carry a coat in a pack sack. Both plans are good, but lighter to carry and quite as warm to wear is a shirt of buckskin, which can be slipped on when the mountain top is reached and is quite impervious to wind. The suffering from cold and the danger of unpleasant after affects are much lessened if the evaporation from the skin and damp clothing is made very gradual by some such body covering as the buckskin. Leather coats, of course, answer the same purpose.

For the ordinary work of field and water shooting, several kinds of cloth are commonly recommended. Corduroy, mole skin, fustian and duck or canvas of one sort and another are the ones most used. All these have their good points and most of them their bad ones. Corduroy is capital if properly made and well fitting, except that it is very cold when wet, it very readily catches fire and it is quite noisy. Moreover, if it should get torn it is really a difficult matter to mend it, for it cuts the thread used in sewing up a patch or in bringing together a rip, so that the sewing does not last long. If in lighting your pipe or in standing near the camp-fire a

spark should happen to stick in your corduroy trousers, it will smoulder and spread and burn, until you become unpleasantly aware that a conflagration is in progress. A hole half as big as a man's hand may be burned in a trousers leg before anybody recognizes what is happening. Any of these cotton goods, when they become wet, are extremely cold and disagreeable to wear.

Canvas is good and useful. It is extremely durable, never tearing. It has, however, the disadvantage that it is noisy, so that a man's trousers as he walks along scrape and rattle against each other, and the bushes and branches against which he may be obliged to press scrape against the clothing with a sound that can be heard fifty yards away.

The best wear for out of doors is, undoubtedly, ordinary woolen clothing of some subdued or neutral tint. A gray coat and trousers are as good as anything. They wear out easily, brambles cut them, stubs of branches tear holes in them, and after a season or two they have to be thrown away, but they are noiseless, they do not catch fire, they do not attract the eye of game, and they can be mended. It is well enough therefore for the man who is going shooting to wear out his old clothes. This he cannot do, however, with those that are dark in color. Hats, coats and waistcoats that are black or blue are likely to catch the eye of bird or mammal at once and render it alert, watchful and ready to take the alarm.

While grays, pale browns and sedge colors are useful everywhere, they are nowhere more so than in the ducking blind, where often a man is plainly exposed to view or at best is hidden only by a thin fringe of reed through which a quick movement can readily be seen. If you are wise, therefore, you will not wear in the blind dark browns or dark greens, as has recently been recommended, but will have your clothing as nearly as possible the color of the sedge among which you are to sit.

After all, however, we must all of us remember that it is not the color or shape of man or his clothes that alarms the birds and the mammals. If he will sit perfectly still and the wind is right, a deer or an antelope, a mountain sheep or a goat, may walk up almost within arm's length of him without being alarmed. Or the ducks will come up and alight among his decoys even though he be in plain sight. But let him make the slightest movement as the shifting the direction of his gun, or the quick turning of the head, and the game recognizes that he is alive, and that is quite enough. As was said some years ago, in a publication on field sports, these animals recognize danger only in life and life only in motion.

If the shooting of men for deer continues the approved color for hunting coats will be a bright, fiery red, chosen for protection, that the wearer may not be mistaken for anything wild that roams the woods.

GAME GALORE.

It has been for some time supposed that all the game pockets of North America were exhausted, except those protected by private ownership or by their inaccessibility to the general public, but it appears that this is not the case. We have just received, under the seal of confidence, a private letter telling of a country easily accessible, abounding in big game and small, where the hunting is easy and the way smooth, but as we have remarked, we are not at liberty to divulge where this country is. This makes us feel very badly, and we extend to those who read these lines our heartiest condolences for the chance that they are missing. To learn of a country where no less than four species of big game are so abundant that the correspondent writes that there is "no end to them," and to be unable to visit that country or even to tell any one else where it is, causes us acute suffering—quite as acute, we may say in all modesty, as that likely to be endured by any of those who read of it.

Here is a region close to a railroad, easily reached by wagon or canoe, abounding in game birds, in ducks and geese, with possible swans, with fish in the waters to vary the menu, and as we are assured with four different species of big game feeding in the valleys, clambering up the hillsides or perched on the pinnacles of the highest elevations, all of them apparently waiting the convenience of some ardent hunter; and yet there is no hunter there, and none going to be there, at present, as far as we can learn.

We presume that there are many who would be glad to visit this attractive and accessible region. We should like to visit it ourselves. But for the present it is closed. The game birds may still search for food, the ducks with their heads under their wings may float undisturbed on the quiet waters, and the geese may feed in the shallows or nip the tender grass, without alarm. The four species of big game may rest unscared on the higher lands and go to the water and drink and stand about, and then feed hillward again, wriggling their short tails, without fear of alarm from the hunter's shot. It is a temporary paradise regained.

THAT ADIRONDACK MOOSE.

LAST spring Dr. W. Seward Webb released from his game preserve at Ne-Ha-Sa-Ne Park in the Adirondacks a herd of five moose, and announced his purpose to put out more moose and a herd of elk, if those liberated this year should do well. Dr. Webb's action and his intention were well known throughout the woods, and one might think that under such circumstances, whatever other obstacles there might be to the successful stocking of the Adirondacks, the moose and elk would at least be safeguarded against the hand of man. The event has proved the contrary. A Saranac Lake correspondent tells us that one day last week a guide brought into the village the carcass of one of the Webb moose which he had killed and was intent upon peddling like so much beef. The game protector promptly confiscated the meat and arrested the guide, Charles Martin, for violation of the law which forbids the killing of moose.

This leaves four of the Webb moose to be accounted for. They will no doubt duly be potted and converted into merchandise, and Dr. Webb will have been taught the lesson that if he is ambitious to stock any public game districts with moose or elk he must look up some other country than the Adirondacks. There are regions where, even if respect for the law is not sufficient to give immunity to imported game, the hunters are restrained from potting it on sight by the dictates of common sense and every day decency, but the North Woods country is not such a district.

SNAP SHOTS.

It is a repugnant topic and one which we would gladly ignore were it not forced upon the attention daily by the reports in the daily papers of the maiming and murdering of human beings in mistake for game. The cases are multiplying with horrible frequency. Instead of learning caution, as might reasonably be expected, from the casualties due to the criminal carelessness of others, big-game hunters appear on the contrary to be growing more and more reckless. The prevailing spirit of haste and carelessness which impels sportsmen to shoot their fellows had a melancholy illustration in Torrington, Conn., the other day in the funerals of two victims. One was a Torrington man who had gone to Colorado, and being in the country with a woman companion, had put on her hat. The hat was ornamented with a stuffed bird skin. A hunter took it for a real bird, fired and killed the woman. The other Torrington victim had been in Maine, where his companion had taken him for a deer, with fatal effect.

A novel suit has been brought by a Watertown, N. Y., father to recover damages for the loss of his son, fifteen years old, who was drowned off Carleton Island, last July. The boy was at the time acting oarsman for a fisherman, and the complaint sets forth that when a storm came up and other boats sought shelter the employer of the boy persisted in remaining in an exposed situation, although warned in time of the approaching peril. In the storm the boat was capsized and the boy was drowned. The father is suing for \$5,000.

Sunday deer hounding is a common practice in the neighborhood of Saranac Lake, a correspondent writing from there tells us, and the game warden "doesn't care: they all do it." If this report of the situation is correct there is something here which should have the immediate attention of Chief Pond. A protector who doesn't care should make room for another one who will care.

In Bowery Shooting Galleries.

If any of the FOREST AND STREAM's readers has the notion that he is some pumpkins with a rifle and wants to stand by that notion, let him try his skill in the Bowery shooting galleries against a Bowery expert. Somebody is likely to be surprised if he does it. Seventy-five feet will be the longest range, a ½-inch mark the smallest target. From that down to 10 feet and 5-inch bullseyes may be chosen, and any rules, or no rules at all, selected to govern the match. There will be no flimflam game—just plain, straightforward shooting with .22-cal. repeating rifles of the best and most accurate makes. The would-be competitor can bring his own rifle if he wishes. He will find that "the man from just around the corner" is no mean competitor to be shot out of sight at the first round.

As a rule Bowery shooting does not foot up very high on the target. The run of shooters are satisfied to ring a bell inside an inch and a half hole at 30 feet. Some of them feel that they are doing well enough if they hit any part of the 12-inch whitewashed disks surrounding the black bullseye. It is a sad commentary on the average skill of gallery visitors that the inch thick board backing of the half-dozen metal disks has to be replaced every three or four months because shooters can't come within 7 inches of the bullseye at a 30-foot range. Nevertheless there are men, women and boys who can and do shoot well in Bowery galleries, though they would not know the difference between a ruffed grouse and a hen hawk, and could call a chipmunk a "funny rat."

Some of the gallery shots who were trained on the Bowery are at this minute traveling through the country wearing buckskin clothes, large sombreros, silver trimmings and long hair, "the true sons (or daughters) of the West," claiming that they were trained by none less than mighty Indian chieftains who had scalped their beloved mothers, etc. Curiously enough they make higher scores on the targets than do the men who shoot game, and are able to pass, if not unchallenged, at least unscathed and with credit through the West on the strength of their ability to shoot thrown pennies, pencils and glass balls, play tunes with rifle balls (.22 cal.) and do other stunts, though they never saw a beaver meadow, and used Bowery slang before the Western accent was cultivated.

This is not to say that the Bowery Indian expert would not be able to hit game at rest. Some of them do get to shooting game after a while, and do vastly better than the greenhorn could. Writers on sportsmen's topics frequently say that gallery practice is better than no practice at all, but that the uncertain lights of the field make it impossible for gallery shots to get the hang of real hunting for some time. To one who has shot in balsam swamps, in old burnings, and in leaved or leafless hardwood on all sorts of days from sleety snow toward night to brightest sunshine on a clearing crust, the theory of uncertain lights is not apt to appeal. The Bowery gallery lights are sufficiently uncertain.

There is usually a large arc light suspended between the shooters and the targets, 6 or 8 feet above the level of the rifle sights. Cheese cloth is used to keep the worst of the glare out of the shooters' eyes. Some feeble gas lights off to the sides are good enough to light the sights. Added to these, in one or two of the galleries is a gas engine to run the moving targets, which has a jet of flame varying from the size of a match blaze to that of a house afire, more or less, as the wheel goes around. That jigger flame is more confusing than all the rest put together.

There are many varieties of targets besides the plain whitewashed metal disks, requiring more or less skill to locate or annihilate with bullets. Clay pipes, iron mice and birds, circus poster men and women are the chief stationary fancy targets, none of them requiring extraordinary luck or skill to hit, though it is well to remember that a shot fired at the bowl of a pipe is less sure than one fired at the stem just below the bowl, because the perpendicular stem includes a line shot hit which a mere bowl shot does not. The "live targets" are curious to see. There are thin plaster of paris birds which "fly" across the rear of the range on a wobbly string; rats that run along the top of a board and squirrels that climb trees; a Mexican with a huge bowie (nicked and perforated with bullets) who dodges out from behind a convenient picture tree; facing the Mexican is a cowboy raising a .12-gauge revolver to shoot the Mexican; between the two men a tiger pursues a lion in a hurdle race; and in the foreground jig three of the most deceptive short-range targets ever shot at—glass balls on streams of water. The dignified "long range" has regulation (more or less) ring targets on which one may make and preserve scores at 50 or 75 feet. Some specimens of these are shown.

Everything in the gallery that will yield to a bullet is perforated. The greasy carpet on the counter is raked by bullets; the ceiling, the sides and the floor all show the effects of wild shots. All the woodwork within 2 feet of a possible mark is shot literally to pieces. The gallery man

himself commonly has a finger or so scarred, and very likely has a little bullet or two in his anatomy (but he wouldn't admit it). Some galleries have the muzzles of the rifles chained to the counter, which prevents the customer pointing his gun at the next man while watching fire engines go past in the street. Where the rifles are not chained the attendant is seen to make some very catty movements, especially if the would-be shot wabbles, which many a shooter does.

Because a man wabbles is no sign that he can't shoot. In fact the wabbiest frequenter of the galleries on the Bowery is one of the best shots at anything from the jiggling fountain balls to the long range targets. He has the St. Vitus' dance bad. It is very natural for a stranger who sees him fondling a gun to want to bet five to one that he couldn't hit the side of a house, till after the shooting. It looks like a sure win when the rifle starts up for the jerky shoulder by yanks and fits, but the shot is made the instant the sights are in line. Then the gun goes kiting again, and the five bullet holes in a target 50 feet away can usually be covered with a quarter, and occasionally with a dime.

Buff Rosenbaum is counted one of the best shots on the Bowery. He is credited with putting 100 shots in a ½-inch circle at 50 feet without a break. A gallery man taught him how to hold a rifle when he was a boy, and ever since he has been at it. The man who loads the rifles is usually the best shot present, but he takes pains to tell the customer that 35 out of a possible 50 is pretty good shooting, and doesn't do any better to speak of when appealed to. Still he is anxious that the shooter understand that better scores could probably be made by the shooter if he'd only practice a little.

The gallery keepers are a class by themselves. Gordon, the pistol shot, keeps one place; the three O'Brien brothers, who do fancy rifle and pistol shooting, another; Oklahoma Bill, the long-haired showman, hunter and trapper, is there; Collins, noted as a gallery keeper, has a place among the rest, and Coney Island Dan is a way down Park row. Some of them have done game shooting and some of the attendants were pigeon shots years ago. All of them can tell stories, but they hear so many that they are diffident about imposing their yarns on the casual visitor.

"I wish I had the nerve of some that come here," one man remarked. "Why, say! If the elevated there were to begin to crawl I'd be able to face it with a .22. But they're not all nervy enough to shoot the eyes out of a 1,200-pound grizzly. One fellow came in one night. 'Say,' he said, 'lemme have a gun, quick.' He grabbed one and put seventeen shots into the floor before I could grab him—thought he was shooting bugs and snakes."

"I see some come here that are pretty good shots. People from up town 'most all stop in some of the galleries—the bells outside remind 'em of fast shooting at the target—and try their hand for fun. Once in a while one of the quiet fellows says to another:

"'Tisn't like the gun I used last fall, eh?"

"Hardly. Do you s'pose you'd been anywhere now if you'd had that little pop?"

"Oh, I wouldn't be surprised—up a tree most likely." Then there's a little laugh and maybe one of the women sort of shudders. When I hear that sort of talk I think—well, the others don't talk that way. They whoop around and hang all over—Oh, no, they ain't trying to shoot, just banging around a bit for fun. Where they come from every shot has to count. You'd be surprised to hear what lots of game gets killed right here on the Bowery. Let's see! I had seven tigers killed to-day by one man, and four or nine elephants, I've forgot which, and shiploads of deer. I told him how to work the grip. Another hadn't been to Afrike, but out West done a little shooting. Used to shoot prairie dogs while riding along on horseback—prairie dogs 'bout as big as one of them stray dogs on Madison street!"

"Are soldiers pretty good shots?" was asked.

"Naw-w!" was the reply. "The poorest of the bunch, including sailors. See that target over there, the one with the 4-inch bullseye? That's the one they rig the bell on so much, and make people think they're dandies. They can't hit those mice up there once in five shots. They average about as low as anybody comes in. Why, one night there was a boy come in that learned to shoot last spring, and there were nine or ten soldiers here—all sober, too—and one of them says to another:

"'You couldn't beat this Johnny here,' and they paid for Johnny's shots. Why, he beat them all at everything, and you could beat him and give him half the points." (Notice the subtlety of that.)

The gallery man is a wanderer as a rule. He likes to see the length and breadth of the land, and so it happens that about the middle of the fall a number of shooting galleries are put in which last till the days of budding leaves, when the thumping gas engine finds its way to the curiosity shop junk dealers, the riddled circus posters and boards go into the fire and the targets and ½-inch iron backing are mounted in covered wagons, or taken to

the seaside away from the hurly-burly of Bowery life. There are many traveling galleries on the road. They stop at country villages and inland cities, and the boys and men take shots at the novel targets at the rate of three shots for five cents. If there are fields, the ranges are increased to 50 or 100 yards. If not, 15 or 20 feet, the length of the wagon box, serves. The gallery box is home as well as living, for the men sleep in it, and dream there, perhaps, of the Bowery when the lean horses rattle their chains or shoes.

The profits of the gallery are uncertain. Just now there is a rush of shooting which began with the first rumors of war and will hang on for months yet, perhaps for years. Talk of war means talk of guns, and talk of guns brought the young and old to "brush up a little." Thousands learned to shoot under the inspiration of the Spanish war; more took to learning when England set out after the Boers. As high as 6,000 shots a day have been fired in a Bowery gallery from six rifles. Clay pipes, glass balls and other breakables are purchased by the thousands; cartridges by the 10,000 and 20,000, and even then there are unforeseen rushes which require the use of a telephone lest cartridges run out.

The greatest number of shots are fired by parties of half a dozen or so. The impulse is almost irresistible to many of the uptown visitors, and five or six men and women fire a hundred or so shots before they know it. It is among these shooters that the practiced eye of the gallery man discerns the real hunter and sportsman.

"I can tell a shotgun user from a man who has always used a rifle," a gallery man said the other day. "There is a difference in the way they bring the rifle up—you use a rifle, don't you? I thought so. A shotgun man has to hunt for his sights and almost always shoots too high and too quick. And there is a difference in the way the riflemen go about their business. The fellows that know all about game shooting are three times as fast as the target shots. They seldom center, but never throw a bullet wild as some of the best target shots do because of nervousness. It's mighty pretty to see one of those old hunters come in—the way he fetches up the gun is easy and graceful. I like to hear them talk when I ain't too busy."

"There are some good women shots live over east of here—as good as the men, but 'most of them come from uptown, parties doing the Bowery and seeing Chinatown. They can do some good shooting, and many a time I've seen a fellow wish he hadn't, after trying to beat the hunting girl he's been trying to get next with by telling her 'bout his shooting, because she shoots. I know one fellow that came here for a month every night so that he could shoot. Then one night he fetched a party down, and a five spot was in my pocket. He shot all around everybody just beautifully, and when the girl took up the rifle, it meant business, I tell you, but he was as good as she was, and it took too. I see him once in a while now, and one night she said:

"And so you taught him to shoot, did you? Well——."

The rifles on the counters are of well-known makes. They would hardly be selected by squirrel hunters, though they do shoot well and would carry 200 yards on a still day very accurately. The barrels are anywhere from 24 to 29 inches long—the latter are made especially for galleries, and have to be purchased by the dozen. They are a handsome gun, and the best possible for the purpose.

There are many kinds of visitors of the galleries. The Chinese are occasional patrons, and some of them do very good shooting—far better than the average. Men who cannot speak English enter the places and shoot by the score of times. Small boys and old men meet and enter into friendly competition over the rifle sights. Hunters who have pursued game into its most distant retreats vie with the local celebrity for the fun of it, and women of every color take their turns at the rifle butts. Outside the bells jingle; inside the rifles pant—none are free from the charm of the rifle.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Oklahoma Bill gives this advice to gallery shooters: "Stand straight up, and when shooting in a gallery never lay down on the counter to rest your arm, for if you once get into that habit it is hard to break off. Stand erect, and place your right foot 6 inches behind the left foot, with the hollow of the right foot opposite the left heel; in taking aim, be as quick as possible, catch the sight as soon as you can, for the longer you hold the gun to your shoulder trying to get better aim, the more shakey your nerves will get, and your eye may become watery. The first sight is always the best, as shooting is nothing more or less than good eyesight and steady nerves."

"To do fancy shooting with the aid of the looking-glass, stand with your back toward the target, place the rifle on your right shoulder so that it will balance, grasp the small of the stock with your right hand, the thumb on the trigger, place the glass in the left hand, and between the thumb and forefinger, rest the hand on the stock of the

rifle between the butt and the small of the stock, look in the glass and keep moving until you get the muzzle and rear sight on a line just the same as shooting from the shoulder. It may take some time and patience at first, but when you once get the idea it is dead easy. Other shots may be done the same way—viz.: on top of head, over left arm, between the legs, etc."

And to youngsters who are ambitious to try the delights of roughing it in the West, he says: "If you have always been used to living in a city and have kind parents to look after you, plenty to eat, a good bed to sleep in, then you should be content with your lot, for you have not the slightest idea what roughing it means. I myself as well as hundreds of others have on several occasions passed many a long and weary night on the prairie with my saddle for a pillow, and nothing but the canopy of heaven for my cover. Rheumatism is a common ailment among hunters and trappers; it is a hard and dangerous life, and I have never known of one instance where the hunter and trapper ever accumulated any amount of wealth. You can go in any Western village and see old men bent with age and scarcely able to walk about, and if you should engage in any conversation with them, two-thirds of them will tell you they were hunters and trappers, and that they are now so crippled from exposure, that they are not able to do any work. Such is the case in all my experience, and I was brought up with the gun in my hand, and at the age of fourteen I could market as much game as some of the men."

One hears some good stories in the Bowery shooting galleries when business is slack. Here is one Oklahoma Bill repeats, as told by Tom Black. "Tom," Bill prefaces, "was the greatest hunter and trapper of his day, and he was the biggest liar that ever trod in shoes. The following is one of his lies that he often tells the people in barrooms when he feels good:

"One day I was out a-huntin' and I was tired and sot down to rest, rite along the edge of the Missouri River, and I looked up and seen 16 Injuns comin' down the river in a canoe. I knowed if they got hold of me they would try to scalp me, so I jist waited till they got about 25 yards off. I was layin' down behind a stump, and I raised my rifle and let go at 'em, and killed 6 of 'em, and as soon as the others heard the shot and seen 6 of their party fall dead, they seen my head stickin' up behind the stump, and they made for the shore and started for me with their war-whoops. I was just a little skeered when I looked up and seen there was just 10 of 'em, so when they got up to me I went at 'em with the butt of my rifle and killed 5 more of 'em; then I dropped my rifle and went at 'em rough and tumble and killed 2 more with my fist; the other 3 got hold of me and throwed me down right close to the edge of the river, so I got hold of one of them and held his head in the edge of the river, and with my other hand I held another by the throat and kicked at the 3d one with both feet. I kept this up for about 20 minutes, and then I fainted away, and when I come too, I saw the one I held in the edge of the river was drowned, and the one I held by the throat was choked to death, and the one I kicked was still alive, so I took my huntin' knife and finished him. I tell you, boys, that was the worst fight I ever had with the Injuns."

The Sportsman Tourist.

Our Opening Day.

A Vancouver's Island Idyl.

SEPTEMBER first opened fair. A sweet south wind, soft as a woman's kiss, drifted the early morning mist in wreaths from off the beaver meadows, and the solemn stillness of the deep fir forests was only occasionally broken by the red squirrel's hungry breakfast chatter.

Late on the evening of Aug. 31 we had risen from our dry old battered editorial chair, a chair well seasoned with red hot editorial swear words, and we had vowed to our august and proof-bedraggled selves that on the morrow—it being the opening day for mowitch, which in the rich and effete East reads "deer"—we should take a solitary jollification to our venison-hungry selves, and stalk the wily buck for a spell, leaving the poor old printing push to the tender mercies of the "devil." Therefore it is that we open this scrawl with a faint attempt at a description of how the fresh air felt and smelt to ourselves as, with Eph the Reliable of old Sharp's make in our itching hand, we quietly traversed certain timbered ridges, intersected by small meadows, on our way to a pet spot.

The air was almost quiet; in the deep timber quite so. A flicker heliographed an orange-scarlet signal for an instant from his shield-like wing as he crossed a beam from the rising sun. Then speeding into the forest gloom, he disappeared, and the squirrel chattered a volley of bad words after him at being fooled into the belief that a hawk had swooped at him, causing him to drop a fat cone, and to swallow a juicy kernel so hastily that he quite lost the delightful titillation of the palate that should by rights have been his.

The frightful scrambling he made among the fallen leaves to recover that sweet fir cone deluded me for an instant into the belief that a deer had sprung up. The next instant, however, a little winter wren told me, "No! no! No! no!" and I went on my way with quickened steps, as the fast rising sun warned me that my chance for a deer that morning would soon be over.

In due time I reached the edge of the ridges where the last one sloped down steeply into a tract of swampy land, overgrown with trees and bushes of every indigenous species. This would seem to be a queer place to search for deer, but, knowing their habits from long experience, I felt reasonably sure of at least seeing one, and quite hopeful of being able to get a shot. The deer in these parts, during the early part of the season, live in these thick, tangled swamps and windfalls. They come out on the more open ridges at night, to feed and play about on the dry, sandy ground. At daybreak they move toward their day haunts, in which, if a place like I now see before me, it is useless to hunt for them, as

no care and precaution will prevent the hunter's approach being heard by the sharp-eared beauties. Therefore it is on the edges of these haunts that one is most likely to get a shot as they move toward cover in the early morning. So I had made for the rim in this hope.

I had now quite got out of the deep woods, and for some time had been traveling over comparatively open ground, covered with dry twigs, short sallow and huckleberry bushes. Reaching the slope, I went part way down and stopped by a big fallen tree to rest after my sharp walk, smoke, and take a "hloosh naanitch"—a good look. Nothing was in sight, and no sound broke the quiet but the faint rustle of the maple leaves on the trees in the hollow and the occasional croak of a tree frog. Suddenly, the silence was sharply broken by an unmistakable sound—the noise of deer jumping among the undergrowth. The sounds came from a deep gully to my right, which cut the hill diagonally, the head of it leaving the brow far to the right, while the foot debouched into the swamp almost directly below me.

At first the sounds were at some distance, but so still and clear was the air that one could hear them distinctly. Several seconds elapsed before I could discern any movement, and that was nearly at the foot of the gully, where, over a clear spot in the brush, passed one, two, three, deer—two does and a prong buck. Pretty as pictures, and, oh! how productive of water in the mouth! Out of sight they passed, to reappear in another instant on a clear knoll under some trees at the very edge of the thick swamp. A sharp whistle brought them up standing, but appearing so dimly in the gloom of the trees that to select the buck was impossible. Eph had been at my shoulder long before; just naturally climbed there himself, did Eph. So, taking aim at the likeliest looking deer, I fired. A vision of a white leg wildly kicking as its helpless owner rolled down the knoll, told me that venison steak would be mine shortly, and the sound of one heavy crash in the thicket told that its lucky companions had vanished into sanctuary.

Getting to the spot as quickly as possible, I found the buck with a broken spine. A second shot ended his pain, and then I sat and cogitated. Those deer were alarmed when they came down the gully. One of two things had caused that panic. Some other hunter on the ridges, or a hearing or scent of me while crossing the high ground, had sent them scurrying for the ravine, down which they had been accustomed to travel, as affording them safe shelter to the very verge of the swamp itself. This last theory I think the correct one. Alas! they did not judge that I, walking straight, would intersect that fatal cañon at the critical point. After a smoke, I gralloched him, trussed him up, making pack straps of his pretty legs, and started up the hill with him.

The sun is well up now, and the shade of the heavy timber is grateful. The wren teetered on the roof of an upturned tree. "I told you so. I told you so," she sang. The flicker lay plastered up against a dead fir solemnly thumping the hard wood for a breakfast (which reminds me that I am mighty hungry). The squirrel was chucking down cones from a big tree top, and apologized for swearing so shockingly with a "kurr-r-r," as I passed. I rested on the trail where some white bones marked the spot where a martin's body had been thrown two years ago. I picked up the tiny skull and extracted the delicate ivory teeth, putting them in my pocket for charms. So after a while I reached home, and oh! how heavy that deer was! for he was fat as mud.

I was happy. So would you have been.

MAZAMA.

COMOX, B. C., Oct. 19.

Gens des Bois.

IX.—James M. Wardner.

NEARLY fifty years ago James M. Wardner traveled westward through the Adirondacks over a road that steadily grew worse, till finally, like Nessmuk's trail, it ran up a tree and ended in a knot hole. This was somewhere in the neighborhood of "the Oregon," a title given to the sandy, rolling country on the watershed between the St. Regis and Saranac rivers, once devastated by a cyclone and afterward swept by fire. Storm and fire had cleared away the primeval evergreen forest, but in its stead a second growth of blueberries and deciduous trees and shrubs sprang up, furnishing luxuriant feed for deer and bears and small game, while the numerous lakes and marshy ponds were full of trout and frequented by the various fur-bearing animals.

Wardner cut his own road for a time till he reached one of the ponds connecting with Rainbow Lake, and here he stopped, fully convinced that he had at last reached the Promised Land. With him were his household effects and a horse and cow. A few weeks' labor sufficed to erect a cabin and a shelter for the stock, and a day or two more was taken up planting corn in a recent burning. The corn was put in "Indian plant" with an axe. A gash was made in the ground wherever there was space between the charred tree trunks or roots, and four or five kernels dropped in, and then another stroke of the axe alongside the first served to cover the corn. The land received no preliminary cultivation and little subsequent care, yet from a very small area enough fodder was harvested to provide for the horse and cow during the long winter months which followed.

Moving into the wilderness in those days was not half so serious a business as moving to the city at the present time. Men were content with the bare necessities of life, and got them. Everything was free to the man who had the brawn and the courage to take it. The only coin was the sweat of the brow. There were no middle men to fatten on other men's toil. Capital and labor traveled under the same hat. Every man was his own boss, and every day was pay day.

There were no sweet Saturday nights and sour Monday mornings. No one was chained to business. When a man wanted venison or a mess of trout, he went and got them—and didn't have a guilty after feeling that perhaps his time might have been occupied to better advantage. Nervous dyspepsia was as little known as gout, and when a man got a rifle bullet through his body they swabbed

out the hole with a bandanna handkerchief on the point of a ramrod and left the man alone to get well and tell the story to his grandchildren. Truly those were the golden days!

When Wardner came to have a hired man, the hired man followed a bear to the top of Jones' Hill, calling "Bossie, bossie," mistaking its mournful cry for the lowing of the cows he had been sent to get. Twice Wardner caught \$50 worth of fur in one day. Once it was five mink, which sold for \$45, and a "sable," which brought \$3.75, and seventeen muskrats. The second time there were one otter, one fisher, two mink and three or four "sable" and rats included in the catch.

The Biter Bitten.

What might easily have proved a fatal accident happened to Wardner in his early hunting experience at Rainbow Lake. He had caught a bear in one of his traps and killed it, and being in a hurry, he attempted to reset the trap without the aid of levers. Wardner is a powerful man, weighing 220 pounds. Right over the place he was to set the trap there happened to be a fallen tree resting at such a height above the ground that he thought it would be an easy matter to accomplish the trick by bracing his shoulders against the purchase above and bearing down on the springs with his feet. At the critical moment he slipped and both hands and one foot were caught in the trap.

At that time Wardner was living alone, and he had no near neighbors. It was not likely that he would be missed, and even if his absence was noted and a search instituted, no one knew the location of his bear traps. Wardner, however, did not bother turning over such eventualities in his mind. Fortunately the spikes had not happened to go through his hands or leg, but the trap was pinching badly and the mosquitoes and gnats were stinging unmercifully. It was this latter circumstance that bothered him most. Wardner says he thought for a minute he would never get out and that he would be stung to death. He did not say anything, and he did not fuss over his predicament, but he admits that he sweated some. Three minutes later when he was out of the trap with bruised hands and a galled foot, there wasn't a dry thread on him, and he felt as if he had been overboard. The way he got out was this: With his shoulders still against the tree he raised his free foot till he caught the heel of his shoe in the ring of the trap spring. He pushed down on the spring with all the force he could exert, and the jaws of the trap fell far enough apart so that he could draw his hands out. After that it was a comparatively easy matter for a man of Wardner's strength to compress the springs still further and release the imprisoned foot, and when this was accomplished he cut levers and set the trap as he ought to have done in the first place. By a curious coincidence James Wardner's brother, Seth, once met with a similar accident, getting both hands caught in a trap which he had set for a sheep-killing bear at Vermontville. Seth felt very much ashamed of the fact, and tried to conceal it, and became indignant if any one questioned him as to the cause of his bandaged hands.

Infallible Hunting Receipt.

"Bears are not foolish animals by a long shot," said Wardner. "They are the shyest and hardest to shoot of any animal in the woods. The only one I ever killed still-hunting is that one I have mounted in the house. I was after deer on a knoll, and he came poking along.

"That was a case where I took the direction an old darky gave me about hunting deer. He was one of John Brown's niggers at North Elba, and when I was a boy I inquired of him the secret of successful deer hunting. He said, 'I'll tell you,' and he lowered his voice as if he was telling a great secret. 'The thing is to be dar when dey be dar.' That was the best hunting instruction I ever had. It is easy enough to be before or after, but to 'be dar' when dey be dar' is what makes the successful hunter."

Not of the Hunting Caliber.

"Some men are born hunters and some men are not," continued Wardner. "We had a city fellow up here one year that couldn't kill a deer if the two were put in a 10-foot pen. I sent him down to the runway at the foot of the lake one time to watch for deer, and as it happened there was a deer there right close by when he got to the place. When the city man saw the deer he just stood and looked till the deer got frightened and went off.

"The fact of the matter is, Mr. Wardner," he said to me when he came to explain, 'the deer didn't stay there but a very few moments.'

"Another time this man was coming up the lake one evening, when he happened to see a deer behind him on the shore. He put both hands on the sides of the boat to take a good, strong look, and the next thing he knew he'd turned the boat bottom side up and he was underneath. It surprised him so to go into the water so suddenly that for a while he was lost and didn't know where he was. It was dark under the boat, of course, and it was some time before he knew enough to get his head out from under it and holler:

More Men Killed Than Deer Still-Hunting.

"Since they've stopped hounding we don't have the hunting or the hunters we used to have. The old race of still-hunters are nearly all dead, and very few deer are killed still-hunting now. More men are killed than deer in some places. I am in favor of hounding. It's more economical of human life, for one thing. You can raise a good hound in three years, but it takes at least twenty-five years to make a good guide."

Personal Eccentricities of Am Washburn.

Sometimes, though rarely, a woods life tends to make a man careless of his personal appearance. Old Am Washburn is a type of this kind. He has always fished and hunted, and knows and cares for nothing else, barring perhaps chewing tobacco and food. As for clothes, he would far rather live in a bear's hide than his own, for then he would have his bodily covering renewed by nature instead of unsympathetic fellow beings.

Am Washburn spends his winters in the poorhouse, but long before the ice is out in the spring he boards a

freight train and travels to Rainbow Lake. He knows that Jim Wardner has a soft spot in his heart for a woodsman, even though his beard is in ropes like the tag-locks of a sheep and the tobacco juice runs down to his knees, so he packs along his crutches and turns up at the back door about the same time each spring. There Mrs. Wardner meets him, and while she holds him off at broom's length she sends for the hired help, and by promises of divers quarters and good cigars finally secures volunteers to wash up Am.

The old hunter is taken out of sight and tubbed and soaped, and his roapy beard and hair is cut, and he is lathered and combed and brushed till he doesn't know himself. Last year two pair of shears were spoiled cutting his hair. On this occasion one Bill Williams was sent to bury the clothes which had been forcibly removed from old Am, and for weeks afterward Am bewailed the fact that fifteen cents had been buried with them. Williams absolutely refused to dig up the clothes, but finally Mrs. Wardner discovered the true cause of his trouble and made good the loss.

Am knows what manners are, and is always polite to the ladies. On one occasion Mrs. Wardner sent one of the girls to get her a piece of pie after all the pie had been accounted for, and Am, seeing the shortage, politely proffered the piece he had been eating. When Mrs. Wardner was told the fact, she got up hastily and left the table.

Bearding a Bear in His Den.

Perhaps the most thrilling of Wardner's hunting experiences is that relating to his killing a bear in its den. Wardner tells the story in a very matter of fact way. He tracked the bear in the snow to a ledge on the point of Loon Lake Mountain, and saw where it had disappeared in a dark crevice under the ledge. His brother and he had been hunting in company, but the brother had gone around the other side of the mountain, and Wardner was unwilling to take the time to summon him. He followed the bear in under the rock in total darkness and traveled on his hands and knees upward of 60 feet before he located the animal by the sound of its breathing.

Drawing a Colt's revolver and placing it beside him on the ground, Wardner lay down on his face and leveled his rifle partly by the feeling of the walls of the den and partly by the sound of the breathing, and fired. Dropping the rifle, he instantly seized the revolver, holding it before him with the intention of firing it the moment he felt the bear's body in its outward charge. He steered his mind to pull quickly, for if the bear carried the revolver back in its dash over his body he might shoot into his own heels. Fortunately for the hunter, however, the first shot killed the bear, and the revolver was not called into play.

Erratic Course of a Rifle Bullet.

Wardner once shot at a partridge sitting under a soft maple top with one of the old muzzleloading rifles then in use and missed it. An instant later he heard a sharp spat and saw the sand fly at his feet. Stooping down he found the rifle ball badly flattened and buried a couple of inches in the sand. It had glanced twice from branches of the maple top and gone straight up in the air and returned to earth with such force that he would undoubtedly have been killed if he had stood a foot further on.

St. Germain's Tragedy.

Wardner knew Mose St. Germain when he lived at Big Clear Lake. He had a high opinion of his skill as a hunter, but said he was a bad customer and vindictive if he thought any one was trying to get the better of him.

"I always laughed at one expression he made," said Wardner, relating the tragedy of the old man's existence. "He had two boys who killed themselves. Fiette, the first, attended religious meetings and got crazy about religion. He was afraid he might backslide, and thought he would fix it so that he would go to heaven while he was prepared, so he went out one day and shot himself.

"About a year afterward Levi drowned himself. They found a boat on the shore of the pond, but couldn't find his body. His father, mother and sisters searched for it for weeks, but without success. On their way back they stopped here. The old man went out to the barn to take care of his horses and got to telling me about the boys.

"There's Fiette," he said. "He go to meeting to get religion, and shoot himself to go to heaven. Then Levi he think it over, and he think he'll go where Fiette is, and he go and drown himself. Maybe he never go to same place at all!"

Genealogical and Historical.

Wardner's original business was school teaching. He taught in Essex county, New York, and also in Ohio and Michigan, and was always equal to his task of "straightening out" the large boys on occasion. His health failed, and he developed throat trouble, which threatened to become chronic, and so he gave up teaching, and like Plumadore, found health and happiness in the woods.

He was already used to the pioneer life, and knew how to handle axe and rifle to proper advantage, having been born in Chesterfield, Essex county, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1831, when that locality was only newly settled. With his older brother, Joshua, he used to hunt bees in Poke-o'-Moonshine. One cloudy day when the bees did not work, the boys amused themselves rolling boulders down the 500-foot precipice toward the Albany Post Road. It was in the days of coaling and iron mining and forging, and there was a great deal of travel on the road. Every one who came along stopped to see the sight, and soon there was a procession of conveyances reaching a considerable distance in both directions, their occupants regarding with amusement and no little awe the catapaultic flight of the stones that tore through tree trunks 6 or 8 inches thick and filled the air with slivers and brimstone.

James Wardner comes of good old American stock. One of his grandfathers hauled supplies during the winter of 1813-14 to the American army at Sacket's Harbor, starting from Lake Champlain at Westport and passing through Keene and Bloomingdale by the northern military road. A second military road crossed the Adirondack wilderness by way of the lower end of Long Lake and Bog River Falls. Tradition has it that our army crossed over from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence in two

divisions by these roads. His brother, Nathan Wardner, volunteered at Plattsburg, and fought through the battle as a free lance. He provided his own provisions and took along his hired man to help in the good cause. His mother's father, William Manchester, also fought in this battle as a regular, and was thought to have been killed. All next day his daughter searched the battlefield for his body, only to find in the end that her father had been sent off on detached duty and was safe and well.

J. B. BURNHAM.

In the Shadow of Katahdin.

(Continued from page 343.)

BREAKFAST over, next morning there was trouble in camp. Wilbert balked. It came about in this way: Lide and I were for making tracks toward Lake Millinocket and the Spencer Brothers' Camp. Wilbert argued that he had found excellent bed and board, and deer sign was plentiful enough to suit him. Matters were finally settled satisfactorily to all concerned. Wilbert stayed where he was, and Lide and I made tracks for the promised land. Wilbert agreed to follow later, provided we should be successful in our quest.

The Nesowadnehunk road is not as smooth as Fifth avenue; neither are there as many elegant mansions there. Its Belgian blocks were laid by old Mother Nature, and she asked no man as to the quality or disposition of the same. Indeed, it would seem she had so paved the way as to forbid the trespass of man upon her secret domains. Miniature conical peaks and Lilliputian valleys, swamps, lakes and streams, the whole interspersed with natural deadfalls, are met at every few yards; and barked shins, peeled ankles, stone bruises and sore feet are the price extracted from the novice for the privilege of limping, creeping, groveling, grunting and swearing over eleven miles of this road by courtesy. Deer tracks, however, were as plentiful as cow tracks in a pasture lot. We saw hundreds of them, and in places the snow was literally tracked flat. We made so much noise in the crust, though, that no deer were seen.

Maine miles are "corkers," and it took over four hours to cover the distance to the Spencer Camp. Just as we concluded we never would reach there, we caught a glimpse of the lake through the trees. It seemed we must have traveled at least fifteen miles, but we had two miles further to go. Finally our destination came into view—and a most welcome sight it was to us.

The Spencer Camp, or Camp Eureka, as Lide and I had the privilege of naming it one night, is neat, clean and brand new. It was built in the summer of 1899 by its owners, and stands on the carry between lakes Millinocket and Umbagog. The camp is well supplied with comforts for the sportsman, the table being very good. There are spring beds, good mattresses and plenty of covering. Then the Spencer boys are royal good fellows, and do all in their power to make their guests comfortable. The board is \$1 per day. If a guide is taken his hire would be \$3 per day, making total expenses of \$4 per day.

We were met at the door by Fred Spencer, and he was a surprised man when he recognized Lide. Of course I was a stranger, but it took only a handshake to become acquainted. In the large room called the "office," a large wood-burning stove dispensed heat in abundance, while the board floor and the peeled, bright new log walls, hung with rifles, revolvers, knives, hatchets and cartridge belts, presented a sight to delight the heart.

The next morning, after breakfast, Fred having gone off for wood, we fired a few shots into a tree to test our rifles, then started off on his tracks. They led to the edge of the lake, and out on the ice. It was one of those crisp, clear, ideal winter mornings, and we stood at the edge of the lake a long while, and gazed in silent admiration upon the entrancing scene spread before our eyes. For miles to the east and south stretched a sheet of ice, fringed by an irregular shore line, which was indented with bays and clad in dark green raiment, which intermingled with the gray of dead standing and fallen forest giants, and beautiful gem-like islands—like emeralds in a sea of pearl—studded the glistening surface. The boughs of nearby firs and the evergreens bowed under a weight of crusted snow, and the ground underneath was sheeted in a robe of white. As if to add softness, a heavy frost lavishly coated every object, lending to the scene the grayish tinge of dull-finished silver. The brilliant rays of the winter sun fell from the pure unflecked winter sky with rainbow loveliness upon the picture, and it seemed as if we were looking upon an enchanted land.

Lide was first to step upon the ice, and as I followed, a large fish, a laker, perhaps, darted away from near shore for deeper water. Then Fred appeared rounding a point and dragging a large sled heaped high with logs for the huge wood burner. "Good morning, Fred," said I; "can you show us Katahdin?" He dropped the rope of the sled and answered: "Yes. Just step this way." We followed to a spot beyond the point, and one of the most glorious sights it has ever been my good fortune to look upon was revealed. Towering into the cloudless heavens, far above the cloud line, stood the hoary-headed guardian of this enchanting region of mountain, forest, lake and stream. Dark timber girted the feet of the giant, and extended two-thirds up the sloping sides. Then through sparse vegetation was revealed the snow, which ever increased in density and whiteness as vegetation decreased. Up, up, far up into the northern firmament lifted the haughty brow of this imposing sentinel, and frowned upon the bewilderingly beautiful wilderness beneath. Seared and wrinkled by lightnings and storms, and thundering snowslides of unnumbered centuries, Katahdin frowned down on the world before man was born, and Katahdin will frown on the world when man is gone. White and massive as the thunderheads of an advancing tornado, lifting above the distant horizon's edge, was his crown this glorious winter morning; and as one gazed enthralled upon the giant and the dark blue, snow-crested, sun-kissed ranges melting into the purity of the northeast and northwest, somehow, with each heart-throb, steady as the stroke of a pendulum, something seemed to whisper: "God is here. God is here. God is here."

We returned to camp; then Fred and Jewett advised us to go south on the Nesowadnehunk road about a mile, and climb the mountain southeast of camp. "If you look sharp, you'll find my footprints in the snow," said Jewett. "They lead to where I shot a deer the other day. If you follow them, and be quiet about it, you may get a shot. Anyhow, they lead to the Burnt Land, and when you get there you can sit down and watch. Perhaps that would be better than walking, for you can't help making a noise on the crust, and that'll keep the deer running ahead of you."

We went as directed, and found the tracks without trouble. They ascended diagonally the mountain side through a heavy growth of timber, whose snow-weighted boughs released their white burdens as we disturbed them in passing and liberally showered us from head to heels. This we rather enjoyed than otherwise; it was a veritable bath of purity. Soon a level stretch was reached, where the growth was hardwood. There was little underbrush, fires having swept it away, and a good view was had for a long way in all directions.

Lide was ahead. "Keep your eyes peeled," he whispered. "We're in a good deer country, and we've got to move awfully quiet." We would walk cautiously a ways, then stand and listen. With the exception of plenty of old tracks, the cries of bluejays, the steady hammering of large red-headed woodpeckers and the flitter of snow-birds, nothing of an encouraging nature was seen or heard for some time. Then Lide, who was in the lead, stopped, looked back and grinned. When I reached the spot where he stood he pointed to the snow at his feet and whispered: "Fresh tracks. Deer have been here within an hour. Look! They've been feeding off those maple sprouts." Then he touched the pieces of crust that had been broken by the feet of the deer; they were perfectly free, not having had time to freeze since the deer passed. This of course denoted freshness.

We followed the tracks for perhaps a hundred yards, then came to a spot where fallen trees were piled in a heap. Here Lide swore he could "smell 'em." As I was green at the business, and had never smelled 'em, not to my knowledge at least, I couldn't swear whether I smelled 'em then or not. Just as I climbed on top of a large tree trunk, however, there was a sound like boulders rolling down hill; then four white objects bobbed spasmodically up and down a number of times about a hundred yards ahead, and before one could say "Jack Robinson!" four of 'em vanished in the distance. It was my first sight of the white flag.

"Why didn't you fire?" asked Lide, as soon as he recovered from his surprise. "Why didn't you fire?" I retorted. His mirth expanded in a sardonic grin, then my feet slipped off the log, my legs flourished in the air and I sat on the ground from a height of 6 feet with a jolt that loosened every joint in my body.

We followed the tracks for perhaps half a mile, and were so cautious that it took over half an hour. I thought it was all time wasted, but Lide argued differently. Presently we reached the edge of the Burnt Land—at a point where we had almost an unbroken view for fully two miles to the south. With the exception of a trunk standing here and there, the country had been swept clean by fire. The southern point of a small rise to the east ended here, and as we reached a place just opposite, Lide's hand motioned Stop! I stopped short. Then Lide raised his rifle, leaned far over and fired. I jumped to his side just in time to see three deer disappear in the edge of a clump of heavy timber; but just this side a dark shape lay struggling on the ground. I grasped Lide's hand and congratulated him, for he had killed the first deer—a large doe. The shot was an excellent one, for the distance was over 125 paces, and the bullet had passed through the neck.

We tried to drag the deer out, but soon gave up the job. Lide finally decided to return to camp and get Jewett. While he was gone I sat on a small knoll and kept a good lookout. I had been sitting there an hour when three shots rang out a short distance away to the north. They were followed by a solitary shot. Presently Lide and Jewett appeared. "What have you been doing while I was gone?" Lide saluted. "Three fool deer have been feeding within 200 yards of you, waiting to be shot! Why, you must have been asleep!" I thought so, too.

"Did you hit any of them?" "I don't think so. They were a long way off. I fired three times and Jewett fired once. Then the deer made tracks for the heavy growth."

Jewett had a rope, and we hung the doe up and Jewett dressed her. He pronounced the weight over 100 pounds. It was near sundown, so we didn't tote the meat out that night. Jewett assured us that it would be perfectly safe there, and would carry easier when thoroughly frozen.

On the way to camp we stopped at the place where Lide and Jewett had done the firing, and Jewett went over where the deer had been feeding. "Come here, boys!" he cried. "Lide, you hit one of those deer, and hit it hard!" We hastened over, and sure enough one of the deer had been hit hard. There was blood in plenty, and we followed the trail until Jewett said it would be folly to stay in the woods longer. Then we reluctantly gave up, determined to take up the track again in the morning. Lide and I agreed to hire either Fred or Jewett to make the trip to the Hunter's Home and inform Wilbert of the day's success, and induce him, if possible, to come out.

It was warm in bed that night, but bitter cold outside the camp. The trees cracked and snapped like smothered rifle reports, and the lake groaned and grumbled like a fiend in pain.

"I tell you what, boys, it has been a cold night, and it's a cold morning, too." Fred's voice awoke me out of a sound dreamless sleep. I yawned and asked: "How cold do you call it?"

"All of it below zero." They told me in Millinocket afterward that Fred was right.

After a good warm breakfast we were ready for business. Fred prepared for his trip to Millinocket, and as Lide wished to follow the track of the wounded deer and hankered for another shy at the Burnt Land district, on Jewett's advice I decided for a trip on the ice. "You can travel more quickly there, and will stand a good chance of seeing a deer on one of the points," said he. "You want to keep near shore, though, and look sharp all the while!" The Nesowadnehunk road runs parallel with the edge

of the lake for some distance here, so Lide started out on the ice with me. We had nearly come up with the second point from camp when a doe jumped up, almost on the extreme end of the point, and was off like a flash. I aimed quickly at the place where the deer disappeared and fired. We hurried over and found where my bullet had struck a tree trunk that was hidden by intervening boughs when I fired. Then Lide stepped further out on the ice and saw the animal hustling through the woods. We went on a way further together, then Lide struck out for the Burnt Land.

I now went along the shore very cautiously, for I expected to see a deer jump every second. If any deer were there, however, my shot must have frightened them away, for I walked over two miles without seeing hide or hoof. Finally I came to one of those gem-like islands and thought I would work my way across it. After spending fully twenty minutes to gain a hundred feet, I discovered I had made a gigantic mistake, and I hereby warn any one who might contemplate a trip to Maine to shun all such islands as he would a pestilence.

Fair to look upon are these islands, indeed, but look and be content. Entice yourself not to stroll on one, for they are a delusion and a snare. The heavily foliated timber hides a chaotic mass of uprooted trees, distorted roots and tangled vines. Then, when the lake gets its dander up it just slings everything adrift right up into this mixture, and the resultant tangling can give a Florida hammock cards and spades and beat it out of sight for demoniacal disorder. Your headway is up and down. Six or eight feet in the air you climb, down you jump, three feet ahead you go, then up again. Hanging from the edge of an eight-story building by your hands in a nightmare is real, ecstatic enjoyment compared to a jaunt like this. To help matters out, cute little cakes of frozen snow shower from the boughs and dance and wriggle down your spine and across your solar plexus, and gradually fill your trousers from the knees up to the waistband. Righteous, indeed, is he who can make a trip like this and not break the Third Commandment.

For awhile the return to camp was made just as cautiously as the trip out. Then the love of nature overcame the ambition of the sportsman. A keen wind swept out of the north—right down from Katahdin. Puffy clouds chased across the heavens and glided along the sides of the giant, but not as high as his lofty crest by half, and their dark shadows incessantly drifted over the unbroken sea of forest beneath. Far away over the ice to the northeast, just beyond the emerald point of a jewel-like island, away down where the ice glittered like an ocean of diamonds, a dark object moved along. Was it a deer? Who can tell?

Dinner was ready when I reached camp. I was ready, too, and so was Lide. We had followed the track of the wounded deer and found where it had lain over night. Then as the morning track showed no signs of blood, after following it a couple of miles he gave up tried the Burnt Land without success, then returned to camp.

That afternoon Lide and I climbed the mountain near camp. We kept a sharp lookout, but found nothing. It was near sundown when we reached camp, and a dozen lumbermen were there. Just before dinner in walked a sportsman named Snow and his guide, Guy Haynes. A very interesting evening was passed around the big wood-burner. Mr. Snow and his guide had hunted all the way from Norcross that day without seeing a deer, although signs were plentiful. They had spent several days trying to get a shot, but without success; this was owing to the noise made on the crust. Mr. Snow lives near Bangor, and is a farmer. He is also an old and ardent deer hunter, and has met considerable experience. His yarns were very interesting. When he discovered that Lide was a farmer, the hunting question was dead so far as they were concerned. All hands were then regaled with an animated dissertation on the propagation of pumpkins, squashes, turnips, cabbages, beets, onions and celery, etc. Then ensilage, brewery grains, garbage, compost heaps, manures and different brands of fertilizers came in for discussion. The discourse was continued even after we were in bed. The last I heard of the conversation ran like this: "Some raise the dwarf celery for market, and others raise the giant variety; but for my part I say give us—"

The next morning Mr. Snow and his guide departed for Norcross. Then the lumbermen collected their belongings together, strapped them to their backs and left for their winter homes to the north. George White, a teamster, stayed at the camp. He had a pair of strong, heavy horses, a tote sleigh and a heavy wagon, and was left behind to tote for the lumber camps from Millinockett to the Spencer camp. Then from here to a point ten or twelve miles north another teamster would tote the loads left by White. Then another would take the loads at his end of the route and keep them moving. In this way necessities were kept pouring into the lumber camp continuously.

When all had gone, Lide and I struck out for the Burnt Land, and we hunted as cautiously as ever, but saw no deer. Plenty of them were there, though, for there was an abundance of sign; but the deer kept out of sight.

After a while we came to Lide's doe, and as the carcass was frozen stiff we decided to tote it out. This was an easier job than I expected, and in less than an hour we had it down by the side of the road. Here we found the sled (left by Jewett the afternoon he dressed the deer) and so shifted our load to runners. It was hard work getting the sled through the drift stuff to the ice, but after this was accomplished the rest of the trip to camp was easy.

Fred had returned from Millinockett, but without Wilbert. Lide stayed in camp the rest of the day, but the weather was so fine and the air so bracing that I couldn't resist a trip to a little bog where the day before we had found the entrails and hoofs of a deer which one of the guests of the camp had killed some days previously. This bog was perhaps two acres in extent, and was covered with tall, withered grass, and the snow was one network of tracks. Heavy timber surrounded the place, and as I brushed the snow from the trunk of a fallen tree and sat down, I felt confident of getting a shot. I sat there fully an hour, and saw nothing but woodpeckers and snow birds. Then, suddenly, off to my right and not over 20 yards away, an animal loped through a bar of golden sunlight. It was in and out of sight in a second and there was no time even to raise my rifle. In that brief time,

however, I recognized the animal as a lynx, or, as it is called in that section, a "lucive." I found it had been feeding off the entrails of the deer out of sight of me while sitting, but not over 50 yards away. Had I not crossed the bog, in all probability I would have got a shot.

From the bog I made a wide detour on the south side of the mountain, and enjoyed some beautiful views, then descended on the north side, struck the road and went out on the ice of the lake near camp.

Never could eye behold a scene more grandly, softly beautiful than I looked upon that evening. Back of the emerald forest's crest, like a wondrous globe of gold floating in a boundless, purple sea, the sun was slowly sinking to his rest. And his soft-shinning, mellow shafts fell far out athwart a world of frozen forest, lake and stream, and touched its furthest limits with delicate fingers of scintillating light. Then his lower rim rested an instant on the western forest's crest; lower, lower he sank, and seemed gradually to melt away, and far to the east, miles away, beyond the lake's wood-bound shores, slowly, stealthily, surely the shadows of night advanced. Now the dusky legions reach the eastern shores and the frosted, snow-fringed woods and purple islands softly blush under a last, clinging good-night kiss. On, on to the west the shadows creep. The sun slowly melts from view. But look on Katahdin—the giant king of these realms. From cloud line to his pure white crest he is a blaze of soft, reflecting glory. Yet up his proud, lofty sides the shadows quietly creep, and obliterate the rainbow tints in their advance. Already have they overwhelmed the lofty ranges to the northeast and northwest, but the king's crown still burns with the soft, delicate radiance of creamy pink, which gradually fades and dies; then for a single instant a narrow ribbon of gold gilds his crown, and, like extinguishing the flame of a candle, or the departure of a soul, in a breath it has gone. As if all nature were under a spell, no sound breaks the death-like stillness, and, as the dusky shadows have overwhelmed the land, so does a forlorn loneliness steal over and oppress the soul, for one realizes his smallness, meanness and helplessness in the vast solitude of these wilds.

Presently the holy silence was intruded on by a harsh, discordant sound. The rude jangle of bells came from the south. Faint at first, the sound grew louder. What could it mean? The mystery was soon solved. The noise came from the Nesowadnehunk road, and the bells were of the horses that were drawing the tote sleigh on the return from Millinockett.

It was dark when I entered camp, but the lamps were not yet lighted. I hung my cartridge belt and rifle on a convenient peg and started for the kitchen. The form of a man leaned carelessly against the kitchen door casing. I supposed it was Lide, and was about to pass. "How be you?" said a familiar voice. It was Wilbert. The old sinner couldn't stay away, so had come through with George White and the tote sleigh.

We were a happy, reunited family of sportsmen, and we sat late around the stove and "swapped lies." George White contributed some interesting anecdotes, and he appeared such an honest chap that we took quite a shine to him. He was a stranger to Jewett and Fred, as well as to us. In his inelegant way, Lide rightly sized Mr. White up, to our satisfaction, at least, when he said: "No man can be bad that takes as good care of another man's horses as that man does."

Among the yarns told that night was one by Jewett. Conversation had drifted to the subject of getting lost in the woods, and several stories had been told, when Jewett said: "Once I was cook in a barkers' camp, and one dark night, about 9 o'clock, we heard a rifle shot away off in the woods. One of our crowd was for answering right off, but I told him to wait, and not to answer unless there was another shot. That fellow was green, though, and would have his way, so he fired. Soon there was an answer, and he fired again. This brought another answer. Then shots began to sound in a number of directions, and that fool of ours kept banging away. In about an hour we saw lights flickering in the woods in all directions, and in fifteen minutes our camp was filled with the maddest lot of men I ever saw. I tell you what, they were ugly! There were more of them than there were of us, and they came from another barkers' camp that had located about two miles away the day before. They had guns, axes and clubs, and we had to talk mighty nice to avoid a pitched battle then and there. Finally they went away, but not before they had chopped every stitch of clothing that was hanging on our clothes line to pieces. One of their party had fired the first shot from a rifle that had a cartridge stuck in the chamber, and they thought some one was lost when that fool of ours answered. Never answer the first shot you hear in the woods, unless one of your own party is missing. It riles men who have worked hard all day to go stumbling about in the woods for two hours at night on a fool's errand." Wm. H. Avis.

Her First Outing.

WE had been married just a trifle over two years before I found time to take a genuine, good, old-fashioned camp. A friend and I had been making arrangements all summer for a fall trip, and one autumn evening as I was packing the grub chest, I heard a voice say: "I wish I were going with you." All I could say was, "I wish so, too," adding, "You shall go next year." The next day John gave up the trip, owing to some pressing commercial transaction, and as I told my wife at dinner hour that she was to accompany me this year, her joy knew no bounds.

Our luggage was transported to the river by rail and wagon, we following by train when the final day came. The next morning when we awoke, black, wet clouds were seen scurrying from the northwest; a chill wind blew, and it looked like rain any minute. But to the query whether she wished to start on such day, you would have thought the sun was beaming brightly and everything auspicious for a pleasant trip, as she replied, "Of course. I expected this kind of weather camping out." So we started, loitering down the old slough, coming out upon the Father of Waters, everything new and novel to her nature-loving eyes. How she loved the water, the wild woods, the green fields and running streams, uttering exclamations

of delight and surprise at each turn of the creek as new beauties were brought to view.

The camping place reached and all the luggage packed to the old cabin, we prepared dinner and had just seated ourselves around the frugal meal, when it began to blow and rain, while we congratulated ourselves on our good luck in getting settled before the storm broke.

Then followed a week of pleasant, idle days, during which we hunted, fished and boated, her chief delight being to sit in the stern of the boat and float idly with the current as the warm sun tempered the autumn air with a delicious, languorous sensation hard to describe, but most delightful to enjoy and appreciate.

We did not get a great amount of game, for we had come out to rest, not to work; but we had just enough to keep the kettle full in case of company, and there were growing appetites that kept the surplus down if the company failed to appear.

We took long walks through the aged timber, watched the turning of the leaves. We watched the autumn fogs and mists settle over the river at eventide, and saw them rise and evaporate under the sun's influence at dawn. We saw the wild fowl in the evenings as they hurried south on swift beating wings, and heard their gabble as they fed in the neighboring rice lakes, and we saw great flocks of blue herons on their annual pilgrimage, and heard their discordant squawks as they flew laboriously along the watercourses. We saw where the muskrat and coon had been feeding the night before, and heard the screech and hoot of the owl in the big timber. We saw the snipe and plover come in on snappy, frosty evenings, and had glorious sport with them next day on marsh and upland. We heard and saw immense flocks of blackbirds as they settled down among the rice beds in the evening, and listened to their melodious chucklings as they fed next morning. In short, we seemed to see and hear, enjoy and appreciate every atom of the wild, wild woods life around us, and were happy and contented, with no cares or worries, and when it was all over, my wife vowed that her first trip would not be the last.

E. K. STEDMAN.

Natural History.

The English Sparrow in Texas.

SAN ANGELO, Tex., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While I am not a friend of the English sparrow, it has occurred to me from my knowledge and observation of him that perhaps to some extent he has been unjustly assailed in the United States generally. My personal acquaintance with him, however, is of only about five years' standing, and that in this city alone.

He made his advent here about five years since, and for the last three years has been in full force.

Having been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM for the last twenty years, and having of course imbibed from the columns thereof that there was no good in him, and that no native bird could withstand his combative "criminal aggressions," and being a lover of all bird life, wild natives especially, I was certainly sorely grieved for the sad fate in store for my little friends when I learned for the first time that their enemy of extermination had arrived; and you may be sure that I have kept a close watch upon him ever since, and now desire to record the result of my observations.

This city comprises 5,000 inhabitants or more. The surroundings are principally prairie, with timber interspersed, enough for ample supply of bird life. In the city we have one nice park of about five acres, well set to a variety of shade and ornamental trees, among which are quite a number of Russian mulberries, which bear fruit annually in the greatest profusion. The mulberries also adorn many of the streets and private residences, as also do many other varieties and shrubs, affording an attractive habitation for all of our native birds. The birds have availed themselves most liberally. A partial list includes red and white crested song sparrows, chipping sparrows, orioles, wrens, redbirds, finches, mockingbirds, scissor-tails, tomtits, grackles, blackbirds, cowbirds, American cuckoos, Mexican canaries, and many others. These birds were in bountiful supply, and on friendly terms with all, and cheering us throughout the year with their merry songs, at the time of the advent of this much detested "vermin of the air." I have kept a close watch upon him ever since.

Of course he has pre-empted every available nesting place in and about the eaves and gutters of the buildings, barns and outhouses; and his eternal chirrup, chirrup can be heard at all times of the day; but I have never yet seen him in combat with any of the native birds, nor have the natives seemed in any way to have abandoned the premises, but are still in full force and as exuberant of song and good cheer as ever.

Just back of my office, on the rear of an adjoining lot, is a small grove of cottonwood trees now in full leaf, making a dense foliage, and the English sparrows have selected it as a roosting place, and every evening about 6 o'clock they swarm into this grove for their night's rest by the thousands. On yesterday evening I was watching them from my window coming into this roosting place, when I discovered quite a number of grackles and blackbirds among them. On closer observation, and watching them until the grove was fairly alive with bird life, and staying until they had settled down to their night's repose, I was satisfied that at least one-third of the number were grackles, and that all roosted together that night in that grove on the most intimate and friendly terms.

That he is combative and will contend for his rights there is no question, for I have seen them fight each other to the death.

I remember reading several years since a communication from Goodrich Jones to one of our local papers, in which he stated that he saw in the city of Waco, in this State, a combat between English sparrows and a butcher bird, in which the butcher came out victorious, killing five of his adversaries in the battle and coming out himself unscathed. But Mr. Jones did not state which side brought on the engagement.

I am of the opinion, from what I have seen of him, that in this section of country at least, if not attacked by other birds the sparrow will keep the peace and live on friendly terms with them. In other words, that he will only fight on the defensive.

MILTON MAYES.

American Egrets.

NOTWITHSTANDING the law against killing the plume birds of Florida, the murderous work still goes on, although confined to the dense and far-away Everglades. These gruesome swamps hold many secrets; here and there the hunter and adventurer come upon refugees from justice, and here some of Uncle Sam's deserters, with pointed guns call out, "Hands up!" to the intruder, lest he be some Government detective upon their tracks. Such characters, with others equally lawless, live by the chase and upon the spoils of the herons and egrets.

As a well-known hunter of Kissimmee, on his way home from the Everglades with his alligator hides, was paddling through a dense cypress slough, he heard the clattering cries of some starving egrets. Stopping the boat, he went to the place and found that some plume hunter had been there. The ground was strewn with about a hundred carcasses of the parent birds, and represented the last of that rookery. From the tall tree tops came the cries of the little ones, whose cries appealed so strongly to the hunter that he climbed the tall trees, an almost superhuman work, and secured eight half-starved birdlings, of different sizes and ages, of big white heron, or American egret. They were brought to Kissimmee, but under the circumstances could receive but poor attention on the way in the matter of food. They were hungry little fellows, and willing to eat many things unknown to their native taste.

So difficult are these birds to capture, on account of the tall trees in which they build, that after years of efforts to secure a pair for the yard, these from the Kissimmee hunter were the first we had been able to procure.

A few words as to the oldest pair, and this brief chapter is closed. While only cartilage and skin, as the bone was unformed, and being half-starved, these birds showed a beauty in their snowy feathers and small crest and their strong piercing eyes. With almost deafening voices they would beg for food. They were male and female, and as with the great blue heron, the female was the bolder, more pugnacious and like a spoiled unruly child in her eating. The male bird was ready to eat what was presented; but she would beat her wings, shake her head and beg with a loud clattering voice, refusing to eat bread and milk because she preferred rare beef and minnows. The zoologist can never comprehend the nature of any creature by the most careful inspection of the stuffed skin. The vital nature of these baby birds became a most interesting study. Fresh from the cypress forest, belonging to the wildest of flying birds, they knew no fear, recognizing a friendship and eating from the hand, taking the finger into their mouths after the manner in which they take the beak of the parent bird. While the long, dilated throat would have its unswallowed food, the continuous qua-qua, qua-qua would keep up as long as food was in sight.

When these young birds had been on the premises a few days confined in a box a venture to try them in a small part of the yard partitioned off by wire was made. They had grown strong enough to toddle around, and a fear that the old hens might attack them kept us on the alert, till the pugnacious natures of the toddlers showed us that no care would be necessary as to attack from the hens, crane or dog. With feathers ruffled, they would extend their long necks, and with a cry intimidate any bird which approached. Even Jill, the large crane who lords it over the entire yard, turned and walked majestically away, leaving the egrets to their own domain. We found the birds creatures of strong habits, even at such an early age, for they should not have been removed from the nest for several weeks.

With the thought of the pretty picture they would make on the green lawn they were brought inside. Here they were restless, and paced up and down the wire, running up against the netting till we found they would have to be put back to their first quarters. In their efforts to get back the male hurt himself in some way, and grew more and more helpless. In this helpless state he dislocated one of the cartilage-like legs. He grew worse, but showed a tenacity of life that was marvelous. His case was pronounced hopeless, and after intense suffering he succumbed to the inevitable.

The remaining six egrets were then gotten from the hunter, who had grown tired of them and had given up all hope of rearing them, for they had been storm-beaten, fed on improper food and were so feeble that they could not hold their heads up. Every effort to feed and nurse the little creatures was put forth. In this weakened state they showed intelligence—on the approach of a stranger would qua-qua a disapproval. From the tenacity with which they held to life we hoped from day to day to raise at least a part of them. One feature noticeable was the strong, clear, shining eye that lasted as long as life with them. No strength came to them, and the end was the end of all creatures.

MINNIE MOORE-WILLSON.

KISSIMMEE, Fla.

The Belgian Hare Fad.

"Just after I came East," remarked Alexander B. Minting, of San Diego, Cal., "there was printed in the *Heard About Town* column of the *Times* a statement about the danger to agriculturists of the Belgian hare fad that has gained such a curious hold on the affections of breeders of pet animals from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The note of warning seemed almost prophetic to me when I opened my mail this morning. A letter from my son tells me that the supervisors of our county have just passed an ordinance compelling owners of Belgian hares to keep them closely confined, and fixing a penalty for turning them loose of not less than \$20 nor more than \$100. This all came about from the announcement of a woman living near me, that she would turn her hutch of about 300 of the animals loose. They had bred so rapidly and had become such a care and nuisance that she could abide them no longer. Now, the young of the hares feed

on the tender bark of young fruit trees in preference to anything else. As we are a great fruit-raising section, the loosing of a lot of Belgian hares would spell ruin for our fruit ranches. So a general protest against the turning wild of a lot of these rabbits, that breed almost faster than a man can count, followed. Belgian hares are so common out our way that people will no longer eat them, and I know one Los Angeles breeder who will give any one all the hares he can take away. Yet he paid \$1,500 for an imported buck, and \$1,000 for three does, which were the foundation stock of his hutch. Now he is doing all he can to exterminate what has come to be an unmitigated nuisance in his vicinity, as some of the young got loose and are doing all sorts of damage to fruit trees. The Belgian hare is a greater nuisance than the English sparrow. You people of the East and Middle West will so find it in a couple of years unless steps are taken to prevent the hares from running wild in the woods and fields about your cities. If the Belgian hares were allowed to propagate at will for five years there would then be more of them in the United States from their natural increase than there are of all other animals, wild and domestic combined. The market for rabbit meat is by no means unlimited, as those who breed for this market will find in a very short time. That satisfied, what are you going to do with the nuisances?"—*New York Times*.

Duel Between an Elephant and a Locomotive

LAST Friday the first goods train from Teluk Anson to Ipoh, on nearing the twelfth mile post from Teluk Anson, was brought to a standstill by Driver Russell, who noticed a big tusker elephant in the midst of the permanent way. A grand contest then ensued between elephant and engine. The elephant repeatedly charged the engine, and this game went on for nearly an hour. The driver occasionally backed the engine, and then the elephant would stand aside from the track, but on the engine again going forward the animal would return to the track and renew its charges. The driver describes the onslaught of the elephant as most terrific, particularly on one occasion, when he feared the smoke box door had been battered in. Of course the driver could have charged at the tusker, but then the great probability would have been that the engine would have been derailed. Doubtless suffering from a sore head at the futile contest between ivory and iron, the elephant altered its tactics, and, turning its rear portion to the iron steed, endeavored to push its antagonist backward. Here came the chance for the driver, who quickly turned on steam and gradually pushed the elephant off the line, but in doing so one of the engine wheels went over the hind legs of the elephant, and thus Mr. Tusker was disabled. The goods train then proceeded on its journey, bearing evident marks of the struggle on the cow-catcher and the smoke-box. Several pieces of broken tusks were picked up, and these are commanding a good price. The passenger train was following quickly behind the goods, and Guard Fox, who was in charge, quickly let the elephant have one of his field artillery shots, and so settled the obstinate old fellow. It is remarkable to add that this same engine was the identical one that ran into an elephant five years ago on the line a little lower toward Teluk Anson.—*Perak Pioneer*, Malay Peninsula.

The White Rhinoceros.

NATURALISTS interested in the larger fauna of South Africa have for several years regarded the white rhinoceros (*R. simus*), which was found from the mouth of the Zambesi River southward, as extinct or nearly so, and, indeed, the extinction of this magnificent animal was one of the strongest arguments that was advanced to bring together the Congress which recently met for the protection of big game in South Africa. Recently, however, Major A. St. Hill Gibbons, the traveler who made the remarkable journey through Africa from south to north, killed near Lado, on the Upper Nile, a rhinoceros which he regarded as the white rhinoceros. He brought back with him the skull of the specimen, and Mr. Oldfield Thomas, of the Natural History Museum of London, confirms Major Gibbons' determination and declares the animal to be *R. simus*.

Although it has previously been reported that a white rhinoceros existed in the Upper Nile country, no specimens have been brought out and submitted to the naturalists, and the descriptions given of the animals seen and killed there were so vague that they left it quite uncertain as to what it really was.

In the notes in *Nature* in which Mr. Thomas announces this interesting discovery, he calls attention to a curious parallel to it in the discovery by Mr. W. Penrice in Angola of a zebra closely allied to the true Cape zebra, which is nearly extinct there. In the case of these zebras the species are not the same, but the relationship is close.

The October Woodcraft.

THE October number of the *Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine* contains the game and fish laws of the United States and Canada. The Woodcraft part has this capital list of contents:

GRANTHER HILL'S PARTRIDGE. By Rowland E. Robinson.
IN THE FOREST.
THE OLD CANOE.
THE RESCUE OF MR. HUNDLEY.
KELLUP'S ANNUAL. By Jefferson Scribb.
DEACON THROPE'S PIGEONS.
ANY LETTERS FOR ME? By H. P. Ufford.
JEHOSSEE ISLAND. By Olive F. Gunby.
FLORIDA INDIAN DEER HUNTERS.
AT CLOSE QUARTERS: The Hon. S., the Plover and the Bull;
A Nova Scotia Bear; The Panther's Scream; A Time with a
Florida Alligator; The Owl's Swoop; The Dog Climbed.
THE DOG AND THE TURKEY. By John James Audubon.
SENATOR VEST'S SUNDAY PIGEON SHOOT.
AUSTRALIAN ROUGH-RIDERS. By R. Boldrewood.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—IX.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[Continued from page 346.]

Black Duck or Dusky Duck.

Anas obscura (Gmel.).

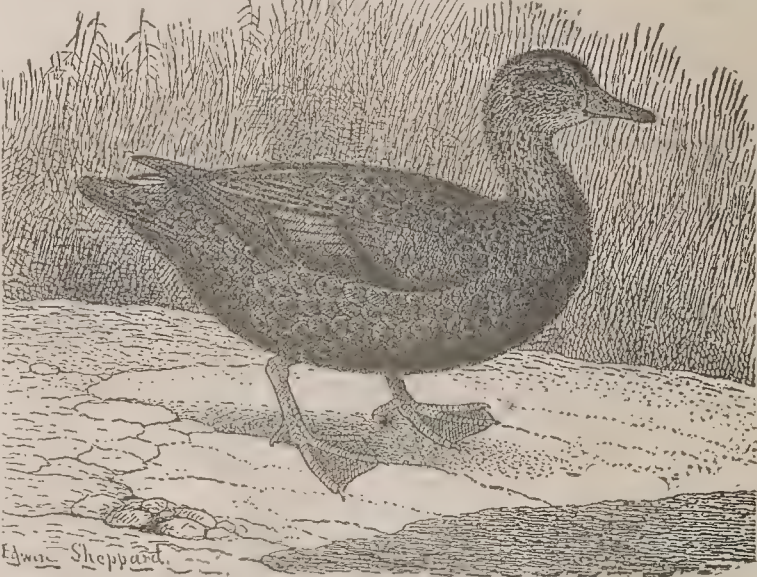
THIS species and the two forms which are next described are closely alike, so much so that by any one not an ornithologist only a careful comparison will distinguish them. They are birds similar in size and form to the mallard, but very different in color.

The black duck is brownish-black or dusky, all the feathers edged with pale yellowish. The head and neck are streaked with yellowish. Of this there is least on the top of the head and the hind neck, which are sometimes nearly black; most on the sides of head and throat. These last are sometimes almost buff, without any streaking. The speculum, or iridescent wing patch, is sometimes metallic-green and sometimes violet, edged with black. The bill is yellowish-green and the nail dark, while the feet are orange red, the webs dusky. Length, 22 inches; wing, 11. The sexes are essentially alike.

The dusky duck, better known as the black duck, is most abundant in eastern North America. It is the commonest of the fresh-water ducks of eastern Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and the New England coast, but when it gets as far south as the Chesapeake Bay and North Carolina it finds its relative, the mallard, there in numbers as great as its own and associates with it on terms of equality.

The black duck, while feeding almost exclusively in fresh water, by no means avoids the sea coast. On the contrary, in the New England States it spends most of the day resting on the salt water and only visits the inland streams, swamps and marshes to feed during the night. In these localities it does not disdain such salt-water food as it may pick up, and in the early morning at low water I have seen great flocks of these birds feeding on the sand beaches and mud flats off Milford, Conn., where their chief food must have been the winkles that are so abundant there.

The black duck is not common in the interior, though it has been reported from near York Factory. Dr. Yarrow has reported it from Utah, but these birds were, no doubt, mottled duck (*A. f. maculosa*). I, personally, have



BLACK DUCK OR DUSKY DUCK.

not seen it west of Nebraska, and there only on a very few occasions. The specimens then noted may have been mottled ducks. It is occasionally taken in Iowa and Minnesota, but so seldom that most duck-shooters do not know the species. Occasionally a man whose experience extends over fifteen or twenty years of gunning there will say that he has seen the bird two or three times. It has been reported as breeding in great numbers about forty miles north of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

In mild winters the black duck remains throughout the season in Massachusetts and Connecticut, but sometimes, if the cold is bitter and long-continued, the ice covers its customary feeding grounds, and its food becoming very scarce, it grows so thin that gunners refuse longer to kill it. At such times it sits off shore in the sea, or, if the ice extends very far out from the shore, upon the ice, and almost starves to death. We have once or twice seen birds caught in muskrat traps which were nothing more than skeletons covered by feathers.

In New England the black duck is considered one of the most acute of all our fowl, and is very difficult of approach. They often refuse to notice decoys, and, owing to their keen senses and constant watchfulness, are not shot in great numbers. The gunners believe that their sense of smell is very keen, and will not attempt to approach them down the wind, believing that the ducks will smell them.

The black duck rises from the water in the same manner as the mallard, and its note is not to be distinguished from the mallard's. In the Southern States, where they feed chiefly on grasses and rice and wild celery, they are delicious birds, but on the New England coast they are sometimes found to be very inferior table birds.

In the South the black ducks often congregate in flocks of several hundred, resorting especially to little flag ponds in the marshes which they especially affect. Here they appear to have lost much of the suspiciousness which they show further north, and often come readily to decoys, responding as easily as the mallard to the quacking of duck, man or duck-call.

More than almost any of its relatives the black duck seems to be a night feeder, and all night long its cries may be heard through the marsh; yet it is, of course, well

known that all ducks feed at night, especially when there is a moon, and the very common belief that the black duck does this more than others may be without foundation.

The black duck is frequently domesticated, and does well in confinement, though often after two or three generations it loses its characteristic color. Domesticated birds are frequently used as decoys, and with great effect.

While the black duck breeds chiefly to the north of the United States, nevertheless many rear their young in Maine, New Hampshire and occasionally even as far south as North Carolina, though there is, of course, a possibility, that the birds breeding there may belong to the next species. The nest is usually built on the ground, concealed in high grass or rushes, and the eggs vary in number from six to eleven or twelve. They are grayish-white, with a very faint tinge of green. Mr. Geo. A. Boardman, of Calais, Me., however, reports that he once found a dusky duck's nest in a cavity of a leaning birch tree about 30 feet high. The young, from the time they are newly hatched, are expert in hiding, and at the approach of danger make for the shore and conceal themselves among the grasses.

Florida Dusky Duck.

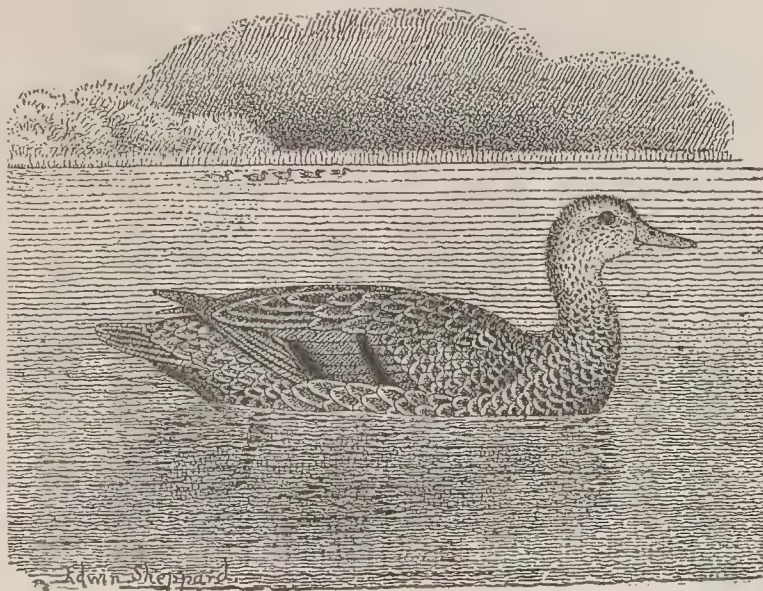
Anas fulvigula (Ridgw.).

The general color above is brownish-black, as in the black duck, but the feathers more widely margined with yellowish, giving a generally paler cast to the bird. The chin and throat are always plain unstreaked buff, these being finely streaked in the black duck. The speculum is green, sometimes tipped with white, which may then form a bar across the wing. The bill is olive-yellow and there is a triangular spot of black at its base, near the angle of the mouth. The legs and feet are orange-red. The length is about 20 inches and the wing 10. The female is somewhat paler than the male.

The Florida duck is an altogether lighter colored bird than the dusky duck and there can be no question as to its specific distinctness nor of the ease with which it may be distinguished if the differential characters are borne in mind. These consist (1) in the altogether paler coloration, the under parts being buff, streaked with dusky, in-

stead of the reverse; (2) the plain buff cheeks, chin and throat, these parts being thickly streaked in the dusky duck; (3) the black spot at base of upper mandible, next to corner of mouth; (4) the green instead of violet speculum.

Very little is known about the habits of this sub-



MOTTLED DUCK.

species, which appears to be confined to eastern Texas and Louisiana, and to extend its range north as far as Kansas.

These three forms are so much alike that it is not probable that the average gunner will be able to distinguish them apart. They occupy different regions, and while their ranges probably overlap, it is not likely that the Southern forms are ever found much beyond the regions which they are known to inhabit.

Maine Game Conditions.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from a hunting trip in the Maine woods, and the reports in regard to scarcity of deer are true. I not only found this out myself, but heard it on every side. The deer have been greatly diminished in the State. Whether the September shooting has caused this or not I do not know, but I do know that there are not so many deer in Maine as there were last year. The chief cause of this is the great snow and sleet storms of last winter, which killed hundreds of deer and grouse. One trapper told me he found in one instance seven deer in one yard that were frozen to death. I went to a noted deer country this year and found very few.

The moose are holding their own pretty well and are very plenty, but there is some talk of putting a close time on them next year.

Some eighteen or twenty moose heads have come over Northeast Carry, Moosehead Lake, so far, but only a few were large ones. This fall has been extremely mild, and instead of finding moose on the hardwood ridges, where they generally are at this time of year (Oct. 25), most of them were killed on low burnt land and on waterways and near spring brooks or low marsh lands. So guides who took their sportsmen on the high ridges for the most part did not get their moose.

A word to the true sportsman. Never let your guide under any circumstances carry a rifle, and see that he leaves it at the home camp. A man who needs a man behind him to make "sure" he will get his moose by his "putting in" his shot, better keep out of the woods, and yet this is done over and over again. In some instances which I know of, the sportsman has handed the gun to the guide, and told him to shoot the moose, he was so frightened.

Beaver are increasing in Maine, and if only let alone will be plenty. Their "workings" are one of the most interesting sights in the woods which one chances to come across in a canoe trip.

BIRCHBARK.

Nov. 3.—Not all of the shooting accidents are serious this fall, though terrible enough at the best. Now and then one comes pretty near being laughable. A Boston hunter, prominent in Faneuil Hall Market, is noted for his good luck in hunting and the amount of big game he lands there every season. The boys hold him in great respect, as to his shooting qualities. He has recently returned from a trip to the Maine woods. Reports say that he was not as successful with big game as usual, though he killed a pretty big specimen of live animal. Coming out of the woods three of them, rather crestfallen because they had secured so little game, a partridge suddenly appeared in the road just ahead of the horses. One of the three guns cracked at the bird. It was a dead miss, but the game did not fly. "See me take him!" our friend said, and his shotgun cracked. There was great commotion with the poor old horse. The hunter had shot him squarely between the ears, and he was so badly injured that he had to be killed then and there, and the hunters had to walk several miles out to the settlement. Luckily, the horse was not a valuable animal, and our friend of the market got off quite easily. But the story leaked out, and the boys in the market got hold of it. A few days after the guide of our friend who succeeded in shooting the horse appeared. Then the boys advised the hunter to settle with the man for his horse and have no more trouble about it. "Pay the man," they said, "and not be mean about it." He had already done so, and they knew it. But they allowed that it was too bad to deprive the man of his horse without remuneration. They have given the hunter a new name—a Latin name. They call him Domesticus Shooti Horsibus.

Messrs. W. C. Harding and Theodore Ripley, of the Boston Herald, and their friend, R. H. Farewell, are out of the Maine woods, and have had great success. They went to Dana's camp. Their route was from Patten, twenty-three miles to Sebois, thence seventeen miles by

the Eagle Lake road to the vicinity of Little Millinocket Lake, in the Alaguash region. Though hard to reach, they pronounce this a great game country. They saw from six to twenty deer every day, and secured all the law allows. But it fell to Mr. Ripley to carry off the prize. It was a monster moose. His antler spread was 57 inches, from forward to back time 37 inches, width of right palm 12 inches, left palm 10½ inches, points on right antler 13, left 10. From nose to crown the head measured 37 inches, length of back, crown to tail, 7 feet. The bell on the neck was pure black and was 8 inches long and 8 inches deep. The color was generally black, but tinged with gray on shoulders and at other points. The beast weighed at the railroad 781 pounds. The hunters say that they took out over 200 pounds of entrails and blood, and that he must have shrunk at least 100 pounds before getting him out to the railroad. This brings the weight up to about 1,100 pounds. It took four horses to draw him out of the woods. The head is being mounted, and promises to be one of the finest ever brought to Boston. Frank McKenney, the guide, tells them that he kept watch of the big game in that section last winter; that the deer fared very hard in the deep snows. In the spring he found the bodies of twenty-six deer that had perished doubtless in the snow. He believes that the lack of deer in some sections of Maine this fall is due to the fact that they died in the deep snows last winter.

Mr. J. E. Hall, of Bangor, has been on a hunting trip to Caribou and Square Lake. He tells a Boston friend that the deer are now on the hardwood ridges, and that they are hard to get. He believes that they are really plentiful in that region, while moose are more numerous than last year. He says he stopped a few days at D. S. Cummings' camp at Square Lake. Just before he got there Cummings and another guide had come upon two bull moose engaged in deadly combat. They were so interested in their battle royal that they did not notice the hunters, who watched them some time before shooting them both.

SPECIAL.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: Having recently read in FOREST AND STREAM a not very encouraging report of hunting prospects in Maine, I write to give you my experience in that State last month, thinking it may interest those who contemplate a hunting trip this year.

I left Mt. Kineo on Oct. 13 for the Northwest Carry, and camped that night at Nigger Brook. The next morning we proceeded up Elm Stream to the dam, a distance of perhaps three miles, and finding there an old lumber camp, we occupied it in preference to making use of a tent.

I hunted four days, and in that time killed all that the law allows, and all by still-hunting. The deer were small—in fact, I only saw two large bucks—but there were plenty of them, and I had no difficulty in obtaining easy shots. I saw at least twenty. The moose, while a very large one, had a spread of only 45 inches. I saw afterward a finer head, and signs were plentiful. One ball from a .45-70 was sufficient to drop my moose in his tracks, but that struck him between the eyes. Two other moose heads were brought out to Mt. Kineo while I was there, and I know of three more moose that were killed in that vicinity, and this within the first week after the season opened. The Elm Stream country, I was told, had not been hunted over recently; most people believing they would stand a better chance by going further into the woods.

My success was largely due to the fact that I had for a guide Simon Mayo, of Mt. Kineo, one of the best hunters I have ever been out with.

The large hotel at Mt. Kineo is closed, but the Cottage is most comfortable. I had my family with me, and Mr. Judkins was a most agreeable host. I will be glad to give further information on this subject to any one who may desire it.

A. D. ELSWORTH.

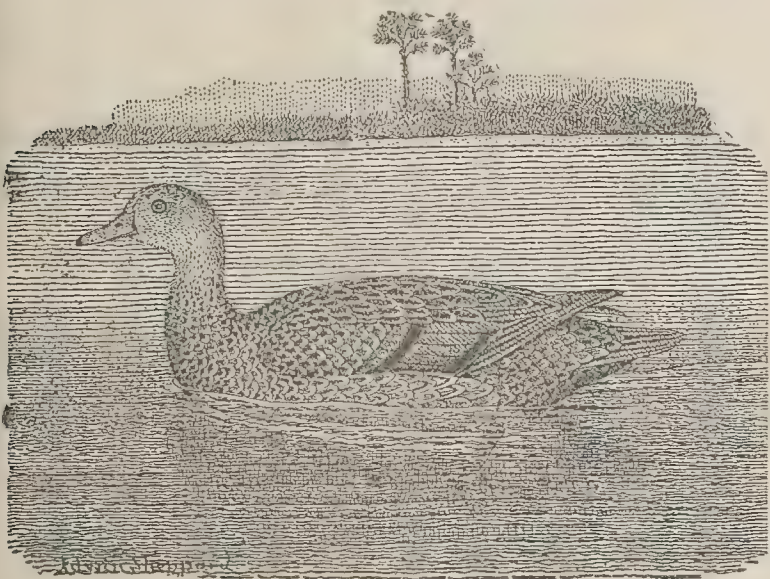
With the Woodcock.

OFTEN when "chained to business" has FOREST AND STREAM come as a welcome guest, and many an hour that perhaps would have been spent otherwise has been turned into an hour of pleasure by the perusal of the columns of this my favorite journal.

It has been said that it is a long lane that has no turning, for after having been confined closely to business all summer, lately I have been enabled to take an occasional day afield. Let me tell you about one which, for this part of the world, we considered pretty good from a game bag standpoint, and exceptionally good from a pleasant outing standpoint. "We" included Billy, Charlie and Jack and three dogs. Billy is on old hand, having many a woodcock to his credit. Charlie had never killed one, and Jack could only go him one better, having killed his first a few days before, on Thanksgiving Day.

Five A. M. found the three of us seated in a Gladstone, with dogs, guns, ammunition and grub safely stowed away, and a start was made. Billy was captain, having had lots of experience and knowing the country round like a book. It was decided to try some reported good woodcock ground about seven miles from town and about half a mile off the main road. Six o'clock found us near the place, and the horse was allowed to take it easy, as it was yet almost too dark to see to shoot, the morning having turned out very cloudy. However, it was soon light enough, the horse was secured in a convenient fence corner, guns put together, cartridges put into pockets, and a little lunch eaten for breakfast, and then we take to the bush. Billy said he had never had any luck just around there, and only tried it on account of what others had told him. We hunted it carefully, all the most likely and unlikely spots being thoroughly gone over, but not a feather did we raise.

After spending about an hour here, we decided to try another place about half a mile the other side of the main road. Billy and Jack left the rig to try some snipe ground on the way, but Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and family were not at home. Next a patch of cedars was passed, and out whistled a woodcock in front of the dog, but too far off for a successful shot. The next bush tried was a mixture of swamp willows, poplars, alders and an occasional cedar and balsam. On the edge



FLORIDA DUSKY DUCK.

stead of the reverse; (2) the plain buff cheeks, chin and throat, these parts being thickly streaked in the dusky duck; (3) the black spot at base of upper mandible, next to corner of mouth; (4) the green instead of violet speculum.

The Florida dusky duck, while similar to the black duck, may thus easily be distinguished from it. The general differences are much paler color and absence of streaks on the cheeks, chin, throat and fore neck, besides a difference in the markings on the bill. This bird was long considered to be a pale southern race of the black duck, but of late years has been considered a valid species. Its range is a very restricted one and it is confined apparently to southern Florida.

In habits it does not differ greatly from the ordinary black duck, except so far as its surroundings necessitate a difference. During the winter it resorts for food to the fresh-water ponds during the day and at evening flies to the shores about the islands, where the night is spent. The birds mate in late winter and early spring and the broods are hatched in April. The nest is placed in heavy grass or vegetation, which is often so thick as to conceal the eggs. Often the nests are placed at the foot of a palmetto or other bush. It is said that many of these nests are destroyed by the burning of the grass, which takes place each year in certain portions of Florida in order to make way for the fresh grass for the cattle.

The eggs of this species are said to be similar to those of the ordinary black duck, but are a little paler and not quite so large. It is altogether probable that all the black ducks killed in Florida may belong to this species.

Mottled Duck.

Anas fulvigula maculosa (Sennett).

The mottled duck resembles the Florida duck in the characters given above, except that the cheeks are streaked instead of plain, the speculum violet instead of green and the general coloration rather darker—mottled rather than streaked. It is described by Mr. G. B. Sennett as follows: Top of head blackish-brown, margined with very pale buff. Chin and throat isabell color. Cheeks, buffy white, with narrow streaks of dark brown. Feathers of breast, wings, upper parts and flanks blackish-brown, margined with pale buff. Under parts buffy white, each feather with a broad blackish-brown mark near the tip, giving a decidedly mottled appearance. Under tail-coverts blackish, with outer margins of inner webs reddish-buff; those of outer webs buffy-white. The four middle tail feathers blackish-brown, the others brownish. Under surface of all tail feathers light gray. The speculum is metallic-purple, its feathers tipped with white. Length about 19 inches, wing 10 inches.

The mottled duck described by Mr. Sennett as a subspecies of the Florida duck, closely resembles it. The

of this, out of a brush pile, the dog started a cottontail rabbit, and Jack had the first shot of the day and scored a beautiful miss, only succeeding in taking a little fur off the hindquarters and making bunny go past Billy like a cyclone, but not available for a shot. Next Billy put up the woodcock whose acquaintance we had made shortly before, but I don't think he liked our looks, for he would not let us get a good look at him. Perhaps he was shy. A little later a partridge gave Jack a special invitation to knock his head off by jumping on to a log a few yards away. The invitation was accepted, but Mr. P. would not wait for the answer, but slipped out behind a clump of willows and kept them between himself and Jack for 50 yards or more, so that the second barrel could not be used. This piece of bush was thoroughly hunted, but although both the woodcock and partridge were twice flushed, we failed to score.

So far we had been hunting (to us) new ground, so Billy decided to go to some parts that he knew. A drive of a mile or two brought us to the place, being a fringe of poplars, willows, alders and cedars along the banks of a small creek, with here and there small patches or veritable islands of same out in the fields. In the first patch two woodcock were flushed, the first very wild, and after being disturbed twice and having two barrels put after him at long range could not be located. The other jumped up behind Jack and was brought down by Billy. The next bush was a hardwood of a few acres extent, and separated from the main bush by about 50 yards of open meadow land. Jack was stationed in this opening, and Billy and Charlie worked down toward him. Presently Charlie got a snap shot at a partridge, but failed to connect, but a minute or two later, by following up its line of flight, Billy got a broadside shot and succeeded in winging his bird with the second barrel. And then followed a race. Did you ever try to catch a winged partridge? Well, don't, unless you are in training for a steeple chase. However, the bird was caught, and finding that only the outer tip of the wing was injured it was decided to take it home alive, as it was a young bird, and keep it with some pheasants already owned by Billy. We now entered the fringe of bush along the creek, and had only gone a few yards, when Billy bagged another woodcock, and a minute or two later still another. Then it was Charlie's turn, he getting a fine bird, the first he had ever shot. Billy downed two or three more in fine style, and Jack missed a beautiful chance of getting a fine partridge by being tangled up in a brush heap just at the supreme moment when the bird got out almost from under his feet. This was too much for Billy, and he threatened to chastise Jack if he missed another bird.

Now, Billy weighs about 220 pounds, and is all muscle. The threat had the desired effect, for the next bird, a woodcock, was flushed and brought down by Jack.

We now began to work over in the direction of our horse and rig, taking in a strip of poplars on the way. Jack had been working on the outside of the bush the greater part of the morning, because Billy always gives others what he thinks the best stand, and usually the birds will make for the edge and thus give a good, clear shot to the one stationed there, but so far not a single bird had reached the edge; several of them may have started for it, but they were generally stopped by Billy.

It was decided now that Charlie and Jack should take the inside and Billy the edge. Jack was evidently intended for a dog, for he had no sooner entered the bush than out jumped a woodcock just behind him, and as it rose above the poplars Billy brought it down. A few yards further on another was started, and about 75 yards further two more were put up, one of which Jack wounded, but was unable to find it. The other was bagged by Billy a few minutes later.

Rain had been threatening all morning, and it now began to fall in earnest, and Charlie said he would go for the rig and meet the others at a specified point. The rain was now falling very heavily, and as there was no shelter there was nothing left to do but to "grin and bear it." It was out of the question to work among the dripping trees, even the dogs kept to the outside, and thus a good part of the best ground was missed. At last we came to a small patch of bush in the open fields not more than 50 yards long, in which Billy said he was sure we should find a pair of woodcock. At first it seemed that we should be disappointed, for men and dogs failed to raise a feather in going from one end to the other. We turned, Billy taking the outside and Jack again playing dog. Again this was successful, for bang! goes Billy's gun.

"Did you get him?"

"Yes. Wait till I put in another shell."

A moment later Jack takes a step or two forward, and whirr-r-r, out goes another with that peculiar whistling noise, right straight toward Billy, but turns as it catches sight of him and scoots along the edge not more than 3 feet from the ground. Bang! bang! snaps Billy's Greener, and another and, as it proved, the last woodcock for that day was added to our string.

A walk of fifteen minutes brought us to Charlie and the rig. Into the latter we climbed and started on a four-mile drive to some snipe grounds. On the way we had the pleasure, while passing through a swamp, of seeing a beautiful cock partridge standing on the roadside, but he disappeared before a shell could be put in a gun. Near the snipe marsh a country church shed afforded us shelter. Here the horse was fed and a small fire kindled, over which we were soon drying out drenched clothing, and eating our lunch at the same time. Half an hour later the rain had stopped, and we started out after snipe, but they were very scarce, the flight from the north not having arrived yet. Only one bird was secured. A short walk brought us to some more good woodcock and partridge ground, but although three or four birds were put up, none was brought to bag. Tracks were now made homeward, and after a seven-mile drive we arrived there, wet, tired, hungry, but happy with thirteen woodcock, one partridge and one Wilson snipe to our credit—not so bad, considering that the first-mentioned bird is comparatively rare around here.

During the drive home the following question was asked: "Well, are we not three blankety-blank fools to drive about twenty miles, walk about twenty miles, get soaking wet through, hungry and tired, and all for

the sake of a few birds?" The answer was unanimous: "Well, we may be, but we'd do it again to-morrow if we only had the chance."

To those who love "nature in her wildest moods" in any mood, the fullness of creel or size of bag is the measure of sport. Owing to the mild weather this fall leaves are staying on the trees very late, and the ever varying colors of the landscape, with its lights and shades, with here and there the vivid green of the fall wheat, the golden brown of the stubbles, or the darker, richer brown where the plow has done its work, the whole surrounded or interspersed by the glorious hues of the autumnal woods, added much to the pleasure of our day with the woodcock.

Later.—The partridge is doing well; seems to be quite reconciled to new home and companions.

JAY BEE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Bobo and Some Bear Stories.

To-day, Bobo, the bear hunter of Mississippi, looked at my fingers, and was glad. He could count them, and he smiled.

About three years ago some sort of a malignant growth assailed Bobo's left eye, and in spite of such care as he could secure for it, the eye got no better, and occasioned both Bobo and his friends much uneasiness. This week Bobo was on the point of starting for a bear hunt in the bottoms, where there were some bears using at a point that he knew. His friends got about him, and urged him to go to Chicago instead of the Delta cane brakes. He arrived here Tuesday, and that afternoon submitted to an operation which removed the troublesome growth, which was found attached to the ball of the eye, and had attained considerable proportions. The next day Bobo was able to talk and sit up, and he declared that he had never felt any pain at all, either during or after the use of the anæsthetic and the knife. The second day he got up and dressed, and has never gone to bed since then, except at his regular hour at night. The doctor will not let him leave the room for a week, and unless Bobo frets himself to death from being caged up, we will send him back home in a few days better than when he came up here.

The surgeon says he never saw a patient like Bobo, and considers his rapid recovery as most extraordinary. "Things never did seem to hurt me very much, anyway," Bobo said to me to-day. And then he told me some things I never heard of before. "One time I was out in a dugout, with a friend," said he, "hunting in the overflow, and I noticed he had his gun pointing right square toward me, and I told him to move it. 'Wait till I get around this cypress knee,' he said, 'and I will.' Well, he waited, and just as he passed the root the gun caught on it, and swung back in the boat, and bang! she went, and he shot me square in the hip with a load of 16 buckshot, at a distance of about two or three inches."

Bobo paused at this point, till at last I asked him what became of the buckshot. "Oh, I've got a good many of them scattered up and down my leg yet," he said, as though that didn't make much difference. "There were two or three of them went out at the sole of my foot." This accident I never heard him mention before, and it surely was a peculiar one. The full load of buckshot went into the fleshy part of the hip and thigh, and traversed the limb downward, some of the shot lodging and some breaking the skin four times, and really going out through the foot. He told me this accident occurred at the point where we forded the Sunflower River on the first bear hunt I ever had with him, and they had to paddle up stream for nearly fifteen hours before he got help at the settlements. It would surely have killed anybody else, and it would have killed him, had not his friend, Boney Lovell, been in the boat also. The latter had been through the war and been shot up a good deal, and had learned something of surgery, and he saved Bobo a leg right there.

"Another time," said Bobo, "I was out in the woods, where a man was chopping wood. He somehow let the axe fly out of his hand, and it came over to me and struck me right square in the thigh with the edge, the handle sticking up in my face. It stuck up straight in the bone of the thigh, and I don't see how it kept from ruining my leg, for I felt the axe-bit cluck! when I pulled it loose. I had to ride a good ways on horseback before I got home, and I could not get down off the horse alone. My boot was full of blood, and I fainted that time, and near bled to death."

From all these things it might be inferred that Bobo is a pretty hardy sort of citizen. Indeed, he is one of the sort who lived fifty years ago, and he is a type-survival.

Speaking of accidents in the hunting field, Bobo went on to tell how careful he always is in carrying a loaded gun through the heavy cane cover in which his hunting is done. "I was out one day with some of my men along on the hunt," said he, and I had a good chase after a bear, and we were getting ready to head off the chase at a little open slough. One of the boys, Sam, was carrying his gun, full cocked, over his shoulder, pointing backward. I spoke to him to call his attention to it, and just then whang! she went, and he shot Pete, another man who was just coming up behind, crossing the slough, square in the forehead, and killed him dead.

"Another time I was out with a right oldish gentleman who was a bird hunter, and who had along with him a double-barreled shotgun loaded with bear charges. He carried both barrels full cocked, and I spoke to him of it. He said he had carried a gun that way all his life and thought he knew how to carry one as well as anybody. Just then I heard the bear coming, and just then this man went off into an epileptic fit, to which he was sometimes subject. His friends took care of him and I went on and killed the bear right then. I hadn't got more than a few yards away before, whang! went his gun, and he shot a hole in the ground. Then, whang! it went again, and he shot his horse's foot off. How did he do it? No one knows. No one ever knows how it happens, it but sometimes does happen."

Bobo and I have talked bear a good deal together in

the four days I have been in the room with him. "You know where you shot the bear out of the 'big tree'?" he said. "Well, right at the foot of that very same tree we bayed up a big bear, one hunt since then, and I killed it there, and we cleaned it right where we did yours."

"There are a good many bear at one place over in a ways from where we made our hunt, and the fact that there are some farms in there doesn't seem to make much difference. Over on the Black Bayou there was a fellow building a wire fence this fall one day, he and a boy. The boy was doing the work and the man was standing up near the house, and about then a big bear began to climb over the wire fence, trying to get through to where it was used to watering. When the boy saw the old fellow poke his nose over the fence he dropped his tools and made a running jump for a tree there was near there. The man saw him go up the tree and asked what was the matter, and the boy told him a bear was after him. The man grabbed his gun and started around the corner of the house, and right then the bear jumped down inside the fence and started angling across the yard. The fellow drops his gun right there and makes a flying leap for that same tree, and he went plum to the top of it in about two seconds, and says he to the boy, who was above him up the tree, says he, 'Move up! Move up!' The boy told the story on him, and the fellow didn't like it any too well."

"A bear is a curious sort of thing, anyhow," continued Bobo, a little later. "I don't believe they care for folks very much if they find the feed good. One time a man come told us to come and make a hunt for a bear that was around his place. He had a trap set, and as luck would have it my old dog, Alcorn—you remember him? the one that had his jaw shot up so bad—stepped right into this bear trap. There was a little block of wood kept the jaws apart just enough so it didn't hurt his leg very bad. I held him fast so he couldn't break his leg, and two of the boys opened the trap, and as soon as we turned him loose, off he went with the rest of the pack, full cry. We run that bear right around to the field where we started, and right up to the watering trough at the corner of the house. He hadn't known it, but that bear had been watering there at that man's house for several nights. He said his dogs used to come into the house, and his horses always snorted when he led them up to water there, but he hadn't guessed the bear was right in his house, almost."

"One time, at another place," said Bobo, "I was out running a bear pretty near by myself, and I met a party of gentlemen, and they fell in behind me just as I was going to kill the bear. I ran in a way from my horse and killed the bear, which was just beginning to come down out of a tree where it was treed. I told them I was sorry they had not told me sooner who they were (it was Senator Poindexter Dunn, member of Congress from Arkansas, and some friends), for then I would have waited for them to come up. (But I don't see how I could, for the bear was coming down mighty fast.) They asked me if I knew R. E. Bobo, and I said I did, and then I told them who I was. They said they were looking for me, and to make it short we made a hunt together. Their dogs would not run a trail worth a cent, but would quit, but I had a fine pack then, and we never failed to get a bear if they jumped him. Well, we found one little field of hard corn—it was right late in the fall by then—the first field of hard corn I ever knew the bears to bother, for they like the corn when it is soft. I reckon they couldn't get anything else to eat, and so took to this field. We hunted in there four days with my pack, and we killed 200 pounds of meat out of that one field for a starting ground."

"Senator Dunn was so pleased with the sport we had that he wanted to buy my pack of fourteen dogs. He offered me a section of land for the dogs, but I told him they could not be bought. Jim Dunn, a friend of mine, owned six of the dogs we sometimes hunted together, and he sold his six to Senator Dunn for a half-section of the land. He not long after that sold the land for \$3,500, which goes to prove that a good bear pack is worth some money."

The Park and Its Benefits.

It is commonly supposed that the proposed Minnesota park would mean locking up from the State of Minnesota the great heritage of pine. Such is not the case, as the following statement from Prof. S. B. Green, of the Forestry Department of the State University, points out in a clear and logical way in a plan which he suggests.

"The immediate effect of putting the reservation into a park on this plan will be very apparent. Two-thirds of the standing timber, to the value of \$1,666,400, will be cut at once. This will mean the employment of a large number of men, and will start a period of great activity in the country near by. But when this has been done the source of wealth will not have ended, as in the ordinary cutting of timber. There will still be employment in the park for probably one hundred or more men continuously, in the harvesting of \$74,000 worth of annual increase, the building of roads, the making of fire lanes and other employment; and should the United States Government decide to locate a company of cavalry here for fire protection, there will be in addition the supplies for this force. This will, with the families dependent upon the employees, etc., probably mean the location at once, and permanently, of 500 persons on or near the reservation, many of whom would be in families, and this would make a large and permanent market for the farm products of the country near by. In addition to this, the natural attractions of the section are such that many tourists would come in, each of whom would leave some money behind, and this would assist in making a permanent demand for supplies by the hotels located here. It is probable that one or more sanitariums would be established here for the cure of pulmonary diseases, which would be open the year round. School houses would be opened in the park, and the better agricultural land be used for agricultural purposes."

"If the above figures are correct the proposed park, merely as a financial venture, will take care of itself, and as an example in good forestry and a place for recreation for our people it ought to be worth very much. Besides, from the purely economical standpoint, the establishment of this park would have the effect on the surrounding country that the establishment of any great, permanent

manufacturing concern has, and would undoubtedly result in much improvement over the ordinary way of cutting timber in this State which so often has left a trail of stagnation behind it."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

In Iowa Game Fields.

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., Nov. 1.—Duck shooters straggling in from northern Iowa lakes report dull sport. One party has been at Ruthven, where a hunting shack with complete equipment found few ducks coming in. The weather has been unfavorable to duck flight, having been spring-like and warm. The ducks are still in the far northern waters. Though the migration flight which twenty years ago made our Iowa feeding grounds the best of sportsmen's resorts has moved further west, there are still a number of excellent duck points in the State. The writer has in mind a rice lake where he did his chicken shooting this fall where the ducks drop in by thousands on their semi-annual flights. He does not care to advertise it, but will answer any inquiry from legitimate sportsmen. No market-shooters need apply.

Quail are especially numerous this season. In a short drive through the rural districts I have counted a half-dozen bevies. A sentiment in favor of sparing them would exist strongly were it not for the fear that a hard winter might render the shooter's self-denial useless by the destruction of the birds he spared. Good cover is abundant close to the city, and good sport obtainable by an hour's drive.

The Gun Club is in a flourishing condition, and with the return of such members as have been absent at resorts and on extended trips to Europe and elsewhere, will hold their weekly shoots. E. G. Wallace, who is developing into an expert target shot, came home from the recent Ottumwa meeting with second high average.

Rowland Robinson is represented in our city public library by a single work, his "Danvis Folks." It is a pity that a complete list of his books may not be found in every public library or reading room, for he taught the unwritten gospel of the groves and streams as no one had done before. His sightless eyes turned backward in retrospection saw more and better than the unclouded retinas of others. With the exception of Ian Maclaren, no writer has given us such pen pictures, such character sketches. Pure as the mountain brooks he knew, sparkling and clear as their rippling shallows, all he wrote whispered of a brave broad man whose absolute knowledge of nature led him to love its every manifestation from mankind to a blade of grass. How many of us there are who, utterly unknown to him, knew and loved him through his pen and mourn his departure, will never be known. But I shall teach my boy to read him and strengthen thereby an intuitive love for the woods, the covers and the streams—the only heritage he may ever receive from me. Surely among the Elysian fields there must be mountains, brooks, low-lying lakes and wind-waved woods whereon his reopened eyes may feed and where his unchained feet may wander. Let us hope so.

MOSCRIPT.

A November Afternoon.

ALL the morning the sky was hidden by solid gray clouds, and a keen northwest wind swept across the dreary dun colored grass of the prairie, and rustled noisily among the dead blades of the corn. At noon the snow began to fall, the cold and the wind increased. The ducks grew restless and sought the cornfields for shelter and food. They seemed to know that they had lingered in this bleak country as long as they dared to, and that the time had come for them to fill their crops with corn and then begin a long flight to the south.

The man with the gun stepped out of doors. It was chilly, dreary, and the warm stove invited him to stay by it. He turned to go in, but thought he would first go around the house and look over the big cornfield. The snow was so thick that he could not see more than three hundred yards; but within his range of vision were mallards, apparently thousands of them, scores of flocks, all flying low and circling and wheeling over the corn. In five minutes he saw a dozen bunches of them settle into the corn. He turned and went into the house, but the hot stove and the warm room had no charms for him now. He slipped on the old "dead grass" shooting coat, saw that the powder flask and shot pouch were full, dumped a whole box of Ely felt wads in his pocket, slipped a box of Ely waterproof caps in his vest, and picking up the gun, gave a look at the old setter, who got up from behind the stove, and the two old friends went out into the storm.

A little way out in the corn a big flock wheeled into range and two shots brought down one mallard. At the report of the gun, thousands of mallards rose all over that one hundred and sixty acres of corn, with a roar and rush of wings that sounded above all the noise and tumult of the storm. After watching the ducks a few minutes the man and dog looked at each other. "Well, Sinner, they're here and they are going to stay too. The way to do it is to go to the leeward of the field and work back against the wind; then the shooting won't scare them so much. We will sure get 'em this time." Sinner wagged his tail, and cut a few capers, which meant "You bet," and they took their way along the side of the corn toward the far end of the field, the man paying no attention to a number of fair shots he might have taken at ducks that flew in range. The man and the dog talked to each other as they went along, and the great prospect for sport and the stimulating influence of the snow and the bracing cold made them so exuberant that they actually stopped two or three times to shake hands over it.

Having reached the lee side of the corn just in time to see a lot of ducks settle in the corn a hundred yards out in the field, they walked swiftly toward them. Going slowly as he neared the spot, the man presently saw what looked like a cluster of small stakes about knee high. They were not thirty-five yards distant, but no inexperienced eye would have taken these motionless stakes to be the upstretched heads of mallards, but that

was what they were, and a man of good vision could have seen an eye in each of those inert looking stakes. Shooting where the stakes showed the thickest, three ducks were laid out dead, and the second barrel brought down one as they rose. Before the gun could be re-loaded, several good shots were offered by ducks that rose and wheeled over the field. The man stood right there and loaded and fired for more than an hour, taking nothing but easy shots; and almost every shot bagged a mallard. The ducks seemed to be so blinded by the snow, or so intent on filling up with corn before they started south, that they paid no attention to the man, and but little to the shooting, for the noise of the storm and the swishing corn blades made the sound of the gun seem far away. At last the ammunition was getting low, and the bag of ducks very heavy, for there were some thirty-odd of them. The man stopped shooting and tied the ducks in two bunches together; then taking a leather strap from his pocket, tied the two bunches together, threw the strap over his shoulder, and marched to the house. By the time he got there his load was so heavy that he weighed it. It weighed 98 pounds. Next morning the storm was over. The sun shone bright, the wind was quiet, the thermometer below zero, the ponds frozen, and high in the air long lines of ducks, geese and brant sped southward.

So ended the duck season of 1874 in western Iowa.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Colorado Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Below is an extract from a letter written by Capt. James L. Bradford, of New Orleans, from Glenwood Springs, Colo., early in September. The Captain is an enthusiast of the old school—the "Sam Lovel" school—whose ardor is tempered with moderation. His record of the chase is garnished by many antlered heads and many inches of notches on his several rifle stocks; but he knows when not to shoot, and his letter betrays an undertone of sorrow at the unsportsmanlike slaughter of the Colorado deer:

"* * * I got back here last night from a hunt up in the high 'parks' about forty miles to the northward. I was gone just nine days, having only three full days in the camp, the rest of the time having been spent in reaching and getting out of that inaccessible region. I went from here by rail twelve miles westward to Newcastle; thence by vehicle to Rawson's Ranch, on the White River—the highest one up that stream; thence, seventeen or eighteen miles northeast by pack animals to the camp.

"The elevation of the camp ground is about 10,000 feet, and the mountains and peaks around it go much higher, the whole region being well watered, and all, except the peaks and mountains, generally covered with forests of aspen, Norway pine, spruce pine, etc. Probably three-fourths of the surface is covered with timber and all with uncommonly fine grass, wild oats and other food for deer.

"There were some elk, a few antelope about the parks and, as for deer, I fear to tell you the truth—I never would have believed such things. They are there by thousands. The biggest, fattest, stupidest things you ever could imagine. I went out on foot parts of two days, not traveling over two or three miles each time; and suppose I saw thirty or forty each day, chiefly does and half-grown fawns. The law allows each hunter to kill but two deer (no elk), and they must be bucks. I only went out to secure two big bucks, intending to prepare them to be mounted whole by the taxidermist here, hence refrained from shooting until a big buck presented himself. I easily got a shot at one (four does leading him), and brought the great buck and his antlered glories down. A guide helped me to prepare that one. When that task was done, I had no desire to get the other, so did not fire another shot.

"Coming down the trail by pack next day, a herd sprang up out of the tall grass, and, as usual, stood stupidly gazing at us. The buck stood only 60 yards off, till I drove him away. I had not the heart to shoot down the noble animal and leave him where he fell. But many of the hunters are not so scrupulous, and daily slay the bucks, perhaps bringing in the head and hams to the camp, leaving the rest for the wild animals and magpies. The taxidermists have my skin, horns and bones, and promise me a fine job of it.

"* * * They are very fat always, and the bucks will often go to 300 pounds in weight. But there is no pleasure nor skill in hunting or killing them. Indeed, no one hunts them at all. Two or three persons ride along together, usually leaving camp about 10 or 11 in the morning, and soon the deer, singly or in herds, begin to jump up. They usually stop at short distances to stupidly stare at the intruders, who, having selected the buck, one, two or all of them will fire, and the great buck usually stands till he is shot down. If he doesn't fall in sight of them, they ride on and repeat the operation till one falls at a convenient distance. Often they leave them where they fall, not even bringing in the head or the hams—never anything more. Some (but few) hunters shoot down does and fawns, and leave them, too, where they fall. Had I shot at all, as they offered, I think I could easily have killed twenty a day, all from the saddle.

"In the early days in south Alabama—in 1850, '51, '52, etc.—where I have always heretofore thought and said that the deer were more plentiful than anywhere else in the world, they were not one-fourth so abundant as I found them here. But there is no sport in hunting them, nor any skill required to kill them. A true sportsman scorns such slaughter. A boy ten years old shot down a monster buck. Town boys, tenderfeet and all shoot them down about as well as veteran hunters."

The Captain will pitch camp in the Coldwater Swamp again this fall. His buck will be bagged there by dint of all the wiles of sportsmanship. He will scout beyond the outposts of Buck Ranch and return with much spoil of victory.

MISSISSIPPI.

TRIPPO.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

A Deer in the Village.

ESSEX, N. Y., Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I used to think I was a lucky hunter, but having just lost my fourth chance at deer since Oct. 1 I have been compelled to revise the opinion. I had just finished my sponge bath this morning, and had on one shoe, when, happening to glance out of the window of the room I was in, which is on the ground floor of my house in Essex village, I saw a yearling doe not over 25 yards away. The deer was skulking along by an arbor-vitæ hedge, and had apparently just come up from the shore of Lake Champlain, which is less than 100 yards away.

A ten-gauge shotgun was at my elbow, and in a drawer beside it were some shells loaded with No. 6 shot. I had a few buckshot shells somewhere, but on the spur of the moment could not remember just where I had put them. As this passed through my mind, the deer raised her head and looked toward the house, and apparently hearing some noise made a couple of short jumps and disappeared through the hedge. If she had waited a second longer I would have sent a charge of No. 6 through the window at her, but by the time I had the shells in the gun she was out of sight.

Stopping a moment to pull on my other shoe, I ran to the back door and out of the house hatless and clad only in my underwear. The wind was blowing from the south, and the deer had gone north, and to cut this veracious story short, I did not see her again, though I returned to the house and dressed and carefully hunted over two neighboring pieces of woodland.

Apparently she had followed a small brook which runs within fifteen rods of the house down to the lake, and was making her way back, possibly, to the Boquet Mountains, three miles away, when I saw her.

Only a short time ago a deer was killed by squirrel hunters in a small piece of woods south of the village, and deer have been seen quite close to Essex at various times during the summer.

I have not heard of any one else seeing this particular deer which is the occasion of this letter. It was a little before 7 A. M. when I saw her, and few persons were abroad.

J. B. B.

Shooting in Western Pennsylvania.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The reports received from all parts of the country show an unusual number of squirrels. Quite a number of very fine black squirrels have been shot near here, an unusual circumstance of late years. Gray squirrels are abundant—evidently on their autumnal migration. Ruffed grouse and quail show up in goodly numbers, while rabbits are plentiful enough to assure good sport as soon as the season opens.

It takes a man with some life and nerve to stand a day's tramping over our rugged hills, which are in many places very precipitous, but the sport afforded will well repay all effort. Our State has some of the finest effects in woodland, sky and hill contour to be found anywhere, on the Allegheny River and its numerous tributary creeks afford some good sport for the lovers of rod and line. One day last month Uncle George came down from Jefferson county for one more trial with the black bass, and he proved that in spite of his 70 years he was too wise for half a dozen nice ones in one day's fishing. He fished from the same shore rocks that he used while fishing here before the war of '61-'65. Some day I may spin a string of anecdotes and fish yarns of strings of pike and pickerel in Eastern waters, trout in mountain streams and bass and perch in the streams of Pennsylvania, Virginia and other States, incidents of the fishing life of Uncle George during his 65 years' devotion to rod and line.

I believe that the most obdurate landowner could be won over to espouse the cause of the gentlemanly (note the ly) gunner if properly handled. By some means get him to your town or city home, and treat him right, and then tell him you would like to go shooting with him. He will invite you to hunt on his farm and will get permission of all his neighbors to hunt on their farms. As a rule city residents would not care to permit farmers strolling into their grounds, and lounging in their hammocks, or circling about the drives on their bicycles, without so much as a "by your leave," and in some respects ruralists are much like mortals as found in cities.

If the farmer has a boy or girl interested in field sports or natural history, you might make a staunch friend by mailing your read copies of FOREST AND STREAM to be re-read in that farmhouse home with more interest than you ever dreamed of. Try it and prove the truth of my suggestion.

TEMPLETON, Pa.

GEORGE ENTY.

Northern Pennsylvania Shooting.

SAYRE, Pa.—The delightful days of latter October have furnished those who love to be afield many hours of rare enjoyment. Ruffed grouse abound in plentiful numbers in nearly all the likely covers of these northern counties, and while the shooting may be classed as of the strictly rugged sort, it has its glorious compensations. These vanishing October days have been fully the equal of those which have swept along the avenues of time in former years. With hillsides aflame with those colors which only the Divine artist has at ready command, and with the fine, soft air tiding gently across country to heal and exhilarate, the sportsman has indeed found himself under fairly ideal conditions. Large scores on ruffed grouse, the noblest member of the elusive grouse family, are the exception in this section of Pennsylvania, but the air and the sunshine and the visions of a graceful landscape more than equalize any deficiencies which from some viewpoints may appear to exist.

More and more it has come to be an accepted phrase of the brotherhood that it is not all of shooting to shoot; and to a greater degree than ever before men who go afield are now measuring their pleasure by the elements of health and vigor in the air, and the inspirations aroused by studying the ever lovely face of nature, rather than by what the handy hammerless brings to the coat pocket.

So it happens that more sportsmen are voicing their regret at the departure of sunny October than it is common to note, and so likewise must depart the chief joys of glad hours afield. Probably a greater number of birds will be shot from this date out than usual, because the supply is greater and men will pay stricter attention to the hard, exacting side of the sport than during the days when air and scenery existed in happier combination to divert and impel their attention. In the vicinity of Ulster, Towanda, and in some of the country about Sayre, points reached on the main line of the Lehigh Valley R. R., good shooting may be had on ruffed grouse. Gray squirrels are to be found in this same country. Over the State line in New York, at Van Etten, Lockwood and North Spencer—points all reached on the Lehigh system—satisfactory grouse covers are to be found.

Wildfowl are not moving to any extent as yet in this country, and reports from Cayuga Lake are equally unsatisfactory. M. CHILL.

Adirondack Hounding.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Hearing that a moose had been killed near this place, brought in and was at the meat market, I went to look it over. I found a fine looking bull moose which, judging from the horns, size and general appearance, was about three years of age and estimated to weigh nearly 400 pounds. Its sides, hips and shoulders, with the under part of the body, were nearly jet black, with bluish gray along the back and head, also on the legs below the body.

The horns had a spread of about 2 feet, carrying on each horn one tip, or sharp point, aside from the flattened or broadened part of the horns at each upper end.

A person in the crowd stated that the man who shot the moose had been arrested and would be fined. The man who killed it, a guide and hunter, so I heard, brought the moose in for sale same as if it was a calf or any other animal fit for meat. I am sorry for the man, also for the moose, as I would much rather it was alive and running in the woods.

Public opinion, as far as I can judge, does not seem to favor the strict enforcement of the game laws, and the consequence is that hounds are out and running each Sunday, sometimes long into the night. I am told that a certain class of men hunt on Sundays and presume that this accounts for the fact that the dogs are out on Sunday.

If one asks why the dogs are allowed to run deer, the answer generally is, "Oh! some men keep dogs and they will get out and have a race." If you suggest that it is against the law and ask why the game warden does not attend to the matter, you may be told, "He doesn't care; they all do it." And if you ask further how it is that some one does not shoot the dogs, as the law allows, you will be informed, "That no one wants trouble over a dog, and if one should be shot no person would own it."

Most men, qualified to express an intelligent opinion on the subject, will readily admit that hounding of deer is one of the most flagrant violations of the game law; that one dog will kill more deer in one year than a wolf would in a life time, as the wolf only kills to eat, while the dog kills for slaughter, yet thousands of dollars were paid out by the State for bounty on wolf scalps in order to give the deer a chance to live and increase, while now some persons breed and keep dogs in the woods, allowing them to kill deer the year round.

It would seem to be the better policy to keep all dogs out of the woods and let the deer become so plentiful that more and more men will come into the Adirondacks, making a better support and living for those who live in the woods, and who cater to and work for those who come here to hunt.

Parties residing here and who wish to still-hunt go away to some place where hounding is not tolerated in order to find good hunting. It would seem that this fact alone would help bring about such a condition of public opinion as would cause the enforcement of the present game law. ***

All in Western Massachusetts.

GOSHEN, Mass., Oct. 30.—Wildcats, raccoons and foxes have become so numerous in Hampshire county, Mass., as to warrant the organization of hunt clubs. The Western Massachusetts Fox Club, of Westfield, will hold its annual hunt on Nov. 15 and 16. A banquet will be served. The speaking will be a feature. Worcester will send up a large delegation and a pack of hounds, and many other places in New England will be represented. Invitations will be sent out to a number of prominent men in different sections. It is expected Congressman Lawrence will be on hand at the banquet, and there is a possibility of Lieutenant-Governor Bates accepting an invitation.

Patrick Connor, of Barre, shot a wildcat which measured 4 feet 3 inches and weighed 21½ pounds. It was handsomely marked with dark tiger stripes. Otis Witherell shot a wildcat on his farm near the reservoir in Westhampton which weighed 18 pounds. He says that wildcats are common in the vicinity. The same day Charles Bartlett shot a large coon.

Benniamino Reamouth, a mighty Italian game stalker of North Adams, shot his hunting mate, Peter Leonasio, while up a tree, mistaking him for a bird. Perhaps he thought he was a jay?

A number of Mongolian pheasants have been seen at some distance from the place where they were liberated in Goshen.

D. A. Gould's woodchuck dog, Rover, of Plainfield, has a record of thirty or more woodchucks for the season.

Shooters who cross the line into Remont say that coons are abundant. Three sportsmen from Williamsburg and West Springfield killed nine near Wardsboro.

Henry Shepherd, aged ninety, has just accomplished an eight-day horseback ride of 200 miles, and returned to his home in Northampton. He made the tour of the Hampshire Hills, and was accompanied by his son, Thos. M. Shepherd and President Eddy, of the National Bank of the Commonwealth, Boston. He takes annual rides of this sort regularly. COXEY.

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The Bore of Guns.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with interest Mr. Stark's remarks on the bore of guns in a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM. I think, however, that he is wrong about the shooting of most full-choke guns. A friend of mine had a Baker gun, the right (cylinder) barrel of which shot to the left, and centered about 4 inches too high—as he thought. Finally I got at the trouble by noticing that he held to the left and high unconsciously. You see, his right eye was considerably weaker than the left one. As soon as he began to shoot left-handed the gun centered all right, and I saw him put fifty-three No. 8 shot in a small visiting card, holding the muzzle sight on a nail head in the center, at 30 feet. The pattern was perfect, and the card fell apart after the discharge.

I have an old Shattuck "American Side-Snap," No. 12 gauge, 30-inch barrels, that will shoot one or two small lead bullets up to 75 yards, as well as a small rifle.

I learned this by putting a couple of buckshot on top of my brass shells, loaded with No. 6, for long shots at gray squirrels, and hardly ever missed the game at any distance. The smaller shot sometimes landed with the larger ones at long distances, but not often.

If a man uses a single-barrel gun, his charge will center pretty well, even though his eyes are unequal in strength, and with a double-barrel his left barrel will do better work than his right when both are full choke. I am taking the ground that he has been shooting with both eyes open. PETER FLINT.

A Prairie Chicken Incident.

THE people about the Ravalli Hotel were treated to a rather strange experience last Wednesday, and one which could scarcely happen in a country less noted for its winged game than the Bitter Root Valley. The people in the kitchen were startled just before noon by the crash of falling glass from one of the dining room windows, and at first thought that some malicious or careless person had thrown a stone through it. In fact, one of the girls in the laundry said she had seen the stone fly across the lawn and through the window. Mrs. Green called her husband and they hastened to the dining room, where, to their great surprise, they found a prairie chicken gasping its last on the floor, its throat cut with the glass through which it had come. The only surmise is that the chicken had become so frightened at something that it had lost its head and dashed into the window without really knowing where it was going. The force with which it struck may be in a measure realized when it is told that the glass which it crashed through is a heavy plate glass, 5 feet square. An almost similar experience was had a couple of weeks ago, when a duck, seemingly as badly rattled as the chicken, drove against the flag pole of the hotel and dropped quivering and dying upon the roof—Ravalli (Mont.) Republican.

Disappearing Ducks.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It's not a matter of very great consequence, I suppose, but I'll add another pair to Mr. Hough's mysteriously disappearing ducks. One day on the Calumet two of us were after ducks in a small boat, my companion rowing very quietly along near the edge of the grass and I standing guard in the bow of the boat, when a pair of mallards popped up within about 10 yards of us, and both fell, apparently stone dead, before they had got fairly under headway. We supposed they were a badly cut up pair, but when we went to take them in out of the wet not a feather could we find, and though the water was clear of grass in front of us, not a sign of them could be seen. We had to leave without them. DIDYMUS

New Jersey.

BAYVILLE, N. J., Nov. 1.—To-day found more birds than I have ever found in any Northern State. There are hardly any duck, brant or geese in the bay. There has been no snipe this season. HERB.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

DON'T SHOOT

Until you see your game, and
see that it is game and
not a man.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

THEY are telling in the Lake George region of a New Yorker who appeared there last summer, with designs upon the bass fishing which were altogether out of proportion to his experience in the business. He had a camping neighbor, however, who had both the designs and the experience. Seeing him bring in a string of bass one evening the New Yorker asked him what bait he had used, and was told that it was crickets. The next morning he was seen skirmishing about industriously with a spade, but apparently in vain, for he approached his neighbor and said: "Would you mind having your boys dig me some crickets? I can't find a one."

CAMP-FIRE.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING NOTES.

"An Old Man's Holiday."

MR. EDWARD MARSTON, the father of Mr. Robert B. Marston, has given us another most charming little book, with the title "An Old Man's Holiday." He adheres to his pen name of "The Amateur Angler" on the title page, but in this day it so thinly veils his identity that I have dispensed with it for the purpose of this note.

Charming is an adjective that has become rather hackneyed in writing or speaking of men, women and books, but years ago it seemed to me to be most appropriate in describing the elder Mr. Marston's little books, for his writings really charm his readers, and I like to adhere to the descriptive term with each succeeding book, for the charm grows more and more potent.

Listen to the dedication:

"To my son, R. B. M. (Piscator Major), and to my good friend, G. Y. (The Professor), expert anglers both, my frequent companions on my Angling Excursions, I dedicate this little book.

"The thoughtful care of the former in all that contributes to my welfare, and especially in providing me with the needful implements of destruction when I go a-fishing, and the unselfish anxiety with which the latter, by good advice and ready help, sought to save me from many a scrape into which my juvenile rashness and inexperience must otherwise have plunged me, surely deserve and demand this slight recognition of their goodness, and I seize with pleasure the opportunity which is here afforded me of expressing to them my love, my gratitude and my good wishes. THE AMATEUR ANGLER."

Some years ago Mr. R. B. Marston sent me some pink and some white hawthorns, or Mays, as they call them on the other side, and they have grown famously, and the frontispiece of the little book now before me is a reproduction of a photograph showing Mr. Marston the elder and Mr. Marston the younger on "Our seat under the May tree." There are a fishing house and a landing net and a fly-rod and a river in evidence, and it might easily be imagined that the May fly were up. The other illustrations in the book are chiefly from photographs. One is a reproduction of a May fly, and this is the legend:

"Here is a picture of the G. O. M. May Fly imitation, after it had been worn in the gill of a trout for over nine months, as described in the last chapter. Of course, there is no particular novelty in finding a fly in a trout's mouth, but it is somewhat of a novelty to be able to identify the fly, and to find it in such a perfect state of preservation after so long a time of wear and tear."

It is remarkable, indeed, to find a fly in a trout's mouth. This fly was fixed outside the gill, after nine months, and therefore I copy the description in the last chapter:

"The Major caught a brace of trout and several troublesome grayling; the largest trout was about 1¼ pounds, and by this trout there hangs a tale. When I was fishing in the same meadow last June I lost many a trout and many a May-fly. Now it so happens that in the gill of this trout was found, firmly hooked, a perfect May-fly, the G. O. M., with 6 inches of gut. He has worn and no doubt been very proud of this distinctive decoration ever since. It seems to me to be a very remarkable thing that a fly and hook should have been in that fish for more than nine months, and now as perfect and fresh as if it had been in my pocketbook all the time. The gut is rather rotten.

"The gold tinsel around the body is as bright as ever it was. One wing is slightly mangled, as if other envious trout had tried to nibble it. I fully believe that fly is mine, that I lost that fish on that particular spot last June. The only doubt I have about it is that I then estimated the fish I lost as at least 1½ pounds, whereas this one, after nine months' growth, now weighs only 1¼ pounds, and on the other hand, you know how much larger are always the fish you lose than those you take! The fly is distinctly a G. O. M. of Mrs. Ogden Smith's make."

The book may be the record of an old man's holiday, but it is written with all the vigor and exuberance and exhilaration of youth, and may the same hand continue to write books with the rigor and charm of perpetual youth.

Adirondack Ponds.

Mr. L. O. Crane, of Boston, writes me the following interesting letter: "I note in your 'Angling Notes' in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 29 that you cannot find out anything about the food supply in Spring Pond up Bog River. It should not be difficult to get this information, for the pond is well known by all Saranac guides, and it is easy of access.

"It was a few years ago, when I fished it last, very well stocked with chubs and other small fish, especially with sunfish, which fairly swarmed there. A great many trout of 5 pounds weight have been taken there on troll and with live bait, but as far as I can learn never one on a fly-rod, though a great many have been taken on flies trolling, even with no bait on, and I am satisfied if they were fished for persistently at the right time they could be induced to rise and could be taken casting.

"Spring Pond was without trout until something like fifteen years ago Walter Aiken, of Franklin Falls, N. H. (now dead), with, I think, Lem Corey (gone too), and Robert Nichols, as guides, brought over from Grave's Pond twenty trout and released them at the Spring Pond landing. Nineteen of these fish swam off all right, and one turned up and was taken out. This stocking was kept a secret for some years, and they did not try the pond from year to year, probably thinking it would not pay for the time expended, until on one trip one of the party saw a large fish rise while crossing the pond on the way to Grave's Pond, and they then decided to troll it. The result was a surprise. They took something like fifteen or twenty trout that were all about of the same size, and averaged in the vicinity of 5 pounds each. George Fayette, who works at Ne-ha-sa-na, was in the

scrape, and can give you the correct figure. Other trout and bait were afterward brought over from Bog River and the pond stocked in that way, but I think that up to the time I stopped going there no more trout were brought from Grave's Pond, as it was a mile over the mountain and hard to keep them alive. We could always tell the river trout, as they had a longer head and under-shot jaw, while the 'Graves' Pond trout had short fins, head and even mouth, and grew silvery with very bright red spots, and I considered them as fine as any trout I had ever seen. I mean to try them again some time by casting the fly. I made application once to stock Spring Pond with trout, and the fry was granted to me, but I did not accept them, as I understood the river was to be closed at that time.

"Spring Pond is a beautiful sheet of water, fed by springs, with no inlet or outlet that can be found. I am glad the landlocked salmon are doing well there. Put them in Three-Pound Pond and Silver Lake and Horseshoe Pond. How would they do in the river? They can get deep water by stopping in Hitching's Pond or North Pond, and could run into Horseshoe easily. I could write a book or so on Bog River, but will say good night."

Mr. Crane thinks it should not be a difficult matter to find out about the food supply for fish in Spring Pond, but as a rule the only way to get reliable information is to go to the pond about which information is desired, or send some one and investigate the food question.

The blank applications furnished by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission to those who desire fish, provide that this question shall be answered: "What is the natural food of the fish?" The answer most generally given is, "Don't know." Sometimes this is varied by "The usual food," "Minnows," "Chubs."

These answers tell nothing. If water contained nothing but "chubs" and "minnows," it would not sustain trout, for small trout cannot live on minnows, for the minnows are larger than the trout. Natural trout waters provide insect and crustacean food, and the ordinary observer would overlook it, as the smaller forms of crustacea are minute, as they must be to furnish food for trout fry. There must be other food in Spring Pond than chubs and sunfish or the landlocked salmon would not have done as well as it is known that they have. Only last evening I met a gentleman on Senator Depew's special train, from which he is stumping the State, who told me as we were dining that he had been to Spring Pond, and that almost on the last day of the open season this year a friend gave him a landlocked salmon which he estimated to weigh 3 pounds, and it was caught in Spring Pond. The special stopped to let me off near my home at 1 o'clock in the morning, and in a mail which came at 2:30 in the morning was Mr. Crane's letter, which I have quoted above.

A. N. CHENEY.

Tuna Club Prize Awards.

AVALON, Santa Catalina Island, Cal., Oct. 1.—The Executive Committee of the Tuna Club begs to announce the decision of the judges in the rod and reel angling tournament of 1900—May 1 to Oct. 1. The tournament, the second of its kind, was inaugurated to encourage the use of the lightest tackle in the capture of the large and remarkable game fishes of these waters, and thus insure a reduction in numbers of fish caught. The committee is happy to report that there has been a notable reduction in the waste of fish; rods are universally employed, and lines larger than a 24-thread for tuna and black sea bass, up to 380 pounds, are not used. The tournament of 1900 was a marked success, and it is estimated that 4,000 or 5,000 anglers contested for the prizes during the five months tournament; among them were wielders of the rod from every State in the Union—some gentlemen coming from England purposely to take the leaping tuna. A feature of the season's fishing was the difference in time in taking tunas over the previous season—many being landed in from ten to twenty minutes. One hundred and forty-one leaping tunas were taken with the rod during the tournament, ranging in size from 164 pounds to 22 pounds. The record of Col. C. P. Morehouse of a 251-pound tuna was not beaten. The club record of Mr. T. S. Manning, of a black sea bass weighing 370 pounds, was beaten by Mr. F. S. Schenck, of Brooklyn, N. Y., his notable catch, of a fish weighing 384 pounds, being the largest game fish ever taken in the world with rod and reel and 21-thread line. Adj.-Gen. Barrett, of California, having taken the largest leaping tuna of the season (164 pounds), becomes president of the Tuna Club for 1900 and 1901. Col. R. A. Eddy, by virtue of taking the largest number of tunas, becomes vice-president.

Holder of Cups, Medals and Rod Records in 1899.

LARGEST TUNA—Col. C. P. Morehouse, 251 pounds, first; C. F. Holder, 183 pounds, second; H. St. A. Earls-cliff, 180 pounds, third; F. V. Rider, 175 pounds, fourth. BLACK SEA BASS—T. S. Manning, 370 pounds, first; T. S. Manning, 330 pounds, second; F. V. Rider, 327 pounds, third; F. V. Rider, 324 pounds, fourth; Col. R. A. Eddy, 322 pounds, fifth.

WHITE SEA BASS—E. M. Boggs, 58 pounds, first; F. F. Gerrish, 56 pounds, second; Mrs. F. V. Rider, 50 pounds, third.

YELLOWTAIL—F. V. Rider, 48 pounds, first; F. F. Gerrish, 37 pounds, second; Mrs. H. W. Hoyt, 31½ pounds, third.

Prizes Won in 1900—May 1 to Oct. 1.

All catches were made with rod and reel, 21 and 24 thread lines. Every fish brought to gaff unaided.

CLASS A.—LEAPING TUNA.

First—For exceeding club record, 251 pounds. Prize: Tuna Club gold medal and Banning cup. Not won.

Second—For largest tuna of the season. Prize: Presidency of the club. Won by Adj.-Gen. A. W. Barrett, of California, weight of fish 164 pounds.

Third—For the second largest tuna. C. J. O'Kell, weight of fish 148 pounds.

Fourth—For third largest tuna. H. J. Fleishman and Col. R. A. Eddy (tie), weight 142 pounds.

Fifth—For first tuna of the season. Harry Harkness, Pasadena.

Sixth—To lady taking a tuna of any size with rod and reel. Prize: Gold medal. Won by Mrs. James Gardner.

Avalon, 136 pounds; Miss O. B. Clark, Los Angeles, 118 pounds; Mrs. J. C. Connor, Colorado Springs, 116 pounds; Mrs. A. W. Barrett, Los Angeles, 22 pounds; Miss E. L. Bernard, Cincinnati, 20 pounds.

CLASS B.—BLACK SEA BASS.

First—For exceeding club record of 370 pounds. Prizes: Tufts-Lyon cup, Rider-Macomber medal. F. S. Schenck, Brooklyn, N. Y. (world's record), weight of fish 384 pounds.

Second—For the second largest bass. Col. R. A. Eddy, weight of fish 362 pounds.

Third—For third largest bass. F. S. Schenck, weight of fish 350 pounds.

Fourth—First black sea bass of the season. Col. R. A. Eddy, weight of fish — pounds.

Fifth—To lady taking a black sea bass of any size. Not won.

CLASS C.—WHITE SEA BASS.

First—First bass of the season. T. W. Holron, weight, 44 pounds.

Second—For largest fish of season. (Tie), E. L. Doran, Avalon; J. S. Vincent, Saginaw; weight, 48 pounds.

Third—For second largest bass. E. L. Doran, weight, 46 pounds.

CLASS D.—YELLOWTAIL.

First—For largest fish of the season. John F. Francis gold medal. T. S. Manning, weight of fish, 32½ pounds.

Second—For largest yellowtail taken by a lady. Mrs. E. N. Dickerson, New York, weight of fish, 24½ pounds.

CLASS E.—ROCK BASS.

First—For largest fish of season. C. W. Thompson, weight, 6½ pounds.

Second—For second largest fish. C. C. Paine, weight, 6 1-16 pounds.

CLASS F.—SILVERHEAD.

For largest fish of the season. Col. R. A. Eddy, San Francisco, weight of fish, 21 pounds.

CLASS G.—WHITEFISH.

For largest fish of the season. C. C. Paine, Cleveland, weight of fish, 9 pounds.

CLASS H.—ALBICORE.

For largest fish of the season. G. W. Kellogg, weight of fish, 31½ pounds.

CLASS I.

For the largest game fish taken by a lady. Miss O. B. Clark, Los Angeles, tuna weighing 118 pounds.

CLASS J.

To boatman of angler taking first tuna of season. James Gardner, boatman for Harry Harkness.

T. S. Manning, Chairman; Col. C. P. Morehouse, F. V. Rider, Chas. F. Holder, Col. R. A. Eddy, Dr. H. K. Macomber, Franklin S. Schenck, E. L. Doran, Judges and Executive Committee.

Fish and Game Wardens.

BY CHARLES E. BREWSTER.

(Read before the American Fisheries Society.)

THE rapid depletion of our waters of their food fishes by reason of the vast increase both in number of men engaged in fishing and the number of nets used has made it necessary for the enactment of laws for the artificial propagation of the desirable kinds of fishes to restock our lakes and streams.

This work has usually been placed in the hands of State boards of fish commissioners. Their duties are the taking of spawn, the hatching of the eggs, the apportioning of the fry to the various waters, and superintending the depositing of the same.

In my own State of Michigan, with her more than 2,000 miles of coast line bordering the "Great Unsalted Seas," with her thousands of inland lakes and streams all teeming with fish, the question of either protection or perpetuation did not present itself to the earlier citizen. Whitefish and trout were abundant in the Great Lakes, and every settlement near enough to the coast to do so had a few nets, usually owned in common, and used for the purpose of taking fish for their own use only.

In the coast towns a few men had nets and made fishing their business. The nets were of large mesh, and the fish taken were necessarily so. Sailboats only were used, and three men could handle two gangs of gill nets, possibly three miles long, one gang only being in the water at a time.

But with the rapid increase in population conditions changed. Factories and manufacturing plants were built to utilize the product of our forests. Sawdust and slabs were dumped into the waters without protest. This offal, as it became saturated, sank and shifted around on the bottom, driving out the whitefish. Fishermen cleaned their fish on board their boats, dumping their offal into the lake.

And then came the tug fishermen; and with the advent of the tugs came a marked increase in the number of nets used. Methods of handling nets and fish have been improved. Steam lifting apparatus has taken the place of men, and it is now possible to lift nets on a single tug at the rate of four miles an hour, and it is not an unusual thing for fishermen to set a single gang of nets fifteen miles in length.

John O'Neil, a prominent commercial fisherman at Charlevoix, informed me that on Oct. 29 (the last day of the open season) he had seventy-five miles of gill nets in the water.

But to return to the sawdust and offal matter. It became apparent in the course of time that the fish supply in the Great Lakes was decreasing, and in 1865 the Legislature passed an act making it unlawful to "put into any of the waters of this State where fish were taken any offal, blood, putrid fish or filth of any description," and imposing a penalty of \$300 for its violation.

Special acts were also passed regulating the manner of taking fish in the inland lakes in some of the counties. In 1871 the first general fish law was passed. It regulated the manner of taking fish both in the Great Lakes and in the inland waters.

Still the depletion continued, and in 1873 a law was enacted "To establish a Board of Commissioners to in-

crease the product of the fisheries, and to make an appropriation therefor." This act appropriated \$7,500 for the use of the Commission for each of the years 1873 and 1874, to cover all expenses, both the building of a hatchery and the necessary expenses of the Commission, and it was their duty "to supervise generally the fishing interests, and secure the enforcement of all the laws relating to the protection of fish and fisheries in the State."

No compensation has ever been allowed any member of the Board. They have served the State absolutely without pay. Uniformly men of broad gauge and thoroughly in love with their work, they have served the State faithfully and well, and the perfectly appointed hatcheries, with their beautiful buildings, the inland lakes and streams, repopulated with the most desirable kinds of fish, stand as a perpetual monument to the earnest, intelligent work of the Michigan Fish Commission.

They have stocked our streams with trout and other game fishes; our lakes with bass, pike, perch and lake trout. They have also given us the German carp. But in spite of the enactment of all of these laws, the results were not entirely satisfactory. They were not enforced. Local officers winked at the most flagrant and open violations. The commercial fishermen used small mesh nets. And in the inland lakes and streams spears, dynamite and nets were used without danger of prosecution.

In 1887 the president of the National Sportsmen's Association, the Hon. A. L. Lakey, of Kalamazoo, introduced a bill "To provide for the appointment of a game and fish warden." Mr. Lakey had accepted the nomination, and came to the Legislature for the sole purpose of revising the fish and game laws, and to provide for their enforcement. He met with a most determined opposition, but succeeded in getting his bill through both houses, and it was approved by the Governor March 15, 1887.

The term of office of the State warden is four years. A brief comparison of the conditions existing before the appointment of a warden may be interesting. During the entire four years preceding the appointment of a State warden there was a total of fifty-six convictions in the State. During the four years' administration of the Hon. William Alden Smith, the first Michigan warden, 494 convictions were secured. During the year just closed, being the first year of the administration of the Hon. Grant M. Morse, 867 cases were handled, with a total loss of only eighteen by acquittal. More than \$20,000 worth of nets and fishing appliances were found in illegal use, seized and condemned.

Thus is the work of the Fish Commissioners supplemented and aided by that of the warden. It has been said, "He is indeed a public benefactor who causes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before." The Fish Commissioners of Michigan have accomplished more than this. They have increased the product of our inland waters a thousandfold; our lakes are being carefully stocked; our streams are already full. The stocking of our Great Lakes with the rapid growing trout and the peerless whitefish is being systematically carried on. (They have seen the error of their ways and have abandoned the propagation of carp.)

Their work is beyond praise, and the results obtained will forever remain commemorative of a philanthropic work well done, a stewardship faithfully kept.

And side by side with the encomiums passed upon the Fish Commissioners will go forth the thanks of a grateful State for the forceful and splendid work of her State game and fish wardens.

Tip-Ups for Ice Fishing.

ANSWERING your inquiry as to whether we have ever done any fishing through the ice, we beg to say that we believe we have tried every known way and device to catch fish, tip-ups included. We have joined in hoisting a sheet between masts of a ship, and on dark nights placing lighted lamps against it to attract the flying fish in the Indian Ocean. We have taken a hand at the windlass and assisted in hoisting a monster shark aboard in the Red Sea. We have been perched in the bows of a sailing ship, trying to harpoon porpoises as they jumped, tumbled and dived around and across her bows as she gallantly sped her way over the sapphire waters of the Mediterranean. We have joined in the chase of a whale only to find that their powers of locomotion are enormous, and that the water they spout is very wet. And, while the memories of bygone days pass in review before the mind, others equally fantastic and interesting follow on in the panorama of piscatorial adventure. We remember dark nights on an Indian river, when we were being drawn down a roaring rapid in a frail dugout canoe by a mighty mahseer. We also remember the invariable duckings we got on these occasions.

We must next turn to the quiet picture of catching little crawfish in the mountain streams of India.

Picture one stretched out full length on an overhanging rock over a likely little pool, with bait in one hand and rod in the other. The bait consists of a piece of cocoonut about an inch square on the big end of an eikel, the rod a loop made from a fiber from a banana leaf on the small end of another eikel. An eikel is the rib of a cocoonut palm leaf about 2 to 3 feet long, and tapers from one-eighth of an inch in diameter at the big end down to a fine point. The fisherman selects a likely hole and drops the bait, holding the eikel in his left hand. Pretty soon if there is a crawfish in the pool it will crawl out from underneath some big rock and cautiously make its way over to the bait. The fisherman then commences to tickle its sides and back with the loop. Many is the jump forward and backward the little fellow will take before he will allow the loop to be moved without his jumping. Then gradually the loop is passed up over one eye; a quick twist of the fingers and the loop is wound up tightly, and the crawfish soon finds himself among friends waiting to receive him in a native grass basket. We have many a time taken enough in an hour to make a curry for two people; and let us assure our readers that there is no curry made in the Orient that is more tasty or toothsome than one made of either crawfish, shrimps or prawns.

But as usual we are wandering from our subject matter, which is tip-ups and fishing through the ice. From

the commencement of this article our mind has wandered many thousands of miles, more than half way around the globe, and in a few minutes has run from shivering zero into sweltering tropics. Our readers must think up to this point that the headlines of this article must be misplaced; it is not so, only our thoughts and pen ran riot.

We acknowledge that we have done some fishing through the ice, and (in a whisper) we hope to have a turn at it this winter. Like all other grown-ups, we make the excuse that we go to amuse the children and give them a good time, whereas in truth—and like all other grown-ups, too—we take the children along as an excuse. We spend hours in the evenings making the necessary paraphernalia, and have the children around our knees. We try to persuade ourselves that the work is all absorbing to them. In a short time, on taking our eyes off the work, we find they are gone, and learn that it is only we ourselves who are the interested party. We heave a sigh, and say the youngsters will have lots of fun with these tip-ups when the ice is good. It is doubtful whether the recreation and bracing atmosphere of a dry crisp winter's day is not as beneficial to the old boys as to the young. For our boys we have a fatherly and fellow feeling; for all young Waltonians we will describe and give cuts and instructions for making four different kinds of tip-ups. There is plenty of time between now and Christmas to make as many as will be required:

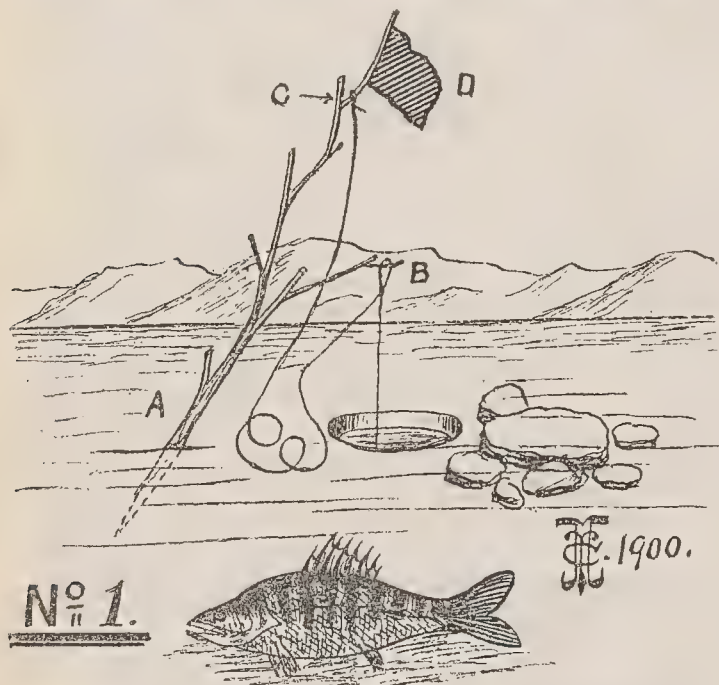
Lines.—The cheapest kind of 12-thread linen line that can be obtained. Twenty foot lengths are required for each tip-up.

Hooks.—No. 2-0 Aberdeen are the best; they should be eyed. The wire in an Aberdeen hook is finer than any other, size for size, and does not injure the minnow proportionately.

Sinkers.—Split an ordinary buckshot and fasten it to the line about 1 foot above the hook. Anything heavier is detrimental, as it prevents the minnow from working around.

Tip-Up No. 1.

This is the most primitive device we know of, yet a very good one. It consists of an ordinary bush from the woods about 7 feet long, which is fixed in the ice A. About 18 inches or 2 feet from the bottom leave one of



the branches, and from it a mere twig, B. Close to the top C fasten the end of the line, and directly over it a piece of red flannel for the flag D.

The line must now be prepared, and this applies to all of the other tip-ups as well. Attach a piece of lead to the hook and ascertain the depth. When the lead is on the bottom, tie a loop in the line at the level of the water. When the loop is tied, pull up the line, take off the lead and put on a minnow. Drop it into the hole and let it sink until the line is out as far as the loop; then place the loop over the twig B. This will place the minnow about 18 inches from the bottom—the right place for it to be. Coil the spare line around the hole, so that it can run out without any obstruction. When a fish bites, it draws the loop off the twig and runs out the spare line. As soon as it comes to an end, the tugging of the fish pulls down and waves the flag. The first boy there has a chance of either pulling the fish up through the hole or knocking it off the hook against the ice, which often happens to the inexperienced in this kind of fishing.

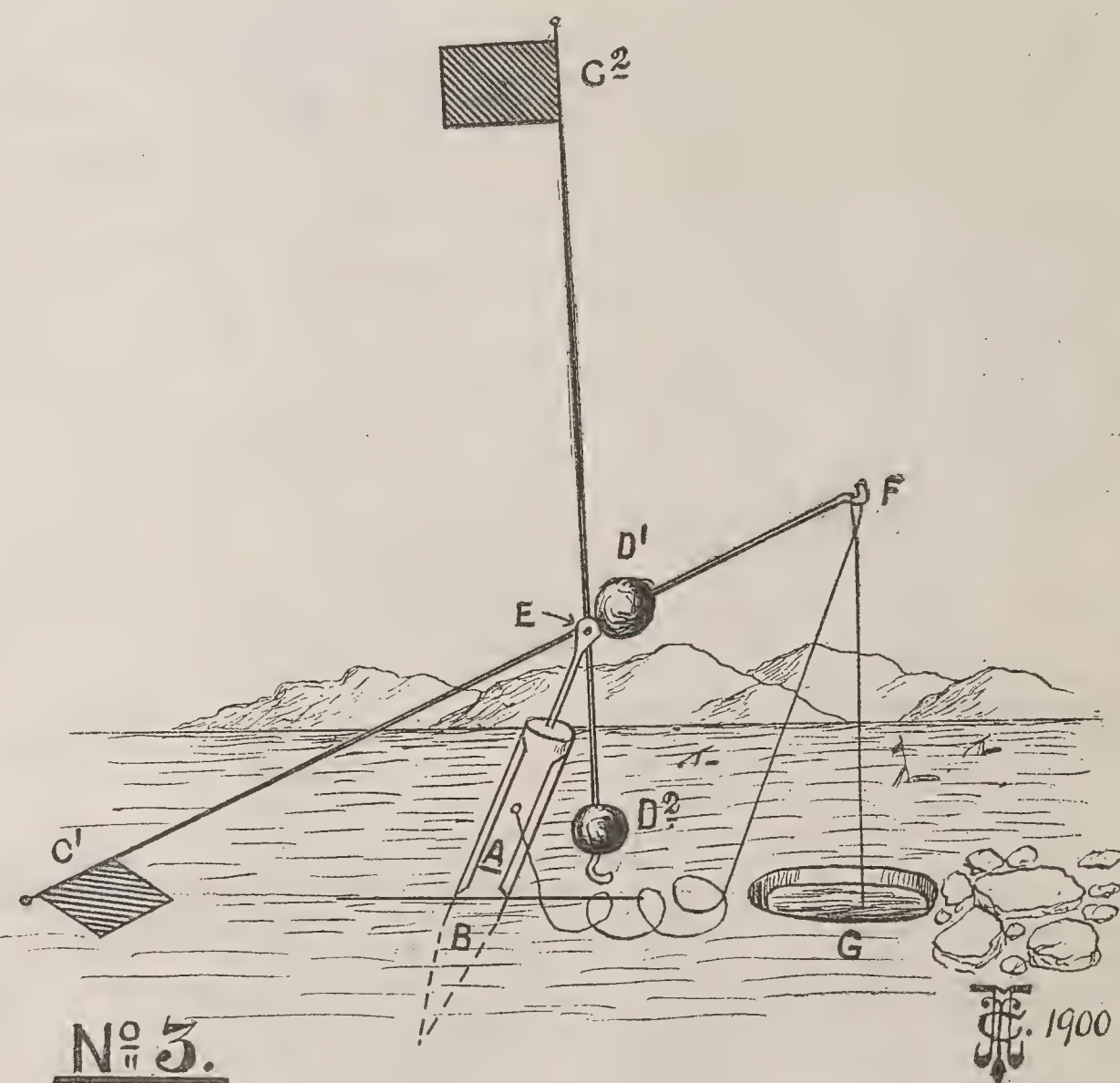
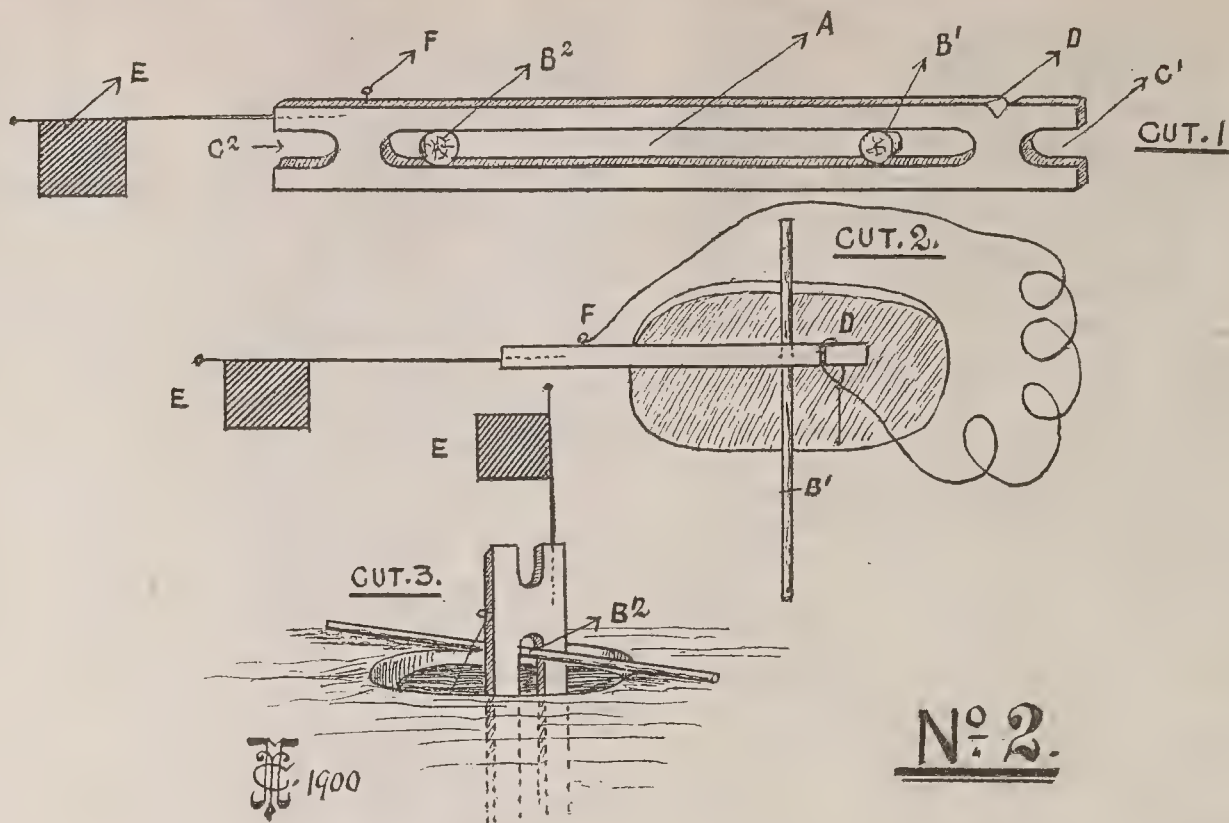
Tip-Up No. 2.

This is a device easily made. (Cut 1.) Take a piece of wood 18 inches long, 2 inches wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, and with a fret saw cut out the slot A 1 foot long and 1 inch wide. Then hollow out the two ends C' and C''. This is to form a reel to wind the line. At one end cut a notch, D. It should be about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch deep. This is to place the loop of the line when setting the tip-up. At the opposite end fasten a red flag. This can be done with a piece of wire about 6 or 8 inches long, E.

Cuts 2 and 3 show the operation. Secure a straight stick $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter, 3 feet long. This can be cut from any bush around the pond. Pass it through the slot A and let the ends rest on the ice on either side of the hole (cut 2) B. Then draw the tip-up out over the ice until the cross bar B is in the position shown in cut 1, B—I. Drop the minnow in the water and place the loop in the line over the notch D. When a fish bites it pulls the end of the tip-up down, which slides until the cross bar is in position. (Cut 3 and cut 1, B².) The flag is now hoisted and requires attention.

Tip-Up No. 3.

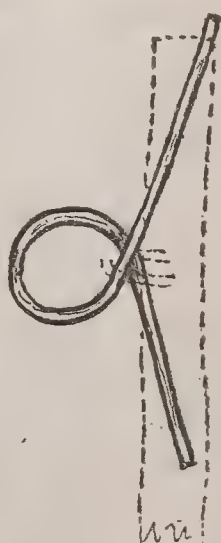
This is the best we know of, and probably the one most easily made. Take a complete rib from an old umbrella; cut off the pivot bar 1 foot from the joint E. Cut off the end of the rib where it fastens to the top of the umbrella. String on this end a round sinker, D, about an ounce in weight, but see that the hole in this sinker is large enough to allow it to run up and down the rib easily. When the sinker is on, heat the end of



the rib, and with a pair of round-nosed pliers turn the half circle F. At the other end of the rib fix the red flag C. Take the short pivot rib and drive it into a piece of wood 2 inches square and 18 inches long. Sharpen the end of this wood to the form of a wedge, B, for insertion into the ice. To set this tip-up, run the ball up to D'. The weight of the flag and the extra length of the rib on the other side of the pivot will hold it in this position. Drop the minnow into the hole and put the loop of the line over F. When a fish bites, it pulls the end down and drops the ball to position, D². The flag is up to position C². The fish is on.

Tip-Up No. 4.

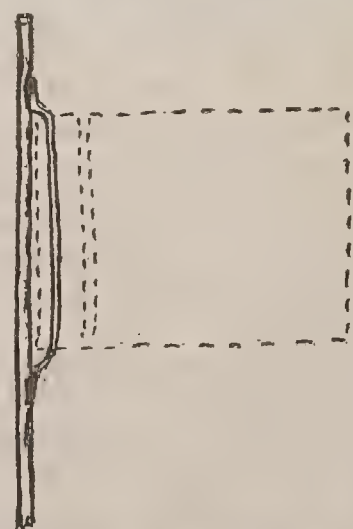
This device requires a considerable amount of mechanical skill to make it nicely. Take a piece of wood $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, 2 inches wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, and 9 inches down from the top fasten the spring flag pole D. This pole is made of 14-gauge brass spring wire. Wind one end two or three times around some iron instrument about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch in diameter, leaving both ends turned out on the inner side, thus:



This is the side placed against the wood work shown in dotted lines. One end of this spring should be cut short (cut 2B), say 2 inches; the other the length your fancy may suggest (cut 2D).

Through the eye formed by winding the spring pass

a piece of wire (cut 2C). The ends of this wire should be turned and passed through the wood work, and either again turned or riveted. The end B can be fastened in the same manner. It will now be found that if the wire (D in cut 2) be brought down to a horizontal position and let go suddenly, it will fly back and strike the wood work with a sharp click, which on the ice can be heard 500 feet away. To fasten the flag to the pole it is necessary to solder on another piece of wire, as herewith shown:



Through this eye the material for the flag can be passed and securely fastened with a needle and thread.

We must now form the trigger. This is done by turning an eye on the end of a piece of wire, and fastening it to the wood work with a staple, G. About 6 inches from the bottom end bring down the flag pole to a little below the horizontal, and turn another eye in the trigger wire at the point of intersection, E. Cut off the trigger wire $\frac{1}{4}$ inch from E and turn the loop F. The device is now ready for operation. Bring down the flag pole and pass eye E of the trigger over the end of the pole above flag H, cut 1. Then pass the loop of the line over the trigger F, as shown in cut 1. Drop the minnow and be ready for a call. When a fish strikes it pulls the trigger off the flag pole, and up goes the flag with a click. By putting a couple of cleats on the side of any wooden tip-up, as shown in Cut 2, K¹ and K², a reel is always available to wind the line on when fishing is

through for the day. To feel that the time you may spend on making tip-ups is not thrown away, you have only to duplicate the specimen fish shown at the foot of tip-up No. 4, which can easily be done, I trust, on home waters available to readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* all over the ice zone. New York fishermen may do it on any of the following waters:

On the Line of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad.

Lake Hopatcong.—Lake Hopatcong station, 46 miles from New York.

Budds Lake.—Three miles from Stanhope station, 48 miles from New York.

Panther Lake and Cranberry Lake.—Whitehall Summit, flag station, 56 miles from New York.

When fishing Panther Lake, ask the conductor to

The Man With the Barrel.

"Oh, I could not stand being followed about by a man with a barrel to take all my fish from me!" Such has been the impatient exclamation of many an English angler when told of the conditions under which he must fish in German waters. Doubtless the angler is deprived of his solitude. Perhaps to a certain extent a little of the romance attaching to the sport may be rubbed off if one's consciousness be fixed too closely on the thought that one's captures are for the market or for the pot. But these drawbacks can be easily exaggerated, and the German method really possesses merits and advantages so many and so great as to far outweigh such sentimental considerations.

Let us take a typical day on a German river. We call on a miller and ask his leave to fish. The worthy man,

till they are sold. The miller is delighted with the result of our day, and begs us earnestly to come again.

Let us translate this process into English, and suppose a farmer or miller granting fishing rights upon such conditions. Think of the inducements to him to stock and preserve his waters, and to look after the purity of the stream! Think how easy for respectable applicants to secure leave to fish. Think of the profit of the riparians, and of the saving of the waste of trout life. There is only the sentimental objection, and in a reasonably good day, in the excitement of fishing, the thought that the pot is behind one is practically forgotten. Fritz is often a capital fellow, with a fund of information ready for you, and his services in lightening the load upon one's shoulders make a very appreciable addition to the day's pleasure.

The drawbacks of the system are that it cannot be taken into wild parts, nor can a long stretch of river far from the tank which is to receive the catch be readily fished without undue strain upon the shoulders of the "bursch," and on the breathing apparatus of the fish.—*London Fishing Gazette.*

Tarpon Fishing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am going to say a few words on tarpon tackle, and how to hook a tarpon. The rod I prefer is of greenheart from end to end (lancewood is very good with an ash butt), from 8 to 10 feet long, with German silver guides and reel seat (a man must suit himself about a reel seat; there are a great many good ones on the market to-day). My reel carries 600 feet of No. 24 silver lake (Cuttyhunk) tarpon line, and is controlled by a leather drag. This drag can be turned back when you are ready to cast.

Now as to hooks and leaders, I have tried them all, and I take fine piano wire, have it cut into pieces 2 feet long and join four of them together, making an 8-foot leader. A man can make his leader just as long as he pleases. People differ—especially over fishing tackle and guns. My favorite hook is the O'Shaughnessy. In Galveston we have to use a float and sinker just heavy enough to keep the cork well up.

Now that we have the tackle, the next thing is how to use it. Let us find ourselves standing on the North Jetties in Galveston. At first, casting with a stiff rod and a leader sometimes a foot longer than your rod is very awkward, the more so if you have cast with a fly. But you learn to cast, and now you are ready to meet the silver king. He comes with a rush, and your hand drops to your reel (we are out for the first time after tarpon and are pretty clumsy at first), the crank is turning sixty miles an hour; it hits you on the hand, and you—well, then you go to put your thumb on your leather drag, but you put it instead of on the drag (for the beginner always forgets to lay his drag on the line after casting) on the line itself; and it is hot. I have done this time and again, and it hurts far more than an ordinary burn. Ah! the silver king leaves the water; he seems to shake his lordly head; your hook goes in one direction, your mullet in the other. You wonder how, after hooking three or four, that the hook never seems to get hooked. Here is one secret: When a tarpon strikes, you strike him back. Look into the fish's mouth, and you will see the reason for this. One out of fifty might hook himself. After you have got your tarpon firmly hooked, keep cool; don't get excited when he jumps. Each time he jumps he loses a great deal of strength. Keep as much strain on your line as it will hold. A tarpon nearly always cuts your line when he jumps and falls on it. A man who lands a tarpon with a 1-foot leader deserves ten times more credit than a man who lands one with a 10-foot leader. If he falls on your line, good-by, tarpon.

I hope that some brother sportsman who has fished for tarpon will write what he thinks the best tackle for tarpon, and how to catch them—a true sportsman is always ready to learn. The reason I prefer a piano wire leader is that it is not much larger than the line, will hold anything, and does not frighten a fish as a thick one is apt to do. You will get three strikes on a thin leader where you get one on a thick one—that is my experience.

C. K. BYRNE.

P. S.—I am on a ranch in western Texas, and I never saw so many quail. I am having a great time with them, and plenty of wildcat hunting with hounds.

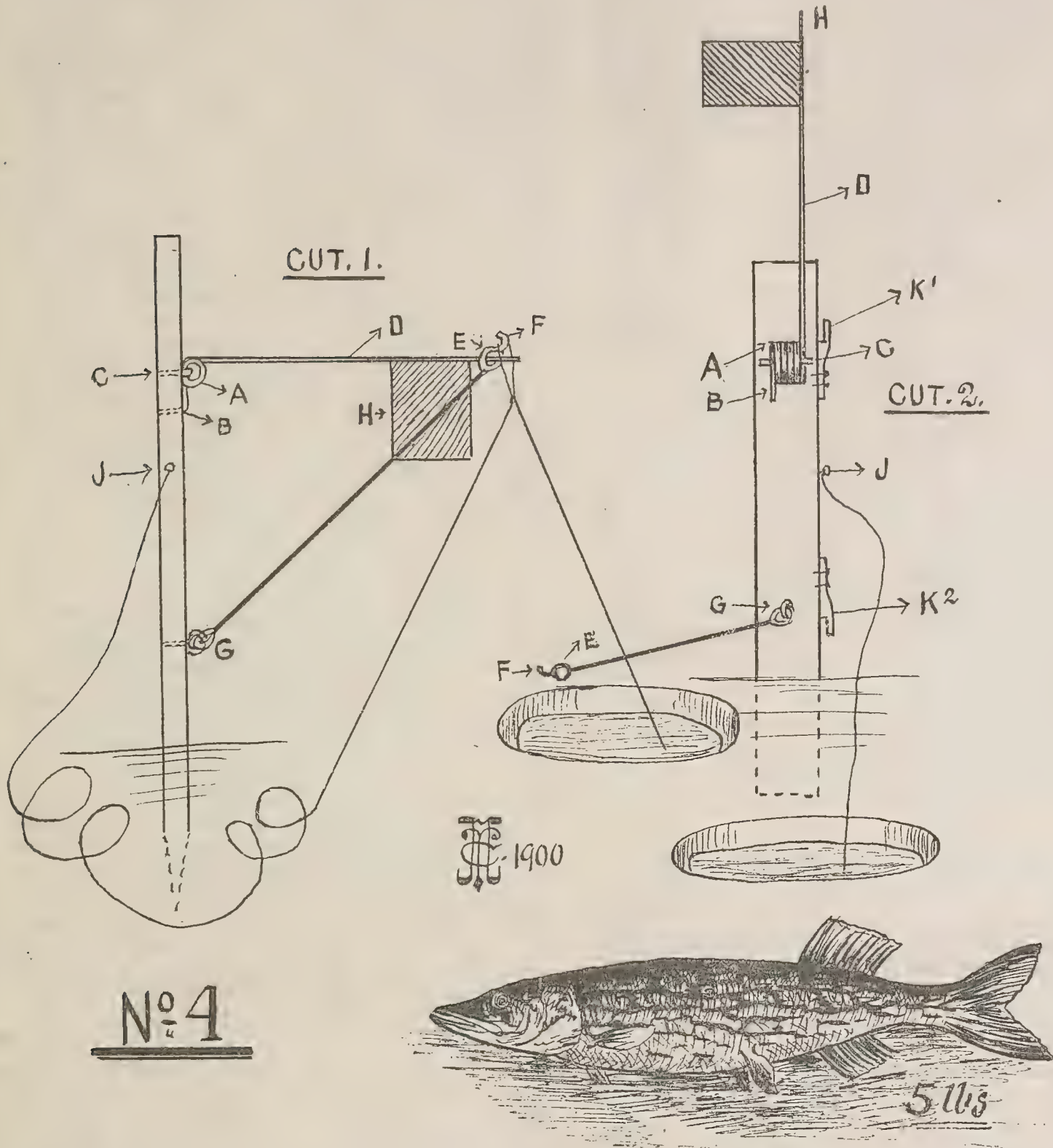
C. K. B.

A Forty-Nine-Pound Muscalonge.

A MUSCALONGE was caught in a seine on Fox Lake, Ill., the other day, and taken to Chicago, which weighed when caught 49 pounds, and when weighed in Chicago 45 pounds. The length was 4 feet 2 inches, and the girth 26 inches. The Chicago Tribune tells the story of its capture: "Thursday afternoon Game Warden Ratto, with two helpers, Pete Johnson and Albert Peterson, were dragging a huge seine through Fox Lake for the purpose of catching the carp and all other objectionable fish which are a menace to the game fish. The day before they had a catch of 1,350 pounds of carp, together with nineteen garfish and other objectionable species. In the morning they had caught 800 pounds of carp, and regarded their day's work nearly over.

"As they were dragging the 600-foot seine in for the last time, it felt rather light, but the men who were holding it said that the carp were making more commotion than they had ever known them to before. The net was finally dragged up to the boat, and it was found that there were some 300 pounds of carp. But in the bottom of the net was a fish which made the eyes of the old fishermen stand out in wonder.

"Thrashing about in a frenzy, with scales gleaming in the sunlight, was the biggest muscalonge that Mr. Ratto had ever seen. His immense mouth was snapping at the carp, and as he felt himself being dragged toward the boat he made frantic efforts to go through the net. But it was too strong for him and he was unable to break out. The two fishermen got him to the surface of the water, and were about to pull him into the boat when, with a desperate fling, he knocked both of them over, and the net sank once more into the lake. The fishermen were



put you down at Mr. Chrispell's door. The lake is on his farm. A letter addressed to P. J. Chrispell, Panther Lake Farm, Andover, N. J., a little in advance of your visit will insure bait and a hearty reception. Along both the Franklin and Branchville branches a few miles from Andover are many ponds available for fishing through the ice.

On the Line of the Erie Railroad.

Monroe station, 49 miles from New York.

Round Lake, 1 mile distant from station.

Walton Lake, 1½ miles distant from station.

Mount Basha Lake, 3 miles distant from station.

Chester station, 55 miles from New York.

Glenmere Lake, 3 miles distant from the station.

This is the best water we know of. A letter addressed to Mr. Cabel, proprietor, Glenmere Lake Hotel, Florida, Orange county, New York, will insure bait, plenty of fish and a trap to meet you at the station.

Shohola station, 111 miles from New York.

Washington Lake, 4 miles from station; at water.

Montgomery Lake, 4 miles from station.

Greenwood Lake, 45 miles from New York; at water.

JAMES CHURCHWARD.

NEW YORK, November.

The Salt Water League.

THE Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen held a special meeting on Oct. 31, at its rooms, 106 West Thirty-first street, this city, at which letters from nominees for the Senate and Assembly were read, pledging their support to the bills to be introduced by the League into the Legislature at its next session. These bills provide for the restriction of netting in the waters within the jurisdiction of New York State, and were printed in full in last week's issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*. The number and tone of the letters would seem to indicate that the League will have powerful support in the next Legislature, and the members are greatly encouraged with the progress their organization is making in its efforts to protect the salt water fish of the State. Several of the candidates addressed the meeting, and gave their personal pledge to aid the League in passing its bills. The next regular meeting will be held on Nov. 19.

knowing that our catch will be so much money in his pocket, cordially wishes us luck, and with alacrity provides us with a "bursch," a yokel, to follow us with the customary receptacle. This is not a barrel in general, but a tin or zinc vessel of a sort of cigar shape, tapered, truncated and flattened. There is a square hole in the top with a lid to admit the captures, and the whole is slung from the shoulders of the bearer from two rings, so placed that the water slops about inside marvelously little. As we pass through the miller's garden we see buried in a bank and covered with a lid a little tank, which is to receive our captives, while here and there from trees along our length of water hang suspended nets in which the captives may be put and left in the river to save carrying them from place to place.

From time to time, as luck justifies us, we have to let our bearer take back his burden to the tank. With



THE BARREL.

grayling in particular does it behoove us to be careful, for they are delicate fish, and readily die if kept in too confined or crowded water. In the evening we tip Fritz his mark and go our way rejoicing, having had an excellent and most intelligent gillie, who has shown us where the best fish lie, netted out our fish, unhooked them, and assisted in recovering our flies when hung up in trees, etc. He has saved us also: (1) The handling of slimy fish; (2) the carrying of our landing net and waterproof; and (3) the carrying of our slimy and evil-smelling catch—and that is a serious item on this water.

When all is over, the "fisch handler" comes along, summoned in advance by the prudent miller, the captives are weighed (and a very interesting and ingenious process the weighing is), the good miller receives his 1 mark 50 pfennigs a pound for the trout and 60 pfennigs a pound for the grayling, and the fish are carried off alive to market. None are wasted, for none are killed

obliged to let the net go three times before they finally got the immense fish into the bottom of the boat.

"The fish finally expired, and when taken ashore and weighed it was found that it tipped the scales at 49 pounds. Game Warden Ratto thought the catch was such a remarkable one that he brought the fish to Chicago, where it was on exhibition during the day. Last night it was put in cold storage and will be mounted and sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

"Of the fishermen who saw the fish yesterday not one could say that he had ever seen a larger one. Several said that they had heard of fish weighing 54 pounds, but the instances could not be given specifically.

"The largest fish ever caught by Dow B. Lewis, who is a fisherman of considerable repute, weighed 28 pounds. Dr. O. W. Nixon, another well-known muscalonge fisherman, caught one weighing 33 pounds. These appeared to be about the limit.

"The catch was the more peculiar, as Fox Lake has never been supposed to contain muscalonge."

An Odd Take.

THE other day at Gananoque, Ontario, while Master R. Andrews and H. Williams were out for a boat ride and as they were near Gibson's wharf, they saw a fish come to the top of the water and shake himself. Quickly rowing near they found about 10 feet of line going through the water. They put down an oar and twisted the line around it, and pulled in a nice muscalonge with a trolling spoon and hook in its mouth.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Third annual field trials of the Independent Field Trials Club. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 13.—Harrisville, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Paterson, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-16.—Riley, Ind.—Second annual field trials of the Riley Field Trials Association. J. L. Graham, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 20.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.

Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.

Nov. 27.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Dec. 10.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

1901.

Jan. 14.—Greenville, Ala.—Fifth annual field trials of the Alabama Field Trials Club. John B. Rosenstahl, Sec'y.

Jan. 21.—Benton County, Miss.—Tenth annual field trials of the United States Field Trials Club. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 13-17.—Vicksburg, Miss.—First annual bench show of the West Mississippi Agricultural, Mechanical and Live Stock Exposition. John Dewhurst, Supt.

Nov. 28-30.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Second annual bench show of the Philadelphia Dog Show Association. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

Dec. 6-10.—Cincinnati, O.—Annual bench show of the Cincinnati Fox Terrier Club. J. C. Trohlinger, Sec'y.

1901.

Feb. 26-March 1.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Kennel Club's annual bench show. C. M. Munhall, Sec'y.

March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Fetch and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

VII.—Pointing, Backing, Ranging, Quartering, Dropping to Wing, Unsteadiness, Brace Work.

Pointing.

THE pointing instinct, possessed and exhibited by nearly all setters and pointers, is a conspicuous characteristic of their methods in capturing their prey. Contrary to what is commonly maintained, it has no natural reference whatever to the service of mankind.

Man observes that he can usefully apply the pointing trait to his own profit, and he utilizes it accordingly. In like manner he utilizes the powerful horse as a beast of burden; his speed for purposes of rapid transportation; his hide for good leather; yet all these properties were originally for the horse's own benefit.

The ability to point well is essential to the existence of the dog when in a wild state, since it is a material aid to him in the struggle for existence. In domesticity, he does not lose the instinctive desire to pursue and capture prey. He, like man, has the hunting instinct strongly present, notwithstanding the centuries of domestication. He easily reverts to a wild state, utilizing then the powers and methods for his own preservation which man rather egotistically avers were implanted for the benefit of man himself.

Man can neither force nor induce a dog to seek birds if the latter refuses to do so; and the dog refuses when there is nothing left which appeals to his self interest.

The voluntary efforts of the dog, exhibited when in search of prey, man restricts within certain limits to his own service and thereby appropriates to himself the fruits of the dog's labors. And herein is where many old and new writers erred in their inferences. They observed that the dog could be so trained that the shooter was the beneficiary of his work, and they rather illogically deduced that therefore the instinct was acquired for the benefit of mankind.

When a dog, with more or less rigidity of posture, stops to the scent of game or prey, the act is called pointing, setting or standing. It is observed in a more

or less rudimentary state in all dogs which are used for hunting purposes, and is sometimes exhibited even by curs which have no pretensions whatever to good breeding, or for that matter to any breeding at all.

The following excerpt from Stonehenge has furnished nearly all writers their data for the origin of the pointing instinct: "The setter is, without doubt, either descended from the spaniel, or both are offshoots from the same parent stock. Originally—that is, before the improvements in the gun introduced the practice of 'shooting flying'—it is believed that he was merely a spaniel taught to 'stop' or 'set' as soon as he came upon the scent of the partridge, when a net was drawn over the covey by two men. Hence he was made to drop close to the ground, an attitude which is now unnecessary, though it is taught by some breakers, and notably to fast dogs, who could not otherwise stop themselves quickly enough to avoid flushing. Manifestly, a dog prone on the ground allowed the net to be drawn over him better than if he was standing up; and hence the former attitude was preferred, an additional reason for its adoption being, probably, that it was more easily taught to a dog like the spaniel, which has not the natural cataleptic attitude of the pointer. But when 'shooting flying' came in vogue, breakers made the attempt to assimilate the attitude of the setting spaniel—or 'setter,' as he was now called—to that of the pointer; and in process of time, and possibly also by crossing with that dog, they succeeded, though even after the lapse of more than a century the cataleptic condition is not fully displayed by the setter as by the pointer."

It would be difficult to crowd into the same amount of space more trashy nonsense than is contained in the foregoing quotation, and yet it has served writers for generations as good warrant for asserting as fact what it merely presents as conjectures or probabilities.

Modern writers do not hesitate to assert that the setter is derived from the spaniel, though Stonehenge qualifies it by stating: "Or both are offshoots from the same parent stock." In plain English, he did not know what they were derived from. Again, it is much easier to evolve the dropping attitude from the point than it was to evolve the point from the dropping attitude. The instinct which, moreover, is conceded to have been natural to the pointer, has a far fetched theory most laboriously worked out to explain its existence in the setter.

Why it should be natural to the one and not to the other, Stonehenge leaves it to the reader to solve as best he can. He also treats the point as being cataleptic, and advances that trait as a reason why it was necessary to make the setter drop when the net was thrown over him. The point is neither cataleptic nor remotely related to the cataleptic state. The pointing dog is keenly alert in every faculty. His eyes glow, his nostrils play as they inhale the scent, his judgment gauging the place and distance of the prey, and his muscles tense and ready for instant action in the quick, powerful strike to seize and hold.

Any cur of good hunting instinct and ability may be taught to hunt and point birds with more or less success. In the course of time he learns that success in the pursuit and capture of birds is consequent to silent and careful effort only. The pause to capture, called pointing, is a mere incident in the exercise of the general purpose. It may have even a wider application, as exhibited by hounds and even by curs which have been trained to road and stop on deer, keeping close in front of the deer hunter while so roading and drawing, and timing their efforts with exquisite judgment for the success of the gun. Strange dogs, meeting on the highway for the first time, not infrequently stiffen and feather as they stealthily draw toward each other, mimicking ambush and attack, or preparing for actual battle, according to their whims or the circumstances. The uses of pointing as exercised in the dog's activities, comprehend a much greater scope than that considered by the sportsmen.

The act of pointing is exercised with rare intelligence. Setters and pointers, as a matter of reason, employ distinct methods in the pursuit of fur and feather. When in the pursuit of rabbits, they are openly vigorous and dashing, give tongue merrily, and pay no heed to cautious effort. When the rabbit is afoot, they trust largely to their swiftness and endurance to effect a capture. On the other hand, if the rabbit is lying concealed they endeavor to compass his capture by craft much after the method employed on birds. When in pursuit of birds, they are silent, painstakingly cautious, and tense from uncertainty. They draw then as closely as possible before making the final pause, and spring to surprise and capture.

These different methods are a necessity from the different circumstances governing the different cases. They are self-evident when we consider that the rabbit must remain on the earth's surface; that it leaves a trail of scent, which is ever a clue for its pursuer to follow; and that the battle cries of the latter so alarm and confuse it that its capture is made easier thereby. On the other hand, the birds having wings must not be alarmed at all if a capture is to be effected, for alarm is equivalent to escape.

It thus is clear that the different methods employed are imposed necessarily from the circumstances of the case. Nor are these peculiarities of method employed solely by the dog. Foxes draw on rabbits and grouse in a similar manner. Cats have an analogous manner of drawing on birds and vermin; indeed, as they often venture the attempt to capture birds in the most open places, they exhibit even greater degrees of craft and caution.

We may safely conclude that as it is a natural trait of the pointer, it therefore is an equally natural trait of the setter, as it also is more or less so of all other dogs and animals which seek birds and small animals as prey.

Westminster Kennel Club.

HEMPSTEAD, Long Island, N. Y., Nov. 2.—The Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-fifth annual dog show will be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, on Feb. 19, 20, 21 and 22, 1901.

JAS. MORTIMER, Sec'y and Sup't.

Fox Hunting in the South.

From the Baltimore American.

Drink, puppy, drink; and let every puppy drink

That is old enough to lap and swallow;

For he'll grow into a hound and we'll pass the bottle round,
And merrily w'll "whoop" and we'll halloo!

THE season is here when sportsmen all over the country, where opportunity for such sport exists, are turning their attention to the pursuit of Reynard. The horn which has lain idle for a twelve-month is burnished up, the kennel is visited daily, and the music of the pack is the sweetest tune the hunter can hear. Apropos of this season, a brief review of the sport in the past and the pursuance of it in the present is opportune.

England, of course, stands at the beginning of the noble sport. Historians have said that it was born in France, and while such may have been the case—for there are few countries where the fox lives that he is not hunted in some manner—England is, properly speaking, the home of the original fox hunter as the sport is recognized to-day. In the pursuit of the coveted "brush" began all the forms of "point to point" racing, "steep-chasing," "drag" hunts and "cross country riding." Reynard cannot be overtaken in any country where he lives without leading a jolly dance over heartbreaking fences. Hence the origin of the breed of horse known as the hunter. England is the home of the sport of fox hunting, and, indeed, is now famed for her splendid hunt club organizations and packs of great hounds; but when this country became a colony of Great Britain, the cavaliers who settled in the South, and especially those who remained in Maryland and Virginia, brought their love for the sport with them. Reynard was found in numbers, and the horses and hounds were a natural consequence. The sport thrived, and the Father of his Country, history tells us, was an enthusiastic follower of the pack over the hills of his Virginia home. Slowly the sport spread, and even the stolid Dutchmen and British Puritans became, half-heartedly, at first, and, finally, enthusiastic followers of the grandest sport on earth. Since its introduction into this country it has grown steadily. Nothing has served to hinder its progress, and to-day American hunting horses, American hounds, and, finally, American horsemen have no peer, even among their English cousins, from whence it came.

Hunt clubs are found all over that part of the United States where the sport is indulged in at all, such as the Genesee Valley Hunt Club of New York State; Chevy Chase of Washington, D. C.; Elkridge, Overland, Pataasco and Green Spring Valley Clubs of Maryland, and clubs too numerous to name throughout Virginia, principal among them being those in the heart of the horse and fox hunting section of the State, in and about the counties of Loudoun and Fauquier, Va., where the Piedmont, Leesburg and Warrenton Hunt Clubs head the list.

From the last named section have come, and continue to come, some of the finest fencers and all 'round hunters in the country. There many horses, now with big records and prices after their names, first saw the light of day in the blue grass pasture fields along the base of the beautiful old Blue Ridge Mountains. No grander country for the use it is put to can be imagined. The fertile lands are watered by mountain streams as clear as crystal, flowing through the blue grass meadows, where the young colts, soon to begin their education, play in grass up to their knees. Truly, it is the horse paradise. The land for the most part is owned by men who make the breeding, raising and training of the hunter a specialty, and the animals they have sent away speak more eloquently of their success than can any written statement.

The breeding and education of the hunter is an interesting study for those who take an interest in the horse. It is the aim, of course, to get a breed of horse which, as nearly as possible, should fill the following requirements: First, he should have enough of the thoroughbred in him to give him "bottom" or endurance, and also courage. He should be compactly and firmly built, with clean legs and muscular shoulders and thighs, to aid him in his work, and lastly, he should jump. Of course, the last is a thing he must be taught though many animals are instinctive jumpers. This horse is about as close to the perfection hunter as one can be. The size, of course, is a consideration, though not a vital one, for many small horses have achieved wonders. The nearer a horse can come to 16 hands the better apt he is to carry 160 pounds over the fences, which weight all horses should be up to, and which is generally the weight required by judges in the hunter classes at the various horse shows. But suppose such a horse has been successfully foaled. From that time until he is sold he is under the constant watch of his owner, who brings him up as patiently and carefully as a mother does her child. Patience, above all things, is the most important factor in successfully raising and training a horse of any kind, and particularly a hunter. From the time when he is weaned from his mother his education begins. Often when a yearling a saddle will be put on his back and he will be led about to accustom him to the sensation.

When he is turned three years, work is begun on him, in earnest. If he is a spring colt, that is, born in the spring, the winter preceding his third birthday is passed in quieting him, and, as the trainer calls it, "handling" him, or getting him used to the saddle, bridle and stable life. If he is well grown, and with no physical defects, he is ridden by a boy or jockey for the first time that spring. This epoch in his life is generally accompanied by objections from him, and a lively half hour is the result, but after two or three rides he finds out that nothing is going to hurt him if he behaves himself, and so he goes along comparatively quiet. After he is thoroughly broken and "bridle wise," that is he understands what is meant by pulling either rein, which he generally understands perfectly in the course of two or three months, with patient treatment, his jumping education is begun. Different trainers have different methods, but the best method is the following: The trainer, on an old, reliable hunter, goes over two or three low fences, and the colt, in the hands of a light jockey, is persuaded to follow. Sometimes, of course, trouble is experienced, but generally a horse with the breeding described instinctively

loves the sport. After a few such trips across the country, over low jumps, the fences are raised, and the old horse is dispensed with. He generally by this time understands the work, and goes about it thoroughly. His faults in form are carefully corrected, and the finishing touches put on him, one of which includes generally "docking" his tail.

Sometimes it is said that to jump a horse is cruel, that it is an exercise which is foreign to his nature; but no greater mistake could possibly be made than for one instant to believe such to be the case. Any one who has ridden a well-bred, high-strung horse at a big jump, and who has felt the quiver of excitement pass over the noble brute; who has felt him gather his mighty muscles for the leap, and setting his ears forward and taking the bit in his teeth, make that irresistible rush before the actual spring is made, cannot think anything but that he loves it as well as his rider.

By the time all the details of his training have been mastered and he has proved himself up to all that was expected of him, he is taken to his first meet. This experience is generally marked also by many exciting happenings. He is all of a fidget, anyhow, at 5 in the morning, when the sun's rays haven't even begun to appear and the frost and mist are yet hanging over everything. The slow ride of a mile or so in this bracing weather only serves to wake him thoroughly. How he wishes for a gallop to warm him up! But his rider, who, this time, is generally his owner, won't let him. He is in a very mischievous humor when the place where the club is to meet is reached, and after he gets there the blast of the fox horn and the baying of the hounds succeed in provoking him into a spasm of terror, which he generally displays by performing the most fearful and wonderful "bucks," that sometimes would put a Texas broncho to his trumps to equal. After a while he is quieted, and the dogs are put into the covert where Reynard is supposed to be. The old hunters stand still, but with their ears pricked up for the first deep note of the hound who "finds." He doesn't see how they can be so unconcerned. He fidgets, rears and pulls, while his owner endeavors to soothe him. While he is standing still for the first second since he has been there, a wild chorus from the hounds crashes into the morning silence, a long, red something breaks out of the covert on the far side and lays a course toward the mountains, 12 miles away, the huntsmen rise in their stirrups as one man and give the "view halloo," and he—well, he forgets everything. He is conscious of a rush of horses' hoofs, a stampede at a high stone wall, which he clears with 18 inches to spare, for the art of husbanding his strength he has not yet learned and will not until taught by experience.

He is mad for the first three or four fields. So provoking that the quiet hand on his reins won't let him go! He is sure he could pass the hounds and catch the fox himself if his rider would only give the chance. But after he has laid a mile or so behind him, he gives up his wild plunges and settles down to the long, rapid, untiring gallop of the other older horses, taking each fence as it comes with just an inch or so to spare, and picking out the easiest gaps and best jumps, which latter he is aided in doing by his rider, who, like the true sportsman, knows too much to tax his horse's powers by riding over the biggest jumps, thereby running a risk of killing his ambition in his first hunt. He is pulled slowly in to the death, and is glad enough to stand and catch his "breeze" while the master of hounds is getting the fox from the dogs and taking its brush.

Such is his first hunt. Thereafter the note of the hound on the trail is his sweetest music, and the blast of the horn and the "view halloo" his ambition to hear. Old horses turned out in the fields, to pass their declining years, have been known to follow a hunt as they fly by, taking every jump and coming in at the death with the rest.

Beside fox hunting, polo, shooting, ball games and all the other games do not deserve the name of sport. Every quality that it cultivates is good, requiring, as it does, undoubted skill, physical courage and strength, all of which are numbered among the highest virtues. No sport causes the same degree of excitement as does the scene before the start and the exhilarating feeling when, on a good mount, you ride over the fields and fences to the music of the pack in advance. In conclusion, the advice of an old huntsman, down in the section of Virginia previously described may not be out of place. An amateur was asking him "how to learn to fox hunt." The old fellow looked pityingly at him, and said: "Son, the best way I know is to throw your heart over the fence and ride after it."

The Blandford Fox Hunt.

THE second annual fox hunt of the Blandford, Mass., Fox Club was held Oct. 31 and Nov. 1. If possible, the event was one of even greater pleasure than that of last year. There were twenty-five participants in the hunt, and they were rewarded with four brushes for their day's work. The driving was not extremely good, the wind affecting the dogs so that they could not keep the trail. The hunters assembled at 8 o'clock and went to North street, letting loose the dogs at the house of C. R. Ripley. Thirteen dogs were cast off toward North Blandford. During the first hour Clarence W. Bates corralled the first fox, and this was the only one captured during the morning, though the dogs followed several unsuccessful trails. In the afternoon E. H. Williams, of Southwick, fell upon another fox at about 2 o'clock near Lewis Nye's hill. George Jones, of Blandford, with seven dogs, got another fox, and Charles Clark, of Chester, was the last successful hunter. H. L. Herrick and Levi Dayton both saw foxes and got a shot at them, but something was the matter with the guns, and the foxes are still alive.

The dog which was so conspicuous in last year's hunt had an exciting escapade a few days ago which put him out of business for this hunt, and there was little holling this year. This dog is said to have holed a fox and got wedged into the hole. He remained there for nine days until he grew so poor that he was able to turn around in the hole and thus escape an awful death. The other dogs were very erratic yesterday as a rule, and many rabbits were followed in place of the foxes.

The hunters returned late in the afternoon weary and hungry, and were enthusiastic for the banquet of the evening, which was prepared under great difficulties by Landlord Oatley.

The Blandford fox hunt was brought to a successful close Thursday, Nov. 1, and at least two more brushes were added to those secured the day before. The Lloyd family was prominent in the sport of Thursday, and George B. and Virgil Lloyd each brought down a fox. The hunters covered the territory in the south part of the town, near the main branch of Little River, and the hounds were set at work near the soapstone quarry on the E. H. Osborne farm. There were about thirty enthusiastic men in the party, and they enjoyed the finest sport of the hunt between 9 and 10 in the morning on the Osborne farm. The dogs were quick to find a fresh scent, and then followed music dear to the hearts of the sportsmen. A half-dozen hounds were soon in full cry, and the scurrying fox little realized what was in store for him. He kept to the woods for some time, and then ventured into the open and bounded over a stone wall close to a sleepy hunter, who realized what had happened a few seconds later, when the dogs went over the wall and disappeared down the hill toward the quarry. Others had seen him, however, and he was quickly turned about by two harmless shots. Back he came, close to his old track, and T. J. Cooley, of Westfield, urged him along at a faster gait with a charge of shot that evidently fell short. John E. Cooney also emptied the contents of both barrels at the fleeting fox, and again he completed a circle, with the dogs making the woods resound with their excited cries. George Lloyd was true in his aim, and the bunch of animated fur went tumbling down the road. It was believed the shot had caused the death of the fox, but no, he was up and away in an instant, though his life was slowly ebbing away. The hounds were soon upon him, and the brush was then seen dangling from the pocket of Clark Deering, who appropriated the pelt, evidently concluding that as long as he picked up the fox he should have the prize. It was Mr. Lloyd's fox, though, and rather than have a "scene," the action of Mr. Deering went unchallenged. This "drive" on the part of the dogs was the most exciting of the two days, and the fox must have made a circuit within a radius of a half-mile no less than three or four times. It was an unusual occurrence and caused considerable excitement among the hunters. The fox was shot at six or seven times. There were several other good runs during the day, and Virgil Lloyd killed his fox near the Isaac Richards place. Charles N. Lewis, of Westfield, toppled over a stray fox near the place where he attempted to dig out a man, dog and fox last year, but he was unable to get sight of him again. Dogs were put on the trail, but stopped giving voice before going a great distance. No trace of the fox was found and it is the general opinion that it was another case of "sneaking" a "brush." Had the fox gone further the dogs would not have stopped. It is therefore safe to claim that three foxes were killed during the day. The membership of the club has materially increased this year, and is now not far from 105.—Springfield Republican.

Continental All Age Stake.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The entries for the Continental Field Trial Club's All Age Stake number in all twenty-seven. Ten subscriptions have been taken for the Free for All Subscription Stake:

Mortimer—Robert Kelly's b., w. and t. setter dog (Eugene T.—Maud).
 Senator P.—J. W. Flynn's o. and w. pointer dog (Captain B.—Queen P.).
 Verona Lena.—Verona Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch (Rudge Gladstone—Nellie R.).
 Joe—Avent & Duryea Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog (—).
 Sioux—Avent & Duryea Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryne).
 Count Gladstone V.—Avent & Duryea Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Columbine).
 Prime Minister—Avent & Duryea Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryne).
 Tony Man—Avent & Duryea Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog (Tony Boy—May Blue).
 Roysterer—Avent & Duryea Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryne).
 Earl Jingo—Erwin M. Beale's l. and w. pointer dog (Jingo—Pearl's Dot).
 Bob Acres—George Crocker's o. and w. setter dog (Tony's Gale—Minnie T.).
 Minnie's Girl—George Crocker's o. and w. setter bitch (Antonio—Minnie T.).
 Gilt Edge—George Crocker's l. and w. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Lillian Russell).
 Doctor Brown—G. L. Thomas' b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Featherstone—Topsey F.).
 Lady's Count—J. Douglas Law's b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).
 Jack—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog (Eugene T.—Maud).
 Geneva—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch (Tony Boy—Lena Belle).
 Why Not—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog (Eugene T.—Miss Ruby).
 Selkirk Milo—Oakland Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog (Selkirk Dan—Selkirk Tama).
 Count Hunter—Dr. C. T. Shoop's b., w. and t. setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Hunter's Queen).
 Sport's Gath—G. G. Williamson's b., w. and t. setter dog (Marie's Sport—Mark's Fleet).
 Oakley Hill—Chas. F. Hartmetz's b., w. and t. setter dog (Rodfield—Susie D.).
 Hal's Hope—Peterson & Bell's b. and w. setter bitch (Harold Skimpole—Hunter's Nellie Bly).
 Eldred Lark—Theo. Sturges' b., w. and t. setter bitch (Cincinnati Pride—Antonia).
 Daughter Gladstone—W. T. Hunter's b., w. and t. setter bitch (Lady's Count Gladstone—Daughter Noble).
 Zephyr II.—J. S. Crane's b. and w. pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Jingo's Joy).
 Dot's Daisy—J. S. Crane's l. and w. pointer bitch (Jingo—Dot's Pearl).

THEO STURGES, Sec'y.

Points and Flushes.

The Philadelphia Dog Show Association desires to announce that Mr. Robert Toland has offered a silver cup for the best pointer at its forthcoming show.

Yachting.

Who Shall Defend the Cup?

THE challenge from Sir Thomas Lipton for a match in 1901 was received by the New York Y. C. and yachtsmen generally with an amount of enthusiasm which made it certain that the task of defending the Cup would be no perfunctory one, but that so far as the finances were concerned there would be no trouble in raising any reasonable sum for the construction of a new defender, and, if necessary, the racing of Columbia as a trial boat during the season. Had the matter been laid before the club at the meeting of Oct. 17, at which the challenge was accepted, as it might with all propriety, a syndicate of representative men could easily have been organized on the spot to put up the required amount. Instead of this, the matter has, as usual, been taken out of the hands of the club and referred to a committee with power to do as it pleases. So far as can be ascertained, it has up to date, three weeks after the meeting, done nothing, though there are various rumors afloat as to what it proposes to do. At a later meeting it was announced by Com. Ledyard that a defender would be built, but that the names of those interested could not be given out at present. This action, so similar to that in past years, has given rise to a report that a difference has arisen between two elements in the club, and that one party will build and run the new boat without the aid of the other. To put the story in concrete shape, it is said that the feeling which has existed between different owners in the 70ft. class through the season is so strong that some of them, though anxious to take part in the defense of the Cup, will be barred from all opportunity to do so; in particular it is rumored that Mr. Herman B. Duryea will not be connected with the new boat.

The private affairs of the New York Y. C. are not matters of public interest, and if any differences exist within the club it may be left to settle them as it pleases; but the defense of the America Cup is in every sense a national affair. The time has gone by when it could be conducted on the P. B. D. principle, by special committees that were responsible neither to the club at large nor to the yachting public. The action in the present case, of delegating to a special committee powers which rightly belong to the club as a body, and of concealing matters which might and should be known to every member, is suspiciously like that attending the adoption of the new deed of gift in 1887 and the suppressing of Lord Dunraven's complaint in the matter of Defender's ballast in 1895. The serious trouble which has resulted in these two cases, as in many others, from this policy of secrecy and concealment, should be a warning against similar methods in the future. At the present time there seems to be no good reason why the defending syndicate should not be formed openly and the right man to manage the new boat chosen in public. There are certain things which it is not desirable to announce, but the knowledge of the ownership of the new boat and of the man who will command her can be of no possible advantage to the challenger. Should the Cup be lost through an error in the selection, the officers of the New York Y. C. will have to shoulder a very heavy responsibility.

Capt. Sycamore on American Yachting.

IN speaking of his recent trip to America, Capt. Sycamore, the captain of Shamrock II., said to the Glasgow correspondent of the Boston Herald:

"Good sportsmen, and fond of salt water, as I knew the Americans to be, I must admit that I was a trifle surprised to find in the course of my turn round how widespread the liking for yachting has become. It is not only the clubs of which we hear over here, but there seem to be hundreds of others about the islands and bays and creeks, and my impression was that the average American owner takes more direct interest in his sport and the boat than some of the gentlemen who keep the racing on this side going. This season the interest in American racing seems to have centered principally in the class of one-design 70-footers. It is said they are one-design, and they certainly look it, but whether they are all of one speed is a very different matter. Frankly, I don't like them, for they are neither good as boats nor pretty to look at. Mark you, I do not say that they are not fast. Going at all free, they seemed to me to get through the water very smoothly and very quickly; but of course this opinion is pretty much guesswork, as they have only themselves to sail against. Their principal fault seems to me to be in the construction, and I am quite prepared to believe most of the stories told of the serious trouble they give in hard weather. So far as I have had an opportunity of judging, I should say that the difficulty has risen from an attempt to turn out exceedingly light composite boats without making sure that the workmanship and the provision for taking up and distributing the strains were sufficient to enable them to stand the pull of their big sail spread. So far as their looks go, that is after all a trifle, for one can soon work up an admiration for any boat, provided only that she is fast enough.

"I never had the slightest doubt," he said, "but that the Columbia-Shamrock races were won by the American boat purely on her merits; but now, after seeing them both, I am more than ever convinced that we never had a chance in anything of a breeze. The Columbia has, I think, the prettiest hull that ever I saw on a big boat, and I think that you could no more bring Shamrock into condition to beat Columbia than you could put wings on her and teach her to fly. Whether Herreshoff could improve on the Columbia or not I do not know—he has not done so in the 70-footers—but he has a grand boat there, and one that would take a lot of beating."

St. Louis.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. Steam Tender.

ALL who were present at the Seawanhaka cup matches between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the White Bear Y. C., or who have visited Lake St. Louis during the past summer, have commented most favorably upon the new steam tender built during the winter for the use of the club. The question of a suitable steamer for club use has been under consideration by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. for some years, a special boat being urgently needed in connection with the many races sailed for the Seawanhaka cup since 1897, while one is also required for regular club use throughout the whole season. The steam yachts of the club fleet have been placed at the disposal of the race committee during the international races, but all of them which are large enough to accommodate the committee and guests are of too great draft to land at the club pier at Dorval, where the water is very shoal and boulders are only too numerous. As the club station lies inside of Dorval Island, with a shoal from the west end of the island well up the lake, the larger steam yachts have to run up the main channel, around the end of the shoal and then down to Dorval, lying off shore and taking passengers by means of rowboats. A great deal of time has been lost in this way, both in starting out and returning in previous races. While there is plenty of deep water in most parts of Lake St. Louis, the whole north shore is quite shoal, and there are long shoals through the center of the lake. At the same time there is room enough to kick up quite a formidable sea on very short notice. It was necessary to have a steamer of very shoal draft, not over 2ft., if possible, large enough to be safe and able to carry a good-sized party comfortably, and fast enough to run with the racing 20-footers in setting marks, timing, etc. Such a boat has been talked of for several years, but nothing offered that was suitable and also within the limit of price, which was necessarily low, as the club has spent a great deal of money in recent years on the house and grounds. During the past winter the matter was taken up anew, the financial end being assumed by a corporation formed within the club to manage the boat shops and provide a club steamer. The task of designing a suitable boat, as none was to be found in the market, was assumed by Arthur L. Drum-



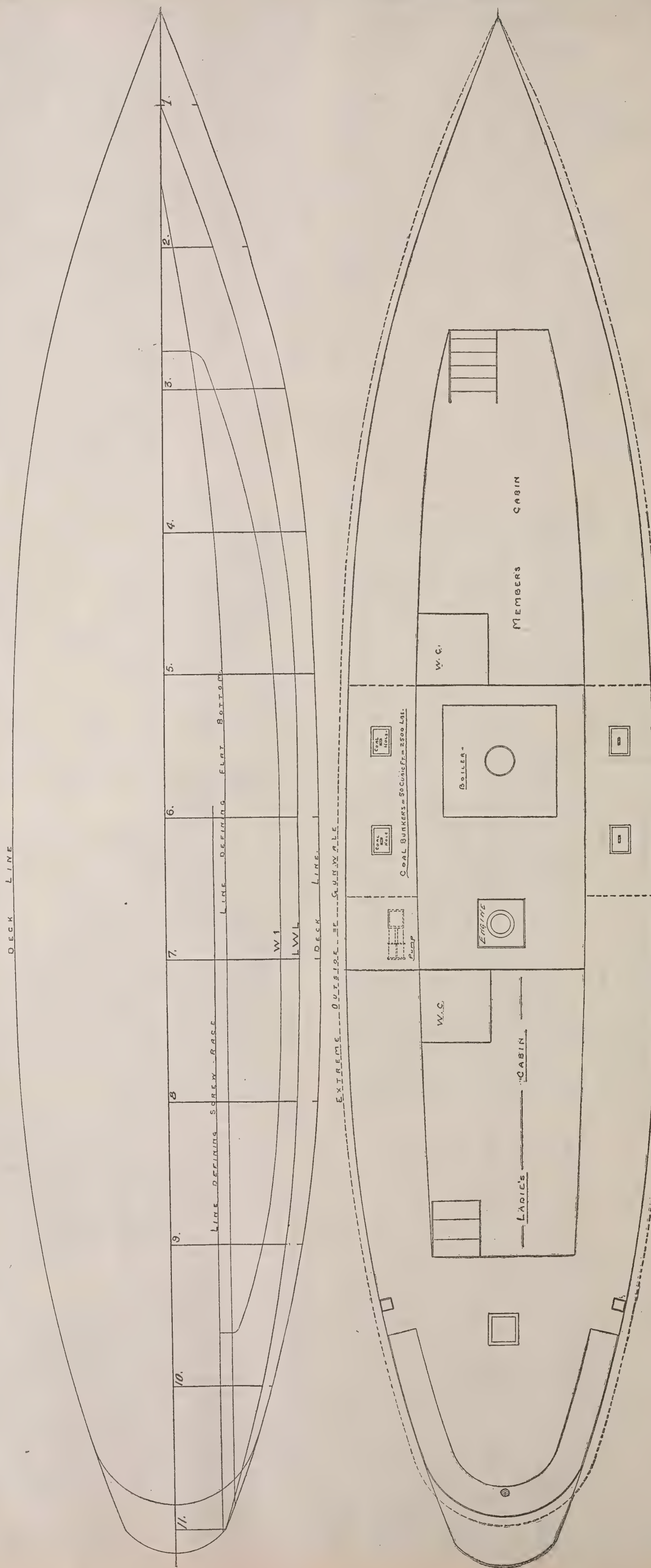
mond, Esq., a member of the club and an amateur designer. The contract was given to Davis & Sons, of Kingston, Ontario, a very reliable firm, and the result has been most satisfactory.

The new boat, St. Louis, is 65ft. over all, 60ft. waterline, 13ft. breadth, 2ft. draft, with a displacement of 11.60 tons. The coefficient of displacement is 0.50, curve of areas of the bow and stern each being a true curve of versed sines. In order to reduce the expense, the regular stock machinery of the builders was used, a simple non-condensing marine engine with link motion, the cylinder being 8 by 8in., with a propeller 35in. diameter and nominally 4ft. pitch. The boiler is built by Davis & Sons, under the Roberts patent, water tube, 4ft. 9in. by 4ft. 9in. and 5ft. high. A Northey duplex feed pump, an injector, a hand pump and an exhaust feed water heater are the accessories, the whole engine room outfit being very simple.

The fore overhang gives some necessary deck room and improves the appearance over a plumb stem, while with the cutting away below water it enables the boat to make a landing on a shoal beach. The sheer is quite high forward to meet the short seas of the lake. The screw works in a hollow of the bottom, which reaches nearly up to the deck at its highest point. This has worked to well that Mr. Drummond informs us that he would not hesitate in another boat to raise the shaft to the level of the waterline. A watertight hatch in the after deck gives access to the wheel, and by putting weight in the bow the hub may be raised clear of the water for any repairs. The freeboard is kept low aft for convenience in boarding from boats, and the peculiar form of the counter has proved very convenient in practice. The crews of the racing yachts towing astern can haul up their boats and step aboard very easily. Another advantage discovered in bathing from the yacht is that one can easily climb on to the stern from the water and step on board.

The forward cabin is for the use of members, and there is a ladies' cabin aft, both fitted with toilet rooms. The bunkers, on each side of the boiler, have 50 cu. ft. capacity, 2,500lbs.; hard coal being used. The upper deck is built strongly enough to carry all the people who can find standing room. A number of hinged seats are fitted to each side of the house, turned up out of the gangway when not in use, but giving additional seating capacity. The steering is done from the fore end of the upper deck, the portion between the wheel and the funnel being used by the race committee, a pole being provided for the signal flags.

As used in the international races, the boat answered perfectly, being powerful enough to tow a number of boats at a good speed from the club station to the starting line, and fast enough to run from mark to mark so as to time every turn. She was kept running day after day at this work without developing any defects. In the ordinary club racing she leaves Dorval about noon with a whole fleet of racing yachts in tow, and calls at Lakeside, Point Claire and other points, where members who come out from Montreal on the noon train join her. She follows the races, carrying the committee and spectators, and after the finish she takes fleet in tow for home. She is



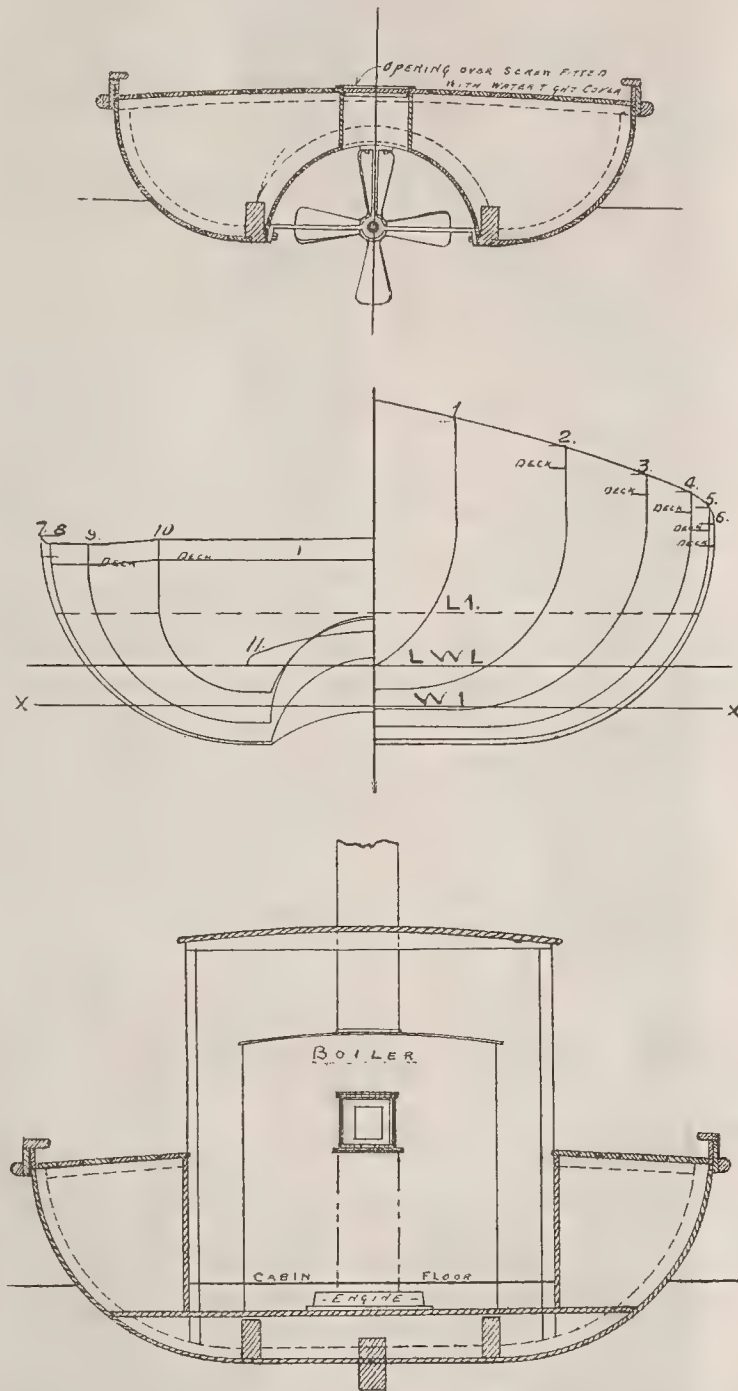
ST. LOUIS, STEAM TENDER FOR THE ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE Y. C. DESIGNED BY ARTHUR L. DRUMMOND, ESQ., 1900.

also used for picnics and excursions about Lake St. Louis and up into the Lake of Two Mountains. The general specifications are as follows, the construction being cheap, strong and durable, and well suited for the purpose. The design is applicable to many localities where similar conditions exist. With some modification of the arrangements it would make an excellent yacht for private use.

Specifications for Steam Yacht St. Louis.

General Conditions—The vessel is to be finished complete, ready for sea. She must proceed from Kingston to Montreal under her own steam and will only be accepted after inspection by the Government inspector at Montreal and a satisfactory trial showing that she is perfectly tight and that everything is working smoothly and well. The contract includes in addition to the hull, engine, boiler and steering gear, the flag poles, as indicated in the drawing, Sampson post, cavals, towing posts, chocks at bow, sides and stern for mooring and towing lines, coal hole covers, and everything necessary to the completion of a first-class vessel of this size, with the exception of the cabin work, which is to be finished as further specified.

Material—All material must be strictly first-class. Timber to be of good quality, well seasoned and free from large knots, rot, wane, shakes, sap or other imperfections, all to be satisfactory to the purchaser's inspector.



The fastenings throughout to be of wrought iron, where possible galvanized.

Frames—Oak sawed 1½ in. sided, 4 in. moulded, double spaced, 3 ft. centers with two 2x2 stem bent frames between each sawed frame. The sawed frames to be bolted together with screw bolts ¾ in. diameter, 18 in. centers where frames are straight, and 9 in. centers at the turn of bilge.

Keel—4x9 rock elm, stem 6 in. sided white oak, sister keelsons on each side, 4x12 tamarack where inside of hull, and on each side of the tunnel where rabbeted for planking to be of white oak or rock elm. Keel and keelsons to be in long lengths and where joined to be properly scarfed with fish pieces, and thoroughly bolted. (The outer keelsons were also of tamarack.)

Planking—To be of white or yellow pine, full 1½ in. stock. To be in long lengths not more than 4½ in. wide above the waterline, except sheer strake, which may be 8 in. The butts to have not less than 5 ft. shift, unless three planks intervene, all butts to be made on oak butt blocks, the end of each plank to be connected with at least three ½ in. screw bolts. The planking to be fastened to each sawn frame with at least three 3½ in. wrought boat nails, galvanized, and to each bent frame by at least two wrought iron boat nails, clinched. (The bottom was planked with tamarack, the topsides with white pine.)

Clamps—To be 3x6 in. pine at center in long lengths well scarfed and bolted where joined, to be bolted to each frame head with ½ in. screw bolts. Clamps may be thinned at ends to 2x6 in.

Deck Beams—To be cut of proper camber of pine 2x3 in. at center, spaced 12 in. centers, securely fastened to clamps with ½ in. bolts and spiked to frame heads. At fore and aft ends of each cabin a 4x3 beam to be worked into bulkhead, four heavy beams in all.

Deck Plank—White or yellow pine full 1½ in. stock not over 3 in. wide, in long lengths with butts well shifted, fastened to deck beams with two 3½ in. wrought galvanized boat nails at each beam.

Framing—All framing to be thoroughly well done in accordance with the best practice, stem, deadwoods breast hooks to be of proper material well fastened. At each heavy beam fore and aft of cabins fasten lodging knees, sunbly and fit necessary floors in tamarack or oak under engine, boiler and throughout hull, and proper oak

stringers for engine and boiler bed. Particular attention must be paid to the framing of the tunnel and stern, which the builder must arrange to the satisfaction of the purchaser's inspector.

Finish of Hull—The fastenings of outside plank to be punched 3-16 in. deep and the holes paid and flushed with good putty, seams to be thoroughly caulked with cotton, paid and flushed with putty. Fastenings in deck plank to be counter-bored and filled with wooden plugs, seams to be thoroughly caulked with cotton and paid with marine glue. The whole of the hull to receive three coats of the best white lead paint. All bright work to have three coats of the best spar varnish.

Rail—Fit oak rail 1¾x4 in. finished bright, to be set at least 6 in. above the deck on say 2x6 pine plank on edge, bolted to the covering board.

Covering Board—To be of oak rabbetted for ends of deck plank.

Rubbing Strake—To be 2x3 oak carefully fastened to sheer strake and covering board with scarfed joints. To be left bright.

Cabin—To be built as shown on plans of pine with 3x4 stanchions every 6 ft., extending down to the main floors and intermediate stanchions, 2x3, finishing at combing. The outside to be neatly covered with smooth matched lumber 7/8 in. thick. Waling at windows and plate for roof beams 2x3. Roof to be well constructed, of sufficient strength to carry the whole space covered with passengers, the deck to be covered with 8 oz. canvas painted with three coats of white lead. Sliding windows glazed, to be provided as indicated on plan. Fit double paneled doors at aft end of ladies' cabin and fore end of forward cabin, also into small rooms for water closets in each cabin. Two partitions, one at each end of machinery space, both to be closed without doors. Fit companion slides and stairs, two sets.

The engine room to be fitted with coal bunkers, having proper iron covers at deck, to have iron ash pit, and to have the woodwork thoroughly protected wherever there is danger from fire. All cabin work to be well finished and to have best white lead paint, three coats inside and out.

Steering—Wheel on a stand on top of cabin with proper steering gear all fitted to tiller on the rudder, all this woodwork on hull and cabin to be done same as shown on plan furnished by the purchasers, in a good workmanlike manner, according to the usual way of this class of yacht work.

TABLE OF OFFSETS.
Stations spaced 6 ft., level lines spaced 1 ft.

Stations.	Heights above Base Line			Half-Breadths.			
	Bottom of Keel	Floor.	Top of Rail.	Rail	No 1 Level Line.	Load Water-line.	No 1 Water-line.
Stem.....			7 1	1			
1.....	2	2	6 8	1 6	1 1		
2.....	1 4	1 6 ⁴	6 2	3 7 ⁴	3 2 ⁴	2 2	
3.....	9	1 2	5 8	5 2	4 9	3 10 ⁴	2 2 ³
4.....	4	10	5 8 ⁴	6	5 8	4 11 ⁷	3 10 ³
5.....	1	7	5	6 4	6 1 ⁵	5 6	4 7
6.....	0 ⁴	6	4 8 ⁴	6 6	6 2 ⁶	5 7 ⁶	4 9 ¹
7.....	1 1	6	4 6	6 6	6 1 ⁵	5 7	4 9 ¹
8.....	2 1	8	4 4	6 3 ⁴	5 11 ⁷	5 8 ⁴	1 8 ¹
9.....	3	1	4 4	5 6 ⁸	5 4	1 8	1 11 ²
10.....	2 11	1 7	4 5	4 2 ²	4 1 ⁶	1 6 ¹	8 10
11.....	2	2	4 5	2 1 ⁴		2 2	

A New 51-Footer.

THE success of Larry Huntington's Rochelle has brought him an order for a 51-footer of the same type for next season. She is for Mr. Edward Kelly, the present owner of Rochelle. Considering that Rochelle was designed for racing under British rules, and was not altered during last season, it is all the more remarkable that she made such an excellent showing on this side. In the new yacht Mr. Huntington will not be handicapped by any racing rules, except those that the boat sails under in these waters, and for that reason the Kelly boat ought to be a more consistent performer in all weathers. Much time has been spent on the plans of the new boat, and he is confident that she will beat Altair, Shark, Syce and any new boats that may appear in the class another year. The boat will be about 46 ft. long on the waterline, by far Mr. Huntington's largest production. The summary of the past season's racing shows that three of his boats hold championships in their respective classes. Their names are Rochelle, Mongoose II, and Ox.

Mr. Huntington has bought the property adjoining his present yard, where he is to erect a new and larger shop, and it is here that the boat will be built. A channel is now being dredged up to the new site which will give 6 ft. of water at low tide. All work with the exception of spar making will be done in the new shop, and the present shed will be used for the storage of spars, sails and small boats.

The following steam yachts have this week gone into winter quarters in the basins of the Gas Engine and Power Company and Seabury & Company at Morris Heights, New York: The Tonette, E. E. Smithers; the Margaret, J. H. Rutherford; the Annabel, J. Campbell Smith; the Hironde, J. F. Zimmermann; the Reva, George L. Ronalds; the Raynham, E. S. Woodward; the Calypso, Mrs. Julia Curtis; the Genevieve, L. D. Fiske; the Allegra, Charles M. Pratt; the Franeda, Frank Bement; the Halcyon, the Hiawatha, Julius Fleischmann; the Wachusett, Edward Weston; the Hildegard (auxiliary), Blakeley Hall; the Marjench, Dr. H. A. Mandeville; the Rex, Alexander Stein, and the Eleanor, R. W. Cummings.

Seawanhaka Cup Challenge.

MR. LORNE C. CURRIE, the challenger for the Seawanhaka Corinthian international challenge cup, is said to be as a designer and helmsman the most skillful yachtsman in Great Britain in the small classes. He is a member of four French and six English yacht clubs. He owns the steam yacht Cairngorm and the cutters Bebel III., Skeandhu and Scotia. The Island Sailing Club, of West Cowes, Isle of Wight, backs his challenge. The present holder of the cup—the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.—received challenges also from the White Bear Y. C., of Minneapolis, and from the Bridgeport Y. C. These two generously waived their rights in favor of the English club.

HAVRE, Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am obliged for the copy of your paper with article regarding the Seawanhaka Corinthian cup. I should like to thank, through your intermediary, the White Bear Y. C. and the Black Rock Club for their courtesy in waiving their rights in order to allow a British challenge to be accepted by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. I have ordered a boat from Harley Mead, of East Cowes, and she will be tried against whatever others are built. It is at present impossible to say how many other boats will be built, but I am in hopes that there will be at least two more, if not three. Besides the members of the Island Sailing Club who have agreed to come out, I have received offers of help from total strangers, which shows the interest the challenge is exciting in England. Messrs. Algernon Maudslay, Marmaduke Pike and A. Collingwood Hughes will form part of the crew, and we shall probably come out six or seven strong. Should the races for the America Cup come off in August, as is rumored in yachting circles, we shall try to see them. LORNE C. CURRIE.

The J. P. Phinney Challenge Cup.

Mr. J. P. Phinney, a well-known Boston yachtsman, has offered a perpetual challenge cup for small yachts on the west coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Interest in yachting has spread so rapidly along the Atlantic seaboard and the Great Lakes during the past few years that it is to be hoped that Mr. Phinney's sportsmanlike action will tend to create a more general interest in yachting in Southern waters.

SOUTH BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to your kind favor of the 18th inst., will say I shall be glad if you will make mention in your world-wide paper regarding the perpetual challenge cup I shall give for small yachts on the west coast of the Gulf of Mexico. I shall make my headquarters at Tarpon Spring, Fla., so I can be near my orange groves, so I can plow the land when I cannot plow the Gulf. If the small yacht building for me at the celebrated yard of George Lawley & Son Corp. proves what we hope for her, I shall bother the best of them to stop her or "lift" the cup. I will drop you a line when we get the regattas started. JAMES P. PHINNEY.

The New Challenger.

THE following is from the European Edition of the New York Herald, under date of Nov. 5:

Sir Thomas Lipton is conferring at Glasgow with George L. Watson, the designer of the new challenger for the America Cup. In reply to questions Sir Thomas declined to make any statement in regard to the building of the new racer in question.

"The design and construction of the yacht," he said, "is entirely in the hands of Mr. Watson, in justice to whom it would be unfair to make any statement."

From other, but authoritative, sources, however, it is learned that Sir Thomas' visit to Glasgow was for the purpose of signing contracts for the building of the yacht. These, as anticipated, have been placed with the Hendersons, Meadowside yard, the builders of Thistle, the three Valkyries, Britannia, Meteor and Sybarita.

The date specified in the contracts for the handing over of the vessel is March 30. The framework will be laid down this week.

The greatest precautions are being taken to preserve secrecy regarding the design. A footpath along the banks of the Clyde, which skirts the Hendersons' yards, is already closed.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Word comes from Punta Gorda, Fla., that Capt. P. Johanson and his thirteen-year-old son arrived there safely after a fifty-nine days' voyage in an open boat from Gibraltar. Both father and son were feeling well and suffered no mishaps during the trip.

Officers of the Colombian army arrived in New York a few days ago to take the steam yacht Atlanta to southern waters. Atlanta was purchased from Geo. J. Gould by the Colombian Government on July 20 last. Since that time she has been at Erie Basin, where she was armed with several machine guns and her vital parts covered with a thin armor plate. Atlanta will be used by the Colombian Government for quelling rebellions along the coast.

At a joint meeting of the ways and means committees of the Toledo Yachting Association on Oct. 22 it was decided to hold there in 1902 the biggest interlake regatta ever held in America. Such a meet had been arranged for in connection with the expected centennial, and the Association has decided that instead of changing or abandoning the plans they would be enlarged and broadened and the force of the united yachtsmen of the city put behind them. President Richardson has promised the largest prize ever offered.

George C. Taylor, of Islip, L. I., is having a house-boat built that will cost \$25,000 when completed. The boat will be 90 feet long and 25 feet wide, and will be

rigged as a sloop. The interior fittings will be very complete, and the finish throughout will be of mahogany.

George Lord Day's fine schooner yacht Endymion arrived in New York on Oct. 31, after a stormy passage from Southampton, England, of twenty-seven days.

The auxiliary yacht Laurel, of the Atlantic Y. C., owned by Mr. R. Pease, was burned at her moorings at the Thimble Islands, a few days ago. The cooking stove set the cabin fittings on fire. The owner and crew were afraid of the large supply of oil on board and abandoned the boat in the tender. The Laurel was burned to the water's edge, and is a total loss.

The steam yacht Normandic, owned by Charles W. Dumont, that was wrecked a few days ago, has been raised by the Chapman Wrecking Company. The yacht had been laid up for the winter in the East Beach Canal



CUP OFFERED BY MR. JAMES P. PHINNEY.

at Northport, L. I. During the late gale she broke from her moorings and went ashore. The salt water has damaged her engines.

F. Bowne Jones has an order for a 130ft. steam yacht for Charles J. Canfield. He has sold the schooner Montauk for Com. L. C. Ledyard to W. H. Langley, and the sloop Liris for T. J. McCahill to Robert Barrie, of Philadelphia.

Gardner & Cox have gotten out plans for a 180ft. steam yacht for J. C. Cassatt, who formerly owned the Eugenia, also designed by Gardner & Cox. This year the boat was sold to Mrs. A. S. Van Winkle. They also have orders for two 30ft. keel sloops for members of the Shelter Island Y. C., a 43ft. cutter to beat Mira, a class of 25-footers for members of the Larchmont Y. C., and four 36ft. centerboard sloops for members of the Philadelphia Y. C.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

Of Fred Matther's "In the Louisiana Lowlands," the New York Observer says: "These sketches are mainly descriptions of plantation life, and camping and fishing experiences in Louisiana, shortly after the close of the Civil War. They are life pictures of Southern scenes and conditions, set in vivid color, and drawn in accurate lines. It is a good, clean, wholesome book."

Trapshooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 9.—St. Paul, Minn.—Seventh annual live-bird handicap at St. Paul Shooting Park. Main event at 25 live birds, \$15 entrance; \$50 added. Contest for the Hirschy cup. W. R. Brown, Mgr.
Nov. 9-10.—Danville, Ill.—Danville Gun Club's tournament.
Nov. 9-10.—Bowling Green, Ky.—Bowling Green Gun Club's tournament.
Nov. 10.—Newark, N. J.—Merchandise shoot of the Forester Gun Club. John J. Fleming, Sec'y, 21 Waverly avenue.
Nov. 10.—Newark, N. J.—Contest for E. C. cup, emblematic of the inanimate championship of New Jersey, between F. E. Sinnock, of Newark, and the challenger, Mr. G. H. Piercy, of Jersey City, on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club.
Nov. 13.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Under auspices of the Greater New York Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.
Nov. 13-14.—Osceola, Ia.—Amateur tournament of the Osceola Gun Club. D. K. Douthett, Sec'y.
Nov. 13-15.—Minden, Neb.—Minden Gun Club's tournament.
Nov. 13-16.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's tournament; live birds and targets.
Nov. 14-15.—Springfield, Ill.—Two-day target tournament of the Illinois Gun Club; open to all. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.
Nov. 23.—Hackensack Bridge and Rutherford Road, N. J.—Under auspices of the Moonachie Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.
Nov. 27.—Toledo, O.—East End Gun Club's merchandise shoot.
Nov. 29.—Milwaukee, Wis.—South Side Gun Club's tournament. A. D. Gropper, Sec'y.
Dec. 11-14.—Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Annual live-bird tournament. John Watson, Mgr.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's trophy shoots, second and fourth Saturdays of each month; live-bird shoots every Saturday. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue.

1901.

Jan. 15-18.—Hamilton, Ont.—Hamilton Gun Club's eleventh annual tournament; live birds and targets; open to all. H. Graham, Sec'y.

May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Nov. 7, 14, 21, 28.—Interstate Park.—Live-bird championship; 25 birds; handicaps 25 to 33yds.; \$10 entrance, birds extra; sweep optional; open to all; money instead of trophy.

Nov. 16.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's target shoot; open to all.

Nov. 19.—Interstate Park.—Dupont championship cup shoot between Messrs. R. A. Welch, holder, and T. W. Morley, challenger, at 100 live birds each, commencing at 1 o'clock. Sweeps before and after the race.

Nov. 22.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's live-bird shoot; open to all.

Nov. 27.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's live-bird shoot; open to all.

Dec. 5.—Shoot-off of the winners of the November events, with \$20 in gold to the winner.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.

Interstate Park, L. I.—Fountain Gun Club's regular monthly shoots, the third Thursday of October, November and December.

Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

1901.

June —.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Forty-third annual tournament of the New York State Association for the protection of Fish and Game.

June 15.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at live birds.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Club house of the Peoria Gun Club was destroyed by fire recently. Concerning it the Star says: "The building was quite a good-sized affair, and contained all the club's effects except the magnum, including expert traps, live-bird traps, canvas covering for stands, stoves, gun racks, tables, chairs and 7,000 targets, as well as wire fencing and many other articles of value to the club. The loss on building and contents will foot up close to \$800, on which there was an insurance of but \$200. A new club house will be erected just as soon as the insurance is adjusted, and it will be one of the finest in the West. The cost will be in the neighborhood of \$2,500, and will be modern in every respect."

The Picayune of Oct. 27, in its enthusiastic comment on Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, which amused and instructed the courteous residents of New Orleans recently, says: "The shooting and practice of Miss Annie Oakley was something marvelous, and despite the unsteady and at times flickering light, she rarely missed the glass balls thrown from the traps, and when she did miss the first shot she invariably broke the ball with the second, and this from a rifle." That was in the last week of the show, after an eight months' season. Mr. and Mrs. Butler go to Hot Springs for a four weeks' rest.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, under date of Nov. 1 announces the dates of the next great national live-bird shoot as follows: "At the regular monthly meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association, held Monday, Oct. 29, it was decided to hold the ninth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds during the week commencing April 1, 1901. The resolution was also passed that the tournament should be held at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y."

At Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., Oct. 30, Mr. J. J. Hollowell defeated Mr. T. W. Morley in a 100-bird race for \$100 a side, each standing at the 30yd. mark. Commencing at 2:28, it was finished in the remarkably short time of one hour and eight minutes, which is believed to be the record time for a match of that kind. Morley's great form during the past months, at any mark, from 30 to 33yds., led many to believe that he would win the match, but Hollowell of late has been in great form himself, and made the crackerjack score of 97, winning the race by 4 birds.

In the match between Messrs. W. T. Irwin and H. W. Cadwallader, shot at Attica, Ind., Oct. 29, the former won by a score of 47 to 46, each shooting at 50 birds. Mr. Irwin lost 2 dead out, his opponent having an equal loss in this respect. The boundary was 30yds., and therefore the performance of the shooters was exceedingly praiseworthy.

On Oct. 30, on the grounds of the Carteret Gun Club, at Garden City, L. I., an interesting four-cornered race took place between Messrs. H. Money, H. Yale Dolan and Robert A. Welch, of Carteret Gun Club, and Col. Tom. Martin, of Bluffton, S. C., at 50 live birds, 30yds. rise. Messrs. Dolan and Money tied on 48, Mr. Welch was next with 47, and Col. Martin scored 44.

In the competition at the Peters Cartridge Co.'s Jacksonville tournament, Oct. 29 and 30, Mr. Barney Worthen tied Mr. Jack Fanning on the first day with an average of 97 per cent., each breaking 170 out of 175 targets. Dr. Wilson, of Savannah, Ga., won high average for the two days, with an average of 96 per cent.

At Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I., the fifth of the Schortemeier-Webber three-men team contests will take place, 20 live birds per man. Members of any organized club in the United States are eligible. Team race commences at 2 o'clock; sweepstake shooting at 10 o'clock.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., and Nov. 19 are place and date for the contest between Messrs. T. W. Morley and R. A. Welch for the Dupont championship cup. Sweepstakes will be the programme before and after the match, which begins at 1 o'clock.

Dr. J. E. Overholt, President of the Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club, announces that Jan. 15 to 18 are the dates fixed upon for the eleventh annual tournament of his club. The tournament, live birds and targets, will be open to all.

On Saturday of this week Messrs. F. E. Sincock and G. H. Piercy, challenger, contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, at Newark, on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club.

In a match at 100 birds each between Messrs. D. H. Walton and R. H. Wallace, at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., on Oct. 31, for the price of the birds, the former won by a score of 74 to 43.

Owing to Nov. 6 being the day on which the American citizen makes his mark in respect to the political questions of the times, FOREST AND STREAM went to press on Monday of this week.

Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., is due in New York on Thursday or Friday of this week, after several weeks' sojourn in England.

BERNARD WATERS.

A Tramp Beats Cadwallader.

ATTICA, Ind., Oct. 29.—The match that you mentioned in last issue to come off here between W. Tramp Irwin, of Chicago, and H. W. Cadwallader, of Danville, was shot here this afternoon upon the gun club's grounds. It proved to be very interesting, as was witnessed by many of the citizens of this and the surrounding towns.

The conditions as to grounds and weather were against the shooters, while the birds were an extra good lot, and kept the shooters very uneasy at all times.

The weather was warm, and the sky was overcast for the greater part of the time. As the end was nearing, a very black cloud came up, and in a few moments after the last gun was fired the heavens opened and the rain fell in such quantities as to prevent the continuation of a little target match.

As to grounds, it had been arranged to have the shooting on a level meadow, and the veteran Daddy Ryan and Squire Harvey spent a day's time arranging them, only to see their labors go for naught, as a sudden and unexpected incident happened, and they had to use their regular target ground. This was not a proper pigeon ground, as the traps were set in a depression, and there was a decided up-hill slope just back of the traps. This would cause the shooter to undershoot, especially with the first barrel.

After a little maneuvering on part of the contestants, the following selections were made, viz.: C. B. Lamme to hold stakes and keep the official score; Al Livenguth, of Lafayette, referee; George Miller, trap puller, and J. L. Webber to handle his dog Dan to do the retrieving. It was agreed by both that birds near the traps should be brought in by the trappers, and those falling at some distance from the traps should be retrieved by the dog.

I will here just note that the dog had little to do, yet he brought in one of Tramp's and one of Cadwallader's that fell inside the regulation boundary. I should have mentioned previously that the boundary used was but 30yds. from the center trap. The scores made were as follows:

Tramp 0121111211122*221112*111121222211122122222222 47
Cadwallader 22022112222121221*22121222222*121112111202111222 46

Above shows that the Tramp got a bit rattled on his first, and it got away without much if any punishment. He claims—and justly, too—that the trap was not pulled over, and the bird got away behind it and was thus lost. Cad fared better, stopping his first neatly and using the second for safety. Each shot in turn, and Tramp was killing all dead with the first, but Cad slipped up on his 3d shot, a very easy one, that could hardly fly beyond the boundary line. Both made many good shots, and at the end of the first 25 Cad was 1 ahead. But as Cad lost 2 out of the last 25 and the Tramp ran out straight from the 21st shot he lost the match by 1 bird.

The work of Webber's dog was fine, and the referee had it all his way, and was very correct and impartial save in one instance—where Tramp let a bird get on the ground before firing. The referee said afterward he thought it his business to call dead and then for the other party to challenge. Be that as it may, the bird was scored dead, and did not affect the result.

The match was so even that the many spectators were much interested, and they expressed a desire to hear of these good shots being matched soon again.

A. B. C.

Peters Cartridge Co.'s Tournament at Jacksonville, Fla.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Oct. 30.—To-day saw the closing of the second and last day's successful shoot given by the Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, under the auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club. It was characterized by a marvelous exhibition of trap-shooting, and the scores were remarkable under the fact that the targets were not easy marks by any means.

In the amateur ranks Barney Worthen tied Jack Fanning, of New York, the second day for high average on a percentage of 97, each breaking 170 out of 175 targets shot at. The main feature of Mr. Worthen's shooting was the fact of his breaking 69 targets straight, which is considered something extra fine for an amateur. Mr. Worthen was much pleased with his score, and says he owes it to his load, which was 3drs. of King's Smokeless, 14oz. No. 7½ chilled shot, in Ideal shells.

Dr. Wilson, of Savannah, made the high amateur average for the two days, viz., 96. For this remarkable performance he was presented with the handsome gold locket donated by the Peters Cartridge Co. for the amateur making high average of the tournament.

Mr. John Parker also shot in nearly every event, and was well up among the leaders at the finish. As he had the management in hand, this was a great strain on him, and his good shooting under

the circumstances was remarkable. Col. Anthony, the old reliable, was also up with the leaders.

After the shooting was concluded for the day a meeting of the sportsmen was held at the Duval Hotel, where Mr. Irby Bennett in an appropriate speech presented Dr. Wilson with the trophy. The Doctor responded in an equally appropriate manner. Messrs. Fanning, Parker, Sperry and Col. Anthony were called upon for speeches, and many happy stories were told, until a call was made for the dining room. There the hungry shooters demonstrated their ability around the mahogany in as excellent a manner as they did at the traps. All agreed that the shoot was a success, and a full and just meed of praise was due the Peters Cartridge Co. for their generous and sportsmanlike spirit in giving a new impetus to trapshooting, particularly here in Florida, where trapshooting was on the wane.

A memorial of thanks was drafted and presented to the representatives of the Peters Cartridge Co., Messrs. Parker & Lemcke, for their interesting efforts to make the shoot a successful and interesting one, and thanks to Mr. Sperry, secretary of the Jacksonville Gun Club and host of the Duval, for his efforts to make the visit of the shooters also a pleasant one.

After the tournament one day was devoted to live-bird shooting. It was sweepstake shooting entirely. The birds were a fair average lot. Toward the last there was a miss-and-out event until it came down to Fanning, Fox, Parker and Baker. It was getting darker every minute, and soon Fox lost; a little later Fanning went out, and then it was down to Parker and Baker. After each round contestants went back a yard, starting from the 30yd. mark back to 40, when Baker won, Parker drawing a dark blue bird that he had to get down on his knees to see. It was not seen by Parker or the spectators until it got too far away to be killed.

Baker was congratulated by all for this game race. He is from Griffin, Ga., and he will soon be among the crackerjacks. Shooters want to look out for this young man. He is only eighteen years old.

Below find scores:

First Day, Oct. 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	
Wilson	15	15	13	14	15	20	15	15	16	24	167
Fox	15	14	18	15	13	20	14	14	19	24	166
Baker	12	15	17	14	14	19	12	14	19	21	157
Worthen	12	13	16	13	14	19	15	13	18	24	157
Simmons	12	12	18	11	13	17	11	13	16	22	145
Black	10	11	18	11	14	18	8	10	17	23	140
Woelzen	14	9	15	11	14	10	11	14	12	22	131
Holtzendorf	12	12	12	12	14	20	13	11	16	20	142
Morrison	10	11	15	10	15	16	13	17	21	20	120
Anthony	13	13	16	14	15	19	14	15	13	23	155
Swain	13	14	17	13	12	18	11	14	15	22	149
Brewer	14	12	16	14	14	17	14	15	16	23	150
Allen	10	11	15	10	15	16	13	17	21	21	141
Smith	12	12	19	15	14	19	15	13	16	22	161
Barnes	19	8	18	12	10	15	12	13	16	22	139
Parker	14	11	18	13	14	18	13	13	16	23	153
Ronald	12	12	20	14	11	13	13	13	12	24	149
Craig	11	8	16	...	16	11	12	74
Morse	11	8	17	12	11	14	91
Fairhead	11	8	...	12	15	15	61
Lemcke	11	13	...	12	11	47
Sperry	14	13	...	14	12	17	83
Fanning	14	14	20	15	14	13	15	14	19	24	167
Lester	...	11	13	13	12	15	8	72
Bowen	...	6	7	8	2	23
Rattle	8	8	11	6	40
Lorraine	14	...	14	28
Long	16	8	24
Muller	12	12

Second Day, Oct. 30.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	
Wilson	13	15	20	14	15	19	15	15	19	24	169
Fox	15	15	17	15	15	20	15	14	20	25	171
Fanning	15	14	19	14	15	20	15	15	19	24	170
Woelzen	12	12	13	11	13	15	10	11	118
Baker	14	14	19	14	12	19	15	14	19	24	164
Black	12	13	14	10	13	15	9	9	16	20	131
Parker	14	13	20	14	13	18	14	14	18	25	163
Morrison	9	9	12	12	12	17	8	7	15	19	121
Worthen	15	15	20	15	14	19	15	15	19	23	170
Anthony	15	14	14	14	13	15	15	12	19	23	154
Brewer	15	13	19	15	14	20	13	13	17	24	163
Holtzendorf	11	13	11	14	9	15	13	11	16	21	134
Allen	11	13	16	13	15	19	11	12	17	22	144
Ford	11	12	15	9	14	18	11	14	12	13	134
Blue	14	12	12	12	14	17	12	12	20	22	147
Lemcke	8	12	17	13	13	63
Sperry	12	...	20	12	15	...	13	13	85
Ronald	14	15	19	15	14	17	14	11	17	22	158
Simmons	15	14	20	13	15	18	14	9	18	22	158
Ingersoll	13	10	...	13	36
Springle	8	...	10	11	11	10	12	12	13	18	92
Norton	...	10	...	11	9	11	5	15	61
Lorraine	...	13	19	14	15	16	17	17	111
Lester	15	15
Fairhead	13	16	20	...	49
Bacon	8	8
Long	15	...	8	23
Anderson	13	17	19	...	49

FLORIDA.

Limited Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—The sixth annual autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club was held on Nov. 1 and 2. Among the famous shooters present were Ed Rike, Dayton, O.; W. R. Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.; Charles Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.; Guy Burnside, Knoxville, Ill.; Rola O. Heikes, Dayton, O.; Luther Squire, Cincinnati, O.; Ralph Trimble, Dayton, Ky.; Elmer E. Neal, Bloomfield, Ind.; H. W. Cadwallader, Danville, Ill., and W. T. Irwin, Chicago. The competition was at targets and sparrows.

First Day, Nov. 1.

Gilbert's shooting was the feature of the day, he breaking all but 2 of the 217 targets he shot at. The main event was the Grand Hotel cup, a 50-target race, in which the professional shooters entered for the sweepstakes were not entitled to shoot for the cup. Gilbert and Heikes split first money, each scoring 50 straight. Tripp won the cup with a score of 48. This is the fourth time he has successfully defended it.

In addition to the twelve events at targets one extra event at 7 pigeons was shot during the afternoon, resulting as follows: Tripp, Marott, Gilbert, Heikes, Irwin, Cadwallader, Crosby, Comstock and Budd, 7 each; Neal and Burnside, 6 each; Craig, Werke and Parry, 5 each.

The programme for the day included ten events at sparrows, the first at 10 sparrows, \$3 entrance, and the other nine at 15 sparrows, \$4.50 entrance. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Rike	9	11	13	12	11	14	14	46	13	12	12	12
Crosby	9	12	13	14	13	15	15	48	15	13	15	15
Budd	9	15	15	13	15	14	14	45	14	13	12	14
Gilbert	10	14	15	15	15	16	14	50	15	15	15	15
Burnside	8	12	12	14	15	13	14	48	12	14	14	12
Heikes	6	11	15	15	13	15	13	50	13	15	15	14
Squire	10	14	14	12	13	12	14	49	13	15	14	15
Trimble	9	12	15	15	15	15	14	46	15	15	14	14
Neal	8	14	12	14	11	13	13	45	14	13	14	13
Tripp	9	15	14	13	13	14	14	48	14	14	14	13
Cad	9	13	10	15	13	13	13	37	11	14	13	14
Irwin	9	13	10	12	...	11	...	42
Partington	9	13	15	10	13	14	46	14	14	13
Rabbitt	8	12	7	11	12	13	...	10	12	14	14	14
Webb	8	10	8
Parry	14	14	13
Anson	46	...	12	13	12
Long	34	...	10	11	...
Clark	36	...	12	14	...
Moller	8
Jack	47

Second Day, Nov. 2.

The programme called for ten sparrow events, the first at 10

sparrows, \$3 entrance, and the other nine at 15 sparrows, each \$4.50 entrance. When seven events had been concluded there were not enough birds left to complete the other events. Six men, however, completed their 15 birds in the eighth event.

Fred Gilbert killed 108 sparrows out of a possible 115. He entered the extra pigeon contest at 7 pigeons, killing 6, making his complete record for the day 114 killed out of a possible 122. Tripp and Heikes were the second highest in the sparrow events, each killing 105 out of the possible 115.

The scores in the extra live-pigeon event at 7 birds were as follows: Tripp 6, Parry 6, Crosby 6, Heikes 7, Smythe 4, Lilly 4, Budd 6, Gilbert 6, Burnside 7, Voris 7, Marott 6, Rike 7, Irwin 6, Adamson 7, Wilcox 6, Comstock 5.

The scores in the sparrow events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Tripp	8	13	14	14	14	13	15	14
Heikes	8	15	14	15	14	14	12	13
Burnsides	7	13	13	13	12	13	11	12
Crosby	9	13	15	15	12	14	14	13
Gilbert	10	13	14	15	14	14	15	14
Neal	8	14	15	13	12	13	15	15
Week	6	6	10	9	12	7	6	..
Budd	8	15	13	13	11	15	14	..
Parry	8	10	12	..	14	..
Irwin	7	13	15	..	14	12	12	..
Smythe	4	..	11	7
Voris	9	15	13	13	12	11	12	..
Helm	4	..	11
Adamson	6	11	13	11	15	..
Charles	7	12	13
Rike	..	14	10	11	8	..
Lilly	1	9	12	11
Comstock	..	11	9	9
Moller	10
Marott	9	..

Peru Gun Club.

PERU, Ind.—The first autumn live-bird shoot of the Peru, Ind., Gun Club, which took place here on Oct. 20 and 31, was, while something of an experiment on account of the manner of dividing the purses, certainly a success in every way. The attendance was good, the weather could not have been better, barring a slight shower on the morning of the 30th, the traps worked splendidly and the entries kept well up from start to finish, while it is believed by those in attendance that for the number of birds trapped in the two days a better lot was never provided by a club anywhere. A reference to the names of the shooters present will show any one that they were men capable of judging a pigeon.

King's live-bird traps were used, set according to the revised Interstate Association rules, and instead of rope pulls, strong wires were run through small pipes along the surface of the ground back to about the 26yd. score, where all the wires were conducted back through one large pipe to the puller's stand well back of the 32yd. mark. This made a quick, sharp pull in response to the shooter's call, and there was no possible way to see which trap was pulled until the trap opened, and the bird was usually out like a streak.

The following visitors were on hand, and nearly or quite all of them shot out the programme from start to finish: Emile Werk, Cincinnati, O.; Rolla Heikes, Dayton, O.; W. R. Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.; W. A. Zink, Monticello, Ind.; Chas. B. Lamme (Butler), Attica; W. T. Irwin (Tramp), Chicago, Ill.; M. J. Smith, Huntington, Ind.; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.; Chas. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; H. J. Sconce, Sidell, Ill.; Elmer and Edgar Apperson, Kokomo, Ind.; Guy Burnside, Knoxville, Ill.; Elmer E. Neal, Bloomfield, Ind.; and Ernest H. Tripp, Indianapolis. These, with the home contingent, made up of Messrs. Wm. Daniels, Frank Dunbar, J. S. Butler (Ben), and J. L. Head, kept the entries well around seventeen in most of the events. Scores for the first day's shooting were as follows:

First, while some little preliminaries were being arranged, Messrs. Werk and Heikes shot at 5 birds each to see who should pay for the 10. The result was a tie on 5 each, and as both were shooting so well, it was deemed advisable to call the race off, as the club had only about 1,400 birds on hand, and there was danger of these two cracks using them all, and there were others who wanted to shoot:

First Day, Oct. 30.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Live birds:	5	5	7	7	10	7	Live birds:	5	5	7	7	10	7
E Werk, 30.....	4	3	5	5	7	4	F Gilbert, 32....	4	5	6	7	10	6
R Heikes, 31.....	5	5	4	5	10	6	C Budd, 31.....	5	5	6	7	10	6
W (Crosby), 32.....	5	5	7	7	10	6	H Sconce, 30....	4	5	7	7	10	5
J Head, 30.....	5	3	6	5	9	5	E Neal, 31.....	5	5	6	6	8	6
W Daniels, 27.....	5	5	..	4	9	6	G Burnside, 30.	5	5	6	4	9	6
W Zink, 29.....	5	4	7	5	8	7	Ben, 26.....	..	4	6	5
Butler, 28.....	3	4	6	6	10	6	E Apperson, 29.	6	6
Tramp, 30.....	4	5	7	7	10	7	Ed Apperson, 27	3
M Smith, 29.....	4	4	6	6	7	4	F Dunbar.....	6	9	6	5

Event No. 1, 5 live birds, \$3 entrance, fourteen entries, five moneys: As the purse went to high guns, the money all went to straights.

Event No. 2, 5 live birds, fifteen entries, six moneys, to high guns: The straight scores absorbed all the purse in this event.

Event No. 3, 7 live birds, \$5 entrance, sixteen entries, six high guns to win: The straight scores paid \$10.40 each, the 6s paid \$1.15 each.

Event No. 4, 7 live birds, \$5 entrance, seventeen entries, six high guns to win: The straight scores paid \$9.95, and the 6s \$1.10 each.

Event No. 5, 10 live birds, \$7.50 entrance, fifteen entries, six high guns to win: The straights paid \$10.70 each, absorbing the purse.

Extra event No. 1, 7 live birds, \$5 entrance, class shooting, 50, 30 and 20 per cent: Tramp and Zink took first money, \$13 each. The 6s received \$2.20, and the 5s \$2.10 each.

Extra event No. 2, 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance, fourteen entries, four moneys, 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent.: Sconce and Neal 14, Crosby, Zink, Budd, Ben and Burnside 13, Gilbert, Daniels and Heikes 12, and Dunbar and Smith 11 each, divided the money.

Tramp, Crosby and Sconce were easily the best performers of the day. Tramp missed his first bird in the first event, and never did lose another this day. The bird he lost was of the unkillable kind, going out of No. 1 trap, and was a low left-quartering driver that, if not stopped quickly, could never have been stopped, as he was too fast.

Crosby did not lose a bird until his 38th of the day, and it died inside the boundary, after having flown just outside. It was a hard piece of luck after this ever stately and magnificent shooting expert had cut down bird after bird the quality of which must be seen to be realized.

Mr. Sconce lost his 3d bird of the programme, and then ran 33 straight, losing his 37th and 39th. He is one of the best amateurs at the traps, and as fine a boy as lives.

Second Day, Oct. 31.

The second day, Oct. 31, brought plenty of sunshine and Ernest Tripp, which just meant more sunshine. He is about the busiest man around a shooting tournament, and woe be unto the management of an affair where Ernest is. He had no sooner reached the grounds than he was unanimously elected manager of the whole shooting match, but about the time Harvey Sconce lost his 9th bird in the miss-and-out Ernest saw trouble ahead, and stated that he had all he could do to manage Elmer Neal, and resigned.

There was but one event scheduled for this day, and that was at 25 birds, \$2 entrance; high guns to win. This event had twelve entries, and was a most interesting one. The birds were even better if possible than the day before, and it was predicted by J. L. Head that there would not be a straight score. This seemed a pretty risky assertion in the presence of the talent at hand, but proved a true one, as the scores will show.

As a preliminary a \$2 miss-and-out was proposed, which was to be at 30yds. rise, and birds extra. It drew twelve entries, and was a pretty race, and at the end of the 6th round had six contestants still in. Something was said about dividing, and while such suggestion was being made some one else (who was out of the race) suggested that they must shoot until the new manager said stop. The 7th and 8th rounds went along with Crosby, Gilbert, Neal, Tramp, Sconce and Budd going a merry clip, but several of them looking anxiously at the manager, whose cold, sinister eye told them to go on. Harvey Sconce lost his 9th, and the manager looked like he wanted to resign then, but when Charlie Budd lost his 10th and started after the manager he quit then and there, but first decided that the miss-and-out was finished. Tramp, Gilbert, Crosby and Neal divided the \$24 in the purse, and the big race was on. Scores:

G Burnside, 30.....	22222202*2102221221222220	21
E H Tripp, 30.....	222212212212*221220111120	21
H J Sconce, 30.....	22222120120120122222222222	21
W R Crosby, 32.....	121111121*111*122210121	22
F Gilbert, 32.....	222221112*2221222222222222	22
C W Budd, 31.....	222201222*12121211122211	23
E E Neal, 31.....	312121221222112222222222	21
W A Zink, 29.....	211*112222210211212100	21
Tramp, 30.....	222222122122112212222222	22
J L Head, 31.....	222222222221121*22222222	22
R O Heikes, 31.....	22222222222222221021212222	24
E Werk, 28.....	2221222*1122211212022222	22

Gilbert, Neal and Heikes each drew \$16.25, and Chas. W. Budd, being fourth high gun with 23, took the remainder of the purse, \$24.75.

A consolation race was then proposed, and was at 7 birds, \$5 entrance, class shooting, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., and this event had sixteen entries. Scores:

E H Tripp, 30.....	2221012-6	H J Sconce, 30.....	2222222-7
J L Head, 30.....	1222023-5	C W Budd, 31.....	2111022-5
F Dunbar, 27.....	1212211-7	W A Zink, 29.....	01*2212-6
Ben, 26.....	142221-6	R O Heikes, 31.....	2220222-6
Butler, 28.....	12222-6	E E Neal, 31.....	2222122-7
W Daniels, 27.....	212220-1	Tramp, 30.....	2212021-6
W R Crosby, 32.....	2102112-8	F Werk, 28.....	01*111-4
F Gilbert, 32.....	2222211-7	G Burnside, 30.....	2220212-6

Dunbar, Gilbert, Sconce and Neal each drew \$6.50, the 6s each drew \$1.95, and the 5s \$5.20—another example of the pot luck system.

The last live-bird event of the tournament was another \$2 miss-and-out with birds extra. This event had ten entries, and on the 8th round Tripp, Crosby and Gilbert divided the \$20.

A 15-target event, \$1.50 entrance, drew fourteen entries: Sconce with 15, and Heikes, Burnside, Neal, Dunbar and Tripp with 14, Daniels, Budd, Crosby and Gilbert with 13, Head and Butler with 12, took the money.

Another 15-bird race drew twelve entries, and was won by Sconce and Budd 15, Gilbert, Crosby and Burnside 14, Heikes 13

and Tripp and Daniels 11. Tramp, shooting for targets only, scored 14 in this event.

In all, there were 1,192 birds trapped, and there were not a dozen sitters.

There was one singular feature of the tournament, viz., the absence of the crack live-bird shots of the nearby cities, such as Chicago, Louisville, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo and Detroit. This was a shooting match pure and simple, just such as most pigeon shooters love, yet not one of these cities was represented. However, the shoot was a crackerjack, and the boys were the losers by being absent.

The Indians were in rare good humor. Good weather, good birds and sufficient entries to make a good shoot, and they in consequence made life a burden to J. L. Head. That gentleman was without a gun, his own trusty Smith having been sent to the factory for some slight changes and had been delayed in returning. J. L. shot every gun on the ground except Pop Ward's and Elmer Neal's. These gentlemen say they feel slighted. Some of the shooters were charitable enough to attribute Jim's poor scores to the use of so many guns, but Jim says privately he was mighty glad that gun didn't get back. He never would have had an excuse for missing so many if it had.

Somewhere in the programme it was promised that there would be plenty of shelter for shooters. A large top to a merry-go-round tent was procured at no little trouble and expense to provide the promised shelter. It was about 50 feet in diameter and ample as to size, but being somewhat old, had a number of small holes in the top, which let in plenty of light, but when the first small shower came the boys were surprised at the way the old thing turned water, though the rain was of short duration. As soon as Fred Gilbert saw the holes in the top he accused Tramp Irwin of having been out patterning his gun. The second day during the big race there was a strong wind, and about every half hour a slit about 10ft. long would appear in the top of the tent. The Indians would then look up a programme, call a meeting and take poor Jim Head to task. Before night about all that was left of the tent was the ropes and poles, and there was not much left of Jim.

What would a live-bird shoot be without Pop Werk. Always pleasant and congenial, no matter how tough his luck—how he did kill some of the screamers! He was unfortunate in drawing incomers, the one bird upon which he seems at all weak, and he always lost just at the wrong time, not being able to get his scores to run together. Pop makes a big shadow, but it is the sincere wish of the Peru boys that it may never grow less.

And while speaking of the Peru boys just notice how Will Daniels, Frank Dunbar and J. S. Butler shot live birds and stayed in the game. Daniels attracted the attention of the crackerjacks, and they all predicated for him a bright future as a pigeon shot. He had shot at just 10 live birds before this tournament. Dunbar had shot at less than 50, and Ben had never shot at a pigeon, yet here they were going against the hardest game in the world with a shotgun, and they all have some straight scores to their credit, too. Daniels shot in hard luck, losing his last bird in the extra event of the first day, and in the 10-bird race did not lose a bird until his 9th. Both these birds were lost just over the boundary, and they cost a pretty penny, too. Frank Dunbar lost his 8th in the same race. Here is a remarkable shooter, and is without question the best performer in Indiana, considering his experience. He divided several firsts. J. S. Butler is a crack Wabash engineer, has owned a gun less than six months, but likes the game and is certainly a comer on live birds.

There may be some people shooting pigeons better than Tramp Irwin, but they do not go in flocks, and the majority of them are less than fifty-two years of age.

Elmer Neal had a severe handicap, being on the line with such veterans as Rolla O. Heikes and Charlie Budd, but he never did anything but saw wood, and was in the bunch in the big race.

The three 24s in the main event have no kick coming. Gilbert, Heikes and Neal each lost a bird that is of the kind that absolutely refuses to be killed. Any men living to kill 25 straight don't want to beg for any one of these three birds.

Charlie Lamb (Butler) was a stayer, and while he, like Pop Werk, could not bunch his hits, he scored a straight in the 10-bird race. He, too, was shooting everybody's gun.

W. A. Zink, of Monticello, is also a stayer, and is no slouch with his Winchester.

M. J. Smith, of Huntington, is another all-day man, but Mike was suffering from a severe headache, and his scores were poor—for Mike.

T. Bill Crosby, like Fred Gilbert, was 'way back yonder at 32yds., but he was without question the star performer, unless it was Tramp T., who shot his new 32in. Smith, and he "simply paralyzed" the hardest of birds with his first barrel, nearly always using a needless second for safety. The birds he lost in the main event were all killed, but the birds were lead carriers, and straight-away twisting drivers, going just outside.

Pop Heikes had a new single-trigger Remington, and he has not quite accustomed himself to her hang, but he was one of the 24s, and had no apologies to offer at that score. It could hardly have been beaten.

The Dago Chief Charlie Budd, as the Senior Chief present, had a busy time keeping his fellow members of the tribe, Messrs. Heikes, Neal, Crosby, Tripp and Gilbert, in line, and making them good Indians. However, Charlie was just 1 behind in the main race, and the only one to secure 23.

Every one was sorry to hear of the accident to the Hon. Big Chief Marshall, and were unanimous in regretting his absence, as Tom was to be present to handicap the Indians. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

One of the boys, Jack Cavanaugh, who never misses an event at a Peru shoot, was in Maine hunting moose. He was missed, as was Jack Parker, who has heretofore managed every tournament given by the Peru Gun Club. Jack is in the sunny South looking after a tournament being given by his company.

Does any one know a nicer boy than Guy Burnside? And a steady, clever shot he is. Guy promises to give a shoot at Knoxville, Ill., in December, and right here stick a pin. Everybody is going. If being a good fellow and a sportsman has anything to do with drawing a crowd, Guy will have to run a shoot about ten days to handle his crowd.

Poor Jim Head! He thought he was rid of the gang when the hacks came to take them to the hotel, and after waving them all a temporary good-bye until he could see them off in the evening, he went in to the cashier's office, and had hardly gotten inside, when he was seized from behind, carried out upon the field, bound hand and foot and blind-folded, and stretched out upon a large table just ready for the dissecting broad axe or some similar instrument of torture, and made to promise never, never again to allow a programme of the Peru shoot to promise "plenty of shelter for shooters." His life was spared, but he was wrapped up in fragments of the "plenty of shelter for shooters" and there is no telling when he would have been released, as the Peru boys said they would not help him after his poor shooting, had not Pop Werk taken a fatherly interest in him and released him from his perilous (?) position. Jim says it is his turn next, and he will fix these fellows when there alone and single-handed.

At 7:25 P. M. the entire party, with one or two exceptions, left for the Indianapolis tournament, where they will shoot bluebirds and sparrows. They left nothing behind but the best wishes of the Peru people, who will always extend to them a hearty welcome.

CHARLES BRUCK, Sec'y.

As to Gun Names and Amateurs.

The courteous and talented gentleman who writes the interesting notes under the caption "Heard About Town" in the New York Times has the following to say concerning the subjects of which it treats:

"If shooting at pigeons from traps is a legitimate and a gentleman's sport," observed a gentleman at one of the clubs yesterday, "why is it that so many of our men shoot under assumed names? Are they ashamed of the game, or is it because they do not want the fact known when they are beaten? Neither reason is very sportsmanlike. Take that contest for the Dupont trophy at Baltimore last week. Robert A. Welch, of this city, who won it, shot under the name of Armstrong until the cup was won, when it became known through the public prints that Armstrong was none other than "Bob" Welch. The runner-up in the race was an Englishman, J. W. Postans, who shot as Musgrove, until it was certain that he would capture second honors. Then the newspaper reporters were told his right name. There are a dozen men who shoot about the country, theoretically for the love of the sport, and who are not known to be in the employ of gun, ammunition or sporting goods houses, who always shoot under an assumed name. Some are known by shooting men only by their shooting alias, and would be horrified if their actual name should get into print. One, for instance, is the brother of a prominent clergyman in Brooklyn, a very quiet man, whose personality is absolutely unknown to the men he meets before the traps a dozen or more times a year. He is about the only one I am familiar with whose actual personality is much of a mystery. Men about town know the aliases of the merchants, bankers, lawyers and business men of all sorts who shoot under names other than their own. I do know of one case where there is a

reason for the assumed name. The man had promised his wife that he would not take part in trapshooting after he was married. Yet he has kept at it, and the woman knows nothing of it because of his alias and his ingenuity in the invention of yarns to account for his whereabouts on days when there is shooting at the "Carteret Gun Club grounds."

"Touching that same subject of trapshooting," remarked a companion, "how is it that Mr. Welch, for example—I use his name only because of his recent victory for the Dupont trophy—can retain his status as an amateur when he rakes down something like \$600 in cash by his victory in that race? His amateur status is never questioned, though he shoots against professionals. If a man should make such a rake-off in a billiard match, a yacht race, a game of golf, or accept even \$5 for winning a foot race or a boxing bout he would at once be declared a professional. Where is the distinction, and what is the difference?"

"The whole crowd gave it up."

[Shooting is a gentleman's sport, and when a gentleman engages in it he considers that he has not thereby in the least resigned his personal capacity and privileges. He is under no more obligation to herald his shooting doings to the public than he is to confide to it any other of his doings which concern only himself.

Many times a gentleman assumes a shooting name, not in the least because he is ashamed of shooting, or engaging in it, but because he considers that his doings are no concern of the public. Nor are shooters the only men who consider that the curious public is not entitled to a knowledge of their private affairs; as to the point of view much depends on whether one is viewing or being viewed.]

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Nov. 3.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the second trophy shoot of the season. Eighteen shooters participated in the trophy event, and several others, coming too late to enter that event, engaged in the other contests of the day.

The weather was fine for shooting—a sharp S.W. wind blew across the traps, making the birds, which were an exceedingly fast lot, almost all left-quartering drivers.

C. J. Wolf carried off the honors of the day, being the only one to go straight in the main event.

The attendance was something like old times, and shooting continued until darkness put a stop to it.

Dr Shaw, 31.....	22220202222-8	Von Lengerke, 31.	2102012222-8
Mrs Shaw, 26.....	001*202101-5	J Wolf, 28.....	1211*11210-8
C J Wolf, 27.....	1121111121-10	W Northcott, 28.	1212111120-9
C H Kehl, 27.....	1*10201111-7	J Wolf, 28.....	1212010211-8
A McGowan, 28.....	0001012102-5	Midgley, 28.....	1210022210-7
Dr Meek, 31.....	1*2011*211-7	C T Keck, 27.....	2010022211-7
T Eaton, 30.....	1012211111-9	J Gardner, 29.....	000202010*-3
E Eaton, 28.....	0210122222-8	T P Hicks, 31.....	1102211212-9
S Palmer, 31.....	*220201122-7	M H Shaw, 28.....	022222012-7

Event No. 1, 6 birds, \$1 entrance: Kehl 3, T. Eaton 5, Palmer 6, Von Lengerke 6, Hicks 5, M. H. Shaw 3, Wade 5.

Event No. 3, 6 birds, \$1 entrance: Dr. Shaw 5, Mrs. Shaw 2, C. J. Wolf 2, H. Kehl 2, A. McGowan 3, Dr. Meek 5, T. Eaton 1, E. Eaton 4, Palmer 5, Von Lengerke 4, J. Wolf 4.

Dr. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 21.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club had some remarkably fine shooting to-day. F. O. Young broke the club's 10-shot revolver record with 9 shots in the 5-ring and the 10th only 4in. away. C. M. Daiss followed him closely. Both Young and Daiss have lowered the record of 10 best scores held by J. E. Gorman, with the revolver. Daiss leads Young by 10 points with 486 on this match—and both were confident of winning. Daiss used Young's old combination of semi-smokeless and Dupont's, while Young switched off to-day and used King's smokeless and semi-smokeless, with which he not only made the 37 record, but 32 consecutive shots in the 8in. ring. The ammunition was crimped solid for service use. Young also used King's smokeless for priming in his military and fine rifle, with fine results. Pape tried it to-day and made 49 and 51 consecutive with fine rifle and later on 43 in a match with Hoadley, giving Hoadley 30 points. Hoadley lost, though he made 75, the best he has yet done in competition. Capt. Fred Kuhnle came all the way from Petaluma, and put up the best 50yd. average, shooting with .22 rifle and Peters' 7-45 inside lubricated cartridges, ever recorded, making 206 in 100 consecutive shots, off-hand, or 1.03in. average from dead center. The record here for 10 best scores is 191, while his 10 consecutive are only 15 points behind. Fred uses globe and peep sights, and, like old wine, improves with age, being sixty-five years of age. Ed Hovey led with pistol, and Young with military rifle.

Scores, Columbia target, off-hand shooting:

Rifle, 200yds.; back class medal scores:

A H Pape.....	6	3	5	4	3	3	10	4	3	8-49
	4	5	3	6	4	9	4	3	6	7-51
G W Hoadley.....	16	2	8	2	3	15	7	4	15	3-75

Dr. H. C. Trask 106, 119, 153.

Military and repeating rifle, Creedmoor count:

F O Young.....	48	46	45	45	44	44
A H Pape.....	47	47	45	44	42	

Sharp's military, open sights, 6lbs. pull; pistol, 50yds.; back class medal scores: A. H. Pape 55, 80, 95; G. W. Hoadley 64.

All comers' pistol medal: Ed Hovey 49, 57; P. Becker 54, 59, 59, 60, 61, 65; F. O. Young 55, 56, 61; Dr. J. F. Twist 57, 71, 75; G. W. Hoadley 59, 60, 62, 72.

Twist revolver medal, all comers: F. O. Young 37, 46, 52, 60, 64, 65, 66; C. M. Daiss 42, 46, 46, 51, 62, 64, 64, 72, 78, 79.

.22 and 25 rifle medals; all comers, 50yds.:

Capt Fred Kuhnle.....	2	1	1	2	2	3	3	3	1	3-21
	2	2	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	2-20
	2	2	2	2	4	2	2	1	3	1-21
	2	2	2	1	1	3	2	1	2	1-17
	1	1	2	2	4	1	1	2	3	2-19
	2	4	2	2	2	3	3	2	3	1-24
	1	3	5	2	3	1	1	4	4	2-26
	1	1	2	2	1	3	1	2	3	4-20
	2	2	3	1	2	1	2	3	3	2-21
	3	1	2	2	1	2	1	1	1	3-17-206
Ed Hovey.....	2	1	4	3	1	2	1	1	3	2-20

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GAME EXPORT.

THE growing tendency to forbid the shipment of game from the limits of a State is likely to receive an impetus from the effect of the Lacey Act. The prominence given to the Federal act by the press has directed attention to the non-export laws as game protective expedients, and the more familiar the public becomes with this system the stronger it will be. The non-export law should be of universal application; every State in the Union and every Province in the Dominion should adopt such a regulation and enforce it rigorously.

To stop the transportation of game is to stop the sale of game.

To stop the sale of game is nine-tenths of game protection.

The Lacey Act makes no new rule respecting the transportation of game from one State to another. It simply gives effect to the respective State laws on the subject already existing. It provides, in short, that a violation of a State non-export game law shall constitute also a violation of the Federal law. If the statutes of Montana forbid the export of game from Montana, the Lacey Act makes the forbidden export an offense under the interstate commerce law, and provides a penalty for it as such.

While non-export laws are to be desired in all States, those laws which forbid absolutely the carrying out of game or fish are in some instances unduly severe. In New Jersey, for instance—cited because of the widespread hardship the non-export rule has imposed—the law forbids absolutely the carrying of any game out of the State. A New York city sportsman who goes into New Jersey for shooting and bags his half-dozen birds may not take them home with him, and naturally he feels aggrieved. As a sportsman said the other day, "It is not as if I were a pot-hunter who wanted to take game to sell; I only want to bring the birds home to my family. That is a part of the satisfaction of going shooting—if a fellow has any luck, to take his game home."

Sportsmen would be willing to undergo the deprivation such laws work, if this were essential to the efficiency of a non-export regulation, but it is not so es-

sential. In States which forbid the export of game, but permit the owner to carry with him a limited amount, this concession to the visiting sportsmen has not rendered the statute any the less effective and useful. The sportsman should be permitted to carry home his game. The amount allowed may well enough be small; but the man who spends time and money to get his game should not be compelled to leave it behind him.

GRAY SKIES.

THE days have come of gray skies and dripping rains. Faster and faster have dropped the falling leaves, until now they carpet the ground in the woods, and are heaped in windrows along the brush patches and in the fence corners. Some are yet soft and green, and the feet of the wayfarer push them aside with a soft rushing sound like the hiss made by a retreating wave as it hurries down over the hard sand of the beach to overtake its fellows; others are crisp and harsh, and rattle and break under the foot with a noise that warns each woods dweller within hearing that some clumsy creature is approaching who is strange to the forest. The branches are almost bare. Already many of the trees and shrubs have lost their leaves, and looked on from the hillside above, the swamp shows gray—a mass of naked twigs. The great oaks still hold their leaves, brown, stiff and rustling, but where scrub oaks show, singly on the borders of the swamp, or massed on the hillside, or contrasted with black scrub pine or conical juniper, their leaves glow with the color of cooling iron from a blast furnace.

The days and nights are colder now, and the sharp frosts have come. Already they have closed the little prairie ponds, have fringed the pools in the swamps with a jagged rim of ice, and have hardened the surface of the lumps of black mud along the brook side. The berries that still hang upon a hundred shrubs are shrunken and wrinkled now, and their pulp has dried up and is hard and tasteless. Flowers are gone, fields have lost their color, and only in the depth of the swamp where the woodcock still feeds are patches of grass that is still bright, or in the brook under the running water the waving cresses look up at you fresh and green as in summer.

Beneath the apple trees of the orchard the ground is strewn with fruit, red and yellow and green, or brown where the early harvest has rotted and retains its shape, but nothing else. In the country apples are so common as to be worthless, yet how much good and how much pleasure these tons upon tons of fruit would afford, could they be distributed among the poor of the great cities, who never taste an apple fresh from the tree.

The bluewinged teal and the shoveller have long ago gone south, but along the coast the hardy black ducks remain, feeding at night in ponds, brooks and spring holes, and by day sitting on the salt water, safely far from shore.

The ducks of the prairie stay now on the wider, open waters, and are resorting more and more to the cornfields, where grain and weed seeds furnish them a fat subsistence. The mallards still wake the echoes along the streams and in the timber with tumultuous quackings, sprigtails whistle and blackjacks croak.

The prairie chicken broods long ago ceased to keep by themselves, and now the birds are found in great packs, which are as wild as hawks. The quail have chosen their winter feeding ground, and have settled on some grain field where the ragweed grows thick and the swamp is convenient, or have selected a corn lot adjacent to the woods. The ruffed grouse are working down into the swales. In the swamp and along the edges of the forest the old partridge still scratches busily among the thick strewn leaves to uncover the chestnuts that the October gales rattled down from their brown burrs, or deeper in the wood feeds on the three-cornered nuts of the beech until its crop is full to bursting.

The hardening ground has warned the earth worms to seek safe shelter from the winter, and the moles are burrowing deeper, while woodchucks and prairie dogs have begun their long sleep. Squirrels still dig in the frosty ground to bury nuts, which soon they will have to unearth again. Through the shortening days the striped chipmunk, which we might think had a case of intermittent mumps, makes hurried and frequent journeys from his hole to the farmer's late standing shocks of corn, returning with distended cheek pouches to add to his overflowing store.

By day and night now the hunters are abroad, for this is the moon of hunting. On two legs or on four, backward and forward they traverse the land, working destruction to the simpler creatures which furnish them their food, and often, too, working it on each other.

Unending warfare goes on between the wild creatures from year's end to year's end, but now the bird shooters are at work in the stubbles, and in the underbrush for grouse, for quail, or for the woodcock flight—so small today. Decoys have been gotten out, their strings tested, new weights attached, and here and there a dash of paint applied. The fox hunter takes his hounds abroad and their mellow music may be heard echoing from hill to hill, and bursting from the woods, all through the day and sometimes far into the night. When the full, round moon shows herself, the forest often resounds with the sharp bay of the coon dog, and with the yells and exclamations of the hunters, who excitedly follow the dog and at last gather about the tree where the ringtailed prey has sought safety.

Though its skies are gray and often drip tears, and though the earth is dull and brown, yet who shall say that November has not its charm?

WARDEN LOVEDAY'S REPORT.

THAT report of Game Warden Loveday, of Illinois, is deserving of special attention. It sums up the result of effort intelligently applied to the protection of game. Mr. Loveday has demonstrated in Illinois what has been shown in some other States, and remains to be shown in a yet larger number, that the actual enforcement of the game and fish protective statutes will change the attitude of the public toward them from one of apathy and contempt into one of interest and respect. While it is true in a general sense that a law will not amount to anything which has not public opinion to back it up, the principle is not less well established that public opinion may be rallied to the support of the statute simply by a determined stand on the part of the authorities. The indifference which has permitted the game laws to be dead-letters must not be confounded with any real opposition to the laws. The reason that the poachers and the "sooners" and the market-hunters have had things all their own way is not to be found in active antagonism to game protection, but in a lack of popular information and appreciation of what protection means for the community. The agent of the law who sets about his task with such intelligence and determination as Warden Loveday's report shows he exercised may be assured of ultimate success, which may be looked for just so soon as the people in general know what the purposes and the benefits of protection mean for the many as against the few.

SNAP SHOTS.

If one professes not to believe in luck, let him go moose hunting; or if he may not achieve that, let him do the next best thing, read Mr. W. N. Amory's story of his hunt and of the part luck had in it.

A note elsewhere relates that at least one hunter's life has been saved by the FOREST AND STREAM's display-type injunction, "Don't shoot until you see your game, and see that it is game, and not a man." It is probable that there have been other cases; but just a single one is sufficient to have justified the caution. We shall keep it standing. In these days of perfected arms and many men in the woods, the exhortation "Don't shoot" constitutes the teachings of the whole art of shooting.

Vermont has an open season of the last ten days of October for deer hunting; and Commissioner Titcomb gets reports through the postmasters of the numbers of deer killed in the several counties. So far as the returns have been made, 123 deer have been reported. Windsor county led with forty-eight, Rutland reported thirty-seven, Bennington ten, and the rest were dispersed over ten counties. The largest buck, reported to have weighed by actual weighing 385 pounds, was killed by Frank G. Goad in the town of Montgomery. The law protects does, but several were killed. A large snow-white deer was seen, but not killed.

The New York Journal had an illustration of Long Island hunting the other day, picturing a pointer dog staunchly standing a bull elk, the elk joyously bugling meanwhile.

The Sportsman Tourist.

China, the World's Last Great Game Preserve.

THE opening up of China which seems likely to follow the present occupation of Peking by the allied forces will probably wipe out the last great game preserve in the world. It will be surprising to many to learn that notwithstanding the enormous population of China and the early invention and use of firearms in that country it is to-day the best stocked with game of any country in the world. In the plain about Peking, where the villages are so thick that the population exceeds 2,000 to the square mile, wolves, raccoons, foxes and weasels are so thick as to be pests. The wolves particularly are so numerous and fearless that no winter passes without a great many lives being lost. All Chinese villages are surrounded by mud walls for protection from bandits and prowling animals, and it is customary to paint large white rings on these mud walls in order to frighten the wolves away. The Chinese explain that the wolves either take the rings to be traps, which they avoid, or else to be the rising sun, which causes them to slink back to their lairs. During the summer the Chinese villagers are too much engaged in gathering their crops to attempt much in the line of exterminating the pests. But wolf hunts are quite common in the winters. The villagers beat out the fields and drive the wolves into pits or caves, where they are dispatched with swords and pikes. It is a common thing in all parts of China, even the most thickly populated, to see wolves trotting along the roads or crossing from cover to cover.

The Chinese shotgun or gingal has never reached a high enough development to be of much service in hunting. The barrels are cast, and many of the cheaper ones look as if made of pot metal. They are mounted on stocks that look like exaggerated pistol handles. But the Chinese have never invented anything like the percussion cap. Their guns have no triggers or hammers; instead there is at the base of the barrel a small vent and flash pan. Over the stock is a holder shaped like our hammers, made of soft steel and split so as to hold between the two fingers a piece of lighted incense or punk. In order to use this weapon, the Chinaman must fill the flash pan with fresh powder, blow the ashes off his punk, take aim and then with his thumb push the holder forward until the lighted end of the punk touches the powder in the flash pan. So uncertain is the weapon that the Chinese rarely use it, except in pot-hunting for rice-birds, blackbirds and that class of game.

The reason that foxes are so numerous is that the Chinese, who believe in the transmigration of souls, think that human spirits prefer to go into foxes rather than into any other animal. Consequently they never kill foxes for fear they may be injuring some departed spirit.

Most of the Chinese hunting is done with traps. The moors and plains abound in partridge, grouse and rabbits, and the Chinese take immense quantities of them by means of nets and runnig nooses. For larger game they resort to pits and deadfalls.

It is not generally known that the mountains of north China abound in bears, both black and brown, and that leopards and tigers are by no means uncommon. The so-called Siberian tiger, which is the most magnificent specimen of the cat family, far surpassing even the royal tiger of India, is really a native of the mountain ranges that lie between the plains of Mongolia and Manchuria and the plains about Peking, where the allies are now operating. In early days the hunting of leopards and tigers was a feature of the royal hunt, which sport reached its greatest popularity in the reign of the Mongol dynasty during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The Ming dynasty which followed them also found many devotees of the chase, but they confined their hunting to the less dangerous pursuit of the deer, and established the magnificent deer parks which are now to be found near Peking. The famous decoration of the Peacock Feather, which has been the subject of so many international jokes in connection with Li Hung Chang's yellow jacket, was originally awarded to those members of the royal suite who succeeded in killing a stag. The early emperors of the present Manchu dynasty were also great sportsmen, but for the last forty years the throne has been occupied by minors, and the manly pastime has fallen into disuse.

The northern deer park lies in the mountains about fifteen miles northwest from Peking, and incloses one of the most magnificent preserves to be found in the world. It takes in the spur of the mountains and the valleys on either side. The whole is surrounded by a heavy brick wall, about 3 feet thick and from 12 to 15 feet high. The interior of the park which contains one of the largest herds to be found in the world, is traversed by paved roads and paths, winding up the mountain side, past springs and waterfalls to the most picturesque hunting lodges. The buildings are now largely falling into decay, but they still show traces of their former magnificence. The walls too are falling down in places, and it is becoming quite common to find on the mountains outside of the park deer which undoubtedly have escaped from the royal herd within. The deer in this north park are of a giant red variety, magnificent antlered animals, resembling our America wapiti, but peculiar in having a somewhat long tail, which carries a brush. The southern deer park, which lies in the plains south of the Chinese capital covers an area of about 100 square miles, and is remarkable for a breed of deer unlike anything known anywhere else in the world. It seems to be a kind of elk, but is without horns or has only the merest knobs or rudiments. The Chinese commonly call it the mule deer and it is likely that this name indicates a hybrid origin. They call it the *szu-puh-siang*, which indicates that it is neither of the four useful animals—horse, deer, camel and ox. This deer is a very large animal of a fawn or light gray color, and with a peculiar mild croaking tone to its call which seems curiously out of place in so large an animal.

The great variety of game and its abundance is not peculiar to any part of China, but extends from the plains of Mongolia to the tropical ranges along the coast of the

south, and nowhere else in the world is there such a variety of climate and country. There are mountain ranges across the north, the south and the central part of the country, gradually increasing in height from the coast toward the interior, dividing the country into the great valleys of the Yellow, the Yang-tse and West rivers, with intervals of plateaus and bottoms, lakes and plains, and beyond them all the wilds of Manchuria and the deserts and salt lakes of Gobi.

The Mongolian plains are peculiar for a species of wild chicken which is undoubtedly the progenitor of our present domestic fowl. It is a large bird with brilliant colored comb, and having the brownish yellow coloring and red and black markings on neck and tail that were peculiar to our early barnyard fowl. The chicken is a good game fowl and a strong flyer. It is most excellent eating, and is taken by the Mongolians in large quantities and brought down to the Peking market.

The game market of Peking is probably one of the best to be found in the world. Owing to the steady climate which prevails in north China after the winter has once set in, it is quite a simple matter to preserve the game for almost any length of time, and the Mongol camel trains come into Peking with deer and grouse, wild boars and partridges, bears and wild chickens, antelope and duck, wild sheep and goats, and, what is considered by the Chinese one of the greatest delicacies, the wild ass or onager, which is highly prized because it is so hard to capture. They also bring in immense quantities of furs—sable, marten, weasel and stoat, and great quantities of squirrels, whose skins are used for lining the immense fur robes that are common among all of the better classes.

Probably the most common game bird of China is the pheasant, which ranges over the whole empire from the Amur River south to Canton, and from the east coast to the mountains of Szuchuan. The common varieties with the gold and silver pheasants are well known, but Szuchuan is the home of two varieties not so commonly known—the snow pheasant, which is pure white, with small red wattles and comb, and the Pallas, which is remarkably brilliantly colored; it is called by the Chinese the *hoki*, or fire hen.

The southern provinces are remarkable for a species of monkey which has the most wonderful coloring to be found on a fur-bearing animal. It is large, the adult standing from 3 to 4 feet high. The face is orange, surrounded by tufts or yellowish hair, with a dark band across the forehead. The body and the upper part of the forearms are a light brown with longer hairs of gray interspersed. The lower parts of the arms are pure white, while the hands and thighs are a most intense black. The tail and a large triangular spot over it are also white, while the legs are a brilliant red. A more grotesque and striking animal cannot be found, and it matches well in its variegated colors the gold fish and Mandarin ducks which are also peculiar to China. China is also remarkable for being the home of the most northern species of monkey known; these live in the mountains north about Peking in a latitude from 40 to 45 degrees north. Its hair is thick and of a light brownish color. The face is greenish, but turns white if the animal is kept long in captivity. They enjoy playing in the snow and apparently suffer none from cold. They are easily tamed and remarkably intelligent, but as they grow to such large size, reaching nearly 4 feet in height, they soon become too large to make good pets. Szuchuan also has a species of ape which lives in the higher mountains. It is heavily maned to protect it from the cold, and has strong, brawny arms. It is called by the Chinese the *run-hung*, or the man-bear, which name they have given because of its human form and the fact that it hibernates like a bear. It is said to be good eating, and is considered a great delicacy by the Chinese.

Many parts of China are infested by herds of wild dogs, which are hunted mainly for their fur. The dog skins of Newchwang are a recognized brand in the market. They have long, fine black hair with curled bushy tails, with black or sometimes pale yellow bellies. They are probably the original species from which the modern Esquimaux dog has sprung. There are a great many varieties of wild sheep and wild goats, which are killed for their skins, and the dressed carcasses are taken to the game markets of the north. The domesticated sheep of China are peculiar for their broad tails, which are attached to the body all the way across the rump and measure about 10 inches long and about 4 inches thick. The tail is a solid mass of tallow, over which the sheep has no control except to give it a slight wiggle. The sheep are white with black heads, and make most excellent mutton.

China also contains many varieties of pigeons and doves. The country about nearly all of the great cities is full of them. The natives are very fond of them for food, and the eggs and blood of pigeons are regarded as preventive of smallpox. The Chinese are great pigeon fanciers, and one of their great sports is the stealing of pigeons from one another's cotes. This is done by fastening whistles on the tails of their own pigeons for the purpose of attracting the pigeons from other flocks, and thus bringing them back to their own cotes when wearied with flying. The air of the cities is full of the soft *Æolian* notes of these pigeon whistles.

As there is so much marsh and swampy country in China, it is natural that it should be a great country for snipe and plover. These are trapped by a preparation of quicklime spread along the shores, into which the birds run and stick fast. China, of course, is known as the greatest duck country in the world. There are probably more domesticated ducks used in China than in all the world beside. And with her enormous system of rivers and lakes, it is natural that geese, swans, mallards, teal and Mandarin ducks should abound in great quantities. These are sometimes killed from traps with the old Chinese muskets, but in some parts the natives flood their rice fields and then with empty gourds over their heads wade out into the fields among the ducks, catching them by the feet and pulling them under.

The great sport of falconry, which once numbered among its devotees all the courtiers of Europe, now survives alone in China. The emperors of the Mongol dynasty were famous for their love of falconry, and it is said that they employed no less than 75,000 attendants in their hawking excursions. The love of the sport survives to this day. Falcons, hawks and eagles are all taught to pursue their quarry, and one of the sights of Peking to-day is the great falcon market in the southern city, just

outside the great Chien Mun, or Meridian Gate, of the Tartar city. Here thousands of hooded birds are exposed for sale, on great racks. In Mongolia the golden eagle itself is still trained for the chase, and is quite commonly used in hunting deer.

The ichthyology of China is rich. The streams, lakes and rivers abound with fish of all kinds, and even the sea along the coast is particularly rich in choice varieties. It is probable that fish forms the greatest single article of diet except rice, and one of the great peculiarities of the fish markets is that fresh fish are nearly always sold alive. You go to the markets and find shallow tubs and tanks full of wriggling fish, from which you select the one you desire. It is delivered to you alive, and no household is complete without the great crockery barrel or kang in which the fish are kept alive until they are ready to be cooked.

China is still an undiscovered land to our great army of sportsmen, but with the settlement of the present disturbance those who still hope to enjoy the dangers of bagging large game will find almost their last opportunity there, while those who are looking for big bags of lesser game will find in the moors and mountains and streams and lakes of China richer rewards for the sportsman's quest than can be found anywhere else in the world.

GUY MORRISON WALKER

Luck in Moose Hunting.

I HAD the pleasure last year of writing an article for *FOREST AND STREAM* on the moose country of Maine. My camping place was on Nesowadnehunk Lake, which is about the center of the best moose hunting district of the State. This year I arrived at the same camp (named Camp Phoenix by its proprietors, Hall & McLain) on Oct. 15, the opening day of the moose season. I remained in camp for fifteen days, and hunted nearly every day faithfully and persistently for the big bull moose which still eludes me, but which I think awaits me yet upon one of the hardwood ridges about Nesowadnehunk Lake, and I hope to try again for him next year.

The present history includes some considerations of the matter of luck in moose hunting. But before beginning the story, let me premise with a short description of the method of moose hunting during October. By Oct. 15 the rutting season is so well advanced that no reliance can be placed upon calling moose with the birch bark horn. Even at an earlier season I fancy this method of finding the game in Maine would not prove particularly successful, for the reason that the cows are in majority and there is now no such fierce rivalry upon the part of the bulls for the protectorship of the cows as one time there was. The laws of Maine for a number of years have protected cow moose and spike-horn bulls, allowing each hunter to shoot only one bull of mature growth. In consequence, if my observation goes for anything, there are at least two and possibly three cows for every bull moose left in the woods of Maine. But even if under other conditions moose calling were profitable, I do not think this method of hunting the splendid game should be indulged in, fascinating in the extreme though it be. It has for its foundation the perpetration of a fraud; it is conceived in deceit, and is executed in unfairness, for when successfully adopted it too often brings the game within rifle range too close for true sportsmanship.

On the other hand, none of these objections can be raised against still-hunting. The hunter must fairly match his wits against the keen senses of the game; he must be possessed with perseverance which knows no fatigue, and all of his knowledge of woodcraft must be availed of. Yet in lieu of all these qualities, he may simply be endowed with phenomenal luck and still get his bull moose. Last year I saw a number of moose around the water during October. This year, whether the season was earlier or whatever the reason, they had abandoned their lake and water ranging for the seclusion of the hardwood ridges of the forests. No tracking snow is apt to fall and lie during October, and the sportsman is reduced to still-hunting without snow to find his game. With the ground thickly strewn with beach leaves, and tender crackling branches, this is a very noisy style of still-hunting, but it certainly is true sport, for every fair advantage remains with the hunted game.

Twelve times this year I left camp at daybreak and paddled to some point on the shore where our daily tramps began for the secluded haunts of moose. Our average walking time was seven or eight hours a day. My guide was Will McLain, an agreeable companion, a thorough woodsman whose knowledge of this section of Maine is supreme; an enthusiastic sportsman himself, and certainly one of the best still-hunters in Maine. Yet day after day I hunted without firing a shot. We ran across deer every day, but I would not shoot them, for I was after bigger game. We successfully still-hunted under the difficult existing circumstances nine moose in all. That is to say, we tracked and found or ran across by chance nine moose in the woods, all of which I believe I might have shot had I tried, with the possible exception of two. All of the nine moose we saw were cows, excepting one, which was a small spike-horn bull. On more than one occasion we approached within 40 yards of the cows.

But here is where the element of luck entered, as I shall try and tell. On two distinct occasions, when hunting of course with due attention to the direction of the wind, we came upon two cows. Both times the bull was just beyond in the thickets, and when the cows made off they carried the bulls along with them. Now had we approached at a slightly different angle, had we skirted the ridge instead of going straight over it, on each occasion we would still have been to leeward and we would have come upon the bull before scaring the cows. One day, after the bull and his two cows took alarm and struck off at their rapid trotting gait, we trailed them past and within 10 feet of a spot we called our lunching place. At a certain location by the side of a spring a few days before we had made a comfortable seat of balsam boughs on a huge log. Twice had we lunched at this spot. On that particular day we had intended to lunch there and at our very lunch hour these three moose, one a big bull, judging solely by the shape and size of his tracks, for we did not get sight of him, passed within 10 feet of our luxurious resting place.

Another day we were following the trail of a bull and

cow moose along an old winter wood road. The cow was loitering behind and presently we came upon her, and she stood and watched us curiously, a fair open shot well within 50 yards, but the bull was beyond and out of sight, and when the cow took alarm and made off she carried the bull along with her, and we got no sight of him. It is obvious that with good luck the cow would have been ahead and the bull loitering after to give me the earnestly desired shot. Two days later Mr. Charles Dodge, of Lowell, Mass., a fellow sportsman at Camp Phoenix, killed his bull moose on this same wood road, not far from where we had seen the cow. And his luck being in the ascendent, he also shot two splendid bucks upon the same trail, and the two heads, taking them together, were the finest two buck heads I have ever seen.

A few days thereafter I concluded to rest one day in camp. At a late hour, or near 11 o'clock A. M., Mr. John Forbes, of Boston, another sportsman at camp, requested the loan of my guide for the day. It was his last day in camp, and he was temporarily without a guide of his own, and as I wished him the success which was not his yet, I cheerfully complied. At dusk they returned with a splendid bull moose head, the finest that was brought into camp this year. Possibly, but by no means certainly, the head might have been mine instead of Mr. Forbes' had I gone out that day and he remained in camp. Still I envied him not, for it was his individual good fortune his last day in the woods, while my own luck seemed adverse, hunt as hard as I might.

There were three bull moose shot at Camp Phoenix this October, including one claimed by a certain sportsman as his own, which was presumably shot by his guide—but that is another story. Last year there were eight bull moose shot at Nesowadnehunk Lake, including those killed after tracking snow fell. But to resume the consideration of luck in moose hunting, I shall recall some of the experiences last year. On the first day of the open season my hunting comrade, Mr. Alfred Lauterbach, of New York, shot his bull moose upon the lake shore not an hour from camp. Another bull was shot the same day by a Dr. Moore, of Philadelphia. Later on Mr. Lauterbach and I, with our guides, went deeper into the woods and camped in the very heart of the moose region. We remained two days, and I was totally unsuccessful, though signs of moose were certainly plentiful enough. During our absence from Camp Phoenix a Mr. Abercrombie, of New York, arrived, and at his first attempt killed his bull. When we got back to the lake at the end of two days we found Mr. Abercrombie had arrived, shot his moose the day of his arrival, and had already departed, taking his moose head with him out of the woods. He shot his game upon the Telos trail, where I had hunted unsuccessfully but a few days before. Finally, however, last year my opportunity came, and I got my shot at the splendid bull moose which I had so ardently desired. But this is a story of such extraordinary misfortune that I shall not relate it in detail. I regret to say that I wounded my game severely and yet was unable to recover him, so that I fear he died miserably in the woods. Much would I have preferred to have missed him clean, so that I or another sportsman might another time have had a fair chance at him.

The incidents above related came directly under my own observation. I could relate some other examples of good luck as they were told to me, and which I believe to be true. For instance, a couple of years ago one sportsman at Camp Phoenix was hunting moose and stopped at a spring in the woods to drink. When he raised his head after drinking there stood a splendid bull moose within 40 yards waiting accommodatingly to be shot, and accordingly he was shot. One day my guide and his partner, Luther Hall, Jr., were lunching at an old wood landing on a deserted wood trail. Presently a fine bull moose walked down the trail within easy shot and Will McLain shot him.

Last year just as I was going out of the woods at the end of October I met a party of four sportsmen with their guides coming into camp at Nesowadnehunk Lake. They came late to wait for tracking snow. Subsequently I learned that each of the four sportsmen got his bull moose.

I fancy that I have demonstrated that a fair chance is given any sportsman even in October to shoot his bull moose in this section of Maine, while, if the tracking snows of November are waited for, the chances are much improved. Of course, luck is an element to be considered always, but the very uncertainty of the sport constitutes one of its chief charms. The likelihood of running upon a moose at any moment in the woods revives the tired hunter, and day after day keeps his spirits constantly exhilarated. His watchfulness must be ever maintained; his vision must be keenly exercised without a moment's lapse; he must be silent and patient, earnest and vigilant hour after hour, and possibly day after day. In my own case I found no wearisomeness nor dispiritedness, though totally unsuccessful, if success be measured only by the amount of game bagged. Yet I rejoiced in the freedom of the woods and in the exercise of those qualities which the sport requires. So I look back upon the experience with pleasure marked with no regrets, but only with love and admiration for the noble sport of still-hunting moose.

Possibly the relation of my own experiences may incline other sportsmen to visit this section of Maine. To such the following general information is offered: Nesowadnehunk Lake is situated about twenty miles north and a little west of Mount Katahdin, and is reached from Patten by buckboard. The distance is fifty-two miles and the trip takes two full days and is by no means an easy journey. The lake may also be reached from Norcross, the first few miles by steamer, and the rest of the way by canoe and wood trail. The distance is a little shorter than by way of Patten. I have gone in both ways, and found the Norcross route the more comfortable.

Hall & McLain are the proprietors of Camp Phoenix on Nesowadnehunk Lake. Their post office address is Patten, Me. Luther Hall, Jr., was my guide last year and Will McLain this year. I believe there are not two better guides in the whole of Maine, and I cannot too highly recommend them. Their camp is the most delightful camp it has ever been my good fortune to occupy. Besides the main log cabin, there are three or four small cabins prepared for the comfort of their guests. In my own case, during the latter part of my stay I was the

sole proprietor of one of these smaller log cabins, which contained besides other comforts a good spring bed, furnished with mattresses and blankets and fresh white sheets and pillow cases. My only criticism is that there seemed to be almost too much luxury for a camper out. A man might take his wife to Camp Phoenix with perfect security. Last year during my stay a young doctor from New York brought his wife with him, and she proved very sportsmanlike and had her shot at a bull moose, as indeed did every one else at Camp Phoenix last year.

W. N. AMORY.

NEW YORK, November.

In the Shadow of Katahdin.

(Concluded from page 365.)

SUNDAY was spent pretty much in loafing around camp, out on the ice and taking things comfortably. The day was cloudy and gave promise of snow. This is what we were praying for, and all hands predicted a fall before morning.

After supper that night Wilbert exposed Fred's ability as a violin manipulator. Fred protested, but we were obdurate in our demands, so there was nothing for him to do but take down the old violin and tune her up. It was late before we retired, and Fred fairly made the old violin talk. Jigs, waltzes, marches and popular songs were rattled off in short order. Then there were airs of a solemn and sacred strain, and all became silent and thoughtful, and tender expressions unconsciously stole into the face of each listener. Why should old familiar airs of long ago cause the rude walls of a hunting camp with its hanging rifles, cartridge belts, knives and all paraphernalia connected with the chase to fade? To fade and vanish like morning mist under sunlight rays? As the notes come softer, and the rings from the old brier wood widen out until one looks beyond their ever expanding circles, what mysterious influence is it that causes the curtains of time to drift noiselessly apart, and reveal to tender memory the sacred aisles of the past? Back back into the long ago; down the sunny paths of childhood: back to the old home and the family gathering round the family board; back to the dear familiar faces circled where voices were raised in song, faces that are drifting one by one from sight—into the great and mysterious beyond? "Into the sacred realms of the past memory alone may enter—the body is barred forever." Then, as the music ceases, thought slowly returns on the wings of the present, and one thinks of the good wife and little ones slumbering under the stars away down there to the south, and tenderly smiles, for surely they are safe—safe under the vigil of the Ruler of the stars.

Monday found all hands early astir. The sky was still overcast and the indications pointed strongly to snow, but none had yet fallen. It was agreed that this must be a day of hard work, for there was but one more hunting day—Tuesday—left to us. Wednesday must see us on our homeward journey. To make the day's hunt successful, if possible, Fred volunteered to join us, so after breakfast we all left camp together.

"Now, boys," said Fred, "the best thing is for you all to go over to the Burnt Land and station yourselves in good places. I'll give you plenty of time to get there. Then I'll go round to the other side of the mountain and walk up to the Burnt Land from that direction. You must keep a sharp watch, for I feel sure of driving deer to one of you." This, we agreed, would be a good way to do.

After reaching the Burnt Land each took up a position. In this matter of position I got decidedly the worst of it, for I was stationed where I could see but four objects—Wilbert to the right the top of Lide's head to the left, the top of a small knoll behind, and a small clump of trees in front. It was as if I had been let down in a bowl and couldn't see over the edge. In the end, however, I was as well off as the others. In about an hour Lide whistled and motioned us to the knoll on which he stood. Fred was there, and Lide was the only one who had seen anything, and he was mourning because he had let two deer go by in long range without risking a shot at them.

A council of war was held, and resulted in sending Lide and me into the heavy growth that lined Smith's Creek. It was our business to drive out any deer that might be in there to Wilbert or Fred. We performed the task faithfully, and found fresh tracks in great numbers, but always leading ahead. This, of course, proved that the deer knew we were there, and that they were keeping out of the way. At one place we came to a large marsh, and the snow was literally tramped hard in places. Many of these tracks could not have been over an hour old yet not a deer was seen by us. Finally we came to a wide, circling stream, and the ice was clawed and scratched where deer had slipped in crossing. In about an hour we emerged into the Burnt Land again, and met Fred and Wilbert. They had seen nothing.

From here Lide and I hunted the west side of the creek to the south, and Wilbert and Fred hunted the east side in the same direction. Every place that showed the least indication of harboring a deer was thoroughly hunted, but all to no purpose. The crust gave so much warning that Fred finally decided it was useless to hunt further. Then all hands, Fred excepted, started back for camp. Just as we were entering the door a shot was heard, and Fred came in an hour afterward and said he had wounded a large "lucive." He had hit the animal hard, and followed a trail of blood over two miles, but the "lucive" escaped. Fred had a good bunch of blood-stained fur to show as evidence. I have failed to mention that, with but few exceptions, on every deer track would be found either "lucive" or wildcat tracks.

Wilbert and Lide decided to go out no more that day. I shouldered my rifle and climbed the mountain to the bog where I had seen the "lucive." I had hardly seated myself near the deer entrails when it began to rain; then the snow commenced to loosen and slip from the heavy laden boughs, and startling sounds came from all directions, causing me to start time and again, for they resembled the approach of animals. Excepting a few red squirrels and some snowbirds, of which one of the latter nearly frightened me out of my wits by brushing my mouth with its wings and nearly flying down my throat, and a cute little white weasel, with a black tipped tail which ran round and round me and came within a yard

of my feet at times to look up into my face, I saw nothing. Yet I sat and sat there in the drizzling rain and noted not the passing time. Finally I aimed the rifle at an object on the further side of the bog, and was surprised—it was too dark to see the sights. "Great Scott!" thought I, "I've got to be moving if I expect to reach camp to-night." It was fully time, for I had considerable difficulty in following the trail. The light streamed through the windows and out into the darkness when I reached camp, and Fred stood outside the door. "I'm glad you've come," he said. "I was getting anxious." And so were the rest.

Tuesday broke cloudy, foggy and drizzling. The snow had softened and the crust was gone. "It's the best day yet, boys, and if you don't get a deer it'll be your own fault," said Fred.

Our course was north on the Nesowadnehunk road, and we were to try the marshes where Lide had fired at four deer. What necessity there was for us all to go in a bunch is beyond my comprehension. I figured if we struck out in different directions it would give three chances to see deer, and that there would be but one chance if we hung together. I was always voted down in this contention, however, and always bowed to the will of the majority. Of course I am a novice at deer hunting, and perhaps it may come to me some day that there is a better show in one chance than in three.

The snow was so soft and wet that a cautious footfall could not be heard 20 feet away. It seemed to me that the fog could have been dispensed with to advantage, and perhaps it was the only drawback.

The bogs were about a mile away, and when we reached them we spread out and hunted cautiously to the east. Islands were scattered in all directions, and we scrutinized each one closely as we came to it. The low-hanging fog, however, prevented a good view for any distance. We hunted through the mist about a mile, then Lide and I met near one of the largest islands and held a consultation. Our confab ended in a decision to hunt back in a southwesterly direction.

In the dry snow which usually prevails in this northern wilderness there is nothing so good for the feet as a heavy pair of woolen socks with heavy woolen, stocking-like leggings, which cover the pants leg and fasten at the knee, drawn on over them, and moccasins. Under dry snow conditions this rig is certainly warm and comfortable. But heaven help the victim who wears the outfit in wet, sloppy snow, and rainy weather. Lide's and my feet were sopping before we had gone a mile that morning, and as we took an icy footbath about every five minutes, our wet feet were half-frozen all the while. Wilbert wore shoes with high arctics over them.

After making some little distance on our new course, Wilbert loomed to sight through the fog. He was standing on the southerly end of one of the islands. We saluted and a deer blew within a hundred yards, just south of Wilbert. A sparse scattering of trees grew out of the long bog grass and bushes, and we felt sure of seeing the deer. Lide and I slowly worked our way down there and found the tracks of a doe and fawn. Had it not been for the prevailing misty conditions at the time, we certainly would have seen these deer.

Now began a bit of tracking, the like of which I never had seen, but which I am willing and anxious to experience again. Through heavy foliaged arbor vitae, pine, spruce and hemlock; through boughs dripping with moisture; over the trunks of uprooted forest giants, and among a dead, fallen, tangled riot of branches and roots along the edge of the lake, we persistently followed those deer. And on three different occasions I raised my rifle only to lower it again, for I caught only the faintest flicker of the white flag. Soon the doe and fawn were joined by a buck, and we vowed to keep the trail. Mile after mile did we follow those deer, and we saw them a number of times, but only for the fractional part of a second. Once we came to the road and hurriedly placed our compass in the snow, carelessly noted the points and went on. Then we came to the top of a knoll which overlooked a thickly wooded valley, a deer blew and deer scrambled out of that valley in every direction, and the foliage was so dense that we saw none of them. Finally, about noon, we decided to give up, and started for camp. But where was camp? We were lost.

A small brook flowed near by, and Lide was for following it in its windings. "It must flow into Lake Millinockett," said he, "and if we follow it we're bound to come out right."

"But that direction doesn't agree with the compass," said I. This puzzled us. According to our calculations, based on the compass when we set it in the snow, we should go southwest, but the brook flowed southeast, and instinct seemed to draw us in that direction.

To cut a long story short, we wandered around awhile, and I cut a rabbit nearly in two with the .30-30. "What are you going to do with that thing?" Lide asked. "Going to have it for supper to-night," I answered. "We can't stay in these woods all night without something to eat. Lide laughed, and we soon saw the mountain near camp. For all that, however, we crossed the carry and passed camp within 200 yards without knowing it. Then we went two miles to the south and found the trail leading to the little bog where I had seen the lynx. From here we reached camp about 1 o'clock, and found Wilbert toasting his shins by the fire.

Now that we had leisure to think matters over, we found that we had become mixed when we placed our compass on the snow. We were careless and got the pointer on S. instead of N. This, of course, reversed E. and W. Therefore, our course should have been as instinct dictated—southeast instead of southwest. Had we given the matter a moment's consideration we ought to have known we couldn't cross the road without getting on the west side, for we had started in to hunt on the east side. We were so interested in the chase that we became careless and got rattled. Moral: Never be careless, and don't get rattled in a country like the Maine woods. It may mean death if you do.

On this subject of getting lost in the woods of Maine or in any similar section, always carry a good compass, a good hatchet, a knife, plenty of matches, lots of ammunition and some salt. The minute you find you are surely lost and that it is useless to go further, just get to work and build a lean-to under the lee of some good bog. Now cut boughs for a couch and fill your temporary

dwelling with them, then gather plenty of fire wood. If you get a chance, knock over a rabbit, squirrel or any stray animal you may see, for you may get hungry before you get out of your scrape. When night comes and you are satisfied they must be anxious about you at camp, start the fire in front of your mansion, sit under shelter on your bed of boughs, poke the muzzle of your rifle out every fifteen or twenty minutes and let her go in the air. I have never had occasion to follow this advice, but that it is sound I am sure, for it was given me by Maine guides.

Since writing the above the thought has come: Would it not be well if every permanent camp was supplied with a large box kite or a huge sphere (similar to those used by the press boat in the last international yacht races), to be flown several hundred feet in the air every day? At night colored lights could be attached and suspended in the air, far above the earth, and higher than many hills. Or, in case of a person being lost at night, rockets could be set off and the wanderer given a chance to locate camp in this way. It would seem that the kite or sphere by day and the colored lights at night ought to prove as good a guide to the lost hunter as the lighthouse is to the mariner, especially as the hunter seldom strays many miles from camp.

The rain had ceased and a high wind had set in from the southwest. Somehow I felt uneasy and wasn't satisfied to stay in camp. It was impossible to start Wilbert or Lide, so I finally shouldered my rifle and started off without them in the direction of the Burnt Land. Instead of going there, however, I kept on up the mountain. Up, up I climbed until the lake was spread out far below, and as the fog had cleared I could look a long way over the surrounding country. The sky was still overcast with swiftly flying clouds, and the gray day was entirely devoid of those beautiful colorings which attend bright sunshine. Katahdin was visible to half his height, his summit being hidden in the clouds. Somber and forbidding was his aspect, as if he were a veritable monumental personification of death.

Presently I reached a place near the extreme top of the mountain, and the wind swept in a gale around me. The trees bent and swayed, and a forest monarch over 100 feet in height went like a pipe stem into three parts and thundered to the ground, and not over 50 yards from me. I was on the point of returning when a large buck appeared to view, not over 30 yards away. He was motionless and had not seen me. Now was my chance, and I took it. There was no sign of buck ague, and before he could know it he was mine. It was a job to get him down the mountain. The way was steep, however, and free from underbrush, so I managed it after awhile and left him hanging by the side of the Nesowadnehunk road.

Camp was crowded that night. Late in the afternoon sixteen or eighteen lumbermen walked in, and two sportsmen, Mr. M. C. Chase and his son, of Sebes Station, Me., came in on a tote sleigh from the north. They had four deer—two does and two fawns. They had shot their game in the neighborhood of Pockwockamus Lake, and reported hundreds of deer.

It was the last night in camp, and the quietest of the trip. The lumbermen were just going into the woods, and all were strangers to us, and strangers to one another. They were the most weary, sleepy, homesick appearing lot of men I ever cast eyes upon. Some lay upon the board floor with their bundles for pillows and drowsed, others wrote letters and none talked. "It's their first day together," said Jewett. "After they reach camp they'll soon become acquainted, and 'll have some good times together, as well as hard ones."

There were no merry shouts, no stories, no boisterous laughter, and no music round the old wood burner that night. The floor of the big room was carpeted with heavy, coarse blankets, on which tired and sleeping men lay.

The next morning saw a hustling time in camp. The lumbermen were given their breakfast before daylight, and the gray of dawn saw them on their journey to the north. The horses were hitched to tote conveyances, our deer were loaded, we shook Fred and Jewett heartily by the hand, and took the last view of camp from a bend in the road and were soon out of the shadow of Katahdin.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.

River Views.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The dwellers in New York city sometimes see curious sights. For example, on election day, Nov. 6, while walking with a companion on the upper part of Manhattan Island and looking out over the Hudson River, I saw coming down the river high in air a dark line, which carried my thoughts far away from this big town. It was a flock of ducks far above the water, and reminded me of the flocks of trading canvasbacks and redheads that may often be seen during the winter on our Southern bays and broad waters. They were a long way off, but not so far but that I could count twenty-three birds, which I recognized as broadbills, bluebills, or blackheads, according to the locality where they are found. The birds kept on down the river, and growing more and more dim to the sight, finally disappeared from view.

From the same point, looking a little west of north, I could see rising and falling on the rippling waters a hundred or two birds, some white and some dark gray or brown, which were, of course, sea gulls, most of them no doubt the common herring gull of the coast. They are familiar residents all through the autumn, winter and spring on the Hudson, notwithstanding the recent announcement by an astonished reporter of one of the New York papers of the presence during a hard blow of gulls in the bay, which he declared had been blown into the harbor from far to seaward, although the storm of which he wrote was a heavy westerly gale.

Although the days when men used to go woodcock shooting around the Collect Pond, snipe shooting on Lispernard Meadows, quail shooting on the Dykeman farm and wild pigeon shooting on Manhattanville Hill are long passed, it is still possible now and then for the sportsmen to see game within the city limits.

M. M.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.

Natural History.

Florida Rattlers.

SPEAKING of venomous snakes, there have been more diamond-back rattlers killed in this immediate vicinity during the past month than in several previous years combined, due probably to the fact of the water in the Everglades being unusually high, causing the snakes to take to the narrow strip of high pine land along the bay.

The score this fall, so far as known, is eleven snakes, nearly all large ones. Yesterday a farmer driving through the woods had a rattler strike at one of his mule's hind legs, but it missed and hit the fellow of the front wheel, "spat," then fell under the wheel and was run over, but the heavy load of lumber passing over him failed to take much of the fight out of the rascal.

An examination of the fangs showed them badly shattered by the blow he gave the wagon fellow.

The writer recently had his nervous system nearly ruined by a huge specimen which the mowing machine stirred up in the tall prairie grass. Not having anything suitable with which to dispatch such a rattler, we kept him on the defensive, while one of the boys ran to a house near by for a gun.

This rattler was the largest we have ever seen, being fully 6 feet long, as large around as a man's arm and with eleven rattles. Though a mighty disagreeable job, we succeeded in saving that skin, and mean to have it tanned some day.

Reckoning that a rattler does not grow a rattle till three years old, and one a year after that, makes this one fourteen years old.

It is rare that one hears of any one being bitten down here, but the Florida rattler's bite is considered to be almost sure death, unless very prompt measures are taken, such as amputation, or immediately cutting out a large chunk of flesh. When dogs are bitten, they usually die in a few minutes.

Some of the more cautious hunters in tramping through the saw palmettoes, which everywhere cover the rocky ground, carry a small hypodermic syringe and a strong solution of permanganate of potash, to inject into the holes made by the fangs, but the old residents go everywhere with nothing more than a pocket knife, relying on the warning rattle to protect them from danger.

CAMERAMBLER.

BISCAYNE BAY, Fla.

Sissy: A Florida Pet.

ONE of the most unique pets that it has been my good fortune to study and train was a water turkey or snake bird. In domestication the bird is very rare, not because of its scarcity in Florida, but because of the difficulty in rearing it. Like the domestic turkey, until the pin feather age is passed the water turkey is delicate and tender. A domestic fowl could not be tamer nor show more affection than little Sissy, the water turkey. It was during a severe illness that a nest of these birds made an impression never to be forgotten. Perched on a stick, the three young birdlings were carried into the room to be viewed from their improvised perch. As I beckoned for them to be brought closer, one of the birds jumped from the stick and waddled up toward my head. I placed my hand on its long, slim neck and it responded with a chirping, quavering voice, swaying its head backward and forward, its soft trilling voice sounding as sweet and as musical as the notes from an Æolian harp. Its body was covered with soft downy white. The nurse took the bird's recognition as a good omen, and it was carried with the others to the perch outside.

The most careful attention could not save the two, but the one survived, and by the time the mistress was able to be out the birdling had changed from a soft downy thing to a full-fledged bird, with mottled black and gray shining feathers, and a fan-shaped, flute-edged tail. With its yellow webbed feet and duck-like legs, it would waddle to strangers as well as friends, its long snake-like neck extended and often with wings outstretched to aid the progress. Hunger seemed to be a chronic state with the bird, and while the long throat (which, by the way, could be distended to take a good-sized fish) might be full of unswallowed food, Sissy would show the same eagerness for the next bit, pleading, coaxing, waddling around, swaying her head and picking at the dress skirt with her long, needle-like bill, with its saw edges, in such a positive manner that the cloth would have to be cut to extricate the beak. She could catch food thrown to her with a degree of preciseness equal to a professional ball catcher; and having caught it, would toss it up in the air a foot or two and catch it as it descended in the position she wished to swallow. In catching fish or minnows she did the same, first darting for the prey in the pool, piercing the fish, then tossing in the air and swallowing head first. The bird would follow us all about the lawn her little duck legs being assisted by the outspreading wings.

She loved the water, bathing frequently, diving under until no sign of her could be seen, when suddenly at the other side the long, slim neck would appear, to go out of sight as soon, and appear at some other place. Then out of the water she would come, looking like, a bedraggled chicken. She would then arrange her plumage and would think she was "dressed" for the day, but into the water she would go again; then when plumed to her native taste she would seek the perch and with her head under her wing, sleep the sleep of the tired surf bather. Whatever the water turkey may be in its native haunts, domesticated, it is pugnacious and jealous, being ready to attack the dog, cat or the large whooping cranes.

The water turkey ranges throughout Florida and builds its nest on some limb overhanging the water. The eggs are usually three in number and white with a bluish tinge. As they sit on the bushes along a water course and are alarmed on the approach of any object, they dart under the water, where they can remain a considerable length of time. Looking away beyond, one may see a snake-like object floating lazily on the surface of the water.

Little Sissy succumbed to the great law of nature—her gourmand appetite leading to an overfeed of beef, which caused a sickness that lasted a week. During this time she hid herself under the house and refused to take any notice of any one. In her weakened state the cool weather affected her, and we awakened one morning to find our pet dead.

KISSIMMEE, Fla.

MINNIE MOORE-WILLSON.

The Belgian Hare Mania.

From the London Field, Nov. 3.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, in one of his maxims, enunciates the theory that there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends that is not altogether displeasing to us. This is certainly true in minor matters, and we enjoy a laugh at the follies of our acquaintances without any hesitation or contrition. We ourselves afford our American cousins abundant opportunities of laughing at our prejudices and practices, and accept with the same good humor the opportunities they offer for retaliation.

It is singular that a delusion which has been extinct on this side of the Atlantic for many years should have been resuscitated and taken firm root in the United States, where it is now flourishing, and has a paper specially devoted to its interests. This delusion is not altogether unprofitable to the English, for several Americans are over here at the present time, endeavoring to purchase at the most absurd prices what they are pleased to regard as a new and useful hybrid called the Belgian hare. Several letters on the subject have been received, and, suppressing the name of the writer, who dates from Lowell, Mass., U. S. A., I may quote the following:

"Can you kindly give any information where I can purchase in England for importation to this country any full-blooded English or Belgian hares? If you know of any estates where there are any for sale would you kindly notify the owners of the fact that I am open to purchase in large quantities if they will only correspond with me, naming breed and price, as I am forming a large company for furnishing the American provision market?"

In England it is well known that what are called Belgian hares are not hares, that they bear no relation whatever to the wild hare, *Lepus timidus*, but are simply large hare-colored varieties of the domestic or tame rabbit, *Lepus cuniculus*. The fraud—for really it may be justly so called—of representing these animals as hybrids between the hare and the rabbit originated in France some quarter of a century or more ago. The animals represented as hybrids, leporides or hare-habbits, were sold at very high prices, which no doubt they are commanding in America at the present moment, and I am ashamed to say that they were largely sold by the Acclimatization Society in Paris. They were believed in by many of our agriculturists. The late Mr. Pusey had a large stock, which I visited, and found a number of hares and rabbits in loose boxes. They were open to the control of the stable boys, so that the experiments were perfectly worthless from a scientific or accurate point of view. Mr. Pusey believed in the existence of the hybrid, and thought that he had obtained it *de novo*. But the experiments that were conducted strictly by such observers as the late Mr. Bartlett at the Zoological Gardens and others showed that no such hybrids could be obtained, and when we consider the fact that the rabbit is born perfectly naked, helpless and blind, in the bottom of a deep burrow, and that the hare is born in the open, covered with fur and able to run immediately, we shall at once see that a hybrid between two such differently constituted animals is very unlikely to occur. Moreover, the flesh of the hare, as is well known, is dark colored and highly flavored, while that of the rabbit is white and comparatively tasteless. All these facts tend to show the improbability of the existence of such an animal as a hare-rabbit, and all experiments prove the impossibility of obtaining it. The so-called Belgian hare is a large variety of the domesticated rabbit. It is well known now to all rabbit breeders, and is not regarded by them as having any connection whatever with the hare. Males of this breed have been in many cases turned out into our rabbit warrens with the intent to increase the size of the wild rabbit, and to introduce fresh blood into the warrens.

I am not singular in my view of this animal, as may be seen by the following extract from the last edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica:

The Belgian hare is a large variety of a hardy and prolific character, which closely resembles the common hare in color, and is not unlike it in form. Some few years since many of these animals were sold as leporides or hybrids, produced by the union of the hare and the rabbit; but the most careful experimenters have failed to obtain any such hybrid, and the naked, immature condition in which young rabbits are born, as compared with the clothed and highly developed young hares, renders it exceedingly unlikely that hybrids could be produced. Nor does the flesh of the Belgian rabbit resemble that of the hare in color or flavor. A closely allied variety, though of even larger size, is known by the absurd name of Patagonian rabbit; it has no relation to the country after which it is called.

This was published in 1886. We may suppose that this craze for the Belgian hare in America is really only a form of the ridiculous mania respecting fancy animals which sometimes takes possession of people. If any one advertises an animal as a new breed it immediately becomes in great demand by fanciers. Let us take, for example, the case of poultry, in which new varieties are eulogized, and are bought by fanciers without any regard to price. The variety remains in favor a few years and then drops from its place of pride. There are fanciers who recollect the absurd eulogism of the Cochin now no longer in esteem. Spanish fowls were at one time to be seen on every gentleman's estate. They, too are gone. Useful fowls still hold their own, and the old English Dorking is still esteemed by those who know the value of a good table fowl. At the present time the latest folly in fowls is the introduction as a pure breed of the Faverolle, a French farmyard mongrel fowl, about the qualifications of which the English fanciers are squabbling.

The Belgian hare in England is now universally recognized as a mere variety of the ordinary species, and it is difficult to avoid smiling at the demands of American correspondents for "full blooded" English or Belgian hares. Doubtless there will be a good deal of money made by the importation of large hare-colored rabbits into America, but the advantage will be with the vendors and dealers, and not with the purchasers.

W. B. TEGETMEIER.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

A REGULAR meeting of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 27, at 8 o'clock. A lecture will be given by Mr. William Dutcher: "With the Sea Birds on the Maine Coast," illustrated with lantern slides.

WALTER W. GRANGER, Secretary.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—X.

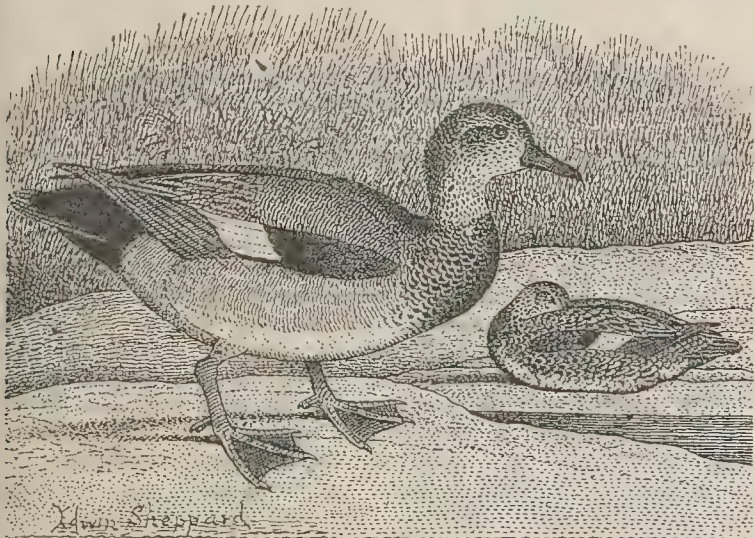
BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[Continued from page 367.]

Gadwall.

Anas strepera (Linn.).

THE general colors of the gadwall duck are gray, most of the feathers being nearly white, crossed by narrow bars of black or blackish-brown. In the adult male the head and neck are pale brownish-white, thickly speckled with black or blackish-brown. The top of the head and back of neck are often rusty brown and the throat is yellowish, sometimes dotted with brown. The breast and back are buff, or nearly white, marked with dark slate brown or even black bars. The back, scapular feathers and sides, white, with cross bars of black; the lower part of the back still darker, changing to absolute black on the upper tail coverts. The long scapular or shoulder feathers are fringed with reddish-brown; the greater coverts at the bend of the wing bright chestnut. Speculum white, edged beneath with velvety black, and with broad patch of the same in front, between the white and the chestnut. Belly and under tail coverts black; tail gray, fading to white at the edges; the rest of the under parts white. The bill is bluish-black and the legs and feet yellow, with dusky webs. The adult female is much like the male, except that she is duller throughout and she generally lacks the black of the full-plumaged male. Usually there is no chestnut on the wing, but the speculum is white and the bird may be known from any other fresh-water ducks by this character. The young are still more dull in color. Often the speculum is indistinct, but there is usually enough of it, with the bill, to identify the species. Mr. Gurdon



GADWALL.

Trumbull was the first to call attention to the presence in highly plumaged males of a well-defined black ring, extending almost around the neck, between the lighter feathers of the head and neck and the darker ones of the breast.

The gadwall duck is distributed over almost the whole northern hemisphere, being found alike in Europe, Asia, Africa and North America. At the same time it is not an abundant bird anywhere, apparently never occurring in large flocks nor even in frequent small ones.

In North America, however, its distribution is general, but is chiefly westward. Still it has been found breeding on the island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It occurs in New England and Long Island, and to the south of this, generally along the Atlantic coast. A female was captured in Bermuda in 1849.

The gadwall is not uncommon in Illinois, Minnesota and generally through the Mississippi Valley, and formerly bred to some extent over the whole country. It is said to be common in California in winter and has been taken on the Pacific coast of Mexico, as well as in British Columbia. Its chief breeding grounds, however, appear to be north of the United States, although no doubt to some extent it passes the summer in the high mountains of the main range from Colorado northward.

Although the male gadwall is a very handsome bird, particularly striking in his combination of quiet yet effective colors, there is something about the species which reminds one strongly of the widgeon. Often in a large flock of widgeons there may be a small number of gadwalls, and often the gunner will see from his blind a small flock of birds approaching him, which at first he imagines to be widgeons; but which, when they have come closer, prove gadwalls.

It is difficult to understand why the gadwall is so scarce a bird. It is true that in his ornithological report of the Survey of the Fortieth Parallel Mr. Ridgway tells us that he found it by far the most numerous duck during the breeding season in western Nevada, where, in the valley of the Truckee River from the base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains to Pyramid Lake, it outnumbered all other species together. Yet there appears to be no region known where it occurs in great flocks, like those better known species with which it commonly associates, as

the widgeon and the pintail, and gadwalls are very seldom killed by comparison with other species. So far as we know this bird ought to be on the increase. It seems to differ from most ducks in not being gregarious and in preferring to keep in pairs or very small companies, perhaps made up of the members of a single family. It pays little attention to decoys, and, in my experience, seldom comes to them, although occasionally shot when flying by.

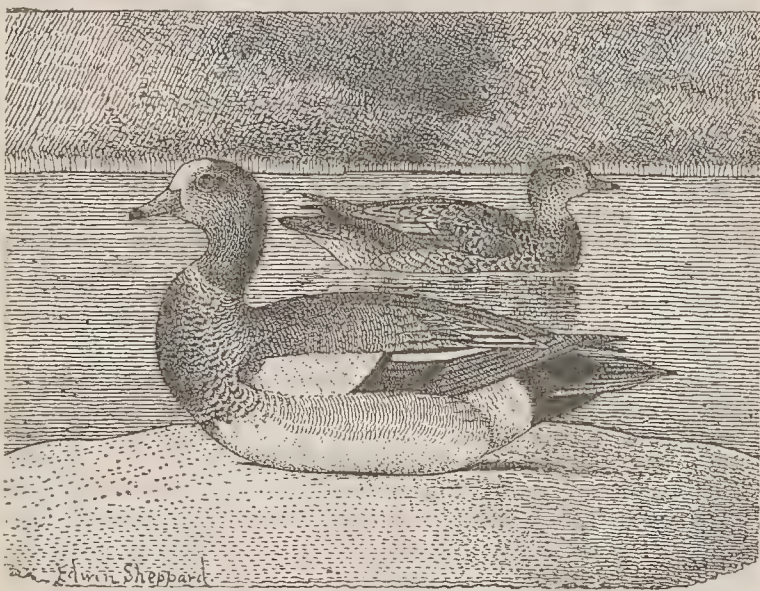
The gadwall has a number of common names, of which two of the most familiar are gray duck, applied also to two other species, and creek duck, which is used along the Atlantic coast. Besides this, it is known as speckle-belly, from the dark markings often seen on the under plumage; blaten duck, which is nearly a translation of its Latin name; Welsh drake and German duck, given by Giraud and probably now obsolete. Its similarity to the widgeon is indicated by its names, widgeon and gray widgeon, used along the southern Atlantic coast, and in England it is sometimes called sand widgeon.

The nest of the gadwall is built on the ground and is a mere depression, lined with dried grass or leaves, and sometimes with down. It is usually near the water's edge and well concealed. The eggs are of a pale creamy yellow.

'European' Widgeon.

Anas penelope (Linn.).

This species, so familiar in the Old World, is a not uncommon straggler in North America. It has been killed in so many different places that it is important that it should be described here. In the adult male in autumn and winter the head and sides of neck are bright rufous, almost the color of the head of the male red-head, but without the metallic gloss, or still more like the head of



EUROPEAN WIDGEON.

the male green-winged teal. The forehead and crown of head are white, often shaded with rufous, so as to be cream color or even pinkish. The chin is white; throat and part of the front of the neck black. Often there is a cluster of small blackish or greenish feathers behind the eye and on the back of the head, and sometimes the sides of the head are minutely streaked with dusky. The breast is purplish gray; the sides, flanks and back waved with cross bars of black and white, the effect being somewhat like that of the same parts in the male green-winged teal. The tertiaries, or long feathers growing from the third bone of the wing, are gray on their inner webs and velvety-black edged with white on the outer. The wing coverts are white and the speculum or wing patch brilliant metallic green, sometimes changing to black at the extremity. The upper and lower tail coverts are black, the other under parts white, the wings and tail brown, the tail often edged with white. The bill is bluish, its nail black, and the legs and feet gray. The length is about 18 inches, wing between 10 and 11 inches.

In the female the head and neck are yellowish-red, dotted with black or greenish spots, and sometimes the top of the head is altogether black. The general color of the upper parts is brown, the feathers being edged and barred with whitish. The wing coverts, instead of being white, are merely tipped with white, while the speculum is dull black or in the young sometimes even grayish. The under parts are white, as in the male.

The female of the European widgeon is not always to be easily distinguished from certain plumages of the American bird, but its bill and general aspect will always identify it as a widgeon, and a specimen about which there is any doubt should always be preserved for submission to an ornithologist.

This species belongs to the Old World, yet has been found over much of the New. It occurs regularly in Alaska and breeds there, and, no doubt, it is from this fact that it has been killed in California, Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and Florida. I have killed it in North Carolina, but it occurs there so seldom that it is not at all known to gunners, and my boatman when he picked up this bird took it at first for a red-head and afterward for a hybrid.

Its habits, as observed in the Old World, do not greatly differ from those of the American widgeon, and it is said to be as numerous in certain parts of Europe as our bird is here.

During the molting season the male loses his bright colors, which, however, are regained in the early fall.

New York Special Protectors.

At the meeting of the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission, Nov. 8, the following special fish and game protectors were appointed: Dr. W. B. Savage, East Islip, L. I.; Sol Saxton, Jr., Babylon; Simeon Johnson, William Smith, Tottenville; Charles Wagner, Prince's Bay; C. V. Tobin, Huguenot; James Gilpin, Green Ridge; G. K. Gill, Great Kills; J. W. Zimmerman, West New Brighton; Winnie Nehomec, Bohemia; W. S. Mead, Woodstock; G. O. Shields, New York city; Dr. B. W. Severance, Gouverneur; J. M. Scoville, Clinton; William Koch, Jr., Whitehall; Seymour Pincer, Branchport.

Maine Game Conditions.

BOSTON, Nov. 10.—A bitter complaint comes from the Magalloway section of Maine concerning the scarcity of deer this year. Formerly, and particularly in 1899, it was considered one of the best deer sections in the State. Now one of the oldest guides in that part of the country, who has hunted and trapped there for nearly forty years, tells some Boston hunters who have just returned that not for several seasons has he found deer so scarce as this fall. He blames the September license law for this scarcity. He says that the woods were full of hunters in September. Very few who went into the woods in September armed with a license limited themselves to the one deer specified. They killed as many deer as they wished, keeping the head and hide of one only in sight at a time to show a warden in case he should appear. Such licenses have been made to cover all that a party chose to slaughter. Another hunter says: "I did not note the number of dead deer we came across on a trip down the Magalloway from Farmachenee. There were a great many of them. Some of them had not been cut at all if they happened to be poor and thin. If they were plump and fat, the saddles had generally been cut away. Most of the dead deer were does, this making a bad matter worse." On another trip up the river a guide told a Lewiston hunter: "You will find dead deer enough up the river. Every turn in that very crooked stream stinks with them." It must be remembered that all this shooting was done before October began. Jacking is also practiced on the Magalloway, although strictly against the law. The report of shotguns has been heard many a night in that section all through the late summer and early autumn. Boats and canoes are to be found at every hand with arrangements for supporting the jack lights. The same can be found at Mettalluc Ponds, and at some of the ponds in the Richardson Lake region. Dead deer have also gone to decay on the shores of that lake and inlets in many cases, generally before the beginning of October. The hunting of deer with dogs has also been indulged in on the lower Magalloway. Nothing has been heard of the operations of any warden in that section the past season.

C. B. Seagraves, of the Cambridge Chronicle, and C. H. Fosgate, of the same city, are out of the Maine woods, having had good success. They went to the upper Dead River region, and sixteen miles from any settlement. Mr. Seagraves secured a moose with a fine head and antlers, and they each got their quota of deer. They found the deer fairly plenty, and not over hard to get. The moose was shot near night, and the guide advised letting him lie without dressing till morning. This proved to be a bad mistake, since the weather was warm, and the animal should have been drawn at once. In the morning it was a bad job to disembowel him, and the meat was in so bad a state that they hesitated about bringing it out at all, but finally decided to do so. They now have him in cold storage, but do not expect much from the meat. Always insist on your big game being dressed as soon as possible after shooting. If your guide is faithful and knows his business, you will not have to insist.

Nov. 12.—The pains countrymen will take to ship game out of Maine illegally is worthy of a better cause, besides it rarely pays, even if the game gets to Boston. If the fraudulent shippers could see in what contempt they are held by the very receivers who get the game, they would forever desist. These receivers know that the shippers are under the ban of the law, and dare not complain of any sort of treatment they may get, hence the sharp receiver returns to the shipper about what he pleases. But the illegal shippers are at it again this year. The other day a warden seized, at Eastport Junction, what purported to be a bundle of bear meat. The feet and legs of a bear protruded from the cloths, but inside were the meat of a couple of deer and some partridges. The old scheme of shipping partridges in a big jug or demijohn has been revived again this year. It was exposed last year in the FOREST AND STREAM. The wardens at Harrington found the other day the tops of some whisky jugs sticking up out of a crate. Investigation showed that only the tops were there, or top parts, and under each were partridges, the straw and crating leaving nothing in sight except the tops of the jugs. Let all the shippers remember that by law of this State partridges are illegal and cannot be sold in Boston.

Still the record of deer passing through Bangor shows a falling off. The total to the end of last week was 1,564 deer and 88 moose, a falling off of over 300 deer and 8 moose from a year ago. From some regions the returns are better. The region above Kingsfield is still sending out a good many deer, probably more than a year ago, though no record was kept then. From the Strong Station, on the Sandy River Railroad, 38 deer were shipped in October, against 43 for the same month last year. A gentleman who has been watching the game returns at Lewiston and Auburn writes me that the falling off in big game taken by the hunters from that section is a bad one, and that unless something better is done for protection than is now being done, both the game and fish of Maine are doomed to early extinction. Mr. George L. Smith, of Gardiner, who has charge of the wild lands of an extensive owner, informs a Maine paper that he finds a marked falling off in the number of deer on the lands covered by him. In July he went over the thirty-mile trail from Jackman to Blakesley Lake and saw thirty-one deer. In August he was over the same route, and saw only three; in September, one; in October, two. He does not believe that deep snows, bobcats or any other cause but the scarcity of food is causing the diminution. His idea is that the deer, finding feed scarce, are working into other regions.

Shore bird shooting continues good along the shores of Cape Cod, but the past week has been too stormy and rough for the hunters. Sheldrake shooting is good from Morris Island to Monomoy. The shooting boxes of the new Brant Island Club are yielding some good strings of ducks. It is understood that a great many black ducks have been taken by local gunners the recent moonlight nights. For this sort of shooting it is necessary that the hunter shall know beforehand where the ducks are likely to come into the creeks and inlets to feed. The Plum Island gunners are having fair luck, but the birds are reported shy and bedding far off shore.

SPECIAL.

Talks to Boys.—I.

Boys, I want to have some talks with you about things that most boys like to hear about, and a good many old men, too. The editor of *FOREST AND STREAM* has said that he would give me space in his paper to talk to you, and I shall tell you some things that will interest a good many of you, and that I hope will do you good.

I like boys, and some of the best times I have ever had out of doors have been with boys. To me they are often much more interesting than older men. I like to be with them, to hear what they have to say, and to answer as far as I can all the many questions that they ask. All boys are not alike any more than are all men. There are boys that are intelligent and others that are not very bright, but all boys are alike in some respects—they are usually natural, truthful, interested in finding out about things and full of energy. This last is one of the things that I like best about them. They are full of animal spirits, and when they try to do anything, they try to do it with all their might. I like to see boys race and play hard, and make a lot of noise, and the boys that try hardest to do things and always keep trying, become the men who are successful in after life. I like to see boys who are earnest, honest, and who love fair play. I like to see a boy who is willing to fight if he sees a girl or a smaller boy being imposed on, but a boy who is a sneak and who lies to get himself out of trouble is a pretty poor stick, and not likely to be greatly respected or much thought of by any one—after he is found out.

I mean to talk to you about things that will make your bodies strong and hardy; things that are innocent amusements, and things that, if you can become interested in them, will give you always something to think about that will be pleasant; will give you a broader interest in life, and will keep you from getting into mischief of one sort and another, as you are growing up, and when you become men. These things are the sports of the field—recreations which take us out of doors and bring us close to nature and to all the beautiful things that nature has spread about over the earth on which we live. I mean shooting, fishing and the kindred sports that all boys naturally love.

Some people speak of boys as young savages and use the words with rather a bad meaning, implying that boys have no regard for the rights of others. In a sense this is true. Boys are likely to be thoughtless, which means selfish, and to think of their own pleasure before they think of the comfort of other people. Boys are young savages in my estimation, too, but when I call them savages I mean that they are young people who are natural. They have enough of the savage about them to like to hunt and fish, and to camp out, as the savage did, and still does. They like to be able now and then to lie about in the dirt, feeling independent and for the time being accountable to no one except themselves.

I have shot and hunted and fished and camped for many years, over a good part of North America, and I have had a great many good times that I am sure you too would have enjoyed, if you could have been with me. I do not mean to tell you about these good times, for that would take too long. What I shall try to do is to tell you how you may get as much pleasure as possible out of the shooting and fishing and camping trips that you may make, and may have as little trouble and annoyance as possible.

When I first started out into the wilds, I had no one to teach me but had to learn for myself by hard experience many of the things that I shall tell you about. This was a great many years ago, and I remember that on that first night in camp, one of the party was a man whose name to-day is familiar to most boys, and whom many boys have seen. That was Buffalo Bill. Then he was not a showman or circus rider, but a simple plainsman and scout, and a very good fellow. His long hair, which to-day is gray, was yellow then, and his tall, handsome figure clad in buckskin greatly impressed my imagination.

It is worth while for you to learn these lessons about shooting and fishing and camping, for your own comfort, but this is not all; the comfort of other people is to be considered, and you will be more pleasant companions and more helpful to those with whom you may be associated on your trips, if you know how to take care of yourselves, and how to do your share of the work. You will enjoy learning how to shoot and shooting, learning how to fish and catching fish, learning how to camp and living in camp. I shall try also to tell you something about how to treat your dog because almost every boy has a dog and ought to know how his dog should be treated. The affection which the dog feels for his master, and his faithfulness to that master, have passed into a proverb, and it is well worth while that every boy should learn how to treat his dog. I shall not tell you much about handling a dog for the field and by this I mean using him in shooting birds—there are plenty of books in which you can read about that—but I shall tell you something about his capacity for learning, and the comfort that a well-trained dog can bring to his master, and this I hope you will lay to heart.

I shall not have anything to say about hunting big game with a rifle, because most boys do not have an opportunity to do much of this. But it is worth while for every boy to have a small rifle and to learn how to use it.

The boys to whom I wish to talk are young fellows in their teens. In a few years they will be the men who are doing the world's work for America and I should like them to start in the right way both as to their pleasures and their toils, so that life hereafter may be easier for them, and the work that they do, whatever its nature, may be better done and so more effective. We all know that it is impossible for a man to hand over to a boy the experience that the man has gained through many years of hard knocks, but he may say some things to them that will help them along.

I cannot teach you to be good shots; that you will have to teach yourselves—to hammer it out by long practice and hard work. Some boys are physically and mentally better qualified to learn to shoot than others, but all, if they will take pains not get discouraged, and try hard, can easily learn to become fair shots, and to do creditable work in the field or at the targets.

The main thing that is required is practice, but prac-

tice must be intelligent. A boy or a man can stand up through half his life, toss his gun to his shoulder and press the trigger, and perhaps never in all that time hit anything except by accident, but if his gun fits him, and if he is willing to take the trouble to try to find out where his charges go, it will not be long before he is in a position when he misses his aim to know why he did so.

You will find that a great many men who are good shots cannot tell how it is that they hit their birds; perhaps cannot even tell you how it is that they aim at them. But when they have missed a shot, they can almost always explain to you why they missed it and where the shot went; that is to say, whether they miscalculated the flight of the bird and shot before or behind it, or above or below. Yet they have shot so much, and shooting has become to them so nearly automatic, that they do not know what the operations are that they perform, nor how they perform them.

I think I was thirteen years old when my first gun was given to me, and whatever I learned about shooting with it I taught myself. I had a good many accidents with this gun but fortunately I never killed anybody with it, though perhaps I frightened a good many people. My shooting was done in a region where there were many inhabitants, and where there was no game at all except now and then a duck on the river, or sometimes in the autumn a few wild pigeons, so that most of my shooting was at robins and highholes, which, in those days, my companions and I were glad to get.

But the first gun I used was not my own. It was an old musket borrowed from the crippled village tailor, so long and so heavy that I could not hold it to my shoulder, and so could not use it without a rest. I used to go shooting with another little fellow, a year or two older than I, and we took alternate shots from this great gun, one standing in front of the other and offering his shoulder as a rest when a fence rail a stone wall or the branch of a tree was not at hand for such use. Our expeditions were always secret, and I fancy that we never killed anything. If we did, we never dared to take it home.

In the later days after I came to possess a gun, my companion and I used to establish ourselves near a dogwood or wild cherry tree, and there shamefully to pot the kingbirds, robins and highholes which flew into the tree to feed on the fruit. A morning spent at such a stand often yielded us half a dozen robins, and perhaps two or three of the woodpeckers, which we proudly carried home and subsequently had cooked.

The first game bird that I ever saw was a woodcock that I had started one morning out in the garden. I saw it on the ground and from pictures that I had seen, knew what the bird was and, hurrying to the house, got my gun to kill it. When I returned I did not see the bird, and while walking along looking for it, it got up under my feet and flew away, and I fired both barrels at it. The next morning the same thing happened, and I think for a week I had woodcock shooting in the garden each morning before breakfast, and finally the woodcock left the place unharmed. He was only the first of many of his kind that afterward had a similar experience with my gun.

W. G. DE GROOT.

Game Keepers and Poachers.

English Correspondence of the Country Gentleman.

THE wealthy noblemen of England expend vast sums of money upon their game preserves, which are the finest in the world, often embracing thousands of acres of moorland and meadow, well-cultivated farms and beautiful forests of evergreen trees and shrubs, which afford the game birds protection from rain and shelter from storms. If trees are cut down, young ones are planted in their places, and every precaution is taken to preserve the natural beauty of woodland and field. Stringent laws were enacted ages ago for the protection of game and the punishment of poachers, and these are everywhere rigorously enforced.

But notwithstanding the severe penalties imposed upon the trespasser, when taken on the preserves, there appears to be a certain fascination about this unlawful sport that many men, otherwise honest, are quite unable to resist. There is a natural love of adventure in the human heart, and if there is danger to be encountered and courage required to meet and overcome it, it is relished by many all the more. Perhaps it is only the same reckless love of adventure that nerves the soldier on a battlefield to do a deed of daring, that also prompts the poacher to snatch a hare from under the muzzle of the keeper's gun. I know an estimable lady, living in the county of Somerset, who once set a wire and caught a hare on the preserves of a neighboring nobleman, and was well pleased over the adventure, though she had game in plenty all her own.

The keepers are vigilant, skillful and incorruptible. They usually wear a suit of brown velvet, carry a fine gun, and some of them are always on duty, no matter how stormy or cold the night. Where the preserve is a large one there are several underkeepers, and each one has his separate beat, like the policeman on the city streets. These men are thoroughly familiar with the haunts and habits of every animal on the preserves. They are made aware of the presence of trespassers on the grounds at night by the flight and cries of startled birds, the sudden alarm of slumbering flocks, or the barking of their dogs. They have studied the habits of all wild creatures found anywhere upon the lands they guard, and as they are generally the sons of gamekeepers, there has been handed down to them, as heirlooms from their fathers, all the forest lore and experience of the former guardians of the preserves. They remove the earth carefully from ant hills, and the entire nest is then taken away and given to the pheasants, which are extremely fond of both eggs and larvæ. If a keeper should find a hare or rabbit caught in a gin or wire, he does not take it from the trap, but concealing himself carefully, awaits the coming of the poacher. If the latter offers resistance to arrest, a fight always ensues, sometimes resulting fatally to one or both combatants.

The animals against which the gamekeeper wages ceaseless war are the crows and magpies, which eat the

pheasants' eggs, and weasels, stoats and polecats, which destroy the young of rabbits, hares and game birds. Owls are also fond of all the young things under the keeper's care, and he sets steel traps on the tops of poles, where these birds of wisdom are almost sure to alight; and as the trap is of circular form and covers all the top of the pole, it is unnoticed by the owl, and many are thus taken. Cats are also inveterate poachers, and are killed by the keepers when seen prowling over the preserves. All these animals go to make up the gamekeeper's museum, and are nailed up on barn doors as proof of his watchfulness and skill. Foxes also destroy much game, but they are far too valuable to be in any way injured, and their depredations must be endured, and they are always carefully protected by the gamekeeper. If chickens or other poultry are destroyed by foxes, their owners are always paid their full value by the hunt.

Bands of gypsies wander continually up and down the green, secluded lanes of England, and when near a game preserve many a pheasant, hare and rabbit is roasted over their camp fires and eaten under some spreading tree, or beside the whitethorn hedge where the nightingale sings and the primrose blooms. They know the haunts and habits of every animal on the preserve quite as well as the most experienced and observing keeper, and are dishonest, bold and cunning. They know the secret of covering hedge hogs over with moistened clay, and then baking them as in an oven, thus avoiding all danger from their quills. They are skilled in the setting of snares and the making of traps, and they can imitate the call of any bird, or the cry of any animal, and are the most inveterate and successful poachers in the kingdom. When out for game they are generally followed by a lurcher—a crossbred dog, resembling a mongrel grayhound, having pricked ears, a shaggy coat and usually of a yellowish-white color. He is fleet, keen of scent and hunts always in silence. These dogs are most carefully trained—will immediately hide themselves on the approach of a stranger, and are excellent retrievers and carry every hare or rabbit they may take to their master's feet. Rabbits are caught by poachers by stretching nets in front of their burrows, and the lurcher is then sent out to drive them into the warren. Many are sure to get entangled in the meshes of the net, when they are easily captured. Hares are often taken in the same way, only the nets, then set in front of gates and gaps in hedge rows, entangle them as they attempt to run from one field into another. As a full grown hare will weigh from 10 to 14 pounds, and its meat is of excellent flavor, it is more sought after by the poacher than any other animal on the preserves.

Law breakers, when trespassing on the lands of others, keep out sentinels or scouts to watch the keepers and give notice of their approach. The danger signal—always agreed upon among themselves before the raid is undertaken—may be the closely imitated cry of some night bird, the barking of a fox or the beating of a lamb. When discovered by the keepers, and unable to escape by flight, they endeavor to conceal themselves behind hedges, at the bottom of ditches, or among the foliage of evergreen trees. Gypsy poachers often carry with them well-trained game cocks, trimmed ready for battle and armed with long steel gaffs securely fastened on over their spurs, and if a pheasant should chance to crow within the hearing of these midnight prowlers, he is immediately answered by the cock. Now the male pheasant is one of the most pugnacious of birds, and will never decline the wager of battle, but fighting at such a disadvantage, he is almost invariably killed by the game cock, to be afterwards served up at a gypsy feast.

The rabbit warren is generally located under a large sand bank, which is completely tunneled in every direction by these little rodents—thousands sometimes inhabiting the largest of these subterranean cities. They devastate the grain fields of the farmers living near their warren, to which they retreat on being alarmed. The owners of preserves furnish the farmers with wire netting, with which they inclose their fields, but the rabbits will often burrow beneath it and do much damage to the crops. Fair minded landlords, however, are always willing to compensate the farmer for the loss sustained, as they also are for poultry destroyed by their foxes, or damage done by the hunters during the chase. As rabbits cannot articulate sounds, and spend most of their lives in communities under ground, their method of giving alarm is peculiar; for when any danger threatens they thump the ground with one of the hinder feet, and thus produce a sound that can be heard at a considerable distance.

Stags and fallow deer are generally kept in parks and the royal forests, and are not often found in the game preserves, though sometimes, of course, they are under the keeper's charge, together with the other animals not mentioned here.

Many stories of fierce encounters between gamekeepers and poachers are told of winter nights around the firesides of the humble homes of England; and the following was related to me by an old keeper, over a mug of ale at a wayside inn in the county of Somerset: Some years ago, a gamekeeper in the vales of Devon had a handsome daughter, loving all outdoor life, and courting the kiss of sunbeams and the fall of dewdrops on her wealth of golden hair. She frequently accompanied her father, both by night and day, on his rounds over the preserves, on which occasions she carried a light gun, long practice in the use of which had made her a splendid shot. Her accepted lover was a reckless lad of the farmer class, a keen sportsman, but never even suspected of poaching. One night in autumn, when the full moon shone brightly at intervals, only to be hidden a moment later by dark clouds sailing across the sky, she was left alone in the forest, her father having gone to a distant part of the wood to watch for poachers. Her attention was soon arrested by a slight rustling among the laurel leaves by the brookside, and the startled cries and sudden flight of birds; and a moment later a tall man, holding a golden pheasant in his hand, stepped out from among the dense foliage into the open space before her. A great black cloud came drifting over the moon and hid her beams, but the girl knew that a poacher stood before her in the darkness. When ordered to surrender, he turned and fled, laughing as he ran, for he had recognized the keeper's daughter by the

glint of moonlight that had fallen on her face, while his own remained in shadow. She, thinking only of her duty, and never supposing that the fleeing fugitive could be any one dear to her, fired her gun in the direction he had gone, and immediately heard a smothered cry of pain and the fall of a heavy body among the ferns. Hastening to the spot, she found her lover lying pale and still, with the moonbeams now shining full upon his face, and blood flowing from a wound in his shoulder. Reviving him with water brought from the brook, she hurried him away by unfrequented paths, heedless of the shouts of her father, who was running to her assistance. The shot were all removed and the wound healed quickly, and there is not now a happier home than theirs among all the sheep farms of New Zealand.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Bobo and Some Bear Stories.

Nov. 3.—Our bear hunting friend, Bobo, is up and around, and his doctor tells him he may go home. Bobo will harvest about 1,000 bales of cotton this winter, and likewise several dozen bear, if his eye continues to improve as it is at present. Pursuing my investigations in bear lore at the fountain head, as it were, I asked Bobo how a black bear was in the habit of killing a hog.

"He don't kill him at all," said Bobo; "he just eats him." This seeming not quite plain, he went on. "When a bear tackles a good fat hog," said he, "he just lies right down on the hog's back. He may carry a hog away in his arms, but when he wants to go to work on him, he just lies down on him. A panther or a wolf will kill a hog, but a bear never troubles about that. He just begins to eat him, always beginning at the back of the neck. He will eat on along the back, and many a time I have known a hog to come home mutilated in this way. When a bear has eaten enough of a hog, he turns him loose. Maybe he thinks he will come back and get another meal later on: I have often seen hogs come home with a big chunk eaten out of the back or shoulder. A neighbor of mine had a fine sow which came home one time with pretty near her whole back eaten off. From that time to this all the little pigs of this sow are born with a sag or a hole along the back bone."

Bobo reiterated his often expressed contempt for the black bear as a fighting animal. He said that he had been bitten a couple of times by bears, but never seriously. He did know one case where a man was knocked down by a bear and pretty badly chewed up. The old bear hunter told me something which shed a little light on his own methods on a bear chase. I have often spoken of the fact that in three-fourths of the hunts he will be the one to get in and kill the bear, and that he will not wait for his best friend to shoot the bear if he gets the chance first.

"I had eight of my best dogs killed by a wounded bear once," said he, "and I never like to take any chances, for my dogs will pile in on a bear as quick as they hear a shot, thinking he is killed. This man just grazed the bear's head. The dogs piled in and he killed eight of them before I could get up."

"Now, in your mountain kind of bear hunting, you always read about shooting a bear through the shoulder or spine so as to stop him and break him down. Most of my shooting is at a range of 10 or 15 yards. Unless I can put the gun almost at the head of a bear and be sure of killing him stone dead, I never try to make a head shot. I also try never to make a shoulder shot. In running bear with dogs, you do not want to cripple a bear or stop him when you shoot him. Always shoot him well back through the hollow of the body—pretty low down is best—and then let him run. He will run till he drops dead, and will not kill any dogs. If you break a leg on him, or get him down before the fight is out of him, he is sure to ruin the pack for you."

The above advice is *ex cathedra*, for I presume Bobo's equal in bear hunting does not live to-day, if, indeed, he ever lived. His invariable good luck shows a well-perfected system. He told me that in one season he killed 152 bears out of 153 which were run by his dogs. This is not a bear story, but plain truth, and if there is any American hunter who can equal it his name is not forthcoming.

It would seem hard fortune indeed that would rob this veteran of further enjoyment of his favorite sport. I caught him sitting up on the bed yesterday, trying to see if he could shoot from his left shoulder and use his right eye. I told him a good many men are able to do this by means of cast-off gun stocks. This seemed to relieve his mind. But we all hope that Bobo's good left eye has not yet lost its cunning, and that it will continue to look through the rifle sights for many a year yet to come.

For the St. Francis.

Mr. W. O. King, of this city, used to shoot, and then got chained to business. This week he reformed, and bought a trunk full of sporting outfit. He had one tray of guns that cost him \$600, and everything else heart could desire. Yesterday he started for the St. Francis country of Arkansas, and there is every reason to suppose that his reform is going to prove permanent this time. Charlie Antoine expects to send him a few thousand shells later.

Any one wishing to shoot quail in Indiana will find plenty of birds near Warsaw, on the Nickel Plate, and almost anywhere from North Judson to Huntington, on the Erie. Servia, on the Erie in Indiana is a good point to keep in mind, and perhaps our friend Max Middleton would take out parties there. One could pick up a few quail along the fields and ridges near Shelby, on the Monon, or better yet, either east or west along the Three I's R. R. from Shelby. There may be certain local abundance or scarcity, but it is thought that the supply at the above mentioned points is going to be surely satisfactory. The experts say that it is best to get about 150 miles south of here for the cream of the quail shooting, but 60, 70 or 80 miles will take one into good shooting.

The latest word from the Michigan covers seems to be that quail are not so abundant in proportion as ruffed grouse.

Jacksnipe.

We have not had much of a jacksnipe season thus far, the unusual weather having upset all calculations in regard to that bird as well as the ducks. This week there is a good lot of jacksnipe in on the Fox River marshes in the neighborhood of Puckaway Lake. Three days ago the weather there was cold and rainy, with promise of storm.

Stolen Guns.

On Wednesday of this week the cottage of Mr. Wilde and his friend Mr. Marks, on the grounds of the Calumet Heights Club, in Indiana, was broken open and entered by a youth named Harold Walters, the son of a former keeper of the club. There were four or five guns taken from the house, together with clothing, etc., the loss inflicted being considerable in extent. Fortunately, however, the detectives put upon the track of the alleged burglar were able to locate and capture the latter. The goods were traced also, and at this writing there is a very good possibility that the perpetrator of the theft will be sent over the road for a heavy sentence. It was erroneously reported by the daily press that the club house had been broken open and \$3,000 worth of material stolen. This was not the case. Walters sold one of the guns to Joseph Du Breuil for \$11 and another for \$2. He admits his guilt and will now have to take the rewards of this kind of conduct.

Landmark at Fox Lake Gone.

The old Howard House, of Fox Lake, Ill., run for nearly a generation by Ed Howard, as a sporting hostelry, and patronized extensively by Chicago shooters and anglers, was destroyed by fire on Thursday evening of this week. The estimated loss is about \$40,000 and both the old building and the new addition were burned, as well as two cottages. The annex, which was formerly occupied by the Fox Lake Yacht Club, went with the rest. As these buildings are situated far out in the country and with but meager precautions for preventing or extinguishing fire, it was impossible to save anything from the ruins. Ed Howard is one of the old-time sportsmen of this country, and many a tale he can tell of the good old days when canvasbacks were thicker there than black-birds are to-day. Fox Lake is a wild celery water, and was once as fine a sporting ground for ducks as any in the land. The fishing is good there even yet at times. Many Chicago habitués will sympathize with Mr. Howard in his loss.

Debeque Lion Hunt.

The second annual procession of the Western Slope Hunting Association left Debeque, Colo., on Nov. 1. It is the intention at this writing of those engaged in this procession to slay a vast quantity of elk, bear, mountain lions and other appurtenances. Last year was the first big circle hunt, and Governor Tanner of Illinois was one of the distinguished guests. This year Governor Tanner is not there. It is difficult to see much virtue in side hunts or circle hunts, but it is a redeeming feature of the latter enterprise that it customarily does little more than frighten the game. It is more or less difficult to round up a lot of grizzly bears, mountain lions, mountain sheep etc., in a box cañon, there to devour them at one's leisure. The animals have a perverse way of neglecting to be rounded up. If the hunt were as destructive as its projectors claim it will be, it might very well be stopped by the State authorities, along with the round-ups of the Utes and Snakes, against which the whites have always made much outcry.

Wolf Bounties.

At Deadwood, S. D., a wolfer, by name of W. G. Wilson, was this week arrested, charged with obtaining wolf bounties under false claims. It is alleged that Wilson and some friends have obtained \$2,000 bounty from Pennington county, S. D., after having obtained bounty money for the same lot of pelts at Glendive, Mont. Wilson and his companion, W. B. Werd, claimed that they were able to get wolves easily by means of a secret scent which they used. The secret would appear to be an open one at present.

The Minnesota Pine.

We have all heard that Secretary Hitchcock has withdrawn from the market all the Indian pine which might be sold under the dead and down timber act. It was understood, and was announced with a certain flourish, that this resolution on the part of Secretary Hitchcock was iron clad, and that he would not waver in it, at least until after there had been Congressional investigation of the alleged timber thefts in the Indian reservations of Minnesota. On Oct. 26 Indian Agent Capt. W. A. Mercer, of Leech Lake reservation, was called to Washington by Indian Commissioner Jones. Now comes the report that Capt. Mercer recommends the sale of more than 130,000,000 feet of timber on the Indian reservations, stating that the timber will be wasted if not sold, since it is more or less burned. Secretary Hitchcock has asked the Attorney-General for an opinion. The timber is on the White Earth reservation. The agent proposes to divide the timber into 40-acre tracts. If the larger portion of such a tract is burned over the green timber is to be sold along with the burned. We have heard many things about this Indian pine and the Minnesota park, and it would be ill-advised to express any opinion except one indorsing the loyalty of both Capt. Mercer and Secretary Hitchcock to the proposed Minnesota park. Yet to a man up a tall Minnesota pine tree, it would at first sight seem that the lumbermen could not ask anything much better than the action proposed by Capt. Mercer. These things overcome us like a summer dream.

Good Mosquito Crop.

The other morning I got a letter which bore the return card of Mr. H. B. Jewell, of Wabasha, Minn., and hence naturally expected something good. It was there. When I opened the envelope there fell out on the desk what I took at first to be an English sparrow, or a jacksnipe in a dried condition. Mr. Jewell says it is only the plain Minnesota mosquito of the common or garden variety. One would gather that there were more mosquitoes than ducks in his part of the world, for he goes on to say, "The duck shooting so far this fall has been a

disappointment in this section, and particularly for the reason that the conditions of food and water never have been more favorable, and we looked for a good flight, but it has not yet come. But then one cannot expect good duck shooting in July weather, which has prevailed most of the fall. Up to this date there has been but one frost that amounted to anything, and mosquitoes are thicker and more ferocious than at any time during the summer. No one here has ever seen anything in the mosquito line that equals the particular breed that we have now in hand for size, length of wing and staying qualities, for an ordinary wind does not affect them and they will alight on one's pipe when smoking, and no lotion or preparation phases them at all. I inclose a sample of this kind of mosquito, which has made out-door life a burden for the past month or so.

"More licenses to hunt over in Wisconsin have been taken out here than last season. Still, there are many who hunt without a license, and say the rest of us are fools for paying out money for one. Those of us who have a license are rather hoping that a game warden will put in an appearance some time this fall. I have never yet met one in Wisconsin."

Grand Quail Crop.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 10.—The quail crop is a grand one. The predictions are more than true. Not for many years have there been so many birds as there are this fall in Illinois, and the same is true in great part for Indiana. From the northwest corner of Illinois to its lower extremity there are all the birds any shooter could ask. Anywhere below a hundred miles from here the supply is wonderfully good. I would suggest as good points Arcola, Neoga, Mattoon, Carbondale, Ramsey and almost any town of those latitudes well down on the north and south railroad lines.

I heard from Mr. J. E. Windsor, of the C. & E. I. Railroad, that last week four guns came over from St. Louis and shot near Thebes, Ill., killing over 800 quail. Another bag of sixty was made near Neoga. Messrs. C. W. Stockdale and A. E. Rupel, of Grand Crossing, bagged sixty between them one day this week. Mr. Boker, superintendent of the Amboy division of the Illinois Central Railway, bagged seventy-five quail this week at Ramsey, Ill. Mr. O. von Lengerke, who is just back from a three days' hunt in the Neoga region, got twenty-one quail his first day, forty-eight the second, and eleven the last day, the dogs quitting at noon. There were two guns of the party.

The special hunting car of the Saginaw Crowd, of Michigan, went into commission this week, and will be out on the roads near Saginaw until Nov. 25, visited from time to time by members of the party as they are able to get time to come out.

During the next thirty days the shooters of this part of the West need not complain. This is a great game year, and there is plenty within reason for all.

Ducks.

With the ducks we are not so fortunate, and there is not much reason to expect anything but a short flight this fall. This morning there was falling the first snow of this season, a very great change from the mild weather which has prevailed almost up till now. Snow fell to a depth of 3 inches over upper Wisconsin early this week. In Michigan there was a good tracking snow yesterday. On Monday and Tuesday the ducks were going south in large bodies at Swan Lake Club, probably in advance of the cold wave which is now with us over all the Middle West. To-day at Fox Lake in upper Illinois, the red-heads and canvasbacks are coming in by thousands and there will be shooting there for a brief time. There has been a heavy body of birds hanging around in the middle section of Wisconsin for several days, though this storm probably sent them out. Koshkonong ought to be a good tip for the first days of the coming week. There is, however, but little reason to look for any very extended shooting, and the likelihood is that the remainder of the flight will hurry on down without any very extended stop.

For the St. Francis.

I missed an awfully good time this week and have not yet grown reconciled to that fact. Mr. J. E. Windsor, above mentioned in connection with quail reports, is now south on the St. Francis River of Arkansas, with a special car and a party of friends of the very best sort, among these Mr. T. A. Haggerty, of this city; Mr. Foote, of the Illinois Steel Company, and I think Mr. Thorne, of Montgomery Ward & Co. with others enough to make up a nice party. I was asked to join this party, and naturally the world is gloomy right at this time. They have just about hit the big flight that has gone down ahead of this storm, and they will be strictly in it. They purpose shooting on the St. Francis for a few days and then coming back up into Illinois to shoot quail for a couple of days. All in all, they should have a splendid time.

Arkansas Non-Export Law.

The new connections of the C. & E. I. Railroad take it directly into the best of the open shooting in the St. Francis district, and I take it that the general passenger department of that road will answer any inquiries as to the locations, etc. I notice the following information in a little booklet the above road has just put out:

"Neither will the laws of Arkansas interfere in any way with the sportsman carrying home all the fish and game he may secure. There is a law prohibiting the shipment of game outside the State which was intended to prohibit the indiscriminate killing of fish and game by market-hunters, but the Circuit Court of Craighead county, in a contested case tried last year, held that this does not apply to the sportsman who kills fish and game for his own use and pleasure. No license fee for fishing and hunting is collected from visiting sportsmen. The decision above referred to has also been sustained by the State's Attorney of Arkansas."

Only Two Left.

Missouri and Arkansas, if I am correct, are now the only two States which do not prohibit the shipment of game outside the State. The Chicago game markets are full of game, of course, and the dealers should hardly be

expected to be very candid as to their methods, but a peculiar question comes to mind in this connection. If Missouri and Nebraska should swing into line on the FOREST AND STREAM Plank, and also forbid the export of game, would not the mere possession of any game at all for sale be evidence that the law was violated? Illinois game not being marketable, if no other game could be lawfully shipped from any other State there would seem to be but few legs left for the dealer to stand upon. Speed the day.

Minnesota Law Not Observed.

There would seem to be a very pretty kettle of fish up at Heron Lake, Minn., if the following clipping from the St. Paul Pioneer Press be correct:

"A pot-hunters' monopoly, said to have been formed with the knowledge of the local game wardens at Heron Lake, Minn., since no steps have been taken to prevent illegal shipments, which are said to have been tremendously heavy during the past three weeks, is ruining the finest canvasback and redhead duck shooting that has ever been afforded in Minnesota. The combine against sportsmen has been so strong that the pot-hunters' patrols on the lake have succeeded, it is claimed, in driving every man off the lake who does not shoot for the Chicago markets.

"The shipments from Heron Lake to game commission firms in Chicago have aggregated from 500 to 1,500 birds a week for nearly a month past. Even this ruthless slaughter has made no apparent effect upon the supply. Late last week it was reported that the canvasbacks and redheads were coming by the thousands.

"Old hunters in St. Paul say that there has never been a time in Minnesota when better sport could be obtained than at Heron Lake. Only a few have made the trip, and these have been driven off the water by those that control the situation.

"Two lines of railroads enter Heron Lake and the shooting grounds are easily accessible. Both railways have notified the local game wardens of the conditions which are keeping all honest sportsmen from the lake, both in the interests of fair play and for the sake of their patrons. Complaints have also been made to the State Commission, but absolutely without effect. The monopoly continues absolute and in spite of Sections 10 and 13 of the game laws providing that no person may ship any manner of aquatic fowl from the State without becoming liable to imprisonment and fine. The Chicago markets are receiving their daily consignments, the heaviest, it is said, ever sent out of the State in violation of the law."

South.

Mr. C. H. Heath, of this city, has gone south for a try at the mallards of Reelfoot Lake, Tenn. Mr. D. Flowerre, of Helena, Mont., has outfitted here for Ft. Meyer, Fla. Mr. John M. Roach, president of the Union Traction Company, of Chicago, is back from a successful trip at Punta Gorda, where he caught among other fish a monster jewfish which was nearly as big as the boat.

Game in the Far Northwest.

Mr. Harry C. Sefton, of Mansfield, O., is a lucky man—a happy man. He has just had what I take to be his first trip up into Dakota, and naturally he is charmed with the appearance of that wilder region and its game. I must let him speak of it in his own words:

"In the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM," he says, "I read with more than ordinary interest your report of Mr. Dick Merrill's hunting around Williston, N. D. I passed through Chicago on the night of Oct. 3 on my way home from a hunting trip in that country. We left the train at Buford and drove about fourteen miles southwest along the Yellowstone River bottoms into Montana, and pitched camp in the cottonwood timber along the river. That is a great country for deer and grouse. The easiest hunting for chickens was right along the river bluffs, where we flushed them from the sand into the willows, then again out on the edge of the prairie where the rose-bush thickets run out into sage and grass land. It was no trick at all to get anywhere from six to a dozen birds apiece in a couple of hours' hunting. Lakes are scarce in that country. There were a few ducks and geese working back and forth along the river, but nothing like I saw from the car window after I got back toward Devil's Lake. Once I remember when the train stopped at a small way station for water of seeing some one's bird dog take a couple of steps into the grassy edge of a pond alongside of the track, when up went a jacksnipe and darted across the water and dropped into the grass on the other side. The dog threw up his head and watched the bird settle, then galloped around and chased him back to my side again. I couldn't stand that, so looked another way. When I saw a flock of ducks on another pond near by, while two more bunches were circling around over the town with no one to disturb them—as common and plenty as blackbirds or robins here at home. This is all old to you, but I couldn't help writing and adding my testimony to what you have already published."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Steamship Company Fined.

THE International Navigation Company, which runs the American Line of steamers between this port and Southampton, was fined \$100 in the Court of Special Sessions last week for having had in possession game in the close season. The complaint alleged that the company had had in its possession on its various ships, warehouses and piers, wild game in violation of Sections 20, 38 and 39 of Chapter 20 of the game laws, and enumerated the following violations: Between April 30 and Sept. 1, about 200 wild fowl; between Dec. 16, 1899, and Oct. 30, 1900, about 500 quail; between Dec. 16, 1899, and Aug. 1, 1900, about 200 grouse; between Dec. 15, 1899, and Aug. 31, 1900, about 150 woodcock; between May 1 and Aug. 31, about 200 English snipe, plover, railbirds, mud hens, gallinule, grebe, bittern, surfbirds, curlew, water chicken and shore birds; and between Feb. 1 and Aug. 30, about 100 English pheasants.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

An Adventure with a Sladang.

From the London Field.

SCARCELY three years have elapsed since the late Capt. Syers, once a well-known sportsman in the Malay Peninsula, was killed by a wounded sladang (*Bos gaurus*), which he had followed up. That so experienced a shikar should have met his death from an animal whose natural cunning and vindictiveness when wounded were well known to him only emphasizes the caution that is required when engaged in such an undertaking. As a warning to others I now propose to relate an adventure which I had a few years ago while tracking a wounded sladang in the Pahang jungles. On this occasion, owing to the inferior weapons with which I was armed, both I and my gun-bearer were placed in considerable danger.

By the way, before I proceed with my story I would wish to point out the absolute necessity for using heavy weapons when pursuing big game in the Malay Peninsula. During a period extending over twelve years I have been shooting in Africa, India, Burma, and Malaya, and without hesitation I can affirm that no more dense and matted jungle exists for the hunter than is to be found in the Malay Peninsula. Owing to this dense cover nearly all big game has to be shot at close quarters, and to minimize the danger incurred a sportsman should use his heaviest rifles that his physical qualifications will allow him to. Since Capt. Syers met his untimely death in Pahang, the authorities of that State have brought in force a set of rules and regulations with reference to big-game shooting. As these rules stand at present no one can shoot big game unless he obtains, and pays for, a pass, and even then he is prohibited from indulging in the pastime unless his weapons come up to the required standard. If the pass obtained is for shooting elephants, bison, and rhino, then the would-be sportsman must be armed with a weapon not below the caliber of a double-barrel ten-bore, burning a large charge of powder. Whether such a law will prevent fatal accidents remains to be seen; in any case, unless the hunter, in addition to his weapons, possesses skill and coolness in time of danger, he will find that even heavy rifles will not always get him safely out of an awkward position. However, I am digressing, and must leave these matters to begin my story.

During the year 1895 it was my lot to be stationed in the jungle at the mouth of the Tembeling River, which is one of the innumerable tributaries of the River Pahang. My duties consisted in looking after a detachment of military police, and also in trying to glean information about Malay rebels who were never to be found. Early one July morning, as I was peacefully slumbering I was suddenly awakened by a tickling sensation on the sole of my feet, and dimly heard my faithful henchman, Che Wan, murmuring "Tooan, tooan" (Sir, sir). I soon jumped out of bed, and ascertained from Che Wan that some Malays had come in from a neighboring village to report to me that a man named Dollah had been killed on the previous evening by a sladang.

Briefly, the story was this: The deceased, together with a friend named Smun, had gone out hunting sladang. On this expedition they had wounded a large bull, and after tracking him for two days they had again come up with him in company with a couple of cows and their young. On winding the hunters the cows with their little ones made off, but the wounded bull turned and faced his pursuers with snorts of rage and defiance. Dollah and Smun quickly got behind a convenient tree, and from this coign of vantage fired at the sladang, which stood facing them about 15 yards away. Dollah's weapon missed fire; Smun's shot, however, took effect, hitting the animal, as I afterward ascertained, in the jaw. Without further warning the brute rushed on his tormentors. Smun managed to swarm up a tree near at hand, out of danger, but Dollah, while making for another tree, tripped over a projecting root and fell. Before he could rise the sladang was on him, and gored him through the throat and thigh, and then tossed him before making off into the depths of the jungle.

As I was the nearest police officer and only European within fifty miles, the people from Dollah's village had come to report the accident to me, and also to ask for permission to bury the body. This, then, is the reason why I was so early awakened. Much as I regretted poor Dollah's sad end, I was highly elated at the chance of getting a shot at a sladang, for although they are plentiful throughout the Peninsula, a hard-worked Government official can seldom get away to hunt them. As it happened, I had not brought my heavy rifles with me to Kuala Tembeling, and the only arms that I could procure at a moment's notice were the Government Sniders, with which my men were armed. However, rather than lose the sport I determined to run the risks, anything for a change after six months' fruitless watching for rebels who were unwilling to take the initiative. As soon as I had made all arrangements for my departure I started at about 8 A. M. for Dollah's kampong (village), which was situated about four miles upstream on the opposite bank of the Pahang River. My companions consisted of one Sikh police constable (Hira Singh), a Malay ditto, each carrying a spare Snider, and three Malay guides.

On arriving at the village I viewed Dollah's remains and found that he had been gored through the throat, the wind-pipe having been severed, and the sladang had also driven one of his horns clean through the right thigh. Besides these ghastly wounds, the body was dreadfully bruised, and it was evident that the sladang when he caught his victim had determined to stamp out the last spark of life. After I had made the few necessary inquiries I gave instructions for the body to be buried, and then started off for a Sakai (a wild tribe) camp situated from the Malay village, about an hour's journey through the jungle. Soon after our departure Malay No. 1 discovered that he had "sakit prut" (a stomach-ache), so we left him behind and went on without him. Arriving at the Sakai clearing about 10 A. M., I obtained three trackers, and also got rid of another Malay guide, who was *hors de combat* sakit kaki. After we had left the wild men's camp behind us, our journey lay through the big jungle, up and down innumerable hills—for the bison ever loves a hilly country, and the ease with which this heavy animal makes its way over difficult ground is truly wonderful. We had to wade through several mountain streams, and as the ground under foot was moist and the atmosphere damp, owing to recent rains, we were much troubled by

pestilential leeches. By 12 o'clock, after alternate heavy walking and climbing, we arrived at the spot where Dollah had been killed. The place was marked by a pool of coagulated blood, and on examining the ground, I learnt, from his footmarks, that the sladang had chased the unfortunate man round and round the tree from behind which he and Smun had fired.

We now halted, and after we had rested and refreshed the inner man my Sakais started to pick out his spoor. When they had satisfied themselves in which direction the wounded animal had gone, we all made a move. My chief tracker, a one-eyed Sakai, led the way; I came next, then my Sikh P. C. with a spare rifle, and the remainder in rear. We had hardly proceeded half an hour in this fashion when my guide struck, and said he was frightened to proceed, because, as he averred, he had seen or heard the ghost of the departed Dollah moving in the trees. As the sladang's footmarks were quite plain on the moist ground and the jungle fairly clear from undergrowth, I took up the tracking, telling the Sikh to keep close to me with his rifle ready. I had only been tracking for about half a mile, and was following the tracks round the contour of a small hill, when suddenly I came face to face with our quarry, which stood about twenty paces away snorting and pawing the ground. Up went my Snider, when, to my consternation, I found that the nipple and striker had become unscrewed and the weapon was useless. I looked round for my Sikh and found that he was some distance in rear. This made the situation awkward—in front a stamping, raging brute, bent on mischief, myself practically unarmed and no tree at hand. To turn and run appeared the only thing to do, and this I did with all agility. Alas, I had not gone far down the side of the hill when my foot caught in a cane brier and over I went, with visions of poor Dollah's mutilated corpse in my mind, and the recollection that my last quarter's insurance money was still due. However, luck had not quite deserted me, for when I turned to run, with the sladang in rear, I gave my Sikh a chance of firing. This he promptly did, and the sladang, hearing a shot from an unseen enemy, stopped, turned and bolted. I now picked myself up, and, calling my forces together, I made it very clear to the Sakais that one of them would have to do the tracking in future, ghosts or no ghosts. After a short delay we again set out, I in the meantime having exchanged my useless rifle for the one carried by the Malay P. C. After another hour's tramp I noticed my Sakais in front making signs that we had again come up with our quarry. Going cautiously ahead, at a short distance away through the undergrowth, I saw the outline of the sladang, which was evidently waiting and on the alert. The Sikh being at my elbow, I whispered to him to have the second rifle ready, and after a steady aim fired. As soon as I had done so the sladang turned and was away. I ran after him and gave him a parting shot from my second rifle as he disappeared from view. We quickly followed in pursuit, and as I now found fresh blood on the trail I knew that at least one of my shots had taken effect. On and on we went, till we came to a small stream with a steep bank on the far side. Here our sladang had evidently had a bad fall in getting over—a good sign, as this showed that there was something very much amiss with him. I was anxious to press on, but as evening was closing in I finally determined to return to the Sakais' camp for the night and resume the hunt in the morning.

After spending a restless night, owing to innumerable mosquitoes, we were ready to start at 6 A. M. on the following morning, and had a tedious walk to the stream where we had left off the chase on the previous evening. On the far side of this stream was a small glade covered with long, coarse grass and dense canebrake, a favorite retreat, my Sakais told me, for sladang. In this small patch of lalang (long, coarse grass) it was most likely that our quarry was lying up, as, owing to his wounds and the grueling we had given him on the previous day, it was scarcely probable that he would leave so secure a sanctuary.

The Sakais now began reconnoitering by climbing the trees bordering the padang (glade), while I and my Sikh posted ourselves among the branches of a tree inside it. We had scarcely gained a secure footing when I heard an "Ah, ah," from the Sakais, this being a warning that they had heard or seen the sladang in the long grass. When I heard this signal I climbed higher up the tree, and I then caught sight of our quarry, which had just risen from the ground and was standing about 40 yards away. I fired a shot into his back behind the dorsal ridge, and saw him stumble forward as the bullet struck him. Quick as lightning I changed rifles with Hira Singh and gave the bison another shot from my elevated position before he disappeared in some canebrake on the left of the padang. Feeling sure that our quarry was again badly wounded, I determined to follow him into the tunnel by which he had entered the canebrake. Creeping cautiously along with my faithful Sikh at my heels, we had not proceeded far when I caught sight of the bison a few yards ahead. Just as I aimed, Hira Singh, accidentally tripping, clutched my arm, and where my shot went to I am unable to say. As the sladang came on I dropped my empty rifle, and, springing at the overhanging branch of a tree, I pulled myself out of reach of the sladang, which tried to strike me with his horns as he charged. Sitting within a foot of my foe, what was my horror on looking down to see Hira Singh lying at the foot of the tree, while the sladang was sniffing at his prostrate form! All I could do was to kick the wounded beast in the back, which I did with the utmost vigor.

Imagine my feelings as, perched in the branch of a tree, unarmed, I could render no assistance to my faithful follower, who I expected at every moment to see gored to death underneath me. Suddenly I noticed a convulsive shudder pass through the sladang's huge frame, and then as some foam-covered blood bubbled forth from his nostrils he moved slowly away, evidently too sick to wreak his vengeance on the Sikh, who now seized his opportunity to crawl out of sight. The sladang now remained standing about 10 yards from my perch, and as he appeared groggy I hoped to be able to slip to the ground unseen, recover my rifle, and finish him. However, as soon as I made the slightest attempt to descend the brute shook his head at me in such a resolute manner that I thought it best to remain where I was. After watching me for some time he at last moved slowly away and stood, partly hidden, on a small knoll. Dropping gently to

the ground, I picked up my rifle, and, getting close to the bison, I brought him down with two more shots, and then gave him a final quietus, while Hira Singh, who had now turned up, murmured prayers to "Allah."

When I gazed on my prostrate foe I could not help admiring his splendid proportions. A young bull in his prime, he had offered a stubborn resistance to unequal odds, and to the last had shown a bold front to his relentless foes. What a chase he had given us, and how nearly had my success ended in a ghastly tragedy similar to poor Dollah's! Forced by circumstances to use an inferior weapon against so redoubtable an antagonist, I had been successful, but my advice to others before they make a similar attempt is the same as that offered by Mr. Punch to people about to get married, and that is "Don't." And I will further emphasize my advice by saying that any one attacking dangerous game in thick jungle with light weapons only deserves any catastrophe that may befall him, for he is simply courting disaster.

G. FRIZ W. C.

Warden Loveday's Work.

From the Annual Report of the Illinois Game Warden.

It is with keen satisfaction that I am able to say that the conditions for game protection, and the outlook for the preservation of the beneficial birds and animals of the State, are better to-day than they have been at any time in the past. It is a certainty that the people of Illinois at large are at last awakening to the realization of the importance to the State's welfare, that lies in the proper protection of the insectivorous and game birds that make their homes in our farms, fields and woodlands. The labor for the preservation of the different feathered species has been so well started that there is no question but that the future will see full fruition of the work. The farmer is becoming convinced rapidly that protective game enactments are as much for his benefit as for the good of the sportsman. He is coming to know the full value that the insectivorous birds are to agriculture and he is lending his assistance to the enforcement of the statutes which, while protecting the birds, are also in a large measure protecting the interests of husbandry. Although the agriculturist himself may never use a gun, he has found that he has as much at stake in the enforcement of the law as any sportsman in the State. To state the case succinctly, everyone is coming to know that the game and bird laws of Illinois are made for the benefit of all classes and not for individuals.

It was only three years ago when there existed a sentiment in most of the counties in Illinois that almost forbade the officers of the law to hope for the conviction of a person charged with the violation of a game law. To-day, such has been the progress of public opinion, there is scarcely a place in Illinois where proof of guilt cannot secure the punishment of the offender. When first taking hold of the work in an official way, I was told that it would be a sheer impossibility to enforce the law in the southern half of the State. Undeterred by the warnings given, the work of enforcing the law was begun and in nearly every county convictions were secured, although at the time this office was working under the old law, which was as full of errors as a sieve is of holes. It is undoubtedly true that many people escaped prosecution, but this grew out of the statute limitation of the law. I had but ninety days in which to work, a time wholly insufficient to allow me to cover thoroughly the country. In addition to this handicap the deputy wardens had far less power to act than they have under the law to-day.

Sentiment has entirely changed in the southern sections of the State. The people have learned that a game law is as good as any other law, that it is capable of enforcement and deserving of respect. I am glad to be able to say that the southern counties now rival those of the north in their desire to see the game and birds of the State properly protected. Throughout the entire sections under consideration the appointment of deputies is constantly asked for. The men appointed are, in almost every instance, men of standing in the community in which they live. I am in constant receipt of letters asking for information and general literature on game protection. My office hours are kept busy in replying. This fact shows better than anything else, perhaps, how interested the people are in the subject and how bright the future is for the preservation of the feathered and furred species.

A little more than two months ago I sent out a general inquiry to points throughout the State, having for its object the discovery of how well the game law had been respected, and whether or not there was any marked increase in the animal or bird life of the State. I received in reply scores of letters, and almost without exception the writers said that never within their experience had the laws been so well observed. The increase of quail was reported from all sections to be little short of phenomenal. The reports on prairie chickens were generally extremely favorable, and to the effect that there are more of this species of bird this season, than for many years past.

The reports from game wardens are similar to those which have come from private citizens. In some instances wardens and deputies have not made a single arrest, but this is not owing to a dereliction of duty, but simply to the fact that in their districts there have been no violations. It is undeniably a fact that having wardens scattered all over the country, with ample power to act, has had a deterrent effect on would-be offenders against the game laws.

Immediately after my installation as State Game Warden under the old game law in May, 1897, almost my first thought was that if I would do the most good for the people of the State in the way of protecting and preserving their game supply, I must put a stop to the work of the market hunter. In order to do this I felt that I must stop the handling of game in our markets out of season. I was aware that much game was bought and sold in the close season, and that this was particularly the case in Chicago. The question was how to effectually put a stop to this illegal traffic.

Several self-styled game protectors advised me to make war on the common carriers. It struck me forcibly, however, that inasmuch as these advice givers, although according to their own statements they had been

working for years, had accomplished nothing for game protection, it would hardly be wise for me to follow their counsel. It did not seem to me at all probable, that the general managers of our great transportation lines and express companies could be in league with a lot of pothunters and South Water street law violators. As a result of this feeling I wrote to the traffic managers, told them what I wished to accomplish, how I proposed to do it, and requested their co-operation in the protection of game. I received a reply to every letter, and without exception, the answers were expressive of not only a willingness but of an anxiety to help me in the enforcement of the law and in the bringing of all violators to justice. From the men in authority in the express and railroad companies were sent letters to every agent in the State with explicit orders to render me all assistance that was possible, to secure the law's enforcement. Since that time sub-agents throughout the State have been my active assistants, many times going out of their towns as witnesses for me, and this at the expense of the companies which they represented. In view of this fact, I think the people owe the common carriers a debt of gratitude for the part they have taken in the securing of the increase in our game supply.

There are cases where the agents of the transportation companies are deceived so cleverly by unscrupulous game shippers that they cannot be blamed for falling victims to the deception. Here are some cases which will mark the point which I wish to make. A box containing two dozen preserve jars with the usual airtight screw tops was shipped. The lid of the box was so carelessly put on that the tops of the preserve jars could be readily seen. This apparent carelessness was really to aid in the deception, for the preserve jars contained a gross of quail. One box which was marked "Rabbits" contained thirty-two of those animals, but they had all been "dressed out" and five dozen quail were found sewed up within the carcasses. Milk cans are often used to contain birds and animals shipped out of season. Cases with eggs at the top and bottom also are often pressed into service. The birds or animals are placed between the egg layers, and are thus effectively concealed. A small barrel containing ten dozen quail was put within a larger barred and filled in above, below and around with hickory nuts. A box marked "Cash Register" held within its compass two dozen prairie chicken and forty-two quail. Two saddles of venison were shipped inside two bales of hay. Two large packing cases, marked "Household goods" and with bed quilts and ticks plainly visible, contained over two hundred partridges and several saddles of venison. Between the boards of one of these packing cases, a sewing machine leg stuck out, and there was an old clock packed away inside that rang an alarm every time the case was moved. This particular instance marks better than any other, perhaps, the amount of ingenuity that law-breakers will exercise to violate the plainly written statutes.

The statute expressly forbids the marketing of Illinois killed game except water fowl, and I am glad to be able to state that notwithstanding the means taken to violate the law the marketing of Illinois game has been practically stopped. In the years 1897 and 1898 thousands of birds were seized while in transit to Chicago dealers from different parts of the State. All those shippers that could be traced within the time limit allowed by the then existing statute were punished. This had the desired effect. Although the same care and diligence have been exercised recently that were exercised then, only three packages of Illinois game were seized in Chicago during the last year. In these three cases both the shippers and receivers were punished and made to contribute to the game protection fund.

In the months of November and December, 1898, I gave up my time to the southern part of the State, where I went to stop the shipments of game to St. Louis, and to the cities of the East. My efforts were rewarded by the seizures of great quantities of birds in nearly every place that I visited. In the main this game was intended for the markets of St. Louis. The game dealers of that city made a great ado through the newspapers, making all sorts of threats of what they were going "to do to me." The abuse and threats had no other effect than to help me in the suppression of the illegal traffic. The shippers of the birds were in many instances traced and punished, though I am sorry to say that a large number were allowed to escape through the mistaken kindness of the country justices. In the next year, 1899, during the same months I made the same trip much better prepared for the work than I had been the year previous. This time my labor was reinforced by that of several men who accompanied me, but the effect of the rigorous prosecutions of 1898 was shown by the fact that the trip resulted in only one seizure, that of a small box containing five dozen quail.

The gratitude of the people to the last General Assembly for the passage of the non-resident hunters license law is practically without measure. The statute prohibits residents of other States from killing game in Illinois without procuring a license so to do, at a cost of ten dollars. The people of the border counties, and more particularly of that section near the city of St. Louis, have the most reason to be pleased at this paragraph in the statute. Heretofore the farmers of the State have been annoyed almost beyond endurance by hunters and their dogs who overran the farms, killing everything that they could find that could either fly or crawl. Even the domestic fowls and the pigs and sheep of the agriculturist were not safe from the irresponsible mob of hunters that infested the fields. This year not one complaint that any depredations have been committed has come to my knowledge. The people from other States that have taken out licenses are real sportsmen, having shown that they are such by this action, and they are not men who would infringe on the rights of those over whose land they shoot. The irresponsible gunners who would violate the law by shooting without legal permission so to do, know that our wardens are doing their duty, and so they are afraid even to make the attempt to trespass. Only four cases of this latter kind have been reported. In each of these instances prosecution has followed and a conviction been secured.

The first of these cases was a flagrant one. It was that of Frank Eberle, of Burlington, Iowa, who came into Henderson county, Illinois, to shoot ducks, with-

out a license. He was arrested promptly by Deputy Warden DeHague. After a trial he was found guilty in the county court, but he appealed to federal jurisdiction on the ground that the license law was unconstitutional. The case was tried November 6, 1899, before Judge Kohlsaat of the United States bench. Eminent counsel were employed on both sides and the case was warmly contested, but the presiding judge, after due consideration, decided for the People of the State of Illinois.

Another case was that of Herman Anderson, who undertook to ignore the law by duck shooting on the preserves of the Crystal Lake Club without providing himself with a license. He was arrested by the same deputy who apprehended Eberle. Anderson refused to obey the officer of the law and threatened to shoot him if he attempted to do his duty. This fellow was not brought to book until extradition papers were issued for him. He was taken to Oquawka, the county seat of Henderson county, where he was tried and found guilty on three counts: Assault, trespassing and shooting without a license.

Recommendation for a License.

I would earnestly recommend to our next General Assembly what I consider to be the absolute necessity of amending our present game law, by adding a section which shall provide that each of our own citizens who wishes to shoot within the State shall pay a license fee, not to exceed one dollar a year, for the privilege. This license would in no sense be a hardship, and it would result in the raising of sufficient funds for the protection of game without calling upon the general fund which comes direct from the taxpayers. The men who kill the game would be in reality, by the payment of the small fee, simply providing for the further increase of the birds and animals and for the perpetuation through the coming years of their own field sports. The general taxpayer who does not care to shoot would be relieved of a burden. The money thus raised would, at a fair estimate, amount to \$25,000 each year. This sum added to the money collected from fines and from the payment of non-resident licenses would create a fund sufficiently large to pay the deputies for the hard and conscientious work they perform in the pursuit and prosecution of offenders against the law.

Another excellent object to be attained by this local license fee would be the placing in the hands of the commissioner and his subordinates a record of every gunner in the State. In addition to this, it would aid largely in the work of arresting non-resident trespassers, because every shooter would be obliged to be possessed of a license of one kind or the other. There is not the slightest doubt that at present some persons living beyond the State limits declare themselves residents of Illinois, and the wardens, fearful of making a serious mistake, let these doubtful hunters go their way.

Another recommendation that I would urge upon the Legislature is that spring shooting should be abolished by law. The birds coming from the south in the spring are, so to speak, birds that are coming home. As a matter of fact many of the ducks, geese, snipe and plover are mated before they leave the limits of Illinois. The continuous shooting at these fowl from the moment they cross the Ohio river until they pass into Wisconsin prevents thousands of the mated ones from breeding in sections of the State favorable to the raising of their broods. With the entire doing away of the spring shooting, good fall shooting would be assured. Every duck killed in April means twelve less for November. Every jacksnipe killed in the spring means one brood less for the autumn. It is a fact that in the spring water fowl, like all other kinds of birds, for that matter, are unfit for the table. They are poor and tough and tens of thousands of them go to waste in the market for the lack of purchasers. There are many other reasons why spring shooting should be stopped, and most of these will suggest themselves at once to the true sportsman.

Wardens and Deputy Wardens.

There have been appointed throughout the State 274 wardens and deputy wardens, and yet, as a matter of fact, the country is not properly covered in some of the counties. The reason for this state of things is that in the uncovered places I have not been able to secure the services of reputable and competent men. Under present conditions it is a hard matter to get citizens of standing to accept deputy wardenships. As a matter of fact, all these officers should be paid salaries for certain months in the year, and in addition should get traveling expenses from one county to another while on duty.

Many of the wardens in the service are business men of means, who have not accepted the position for gain, but simply because they love the birds and desire to see them protected. Many of these men in their reports of what they have done show that they have actually lost money, in sums ranging from \$25 to \$150 in individual cases, because of their devotion to their work. Almost every line of business and every profession are represented in the ranks of the wardens. There are lawyers, doctors, senators and representatives, whose personality has as strong influence in working good to the cause as has the prosecution of occasional offenders.

Seizures of Game.

The keeping of a close watch at all railroad stations by my wardens and deputies during the last year has resulted practically in the stopping of the shipping of game to the markets from points within the State. After the old offenders among the shippers had suffered some losses that hurt their pocketbooks, they stopped the practice. As the result of this strict enforcement of the law very little game has been seized within the last year. After the beginning of the close season, February 5, only five packages of game came to this market from other States and none from our own. The seized packages contained a mixed lot of birds, prairie chicken, ducks, snipe and plover. Nearly all the birds were in an extremely bad condition. Altogether there were seized three hundred and seventy-two birds, which were assorted, and the good ones sent to cold storage to remain until Oct. 1, when they will be sold or given to charitable institutions. One of the seized packages contained some hen prairie chickens with breasts destitute

of feathers, a fact which showed conclusively that they were killed while nesting. Some female teal ducks were found in the same condition.

Game and Bird Protective Associations.

Since the passage of our present game laws, many associations for the protection of game and birds have been formed throughout the State. In the northern and middle counties particularly, the farmers have banded together and posted warnings about their farms to keep out trespassers. They have done this not only to save the game birds, but to prevent the shooting of song and insectivorous birds, which the agriculturists have come to know at last are so vitally necessary for the preservation of their fruit and grain, through the constant warfare which these birds wage against crop destroying worms and other insects.

There has been recently formed in Sangamon county an organization known as the State Game Reserve Association. It comprises the three townships of Buffalo, Buffalo Hart and Mechanicsburg. The entire section has been posted at considerable expense with warning notices. The members of the association have agreed that for three years no prairie chickens or squirrels may be killed, and that only a limited number of quail shall be shot. The preserves are open only to the members of the association, each one having a pass signed by the president and secretary. A reward of \$25 is offered by the association for the conviction of anyone trespassing or shooting on the grounds. On the farm of the secretary of the association, Henry C. Garvey, at Buffalo, a pheasantry has been established, where hundreds of imported pheasants are bred each year. These birds will be turned loose as soon as it is considered practicable. The State Game Reserve Association, with its stringent rules, will undoubtedly do a good deal for the game supply in that part of the State in which it is located. The "overflow" of the birds and animals from the association's preserves will do much toward increasing the general supply of game.

I wish to call particular attention to the work of the Illinois Audubon Society, which has for its object the protection of all kinds of birds. Mr. Ruthven Deane, of Chicago, an active member of the American Ornithological Union, is the society's president. Miss Mary Drummond, of Wheaton, Illinois, is the secretary. I have not words at my command to express my appreciation of the extended and thoroughly unselfish work of this society. Unlike organizations formed solely to protect game in order that the shooting harvest may be increased, the Audubon Society looks only to the saving of the birds for the general good of mankind. The society is aggressive, and it is doing particularly efficient service among the children of the State.

The State Sportsman's Association has a name that should guarantee its standing and usefulness in the matter of the protection of birds. I am sorry to say, however, that although its State charter named game protection as one of its prime objects, the organization, in the last few years, has degenerated into little more than a trap shooting club. It is a matter of congratulation, however, that a new spirit has come over the association and it is to be made what it was originally intended it should be, a protective as well as a shooting club. James R. B. Van Cleave, a thorough sportsman and a thorough believer in game preservation, has been elected president. This fact alone insures a proper future for the club. No member will be admitted who will not pledge himself to the protection of game and the enforcement of the State law.

During the year that the new law has been in effect we have secured a total of 142 convictions out of 203 cases brought to trial. Scores of cases have been investigated upon complaints, which, however, did not have sufficient ground upon which to base prosecution. The fines assessed amounted to \$1,464. There have been thirteen people committed to jail. In accordance with the law one-half of the amount of fines assessed, \$732, has been paid to the wardens making the complaints. Of the amount remaining, \$298 has been paid into the State treasury, leaving a balance still due the State of \$433.29. This amount is being held back either by State's attorneys or by justices of the peace, although I have made every effort to collect it on behalf of the State. The officials' excuse for keeping the money is that the counties where the fines were collected are in arrears, and that while this is the case they have the right to all money penalties inflicted.

Cuvier Club Dinner.

THE Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, will hold its twenty-seventh annual banquet on Wednesday, Nov. 21. The menu card bears this sentiment: "Our game birds and game fishes are a precious heritage to be guarded carefully and used judiciously, if we are wise and far-seeing, bestowing benefits on ourselves and succeeding generations, or to be recklessly squandered, like the fortune of the spendthrift, leaving to posterity not even a memory, but a simple tradition of the noblest races of feathered and finny creatures nature ever produced. Which shall it be?"

The list of good things to which the Cuviers will address themselves includes these supplies from stream and field: Kennebec salmon, muscalonge à la Cuvier, California salmon, fillet of Virginia deer broiled, boned breast of broiled prairie chicken à la Cuvier, breast of ruffed grouse, partridge, sauté, larded snipe, broiled quail on toast, roast quail, bluewinged teal duck, breast of wild turkey.

A Pennsylvania Elk.

MR. C. TIELENIUS had on exhibition at his restaurant in the Staats Zeirung Building, this city, last week, the carcass of an elk killed on his preserve at Mount Pocono, Monroe county, Pa. The animal was a yearling buck, and weighed when dressed 185 pounds. It was shot by Count Cuno von Campe on Nov. 3, the third day of his hunt. This is the third elk killed at Mount Pocono since the opening of the season on Nov. 1. Five years ago Mr. Tielenius turned out twenty-six elk, and to-day he has a herd of 150.

West Virginia Mountains.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Profiting by the experience of past contributors to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, I forsook my bed at 4 o'clock A. M. last Tuesday morning, "rustled" an early breakfast, fastened my gun to the bicycle and sallied forth in the early dawn, and at 7 o'clock was seven miles up in the mountains, where woods of goodly scope were found. Hiding my wheel in a tree top—the tree was lying down—I went forth in search of a cure for physical indisposition, and incidentally and secondarily, to find any wild meat that might be straying my way.

Very soon I was greeted by the familiar and pleasing quack, quack, quack, qua-a-a-a of a gray squirrel, which greeting was repeated at intervals all day. The newly fallen leaves were deep and dry, so that going quietly was out of the question, and I just stood about quietly and moved slowly from place to place, enjoying watching the falling leaves. Seeing a gray squirrel going away from me, I shot at it, barely expecting to get it on account of the distance. It went on unharmed and went up a tree and began to bark. I shot again and missed, when it went on up the tree, and I moved nearer, when I saw it away in the top. I shot again and crippled it, and it jumped to a chestnut tree and started down a limb, in the forks of which was a nest of leaves, into which I felt sure it went, as I watched carefully for it to leave the tree, and did not see it. I shot into the nest, and when it failed to come out, concluded, of course, it must be dead; and not to be outdone, I climbed up to



THREE TIGERS IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.

the nest, not less than 50 feet, and found the nest empty. I will always wonder where that squirrel went. That was four shots gone and nothing to show for it.

The next four shots brought me three gray squirrels and a red one, which atoned for the bad start. Don't speak disparagingly of the red squirrel, even as a game animal, and do as I have often done, passing them by with contempt, without even wasting a shot. If you get a chance, especially where game of larger size is scarce, kill one and have it nicely cooked, and if you do not agree that it is well worth a load of shot aside from what little sport it might be, why you can send the next one to me. I got home from my day's outing that evening with a good appetite, a choice mess of meat and a new lease of life.

By experimenting I found the easiest way to carry a gun on a wheel is to sling the gun on the back instead of tying it to the wheel. I find the wheel a great convenience in getting to the hunting ground in suitable weather and over suitable roads.

I would like some one who knows to explain for what purpose squirrels build nests of leaves in the forks of trees. Is it to rear young or simply to lie in to hide?

Being a former resident of Wyoming, I take an interest in the affairs and happenings of that State. The Saratoga, Wyo., Sun of Oct. 25 says: "The Laramie Plains Live Stock Protective Association has arranged to continue the paying of bounties on predatory wild animals. Since last March, when the State appropriation became exhausted, the Association has paid bounty on 379 coyotes, 123 wolves and 28 wildcats." EMERSON CARNEY.

The Weight of Quail.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Nov. 3.—Why is it that I cannot induce any of your correspondents to give the weight of quail in different sections? A Virginian said last year that the quail in that State was larger than in any other part of this country, which I doubt. I have weighed two large cock birds here and they weighed exactly 5 ounces. Now I feel quite sure that a Long Island or Jersey quail will pull down 6 or 7 ounces, if not more.

Now don't all weigh your quail at once, or FOREST AND STREAM will not have room to print the list.

DIDYMUS.

An Extraordinary Tiger Hunt.

OUR illustration, from the London Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, shows three tigers killed within a space of fifteen minutes by Sir Vikar-ul-Umra, Prime Minister of Hyderabad, India. All three tigers were full grown, and the one shown in the foreground was an enormous beast.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

Notes from Iowa.

NOV. 1 came too soon this year, for it marked the finale of legitimate fishing in Iowa. It came too soon because of the delightful weather which obtains this fall, and because the fishing for walleyes, pickerel and bass never was better here than right now. However, the boys regretfully reeled in or lost the last one, dissembled the rods, and turned to the milder pastime of lying about the size of the one he had out of the water, discussing the merits of reels and the proper method of hooking a minnow.

Fishing has been good this season. Here, where the Iowa is a comparatively small stream, and the city full of fishermen, individual catches are necessarily limited. The river is fished to death; but at some little distance from town excellent sport may be had by the Waltonians who know where to go; and despite the farming communities with the company seine and the occasional dynamitar (who should be blown to his own place by his favorite explosive) there are still localities where a real fisherman may find sport that will make his hair curl.

Seining goes on quietly, but vigorously. Not by market fishers, but by farmers and inhabitants of small towns and villages. A half-dozen farmers chip in and buy a seine. Some Saturday afternoon they, their wives and children constitute a seining party that furnishes all kinds of fun and plenty of fish for Sunday's dinner table. Parties from villages sneak out and take a barrel full of game fish in an evening. The worst feature and the one

which renders the suppression of the practice extremely difficult is that the farmer sees no harm in it. The river runs past or through his field. He owns and pays taxes on the sandy bottom it flows over, and he can't see why he should wait for his city brother in the knickerbockers and high rubber boots to come and "snake" out the fish with a limber pole and a shiny reel. For himself he doesn't care about the rod and reel business. He wants results, and he gets them with his one-hundred-foot drag net. There's a big family, and the hired man, and they all like fish. He wants a "mess." He gets it all right enough, and when the man with the limber pole comes along he wonders why he doesn't get a rise by that big boulder in mid-stream. There's a good reason. The old bass which formerly resided there is assisting to push the wrinkles out of the hired man's vest.

The farmer is a good fellow and in other respects an exemplary citizen. Individuals do not wish to inform on him. Officers know him, and evade the unpopularity of information and arrest. And so it goes.

The star fishing point on the Iowa, and according to the writer's observation in the State, is at Steamboat Rock, thirty miles north of Marshalltown. Bass of different varieties, walleyed pike, croppies and pickerel abound in the clear water among the stumps and boulders and beneath the beetling rocks that palisade the banks. The fishes are not only abundant, but bred in pure cold water, are game as a Claiborne cock. The writer and several friends have enjoyed and tested their fighting qualities on a number of occasions during the season. The best catch by our party of six was 52 pounds of bass and walleye in a morning's fishing. And that's enough.

This string was caught at the dam, and the long reaches of river north where fishing is best were not disturbed by us owing to a lack of boats. Next year the writer intends spending his vacation there with the game fish and the squirrels, of which latter the name is legion.

MOSCRIP.

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., Nov. 2.

Taken for Bruin.

BARRE, Vt., Nov. 9.—The open season of ten days for shooting deer closed in this State Oct. 31, and up to date the writer has not heard of a casualty resulting from a man being taken for a deer. The accidents are not reported to the press, while the ones which might have proven fatal seldom are printed. I know of one life last season which would have been sacrificed but for the words of the FOREST AND STREAM, "Don't shoot." The above words were ringing in the hunter's ears as he was about to press the trigger. He withheld his aim a moment and the life was saved. Another incident this season was told me by one of the principals, where a man was taken for a bear.

Two men were on a deer hunting trip. In the morning of the first day's hunt a bear was sighted feeding beneath an apple tree; the bear took flight and a shot was lost. On the following morning an early start was taken, and on reaching the hunting grounds objects were scarcely discernible, but in the dim light the supposed Bruin was again sighted beneath the apple tree, and this time within easy range. A whispered consultation was held. There was doubt in the mind of one whether it was the bear or a stump, but the other was positive it moved. While discussing the situation it was plainly seen to move by both, and now there was one doubt left. The only question, should they shoot in the dim light or wait. It was decided to shoot. The better shot dropped to one knee, cocked the rifle and peeped through the sight. It was an uncertain shot, but he thought he could kill it, and was pulling the trigger when the black object beneath the tree yelled, "Hold on." The supposed bear was a man wrapped in a big overcoat watching for deer. He had sighted them when they first came into the clearing, and supposed they could see him plainly also. There is no doubt that many similar incidents have occurred, but too much cannot be printed on the subject. B. A. E.

Massachusetts Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association held a very enjoyable and successful meeting on Thursday evening, Nov. 8, at the Copley Square Hotel.

Mr. Harold Hutchinson, secretary of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, and Mr. James O'Brien, of the Ashland Gun Club, were elected corresponding members, and Commissioners J. W. Collins and E. D. Buffington honorary members of the Association.

Dr. J. T. Herrick, president of the Springfield Sportsmen's Association, was elected to life membership, and Mr. F. J. Pope, of Somerville, to yearly membership.

Wm. A. Macleod, ex-president of the Megantic Club, who was expected to relate his recent experiences in salmon fishing in New Brunswick, was compelled to be absent, which was a source of much regret to all present, but the time was fully occupied to a late hour by other speakers.

Mr. A. W. Sprague, of Gleasondale, Mass., who recently returned from Presque Isle, Maine, laden with trophies of his skill as a nimrod, gave a graphic description of this year's experiences, as well as those of previous years. Being a native of Aroostook county, Mr. Sprague knows just where to go for partridges, deer, bears and moose, and has been fortunate enough to get his quota of all, although he admitted that in one instance a moose which he secured was shot by his guide. Mr. Sprague impressed his hearers as a very unassuming and truthful sportsman, and his story was listened to with the closest attention.

He was followed by Mr. M. E. Hawes, ex-president of the E. Weymouth Fish and Game Association, who gave a brief account of the forming of his society to protect birds and fish. By the efforts of its members, he said, the ten miles of Fore and Back rivers have been patrolled and illegal seining has been made dangerous for those engaged in it. He explained how he had been able to get an appropriation of \$200 a year from the town to aid in this work. The association now numbers more than 150 members.

After Mr. Hawes, President Wiggin called upon Prof. F. W. Putnam, of Cambridge, who has been for many years an honorary member of the association, and was formerly a member of the State Commission on Fish and Game. He spoke of the beginning of the work of the Commission, and the first attempt to propagate fish in the United States, mentioning the labors in those days of Dr. Wheatland, of Salem, Commissioner E. A. Brackett, Hon. Theodore Lyman, Prof. Agassiz and Capt. Atwood, of Provincetown. As is well known, Prof. Putnam is now in the lead as an anthropologist, and his presence and his remarks furnished a rare treat to our members.

Ex-President E. A. Samuels spoke of the standing of the association outside of our own State, and said it had been a source of pleasure, as well as a surprise, to him to learn that its history and work had become known throughout the country, and this, he said, he believed to be due largely to the frequent reports of its doings published in *FOREST AND STREAM*. He expressed the opinion that the association should have at all times permanent headquarters.

President Wiggin announced the committee to nominate candidates for officers for 1901 as follows: Dr. E. W. Brannigan, Hon. Robt. S. Gray, Arthur W. Robinson, Dr. Geo. H. Payne, Wm. S. Hinman, A. D. Thayer and George H. Moore.

Representative Harry D. Hunt was one of the guests and informed me that the N. Attleboro Association has made extensive preparations for the Sportsman's Exposition, to be held in that place from Nov. 16 to 24.

Some of those present were Waldron B. Hastings, Thos. H. Hall, Dr. W. P. Woodward, of Middleboro; A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester; Ivers W. Adams, C. A. Barney, Charles Stewart, N. Le Roy, Edward J. Brown, Loring Crocker and Dr. M. A. Morris, of Charlestown, who had shot his moose every year for the last half-dozen years, and recently returned from a successful trip to New Brunswick.

The readers of your paper who have political aspirations will do well to read the subjoined extract from a Worcester letter published in the Sunday Globe of Nov. 11 relating to the re-election of Hon. John R. Thayer to the National House of Representatives:

"Mr. Thayer is president of the Worcester Fur Company, whose only object is hunting foxes for pleasure, and he is a hunter himself of great renown through the district in which the chase after Reynard is esteemed an ancient and honorable sport, so that when he got out in the country he was right at home among the farmers, as well as the city men who hunt foxes for diversion. More than that, Mr. Thayer is an expert on fox hounds; and there isn't a hound in Worcester county that he doesn't know by name, and of which he cannot tell the pedigree at sight, so every fox hunter in the county—and pretty nearly every man outside of Worcester city is a fox hunter—is a friend of the Congressman.

"Away back in the town of Paxton Mr. Thayer was introduced to an old man he ran into out hunting with a pack of his own hounds. The old man didn't just like the idea of talking with a Democrat about politics, and he never had a thought of voting for one for anything from constable to President, but as soon as Mr. Thayer got to talking with him about his hounds, and had praised them up, for they really are very fine dogs, the old man was won.

"Later he admitted to some of his friends that he was going to vote for John R. Thayer, because he was a good fellow. Rallied at having decided to vote for a Democrat, the old man said: 'You needn't talk to me. Any man that knows ez much about haounds ez he does, and likes 'em ez well, is a good feller, and I'm goin' to vote fer him anyway.'

"In the very most active part of the campaign, when the workers of both parties were driving all over the district making personal appeals to the voters by day and addressing gatherings of them by night, Mr. Thayer announced that he was going to take a day off and go fox hunting with the Worcester Fur Company, and he did. Even some of his friends told him that he shouldn't take the chance of losing a day from his campaigning, but it made no difference to him, and when the voters read in the Worcester papers that he had stopped campaigning for a day to go after foxes, and more, that he was the only man of the party to bring in a brush, it made him more votes that he could have gained by personal talks with the men of his district.

"Mr. Thayer is a famous story teller, and his popularity in that line is as great in the committee rooms at Washington as it is in the back districts of Worcester county. Back in the country he tells the farmers of the good things he has heard in Washington, and in the latter city he is always in demand to tell the stories he has found in Massachusetts, and particularly among the fox hunters."

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

The Ohio Situation.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Ohio law is a disgrace to the statute books of any State, and about all the sportsmen can do is to bear it, for it is too bad to grin and bear it.

The law gives only twenty days of shooting, and at a time that is too late in the year for most of the migratory birds.

It allows one to have certain kinds of game in possession when it is illegal to kill it, and then to kill same game at a time when it is illegal to have it in possession. Hard to obtain conviction with such law.

As we only have biennial sessions of the Legislature there is no relief in sight until 1902.

The law is so manifestly unfair and unreasonable that there is a great deal of unlawful shooting done, and I greatly fear an increase of this kind of shooting and a growing contempt for all game laws.

There is this silver lining to the clouds, however, and that is that all sportsmen all over the State are thoroughly aroused and determined to have laws passed at the next session of the Legislature that will be fair and reasonable to all concerned.

I think it will be possible now to have a good gun license law passed that will do more to control unlawful shooting than any law we have ever had.

PAUL NORTH.

New York League Meeting.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1, 1900. The annual meeting of the New York Fish, Game and Forest League will be held at the Yates Hotel, Syracuse, N. Y., at 10:30 A. M. on Dec. 6, 1900, and a full attendance is hoped for.

In order that they may be fully discussed at the annual meeting, all proposed amendments to the present game laws should, if possible, be forwarded to the Chairman of the Legislative and Law Committee, Mr. Walter S. Macgregor, 41 Wall street, New York city, prior to the first day of December, 1900.

Applications for membership should be made to the Secretary, who will gladly give any further information which may be desired.

ROBERT B. LAWRENCE,
ERNEST G. GOULD, Sec'y, President.
Seneca Falls.

A 62-Inch Moose Head.

MR. C. E. E. USSHER, General Passenger Agent of the Canadian Pacific, tells us that late in October a moose head was taken out of Kippewa district by Mr. J. C. Bates Dana, of Worcester, Mass., and shipped from Kippewa to Montreal. The spread was 62 inches. A Mr. W. S. Lincoln, of Worcester, Mass., at the same time shipped two heads from Kippewa to Montreal, one of which had a spread of 58 inches.

Long Island Ducks.

EAST QUOQUE, L. I., Nov. 10.—The change in the weather has brought the ducks in the bay. Several good bags of ducks have been made; ten mallards, with black ducks, widgeons, sprigs and broadbills. If weather continues the outlook for shooting will be good. Quite a number of sheldrakes have come in the bay since the change of wind.

E. A. JACKSON.

The *FOREST AND STREAM* is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

DON'T SHOOT

Until you see your game, and
see that it is game and
not a man.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

ANGLING NOTES.

Trout Fry and Iced Fry.

MORE and more the New York applications for public fish for stocking waters that are public (for under no circumstances will State fish be furnished for stocking private waters, and I might also say that the State of New York does not furnish fish for stocking the waters of other States, be they public or private) demand fingerling fish, particularly of the salmon family, and consequently fewer trout fry are asked for. There is no reason why fry properly planted should not give good returns, but the trouble is to have the fry properly planted, as I have pointed out in former notes. Very recently I met a committee of gentlemen in Cattaraugus county to look over various places where trout fry may be reared to fingerlings, and one of them gave me a leaf from his experience in planting fry. He said he had been just as successful in planting fry as in planting fingerling fish, because he took the fry to the very headwaters of the streams and planted them at the sources, taking the fry from the cans in a dipper and depositing not over six to twelve of the little fish in a place. This made considerable hard work, for each can probably contained at least 3,000 fry, and to plant six to twelve and carry the can to another point and repeat the operation required time and hard work, but Mr. Blessing assured me that this sort of fish planting brought as good results as when fingerlings had been planted. The fish so distributed were assured of a fair division of the food in the streams and were placed where they would not be eaten by their larger brethren of the same or other species.

This evening I was looking at the circular of the Solway Fishing Company, of Dumfries, Scotland, and noticed what it had to say about fry. Mr. Armistead, the proprietor of the fishery, is a man of large experience as a fish breeder, and what he has to say on the subject must have weight, and as I desire always to present a case fairly, I give an extract from the circular:

"Many of our correspondents we find prefer fry, and have been remarkably successful in stocking waters with them. Fry do very well, and are so much better understood than they were twenty years ago that we have far more confidence in recommending them. There are cases in which it would be injudicious and possibly useless to use fry for stocking, but such cases are exceptional. The great secret of success with fry lies in having good healthy fish."

The trout fry sent out by the State of New York are good healthy fish—there can be none more so—and if they were not they would not grow into the good healthy fingerling fish that are so frequently commended by those who receive them. Breeding fish are carefully selected and only healthy specimens are used for breeders. The stock fish are changed between the different hatcheries that have stock ponds. Fish above four years of age are now disposed of by planting them in public waters. Fresh blood is introduced by taking eggs from wild fish, and eggs are obtained from waters outside of the State. The difference between the cost of fry and yearlings is exemplified in the circular before me. Fry from selected fish are sold at \$6.25 per 1,000, and selected yearlings are sold for \$75 per 1,000. If yearlings are not properly planted they will amount to little more than fry improperly planted, so it remains, if one is to be successful in fish planting, for the applicant for State fish to see that, whether the fish are fry or fingerlings, they are properly placed in the water.

Sometimes I think it would be money well invested for the State to insist that all fish be planted by men from the State hatcheries, and then, if these men did not do the work as it should be done, to get others who would. It is a great saving of time and money for the State to deliver the fish, whatever they may be, at a railroad station into the hands of the applicant, and go on to other stations with other assignments of fish. In this way a messenger might distribute 60,000 fish in three days that would require a week or more to plant if the messenger put every fish in the stream himself.

However, I have wandered away from ice on trout fry. I was greatly surprised to read in the Solway circular this declaration: "We have often heard of fry being iced for a journey. No wonder they did not succeed. Here ice has never been used for such a purpose, except under the most exceptional circumstances."

There is no reason why ice should not be used, and there is every reason that it should in transporting fry, and no harm ever came from using it, and if ever fry failed to succeed, the failure cannot be charged to the use of ice in the cans on the journey from the hatchery to the water where the fry were planted.

This may appear to be strong language in the face of the quotation, and I mean it to be, for if it is wrong to ice trout fry in the cans on a journey, the State and national fish commissions have been doing wrong for years and continue to-day to do wrong. Nevertheless they are very successful in so doing.

Occasionally I have heard some one wonder that ice is used in a can of young fish, only because they happen to think that the ice may strike the fish or jam them against the side of the can. In a can the ice floats at the top of the water and the trout fry, like all fry of the salmon family, hug the bottom. It is for this reason that round cans are used, for if they were square corners the fry would crowd into the corners at the bottom and smother.

Over and over again have fry (and older fish, too) been lost for want of ice, and the ice question is a rather tender subject with me. One night I started with a lot of choice trout fry for an all-night journey, and I was plentifully supplied with ice, as I supposed but there was a fire in the express car, and the ice melted in the cans at a fearful rate, and in the middle of the night the ice gave out. The sleeping cars in the train contribute each a small quota of ice, but not enough to save the fish. To be sure, the cans were overcrowded at the start, but this was a matter of necessity, and an extra quantity

of ice had been ordered in consequence. Ice would have saved the fish in spite of the crowding, but lack of it killed them. I can look back over a score of instances where lack of ice caused loss of trout and other fry, and where the presence of it would have saved them. A particularly aggravating case was of a messenger deposited at 2 o'clock in the morning at a junction with 50,000 sea salmon fry, and no ice. The messenger had been almost forced to take a train he did not wish to take to bring about the situation in which he found himself. Sea salmon were as scarce then as now, and as soon as he could get a message to me over the railway wires I procured ice and met him with it. In the meantime he pumped his fish, and when I met him about 25,000 were dead, and those still alive were very sick. Ice would have saved them, and knowing how ice has saved fish fry for all the years since Dr. Garlick, the father of fishculture in America, discovered the use of ice in transporting fry, about 1853, I cannot understand why any fish breeder should intimate that icing fry is wrong or likely to operate against the success of the fish planted after being iced. If it were wrong or injurious we would not have any fish in this country as the result of artificial breeding, for all our fry are iced in the cans when transported, and it is for this reason that every hatchery in the State has an ice house, and why now that ice is exhausted in some of these ice houses, the State is paying \$5 a ton for it at nearly every point where the State fish car is sent. Let no one be alarmed if he receives trout fry with ice in the can; rather let him rejoice.

Salmon River Salmon.

Yesterday I received a salmon from Salmon River, New York. It was an Atlantic salmon, but not very fresh, as it had reached me in a very roundabout way, and the ice was melted, and I did not wish to spend much time in examining it closely. How the fish was taken I do not yet know, but it had marks on its sides showing it had been injured in some way. Several round marks showed old wounds and a peculiar glazing of the skin where the scales were absent. Possibly it was similar marks on the fish previously referred to that was found dead that gave rise to the opinion that lampreys had caused its death. To me it did not look like the work of the lamprey in the case of the fish received yesterday. The journey from the sea to Salmon River must be a long one to bring the first fish to the river in the month of October, and there are perils of divers sorts between the sea and the sweet water of Oswego county, of which we know little at this time, but can imagine much. Suffice it to know now that the fish are Atlantic salmon, and that as the result of a salmon plant the fish are returning to the river annually.

Fish Weirs.

Some of the New York fish and game protectors recently made a visit to the Delaware River at Port Jervis and followed the stream upward for forty or fifty miles, destroying the eel weirs in the stream. I saw Protector Leavitt the day he returned to Albany after his raid, and asked what he found in the weirs, for it has been contended that nothing but eels are taken in them. He did find eels, barrels of them but he also found black bass in many of the weirs. It has been the custom for residents of Pennsylvania in many instances to build their weirs on the New York side, and the residents of New York to build their weirs on the Pennsylvania side, so the protectors destroyed all the weirs they found, no matter on which side of the river they were found, and the Pennsylvania protectors have done the same thing. Some of the weirs were so massive that they had to be blown up with dynamite, but all were destroyed, no matter what their character or where they were found, but the owners escaped, for word went up the river faster than the protectors could move, telling what they were there for.

New Hatchery and Rearing Ponds.

At the meeting of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission on Nov. 8, action was taken on the selection of a site for a new State hatchery in Delaware county. Every situation suggested by the people in the county—for the law provides that the hatchery must be erected in Delaware county—has been examined, and on Nov. 7 the hatchery committee made a final visit to a site near Hobart. The time was limited, and Mr. Edward Coykendall, superintendent Ulster & Delaware R. R., furnished a special train to take the committee from Kingston to Hobart and return, that the members might be in Albany on the 8th. The State Engineer had prepared a survey of the site, measurement of water, etc., and at the regular meeting the site was formally adopted. It will comprise about ten acres on the farm of Mr. Jos. Hiller, about one-half mile from Hobart Station, on the Ulster & Delaware R. R., in the town of Stamford. There are six springs, each with a temperature of 46 degrees Fahr., and together they were flowing enough water in August and again in September to hatch 20,000,000 of trout eggs. From the upper spring to the Delaware River it is a distance of 2,300 feet, and there is no opportunity for flooding, as the springs form in a meadow and the resulting brood flows through the meadow to the river, giving a fall of over 14 feet, all the head necessary for hatching purposes. The railroad is but a few rods from the stream and parallel with it and it connects with the West Shore R. R. at Kingston and with the Delaware & Hudson at Oneonta. The railroad company will build sidings at a point opposite the proposed hatchery. I doubt if a more favorable location could be selected anywhere for a hatchery with an abundance of desirable water as to temperature and quality, and convenience of distributing the fish hatched in the hatchery when built.

The Commission also selected a site for rearing races and ponds in Cattaraugus county near Lime Lake, and Lime Lake is near Machias Junction. The bill providing for these ponds reads "for a hatchery and rearing ponds," but it never was intended to erect a hatchery in Cattaraugus county, for the reason that the capacity of the present hatcheries is over 53,000,000 trout eggs alone, and in one year the Commission hatches under 10,000,000 of eggs. The Commission with its present water supply can rear but about one and one-half millions of fingerling fish, and it is for this reason that additional water is de-

sired for rearing races and ponds. The site selected by the Commission is on the line of the Pennsylvania R. R. (Western New York & Pennsylvania), forty-four miles from Buffalo, and the springs are within sixty rods of the track. The water supply is abundant for rearing a great number of fingerling trout, and the nearness of the location to Buffalo will insure cheap transportation of food for the fish to be reared. It is probable that the people will donate the site, and Senator Higgins informs me that a highway would be laid out from the water to the railroad station, less than a mile, if the Commission selected this site. During the dry season, so widespread and so severe in New York this year, the springs at Lime Lake gave an abundance of water, with a temperature of 48 degrees Fahr. at the springs, and the surface water in the brook was 53 degrees Fahr. When the races are erected trout fry will be taken in the State car from other hatcheries, where the water is limited, and reared at Lime Lake until the time for distributing them as fingerlings. The site is admirable from the point of railway connections in taking the fry from other hatcheries, and in distributing the fingerlings and for other reasons it is most desirable for a rearing station.

Nessmuk's Drinking Cup.

This evening a friend said to me: "What a curious match box you have on your desk. What is it?" The match box is such a familiar feature of my desk that it long ago ceased to be curious to me. It is Nessmuk's drinking cup, and is of his own manufacture. It is a section of a cow's horn I scraped and polished, the bottom of the section having a piece of wood fitted into it so that it will hold liquids. Nessmuk cut into the horn at the base these words, "Temperance Cup," and filled the letters with ink, perhaps, so that they are conspicuous. He said it was a temperance cup, not from the kind of liquid it would hold, but from the quantity. It is 1 3/4 inches high and 1 1/8 inches in diameter, and had seen long service before Nessmuk gave it to me years ago. One day my daughter put matches in it, and thereafter it was designated as a match box, and has so served in spite of its legend.

Spawning of Trout.

The unusual warm weather in October and early November of this year has caused all the fall spawning fishes to be quite late in depositing their ova. The foremen of all the State hatching stations in New York have the same story to tell, that trout in the stock ponds are slow to run into the spawning races, and that trout in the wild waters have not yet made their beds, so that the season for egg taking is unusually late. One State employee who is prosecuting work in new waters as an experiment, writes under date of Nov. 7: "Fished until midnight on two beds last night. Caught twelve lake trout, eight males and four females, the latter not ripe yet. No whitefish have yet come into the nets." On Nov. 8 he wrote: "We fished the lake trout beds last night, but owing to winds and rough seas had to take up the nets soon after 6 o'clock. We caught twenty lake trout weighing from 6 to 9 pounds each. Six of them were females, not ripe. I think it will be fully three days more before they will be ready. None had spawned."

Up to Nov. 4 the different State hatching stations had taken a total of eggs as follows: Brook trout, 1,095,000; brown trout, 645,500, and lake trout, 3,245,000. In addition, 1,000,000 brook trout eggs have been secured outside of the State for crossing with stock fish and for planting when hatched in State waters. Over 3,000,000 of the lake trout eggs were secured by an agent of the State in Lake Michigan, and even there the trout were later than usual in spawning. It is curious to look over the reports of the foremen and find that at one station none scarcely of the brook trout have spawned, but the brown trout are spawning freely. At another station it may be just the reverse, the brook trout are reported as spawning and scarcely any of the brown trout. At one station all the trout in one pond have spawned, while in an adjoining pond there are no ripe fish as yet. The prospect seems fair, however, to secure a larger number of trout eggs than usual, as the State has joined with the United States in the expense of egg taking, and from this source, which is not touched upon in the above figures, there is the promise of a goodly number of trout and whitefish eggs. Fish are at times very uncertain creatures about furnishing eggs, as I have previously noted. Last year the smelts did not appear on Long Island, and in place of getting 25,000,000 or 30,000,000 of eggs, there were but a million or so taken. What is true of smelt is true of other fish.

A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Record on Western Bass.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 3.—It seems altogether likely that the record on Western bass this year is to be held by an Eastern man. Mr. W. L. Porter, of Waterford, New York, has been fishing up at Lake Gogebic, Mich., and has been having very good luck with the big ones. He has taken one of 6 1/2 pounds, another of 6 pounds, one 5 1/2 pounds, within the last two days, thus scoring a second bass to weigh 6 1/2 pounds. He caught another of 6 1/4 pounds not long ago. This week he capped all his performances by taking a beauty of 6 3/4 pounds. This fish was alive two days ago, and is being kept for mounting later on. It is thought to be the record fish for 1900 in this part of the world. All the above bass were small-mouths.

Nepigon and the North Shore.

Mr. W. O. Watson, of Charlottesville, Va., wants to know something about the north shore of Lake Superior, and I wish some of our friends who know all about that country would answer the questions which he asks. He writes:

"I see but little nowadays in FOREST AND STREAM about the north shore of Lake Superior, around about Nepigon, as a trout region. Is it played out? Have always had a desire to go there, but have never been able to get much information about it. Can you help me out? Is the fishing really fine? What are the charges for guides, etc.? What are its drawbacks? I shall be grateful indeed for any information you can give me. When is best time to

go? Possibly you can give me the names of parties who have been there recently."

Although not personally familiar with the Nepigon country, I think I may say in a general way that the Nepigon is by no means an exhausted stream. The Canadians manage those things better than we do. I think the best time to go there would be in the late summer, and at that time the fly would be pretty bad. A party customarily hires Indians—two Indians to each boat—and the fishing is done chiefly from the canoe, as I understand it. I do not know the price of the guides, but they are experienced and reliable. There are regular camping grounds, and, in fact, the whole thing is pretty much cut and dried. I think the main thing to do would be to take a shawl strap full of money, and to get to Port Arthur some time in August. There are many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM who have made this trip, and from these I do not doubt there will be many replies to Mr. Watson's queries.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Michigan Grayling.

BY A. C. BABBITT.

(Read before the American Fisheries Society.)

DR. HENSHALL'S papers on Montana grayling were deeply interesting to me, carrying my thoughts backward to a time when Michigan's type of the species—*Thymallus tricolor*—were almost the sole occupants of at least 1,000 miles of limpid, running spring water, of varying width and deepness, threading the pine clad sections of twenty-three counties of the Peninsula State, lying north of a line drawn from the south line of Oceana county on Lake Michigan, running northeasterly to the lower side of Arenac county on Saginaw Bay. In the early seventies most of the streams and tributaries in the following list were literally overstocked with graylings. The northern portion of Arenac county is traversed by the Au Gres River, which mingles its waters with those of Saginaw Bay. Thence north, flowing into Lake Huron, are the Au Sable, Black, Pigeon and Sturgeon rivers, besides two branches of the Thunder Bay River, the Rainy River and Canada Creek. From the apex of the peninsula south the waters of Lake Michigan receive those of the Maple, Boyne, Jordan, Boardman, Manistee, Little Manistee, Pere Marquette, White and Muskegon rivers, all of which were originally the home of the grayling. The one grayling stream of the Upper Peninsula is the east branch of the Ontonagon River, which empties into Lake Superior west of Keweenaw Point. By coast line, the mouth of the Ontonagon is upward of 400 miles from the coast of the Lower Peninsula. On account of the strictly non-migratory habits of tri-color, it would seem that the Ontonagon specimen should receive a separate classification.

My acquaintance with grayling dates from previously. Dr. J. C. Parker, of Grand Rapids, had identified the species, from specimens taken from one of its most southerly habitats, Hensley Creek, a branch of the Muskegon River. We early settlers of Crawford county, however, were ignorant of the fact, and many long evenings were partly taken up with discussions as to the identity of the fish, with which the streams of the county abounded. Supposedly a species of trout, its specific name depended on the particular stream from which it was taken. In that locality it was generally designated Au Sable or Manistee trout. By some, however, it was claimed that this stranger was no trout at all, but more likely a "cisco or jack salmon," while others, wiser in their own conceit, pronounced this rara avis a "cross between a sucker and lake herring."

In 1875 the upper portion of the Au Sable and Manistee rivers retained yet their primal beauty; their stock of grayling was practically intact. A catch of 58 pounds was not an uncommon thing as a result of one day's fishing with a fly-rod. By this means the demand from Chicago, Cincinnati and Detroit for grayling was over-supplied, so little was this delicious table fish known. As its fame as a game fish and an epicurean dainty spread, fishermen came from afar, who almost invariably pronounced it superior to brook trout in both of these qualities. It is to be hoped that an effort will be made to propagate *Thymallus tricolor* by methods similar to those employed in the propagation of its congener in Montana. Two questions in regard to *T. tricolor* have for some time engaged the attention of fishculturists; first, inquiry as to the cause for the rapid depopulation of grayling streams; second, why have attempts at artificial or protected propagation of the species been economic failures?

Owing to the gregarious and fearless nature of *T. tricolor*, I believe that the same amount of fishing on a grayling and trout stream of similar character would make a greater impression on the stock in the grayling stream than in the trout stream. The real cause for the practical extermination of Michigan grayling, however, has been logging operations. On account of their peculiar spawning habits, the log drive has year after year practically shut out that function, besides undoubtedly destroying numbers of adult fish.

T. tricolor's habits are for ten months in the year strictly local. During this period he will occupy a portion of a river's bed circumscribed by one square foot of space. No matter if hundreds are domiciled in a bend of the river, each and every one keeps separate house. If disturbed, driven out, each returns to the precise spot which he formerly occupied. About March 10 there is a general exodus from their haunts, a run down stream. When nature prompts their return they begin a lingering ascent or up run, performing spawning functions on the way up stream, at points for which the gravid fishes have a special predilection, on either sand or gravel, according to the character of their habitat. *T. tricolor's* habits, or preferences, are immutably fixed, as unchangeable as fate. She has a preference for a particular portion of the river's bed on which to spawn, and there she will deposit her eggs or not at all. If a log jam rests on the spot of her choice, as is often the case, being piled from the bottom to the surface of the water, she will hold on to her eggs until the germ dies rather than cast them in any other place. These traits render it an impossibility to propagate the species anywhere else but in their native haunts.

In short, the Michigan type of *Thymallus* must have a down run. She must also find her spawning ground unobstructed on her return or propagation of her kind is off for that season. The experience of several years devoted to efforts at domestication of grayling convinces me that it is impracticable.

I believe, however, that protected propagation of *Thymallus tricolor* is both practicable and feasible, provided a stream can be found where logging operations are a thing of the past, and where enough grayling have survived to serve as a nucleus for future operations under the protection and manipulation of fishculturists.

Tip-Ups and Ice-Fishing.

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article on tip-ups in your last issue is very interesting for people who like that kind of sport. I have no doubt Mr. Churchward is reliable, but I see a difficulty in his last proposition, that New York fishermen may enjoy the sport on the lakes mentioned. Among these lakes he includes Hopatcong, Budd's, Panther and other lakes in New Jersey. Of course, there are fish in those lakes, and these fish can be taken by means of tip-ups, as I have seen it done, but I wish Mr. Churchward would tell me where he is going to get his ice from or whether he expects New York anglers to pay \$20 for each fish taken. Pickerel fishing is prohibited in New Jersey from the last day in November to the first day of May, and, unless Mr. Churchward has made arrangements for a very material change in the seasons, that is just the time we may expect ice in our New Jersey lakes in the future, judged by past experience. I do not know which would be more expensive, to cart ice to the lakes in the summer for the operation of tip-ups, or to pay \$20 per fish during the winter months.

CHAS. A. SHRINER.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 13.—Chatham, Ont.—Twelfth annual field trials of the International Field Trials Club. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 13.—Harrisville, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Paterson, Sec'y.

Nov. 15-16.—Riley, Ind.—Second annual field trials of the Riley Field Trials Association. J. L. Graham, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club's twenty-second annual field trials—Members' Stake. Nov. 19, Derby.

Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 20.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trials Association's second annual field trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y, Mattoon, Ill.

Nov. 20.—Ruthven, Ontario, Can.—Second annual field trials of the North American Field Trials Club. F. E. Marcon, Jr., Sec'y, Windsor, Ontario, Can.

Nov. 27.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Dec. 10.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

1901.

Jan. 14.—Greenville, Ala.—Fifth annual field trials of the Alabama Field Trials Club. John B. Rosenstihl, Sec'y.

Jan. 21.—Benton County, Miss.—Fifth annual field trials of the United States Field Trials Club. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 13-17.—Vicksburg, Miss.—First annual bench show of the West Mississippi Agricultural, Mechanical and Live Stock Exposition. John Dewhurst, Supt.

Nov. 23-30.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Second annual bench show of the Philadelphia Dog Show Association. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

Dec. 6-10.—Cincinnati, O.—Annual bench show of the Cincinnati Fox Terrier Club. J. C. Trohlinger, Sec'y.

1901.

Feb. 26-March 1.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Kennel Club's annual bench show. C. M. Munhall, Sec'y.

March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Fetch and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

VIII.—Pointing, Backing, Ranging, Quartering, Dropping to Wing, Unsteadiness, Brace Work.

Pointing (Continued).

Not infrequently the pointing instinct is exhibited at a very early age, and in rare instances it is dormant past the age of maturity. Usually young puppies are profoundly affected by the scent of game birds or the sight of other birds. On the latter, they will draw and point by sight, springing after and chasing them the moment that they take wing. At first, under the stimulus of their purpose, they rush heedlessly in to capture, and failing if they chase senselessly and riotously. Failure develops greater caution. As they grow older, they use their noses more and exercise greater craft. As to methods, they vary and are determined by the intelligence and idiosyncrasies of the individual.

A precocious display of pointing does not in the least indicate that the puppy making it is superior to his fellows, for it requires no high degree of mental or physical ability to stand on a point. The act, moreover, may be done foolishly and aimlessly as any other act may be done. The nose of the dog requires a certain degree of training to become a trained organ of scent. Skill in its use therefore comes from experience.

Commonly the first efforts of puppies at pointing are awkward and inefficient. Different kinds of effort are indicated by certain scent, as the body scent and the foot scent, and by different degrees of intensity of the same scent. The best manner of following scent, wind and character of the ground considered, is also an important factor. If the dog presses too closely on the birds, he flushes them; if he stops too far away from them, he is outside of the limits wherein he can make a successful spring, and therewith a reasonably successful attempt at capturing them. If he runs about over the trail aimlessly or potters to and fro, the birds may run entirely away from him.

Errors in the first attempts are to be expected. The

dog learns only by his successes and failures. After a time his judgment and functional powers of nose become so developed and trained that he can discriminate between the body scent and the foot scent, and when pointing can estimate with precision the whereabouts of the concealed birds.

The purpose of the point is twofold; the dog when set endeavors to accurately locate the birds by his powers of scent, and he then is in a better position to spring vigorously to capture. When he makes his point, every muscle is at its utmost tension. The opening and closing jaw regulates the intake of air so that the nostrils will not be disturbed in their act of nice discrimination; the eyes are set with a fixed bloody purpose. He may determine in an instant the whereabouts of the birds, or it may take him some moments. When he is satisfied that he has them located, he springs in with astonishing energy and quickness, and many times is successful in capturing before the birds can take wing, or, taking wing, he may capture before they can get beyond his reach. He can spring a few feet before a bird can rise from the ground a like distance. He makes many mistakes nevertheless. Sometimes, through eddies of wind or bad judgment, he may jump in the wrong direction, or he may make his stand too far away from the birds and when he makes his spring he falls far short of reaching them, etc. Dogs in this respect vary greatly in skill.

The points of the dog, as they are naturally made in furtherance of his own purposes, as shown when he is not trained or but half trained, have a vigor and intensity which are much greater than those of the trained dog. In time the points of the latter gradually become more or less perfunctory. He learns that he must not spring forward to capture and that therefore there is no need to set himself rigidly for it. He may even become slouchy on point, and some dogs learn to lie down instead of standing up as a dog on point naturally should do.

All dogs, however, which lie down on point do not do so as a matter of ease or indifference. Some do so as a matter of education; others as a matter of caution, sneaking forward very close to the ground when on trail, and dropping to the ground betimes for the purpose of concealment, something after the manner in which cats stalk their prey. Their alertness in playing to the gun is not diminished by being deprived of the pleasure of springing to capture; they are intent on intelligently assisting the success of the gun, and by being instrumental in the capture their self-interest is preserved.

The trainer in diverting the dog's efforts in seeking game preserves as much as possible all the dog's pointing methods up to the juncture whereat he has located the birds, stands to collect himself and is ready to spring in, to flush and capture.

The flush and capture are all that the dog is taught to forego. The point is useful to the shooter; the flush is not. Therefore the dog is indulged in the exercise of his own self interest in so far as permitting him to find and point birds; further than that he may not go without offense.

As mentioned hereinbefore, the dog in his first attempt should be permitted to seek and point and flush in his own manner, the trainer exercising some judgment as to how much experience is necessary to bring him to the proper stage for training to the gun.

The matter of whether the dog is headstrong or timid, or quick or slow to learn, or whether the opportunities are meager or abundant, etc., is for the exercise of the trainer's judgment. There is no arbitrary rule to determine it.

When the proper time arrives for steadying the puppy on point, if he flushes he is brought back to the place where he should have pointed and there is forced to remain till he recovers from his excitement and foregoes his purpose. As the flush is repeated opportunity after opportunity, the trainer evinces more and more disapproval by scoldings and more or less punishment, according to the requirements of the case.

At length, when the puppy has been taught what is required of him, if he springs in and flushes he is more severely punished, and as to how much punishment is necessary the trainer must exercise some nice judgment. Some dogs require very little; others require a great deal of punishment.

The trainer is most likely to err in hurrying too much. He is anxious to have the puppy pointing at once, and he is apt to use the whip too soon and too often in consequence. There is, in this connection, a certain difficulty in making the dog understand that the pursuit of the birds is not for his own benefit; that he is to stop short where his every natural impulse is to go on, and that punishment has reference to steady pointing and thus to the interests of the shooter. By injudicious punishment the dog may mistakenly understand that he has done wrong in finding the birds at all, and thereafter when near birds he may shy away from and quietly leave them so as to avoid the war which is likely to ensue if he happens to flush them. This act is called blinking, and is about the worst fault that a dog can have. Not infrequently weeks are required to cure it, and the trainer, who was the cause of it, from the fear he inspires in the pupil, is unable to cure it. A change of trainers is therefore then necessary. This alone should make clear the need of proper deliberation in training the dog to stanchness on point.

Excessive violence defeats its own ends. The dog cannot be taught to point if he has no inclination to do so. The instinct is slow to develop in some dogs. It may be latent for one or two years. If the dog shows good capabilities otherwise, he should not be condemned because he is disinclined to point in his puppyhood.

The self interest of the dog may be excited by acts which are pleasurable or profitable, or both combined. Seeking birds is such an enthralling passion that he will submit to much painful restriction before he will desist, though in time he can, by improper punishment, be forced to do so.

By habit the dog's nose becomes his chief organ of sense. He relies on it implicitly. If his master returns after a short or long absence, though he may see him distinctly, he will circle around till he catches scent of him, thus verifying his eye sight, after which he is perfectly satisfied of correct identification.

If it should happen that the trainer so dominates the pupil, or that the latter is so subservient that he is disinclined to take any independent initiative, or that he is slow to engage in hunting, it is better to let him have a course of self hunting on his own account. Dogs thereby acquire great skill and confidence in the application of methods, developing their intelligence and knowledge to an astonishing degree.

The unrestrained pursuit of prey is the dog's greatest pleasure. Once he learns self hunting, on opportunity he will steal away from home to indulge in it. He seeks the companionship of vagrant boys or dogs which are inclined to hunt like himself, either of which gives him the freedom from restraint which he so much values. When on a self hunt the duration of his absence is sometimes measured by the degree of fatigue which he can suffer, at other times by the degree of hunger, or by the degree of hunger and fatigue combined. Sometimes he may be absent a few hours; sometimes several days, returning thereafter in a state of skin and bone, and worn, weary and famished. When seeking thus for himself, he will plod cheerfully through mud and snow; will swim cold streams of water; will work in brush and briar; will gallop bravely into woods and open, ever eager to find and capture, rarely desisting until physical exhaustion prevents him from engaging further in the pursuit.

He, in one self-hunting outing, learns more than he generally learns in weeks when under the domination of his trainer. When self-hunting, all the natural hunting qualities and inclinations which are born in him have the free play unhindered. Then he learns to follow the trail with quickness, precision and enthusiasm; to distinguish the forward from the back trail; the body scent from the foot scent; the places which are likely to be and which are not likely to be the haunts of birds; to mark the flight of flushed birds and its probable length. In short, he learns the values of all the circumstances which are to be considered in the matter of pursuit and capture.

On the other hand, once that the dog has learned the delights and freedom of self hunting, there is no breaking him from indulging in it. He will sneak away whenever opportunity and inclination impel him to it, prowling for miles everywhere throughout the surrounding country, generally in the company of some other dog or dogs of like proclivities. Confinement is the only preventive of such acts.

A Hunting and Retrieving Cat.

UNCOMMON among cats is Wuzzy, the son of Mutz. For Wuzzy goes a-hunting. He does not hunt as all cats do, but, instead, goes with hunter and gun and retrieves game, the accomplishment coming partly from heredity and partly from long, patient and careful training. While in India several years ago I saw a cheetah, or hunting leopard, that had been trained to bring down game at the command of its master. This opened a field of possibilities in training animals of the cat kind, and the question immediately arose regarding the domestic cat. If a wild animal could be tamed and trained, why could not one that was already tamed be taught to do as well? After experimenting for several years on these lines in a disconnected way, I found that it would take long continued and patient effort to succeed.

I became the possessor of a beautiful Australian tiger cat, who responded to the name of Mutz. Mutz was affectionate and of good disposition, and I began training her to hunt while she was a kitten. It was a most difficult undertaking, and when I had reached a point in her education where she would follow me a short distance from the house and pick up birds that were shot she became the mother of three kittens. Two of these were consigned to a bucket of warm water at birth, but the third was so beautifully marked that he was saved. Some one remarked that he was "a wuzzy little cat," and "Wuzzy" he was named.

The coming of family duties effectually stopped the further education of Mutz, and the effort was transferred to Wuzzy. Wuzzy's father was evidently a disreputable old fellow, but the son's markings were even more perfect than those of his mother, and now he is a miniature tiger in all but disposition, for a more lovable and loving cat it would be difficult to find. The nomadic instincts of his father, combined with the training of his mother, made Wuzzy an ideal subject for experimentation, and as soon as he could play I began to teach him to retrieve.

Patience is the paramount idea in training a cat. A scolding will undo the work of days and a blow will ruin any cat. A cat will be a companion, but never a slave. If you teach it anything it will do it because it wants to—never because it has to. All this I had learned in the school of experience before I began teaching Wuzzy, and the result is that now, at the age of one year, he has never been scolded or struck, and is utterly without fear. This digression may give an idea of what it means to teach a cat.

After Wuzzy had learned to retrieve he was taught to follow at request—not command—and then come to shoulder. A dog is taught to come to heel, but Wuzzy preferred my shoulder, and would climb there and remain perched there during the long walks. Now came the most important and most delicate part of his education. He would retrieve and would follow; would he stand fire? Would he retrieve birds? Beginning with a small rifle, which made but slight sound, I gradually accustomed him to the discharge until he would sit on my left shoulder while I fired a shot from the right.

The next lesson was to combine the sound of the gun with the idea of retrieving, and on firing I threw the ball with which he was accustomed to play and he quickly associated the gun and the ball. Then the ball was displaced by a dead bird, a linnet or sparrow freshly killed, and it took but a few lessons to teach him to retrieve the bird as readily as the ball. The next lesson consisted in hanging the bird to a limb and dropping it as the gun was fired. He soon learned to watch the motion of the gun and his keen eyes detected the bird before the shot. His eagerness and expression of expectancy showed his impatience and the trigger was scarcely pressed before he was off for the fallen bird.

Having sufficiently inculcated into his mind the sequence of events, I now put his lessons in practical opera-

tion and took him on his first hunt. He followed me readily for about a quarter of a mile, and then showed a desire to return home. Calling him to shoulder, I shot a linnnet. He watched the motion of the gun with evidences of delight, and as the bird fell he sprang to the ground and brought the bleeding trophy to my feet. This was sufficient for the first day, and we returned home, where he received the bird as his share of the day's sport.

Every day for a week I continued to take him further and further from home until I felt that his education was about complete. A tramp of three miles and back had no terrors for him, and his bright golden brown eyes were often first to discover the hidden bird. I have not yet succeeded in teaching him that all birds are not game, nor have I succeeded in getting him to retrieve rabbits and squirrels. Like all of his kind, he has an antipathy for water and will not venture in after birds that fall in streams.

The details of our most recent hunting trip are typical of his work, and will serve to show to what extent Wuzzy's education has been carried. I started out one evening and gave a peculiar whistle, which the cat has learned to recognize as his particular call. He came sleepily around the corner of the house, as if half-inclined to resent interference with his nap, but when he saw the gun his resentment passed and he was all life and action. He frisked about like a dog, running up and down my clothing, climbing trees and scampering along the top of fences for a few hundred yards, when he settled down to business and began casting about for game. Espying a dove on a dead limb, he crouched and began lashing his long tail in perfect tiger motion. Thus he lay until I sighted the bird, flushed it and brought it down, when he was off, swifter than a dog, and grasping the fluttering dove almost as soon as it touched the ground. Before I had the dove strung on my game carrier he was crouching again, and it took me several minutes to discover that the object of his solicitude was a little wren hopping about among the bushes. I had some difficulty in convincing Wuzzy that the wren was too small for us, and he gave me several reproachful looks after we had left it behind.

I was first to sight the next bird, and flushed and dropped a meadow lark while the cat was looking in another direction. Instantly on the sound of the gun Wuzzy was alert, and noting the aim of the gun, he was off like a shot after the bird, which he found by circling like a true hunter. Thus the hunt progressed until we reached a spring, about three miles from home, just at sundown, the time when doves delight to drink, and then came what I consider the brightest achievement of the cat.

Hiding behind a scrub oak, I called Wuzzy to shoulder. His bright eyes were constantly watching, and when a dove appeared flying swiftly toward the spring, the cat was trembling with excitement until the bird alighted for its evening drink, then he bounded from my shoulder to a nearby rock, and stood lashing his tail which the frightened bird flushed and swiftly winged its way to fall by a shot. Retrieving the bird, he waited patiently until the next appeared, and the performance was repeated, until approaching darkness drove us home. I have shot over many hunting dogs that would try to find game when the shot was fired, whether the bird fell or not—Wuzzy never makes this mistake. Two doves were missed, and flew away unharmed, and the cat made no attempt to follow them, but immediately returned to my shoulder.

As a sequence to his training, Wuzzy has picked up, of his own accord, certain habits that are usually considered to belong especially to the dog. He objects to being left at home when any member of the family goes visiting, and will follow to the neighbor's, and if the visit happens to be a long one he will give most reproachful yowls from the front porch until the hint is taken and the visit cut short. Occasionally, when we have spent the evening at a neighbor's, we have been followed by Wuzzy, and we were always sure to find him curled up at their front door when we started home.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Connecticut Field Trials Club

Nov. 7 the Connecticut Field Trials were run at Hampton.

Derby Class.

The Derby class had the following entries:

Flora Noble II. (Lancaster—Topsy III.), handled by owner, W. J. Purcell, with Evans' Pride (Ch. Cincinnati Pride—Albert Bonnett), handled by C. H. Evans.

Mushkodose (Nox—Bess), handled by Orin T. Baker, with Solitaire (Jim Rod's Lou), handled by C. Hawkins. Good Hope Clip (Baxter—Tony Lit), handled by C. Hawkins, with Pet (— — —), handled by owner, O. D. Redfield.

Ranger Boy, a bye (Lancaster—Topsy III.), handled by owner, W. J. Purcell.

First prize, Evans' Pride; second prize, Flora Noble II.; third prize, Pet.

Some very fine work was shown throughout the trial. Evans' Pride did creditable work, showed good speed, ranged well and very staunch. Flora Noble II. was well under control, easily handled, very careful and steady. Pet, for a seven months old puppy, did fine work and showed good training. Steady to shot and wing and retrieved dead quail.

The day for field work could not have been finer if it had been made to order.

An attendance of about fifty people followed the judges and enjoyed the outing very much.

The Derby class was disposed of at 3 o'clock P. M.

Three brace of the All-Age was run. This used up the afternoon, and the party adjourned to the hotel, where they found a nice dinner waiting.

At 8 o'clock the annual meeting was called to order by President E. Knight Sperry, who made a very interesting speech, referring to his experience with bird dogs in days gone by.

Mr. F. M. Chapin told the boys a story regarding his fox hunting in southern Georgia, and his daring ride on Jack the Ripper, also his loss of \$10 bet that a red fox would not climb a tree.

Judge Clark, of Williamantic, was introduced by President Sperry. Mr. Clark entertained the party for about one hour, giving his experience with the fox hounds and fox hunting, referring back to his school days when quite a youngster in respect to waiting in a certain place where foxes crossed the roadway on which he went to school. Mr. Clark said the music those hounds made seemed to have a charm to his ear, and why he waited words could not express, for many a morning he was late at school just because he had to wait to see the fox cross the roadway. In Mr. Clark's remarks he said it was a true sportsman who loved his dog, and a blessing that every sportsman had the best dog he ever owned. He requested the party to stand to their title—a sportsman—be a gentleman and a true sportsman—regard the Sabbath day as God's day, and six days for usual avocation and sport.

Following the speeches, the election of officers for the ensuing year took place, as follows: E. Knight Sperry, President; Dr. J. E. Hair, First Vice-President; H. L. Wade, Second Vice-President; N. Wallace, W. G. Comstock and E. S. Gordon, Board of Governors; F. M. Chapin, Secretary and Treasurer, Pine Meadow, Conn.

John E. Bassett, former Secretary and Treasurer, resigned. Mr. Bassett has been Secretary and Treasurer since the club organized in 1898. A vote of thanks was extended to him for the interest he had taken in the club. Mr. Bassett thanked the members and said, "What I have done I have done with a pleasure to myself, and I hope an honor to the club." No further business, the meeting adjourned.

Nov. 8 the All-Age Stake continued. Dogs drawn as follows:

Montel, Jr. (Montel—Gypsy Belle II.), handled by trainer, H. L. Keyes, with Prince (— — —), handled by trainer, E. L. Post.

Good Hope Nellie (Antonio—Duff), handled by trainer, C. Hawkins, with Count Navarre (Soudan—Rhasne), handled by trainer, E. S. Gordon.

Glen Noble (Lem Gladstone—Glen), handled by trainer, C. Hawkins, with Blade's Ruby (Sir Jock—Ruby Felton), handled by O. D. Redfield.

Dash (— — —), handled by owner, Jesse A. Stewart, with Ruby's Dan (Dan Gladstone—Gath's Ruby), handled by owner, W. G. Comstock.

Nig (Shot—Queen), handled by owner, W. W. B. Markham, with Ruby's Rod (Kingston Mark—Ruby), handled by owner, W. G. Comstock.

American Boy (Kingston—Many Troubles), handled by trainer, O. D. Redfield, with Topsy III. (Van III.—Gina), handled by owner, W. J. Purcell.

Well may the boys of New England be proud of their president and extend to him many thanks for guiding them to the beautiful land of Hampton Hills, where every sportsman's dog had a fine showing on quail and fair judging by Mr. R. T. Hewitt and Joseph G. Lane.

First prize, Count Navarre; second prize, Nig; third prize, Ruby and Rod and Blade's Ruby divided.

Concerning "Training the Hunting Dog."

UTICA, N. Y., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I want to congratulate you on your magnificent work on the dog which you are publishing.

I long ago drifted away from the old line of breaking. When I would ask old trainers why a dog wanted to chase, break shot and flush, some would answer, "Pure cussedness," and when they licked them so they would not do so, they had a gun-shy, bird-shy, cowed dog or a blinker.

I by accident let a dog run his first year wild. By working through the county the dog would hunt to his heart's content, and going over the Blue Mountains brought in many young wild turkeys and partridge.

He would hunt and locate his game to a nicety, point them long enough to be sure they were there, and catch them.

I only had to kill a few birds over this dog to teach him to point longer.

When saying to old dog breakers that I believed in the above theory, they laughed at me. They said it was impossible.

I take some pride in what you say, as I have long believed in your way of breaking, yard breaking, making him point, never stopping, directing him here or there or saying one word to him, according to my experience—all rot.

I believe your book should be in every boy's hands in this country that ever intends to break a dog for the gun.

If any one don't believe the above is right and will come to Utica any time while the law is off of ruffed grouse, I will show them a dog that is never directed or spoken to except to encourage him. He hunts according to the way you are going and the speed you are going, uses his own judgment as to wind and cover and ground, and hunts in his own natural peculiar way.

They might say I had an extra good dog. The above way, which corresponds so clearly to the views of such an able authority on the dog, will bring out all there is in the dog, and the dog's ability will depend on the experience he gets as to absolute perfection.

E. D. FULFORD.

Death of P. T. Madison.

WE are informed that Mr. P. T. Madison, of Indianapolis, Ind., died at his home on Friday of last week. He had been in ill-health during many recent years. He was conspicuous in the field trial world, having filled the office of secretary successively in several field trial clubs, notably the Indiana Kennel Club, the United States Field Trial Club, the Continental Field Trial Club and the Independent Field Trial Club, to the latter of which he filled the office of secretary at the time of his death. He also was the owner of dogs which were successful in field trial competition, the most conspicuous of which is Rodfield.

Points and Flushes.

The western Massachusetts Fox Club held its annual meet at Westfield on Thursday and Friday, Nov. 15 and 16.

Yachting.

It was stated in these columns last week that officers of the Colombian Government had arrived in New York to take Mr. George Gould's yacht, *Atalanta*, to her new home. Owing to their not making the final payment for the yacht, the sale was declared off, the Colombian Government forfeiting the \$70,000 they had already paid. The change of government in Colombia is responsible for the failure to purchase the yacht. It is now stated that Gen. N. Bolet Peraza, of the Venezuelan Government, has offered Mr. Gould a sum considerably in excess of the amount that the Colombian Government was to pay, and in all probability the yacht will go to the Venezuelan Government.

A CABLE from Glasgow states that the contract to build Sir Thomas Lipton's new challenger, *Shamrock II.*, has been awarded to D. & W. Henderson, the builders of the three *Valkyries*. March 31 is the date set for the completion of the boat.

Minnesota.

WE are indebted to the builder, Gus Amundson, of White Bear Lake, Minnesota, for the accompanying design of the racing sloop *Minnesota*, the challenger of this year for the Seawanhaka cup. The yacht was designed and built by Mr. Amundson for a syndicate headed by F. M. Douglas and Cass Gilbert, of the White Bear Y. C. The story of her races with the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. representative, *Red Coat*, was told in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Aug. 11-18. These races left no doubt as to the superiority of *Red Coat* in her home waters, but at the same time it is a question whether the defeat of *Minnesota* was not due to the fact that she was unsuited to local conditions, rather than to defects of design or construction. Mr. Amundson has been very successful in many classes on the Minnesota lakes, but his experience has been limited to these small, landlocked waters, and he has had no opportunity to visit Lake St. Louis and study the locale of the Seawanhaka cup races or the defending fleet. One great point of superiority in *Red Coat*, as in all the Duggan boats, was her freeboard and power, fitting her for the rough water so frequently encountered on Lake St. Louis. She was ahead of *Minnesota* in this respect just as *Glencairn II.* was superior to *El Heirie* in 1896, and *Glencairn II.* to *Momo* in 1897. So far as we are aware, no thorough test has been made of the Duggan boats on the Western lakes, the prevailing type being of light power and low freeboard.

The design of *Minnesota* speaks for itself as to fair and easy lines and a generally good form, there being none of the extreme freak features which prevail in nearly all the modern skimming dishes. The whole form of the boat, as partly shown in the large picture, is fair and sweet, without the characteristic hump in the bow which marks so many of the class. Not only were the lines fair in the design, but the boat herself showed a very fair body, something difficult to attain in this flat form of hull and in light construction. In general workmanship and exterior finish she will stand beside anything yet seen in the class, there being not merely good but very fine work in all parts. Her planking is of ½ in. smooth-lap, with frames 1¼ by ½ in., spaced 6 in. There is a flat keelson of ¾ in. cedar for the full length inside, on which are the bedpieces of the trunk. The planking is ship-lapped, the upper strake is of mahogany and the rest varnished of white cedar, and the deck is covered with oiled drilling. The coaming and similar fittings are of mahogany. The centerboard is of 5-16 in. steel, the peculiar shape being shown in the picture. The dimensions are:

Length—	
Over all	36ft. 3 in.
L.W.L.	26ft. 8 in.
Overhang—	
Bow	5ft. 9 in.
Counter	3ft. 10 in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	7ft.
L.W.L.	6ft. 5 in.
Draft	5 in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	1ft. 4½ in.
Least	11 in.
Counter	11 in.
Mast, from stem at L.W.L.	7ft.

The official measurements taken just before the cup races were as follows:

Mainsail—	
Boom	24.50ft.
Hoist	15.84ft.
Gaff	14.33ft.
Clew to throat	28.42ft.
Leach	35.33ft.
Area	385 sq. ft.
Head Triangle—	
Perpendicular	19.12ft.
Base	11.62ft.
Area	109 sq. ft.
Spinnaker boom	18.16ft.
Spinnaker per.	25.25ft.
Total sail area	494 sq. ft.
L.W.L.	25.50ft.

A Challenge for the Canada Cup.

WORD comes from Toronto that Com. George Gooderham, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., has announced his intention of challenging for the Canada cup. The challenge will be forwarded to the Chicago Y. C. in a few days. Then a conference will be held by the representatives of the two clubs to arrange for the preliminaries of the race.

On Nov. 8 the yacht *Prudence*, Capt. Sterling, from Boston for New York, which was dismasted off Boston Light and was towed back to the city by the police boat *Guardian*, is owned by J. H. Hutchins, of New York.



MINNESOTA—DESIGNED AND BUILT BY GUS AMUNDSON, 1900

The Measurement Rule in England

THE special committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain, on the subject of the revision of the measurement rule, has at last reported a definite proposition, as told below in detail from the Field of Oct. 27. Considering the breadth of the discussion of the measurement question since the last alteration of the Y. R. A. rule in 1895, we were in hopes that the committee which has been considering the proposals for a new amendment for some time past would deal with the question in an intelligent, thorough and scientific way and offer to the yachting world a new formula such as has been anxiously looked for on both sides of the Atlantic. The result is in every way a disappointment, as the committee has been content to patch up a rule that was poor enough in the first place. The linear rating rule, known in this country as the girth rule, is changed by the substitution of one new factor for an old one, and an alteration of the constant. The new factor is that proposed by Mr. Benzon and already discussed in the FOREST AND STREAM—in place of the skin girth only being measured, the chain girth, that is the length of a chain or tape drawn under the keel from waterline to waterline, and not necessarily touching the skin at all points, is taken and used in place of the skin girth, with a correction added in the form of four times the difference between the chain girth and the skin girth. It is apparent that, as the girth rule actually promotes a dangerous type of shoal centerboard boat, unless a heavy penalty is placed on the use of a centerboard, this new rule must operate in a similar manner; at least in the ordinary type of centerboard yacht without an external keel, the skin girth and chain girth are identical, so that the correction, $4d$, would disappear from the formula. To offset this, however, a special provision is recommended, that in all cases the draft is to be taken as not less than half the beam. To this, which is certainly bad enough, is added the recommendation that overhangs be taxed. It would be a waste of time to discuss this proposed rule in detail, but taken with the utter failure of the Yacht Racing Association of North America to enforce the girth rule in this country or to recommend anything better, and the absurd, complicated and ineffective formula proposed by N. G. Herreshoff with which the New York Y. C. is now laboring, the outlook for a fairly good measurement rule from any quarter is most discouraging.

The council of the Yacht Racing Association met at the Royal London Y. C. on Oct. 24, and unanimously adopted the report of the rating rule committee. It will be seen that the lengthy deliberations of the council have resulted in throwing out the proposals (1) by Mr. Linton Hone, for measurement by radius of inscribed circle; (2) by Mr. M. Heckstall-Smith, for taking the area of section without any tax upon girth; (3) the displacement rule suggested by Col. Bucknill, and several other proposals, while the rule originally proposed by Mr. G. F. Flemmich and Mr. Benzon, and subsequently advocated by Mr. R. E. Froude, in a letter to the Field of Aug. 11, with certain restrictions and modifications, has been adopted.

In our comments upon this rating rule in August last we said that our only regret was that Mr. Froude had not extended his remarks to the large classes as well as the small, and we are very glad that the council has taken

this view and made the proposed new rule applicable to all classes. The introduction of four times the difference between skin girth and chain girth will probably produce a wholesome and fairly full sectioned boat, while the extreme bulb keeled type, no matter whether they are deep finned boats like Norman, or shallow finned boats after the fashion of Sakuntala, will be very heavily taxed. A 52-footer like Samphire, and a 65-footer such as Kommodore, will be practically struck off the rolls, while all the fine sectioned "forties," with poor accommodation and insufficient headroom, will suffer in proportion. At shallow drafts the rule becomes a tax upon draft, and as such it is not desirable; but what may be called the undesirable area is prohibited by the restriction which provides that the draft will be taken as not less than half the beam. This means that, supposing a yacht has 13ft. beam and her draft is only 5ft. 6in., then, for the purposes of the rule, when measuring the chain and skin girths, the measurements will be taken to a point 6ft. 6in. below the L.W.L. In the area of drafts deeper than 0.5 beam the rule is but a moderate tax upon draft, and, from the tendency of vessels to run into excessive depth of keel under rules that do not tax draft at all, it is apparent that

no ill effects will be felt on this score. The tendency of this rule should be to encourage a yacht like an enlarged Bona in the big class, a Queen Mab in the 65-footers, a Penitent in the 52ft. class. While the fastest 36-footer would probably be a boat of Forella's type, it is possible, however, that a yacht with a much fuller section would prevail. We do not attach much importance to the suggestion to limit the overhangs at either end to 30 per cent. of the L.W.L., because so soon as the fuller midship section appears overhangs will of necessity disappear. It is impossible to make use of an objectionable overhang in a boat with a deep body amidships. We mean by an objectionable overhang one that makes an abnormally fine angle with the L.W.L. It is satisfactory to note that the question raised by the owner of Bona in the Field of Sept. 29, namely, the allowance between cutters and yawls, has been dealt with in a manner that may give some encouragement to cutters about 90 rating. The following table shows the working of the clause relating to the yawl's allowance in its revised form:

On a 50-mile course:	Present allowance u. S. 2.		Proposed allowance u. S. 4.	
	M. S.	M. S.	M. S.	M. S.
A cutter of 100 rating allows a yawl of	100..14	18..11	23	
A cutter of 100 rating allows a yawl of	95..19	37..17	33	
A cutter of 100 rating allows a yawl of	90..24	36..22	39	
A cutter of 95 rating allows a yawl of	100.. 4	33.. 1	36	
A cutter of 95 rating allows a yawl of	95.. 9	52.. 7	42	
A cutter of 95 rating allows a yawl of	90..14	41..12	44	
A yawl of 100 rating allows a cutter of	90.. 2	20.. 5	25	
A yawl of 100 rating allows a cutter of	85.. 8	55..10	50	

We append the official document forwarded to us by the Yacht Racing Association.

Report of the Rating Rule Committee.—Adopted by the council Oct. 24, 1900.—To H. K. H. the president and council of the Yacht Racing Association:

(The committee appointed consisted of the members of the council, assisted by the naval architects whose names were recorded in the Field of Oct. 20.)

The committee have held several meetings, and on two occasions all the yacht designers attended. After fully considering the numerous proposals that had been submitted, the committee, with the unanimous concurrence of the yacht designers, decided to recommend the following rule:

$$\frac{L + B + 0.75 G + 4d + 0.5 \sqrt{S.A.}}{2.1} = \text{Linear rating.}$$

L = Length on L.W.L. measured as at present. B = Beam extreme as at present. G = Chain girth taken at the same station. d = Difference between chain girth and skin girth taken as at present. S.A. = Sail area measured as at present.

That the classes remain as in the present rule. In taking the girth measurements the present provisions as to hollows in profile, etc., are to hold. The draft will be taken as not less than half the beam.

That if the overhangs at either end exceed 30 per cent. of the L.W.L., the excess shall be added to the L.W.L. measurement. That existing boats be exempt from this provision for the years 1901 and 1902.

That in the first clause in the appendix the rating of yawls be reckoned for time allowance as 0.94 of their actual rating, instead of 0.92, as at present.

That the ninth clause in the appendix shall be worded to apply to yachts built prior to the passing of the new rule, with the proviso that this clause shall be limited to the years 1901 and 1902.—On behalf of the rating rule committee,

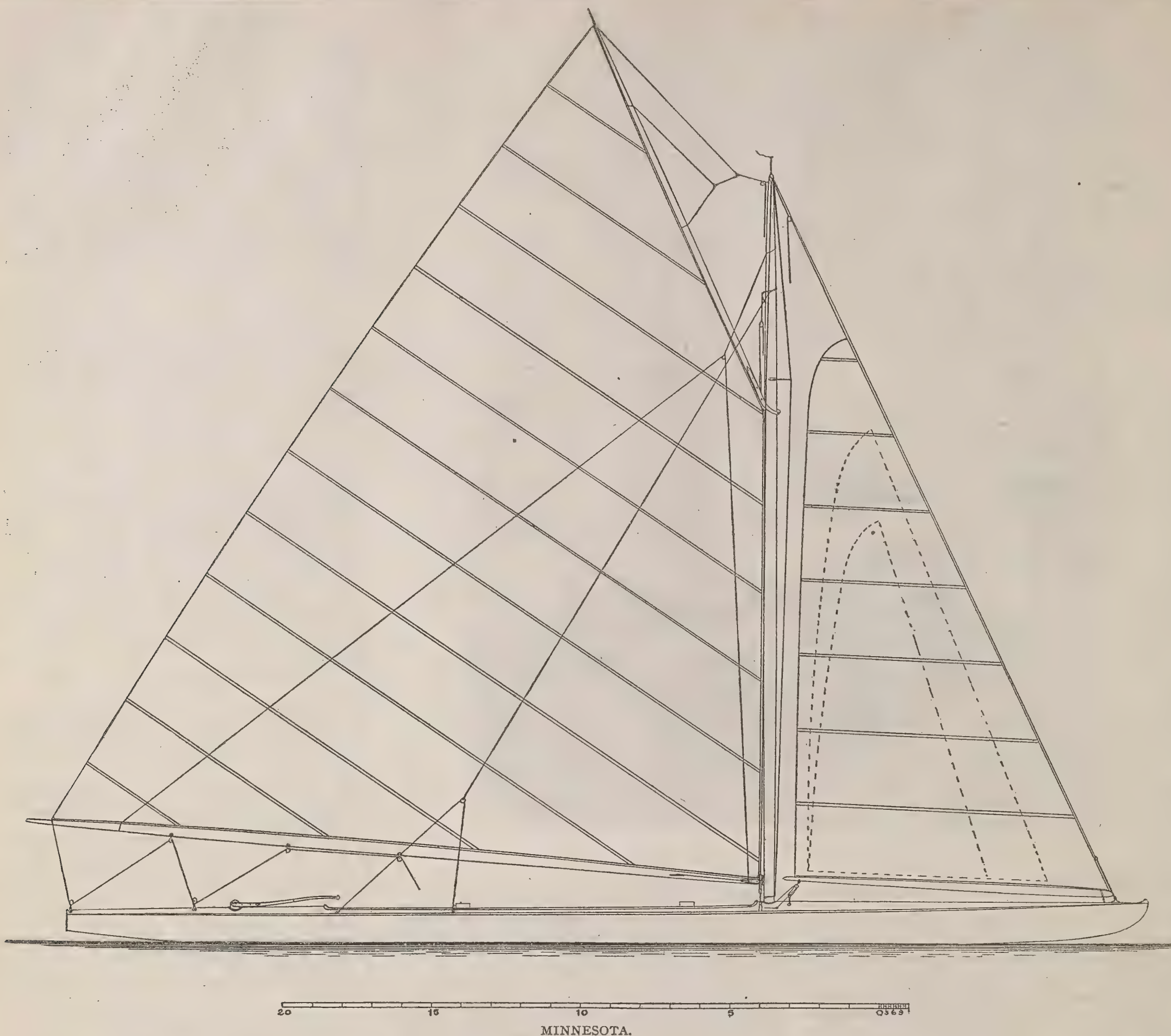
A. MANNING, Vice-Pres.,

B. HECKSTALL-SMITH, Sec'y.

The council recommend that the new rating rule should be in force for five years.

Mr. Chester W. Chapin is having an auxiliary polemast schooner built at the yard of Mr. Lewis Nixon, Elizabethport, N. J., from designs by Messrs. Cary Smith & Barbey. The yacht is of steel, 82ft. over all, 60 ft. waterline, 19ft. beam and 3ft. 9in. draft. The same designers have closed a contract for another schooner with C. & R. Poillon, of South Brooklyn. This yacht will also be an auxiliary; she is 94ft. over all, 68ft. on the waterline, 20ft. 4in. beam and 10ft. draft.

MINNESOTA.
Photo by Notman, Montreal.



The Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound.

THE November general meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound was held at the Yachtsmen's Club, 47 West Forty-third street, New York city, on Nov. 8, to discuss several amendments to the racing rules suggested by the Executive Committee.

Of the several amendments submitted, that of abolishing time allowance, excepting in the first classes of schooners, sloops and yawls, brought forth a heated discussion. Mr. Frank B. Jones, who was among those members who wished to see time allowance abolished, said he believed that it would be better to begin a new century with cleaner and better racing in the smaller classes, and that the abolition of time allowance would bring about this result, and that the out-built boats could be better taken care of by a system of handicapping, the old boats seldom winning a race and often hindering the modern boats under the present system. Mr. Seward was in favor of retaining time allowance until a satisfactory system of handicapping could be organized, for he was of the opinion that the old boats were entitled to some consideration. It was finally decided to put the amendment before the members for a vote, and when it was found out that several members were absent and their colleagues did not have the proxies made necessary by the rules of the Association, it was decided to allow this amendment to go over until the March meeting of the council.

The amendments that were adopted without opposition are as follows:

In the measurement of the sail area of yawls, to measure the base line without regard to main topmast or mast-head and gaff.

To abolish the requirement that metal plates be affixed as permanent marks at the ends of the load waterline.

To provide that official certificates of measurement shall be shown to the race committee when so requested.

To abolish the special allowance for schooners, yawls and catboats in mixed rig races.

To allow yawls to sail in the relative sloop classes at option of owners, if alone.

To allow raceabouts to sail in the 25ft. class of cabin sloops at option of owners.

To limit the number of professionals in the crews to four in the 43ft. classes, three in the 36ft. classes and two in the 30ft. classes.

To allow the removal of doors, provided they are kept on board.

To provide as a signal for shortening course a red ball hoisted under flag B.

To provide that the spinaker boom shall be carried on the mast when in use.

To revise the tables of scantling restrictions and simplify the general specifications.

To introduce in the definition and limitations of the raceabout class the cabin restrictions of the 21ft. load waterline class of knockabouts of 1899.

As there were some changes to be made in the restrictions of the raceabout class at this meeting, several of the owners of these boats were present. Among those who attended the meeting were: Chairman C. T. Pierce and Sec'y Charles P. Tower, of the Executive Committee of the Yacht Racing Association; Clinton H. Crane, Allen Whitman and H. M. Crane, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.; Edward M. McLellan and C. D. Mower, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; F. M. Hoyt, Stamford Y. C.; T. H. Macdonald, Bridgeport Y. C.; O. H. Chellborg and Harry Stevenson, Knickerbocker Y. C.; Ward Dixon, Hempstead Harbor Y. C.; F. S. Sullivan, Harlem Y. C.; Frank Bowne Jones and C. F. Kirby, Indian Harbor Y. C.; J. D. Sparkman, New Rochelle Y. C.; H. C. Ward, Huguenot Y. C.; M. R. Durham and W. H. Childs, Pequot Association; E. C. Seward, Sachem's Head Y. C.; C. E. Silkworth, Sea Cliff Y. C.; Charles Lane Poor, Shelter Island Y. C., and H. H. Gordon, Huntington Y. C.

The Ballasting of the 70-Footers.

THE Yachting World of Nov. 1, which we have just received, comments further on the ballasting of Rainbow and publishes the two following letters from Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, one to Mr. H. B. Duryea and the other to Capt. Parker.

Metropolitan Club, Oct. 5.—My Dear Duryea: I am in receipt of your letter of the 29th ult., which came to me as a very great surprise.

You say that you have found that ballast was added to Rainbow during the past season, and you assume that Capt. Parker put it on board without my knowledge. I desire to acquit Capt. Parker of all blame in the matter and to say that extra ballast was put on board by my order, and I wish to assume the responsibility.

It was my general understanding of the special agreement entered into by the owners of the 70-footers that I had the right to take in ballast until the waterline of my yacht became equal in length to that of the longest of the four yachts. As soon as I signed the agreement I sent it to you and did not keep a copy of it, and had

not seen it again until after receiving your letter, when I obtained a copy of it from one of the other owners.

As Mineola and Virginia were considerably longer on the waterline than Rainbow, I added ballast for the purpose of making her waterline equal to theirs, but for no other purpose.

It never occurred to me that it was necessary for me to give notice of this increase in ballast or to request a remeasurement. I find now, however, much to my surprise, that in this I was mistaken, and I therefore wish to express my deepest regret at having committed this error. I am sincerely sorry that I should have been guilty of such a blunder, and I wish to say that I was entirely wrong.

Of course, under these circumstances, I shall return all prizes won by Rainbow during the season, and shall at once notify the other owners of these facts. I shall also write to the various committees in charge of the races which I have sailed and inform them of my error. I beg to thank you for having called my attention to the matter. Yours very truly,

C. VANDERBILT.

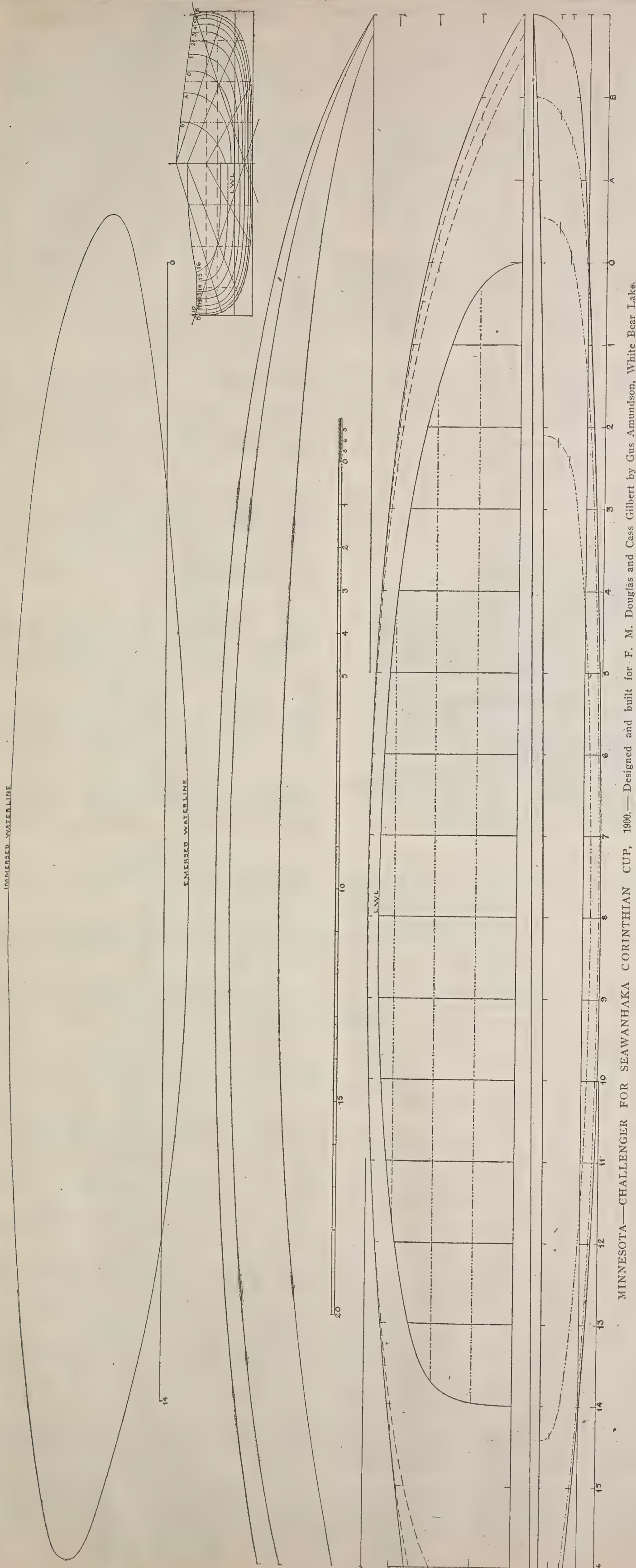
New York, Oct. 12.—Capt. George Parker: Sir—A communication from Mr. Duryea, one of the owners of Yankee, was published in the New York papers last Monday, in which Mr. Duryea set forth a copy of a letter which he had addressed to me. He did not, however, publish my reply. I inclose a copy of this communication.

I think it is only fair to you that you should be informed of the fact that I answered Mr. Duryea's letter to me by saying that I acquitted you of all blame in the matter; that the extra ballast was put on board Rainbow by my order, and that I wished to assume the responsibility myself, and to this end I inclose you a copy of my letter to Mr. Duryea, of which you are at liberty to make such use as you please. Yours truly,

C. VANDERBILT.

The N. Y. Y. C. and the Cup Defense.

No official announcement has yet been made by the N. Y. Y. C. of the names of the men who will compose the syndicate for the new boat. That the syndicate has been formed and all necessary money subscribed there is no doubt, and the delay in making a formal announcement as to the identity of the men is a reasonable one, considering the great task on hand for the selection of the best possible manager and skipper for the new boat. That the cup will be ably and safely defended there is no



doubt, but it is a matter of great delicacy to decide on the man who is best fitted in every particular to have charge of the defender, particularly when there are several excellent men in the field who are available. At present writing it looks as if Mr. Morgan would head the syndicate, with Mr. August Belmont as his right hand man, and Mr. E. A. Willard as manager and skipper of the boat. There is a persistent rumor that Capt. Wringe is to act as sailing master. This hardly seems credible, because the placing of an English skipper on an American Cup defender would raise such a storm of criticism that it would necessitate his removal, even though he would act only as Mr. Willard's advisor. Mr. Willard has done little yachting since he had charge of Vigilant in the trial races against Defender in 1895, although he sailed on Mineola with Mr. Belmont several times during the past season. He is a good yachtsman and his selection would meet with general approval. Mr. Herman B. Duryea and Mr. Wm. B. Duncan, Jr., have been suggested as good men to assume the responsibility, and as they are both very popular and have had extensive experience in sailing these big boats, the selection of either one would meet perhaps with even more general satisfaction. Now that Mr. C. Oliver Iselin has consented to take charge of Columbia during the trial races, he will in all probability act as an advisor in the sailing of the defender. In view of the satisfactory outcome of the Cup races since they have been in the hands of the N. Y. Y. C. perhaps it would be well to withhold criticism of the action on the part of those men who are in charge of the defense of the Cup.

The Payne Law Again.

ALTHOUGH a number of steam and sailing yachts, some of large size, have been brought into American waters by American owners within the past two seasons, nothing has been done to disturb them or to enforce the law originally known as the Payne bill. It seems from the following, in the Sun, that the United States is now in chase of poor old Lady Evelyn, the little schooner imported by the late Sir Roderick Cameron nearly ten years ago. Just why this boat, imported long before the law was passed, should be picked out, after being so long undisturbed, in preference to some of the more prominent ones recently imported in defiance of the law, is something which we are unable to understand.

The Treasury Department at Washington has just notified the Collector of Customs of the law regulating foreign-built yachts in these waters. The matter was brought up through the sale of the yacht Lady Evelyn to David Dunlop, Jr., by Major J. Fred Ackerman last month. The Lady Evelyn was brought to this country by the late Sir Roderick Cameron, and in 1892 was purchased by A. E. Tower, of Poughkeepsie, who in turn sold the boat to Major Ackerman. The yacht is not enrolled in any regularly organized yacht club of a foreign nation. The Treasury Department rules that she must be entered and cleared at each port under the laws governing vessels not of the United States, must on entry from a foreign port pay an alien tax of 50 cents a ton, a tonnage tax of 6 cents or 3 cents per ton according to the port from which the yacht is entered, and comply with all the laws regulating the entry and clearance of vessels. It is also ruled that as she is owned by a citizen of the United States she does not have the privilege extended to foreign yachts of entering or leaving port without clearing at the Custom House or paying tonnage tax.

Model Yachting.

THE members of the New York Model Y. C. held a series of races off Steinway on Nov. 6. The Sirdar won the special race for the Smythe prize. There were three starters. The Ripple won the race for second class sloops.

Off the club house of the American Model Y. C., South Brooklyn, there were races in the afternoon. Meta won for schooners, Ella for third class sloops, and Wasp for second class sloops.

The Wave Crest Model Y. C. held its last regatta of the season off Bay Ridge. The Nellie C. G. won for second class sloops in two heats, Tam O'Shanter for third class and Nanska for first class sloops.

The Brooklyn Model Y. C. held its last events of the season on the lake near the Reservoir at Prospect Park, and though some of the craft will remain in commission, Nov. 6 closed the season for all practical purposes by the club members until next spring.

White Bear Trophy Winners.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 3.—Keewaydin, owned by Messrs. H. A. Merrill and Geo. Ring, has been awarded the Gotzian cup of the White Bear Y. C. of St. Paul, emblematic of the open class championship of the season. This trophy was won last year by H. Van Vleck. Jennie R., owned by Mr. Geo. W. Rodenburg, wins the Dellwood cup.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

At the Herreshoff yard, Shark, 46-footer, hauled out in the north shop, had the greater number of her outside planks stripped off both above and below the waterline. The steel plates are now being fitted to her underbody in the same style as the Yankee's plates.

Nothing has been done to the sloops at Walker's Cove that were badly burned in a fire two weeks ago. The whole forebody of the 35-footer Effort is blackened and charred. The sloop Sirocco, lying beside her, is in still worse shape, as her deck and top of cabin trunk have been badly eaten by the flames. Another boat in the same yard, Evelyn, a yawl owned by Perkins Bros., is burned to the timbers in places. She is offered for sale. Both J. B. and Nat Herreshoff evidently think that a firebug is at work, as, since the fire at Walker's Cove, two watchmen or policemen have been engaged to examine their premises and their residences at intervals during the night to see that no mischief is being wrought.

In the Walker's Cove yard the designer's steam yacht Squib was hauled out for the winter a few days ago. The sloop yawl Spalpeen, owned by R. M. Riddle, was laid up there Wednesday. Other craft laid up there recently are

the freak San Toy, owned by Charles F. Herreshoff, 2d, and the Opossum, same owner.

The past week Edward I. Brownell sold his sloop yacht Adele to Joseph Shaw, and Charles S. Wheelwright sold his sloop yacht Aurora to Edward I. Brownell.—Boston Herald.

In the heavy gale on Friday last Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt's 70-footer, broke from her moorings and went ashore off the Herreshoff shops at Bristol. She was hauled off later and found not to be seriously damaged.

The Roberts Safety Water Tube Boiler Company is building a 400-horse-power boiler for the steam yacht Admiral, two boilers of 500-horse-power each for the Craig Shipbuilding Company, of Toledo, also their eighth boiler for the U. S. Revenue cutter service.

Dr. Willett Kidd, of Newburg, N. Y., has sold the ice yacht Snowdrift to parties in Maine. She will be used on a lake near Augusta, Me.

Mr. Frank T. Morrill has purchased the steam yacht Privateer (formerly Buccaneer). She is lying in Tebo's basin.

James M. Bayles & Sons, of Port Jefferson, N. Y., are building a 130ft. steam yacht for Miss A. W. Thayer, of Roslyn, L. I.

Capt. Charles Holmes, who was in charge of the yacht Idler, which foundered on July 7, was indicted for manslaughter by the federal grand jury in Cleveland on Oct. 12. Holmes is charged with criminal carelessness in handling the yacht. Idler was owned by John and James Corrigan. Six members of the Corrigan family were drowned when the boat foundered in a squall.

The schooner yacht Montauk, owned by Mr. William C. Langley, is on the ways at Poillon's yard, South Brooklyn, and will be given outside lead and a thorough overhauling under the supervision of her designer, Capt. Philip Ellsworth.

The sloop yacht Truant, with Mr. F. L. Haines and wife on board, arrived at Beaufort, N. C., on Thursday last from New York.

The catboat Baby was destroyed by fire at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., on Oct. 31. Baby was owned by W. L. Bass, of Brooklyn, and was valued at \$1,000. She was partly insured. Changa, another catboat, was also destroyed. Both boats were in their winter quarters at Locust Point.

Mr. Samuel H. Vandergrift, of Pittsburg, Pa., has placed an order with the Gas Engine and Power Company and Seabury & Company for a steam yacht 85ft. long, to be used on the St. Lawrence River. She will be named Cherokee. There will be a mahogany deck house forward, which will be used as a dining room; a dumb-waiter will connect with the galley below. The crew's quarters are forward. Aft of the machinery space come the owner's quarters, which consist of two staterooms, toilet room and saloon. The machinery consists of a Seabury triple expansion engine, with cylinders 7in., 11¼in. and 17½in. by a stroke of 10in. Steam will be furnished by a safety water tube boiler. She will be furnished with an electric light plant and a search light. A 15ft. naphtha launch and a cutter will be carried on the davits. A speed of fourteen miles an hour has been guaranteed.

The yawl Wonder, now Dragoon II., owned by Mr. F. M. Freeman, left New York on Nov. 1 for a cruise around the Island of Cuba. Mr. T. Webber, the designer and builder of Dragoon II., will accompany Mr. Freeman during part of the trip.

Mr. Charles G. Davis has gotten out the plans for an auxiliary yawl for Mr. Eugene Lentillon. She is 35ft. long on the waterline, 55ft. long over all, 11ft. 8in. beam and 3ft. draft.

The steam yacht Aquilo has been sold by Mr. W. P. Eno, through the agency of A. J. McIntosh, to Mr. Samuel L. Jarvis.

The yawl Natka was reported at St. Louis a few days ago. She is on her way from New York to New Orleans.

The auxiliary yacht Utowana, N. Y. Y. C., Mr. Allison V. Armor, arrived at New London last Saturday from Bermuda. She has been cruising abroad for seven months or more. The yacht entered at the Custom House and left about noon for Erie Basin, New York, to go into winter quarters. Utowana had a rough passage. She came into port with her foretopmast housed.

Mr. Henry B. Anderson, of this city, a member of the N. Y. Y. C., has purchased the steamer City of Quincy, and during the winter will have her converted into a houseboat. The City of Quincy is 86.4ft. long, 23.3ft. beam and 7.7ft. deep. She registers 111 tons gross and 68 tons net. She was built in 1894, at Braintree, Mass., and formerly hailed from Boston. The Quincy will make an ideal houseboat, it is said, and when her alterations and refittings are completed will be used on Long Island Sound.

Mr. Eugene Higgins' steam yacht, Varuna, N. Y. Y. C., will leave port on Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8 o'clock in the morning for another cruise in foreign waters. The yacht will call at Bermuda, Madeira and Gibraltar, and then make an extended Mediterranean trip.

The yawl-rigged yacht Adele, Capt. C. E. Mille, from New York for Port Cortez, put in to Charleston, S. C., on the night of the 5th after having made very bad weather down the coast. The Adele is 72ft. over all, 61ft. 6in. on the waterline, 18ft. 9in. beam, 7ft. 6in. draft and of 38.73 tons gross. For four days the Adele was out in the worst weather of the season. She lost some of her gear, had two boats smashed and was washed from stern to stern by the seas half of the time. Capt. Mille declares, however, that she behaved splendidly through it all. The yacht was recently bought by J. C. Welch, of Port Cortez, from a member of the Yonkers Corinthian Y. C., for a pleasure craft. Mr. H. C. Gifford, of New York, is on board, bound for Honduras, to make extensive investments in rubber. The Adele was built by Mather & Wood, of Port Jefferson, N. Y., in 1891. She was lengthened in 1896, and then changed from sloop to yawl rig.

Harrison B. Moore, of the New York Y. C., has sold his swift steam yacht Marietta to R. T. Wainwright, of Philadelphia, who was elected to membership in the New York Y. C. at its recent general meeting. It was also reported that Mr. Moore has purchased the British-built steam yacht Zara to replace the Marietta. Both the Zara and the Marietta are at present out of commission.

Isaac E. Emerson, of Baltimore, a member of the New York Y. C., has sold his steam yacht Nydia to F. J. Lisman, of this city, and has purchased Mrs. A. S. Van Wickles steam yacht Marjorie. Both yachts are now out of commission and berthed for the winter at South Brooklyn.

The October Woodcraft.

THE October number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine contains the game and fish laws of the United States and Canada. The Woodcraft part has this capital list of contents: GRANTHER HILL'S PATRIDGE. By Rowland E. Robinson. IN THE FOREST. THE OLD CANOE. THE RESCUE OF MR. HUNDLEY. KELLUP'S ANNUAL. By Jefferson Scribb. DEACON THROPE'S PIGEONS. ANY LETTERS FOR ME? By H. P. Ufford. JEHOSEE ISLAND. By Olive F. Gunby. FLORIDA INDIAN DEER HUNTERS. AT CLOSE QUARTERS: The Hon. S., the Plover and the Bull; A Nova Scotia Bear; The Panther's Scream; A Time with a Florida Alligator; The Owl's Swoop; The Dog Climbed. THE DOG AND THE TURKEY. By John James Audubon. SENATOR VEST'S SUNDAY PIGEON SHOOT. AUSTRALIAN ROUGH-RIDERS. By R. Boldrewood.

Trapshooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 14-15.—Springfield, Ill.—Two-day target tournament of the Illinois Gun Club; open to all. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.
Nov. 23.—Hackensack Bridge and Rutherford Road, N. J.—Under auspices of the Moonachie Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.
Nov. 27.—Toledo, O.—East End Gun Club's merchandise shoot.
Nov. 29.—Milwaukee, Wis.—South Side Gun Club's tournament. A. D. Gropper, Sec'y.
Nov. 29.—Newark, N. J.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Forester Gun Club; live birds and targets. John J. Fleming, Sec'y.
Nov. 29.—Sing Sing, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; live birds and targets.
Nov. 30.—Dec. 1.—Omaha, Neb.—Kansas City-Omaha ten-men team race, 50 birds per man.
Dec. 5-7.—Galt, Ont.—First annual shoot of the Newlands' Shooting Association; targets and live birds; added money. Andrew Newlands, Sec'y.
Dec. 11-14.—Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Annual live-bird tournament. John Watson, Mgr.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's trophy shoots, second and fourth Saturdays of each month; live-bird shoots every Saturday. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue.

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Jan. 15-18.—Hamilton, Ont.—Hamilton Gun Club's eleventh annual tournament; live birds and targets; open to all. H. Graham, Sec'y.
April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.
June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Nov. 7, 14, 21, 28.—Interstate Park.—Live-bird championship; 25 birds; handicaps 25 to 33yds.; \$10 entrance, birds extra; sweep optional; open to all; money instead of trophy.
Nov. 16.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's target shoot; open to all.
Nov. 19.—Interstate Park.—Dupont championship cup shoot between Messrs. R. A. Welch, holder, and T. W. Morley, challenger, at 100 live birds each, commencing at 1 o'clock. Sweeps before and after the race.
Nov. 22.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's live-bird shoot; open to all.
Nov. 27.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's live-bird shoot; open to all.
Dec. 5.—Shoot-off of the winners of the November events, with \$20 in gold to the winner.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.
Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.
Interstate Park, L. I.—Fountain Gun Club's regular monthly shoots, the third Thursday of October, November and December.
Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

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April 15.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at live birds.
June —.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Forty-third annual tournament of the New York State Association for the protection of Fish and Game.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The daily press recounts a most grievous accident which befell the famous trap shot, Mr. H. Yale Dolan, of Philadelphia, on Monday of this week: "Robert Toland brought the news to Philadelphia that H. Yale Dolan, the son of Thomas Dolan, of the Didener-Dolan-Elkins street car syndicate, had been accidentally shot and seriously injured by his brother Clarence while they were hunting on a marsh of the Chesapeake Bay, close to Havre de Grace, Md. The two brothers had separated, and both were shooting behind blinds. Clarence was the first to start a bird, and as he whirled around to shoot at it his brother came into range. Owing to the blind, Yale Dolan was not in sight of his brother, and Clarence did not know of his presence until Yale shouted that he had been hit. Then Clarence found that some of the shot had hit his brother in the breast and had passed close to the heart. It was seen at once that Mr. Dolan was seriously injured, and every care was given to him until physicians, who were hastily summoned, arrived. They ordered that Mr. Dolan be carried to Havre de Grace as quietly as possible. A vehicle was obtained, and he was removed to a hotel. There the physicians made a closer examination of the wounds, and finally said that while Mr. Dolan was seriously injured the wounds were not necessarily mortal. They advised against removing Mr. Dolan to his Philadelphia home, as they thought that the strain of traveling would be too much for him."

The exceedingly sound and interesting communication by "Gaucho," published elsewhere in our trap columns, is worthy of the careful perusal and the remembrance of all trapshooters, as well as of all who can appreciate good common sense. There are some shooters who would benefit by reading it daily for a month or two, and some, whose memory is bad, would benefit by reading it monthly for an indefinite time—that is to say, in respect to the men who forget in one month that they had been severely drubbed in shooting competition the month before—so that they may have glimmerings of freedom from the thralls of suckerdome.

On last Saturday, on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., in the contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, Mr. F. E. Sinnock, the holder for some time past, was defeated by Mr. George H. Piercy, of Jersey City. The result on the 50 targets was a tie, each scoring 43. In the shoot-off at 10 targets, Piercy broke 9, Sinnock 8. Mr. C. W. Feigenspan challenged the winner, and his challenge was promptly accepted. The contest will take place on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club, and although the date is not definitely fixed upon, it will probably be on the day of the December target shoot of the East Side Gun Club.

In the Election Day shoot of the Carteret Gun Club, Garden City, L. I., Nov. 6, the November cup was won by the crack shot Mr. L. T. Duryea, from a field of eight contestants, killing 7 birds straight in the main event, with Messrs. J. W. Masury, H. Money and I. E. Emerson, and in the shoot-off, miss-and-out, won the cup in the twelfth round. The Election Day cup, at 10 birds, 30yds. rise, was won by Mr. R. A. Welch, who shot out Messrs. Masury and Duryea in the eighth round of the tie.

The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., will hold an open Thanksgiving Day shoot, live birds in the morning, targets in the afternoon. Mr. John J. Fleming, of 21 Waverly avenue, is the secretary. Lunch will be served on the grounds. Shells will be on hand for the accommodation of those who wish for them. The competition will commence at 9 o'clock.

A ten-men team race at 50 birds per man has been arranged between Omaha and Kansas City, to take place at Omaha, Neb., on Nov. 30 and Dec. 1. This will be the third of these intercity team races, and of the two preceding contests, each has a win to its credit. There will be sweepstake shooting on Nov. 29 at Omaha.

Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., returned from England last week, looking much improved and invigorated from the effects of his trip abroad. There is likely to be more activity in shooting matters about New York from this time forward.

Capt. Arthur W. du Bray, of Parker Brothers, was in New York on Monday of this week. He has covered an immensity of territory during the past few months in the interests of his company. In a few days, after a visit at the home office, he starts on a trip in the South.

The last of the Schortemeier-Webber team contests takes place at John Hen Outwater's grounds, Rutherford road and Hackensack River bridge, N. J., Nov. 23. Sweepstakes at 8 birds, entrance \$3, birds extra, to commence at 10 o'clock. Team shoot at 2 o'clock.

In the six-men team match, 50 targets per man, in the intercollegiate trap contest between Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania, the former won by a score of 200 to 188. The contest took place on the grounds of the Clearview Gun Club, Darby, Pa. The return match will take place on a date to be fixed upon later.

Mr. E. Hough, in "Western Traps," mentions the gratifying fact that the Hon. Tom Marshall, the fear of all aspirants to Grand American Handicap honors, and the esteemed of all shooters or unshooters, has nearly recovered from his recent injury.

The secretary of the Newlands' Shooting Association, Galt, Ontario, announces that the first annual shoot of his organization will take place on Dec. 6 and 7. The programme is now ready for distribution.

Dec. 4 to 7 is the time fixed upon for the Galesburg tournament, and of the four days three will be devoted to contests at target events, and the fourth at live birds.

In the second contest for the Crescent Athletic Club's November cup last Saturday, Capt. J. N. Borland made the highest score, 47 out of a possible 50.

The Brooklyn Gun Club held a holiday shoot on Election Day, at which the manager, Mr. John S. Wright, is credited with making the highest average.

The second Interstate Park handicap at 25 live birds per man takes place on Wednesday of this week, commencing at 1 o'clock. Sweeps optional.

Mr. Platt Adams, well known to trapshooters, contemplates a trip Southward in a few days, to spend the winter months in a warmer clime.

Mr. J. "Pattern" will shoot a match at 50 targets, with Mr. H. S. Sellers, standing respectively at 19 and 16yds., at Interstate Park, on Dec. 3.

BERNARD WATERS.

Peoria Gun Club.

In the semi-annual contest for the Peoria Gun Club live-bird trophy at 10 birds per man, Oct. 29, Whiffin, a new shooter and B Class man, was the only one able to score straight. The scores were: Sammis 8, Mills 9, Meidroth 9, Hurley 7, McGusken 7, Whiffin 10, Grant 5.

F. C. RIEHL.

ON LONG ISLAND.

At Interstate Park.

Nov. 8.—A match was shot at Interstate Park to-day between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and J. M. Postans, of England, at 50 live birds for \$50, the former winning by a score of 47 to 44. The match was shot in forty minutes. The score:

J A R Elliott, 30.....	22122211112022222121210-23
J M Postans, 30.....	1112222222222221212121-24-47
	211222112202111020120201-30
	222122211222222221202221-24-44

Other events were as follows: Twenty-five birds, \$10, 30yds.:
R A Welch.....2210212222222221211222w
J A R Elliott.....22222221212121222221112-25
T W Morley.....22122212211222222222222-25
Dr Wynn.....212*22*002*22212201210102-17
Col Martin.....212212122221222122212122-25

Miss-and-out, \$5, 30yds.:
R A Welch.....2211112122111120
J A R Elliott.....22111122212222120
T W Morley.....2211122210
Col Martin.....221221222122122122
Dr Wm Wynn.....1102221121w

Lincoln vs. Lockwood, 28yds.:
Lincoln.....210222022122212-13
Lockwood.....1022201122120*1-12

Nov. 7.—The first of the series of Interstate handicaps, the conditions of which will be found in "Trap Fixtures," resulted as follows:

S M Van Allen, 30.....22222222222222222222-25
John Hopkins, 30.....22222222222122222222-24
Kay, 28.....21202122010202022222-20
Lincoln, 28.....12202222222222222222-20
Ramapo, 28.....022221202*21002022002121-17

Match, 50 birds, \$50, 28yds.:
Lincoln.....122221212*22121212001222-22
Ramapo.....001100121222022222222200-17
001222102002220212061222-16-33

Ten birds, \$5, high guns:
S M Van Allen, 30, 222222222-10
J Hopkins, 30.....212212210-9
Kay, 28.....2*22122121-9

Medicus Gun Club.

Nov. 6.—The shoot of the Medicus Gun Club at Interstate Park was well attended. Among the shooters were some famous experts, as will be noted on reference to the scores:

10 Birds.	Miss-and-out.
Dr Woods, 28.....	222222222-10
Col Martin, 30.....	222221122-10
Piercy, 30.....	1222222*2-9
J A R Elliott, 30.....	222221*220-8
J M Postans, 30.....	0222111120-8
Wm Hopkins, 28.....	22221121*-8
Hawes, 28.....	1212021102-8
Lockwood, 28.....	2202*21212-8
Chapman, 26.....	01211*2000-5
Dr Webber, 30.....	222222222-11
A Doty, 28.....	0222020222-7
Dr Miller, 30.....	222*

Miss-and-out:
Col Martin, 30.....2221122222-11
Dr Woods, 29.....2022*-8
Piercy, 30.....02*22-3
Dr Webber, 30.....20222-4
A Doty, 30.....22222-5
Hawes, 27.....11022-4
Elliott, 31.....12222-5
Postans, 30.....11221-5
Martin, 30.....20211-4
Lockwood, 28.....20101-3

Ten birds, Long Island rules, \$5:
J A R Elliott.....111111111-10
Dr Webber.....111111111-10
Dr Miller.....110111100-7
Col Martin.....011111111-7
Geo Piercy.....011110110-7

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Nov. 10.—The November cup second contest was a matter of keen competition at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, held to-day. This is a handicap event. The scores were:

Second November cup, 50 birds, handicap: Capt. Borland 47, Rasmus 46, Dr. Keyes 43, Hopkins 42, Graham 41, McDermott 40, Marshall 40, Stake 37, Kenyon 38, Dr. O'Brien 41.

Other events were as follows:
Sweepstakes, 10 targets: C. J. McDermott 3, J. C. Faulkner 5, Capt. J. N. Borland 4, C. G. Rasmus 4, W. D. Marshall 4, C. Kenyon, Jr., 2.
Sweepstakes, 15 targets: McDermott 10, Kenyon 9, Faulkner 9, Marshall 8, Dr. O'Brien 8, Capt. Borland 2.
Sweepstakes, 15 targets: Faulkner, 7, 15; Kenyon, 4, 15; Dr. Keyes, 6, 15; J. O. Graham, 7, 15; L. C. Hopkins, 5, 14; Marshall, 4, 12; Rasmus, 4, 12; Dr. O'Brien, 2, 9; T. W. Stake, 2, 8. Shoot-off, miss-and-out: Dr. Keyes 1, Graham 0, Kenyon 0, Faulkner 0.
Consolation cup, 25 targets: Capt. Borland, 11, 25; Dr. O'Brien, 4, 25; Faulkner, 10, 21; Stake, 3, 21; McDermott, 3, 21; Kenyon, 6, 18; Hopkins, 7, 15; Graham, 10, 16; Dr. Keyes, scratch, 11.

Carteret Gun Club.

Garden City, L. I., Nov. 6.—The Election Day shoot of the Carteret Gun Club was distinguished by competition of a high order. Of the contests in which the members engaged two were for cups, the November cup and the Election Day cup. In the November cup event at 7 birds there were nine entries, \$10 entrance, the famous bandmaster, Philip Sousa, being one of the competitors. This was a handicap event. Four tied on straight scores, and in the miss-and-out Mr. L. T. Duryea shot out his competitors, Messrs. H. Money, J. W. Masury and I. E. Emerson in the 10th round. The scores of the November cup contest were as follows:

L T Duryea, 29.....2212222-7
H Money, 30.....1222222-7
J W Masury, 29.....2222222-7
I E Emerson, 27.....2222222-7
P Sousa, 28.....20222w

Shoot-off: L. T. Duryea 12, Harold Money 8, J. W. Masury 6, I. E. Emerson 0.

After that event the members engaged in a 7-bird sweep, and Messrs. L. T. Duryea, J. G. Smith, R. A. Welch, Harold Money and J. W. Masury tied on 7 straight. In the shoot-off Smith and Welch divided with 10 kills each.

The Election Day cup was at 10 birds, \$10 entrance, 30yds. rise; ties shot off at 3 birds. The scores:

R A Welch.....222222222-10
J W Masury.....222222222-10
L T Duryea.....222222222-10
J S Remsen.....222212220w
J G Smith.....22202222w

Shoot-off: R. A. Welch 3, J. W. Masury 1, L. T. Duryea 6.

Ossining Gun Club.

SING SING, Nov. 8.—The new grounds of the Ossining Gun Club were formally opened to the members on Election Day. Several events were shot, but a brisk wind blowing directly across the traps materially lessened the possibility of making good scores. The events were as follows:

Targets:	10 10 10 10 25	Targets:	10 10 10 10 25
A Rohr.....	1 4 4 4 4	A Bedell.....	5 5 5 5 5
I T Washburn, Jr.....	4 7 8 9 22	Wm Carpenter.....	3 7 7 6
W P Hall.....	7 8 8 8 22	A Carpenter.....	6 4 1 1
W Smith.....	3 5 4 5 5	J Carpenter.....	0 0 0 0
C Blandford.....	7 7 7 7 20	H Carpenter.....	2 6 3 3
G Calkins.....	3 5 5 5 5	Wm Fisher.....	6 7 6 6
L Sherwood.....	5 7 5 5 5	H Yonolla.....	4 1 1 1
F Valentine.....	2 4 6 2 2	C Washburn.....	1 1 1 1
Dr E Sherwood.....	7 5 5 5 17	K McAlpin.....	7 7 7 7
J Chadeayne.....	6 4 4 4 4	A Sherwood.....	5 5 5 5

C. G. B., Capt.

Handicapping by Distance.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The old adage which says "It is a long lane that has no turning" applies most forcibly to the system so long in vogue governing target shooting contests, for now at last, after these many years, we are going to have a radical change, and one, let us hope, that will increase the number of contestants and insure to those competing a fair chance by more nearly equalizing men of various degrees in skill. The only wonder now is why handicapping by distance has not been unanimously adopted long ago.

True, Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, has at different times devised ways and means by which shooting men were put on a more equal footing, and some of his schemes were very clever, to say the least of them. From one so thoroughly acquainted with the multitude of shooters, and so well up in the art himself, one could hardly expect otherwise.

Then we have had the known trap and angle brigade, as against the known trap, unknown angle, expert squads, but it was soon made quite apparent that these same experts invariably smashed more targets from unknown angles than did the lambs at known ones; so that, too, fell off, and soon became obsolete.

It has remained then for the Interstate Association to bring forth what is destined to become the recognized handicap, and one that must prove such, be the skill of the contestants never so great, for it stands to reason that distance, though lending enchantment to the view, certainly magnifies and accumulates, by virtue of its length, the number of goose eggs per centum in any man's score.

The Interstate Association has given most evident and ocular proof of its prestige in America in such unmistakable terms—vide the Grand American Handicap at pigeons—that no one needs doubt as to the outcome of this time-honored system of distance in shooting affairs, albeit new when relating to shooting at targets.

The idea of men whose shooting skill ranges from 75 to 95 per cent. competing on an even keel is sublimely absurd; so ridiculous, indeed, that one is astounded at its having survived even one season's trial; yet it has been going on for more than twenty years, and men who in other games and sports have always recognized the subject of "class" seem to have always ignored this most important factor in toto when target shooting, for they have put up dollar for dollar, and stood yard for yard, shooting at an equal number of targets with others who were always and easily their superiors, anywhere from 10 to 20 per cent.

Strange, but nevertheless true, moreover, when we calmly consider that the only sop graciously tendered the aforesaid lamb has invariably been the threadbare and well-worn rejoinder that these 95 per cent. men were once 75 per cent. calves themselves!



AT PETERS CARTRIDGE CO.'S TOURNAMENT, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

So "learn to shoot and go thou and do likewise" has been dinged in the ears of the childlike novice, until now he hardly dares venture a remonstrance, so sure is he of being sat upon—sat upon hard—and rather than flinch, he grins and bears it for a time, and then in disgust and despair quits and tries some other game where he stands a better chance for his white alley. And this Spartan-like advice of "go thou and do likewise" has driven into oblivion thousands upon thousands of men willing to learn and anxious to excel, so far as relates to target shooting.

But, oh, my lads, think how long they have stood the gaff! There has been but one redeeming feature to the whole affair, and that is the inward satisfaction of the lucky chap who has mastered the art in being able to slam back to the 75 per cent. centers the "learn to shoot," etc., and with pardonable pride and exultation to pat himself on the back and say, sotto voce, "I used to be a sucker myself"—or meself, according to where the man learned to speak his mother tongue.

Well, we start now on a new era. A man's skill will place him on his own pedestal, be it at 16, 18, 20 or 22yds.; beyond this, very few will go, at least not for some time to come, for there are so many good shots now in open competition that the 22yd. limit is apt to be the jumping-off place until we shall have men who, at that distance, are still too formidable.

At any rate, the novice will feel that he is being protected, for if distance is the proper way to handicap men when pigeon shooting, it stands to reason it must be even more so when target shooting, as all targets are flyers, and none come in, whereas many pigeons are incomers, and on these one is better off at 30 than at 26yds.—obviously so, in fact.

But now let us be fair to the better shots, for after all fair play is the only element that can keep any game alive; so do not let us be too magnanimous in overdosing the good shots by being too liberal in giving them a greater distance than they merit. Don't jump a man to 22yds. because he has made a few good scores. Let the good ones gradually climb the ladder, rung by rung, but don't break their hearts by making them stretch too many rungs at a stride. Let them win at least as often as the poorer shots, for that is nothing more than they deserve, while such management will keep all on their mettle, and there is the secret and gist of the whole game.

Of one thing we may be certain: This distance handicap is going to develop greater speed and accuracy in shooting than has heretofore been attained. It will bring forth a body of men who will be masters of the art and will assuredly rank the long-distance men of America in the foremost rank the world over.

Two things will necessarily imperatively follow—greater speed in the men, and, if that be possible, greater range and efficiency in the guns and loads. It seems hard to realize how the good guns of to-day can be improved, and yet that is precisely what we thought ten years ago. True, our loads are also better, but even with our present loads our old style guns cannot perform with the regularity and steadiness of modern ones. So it is quite probable that when the limit of speed in the man shall have been attained it will then resolve itself into a trial of guns and loads, as to their reaching and smashing qualities, all of which will surely serve to forge American skill, both as to the men and their accouterments, still further to the front, placing them both, beyond question, the best in the world.

GAUCHO.

Princeton vs. U. of P.

THE first of the series of intercollegiate team shoots between Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania was held on the grounds of the Clearview Gun Club at Darby, Pa., Saturday morning, Nov. 10. A strong wind blew hard across the field, the bluebirds were high, fast and eccentric, and it was hard for the shooters to get the wind and gauge, so none of the men shot in their usual form.

The match was the first half of a team match that is to be shot for a silver cup. The return match will take place at Princeton at a date to be agreed upon. The terms of the shoot are six men to a team, 50 targets per man, 16yds. rise, at unknown angles.

The shooting was close all through, but Princeton's team finally beat the Penn team by 12 points, the scores being 200 for Princeton and 188 for Penn.

The individual and team scores follow:
Princeton Team—H. Laughlin 39, J. Spear 39, B. F. Elbert 37, McWilliams 21, T. O. Withee 33, R. McMillan 31; total 200.
Pennsylvania Team—W. R. Baldwin 39, S. F. Weaver 39, J. G. Loudon 32, B. Parrish 32, F. M. Law 28, A. R. Adamson 22; total 188.

Illinois Gun Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill.—Herewith are the scores of the Illinois Gun Club's live-bird challenge trophy event, shot in this city Nov. 9. Burnside won the cup on a straight score of 25. Craig, Hall and England, each of whom scored 24, gave the winner a hard battle for possession of the trophy, but Mr. Burnside was in fine form and could not be headed. Our tournament on the 13th and 14th promises a good entry list:

G Burnside, 30.....	222222222222222222-25
W T Craig, 30.....	1121111211112-24
Tramp Irwin, 30.....	121221022202210-24
J C England, 30.....	12112022222221121112-24
G T Hall, 30.....	221222222222222222-24
C S Magill, 29.....	1211*210121221122*2220-20
A H Bogardus, Jr., 29.....	112*11*1201210111010121-19
G Solomon, 28.....	2121*11*221102220201221-20
F R Richardson, 28.....	2202111122222211011211-22
R Solomon, 30.....	1110111121201102010121-21
F Workman, 28.....	22011202212200912221112-19

CHAS. T. STICKLE, Sec'y

Keystone Shooting League.

PHILADELPHIA.—The clear, cold weather Saturday afternoon, Nov. 10, was conducive to bringing nearly three dozen trapshooters together on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., and those who did not take part, but were on hand to witness the sport, voted it one of the best afternoon's sport seen on these grounds for many a day.

The birds were a high-class lot. The stiff wind which blew across the field helped them in their flights materially. The men were in fine form, and the scores were high.

Vandegrift was the winner of the challenge cup, but only after a hard race, as Henry, Hobbs and Davis also killed straight at 10 birds. In the shoot-off Davis missed his second and Hobbs his sixth. Henry and Vandegrift had a hot race, and Henry lost his eleventh bird dead out of bounds, while Vandegrift killed. The scores

Challenge cup shoot, shot for semi-monthly; 10 birds, 30yds. rise:
McCoy.....222*22122*-8
Fitzgerald.....2021122212-9
Henry.....111121111-10
Hobbs.....122222222-10
Brewer.....2222001122-8
Loser.....12001*1100-5

Shoot-off for ties, 3 birds up:
Vandegrift.....111 221 211 211-12
Henry.....221 222 112 1*-10

Hobbs.....222 210
Davis.....10

Eighteen shooters entered in the club handicap, and six finished with straight scores. Brewer killed 9 and took more than twice as much money as the straights. Davis killed 8 and also beat out the first men in the money. The scores:

Club handicap, 10 live birds, handicap rise, open sweepstake, \$2.50 entrance:
F McCoy, 30.....222222222-10
C Fitzgerald, 30.....122000
H Henry, 30.....222112211-10
F Hobbs, 30.....222020022-7
J Brewer, 30.....112212222-9
W Stevenson, 30.....222222222-10
D Sanford, 30.....211100212-8
W J Davis, 28.....101221021-8
Dr Darby, 29.....2222*1022-7

J Vandegrift, 30.....222121111-10
O K Stevens, 28.....111121220-9
C Geikler, 29.....222222222-10
F Van Loon, 29.....2112*1211-9
H Thurman, 29.....101022102-7
A Wynn, 28.....120112002-7
J Whittaker, 28.....112012010-6
G Gregory, 28.....112010210-4
Anthony, 30.....212222122-10

IN NEW JERSEY.

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 10.—There was but a small crowd present, owing to the attraction at our next door neighbor's. We will have an open house, all-day shoot on Thanksgiving Day, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. We will shoot for prizes, handicap conditions. I have just fixed our grounds, so we can shoot live birds. We will make a start on Thanksgiving morning. Lunch and shells can be had on the grounds.

The scores in the regular monthly events, all at 10 targets, follow.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Skinner.....	3
Holley.....	2
D Fleming.....	4	6	10	4	6	9
J J Fleming.....	9	8	9	9	10
Meyer.....	6	5	4	8	7	2

J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.

E C Cup.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 10.—The contest for the target championship of New Jersey, of which the E C cup is the emblem, between Mr. F. E. Sinnock, the holder, and Mr. George H. Piercy, the challenger, resulted in a victory for the latter. The race took place on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club. The conditions were 50 targets, unknown angles. The contestants tied on 43, and in the shoot-off at 10 targets, Piercy won by 9 to 8. The scores:

F E Sinnock.....1111011111111011101110011111111111-43
G H Piercy.....1111011010011101111111111111111111-43

Tie, at 10 targets:
Sinnock.....011111110-8
Piercy.....111011111-9

Sweepstakes and merchandise events were shot as follows. No. 6 shows the handicaps of merchandise events 5, No. 8 No. 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Feigenspan, 2.....	24	23	23	22	25	1	10	0	10	0	8
Piercy, 2.....	23	20	21	15	21
Whitehead, 4.....	10	10	16	25	2	10	1	0	1	9
Weller, 9.....	7	13	14	16	25	4	10	2	7
Sinnock, 3.....	21	17	17
Gardner, 6.....	18	17	19
Terrill, 5.....	10	21	24
Smith, 3.....	22	25	1	10	0	8
Wilson, 3.....	21	23
Henrich, 12.....	15	25	5	10	2	9

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garden City of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 10.—It was a good turnout at Garden City trophy shoot to-day, seventeen men facing the cold wind for the sake of trying conclusions with a good, hard lot of birds. The old duck shooter, Mr. J. Gillespie, took all the young folks down the line good and hard, and won the handsome Porter loving cup trophy with the handsome score of 39 out of 40 shot at, which is strong enough gait for anybody to go.

Garfield of Chicago.

At the semi-annual meeting of the Garfield Gun Club, held Nov. 7, it was decided to change the trophy shoots from second and fourth to the first and third Saturdays of each month. Special shoots will continue on intervening Saturdays. There will be an all-day shoot held on Thanksgiving Day, beginning at 10 o'clock A. M., and this shoot will be made a trophy shoot, to make up for the one recently lost. The Saturday immediately following will also be a trophy shoot, owing to the change to first and third Saturdays.

Better.

Tom Marshall was in town this week, and says that his bad arm, hurt not long ago in a fall, is getting all right again, and will soon allow him to be pestering around.

Coming.

Christmas is coming, and so is John Watson's midwinter shoot. Both will be joyous occasions, and both are worth remembering well in advance. One is as much a fixture here now as the other. There is every promise of a big shoot here this winter, and we need it, to stir things up.

E. HUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Nov. 10.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day. C. J. Wolff carried off the honors again, scoring 9 out of 10 in the first event, and killing 10 straight in the other. He is rapidly coming to the front as one of our strongest shooters.

The afternoon turned out a good one for shooting, although it was decidedly threatening until about 3 o'clock, which fact accounts for the small attendance—the smallest in the history of the club:

T. W. Eaton, 30.....	011120*121—7	101210121*—7
C. J. Wolff, 27.....	122112121*—9	222111112—10
L. Wolff, 26.....	2111210012—8	*20122*010—5
Dr. Meek, 31.....	1*1222*111—8	2112211*—9

Dr. J. W. MEER, Sec'y.

Garden City Gun Club.

Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., Nov. 10.—The members of the Garden City Gun Club turned out in good force to attend the club regular monthly shoot to-day.

In the regular monthly event the scores were as follows:

Gillis, 3.....	12222221112212	—15
Day, 2.....	11201122100120211	—13
Palmer, 0.....	211211112221202	—14
Tramp, 0.....	021112222122222	—14
Amberg, 0.....	2220211*2222201	—12
Rubo, 0.....	2121022022*011	—10
J. Crow, 1.....	2112*10110101*0w	
Rust, 4.....	1021212111012212	—15
Barto, 1.....	022222221122122	—15
Levi, 2.....	2221222*0*222221	—10
Reeves, 1.....	202**102112110110	—15
Antoine, 1.....	111221222112212	—15
Wells, 1.....	11212221211122	—15
O'Brien, 2.....	222201122221212	—15
Odell, 0.....	12222222222222	—15
White, 1.....	122222*0022202w	
Card, 2.....	2020222200112*22	—12

Handicap shoot for loving cup, presented by Mr. O. H. Porter:

Gillis, 4.....	12222221112212212212	—25
Day, 4.....	11201122100120211011w	
Palmer, 2.....	21121211222120220*112101011	—22
Tramp, 2.....	021112222122222211022220	—23
Amberg, 2.....	2220211*222220121210w	
Rubo, 2.....	2121022022*01110011001100w	
J. Crow, 3.....	2112*10110101*0w	
Rust, 5.....	00212121110122122120222122001	—25
Barto, 2.....	0222222211221222111*2022	—23
Levi, 5.....	2221222*1*222221202022212202	—24
Reeves, 2.....	202**10211211011210211w	
Antoine, 2.....	1122122221221212221*121	—25
Wells, 2.....	1121222121112211212121	—25
O'Brien, 2.....	222221222212122201*111222	—24
Odell, 2.....	12222222222222222222	—25
White, 2.....	122222*0022202w	
Card, 5.....	2020222200112*2210*11010w	

Shoot-off of ties on 25 for cup:
Gillis, 1.....12212120212—10
Rust, 2.....22222221202—10
Antoine, 0.....101110w

Second shoot-off:
Gillis.....22122 Rust.....2210

Trap at Holmesburg Junction.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Nov. 6.—The series of holiday shoots was begun on Election Day at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., with a fairly good support in the attendance of shooters. The weather was delightfully pleasant. The birds were strong and vigorous. Two events were finished—one at 15, the other at 10 birds.

In the 15-bird event Henry, Landis and Russell made clean scores.

In the extra event at 10-birds Hobbs, Geikler and Russell killed straight.

Fifteen birds, handicap, \$7.50 entrance:

Henry, 30.....	111111212212121	—15
Sanford, 30.....	111220012222212	—13
Davis, 28.....	022*2*122211022	—11
Brewer, 30.....	221221222202011	—13
Landis, 30.....	212122211121111	—15
Hobbs, 30.....	220211201221222	—13
Russell, 29.....	222221222222222	—15
Wynn, 27.....	02**12120112212	—11
Geikler, 28.....	222*22222222222	—14
Whittaker, 28.....	01202*200112*20	—9
Felix, 30.....	221220222222222	—14

Ten birds, 30yds., \$5:

Henry.....	1	22	23	Edwards.....	1	17	18
Sanford.....	22222*1222	—9		Whittaker.....	21	10222200	—7
Hobbs.....	2122222222	—10		Geikler.....	222122222	—10	
Davis.....	212122120	—8		Russell.....	2222212212	—10	
Landis.....	1022212210	—8					

Clearview Gun Club.

Nov. 10.—The Fisher cup in the monthly shoot of the Clearview Gun Club at Darby, Pa., to-day was the chief object of competition. The match was to 25 targets, thrown from a marksmanship, handicap added to the score. Bell, with an allowance of 1 target, scored 23. Prince tied by breaking 13, with an allowance of 10.

Hdep. Broke. Total.			Hdep. Broke. Total.				
Bell	1	22	23	Edwards	1	17	18
Prince	10	13	23	Downs	1	16	17
Fisher	0	22	22	Cartledge ...	0	16	16
Urian	0	22	22	Elwell	1	15	16
Hill	0	21	21	Leicht	5	9	14
Harris	0	20	20	Carr	2	11	13
Hornor	4	16	20	Poyser	7	5	12
Anderson ...	0	20	20				

Two teams, captained by Messrs. Anderson and Urian, shot a match at 25 targets per man. Anderson's team had the best of the match until the last two men shot, when Urian's team went ahead and won out by 10 targets. The scores follow:
Urian's Team—Urian 18, Fisher 24, Harris 21, Downs 23, Bell 17, Horn 17; total 120.
Anderson's Team—Anderson 22, Cartledge 21, Elwell 21, Edwards 14, Prince 12, Carr 10; total 110.

Concerning the Jacksonville Tournament.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 11.—In your account of the Jacksonville shoot of the Peters Cartridge Co. you say that Barney Worthen tied Jack Fanning for high average the second day, each breaking 170 out of 175 targets.

In justice to myself and the Winchester Co., I must ask you to correct this mistake, as your scores of the shoot will show that I won high average the second day by breaking 171 out of a possible 175 targets, thereby beating both Fanning and Worthen 1 bird for the high average on the second day.

I would also thank you to state that Fanning and myself tied for first average on the entire two days' target shooting, each of us losing but 13 targets out of a total of 350 shot at.

I am aware that your information of the shoot was furnished by the representative of the Peters Cartridge Co., who, in his anxiety to push shooters using Peters ammunition, possibly overlooked the fact that a representative of a competitor had won high average for the second day and tied for high average for the entire target programme, as well as making the best average on the third day at live birds in the regular programme events.

I do not wish to intimate by the tone of my letter that my friend Lemcke, of the Peters Cartridge Co., who is the gentleman who wrote the shoot up for the papers, is not a fair-minded gentleman, but the fact remains that I was robbed of the honor due me, if I may term it such, for my work at Jacksonville.

I sincerely trust you may find some way to give me the credit due me in your next issue, and at the same time you might also mention the fact that within the last three weeks I have attended the tournaments at Atlanta, Jacksonville and Waycross, and that I have been first in each of these, averaging over 95 per cent. on over 1,000 shots fired in the regular events of these tournaments.

I am writing the Winchester Co. at this date to the effect that I had written you this letter, and trust they may see same, or, rather, the facts set forth by this letter, made public in your next issue.

ANSLEY H. FOX.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

The flight of ducks being unusually late has favored the hunters, and some fine bags are reported in this portion of the big valley.

Mr. Guy Burnside has fixed the dates, Dec. 4, 5, 6 and 7, for his big target shoot at Galesburg. This tournament is endorsed by the Indians, and will be one of the big events of the early winter circuit. There will be three days at targets, \$200 in cash added, and 200 targets daily on the programme. The last day will be devoted to live birds. Moneys will be divided on the class system, three and four in 20-bird races. The shoot will be held on the famous Williams Racetrack at Galesburg, and will be open to all comers. On the second day the Schmelzer trophy, now held by Fred Gilbert, will be shot for. Fred Whitney, of Des Moines, will be behind the counter. Shells should be sent to Union Hotel, Galesburg, and mail addressed to Mr. Burnside at Knoxville.

Guy Burnside won the Illinois Gun Club live-bird trophy on the November contest, with a straight score.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 28.—The usual number of Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club shooters assembled to-day at Harbor View to practice and experiment. Smith Carr, our old-time revolver shooter, was present and showed he could hold as well as ever. Trego astonished us by his fine work with his Colt's .32 revolver loaded with King's smokeless powder.

Practice scores; Columbia target, 50yds.; revolver:	
J. R. Trego.....	1 4 2 3 4 7 6 6 5 8—46
	2 12 7 10 3 3 13 11 3 8—72
*P. Becker.....	3 2 6 10 1 1 14 4 7 2—51
†F. O. Young.....	9 5 4 2 10 4 3 2 3 5—47
†Smith Carr.....	2 5 10 5 6 6 6 3 7—52
	3 4 7 10 3 8 1 5 11 5—55

*Colt's service .44. †S. & W. .44. All used King's powder.

Pistol:	
F. O. Young.....	1 2 6 3 2 4 4 7 5 6—40
	1 4 3 9 3 7 2 9 6 1—45
	8 2 10 2 3 3 4 4 6 3—45
Dr. J. F. Twist.....	6 3 5 11 7 10 6 10 5 8—71
	12 4 7 8 2 1 6 7 6 4—57
	5 3 6 10 2 3 10 9 8 8—64
	11 4 8 11 7 6 3 4 10 5—69

Hymenn, Edgren, Du Bois, Brannigan and Barley spent the time in breaking their new rifles and revolvers in for future service. Barley has a Ballard action in which he has a new Winchester .32. Brannigan uses a .25-35, and found a 100gr. bullet did satisfactory work. Becker tried his new military .30-40 at 50yds. with miniature charge and made a group equal to 19 when placed in center of target. Trego is a genius; he has several new inventions already.

Nov. 4.—A large number of shooters were present to-day at the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's shoot. The weather conditions were unfavorable, but some fine work was done. Capt. Kuhnle led again with the .22 rifle, and C. M. Daiss with the revolver increased his lead over Young to 25 points. Kuhnle is now 6 points ahead of the club's record for ten best scores, which was held by Dorrell with 191 points, and Daiss is 31 points ahead of Gorman's record with revolver, with a total of 472 for ten best scores.

In practice at home Capt. Kuhnle tied the Walnut Hill record of 11 on Columbia target at 50yds., using globe and peep sights and Peters' .22-745 new cartridge, with inside lubricant, and Stevens rifle. Young led with pistol and musket, and Pape with fine rifle. Young used King's C. G. semi-smokeless in his musket and primed with King's smokeless, with very satisfactory results.

Young's 44 with pistol to-day made him tie with the club's record for five best scores out of the twelve entries allowed members during the year, with a total of 217 held by J. E. Gorman. Young did it with a Stevens pistol (second-hand, and thrown away as n. g. by Daiss), using Peters' .22 short semi-smokeless cartridges, and his last nine consecutive scores, one allowed each month, were as follows, viz., 32, 49, 45, 47, 51, 57, 50, 55, 44, the first four and last counting. Gorman shot long rifle cartridges, loaded with black powder, which have been considered without equal; hence the remarkable part of this shooting.

The class contest with rifle between Pape and Young is mighty close. Young leads by 1 point. Pape had to beat 56 to gain, and only succeeded in tying it. Young undertook, to protect the non-experts against Pape in the military and repeating rifle matches by giving them 20 points handicap, Creedmoor count, and Pape has blood in his eye, but he has not got the true combination of King's powders yet for his Sharp's musket, while Young has; hence he did not do as well as he might in two shoots, but to-night he asked for information and got it from Young, and next shoot he will probably make the fur fly.

The boys are sitting up nights studying powders and sights, and harpels and bullseyes galore, just to lower one point more on their winning scores, while the member ahead goes complacently to bed to rest, to dream, and to snore.

Scores, Columbia target, off-hand shooting: Rifle, class medals, 200yds.; experts; one entry:

A. H. Pape.....	6 2 4 12 8 5 6 3 6 4—56
	11 1 5 14 5 5 5 4 1 10—61

Sharpshooters: G. M. Barley 117.

Marksmen:	
G. Hoadley.....	2 9 3 15 6 5 5 7 6 7—65
Mrs. Waltham.....	3 9 6 6 6 11 14 8 9 15—87

Dr. J. F. Twist 110, Dr. H. O. Trask 161, E. A. Allen 168, N. A. Robinson 205, back score 232, G. Mannell, back score 88.

Pistol, class medals; experts; one entry:

F. O. Young.....	3 3 12 5 4 2 3 3 3 6—44
G. M. Barley.....	2 2 7 4 1 1 2 4 11 3—48
C. M. Daiss.....	2 6 6 4 1 9 6 2 9 7—52

A. H. Pape, revolver, 96.
Sharpshooters: G. Hoadley 78.

Marksmen: Mrs. Waltham 68, Mrs. Mannell 88, back score 65; G. Mannell, back score 83; N. A. Robinson 93; back score, 90.

All comers' re-entry matches: Rifle, 200yds.: F. O. Young, 61; G. Mannell, 66, 73, 73, 79, 84.

Military and repeating rifle match, 200yds.:

F. O. Young.....	6 5 8 9 5 6 4 15 5 8—71	48
	7 7 8 9 2 8 3 11 5 9—69	47
	1 9 7 8 3 3 19 5 4 15—74	47
	11 6 1 18 2 5 10 5 14 6—78	46
	11 2 3 10 14 4 14 4 7 13—82	45

A. H. Pape.....	8 5 16 4 18 8 7 6 11 6—89	47
	5 19 7 3 5 14 8 4 12 9—86	46
	7 2 7 10 8 9 5 15 7 13—83	46
	6 9 4 10 10 4 8 10 8 15—84	45

Both contestants used Sharp's military rifle, open sights, 6lbs. pull. Rings count for all-round diploma, and Creedmoor for medal. Twist revolver medals, 50yds.: C. M. Daiss 43, 57, 58, 53, 59, 46, 62, 62, 69, 96; F. O. Young 54, 59, 63, 63, 69.
Pistol medals, 50yds.: F. O. Young 50; P. Becker 53, 62, 64, 66; G. Hoadley 74, 77.

.22 and .25 rifle medal, 50yds.: Capt. F. Kuhnle 18, 24, 24, 26, 20, 27, 21, 22; P. Becker 23, 27, 28, 29, 31; A. B. Dorrell 25, 27, 28, 29.

Dorrell just returned from the mountains near Fresno, and said he killed thirty-eight mountain quail one day; he also said it snowed 6in. in one hour's time. The snow drove him out, and he was somewhat jarred, as he rode five miles down hill on a log as a drag for a wagon.

F. O. YOUNG, Rec. Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Nov. 11. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand at the standard target. Gindele was declared champion for the day with the good score of 91. Weather cool and cloudy. Wind from 4 to 6 o'clock:

Gindele.....	9 7 10 9 9 10 9 10 9 9—91
	8 9 10 10 7 10 8 2 10 7—87
	8 7 8 9 10 10 9 9 8 8—86
Payne.....	7 10 10 9 7 9 10 9 9 9—89
	10 7 9 8 10 7 9 10 10 8—88
	8 7 8 8 8 9 8 10 10 10—84
Nestler.....	7 7 7 9 9 9 9 10 9 10—86
	9 9 9 6 9 9 9 10 6 10—85
	7 10 6 6 8 7 10 9 7 10—80
Jonscher.....	9 10 6 9 8 8 9 6 7 10—82
	10 10 10 7 10 6 7 5 9 6—80
	9 6 9 4 7 9 7 9 6 10—76
Bruis.....	8 8 7 8 9 7 6 9 10 9—81
	8 10 5 10 8 5 9 9 6 7—76
	10 8 7 6 6 5 10 8 8 8—76
Trounstone.....	10 5 10 7 7 10 6 7 10 9—81
	8 8 9 5 8 4 6 10 8 7—73
	7 6 7 8 9 9 7 4 6 5—68
Roberts.....	6 10 6 10 9 6 8 9 9 7—80
	4 10 6 10 6 9 8 7 10 7—77
	10 7 8 6 7 6 6 6 8 9—77
Lux.....	10 6 7 6 8 9 8 8 8 6—76
	10 9 3 7 8 5 9 7 5 10—73
	8 6 8 10 9 7 6 5 6 5—70
Topf.....	10 7 9 8 6 6 6 6 8 9 4—73
	10 6 6 5 7 7 7 8 7 5 9—70
	4 10 7 4 5 7 8 7 8 7 9—64
Drube.....	5 7 9 7 7 9 4 8 7 8—71
	4 8 5 5 8 7 8 10 6 7—68
	6 8 5 6 8 3 8 7 6 8—65
*C. Payne.....	9 9 9 9 6 8 6 6 5 7 10—78

*Rest. This score was made by Clarence Payne, the twelve-year-old son of E. D. Payne. This is the first full score ever shot by him, and he had fired but five or six shots previous to this occasion, and then at intervals of weeks apart. It looks as if he will be a "chip off the old block." Who knows?

Championship of New York.

THE annual 100-shot match for the championship of New York and vicinity was held at Armbruster's ranges, Greenville, N. J., under the auspices of the New Jersey Association of Riflemen, on Election Day.

This contest for supremacy at 200yds. with the Schuetzen Rifle has been an annual affair for the past eight years, and as most of the cracks of the entire East participate, it practically decides the yearly championship. The entry list this year numbered seventeen, and with few exceptions the best men of the entire country were represented.

Last year, Michael Dorrier was the winner, with a score of 2,246, which established a new 100-shot record. This score was thought

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HARD TIMES COMING.

WINTER is at hand. Over much of the land the hard cold has already set its grip upon the quiet waters; in parts of the north and west white snow covers the ground; most of the birds have flown southward, fearing less the cold—which they could endure—than the scarcity of food, which means weakness and death.

Before long the cold and the snow will extend over the whole northern land, the bird life which in summer is scattered universally over the whole continent will have all swept southward in a great wave, and the land beyond the limit of frost will be crowded with twice its former number of feathered inhabitants. In the bright land to which they have gone there is warmth, sunshine, cheeriness and food, while at the north there is cold and hunger. Yet the hardy inhabitants of our mountains, prairies and woods and swamps are well fitted to endure the rigors of bitter winter if only they can have abundant food. The muskrat builds his house—a warm shelter from which he sallies forth only now and then; the fur of the mink and fox is thick, long and heavy; the squirrel and the raccoon dream away the days in homes well protected from the cold, and venture forth only on bright or warm days, hiding themselves again when it grows colder.

The feathers of the birds have grown thicker; the quail at night crowd together in the shelter of the swamp, and at mid-day sit cuddled up in a fence corner sheltered from the wind and well warmed by the sun. The grouse loiter along the warm side of the alder run, and at night, if the cold is hard, perhaps use the feathery snow for a blanket. Bluejays, chickadees and kinglets spend the bitter night in the thick cedar trees, their bodies puffed out into little balls which the feathers standing on end keep warm. Among the naked trees of the woods, and whirling like snowdrifts across the white fields, are many strangers from afar—white owls and snow buntings, pine grosbeaks, crossbills and other vagrant birds of the north, whose wanderings in search of food carry them here and there over wide stretches of country. Yet when a place is found where food is abundant, they remain there day after day, or week after week, until forced by hunger to renew their quest.

A great degree of cold can be endured by our winter birds, provided only they have sufficient food to eat. Warm covering is needed against the keen frost, yet after all what is chiefly required is fuel to feed the internal fires by which the cold may be withstood. Yet in winter seeds and fruit for the vegetable feeders may be hard to find, since the snow buries all food that has fallen to the ground. Nevertheless the seeds and berries of many shrubs and trees—the sumach, the mountain ash, the cedar and the pine—still cling to their stems and support an army of birds that but for them could not exist.

A multitude of insect eaters—the woodpeckers, nut-hatches, creepers, titmice and kinglets—all tiny birds that one would hardly imagine could resist the cold—are at home in our winter woods where they live well and do a world of good. They find their food in the crevices of the bark, on the under sides of dead leaves, and in the crannies of the rail fences, where, all through the summer noxious insects were at work depositing their eggs, from which next spring might be hatched a pestilential brood to destroy farmers' crops. It is the business of these tiny feathered heroes of the winter to combat this evil, and unknowingly to perform for man a service whose money value cannot be measured exactly in dollars and cents, but which, we may be sure, amounts to a very large percentage of the sum annually received for all our agricultural products. By most birds this helpful work is done only in the summer, and the destruction is of adult insects alone, but the tiny cold weather gleaners work all the year round in season and out, and, quiet, unobtrusive, unthanked and even unknown, they enable us to live our lives in the land and to exist as a people.

It is worth the while of every one who can to do something to make the winter easier for the birds that stay with us. They do not give us sweet songs; they do not brighten our lawns with gay plumage, but they work for us all the while. Now is the time of hardship for all wild life, and each one of us may well do what lies in his power to lessen that hardship. Grain for the ruffed grouse should be scattered in the warm places in swamp and in forest where the snow first melts. In the fields and coverts where the quail live, shelters should be

placed to keep the birds from being covered up by snow, and abundant food should be provided. On the trunks and branches of the trees here and there may be tacked up pieces of fat meat or of suet, on which the nut-hatches, creepers, titmice and kinglets will greedily feed, and which may help them through some bitter night.

The cost of doing a little work of this kind is nothing. The trouble is slight; but the reward to be reaped in watching the birds which have been attracted close to the house is great. Pleasures such as this are denied to city dwellers, and urban bird population in winter consists chiefly of sparrows, which are on bad terms with many of our native birds; but let the country dweller once do this work, as many country dwellers have done, and he will wish to do it every winter.

POSSESSION IN CLOSE SEASON.

We give the full text of the decision of the New York Court of Appeals in the case of the People of the State of New York v. the Buffalo Fish Company, Lt. The point involved was the constitutionality of the law which forbids possession in the close season of fish imported from without the State.

The action was brought by Protector Pond against the Buffalo Company for having had in possession pike, pickerel, bass and muscalonge in the close season. The defendant admitted the fact of possession, but set up in defense that the fish had been imported from Canada under provisions of the United States tariff laws; that the State law conflicted with the United States law in regulating commerce in fish, and was null and void because infringing upon the interstate provisions of the Federal Constitution, and because it deprived the defendant of property without due process of law. To this answer the plaintiff demurred upon the ground that it was not sufficient to constitute a defense; the demurrer was overruled and an appeal was taken. The Appellate Division certified three questions, all substantially comprised in the first one, which was this:

"Are the provisions of Section 110 of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Law, as amended by Chapter 109 of the Laws of 1898, prohibiting the possession of pike and pickerel during the close season for such fish in New York State, in conflict with any provisions of the State and Federal Constitution when applied to pike and pickerel imported from Canada, under the customs laws and regulations of the United States which have been duly complied with, or do the facts alleged in the defendant's answer constitute a defense to the first cause of action set forth in the complaint?"

The court by a vote of four to three has sustained the defendant, and has answered the questions affirmatively. We print the decision in full as written by Justice O'Brien, giving also the dissenting opinion written by Justice Gray.

This decision is in direct conflict with that in the Phelps-Racey case, which has long been an accepted precedent, not only in the State, but elsewhere, and has been cited with approval by the United States Supreme Court.

We are not advised as to what further course the Forest, Fish and Game Commission may take in the case, but we sincerely trust that they will not abandon it. The case has not yet been tried on its merits. We believe that it may yet be won. It must be won if the laws forbidding the sale of game and fish in close time shall amount to anything. The application of the principles involved is by no means limited to New York State. If this decision shall be held to be good law, it will mean the nullification, for instance, of the Massachusetts statute forbidding the sale of grouse and woodcock. It will give us open fish and game markets the year around for game imported into a State; and that will mean an open market for fish and game taken in the State. We have already pointed out that under such circumstances as those wrought by the New York decision the clause of the Lacey Law which declares that game imported into a State shall be subject to the State law will afford no protection. For if, as the court holds, the New York law does not apply because its application would be unconstitutional, it cannot be made to apply by act of Congress, because Congress cannot in any way by statute alter the constitutional principles involved. If a law forbidding the possession and sale of imported fish is unconstitutional, Congress cannot make it constitutional by the enactment of law.

THE USUAL WAY.

ON Thursday, Nov. 15, in Mt. Vernon, Westchester county, on the very borders of New York, two deer were discovered by a man who was out gunning in the swamp.

The deer were a buck and a fawn, and the gunner promptly killed the fawn, and returning to his home spread the news. At once all the population possessed of firearms turned out for the purpose of slaughtering the other deer, but at last accounts it had not been killed.

Where the animals came from is as yet unknown. It was thought that they might have escaped from the park of the New York Zoological Society, but the authorities there deny that any deer have been lost. It is probable, however, that they may have escaped from the grounds of some individual possessing a private deer park.

The ruthlessness with which such strays are killed when they make their appearance in unusual localities is only another evidence of the innate savagery of civilized man. It might be imagined that the appearance of these rare animals would be hailed with delight, that people would vie with each other in endeavoring to protect them and to make life easy and agreeable for them. But this is seldom the case. If it is a moose turned out in the Adirondacks, where no wild ones have been seen for nearly forty years, some butcher comes along and promptly puts the knife to its throat; an escaped deer in the very outskirts of New York city suffers a like fate, and in Connecticut a few weeks ago the appearance of two deer called out a large number of hunters, although the law in that State absolutely protects deer. As long as so large a proportion of our population is so eager to destroy life, the prospects of game protection are not bright.

SNAP SHOTS.

In the United States District Court at Fresno, Cal., last week, Judge Wellborn rendered a decision which held that the act of June 30, 1898, authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to make regulations for the protection of forest reserves is unconstitutional because, in effect, it delegates legislative power to an administrative officer. Just how far the decision if sustained will nullify the existing system of protection for the forest reserves cannot be determined without a more detailed report; but it is manifest that if the ruling has an application as extensive as appears on the face of it, there is call for immediate action by Congress to provide regulations to protect the preserves. The regulations made by the Secretary of the Interior presumably are wise and necessary; and embodying wisdom and necessity, they should be given force by Congress.

The system of delegating to the Secretary of the Interior authority to legislate for the protection of public property has been in operation for years in the Yellowstone National Park. By the act of 1894 it is provided that the Secretary of the Interior shall make such rules and regulations as he may deem necessary and proper for the management and care of the Park and for the protection of the property, especially for the preservation from injury or spoliation of all timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities or wonderful objects, and for the protection of the animals and birds from capture or destruction, or to prevent their being frightened or driven from the Park. And violation of any such rule or regulation is made a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment. Thus it appears that the delegation of legislative power to an administrative officer with reference to public possessions is no new thing.

When M. Menier, of Paris, bought the Island of Anticosti to make a game preserve of it, there were living there a number of settlers whom M. Menier proceeded to dispossess. The eviction involved great hardship. Canadians interested in the fate of the Anticostians found new homes for them at Garland, in Manitoba, whither they went in the summer. A report now comes that they are in a pitiable condition; eight have died in an epidemic of typhoid fever, and general destitution prevails.

Minnesota has a five days' open season for moose and caribou from Nov. 5 to Nov. 10, and although the game is reported to have increased, the season this year has been a poor one. There was no snow on the ground, very few moose were seen and the five days' hunting has had little effect on the game supply.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Omohundro Mule Show.

"Oh, Mis' 'Melia—I beg yo' pahdon, Cunnel Fairfax, fo' intchuptin' of what you's sayin', but I sutt'nly mus' speak tuh Mis' 'Melia. Oh, Mis' 'Melia, you mus' speak tuh Mis' Amy an' make her quit her projickin' foolishness. Mis' Amy she ain't done nuffin but tuh her cheer 'round in this here little crib an' talk tuh this yere smooth-face boy, an' 'tain't respect'ful tuh the horses no how. An' thet boy! 'Pears tuh me he couldn't set onto yo' father's ole chestnut 'thouten tumblin' off at the teenties' tinies' jump on the hull fahm. Do you think he could, Cunnel Fairfax?"

"S-s-h, Mawmy" said the lady in the front of the box at the fashionable horse show. "Remember this is the North, and the ways are different from Virginia ways."

"Well, ef that ain't the beatines! They sholy ain't Fehginyeh ways, 'deed they ain't. Jes' look at all them folks walkin' an' walkin' 'roun', an' they ain't one of 'em lookin' at the hosses, but jes' at they own selves. That ain't Fehginyeh ways, an' I hope tuh goodness I won't hafter live outwell it gets tuh be Fehginyeh ways. Massy me! Jes' look yander at thet bay. An' see thet gray 'longside er him! An' thet black, ain't he the prawninciest? Would anybody down tuh Richmond tuh them backs on hosses like them? Would they jes' look at people when they's hosses to look at? Yo' knows how it is, Cunnel Fairfax. People's no 'count, they jes' grows. But a hoss, ye've gottch breed him, an' ye've gottch rar him, an' then ye've gottch train him. An' when I see jes' people like these yere disrespect'ful tuh hosses like those yar thet's been bred an' rared an' trained, why it's sutt'nly scan'lous, an' I shall be 'shamed to tell of it when I gets back tuh Warsaw."

"Maybe, Aunt Marthy," said the gray Virginian, "it's because these people want to take a good look at you in this box with your mistresses."

"Huh!" said the old woman with a snort. "Don't quality up Norf have sulyants or only this yere hired help? My mistisses? I should say so! Why, I thank my Lord I'm Mis' 'Melia's mawmy, an' I usetah b'long tuh ole Mis' Emmy, that's Mis' 'Melia's maw, an' Mis' Amy's my own sweet lamb. They all got the same name, but we has tuh call them different so's not tuh mix 'em up, fer it 'pears tuh me they's always had that name 'fum mother tuh daughter ever sence they's been any of the name in tidewater Fehginyeh. An' then tuh see my own Mis' Amy listenin' tuh a boy that ain't got the sence tuh look at the hosses, even if he is 'fraid tuh ride 'em, it's puffedly scan'lous. An' them other folks thet's walkin' 'roun' an' 'roun' an' lookin' at everything but the hosses—why, ef anybody behaved thet way at ole Majah's mule show, well, I dunno what ole Majah he'd 'a done tuh 'em. Ef they was hands he'd 'a taken his hound thong an' jes' flayed 'em alive. An' ef they was people he'd 'a stepped over to where they was neglectin' the show an' he'd invite them cold an' polite tuh go pistol shootin' with him an' he'd duel them outwell they was daid. That was afore the wah when a Southern gemman could do all them things. It wasn't ole Majah Omohundro, it was ole ole Majah Omohundro, him that was my Mis' 'Melia's maw's paw. But you 'member thet mule show, Cunnel Fairfax, 'cause yo' was there yo'self. Them was good times in Fehginyeh afore the sogers come down there wiv their shifless Norvern ways. Once they was a gen'ril er a corp'ril er some such kin' of a Yankee tole me I was free an' didn' b'long tuh Mis' Emmy. I was right smart mad outwell I thought he was on'y a Linkum soger an' mos' likely didn' know no better. Ef they had been any sence in me bein' free I could 'a bought mysef 'fum Mis' Emmy, an' ole Marse he'd 'a give me the money even ef 'twas 'leven thousan' dollars, an' I guess I was wuth all thet when I was young an' likely. But I never was free, an' thet's why the famly has gottch s'port me now when I ain't overly much good at workin' 'roun', an' thet's howcome Mis' 'Melia she sent me this elegant bombazine dress tuh come Norf in, an' Mis' Amy she sent me my elegant bunnet that's safely packed away in my ban'box down home tuh Warsaw, an' I wore this yere bandanna 'cause it's comfortable even ef 'tis a little more subdued."

"Do tell us about the mule show, Aunt Marthy!" exclaimed Miss Amy. "It's not fair to arouse our curiosity and then to disappoint us."

"Yo' better ask Cunnel Fairfax 'bout that show," said the old woman, "'cause he was a part of it, bein' younger an' friskier than he is now."

"After that statement, which is almost a charge that at a remote period of my life I was a mule, I must tell you some of the story, such as it is, but the true historian of the affair should be Aunt Marthy there. Old Major Omohundro had seen one of the English country horse shows, and thought it would be a fine thing for Virginia. But there was a different plan of society; there were none of the small farmers for whom the English shows are devised, and in fact the greater part of the population was itself owned by the few gentry who had their places in that part of the country. As with the population, so with the horses, the titles to each class were vested in the same owners. Horse shows were, therefore, out of the question. But if there was one thing devised by nature and providence to bring out the enthusiasm of our at that time, unemancipated working class, it was an exhibition of mules, with prizes offered for various points of excellence. The negroes knew the mule, they loved the mule. They both served the same master, and there was a deep bond of sympathy between these two that had not received a fair deal in Nature's game. Major Omohundro caused public proclamation to be made throughout the five counties that when the harvest was over there would be held a show of mules on his place near Warsaw, with prizes for the heaviest mule and the lightest mule, for speed, for pull, for endurance, for general wickedness—in fact for every qualification with which it is possible to endow the mule. Of course, there was to be a feast for all the hands, and in the great house there was to be dancing for the young folks, and cards for the old ones of the neighboring families. At that time, as Aunt Marthy has said, both younger and friskier than I have been for many of these years, I thought

more of a dance until the sun was up than of the finest hand that ever was drawn to.

"Well, the appointed time came around. The old Omohundro house was crowded with the neighbors, who came flocking in for the frolic, and where space was found for the mules and the negroes was a dense secret of the quarters and the stables. The show was announced to last three days, and a different set of mule contests was appointed for each day. The affair made quite a stir in its time, and the hotel in Warsaw Court House was filled with gamblers from Baltimore and Washington, and even so far up James River as Richmond. You understand that in those times no gentleman was supposed to hold any opinions except such as he was willing to back to the limit. So there was a prospect of winning or losing something on those mules. But the judging, on the winners of each class was a spectacle. The committees approached the task with the same feeling of responsibility as the committee here, and they were just as careful as though apportioning large sums of money instead of mere store orders for sugar or dress goods. It may seem to you ridiculous, but I assure you it was conducted very seriously. Old Major Omohundro had a fine sense of his dignity, and was not a man to be trifled with, and if there had been any manifestation of disrespect to him he would have called the offender to a strict account. This show was the first of its kind, and then the war came on us and we had no thought for shows of anything but men, and afterward there were times when we should have been lucky to have the mules to plow with and not bother about exhibitions. But it seems to have made an impression on Aunt Marthy, so she probably had a good time."

"That ain't all the story, Mis' Amy, of ole ole Majah Omohundro's mule show," said the old woman. "Cunnel Fairfax, how come you ain't said a word 'bout that famous kicking mule an' my little Mis' 'Melia thet was walkin' right inteh his heels, an' when he kicked yo' got there fust an' picked up Mis' 'Melia before the cruel heels done hit her, an' they weren't no damage done 'cept your ribs thet was broke an' your head stove in so thet yo' didn' know nothin' for three hours? Ain't thet the way yo' come to wait for Mis' 'Melia teh grow up so's yo' could marry her an' be Mis' Amy's paw? How come yo' don' tell the hull story of thet mule show when you're tellin' it? Thet's what for I ain't got no patience with these yere people that don't look at the hosses; it sholy ain't respect'ful teh the hosses, an' it's scan'lous."

LEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

An Old-Time Indian Night Attack.

In the year 1860 Lieut. Whipple (now Gen. Wm. D. Whipple) was stationed at Fort Defiance, New Mexico. This post is in the heart of the Navajo country, and is 179 miles west of Albuquerque, N. M. This was the nearest town where a white man lived, except that there was a missionary at Laguna, an Indian pueblo about one-third of the distance from Albuquerque to Fort Defiance. There were no railroads west of the Mississippi River in those days. The present thirty-fifth parallel railroad runs not far from Fort Defiance, which is now an Indian agency.

The post was badly located for defense, being commanded on one side by a range of hills rising abruptly to a height of about 450 feet, and on the other side by a ridge about 30 feet high. A cañon cut through the range called the Cañoncito Bonito or beautiful little cañon, and through it flowed a stream, and this it was that furnished the reason for the anomalous location of the post in a country where water is not plentiful. The Navajos were then, as now, a powerful tribe, and could muster 5,000 warriors. They are a pastoral people, had in those days large flocks of sheep and a few cattle. They also cultivated the soil to a small extent. They were not nomadic, like the Apaches, but only moved from one locality to another to obtain grazing for their flocks. The writer is of the opinion that their mode of life resembled very closely that of the Patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. They are fine specimens of the North American Indian. The writer has measured the height of the present chief, Manuelito, and he stands 6 feet 3 inches.

The garrison of Fort Defiance at the time of which I write consisted of three small companies of the 3d Infantry of about fifty men each, and Whipple was first lieutenant of one of them. Innumerable wolves (the big gray wolf or lobo) infested the country, as they obtained a fat living from the flocks of the Navajos. Their prowling time was of course at night, and the post dogs entertaining a wholesome dread of the lobo, retired to the security which the close proximity of the buildings of the post afforded when night came on. It must be remembered that the post, as it was called, was not a post in the proper sense of the term. There were no defensive works, but it was simply a collection of houses and barracks in the form of a rectangle, with the corral for the beef cattle beyond one corner, overlooking the stream, which flowed out of the cañon and convenient to the place where the beeves were slaughtered for the use of the garrison, and sufficiently far removed from the quarters not to be a nuisance. Beyond another corner of the rectangle was the sutler's store, but near enough to the quarters to be convenient at all times and to remove as far as possible the danger of being shot by a prowling Indian should one wish to go there in the evening.

The Navajos at this time were very arrogant. It was soon after the Mexican war, and they resented every interference with their old-time prerogatives, one of which was to go for the Mexican on any and all occasions. Incidents are related of Navajos riding through the streets of Santa Fe, the capital, stopping in front of the open door of the little Mexican houses, and with their long lances taking from the griddle the tortilla or corn cake which was being cooked for the family and appropriating it to their own use. Of course our presence in Fort Defiance was intolerable to them, and they were accordingly hostile. It was our duty to compel good behavior so far as we could, but they had never been disciplined before, and they did not like it. Now they are as gentle as their own lambs. They had evidently planned to wipe out the garrison, and the time fixed for the massacre was the night of April 30, 1860,

On that day it so happened that Lieut. Whipple was officer of the day. The proper discharge of his duties required him to visit the guard at least once between 12 o'clock midnight and reveille. He went out to perform this duty about 2 o'clock A. M., and in crossing the parade ground on his way to the guard house noticed that the post dogs were all outside, contrary to their usual custom. Why were they out? was the question that immediately appealed to the officer. He could hear them barking at something out in the darkness. It could not be wolves, because, as before stated, the wolves drove the dogs inside the post at 8; it could be but one other thing, Indians, and they could be assembling at that time of night for no good purpose. It must be for an attack upon the post at the favorite time for Indian night attacks, and that is just before daylight. Upon reaching the guard house the lieutenant called the attention of the sergeant of the guard to the suspicious circumstance just mentioned, and directed that the two reliefs off post be awakened, have their equipments on and their guns in their hands; that the drummer have his drum strained and be ready to beat the long roll, the signal of alarm, which means that danger is imminent and that every man must turn under arms on his company parade ground and there await his officers. Then taking a patrol he visited the sentinels posted outside of the buildings, called their attention to the situation, and directed them not to walk their posts, but to keep down, and hidden as much as possible, as their lives probably depended upon it, and to fight to the best they could when the attack began. He returned to the guard house, dismissed the patrol, and went back to his quarters to await results.

About 4 o'clock the attack was made. Suddenly the place resounded with the yells of the savages and the ominous roll of the drum. To fully appreciate the latter it needs to be heard under similar circumstances. Lieut. Whipple, anticipating the attack, was in his company's quarters in a moment, directing his men to dress themselves carefully, as it was uncertain when they would get back to their quarters again. Much to the astonishment of the attacking Indians, they did not find everybody asleep, but were given such a warm reception by the alert guard as compelled them to retire temporarily for consultation.

This refers to the main attack.

The sutler's store not being guarded, did not fare so well. When the companies were formed each repaired to the place previously assigned it, and by an order anticipating the possibility of just such an attack, Lieut. Whipple, with his company, had been assigned to the beef corral, not only because it was a pretty good post, but also to prevent the Indians running off the cattle. The margin of the little stream below the corral was full of Indians, yelling and whooping with all their might, and that seemed to be about what the attack had dwindled to in that quarter. The company reached the corral without mishap, and once inside Lieut. Whipple gave the order to the men to lay their guns over the top log and aim at the noise coming from the bed of the stream. It was still pitchy dark, and nothing could be seen. The guns being placed upon the log, then came the commands, "Ready! Aim! Fire!" The flash from the volley for an instant lit the darkness, and the noise ceased. In the meantime the company assigned to the sutler's store found it full of Indians, looting to the best of their ability. They had smashed the windows and thus effected an entrance. The first window smashed was that to the clerk's bed room. The clerk stood not upon the order of his getting out, but got out at once into the yard and hid behind a headboard leaning against the fence and about ready to be erected over a soldier's grave. Here at the sutler's store was where the only loss of life occurred, so far as known. One soldier was killed, and, the writer thinks, one wounded. Nine Indians were killed, and the "rest—they ran away." They must have been a disgusted set when they discovered that among their loot a lot of boxes containing bottles from which they expected much held nothing but ink.

Down at the corral everything had remained quiet after the volley, and day began to dawn. A member of the company said to Lieut. Whipple, "Will the Liftinent allow me to get out of the corral and see what we killed when we fired the volley?"

The answer was, "Houlinan, you will find nothing. If we did any execution, all dead or wounded have been carried away by their comrades. That is their way. Besides, look at that hillside rising above us. Every rock and log and tree has got an Indian behind it with a rifle in his hand, and the moment you break cover you are gone."

"Still, if the Liftinent will allow me, I would like to try it."

"Go, then."

As had been foretold, the spattering of bullets that came from that hillside was more than had been anticipated, and showed that they were still there in force, although not an Indian was to be seen.

The Indians having been driven away from the immediate vicinity of the post, the commanding officer directed Lieut. Whipple to remain with his company for the common defense, while he (the commanding officer) went out with the other companies against what appeared to be the main body of the Indians. They went out and engaged them; the Indians retreated fighting. The sound of arms grew fainter and fainter, and finally ceased, and the troops returned.

Thus ended the attack on Fort Defiance, one of the few attacks that were ever made by Indians upon a military post, and when we think of what might have been but for a little vigilance we cannot agree with the poet that in all cases,

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, it might have been."

LOTO.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

An Outing in Acadia.—I.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

THAT glorious stretch of country midway between Annapolis and Liverpool in Nova Scotia is a favorite region among the lovers of the rod and gun who have become acquainted with its many attractions. It contains almost innumerable lakes and streams which teem with the spotted trout, and in its extensive coverts great numbers of ruffed grouse, woodcock and hares are found.

In the wilderness, away from the small settlements which are scattered along the post road, moose are fairly abundant, and many handsome pairs of antlers have been brought away as trophies by American sportsmen.

Among the lakes the scenery is picturesque in the extreme, and the beauties of Rosignol, Cudgemacougie and the Fairy Lakes have been limned by many eminent artists.

So abundant are the grouse in this region that almost every copse of young birches, maples and alders contains a covey, and they are also often seen in the grain and potato fields of the settlers, where they run about as unsuspicious of danger as so many domestic chickens. The byroads around Kempt and Maitland seem to be favorite habitats of these birds, it being a common occurrence to see them perched on fence rails along the roadway, from which they will not fly, even if a whip from a passing carriage is snapped at them.

In addition to the moose, the other large game are black bears (which are too plentiful for the farmers), the Canada lynx and the red fox. The caribou was formerly abundant, but is now, I think, never met with so far south in the province.

For many years I have enjoyed my outings in this favored section, and it was on one of these that the following incidents occurred:

I had arrived at the cozy farmhouse in one of the little settlements which I usually made my headquarters on the second day of my journey from Boston, and after a good night's rest, which I thoroughly appreciated after my long ride of thirty miles over rough and mountainous roads, had started out bright and early on the following morning with rod and creel, and accompanied by John Mack, my trusty guide and canoe man, for a day's sport among the spotted beauties.

My forenoon's success had been most satisfactory, and we had landed from our canoe on a wooded point which jutted out into the lake for our midday lunch. Our meal had been eaten with true sportsmen's relish, the trout, which the guide had broiled on a primitive gridiron, made of interlaced green twigs of the birch and maple, over a bed of coals, having proved a grateful addition to the menu. I had stretched myself upon a soft mass of leaves and moss beneath the dense shade of a venerable beech tree, in which comfortable position I was enjoying my after-dinner smoke, when a number of small greenish insects drifted down upon me and began to crawl over my hands and clothes.

"What a swarm of pesky plant lice there is around us!" exclaimed the guide, who was brushing some of the intruders from his neck and face, as he lay on the ground near me. "There must be a big family of them in the neighborhood."

"No doubt," I replied. "These insects are among the most prolific of breeders, and large colonies are quickly established wherever a nucleus is formed."

The insects were of a light green color, and most of them were wingless; they were aphides, and had probably been disturbed by the smoke of our camp-fire, which had ascended among the foliage upon which they were foraging.

They soon ceased to annoy us, and the guide, refilling his pipe and lighting it, resumed his recumbent position for a quiet siesta.

My interest in the aphides had been awakened, however, and in a short time I arose and began to search among the young alders which surrounded us for an opportunity to study the little pests in their own abiding places. I use the term freely, for terrible pests they are to farmers and fruit-growers, their attacks on all kinds of vegetation being very destructive.

A little clump of white birch saplings near at hand soon gave me a good opportunity to study the insects, and with my pocket magnifying glass in readiness I watched their movements intently. There were many hundreds of them sucking the sap from the foliage and the tender bark of the young trees, their sizes varying from the smallest mites but recently hatched to the adult insects. Most of them were wingless, a few only being provided with organs of flight.

Through the glass I watched them as they drew out the sap or wandered leisurely about on the bark. They were sociable among themselves, a score or more gathering in a bunch or huddling around a number of adult insects.

Presently a number of ants which had been suspicious of my intentions and had kept away made their ascent of the trunk of the small tree near which I was standing, and after inspecting me for a few moments, to make certain I was not an enemy, they proceeded to some of the plumpest aphides and began to tickle them on the end of their abdomens, using their antennæ, or so-called "feelers," which extend in front of their heads for this purpose.

The little green insects did not seem to object to the tickling, for they quickly raised their bodies, and the ants, putting their mouths to the tubes which led from the ends of the abdomens of the aphides, received a drop of honey which exuded from them.

Like little cows, the insects seemed quite willing to be "milked," and the ants filled themselves to repletion.

I had witnessed this interesting performance before on several occasions, but had never been favored with such an abundance of specimens to study. The smaller aphides seemed instinctively to yield their modicum of honey, for their raised their little bodies as soon as an ant touched them.

This action of milking the aphides by the ants was first observed by a naturalist named Huber, who made many interesting experiments with them and published a lengthy account of his investigations.

Darwin, to test the accuracy of Huber's statements, experimented with a number of the aphides in a most careful manner. On one occasion he removed all the ants from a group of about a dozen aphides on a plant and kept them away for several hours; after this interval he felt sure that the insects would excrete. For some time he watched them through a lens, but none of them excreted. He then tickled and stroked them with a hair in the same manner—as well as he could—as the ants do with their antennæ, but he met with no success. He subsequently allowed an ant to visit them, and it immediately seemed, by its eager way of running about, to be well aware what a rich flock it had discovered. It then began to play with its antennæ on the abdomen first of one aphid and then another, and each as soon as it felt the antennæ immediately lifted up its abdomen and excreted a limpid drop of sweet juice, which was eagerly devoured by the ant.

Darwin, in commenting finally on these facts, says, "It is certain from the observations of Huber that the aphides show no dislike to the ants; if the latter be not present they are at last compelled to eject their excretion. But as the excretion is extremely viscid, it is no doubt a convenience to the aphides to have it removed; therefore probably they do not excrete solely for the good of the ants."

The aphides which were at work before me did not probably inflict any great injury upon the birches, although I have seen young trees fairly blighted by these insects. But there are some species which are terribly destructive. One, called the cotton louse or aphid, works sad havoc among the cotton plants. Another species attacks the wheat plant; another the oat, and others various garden plants. In fact, almost every plant has a variety peculiar to itself, and some have more than one species, and were it not for their numerous enemies they would be an insufferable pest.

Although we accept as a truism that nothing in nature was created in vain, we are very often at a loss to determine the economic value that certain forms of life possess. We study them closely, but fail to establish their utility, and often finally consider them as worthless, if not absolutely noxious. Among these are the aphides, which are regarded as being simply noxious without a single redeeming trait.

To the naturalist, however, their many peculiarities always furnish subjects for study, and among these their methods of reproduction are the most interesting, for, unlike other insects, the aphid does not pass through all the metamorphoses or changes before they become perfect or adult insects. For example, an insect ordinarily lays its eggs from which the grubs or caterpillars, called larvæ, are hatched. After a stated time these change their form and assume the next or pupa stage of their existence. In this they remain for a greater or less period of time, when they change to the imago or perfect insect stage. For instance: A moth lays her eggs, from which the caterpillars are hatched; these are of course at first very small, but they eat voraciously and grow rapidly until finally they spin cocoons, incased in which as pupæ they remain motionless and without feeding. At the proper time the form changes, the imago shape is assumed, and the moth crawls out of its silky covering, which it dissolves with a fluid secretion, which acts on the silky fibers like an acid.

Unlike the other insects, the aphid does not seem to go through all these changes, for at one period of the year it is found to be oviparous, and at another viviparous. It has also most remarkable powers of fecundity, it having been estimated that one aphid may in five generations be the progenitor of upward of six billions of descendants, and, as has been stated, there may be twenty generations in a single year. Another curious fact relating to these interesting little insects is



WINGED APHIS, MUCH ENLARGED.

that the wingless larvæ when hatched in the spring may produce a number of broods even while in that stage.

With such remarkable powers of reproduction the aphides would become a terrible pest if nature did not provide many enemies to keep their numbers in check. Myriads are eaten by titmice and other small birds; the little round, spotted beetle, known as the "lady bird," devours them by thousands, in fact almost entirely subsists upon them, and several small ichneumon flies deposit their eggs in their bodies. These little parasites are very industrious, and they lose no opportunity to accomplish their work. The ants instinctively recognize them as enemies of their "milk cows," and make every effort to drive them away.

Probably the most active and relentless enemies of the tribe are the so-called lace-wing flies, which feed almost exclusively on the aphides. Their eggs, according to the entomologist, Mr. F. G. Sanborn, who was a most patient investigator, are laid on twigs or leaves where the aphides are abundant, and to prevent the eggs being covered with the exudations of the aphides and suffocated or devoured by small predaceous insects, they are fastened at the top of a small pedicle or stalk spun from the abdomen of the parent like the thread of a spider.



LACE WING FLY AND EGGS.

The young hatched from these eggs are of an elongated form, with sharp sickle-like jaws, with which they pierce the tender bodies of the aphides and suck their juices; they are very voracious and destroy a vast number of the pests.

I had consumed more time in watching the aphides than I was aware of, and found on consulting my watch that the afternoon was far advanced, I hastened to the spot where we had eaten our lunch and found that the guide had gathered up the dishes and other items of the lunching outfit and placed them in the canoe, and was awaiting, patiently, for my coming. He made no comment on my long absence, for he knew my ways of old, and in a very short time our light craft was on its way to the Spring Hole brook, impelled by our sturdy paddles, which we wielded with all the vigor, if not the grace, of trained athletes.

I doubt very much if there is a drop of aborigine blood in my veins, but if I were descended from a long and unbroken line of red men I could not have a greater love for the canoe than I now possess, and nothing can give me a greater pleasure than that which I derive from the use of the paddle. It is an ideal exercise and sport, and the movement of the canoe over the placid surface of the lake is the poetry of motion, and the delights that accompany it, the blue sky above us; the gentle, balmy, perfume-laden breeze; the blue and purple mountains on



LARVA OF LACE WING FLY, ENLARGED.

the distant shores, all combine to make what is to me a perfect enjoyment. The pool that I have mentioned was soon reached; it was a broad, deep arm of the river, and near its head was evidently a large spring, for the water was very clear and apparently cold.

The killick was soon dropped and I began casting. The sport that followed was very exciting, the trout coming to the flies in numbers, at almost every cast a pair being hooked, and John was kept busy in landing the fish and in packing them in some wet ferns and soil swamp moss which he had placed in the stern of the canoe. The fish, however, were not large, their average weight being not over half a pound.

For a short time the trout ceased to rise, and pushing the canoe ashore we lighted our pipes and rested the pool for a brief period. John busied himself in dressing and packing the fish while I sat on the bank of the stream and watched the numerous insects which disported themselves on the surface of the water.

The whirligig beetles were most abundant, their ridicu-

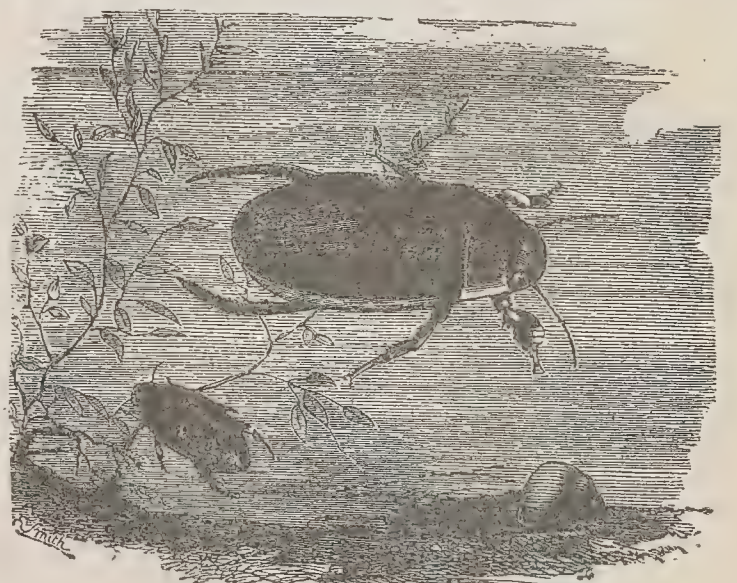


WHIRLIGIG BEETLE.

lous half tipsy way of darting around in a circle making them appear much more numerous than they really were. The insects may be seen on almost every fresh water stream or pond, and their curious antics have, no doubt, attracted the attention of every angler and canoeist. They belong to the family of water beetles called the *Gyrinidae*, from *gyros*, signifying a circle, the name being given them because of their habit of gliding madly round and round on the water. They are insectivorous in their habits, but as they feed chiefly on other water insects or aquatic plants, which are of no value, they are of but little importance in the economy of Nature.

They occasionally migrate from one body of water to another, generally at night, and they are often attracted by the lights in dwelling houses.

There is a much larger water beetle called the *Dytiscus*, and its habits are far less innocent than are those of the



WATER BEETLES (*Dytiscus*).

whirligigs. It is often called the water tiger on account of its savage attacks on other aquatic insects. In fact, it sometimes attacks tadpoles and even small fishes. It is very voracious, and will feed on any living thing it can conquer.

These beetles often take wing, particularly at night, and fly well. The *Dytiscidae* receive their name from the Greek word *dytes*, which means a diver.

Their larvæ are long and cylindrical, and their large flat heads are armed with scissor-like jaws, which they use, with fatal effect on their victims.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Talks to Boys.—II.

I do not think that a boy of twelve is too young to have a gun. Perhaps he is too young to go shooting regularly, but a boy of that age may well enough have a gun given him, and learn how to handle it and take care of it, even if for some months afterward he does not take it out into the field and actually shoot it off. A boy who is twelve years old ought by that time to have some feeling of responsibility. He ought to realize that he is only one person of many in the family or community in which he lives, and that the people in that family or that community cannot get along comfortably unless each member considers in some degree the comfort and the wishes of the other members as well as his own comfort and his own wishes.

We all know that the government under which all civilized people live is founded on this principle of consideration for others. The laws which govern us are framed for the purpose of giving to every citizen all the liberty that he can have, consistent with the rights and comfort of other people, but where the comfort of one man interferes with the comfort of many others, the law provides that he shall not have the liberty to do the thing which is agreeable to him but is harmful to his fellow citizens. This rule prevails in all communities, civilized and savage, and people who now know much about the Indians tell us that even they had laws and rules of this kind, and that they had officers who were like policemen and constables, and who saw that these rules and laws were obeyed. Any one who was much about Indian camps in the old times when they governed themselves, remembers that in each camp there was what were called soldier bands—young men who kept order in camp, and carried out the rules laid down by the chiefs and the counselors for the general good. If wild savages knew enough to live in this way and to carry on a government which considered first the good of the majority, how much more should we who boast of our high civilization endeavor to live up to this principle.

A person who is selfish and is thinking all the time about what he wants to do, and not at all about what other people would like, will make everybody about him more or less uncomfortable, and after a time these other people will not care very much whether he has what he wants or does what he wishes to do. A boy who is of that temperament ought not to be given a gun so early as one who is more considerate of others.

In these days of machine-made firearms, it is an easy matter to purchase a gun light enough to be carried for several hours at a time without overtaxing your strength. Such an arm should certainly not weigh over 6 pounds, but 5 or 5½ pounds would be better.

A few years ago there was quite a rage for guns of very small caliber, 16 or even 20 gauge, but the arm most commonly carried by gunners in this country is the 12 gauge. There are distinct advantages in the smaller gauges, especially for light guns, and among these is the fact that the ammunition is smaller and lighter, and so more easily carried, while, if the 16 or 20 gauge gun is held properly, it is just as effective as a larger bore. I think if I were choosing a gun for my nephew, I would probably be a 16 gauge gun, and I should hope that this would be useful to him for four, five or six years, until he had pretty nearly attained his growth and was able to carry a gun weighing 7 or 7½ pounds.

Many of the modern guns, as you know, are made without hammers, and the breaking down of such a gun to remove the empty cartridge cases, or to load the gun, cocks both barrels, which cannot be uncocked again except by pulling the triggers. The old-fashioned hammer guns, of course, could be uncocked by putting the thumb on the hammer, pulling the trigger and letting the hammer fall gently until it caught at half-cock. These hammerless guns, however, are provided with what is called a safety catch, which locks the triggers so that the hammers cannot fall. This is a little piece of metal just back of the breech, which slides backward and forward, and which when pushed backward as far as it will go exposes a metal plate on which is often engraved the word "Safe." When you can see that word the firing pins cannot fall, and the gun is safe. The gunner carries his gun with the safety catch pushed back, so that by no possibility can the gun be discharged. Before that can be done the safety catch must be pushed forward so as to cover up the word "Safe," and the trigger must be pulled. The person who is carrying the gun can tell at a glance whether his arm can be discharged or not. A man who uses such a gun trains himself after a little so that when he throws the gun to his shoulder he frees the safety catch covering up the word "Safe," and then either barrel or both can be discharged. In some guns the safety catch is placed in the side of the lock, but it is always where it can be instantly felt or seen, so that the shooter knows whether the firing pins are locked or free.

There are some old-fashioned people who are still afraid of hammerless guns; they cannot see the hammers, and forgetting to look at the safety catch, they are uncertain whether the gun is cocked or at half-cock. They are afraid of an accidental discharge, and they do not like what they call these new-fangled weapons. Now, long ago all guns were discharged by a spark created by knocking a flint against a piece of iron. The sparks from the flint flew down and touched off some powder which lay in what was called the pan, and this conveyed the fire to the load in the breech of the gun. Such guns were called flintlocks. When percussion caps were first invented and guns were changed over from flint to percussion locks, and later when the breechloader was invented and came into general use, both these improvements were regarded by a very large number of shooters with the same feelings of suspicion. A great many old fogies would not give up their flintlocks and use percussion caps. It took quite a little time for the spark from the flint to ignite the powder and for the fire to travel down through the touch-hole to the powder charge, and these old fogies

were used to waiting for all this to happen. When percussion caps were invented they were afraid of them, and said that they made the gun go off too quickly and spoiled their shooting, while, when the breechloader became popular, there were a great many men who declared that the breechloader did not shoot nearly as hard as the muzzle-loader, and not only would not bring down game at great distances, but wounded many birds at close range which went off to die and were never recovered. All this, of course, has long since been forgotten, but at the time these subjects were of great interest to men who shot. I think you will be perfectly safe if you choose a hammerless gun, and are properly instructed in the way to handle it before you carry loaded cartridges out into the field to shoot.

Your father or your uncle, or whoever chooses your gun for you, will no doubt see that it fits you, for you must know that it is quite as necessary to have your gun fit you as to have your shoes or your coat or any article of your clothing comfortable and well fitting. No two boys are built just exactly alike, and every boy ought to have his gun fitted to him. The stock must neither be too long nor too short, too straight nor too crooked. A boy with a long neck will require a gun with a crooked and a long stock, while a boy with a short neck and short arms may find a straight and rather short stock best for his use. You may have to try half a dozen guns before you find one that suits you. The test is this: Throw the gun up to your shoulder, bend your head and neck forward until your cheek almost touches the stock, and then look along the rib between the barrels and try to see the round knob of the sight over the breech of the gun. If just over the breech you can see that round knob naturally and without any effort of lifting up or putting down your head, the gun fits you, or nearly so. But if you can only see the breech and cannot see the knob at all, the stock is probably too crooked for you or perhaps too long. With such a stock you will be sure always to shoot under your birds. In trying to catch the sight you should not see any part of the rib between the barrels, merely the round knob of the sight over the breech.

It may very well be that when you stand squarely and throw your gun up to your shoulder, looking along the barrel straight to the front, your face will come down very naturally and you will be able to see the sight without any effort and just as you should. This is satisfactory as far as it goes, and you may believe that the gun fits you in this position. But this is not enough. Having found a gun that comes up just right as you look to the front, turn your body to the left as you bring the gun to your shoulder, and point the barrels upward and to the left at an angle of forty-five degrees, and see if you catch the sight naturally in that position. Try sighting the gun looking in various directions, to right, left, upward in front and straight in front, and try to secure an arm that fits you in all these different positions. It may be that you cannot find one that is quite to your liking, but you may find one which suits you in two or three of these positions, and if you get such a gun you will have to make a little effort to adapt yourself to it in the positions where it does not seem to come up just as you feel it should. Select the gun, other things being equal, which comes nearest to suiting you, and if it comes up right in most positions you had better take that.

Do not be discouraged or mortified if you cannot easily find a gun that fits you. It is better that you and your father or uncle and the salesman should take some time over the matter than that you should get a gun that you can use only with effort. With a gun which fits you it will be easy for you to learn to shoot. It may be very hard for you to learn with one that does not fit you. The friend who goes with you to choose the gun knows this as well as I do, I think, and he will probably not be satisfied until a properly fitting gun has been found for you.

Of course some one may say to you that the matter of having your gun fit you is not important, that it is important that a gun should fit a grown up man, yet, as a boy is constantly growing and changing in height and perhaps in length of arm and in other proportions, it is not so essential that the gun should fit him. People who say that are wrong. If a boy begins to shoot with a gun that suits him, little by little, as he grows, he will unconsciously adapt himself to the gun, and will find that he can continue to shoot easily and effectively with it even after he has grown up. Do not be satisfied until you get hold of one that suits you.

To-day the matter of choosing a gun is quite different from what it was thirty years ago. Nowadays guns are made almost altogether by machinery, and broadly it may be said that all guns by well-known makers are good, and that the statements of the salesman with regard to them may be accepted. Still, as a gun not quite up to the standard may occasionally get into the stock, it will be well for you to look closely at the fittings of the one you select, and to see that the iron and the wood everywhere come close together, so that there are no open joints through which water might leak. Notice carefully, too, that the lever works smoothly, and see to it especially that the two triggers have an equal pull. It is very disconcerting as well as dangerous to have the triggers pull off with different pressures.

Each man who shoots has his own notion about how heavy the pull of his trigger should be. Many gunners of great experience recommend rather a hard pull of 6 pounds—that is to say, a pull so hard that a string tied to the trigger and supporting a 6-pound weight will just free the hammer. It is not good for a boy, when he begins to use a gun, to have the triggers with a very light pull. At the same time you can readily learn to become accustomed to any light pull, but do not fail to see that the two triggers pull with the same pressure.

The old-fashioned large square gun cases shaped somewhat like long, low trunks and with room enough in them for a lot of tools and some cartridges, are not much used nowadays. Instead, the more light and compact hand cases made of sole leather and with two compartments—one for the barrels and the other for the stock—are more convenient and more generally used. It will be well, if practicable, for you to have one of these. You will also need a jointed cleaning rod, for which, perhaps, there is a pocket in the gun case; but for your own use at home, I advise you to get a straight, slender strip of seasoned hickory wood, 5 or 6 inches longer than the

barrels, and to have it dressed down to a size which will easily enter the barrel, say half an inch in diameter. At one end the last 4 inches of this stick may be left larger than the diameter of the barrels, so as to form a handle that is easily grasped. Have the last inch and a half of the other end dressed down on both sides to a thickness of one-quarter of an inch and have a hole three-quarters of an inch long by one-quarter of an inch wide cut through the flat part of this end. Through this hole you can pass the rags which you will use in cleaning your gun. Besides these things you will need an oil can, which should be small and need not hold more than half an ounce of oil.

When you get your gun home see that it is kept in a place free from dampness. It is well not to keep it on the ground floor, and perhaps there is no better place for it than your bedroom. If you are anything of a mechanic you might make for yourself a pair of wooden hooks on which to hang the gun in its case, and also a box with a hinged lid, in which to keep your gun things. This you might make large enough to hold a couple of hundred cartridges, but if you do this you must have a smaller inner box with a hook and staple for your gun rags, your oil can, the swabs and the wire brush, which screw on the jointed cleaning rod that you will need for cleaning the gun. A number of firms make very complete outfits of gun implements, and perhaps it will be simpler for you to buy one of these outfits, which are not very expensive, and then you will feel quite sure that you have everything that you need to keep the gun in good condition.

There is one enemy to a good gun that is always on the watch and ready to do it harm. This is moisture, and this enemy has two allies which live in boys. Those allies are carelessness and laziness. After using his gun, a boy may come home with every intention of cleaning it at once, and just as he reaches the house he may see some friend who wants him to go off and do something that seems particularly attractive. He is likely to rush upstairs put down his gun and run off to join his companion, thinking that when he comes back he will clean the gun, then when he returns he forgets about it, perhaps for two or three days, and when he goes to clean his gun he finds that inside the barrel are some spots of rust that he cannot get out, and that perhaps have pitted the barrel so that it will never again be quite as bright as it was. This is the first victory gained by moisture, with the help of its friend carelessness.

A boy who owned a good horse and did not remember to feed it and clean it would be thought a no-account-boy, and in the same way a boy who owns a good gun and is too careless or too lazy to take good care of it is rather a no-account-boy.

W. G. DE GROOT.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—XI.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[Continued from page 385.]

American Widgeon, Bald-Pate.

Anas Americana (Gmel.).

THE male bald-pate has the forehead and crown of the head white, margined on either side from the eyes to the back of the head by a broad band of metallic green, the two bands meeting behind and sometimes running a little way down the neck. The head in front of the eyes and the sides and upper neck are white, thickly dotted with black. The throat is nearly white; the lower neck, fore-breast, back and sides lavender or purplish-gray, sometimes quite rich. The feathers of the sides are cross-barred with fine lines of black; the back is finely waved with lines of paler, changing to distinct lines of blackish and white on the lower back; the upper and under tail-coverts glossy black; the tail brownish-gray; the wing-coverts broadly white, some of them tipped with black, so as to make a black bar across the wing. The speculum is green and black; the lower breast and belly white, which extends up on the sides of the rump. The bill is light bluish, with a black tip, and the feet are somewhat darker, with still darker webs.

This is the color of the most highly plumaged males, and from this there are all gradations down to the much duller female, which entirely lacks the green head-patch, the large white wing-patch, and in which the speculum is very much duller, being merely blackish, with a white border in front. The general aspect of the female is streaked and speckled with blackish brown and whitish, becoming darker on the breast and sides of body. The upper parts are grayish and the under parts nearly white, the under tail-coverts being barred with black and white. Young males usually have the breast purplish-gray, the speculum brilliant, and traces of white wing-coverts.

The bald-pate or widgeon is widely distributed throughout America and is found in winter as far south as Mexico and even Central America. It is an occasional straggler to Europe, but is found there only by accident. At the present day it is merely a winter visitor to the United States, except in certain portions of the West, where a few widgeons may still breed on the high central plateau or on the flanks of the Rocky Mountains. It is not commonly found in New England, yet Mr. Boardman has reported it as found near Calais, Me., and it occurs occasionally on Long Island. Further to the south, however, in Chesapeake Bay and on the coast of North and South Carolina, it is a common bird in winter, occurring in great flocks and eagerly sought after for its flesh, which is very highly esteemed.

The widgeons reach the United States usually in the month of October, and great numbers of them winter in the Southern States. On the Atlantic coast they are constantly found associated with other species of freshwater ducks, as well as with the canvasbacks and the red-heads. It is said that they especially seek the company of the canvasbacks when these are feeding, and that they rob them of the grasses and celery which they bring up from great depths which the widgeons could never reach. At all events it is certain that they associate with the canvasbacks, and no doubt they feed largely on the leaves of the plants of which the canvasbacks eat the roots. Certain it is that at these times and in these places the flesh of the widgeon is so ex-

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Change in Western Shooting Situation.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 17.—The current week has witnessed a great change in the shooting situation for this part of the country. The phenomenally mild fall has all at once become winter, and winter of no uncertain sort. In the upper peninsula of Michigan snow has fallen to a depth of 2 feet. The same storm has been central along this longitude as far south as lower Illinois. On Tuesday we had heavy snow in the lake region, and the fall amounted to 1 or 2 inches as far south at Mattoon, Ill. At Effingham, Ill., there was a sudden drop in the temperature and a very high wind on Tuesday, but no snow to amount to anything. There is no doubt whatever that the rough weather has set in for the season. It is good shooting weather, and healthier and heartier than the softer days of the mild October that has just past. The change in the weather has produced greater activity in the operations of our shooters, both of the marsh and the uplands. The duck shooters are looking for their last chances at the flight, and the quail shooters will welcome the cold, which will cut down the unusually heavy growth of vegetation that has thus far afforded a rather too abundant cover for the birds.

The duck flight, such as it is, is as far south as the Meredosia Flats of the Illinois River. Mr. J. Grafton Parker and his son, J. Grafton Parker, Jr., report that they are having good shooting at the above locality this week. The birds should be in at Hennepin, and to some extent at Swan Lake. In the main, however, the earlier prediction of a light flight and a sudden one seems about to be verified. I cannot learn of any considerable shooting in the Kankakee country. The ducks have acted in a most singular manner this fall. There was a heavy flight in over central and lower Wisconsin, and large numbers of birds were reported from Green Bay, on the west side of Lake Michigan, and also, singular to relate, from Charlevoix, on the east side of Lake Michigan. These birds have adopted a few fashions of their own. Where they have gone no one can tell exactly.

Western Quail.

Without question this is one of the greatest quail years we have ever had in this part of the country. It is only a question of dogs. Any one who has a really good bird dog can go out into inner Illinois, 100 miles south of here, and get a decent bag of birds any time from now throughout the next two weeks. A good many have been out and have brought back nice bunches of birds. Vic Cunyngham and Charlie Antoine are absent now on a week's shoot at Rochester, Ind. They are in one of the good quail countries, and will have a story when they come in.

Billy Mussey is away on a little quail shoot at Milford, Ill., with one of Col. C. E. Felton's blue-blooded setters. He ought to have some fun, and perhaps get a few birds. Mr. R. B. Clark and his friend, Mr. Trotter, are back from a point they do not care to mention, with six or seven dozen birds.

The members of the Calumet Heights Club, located in the sand hills just below Chicago, are having good sport this fall, and to a most unexpected extent. It is no unusual thing for them to put up half a dozen to a dozen bevies of quail in a day in those sand hills which, until recently, have been quite devoid of any game. Several bags of fifteen to twenty birds have been made on quail, and one day there were six ruffed grouse brought in. Some years ago the club planted some quail in these hills, but they have never appeared in any considerable numbers until this fall. It seems that the quail have been doing exceptionally well everywhere this year. The shooting in these southern sand hills is very hard, the birds disappearing when they are once flushed, so there is every likelihood that a good stand of birds will be established in that country, now that a stock has been produced.

Wild Turkeys in Illinois.

I suppose it will be news to most folk to hear that there are any wild turkeys in the State of Illinois. Yet it is true that there were this week brought to the city three fine specimens of Illinois wild turkey. They were killed in Alexander county, not far from Cairo, by the special car party of Mr. J. C. Windsor, last week mentioned as starting for a shooting trip in the South.

The above party was made up by Mr. Windsor, manager of the Danville District Coal Company, who had with him the following friends: Messrs. L. D. Doty, of the Illinois Steel Company; H. R. Lloyd, of the Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R.; N. S. Birkland and T. A. Haggerty, all of Chicago; Stacy H. Van Valkenberg, of Danville; W. H. Bonner, of Clinton, Ind. The car left on the C. & E. I. R. R. on Tuesday, Nov. 6, and the first stop was made at Kimmunity, Ill., where a bag of seventy-eight quail was made. This is an ideal quail country, and the birds are very abundant, though the cover is pretty rough and the shooting none too easy. From Kimmunity the car was dropped down to Tamm, 120 miles south, where the party was met by Mr. David Saxton, formerly of the British army, but now superintendent of the 3,600-acre farm of Mr. Tamm, of St. Louis. Mr. Saxton entertained the party royally at this point, and the quail shooting was found to be superb. On the next day, Thursday, the car was dropped down a short distance below Tamm, to a point where there is any amount of quail, squirrels, etc., to say nothing of a horseshoe lake where later in the fall mallards are very abundant. The party started in to shoot quail here, but were told by the local guide, Mr. R. Y. Shook, that they could get some wild turkeys if they cared to hunt for them. They agreed to do this, and finally located the range of the birds in a tract of virgin forest of about 3,000 acres in extent. They not only learned that the turkeys were there, but put them up on different occasions, at one time flushing a flock of fifteen of these great birds. They also saw a roost, but did not stop to take advantage of this discovery. Such birds as they got were knocked down on the wing after being flushed. There were six birds knocked down, but three of them were crippled and managed to get away. The party brought back three fine ones, and naturally felt somewhat elated. Mr. T. A. Haggerty, who gives me these facts, says that Alexander county is a grand shoot-

ing region. Their hunt was made only three miles from the Mississippi River, and on the sand bars of that stream it is no unusual thing to find large numbers of wild geese. The party will make another trip in about three weeks to the same country. I see no reason in the world why I should not cheerfully promise to go along.

Jasper County Club.

Mr. C. S. Dennis opened the season on Nov. 10 on the grounds of the Jasper County Club, near Wheatland, Ind. He shot with Charlie Seidler, the club keeper, and the two killed forty-two birds in two days. Mr. Dennis reports abundance of birds on the preserve. Mr. W. L. Wells and Mr. J. V. Clark will accompany Mr. Dennis to the club next Tuesday.

Indian Summer in Tennessee.

Mr. Sam B. Dow is kind enough to write some interesting notes regarding FOREST AND STREAM topics in his locality, dating his letter from Knoxville, Tenn. Beautiful indeed must be his part of this big and beautiful America in these Indian summer days. I wonder if all good Tennesseans of to-day know the once fatal significance of the term Indian summer? To-day it is the chosen time of the sportsman's year, but once it was the dread of every settler on the streams of Kentucky and Tennessee. The dim haze allowed the Indians to make their incursions secretly and with safety, and many a family found its end in death and desolation at that treacherous time, which now we hail as the pleasantest season of the year. But Mr. Dow must speak of Tennessee matters as they are to-day.

"We are now in the midst of our east Tennessee Indian summer," he says, "and in my experience of traveling from coast to coast and from Maine to the Gulf, I am yet to experience such days as we have here during the period known as Indian summer. Other sections may have their Indian summer days, but we are always ready to back ours at a 2 to 1 shot as against any other section in the United States. Who would not after having spent such a day as this one, where one can go out for an afternoon walk or drive, and be so entirely comfortable in a flood of golden sunshine that lights up a thousand hills and valleys, and beyond them the great Smokies on one side and the Cumberland Mountains on the other? A look in any direction will show the green second growth of buds creeping out among the countless millions of red, yellow and golden leaves that tell of the approaching winter which makes itself felt to us rarely ever before Christmas.

"I have lived here since 1864, with the exception of about seven years spent in Texas, South Carolina and Florida, three years of which was spent in camping on the Florida east coast, and many were the days of fine sport I enjoyed while there.

"I hunt more or less each year as business permits, and from all reports this is to be the banner season for quail, there having been no beating rains or hard storms during the past breeding season to destroy the little chicks. If I could accept all the invitations received, it would require every day in November to meet them. One old friend says: 'You have been promising for years to come out and shoot with me. I am not going to let you off this year. I have fifty coveys of birds on my farm, and I want you to come out and let me prove it.' Another said, 'I will guarantee to show you twenty coveys a day.' What more does a man want? About all the farms are posted, keeping out the pot-hunters and darkies. This, with our law prohibiting trespassing, saves thousands of birds that would otherwise be destroyed every year, so during the next four months beginning with Nov. 1 I anticipate some excellent sport.

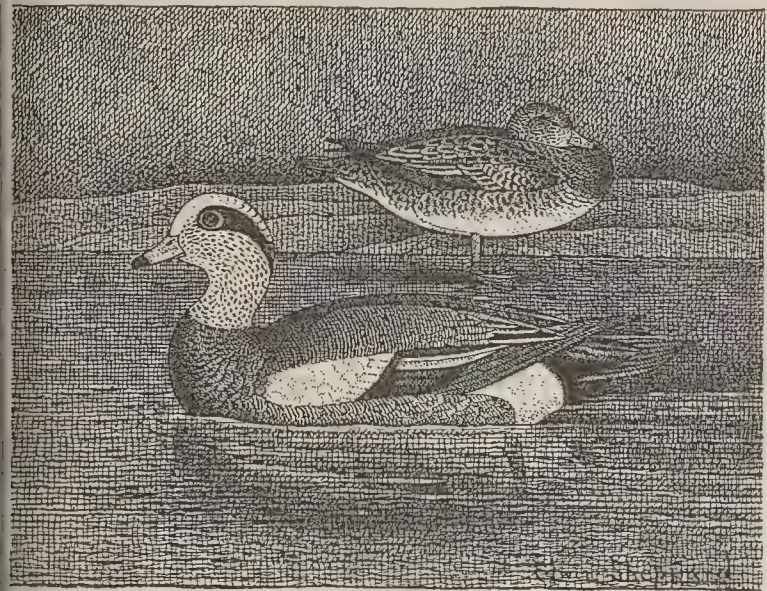
"Two years ago our gun club succeeded in having a law passed by the Legislature making it a penalty to net or trap birds or ship them out of the State, and now since we have the Lacey law passed by the late Congress to help us, we hope to make our game laws doubly effective, and I think every sportsman in the land should make it his particular business to uphold the very letter of that law, and thereby help its effectiveness.

"Four years ago, with the assistance of our gun club, I purchased one and a half dozen Mongolian pheasants and had them put out on the foothills of the Smoky Mountains on protected and posted land, and we had a State law passed, effective for five years, making it a penalty of \$25 for any one to be caught with one of those birds either dead or alive, and at the May and September terms of the court we have furnished the judge with copies of that law, with the result that he charges the Grand Jury to examine all witnesses on same and order the sheriffs to post copies in public places. Now almost every man, woman and child knows what it means to kill or capture one of these birds. A year or so ago a boy caught one and brought it to town. A deputy sheriff saw him trying to sell it, and warned him that such action would either cost him \$25 or a sentence to jail, and that the bird must be returned to where it was caught and liberated. The deputy went with the boy and saw that it was done. From all reports, it seems that these birds have done remarkably well, and are multiplying rapidly and spreading over a considerable territory, many having been seen in the big mountains twenty miles from where first put out. A gentleman told me of having found a nest of forty-one eggs and another of twenty-one eggs, all of which hatched, he having afterward seen the young chicks. The climate is favorable to their increase, and there is an abundance of food, and this is the nearest railroad point. Even were the law out, I do not believe they could be exterminated, but to try and establish them on a larger scale we are going to petition the Legislature to extend the law for five years, with perhaps fifteen to twenty days open season in November or December of each year of this extension.

"After coming to this town in 1864, I took a boat and went by rail to a point where the road crosses the French Broad River and floated about 100 miles to Knoxville duck shooting. I was urged by friends not to make the trip, told that I would never get back alive, would be swept by the tide over dams, run into fish traps, get swamped in the rapids and have all sorts of mishaps that would probably cost me my life, so my efforts to get a friend to accompany me were all in vain. I was laughed at by some and termed a fool by others. However, I persuaded an old river man to accompany me, and for

cellent that it cannot be distinguished from that of its larger and more famous companion.

The widgeon is regarded as one of the shyest of our ducks. Of it Dr. D. G. Elliot, in his admirable book on the "Wild Fowl of North America," says: "The widgeon is one of the wariest of our ducks, suspicious of everything, and not only is unwilling to approach any spot or object of which it is afraid, but by keeping up a continuous whistling alarms all the other ducks in the vicinity and consequently renders itself very disagreeable and at times a considerable nuisance to the sportsman. However, its flesh is so tender and palatable and it is such a pretty and gamy bird that one is inclined to forgive many of its apparent shortcomings. The usual note of this duck is a low, soft whistle, very melodious in quality, and when on the wing the members of a flock keep continually talking to each other in this sweet tone as they speed along. They fly very rapidly and usually high in the air in a long, outstretched line, all abreast, except perhaps the two ends are a little behind the center bird, who may be considered the leader. When only moving from place to place in the marsh, and but a short distance above the ground, they proceed usually without any order or regularity, reminding one sometimes of a flock of pigeons. The pinions



AMERICAN WIDGEON.

are moved with much quickness and the long primaries give a sharp-pointed shape to the wing that causes the birds to be easily recognized. Flocks composed of a number of widgeons and sprig-tails are often seen, and the combination is a very unfavorable one to a sportsman who may be hoping for a quiet shot at close range.

"As the birds approach the decoys some widgeons will whistle and edge out to one side, as much as to say, 'It may be all right, but I don't like the looks of it,' and he will be followed by another suspicious member. Then the pintails become uneasy and begin to climb and look down into the blind, and the patient watcher sees the flocks too often sheer off to one side and pass by. But should there be some birds present, as often happens, which are heedless of all warnings or suspicious utterings, and keep steadily on with the evident intention to settle among their supposed brethren, then, as they gather together preparatory to alight and the sportsman rises in his ambush, suddenly the air is filled with darting, climbing birds, who shoot off in every direction, but generally upward as if the flock was blown asunder, and all disappear with a celerity that is astonishing, and, to a nervous sportsman, with results that are mortifying."

Notwithstanding this watchfulness, widgeons often come very nicely to decoys, and a passing flock, especially if it be small, may frequently be turned from its course by a low, soft whistle and will swing into the decoys and drop in a series of beautiful curves until they are almost over them. Then, however, the gunner must waste no time in selecting his bird and holding properly on it, for the widgeon is able to get out of danger with considerable speed.

This species is extremely common in California, where it is eagerly sought after. In the Mississippi Valley region it is not so abundant nor so greatly esteemed, for there the mallard, on account of its greater size, is preferred.

The breeding grounds of the widgeons include the whole of British America and Alaska, but its summer home is rather in the western portion of North America and away from the sea coast. The eggs are creamy white in color.

Among the names given by Mr. Gurdon Trumbull, in his excellent work so frequently referred to, are green-headed widgeon, bald-head, southern widgeon, California widgeon, white-belly and poacher. Other names are bald-face, bald-crown, wheat duck and smoking duck.

Weights of Some Jersey Quail for "Didymus.

TOMS RIVER, N. J., Nov. 19.—Two largest of Saturday's bag, 7 ounces each; two smallest, 5½ and 5¼ ounces, respectively. Heaviest two birds I ever shot and weighed tipped 8 ounces each, and believe there are more of that weight here. ***

The October Woodcraft.

THE October number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine contains the game and fish laws of the United States and Canada. The Woodcraft part has this capital list of contents: GRANTHER HILL'S PARTRIDGE. By Rowland E. Robinson. IN THE FOREST. THE OLD CANOE. THE RESCUE OF MR. HUNDLEY. KELLUP'S ANNUAL. By Jefferson Scribb. DEACON THROPE'S PIGEONS. ANY LETTERS FOR ME? By H. P. Ufford. GEOSSEE ISLAND. By Olive F. Gunby. FLORIDA INDIAN DEER HUNTERS. AT CLOSE QUARTERS: The Hen, S., the Plover and the Bull; A Nova Scotia Bear; The Panther's Scream; A Time with a Florida Alligator; The Owl's Swoop; The Dog Climbed. THE DOG AND THE TURKEY. By John James Audubon. SENATOR VEST'S SUNDAY PIGEON SHOOT. AUSTRALIAN ROUGH-RIDERS. By R. Boldrewood.

years since then every river about here is covered with duck shooters when there is tide enough to float them, and twenty to thirty blackies, teal and mallards together are considered an excellent two days' shoot, whereas seventy-five to a hundred with two to ten geese used to make up a good day's hunt. The ducks seem now to go south early, with the result that we do not see very many.

"I have shot ducks and seen them fall in the middle of the river and disappear, and a close watch on either bank never showed where they went, so I conclude that the theory of their holding to weeds or brush under water accounts for this mystery.

"Last year I noticed in FOREST AND STREAM where a flight of milkweed butterflies passed New York city on a certain date going south. Twenty-three days afterward thousands of them passed here, and I have often wondered if it were not the same flight. This year I have seen very few.

"Thousands of martins nest here, coming into the city to roost. The first flight of them start south on Aug. 18, and on Aug. 27 to 29 the first flight of bull bats or night hawks passes here, going south, while bluebirds, robins and other migrating birds stay longer. This is a great country for rabbits and squirrels, and they are brought into the market by the hundreds from November to the spring. Every year seems to bring about the same crop.

"A few woodcock and jacksnipe stop here. The spring flight usually gives two or three days' nice shooting. The best shooting I had last spring was right after a snow storm, when about 10 inches of the beautiful covered the ground. I found from two to six at the spring holes, and with wading boots did not lose a crippled bird.

"All readers of FOREST AND STREAM must have sad hearts, for Mather, Robinson and Ogden will never be excelled by the many able contributors during this generation.

"If in your travels for business or pleasure you should come through east Tennessee, please remember that you have many friends in the Queen City of the Mountains who would be glad to welcome you and your friends and make your stay pleasant, and be assured of a hearty welcome by the old hunters."

Farm Preserves and City Shooters.

My friend at Mt. Carroll, Ill., adds his mite to that testimony regarding western game and game matters which is always so welcome at this office. I don't know that he has much chance to get up an association of sportsmen which will stick in his part of the country, but the time will come when all this will be much easier and more natural. Most of the shooting clubs and their membership in the larger cities, and this may perhaps be the reason for part of the feeling between the farmer and the city shooter. I have always noticed that it was difficult to create much sustained enthusiasm for the game laws in the smaller communities, which receive their support from the agricultural element. Yet I fancy that the first step would be one that would count, even in such smaller towns. Two or three men might get together and preserve two or three farms. If any one objected, it might be pointed out that if they put up a little more money a few more farms could be added to the preserve. In this way the matter would gradually become understood, and in all likelihood would not meet with very great opposition after the first year or so. It will seem that the writer (Mr. Stedman) has been acquainted with grief before now in some of these matters. He remarks:

"Your idea of a body of sportsmen organizing a club and paying taxes assessed to the farmer, or else purchasing shooting privileges, has the right ring to it, and should meet with nearly favor by those who can afford such a plan, and it really would not be expensive either, as taxes are not so high in this 'neck o' the woods' that it requires a walking bank to procure the collector's receipt. On the other hand, as to the purchasing outright of shooting privileges, I have never found the farmers very exorbitant when approached by the right man in the right way. I find the average farmer a very level-headed, sound business man. His calling does not allow him to dress his person in as fastidious a style as his civilized brother, but he is the equal of us all just the same. Treat him and his as becomes a gentleman and he will be found to possess a warm spot for the intelligent sportsman, while at the same time he retains a dislike for the city 'smart Aleck' who walks around his premises poking vulgar remarks at the general appearance of matters and things in general.

"Last week the river overflowed some cornfields in the lowlands, and what ducks came south immediately sought the ripe corn so conveniently hanging at their disposal. A farmer told me of a couple of men with boat, guns and dogs who penetrated the cornfield rowed the boat over the corn stalks and broke them down so that in the neighborhood of seventy-five bushels of corn was lost by their thoughtlessness. He didn't complain about the shooting of the ducks—in fact enjoyed the sport himself, and I liked sportsmen as a rule—but his corn, his dollars and cents wasted with no compensation except curses and oaths when he requested them to be more careful of his property—that made him feel 'sore,' as he said. His pasture lands, timber, sheds, barns, hay, straw, fences, stock, everything he has to him represents dollars and cents. It is his and he has paid for it. He wouldn't come to your city home and tear the gate off the hinges, shoot at your woodshed to see how his gun patterned, shoot at the horse or cow with small shot just to see it jump. Yet he tells me this is the class as a general thing that comes uninvited and without permission, to show him how much superior the 'city fellows' are to the country 'clod hoppers.' That's his side of it, and nine cases in ten he is justified in his estimate of the class of shooters he meets on his farm.

"But there is another class which he would be glad to meet and I feel assured welcome with that hospitality which the real sportsmen know so well how to appreciate.

"There is ample ground in this county to carry out the scheme advocated by you, and I would welcome the man or men who would take the initiative in that direction. I would do so myself, only I have tried so often to organize clubs for game protection and otherwise in this neighborhood and met with so many failures, that the project would seem doomed at the start with myself as a

working head. They were all eager to join the club and willing to have illegal shooting and seining stopped, but would not subscribe their names for fear some fellow would not buy a pound of meat, sack of flour, bar of soap or some other trade article at their stores. They thought ten or twelve game law violators could boycott their business interests. I still retain the gilded title of temporary president of several game protective clubs that failed to materialize, simply because of man's selfishness and greed or human nature.

"I here are good chicken, duck and snipe grounds, some woodcock and squirrels and coon timber for one who loves the delights of Southern sports, and most excellent quail cover here. All it needs is protection and a club working under the idea lined out by you would have as grand tall shooting as is afforded at any point in the State; and the fishing cannot be beat when seiners are placed out of existence. I make no mention of spring shooting, as I am opposed to it, but it would also be good for those who cannot see beyond their noses."

Smartweed.

Mr. E. P. Alexander, of Georgetown, S. C., writes as follows regarding smartweed as a duck food:

"I note in FOREST AND STREAM with great interest that mallard are fond of smartweed. Is it the seed or the leaf? Also, is the plant suitable to cultivate in artificial duck ponds or preserves? Will it grow in water, and is seed of it easily gettable? Another also, could snails be induced to come to one's duck preserve for the benefit of the mallard? Any hints you can give in your weekly letters as to practicable ways of improving the duck feed in preserves I am sure would greatly interest many readers besides myself."

I think Mr. Alexander would do very well to write to Mr. W. A. Wheatley, of the Wauponaca Duck Club, of Memphis, Tenn., or perhaps Mr. Wheatley may see this and reply publicly to Mr. Alexander as I hope he will. Mr. Wheatley is about as well posted on duck feed as anybody I know.

Smartweed is a common plant in the West, and I think also in the South. It is a stout, stiffish, tree-like plant with reddish or deep pink colored stem and limbs. I have seen it standing in the water in sloughs out in Iowa, but there we used to find it thickest in low places where the water had receded and left a dried-up bayou bed with mud bottom. It was once common in the gardens of central Iowa, and may be yet, though of late years I have not heard of it being so abundant, it being a great nuisance as a weed, and hence severely handled by farmers and gardeners. I do not know where the seeds could be obtained. It is on the seeds that the mallards feed, the seeds being abundant, dark colored and hardish, like shot when dry.

Perhaps snails could be planted, but as to that it would seem to be chiefly a question of having just the sort of a soil and water that the snails would naturally prefer. The Horicon marsh, of Wisconsin, is alive with them, and that is a very deep, soft, muddy marsh with shallow edges running out into meadows. I hope somebody will enlighten Mr. Alexander further on these points.

Accidents Among Deer Hunters.

A Chicago daily newspaper last year tried to keep track of all the accidents among deer hunters in our Western woods and at the end of the season claimed to have learned of over 100 different cases of accidental shooting. This fall there have been but two men killed in Wisconsin so far as known. The season is still young.

I was speaking of some of these things the other day at Van Uxem's gun store in this city, and Van pooh-poohed at me, and said he had never heard of such a thing as a man getting shot while hunting deer. He seemed to think that sort of thing was merely imagined by the newspapers. We got to talking later over the force of the modern nitro rifles, and some one commented upon the fact that a man might be shot by one of those guns and never know where the bullet came from. There was a young man standing near the counter all this time listening to what was said, but making no comment of his own. When the far-away quality of the .30 calibers was mentioned, he quietly pulled up his sleeve and showed a wrist and forearm that had a deep, livid scar, sunken far into the flesh, where the arm had been split open almost to the elbow. A bullet had struck right at the point where the hand joins the wrist and had gone straight back, luckily not smashing any of the bones.

"That's what one of them did for me," he remarked, simply. "I never knew where it came from, but it came very near getting me."

This was what might be called a lucky accident; for had the shot come from a little greater angle it must have gone through the body instead of striking the arm. I learned from the young man that his misfortune occurred four years ago, while he was out hunting deer near Fife's, Wis. He was alone at the time but soon met an Indian, who took care of him. The Indian simply got a lot of swamp mud, and tied it on the arm under sheets of bark. It was kept thus for four or five days without touching. The young man's name is R. Emblade, and he lives on Fletcher avenue, this city. He says that the wound never pained him to amount to anything though the force of the blow turned him clean around when he was struck. He never heard any shot, and never saw any one who might have fired it. It was simply one of the mysterious accidents of modern deer hunting and furnished proof enough to persuade Van that maybe the newspapers were right.

In November?

An esteemed contemporary in this city makes editorial mention of a curious fact in natural history: "Quails have been permitted to multiply until their cheery notes may now be heard all along the path the quail trapper used to beat." My son, it is only in the summer time that you hear the cheery note of Bob White all along the path. They don't whistle much now unless they get scattered, and then it is not a cheery note, but an anxious note.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Maine Game Reports.

Boston, Nov. 17.—The Megantic Fish and Game Club has just closed one of the most successful seasons since its organization, both in regard to the entertainment of members and guests and as to financial results. The management has already put men at work making further improvement of camps and boats and arrangements for the greater comfort of members and guests. The superintendent and caretakers are now at work stripping trout at Big Island, and already about 40,000 trout eggs have been secured for the hatcheries. A committee has been appointed to look into the matter of arranging one or more nursing ponds, into which the fry may be put and brought up to one year old, instead of turning them loose at once only to be destroyed by other fish.

Mr. D. C. Pierce and wife and H. W. Sanborn and wife are off on a hunting trip to Mr. Pierce's camp at Chain of Ponds, Megantic preserve. Mr. Jeremiah Richards, another of the Megantic members, and family had fine sport at Chain of Ponds in October. They secured two bears and three fine deer heads. Mr. W. S. Richards, a Megantic member, has returned from Newfoundland, where he secured seven caribou heads. One of them is exceptionally large and fine, with widespread and symmetrical antlers. W. G. Carey and a friend, from Schenectady, N. Y., have gone into the Maine north woods, by way of Staceyville, Aroostook county, for a hunting trip. C. A. Barney, S. F. Johnson, Horace S. Dame and L. Dana Chapman, secretary and treasurer of the Megantic Club, started on Friday for a ten days' hunting trip to Jo Marie Lake, Aroostook county.

M. D. Cressey, Willis Kimball, C. O. Lailer and R. Tomlinson have recently returned from a very successful hunting trip to Spencer Pond. Their camp was about twenty-five miles from Moosehead Lake, at the foot of Spencer Mountain. They were in camp almost three weeks, and secured their full quota of deer, including several good bucks. They found the weather very dry, which rendered the hunting exceedingly difficult. The deer could easily be started but the dry leaves gave warning of the hunter's approach, and the deer were on the alert. One morning it rained, and that day they were more successful than any other, the leaves making no noise. Mr. Lailer says that he learned from the guides that at one time last winter there were 7 feet of snow in that neighborhood followed by a cruel crust that would not support the deer. A great many died of starvation, being unable to move about for food. The guides told him that they had found scores of bones, indicating where the deer had died. Still, Mr. Lailer also learned that the demand is universal, especially from the lumber land owners, that the September license law be repealed.

Many hunters that I have interviewed are very hopeful that this obnoxious license system is doomed. They say that generally the best citizens of Maine believe that the law is a great mistake; that it has worked decidedly against the deer the past season. Licensed hunters have greatly abused the law, and game wardens are not able to detect the illegal shooting. It is currently understood, in several sections of that State, that a hunter and his guide, each having a September license, can continue to kill all the deer they can find; either one license or the other can be made to cover the deer they happen to be caught with. Several prominent citizens of Maine—men interested in hunting and in the welfare of the State—have lately been interviewed by Maine newspapers of prominence, and in every case published the men are pronouncedly against the September license system. The directors of the Megantic Club have unanimously voted to request the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners to stop all September deer hunting on the lands of their preserve. They will also request the Canadian Government to do the same thing. They are satisfied, after the most careful consideration that deer cannot stand up under September hunting; that they are coming to the water and into the clearings every day, where it is too easy to destroy them. Later they take to the ridges, and become much more wary.

The Harry B. Moore hunting party has just got out of the woods from a very successful deer hunting trip. In the party were Messrs. R. H. W. Dwight, Leroy S. Brown, George C. Moore, Harry B. Moore, John A. Faulkner and Luther Faulkner, son. They had out-rageous weather the most of the time, but there came about 2 inches of snow at last, that answered for tracking although frozen and a good deal "crunchy" over the leaves. But they secured ten deer in all, each man shooting one or more. Two beautiful bucks were among the number, one that dressed 215 pounds, brought home by George C. Moore.

The returns from deer hunting in Maine are rather better. Tracking snows have been enjoyed by the hunters in some sections, and this has brought more satisfactory results. Returns from Bangor say that the record of big game passing through that city for the week was 240 deer and four moose. This is behind the same week a year ago. For the month of November, so far, the record has been 570 deer and sixteen moose, both records a good deal behind a year ago. For the season to date 1921 deer have been recorded and ninety-five moose. The moose season closes Dec. 1, and unless the hunters should be unusually fortunate in the remaining days of November, the record will show a great falling off. The deer season is open till Dec. 15, however, and there is a chance that the record may be improved. The open season on deer in Vermont has just closed, and a report says that 117 deer have been taken in that State, an increase of twenty-seven over last year. In New Hampshire some deer are being taken although not as many as a year ago. In that part of the State bordering on Maine there is complaint of September shooting, the result of licensing shooting in that State. It is also darkly hinted that hounds are still allowed to run deer in the Magalloway section. Deer are seen very frequently near the settlements in Maine and New Hampshire almost as often as one could see them in the forests. The other day a buck swam the river at Skowhegan, at the Eddy, about half a mile below the village. A day or two after three deer were seen in a field about a mile below the same village. In the towns along the Androscoggin they are frequently seen in the fields. In Cumberland county, where they are still pro-

tected by law at all seasons, they are reported to be quite plenty. On the borders of Sebago Lake they are very frequently seen. Over the Franklin & Megantic Railroad few deer have been shipped the past week, in spite of the fact that there has been one good tracking snow. Mr. C. F. Jones, of Newton Highlands, secured a buck in the Dead River region last week, and Mr. H. B. Jones, of the same place, a buck weighing about 200 pounds.

Boston smelt fishermen continue to practice and enjoy the sport. Mr. Frank A. Rein is a lover of smelt fishing. He took a week ago fourteen dozen at one trip, and the week before twelve dozen. He takes a good string about every trip he makes. Off Quincy and around the bays and inlets in that section are favorite smelting grounds. A good many Boston smelt fishermen go down after business hours Saturday and come back Monday morning with some good baskets of smelts. The curious feature is that these fish are all caught Monday (?) morning. There is a law against fishing Sunday. A little spurt was made about enforcing it a year ago, but it has scarcely been heard of since. Perhaps Sunday shooting in some sections might get a man into trouble, but Sunday smelt fishing goes right along undisturbed.

SPECIAL.

New York League Meeting.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—The annual meeting of the New York Fish, Game and Forest League will be held at the Yates Hotel, Syracuse, N. Y., at 10:30 A. M., on Dec. 6, 1900, and a full attendance is hoped for.

The objects of this Association are to create and foster a more general public sentiment in favor of fish, game and forest protection, to procure the enactment of laws for the protection of fish and game, and for the preservation of our forests, and to promote the observance of such laws.

In order to carry out these objects, we must earnestly ask the co-operation of all fish and game clubs and associations within this State who are not already enrolled in the League, and urge upon them the great desirability of joining forces with us in order to secure yet more united effort in attaining these objects.

The initiation fee of \$5, including as it does the dues for the year commencing on the first Thursday after the first Monday in December, when our annual meeting takes place, gives to each club the privilege of sending two delegates to the annual meeting.

The game laws of our State are at present in much better shape than they were a few years ago.

The constant tinkering by the Legislature with the game laws is, however, a serious menace to fish, game and forest protection. Bills are constantly being introduced which, aiming to grant exceptional privileges to certain localities, create a general feeling of distrust, and seriously interfere with the enforcement of good measures.

The careful weighing of the merits, or faults, of proposed game legislation, by the persons most interested, the indorsement of what is deemed desirable, and the opposition to what is deemed objectionable is the main business that comes before our meetings, and after the election of officers for the ensuing year, and the adjournment of the said meeting, our Legislative and Law Committee keeps careful watch during the entire session of our State Legislature of all proposed legislation affecting the game laws. In order that they may be fully discussed at the annual meeting, all proposed amendments to the present game laws should, if possible, be forwarded to the chairman of the Legislative and Law Committee, Mr. Walter S. Macgregor, No. 41 Wall street, New York city, prior to the first day of December, 1900.

Applications for membership should be made to the secretary who will gladly give any further information which may be desired.

ROBERT B. LAWRENCE, President.

ERNEST G. GOULD, Secretary.
Seneca Falls.

Mr. Martindale's Moose.

"I WAS just a thousand miles northeast of Philadelphia, in the wilds of northern New Brunswick when, after a wait of three days and three nights, I killed the 'Big Moose of the Little Tobique,' said Thomas Martindale.

"We were out all Wednesday night, Thursday and Thursday night. My guides had shown me some enormous footprints on the shore of the lake. I said they were caribou tracks, that no moose ever had such a big foot, and that the stories of 'The Big Moose of the Little Tobique' were mere hunters' tales, without any foundation. Friday we were out all day and evening, again on the banks of Muddy Lake. Out on a little cedar point we waited for hours and hours, with the thermometer down to the freezing point.

"A good-sized bull moose and a cow came down to feed. I could have killed the bull, but I was waiting for larger game. As the night fell Love, the guide, went up around the head of the lake and repeated his 'call,' imitating the cow moose perfectly with his birch-bark horn. Night had fallen and the darkness was almost inky, when I saw a monster form come down the trail near where I lay. Then it got so dark that I couldn't see my hand before my face. I heard something flounder into the water, and I was sure that a big moose was in the shallows feeding. We half crept, half walked back to camp, reached there at 11 P. M., and at 3 A. M. were back at the lake watching and waiting. Just as daylight broke, when I was lying on my sleeping bag and rugs, nearly frozen, my long-awaited opportunity came.

"A monster moose, such as I had never seen before, came up out of the lake and stood on the bank, partly outlined against the sky. I gave him one shot with my Mannlicher. It went through his heart and he rolled down the bank into the water dead. Then my guide and I executed a kind of war dance in celebration of our victory, and we went back to camp. Early Saturday morning we took our other guides to the lake, dragged the big fellow out of the water and cut him up. He weighed 1,200 pounds; his antlers were 55 inches across and his hoofs 11¾ inches in length from the tip of the toe to the heel.

"The big fellow had evidently been shot at many times.

He had a bullet hole through his antlers, several bullets and buckshot in his body and many scars on his feet. Since coming home I have received two letters, one from a New York broker and another from a Londoner, who say they are quite certain that I succeeded in killing a moose that they had shot at several times. I sent the hide to Frederickton, N. B., to be made into moosehide boots, and the head to a taxidermist in Boston. When mounted it will be sent to Philadelphia. The feet are at the Academy of Natural Sciences in this city."—Philadelphia Press.

A West Virginia Association.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Up to this time there has been no organized move toward the preservation of fish and game in our locality. The local sportsmen are now taking steps to form a fish and game protective association. A call will be issued in a few days for a meeting, which will form a permanent organization. It is the intention to get from twenty-five to fifty people in the organization which will include people of the surrounding country as well as of the town. They will do all they can to prevent hunting out of season, and in an illegal manner in season. Rewards will be offered for the arrest and conviction of offenders, and every effort used to make it hot for those who have no more sense and sportsmanship than to violate the laws which are founded on common sense and are for the protection and preservation of our game. A score have already signified their intention of joining the society and the rest will soon be canvassed.

The mistake is sometimes made in forming associations of this kind, of confining the membership to citizens of the town or city in which it is formed. One good live member living away out in the country is of more practical value to the association than a half-dozen who live in the city or town. Make the farmers feel that it is their interests that are being protected, and not that of merely saving the game for the town people to go out and shoot, and not that it is only done in the interests of the town people, as many farmers are led to think.

A few days ago while out for a short walk I flushed a covey of at least a dozen quail within five minutes' walk of the court house. Very few bird dogs are kept here, and the birds have a good chance to live. Hounds are the favorite dogs in these parts. Many of the people through the country and in town own hounds, and fox chasing comes to the front as a sport, not for the sake of killing, for many of the huns are at night but just to hear the dogs. In chasing foxes in the day time any red one which may be started is shot at the first opportunity, but a gray one is left to pass by unharmed.

EMERSON CARNEY.

A Parisian's Plight.

THE Lake of Cazeaux in France is surrounded by marshes, where snipe, ducks and water fowl are always to be found. There high rubber boots are a necessity for in these marshes there are some places where the inexperienced sportsman may get a very unpleasant mud bath. Let him beware of spots where green grass seems to invite him to place his feet. They are very deceitful, for that grass is only a crust of earth 6 inches thick, under which is black mud. If unfortunately you sink in such a place do not move, yell for help, keep still, for the more efforts you make to get out of it the deeper you will sink. The guide used to such accidents will help you out. Speaking of this reminds me of a very funny event. Four of us were at Cazeaux snipe shooting; one of our friends had invited a young Parisian sportsman, who was a regular dude, to join us. The first morning we went out he was dressed in a beautiful white flannel suit, better for tennis playing than for snipe shooting. His friend told him he had better put on an old shooting suit, and advised him to take a guide. He laughed, saying that he knew all about shooting dresses, marshes, meadows and snipe shooting. We started and instead of keeping company with us he went by himself. At first we did not pay attention to it, but after a while, not seeing him and not hearing any gun report, we began to feel uneasy about him, knowing that some places were if not exactly dangerous, bad enough for an inexperienced man. So we hunted for him, and finally found him in a mud hole, trying to extricate himself, but unable to do so, and too proud to call for help. We came just in time, for he was quite exhausted. Our men took him out of his bad situation. But what a sight! Black from foot to head, he looked as if he had been cleaning stovepipes.—London Field.

Ducks Under Water.

IN CAMP ON UNION LAKE, Minn., Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Lying in my tent the other day I read in a recent issue of your paper in your Chicago correspondence an account of a sawbill duck being held under water for an hour by a dog, and then coming out all right. Next day while I was out hunting a sawbill with broken wing fell in shallow water, and I retrieved it alive. With the duck in hand I resolved to see how long it could hold out under water, and thrust it under and held it there. At the end of four minutes, before which it lay very contented with its head thrust under a bit of moss, it made a desperate effort to get its head above water, and, I not being prepared for its sudden effort, succeeded. I then let it get fully recovered and thrust it under again. At the end of four minutes, as before, it again made efforts to get its head out, but I held it under, and in one minute more it was dead. After beginning to show distress it died as quickly as it would had its head been severed with a hatchet. I can let most any kind of duck pass unchallenged but these "fish hogs" always get a call from me.

If any sportsman loses a duck by diving which stays under water more than five minutes, he can rest assured it is winking at him from some safe hiding. Neither will they drown themselves by hanging on to the moss.

E. P. JAKUES.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Long Island Shooting.

WEDNESDAY of last week, the 14th inst., closed the Long Island deer season. The number of hunters out was not great, and comparatively few deer were killed. One of these, however, was captured by Capt. Geo. Green, of Sayville, a veteran of seventy-eight years, who on this occasion killed his first deer. Three or four other deer were killed near Sayville, and it is said that Mr. Chas. Cheshire, of Riverhead, killed a good buck near Ronkonkoma. Two or three of the deer killed were does.

The cold weather of last week, though it lasted for only a few days, brought with it great numbers of ducks, so that it is said that this is one of the greatest flights of fowl known here in the last fifty years. The ducks which came are of the usual sorts—coots, broadbills, some ruddy ducks, redheads and black ducks. These birds have given excellent sport to the battery shooters in the western part of the bay, but in East Bay the shooting is all from all points, battery shooting being illegal there. There are places where the blinds are so thickly placed along the shore as to be not much more than a gun shot apart.

The news of the great number of birds here spread rapidly and brought together a great number of shooters. There has not lately been any real good ducking weather, but if this should come as it is likely to, great bags will undoubtedly be made. Even as it is there has been shooting good enough to satisfy most people, three gunners having killed 100 broadbills in one day about two weeks ago. Redheads are reported to be more numerous than usual, and have called out the market-shooters in numbers, since these birds sell at \$1.50 a pair.

The abundance of ducks here has called to the water's edge almost all the gunners, so that quail and other upland birds have been neglected. The fowl may remain here until freezing weather comes, which will close the water of Great South Bay and force the ducks further southward. We do not hear as yet of any considerable number of geese being seen in the bay, a fact which may be accounted for by the continued mild and pleasant weather.

LONG ISLANDER.

SAYVILLE, L. I., Nov. 16.

Vermont League.

At the annual meeting at Montpelier last week the election of officers resulted in the following choice: President, J. W. Titcomb, of St. Johnsbury; Vice-Presidents, W. R. Peake, Bristol; N. W. Fisk, Isle La Motte; E. A. Smith, St. Albans; T. N. Vail, Lyndon; Dr. W. S. Webb, Shelburne; Hon. Redfield Proctor, Proctor; Gen. J. J. Estey, Brattleboro; Secretary, E. T. Bradley, Swanton; Treasurer, C. F. Lowe, Montpelier. Executive Committee—T. M. Chapman, Middlebury; E. W. Bartlett, East Dorset; T. R. Stites, St. Johnsbury; F. H. Wells, Burlington; P. N. Da'e, Island Pond; H. J. Rublee, Montgomery; George W. Squire, South Hero; H. G. Thomas, Stowe; H. W. Bailey, Newbury; C. N. Brady, Newport; Ira R. Allen, Fair Haven; L. Bart Cross, Montpelier; F. W. Childs, Brattleboro; J. E. Polard, Chester. Membership Committee—M. C. Berry, Burlington; George C. Fisher, Lyndonville; L. S. Norton, Bennington.

More than sixty new members were elected.

A banquet followed the business meeting. It was past midnight when the gathering broke up. Every one present expressed the utmost satisfaction and the meeting is considered one of the best the League has ever had. An interesting and valuable feature was the exhibition of stereopticon views showing methods of fishculture, with explanations by President Titcomb.

Massachusetts Prospects.

DANVERS, Mass., Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Shooting has been very good for this part of the State. More quail than last year. Partridges fairly plentiful. A good flight of woodcock about Nov. 1. Foxes are scarce, so much so that the fox hunters are discouraged. Coast shooting has been good on the coast. Haven't seen a wild goose this fall.

J. W. B.

Florida Quail.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Oct. 23.—Open season for quail in this State begins on Nov. 1 and lasts until March 15. The crop of birds is good. Numbers of Northern shooters are obtaining quarters for parts of the season.

R. C. L.

A Bear Family.

CUMBERLAND B. C. Canada, Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Frank Jaynes of this place, is the successful hunter this week. On Saturday, Nov. 3, he killed four black bears, an old male and female and two cubs.

A. B.

William Smith, of Merrick, L. I., went hunting in company with Ernest Miller. While the young men were walking across a field Smith stepped on the handle of a scythe which was concealed from view by underbrush. The long blade flew up with force, inflicting a terrible wound in Smith's right leg, above the knee. The blade penetrated the flesh to the bone, nearly severing the leg from the body.

DON'T SHOOT

Until you see your game, and
see that it is game and
not a man.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Rangeley Lakes of Maine.

BY J. PARKER WHITNEY.

THE season has been a favorable one for fishing and shooting. From my experience, extending over many years, I should say that the trout are about as plentiful as ever. Of late years the landlocked salmon (*Salmo conifinis*) have become fairly plentiful, particularly in the Rangeley Lake proper, where first introduced, some fifteen years ago, and also in the largest lake, the Moose-luckmaguntic, though less so as yet, and still less in the Richardson lakes. In the latter a member of my family caught one weighing 7½ pounds this season. The salt-water smelt introduced a few years ago has increased extensively and extended rapidly to all the lakes of the range. This fish seems to readily habituate itself to most all fresh-water lakes, and has increased to a very large extent in the Rangeley waters, although confined to a small size of 3 or 4 inches in length. Although large numbers are observed dead floating upon the surface of the water in the spring time, the increase seems hardly to be affected. This fish is apparently an admirable food for the salmon and trout, and in the spring would seem to be the principal food, as their stomachs seem to be crowded with them, and I have repeatedly observed from fifty to seventy in a single trout of large size.

I consider without question the smelt to be the most valuable fish for food stocking of fresh-water ponds and lakes.

The landlocked salmon varies in size largely in the fresh-water lakes where placed. In the Sebago Lake they reach a weight in some instances exceeding 20 pounds, and in the Rangeleys they are often caught up to 12 pounds, while in the Schoodic lakes, where they have been long domesticated, and where I have caught many hundreds, they seldom exceed 5 pounds. In California, near Point Reyes, in Crystal Lake, controlled by the Country Club, and where I aided some years ago in introducing the landlocked salmon, they gained most incredibly in weight in less than four years, from a few ounces up to 5 and 5½ pounds. In this lake the feed was almost entirely insectivorous, and largely—and in fact I might say almost wholly—on the larva of the caddis fly, which abounded most plentifully, and which seemed to be the whole contents of all the stomachs I examined at various times. I regret to say, however, that the flavor of these salmon is distinctly off from any I have ever eaten, arising, I believe, from the almost exclusive diet. These salmon, however, will rise well to the fly, and are vigorously game like. Crystal Lake is infested also with a red salamander lizard, known as water devil, quite common in California waters, and one of the toughest and most tenacious reptiles of the batrachian family, although quite harmless. These lizards are 3 or 4 inches in length, and swim rapidly about with the aid of their tails. Their skin and structure is so tough that it requires a very sharp knife to separate them, and they have a very tenacious life. I found one day on the shore of a lake a salmon between 4 and 5 pounds weight, freshly dead, and upon examining it found one of these lizards firmly fixed with a deathly grasp in the throat of the salmon, likewise dead. The result was plain enough that the salmon had seized the lizard and the latter had secured his deadly hold in the salmon's throat, from which I had a good deal of difficulty in parting it. I was told by one of the cattle herders that he had seen other instances, and in his opinion the salmon fed upon the water devils and the latter in the lake had much diminished since the salmon had been put in. The odor of the water devils when cut up is very disagreeable, and it may be that this accounts for the inferior flavor of the fish.

While trout are fonder of insectivorous food in preference to any other, and it is a well-known fact that while growing will gain doubly in weight on this food over a fish diet, it is observable that a deterioration in flavor occurs from this exclusive food. I have taken trout in ponds at high altitudes in the Rocky Mountains, above timber growth, where such waters were hardly free from ice in July, where the trout food was exclusively insectivorous, and decidedly lacking in flavor.

Returning to the Rangeley waters, there is an existing feature which is ordinarily overlooked, and which is one in reality of great importance and constitutes the base of the superior fishing which exists there. I refer to the infusorial element which is so universal and profuse. This is the primary constituent essential to young fish life. The young trout or salmon, when relieved of the umbilical sac, is of minute proportion, and is unable to live upon the surface ephemera or food of after life, and subsists wholly upon the infusoria, as do all the small fry generally designated as minnows, of which there are a dozen varieties in the Rangeley waters. It is also the principal food of the fresh-water smelts. The profusion of small fish in the lakes supplying the principal food of the trout and salmon accounts for their number and superiority, without which they would be lacking, so that in reality the primitive cause is the infusorial element. This element abounds in all ponds, lakes, rivers, and even ditches where decaying vegetable and animal matter exists, and in countless profusion. It is found in thermal springs, and rivulets flowing from snow banks and glaciers, and in salt as well as fresh water. No form of life can be more universal and extensive, while of so minute a character in the sea, and in many fresh waters, as to require the strongest magnifying power to clearly observe. Even distilled water, upon exposure to the air, will exhibit the life. Freezing does not destroy it, nor will a deprivation of its watery element. It may be dried in the sun for many days, but its germ form when drifted with the dust to reviving waters will again take on active life. Ehrenberg, a celebrated German authority upon the subject, estimates the reproduction capacity of a single one to exceed 200,000,000 in the space of a month. The variety of the infusoria is extensive, more than a hundred being classified,

The remarkable feature of this element in the Rangeley Lakes, which by no means is limited to these waters, is the comparatively large size of the infusoria, which is undoubtedly gained by the large quantities of vegetable stain from the adjoining forests. The water is by no means clear, but of an opaque character, occasioned by the excess drainage from the woods. On a favorable day, with the sun's rays aslant, the protozoa element is clearly discernible to the naked eye. The most favorable occasion for observing it without magnifying power—for I have never applied the latter—is in the winter at the surface of a hole cut through the ice. Here after a day or two the larger infusoria will collect, doubtless attracted by the light, when those of a large size will be observed. My attention was drawn to this many years ago when I was in the annual habit of visiting the lakes for fishing through the ice with live bait. It was a habit I had much pleasure in, of watching and teasing the trout in the water below the ice. This I accommodated myself to by selecting a good locality for trout, where the water was not over 8 or 9 feet in depth, with a sandy bottom. Lying upon some blankets, with a single one over my head, and a hookless line with a small chub tied at the end and a sufficient sinker, I would bob for the trout, which after a while would come swimming along, and noticing the bait would, first indifferently, but after more vigorously, engage with it. By drawing away the bait at the critical moment, after considerable teasing the trout would follow up the bait, it being withdrawn, and having a fair-sized hole of something less than a foot square, and 2 feet or more of ice, I would shortly get the trout up near the bottom ice, and finally, at a last excited dash, rapidly withdraw the bait, with my hand at my side. The trout, following to the surface in its excitement, would for a moment be too confused to dive below, giving me in that moment the opportunity to rapidly put my hands below and cast him out upon the ice, unharmed, but much alarmed. This may appear difficult to do, but is really quite simple, and I have taken four or five trout in a forenoon from a single hole in this manner.

But I am digressing, though it was during these side plays that I observed the *Poligastrica* and *Rotatoria*, two prominent species of the infusoria, white, pulpy substances, some of which were of pinhead size. The clear sandy bottom, and the thin blanket head cover, which by no means excluded the light, gave abundant opportunity to observe that the white specks at first mistaken for pollen or other foreign intrusion had a motion equal to several inches in a short time, and could be observed in the still water moving in various directions, some apparently with a revolving motion, and others without visible action. Many have advanced the spontaneity or protoplasm theory concerning the protozoa, which is a subject of much discussion, and lately a prominent Germant savant has advanced the theory that this element is the primitive origin of all life—all vegetable and animal—which now exists upon the earth. A somewhat startling theory, but that life must necessarily have started upon this once molten mass in a very primitive form is clearly evident, but how may or may not be solved.

Eels abound in the lake, but not very plentifully, and I have never known them to be caught with bait—large, lusty, white and yellow bellied ones. I have, however, seen a few weighing from 10 to 12 pounds, which were caught fast in the narrow spaces between the logs of the apron below the Upper Dam during their night passage from the lake above. The golden chubs are often caught up to 2 pounds in weight. Suckers of equal size, and quite a variety of small fry. Turtles of large size exist also, but only one have I ever seen with a foot and a half diameter, which in a great gale and somewhat disabled I caught on the shore.

But the mysterious fish of the lakes is the blue-black trout (*Salmo aquassae*) entirely distinct from the *Salmo salvelinus*, with which it has no affiliation, being, strictly speaking, an arctic trout, which in some peculiar manner has found its way to the Rangeley waters, as well as to a few other Northern lakes. As ordinarily taken they weigh about five to the pound, the maximum being near half a pound. The fish is quite distinctly a trout, with fine coloring and red spots. It has in contradistinction to the square tail of the *Salmo* family a swallow tail and a blue back and exceedingly small teeth. The fish is long and slim for its weight, and for food purposes inferior, though claimed by many to be equal to the ordinary trout, but to my taste soft and muddy. One might fish the Rangeley for years and never encounter one or suspect its presence, yet they exist in large quantities. Rarely—in fact I have never heard of but one or two instances where they have been caught with bait, and that in deep water. They are strictly denizens of the deepest parts of the lakes, and apparently subsist exclusively upon ground feed. This ground feed of the lakes is an important element with all fish, composed of insectivorous varieties and largely viscous matter, which settles profusely.

In the latter part of the month of October—from the 20th to the 30th—the blue-backs find their way to the mouths of some streams, and ascend more or less into the quick water, where they deposit their spawn. Their appearance can be counted upon by the 24th almost to a day, and the quantity assembled is immense, and in some instances so compact is the mass that barrels full can be netted from a small space. During the brief period of spawning they are easily taken after dark from the shallow quick water by one wading among them equipped with a lantern and hand net. I have often taken several hundred of them upon an occasion of this kind. Their tenacity of life I have noted as a peculiar feature, for I have had them out of water for several hours of a cold evening and fully revived some of them by placing them in a barrel of fresh water, where they have survived for several weeks, and in fact would have survived much longer but for the freezing up of the water. This fish would undoubtedly stand solid freezing under favorable conditions equally well if not better than the fontinalis, of which I have frozen up scores, and fully resuscitated after several days of freezing. The trout as a delicate fish must in this respect be handled much more carefully than other kinds. I have given considerable attention to the freezing of fish, especially trout, during the winters, when I have been at the Rangeleys, and the

results I have so far obtained are as follows, relating especially to trout:

That trout may be frozen solid without destroying life. That they may be fully resuscitated after several days' freezing.

That they must be frozen quickly and at a temperature equal to 10 to 15 degrees below zero.

That while frozen they must be completely protected from the sun.

That while frozen they must not be submitted to a temperature below zero, but in one sufficient to prevent any thaw.

That in resuscitating in water an abundant supply must be given.

That the water must be at a temperature of from 28 to 30 degrees.

That the temperature of the apartment must be kept at about the same level.

That the thawing must be so regulated that from 23 to 30 hours must be given before the fish is restored.

Upon being numbed and frozen quickly before life is seriously affected by exposure out of water; and kept and thawed as mentioned, they will resume their natural and normal condition, and when returned to the lake will swim off at a lively rate. The commoner kinds of fish may be frozen and restored with much less care.

The bullheads or hornpouts, which have a great tenacity of life, may in cold weather be frozen up and thawed out to life very readily. I remember an instance of some being caught in another locality from the lakes, where they were left carelessly on a boat house floor, and speedily froze up together, which in a week afterward were all, but one or two, fully restored to life and activity by the cold-water cure. The bullhead is a good liver out of water if kept moist and cool. I well remember when a boy catching them on a misty night, and after leaving some of them in the wet grass behind me finding them alive in the morning.

Most fishermen are familiar with the marsh grass chub netted along the seashore, which retains life so long out of the water. In former years, late in winter I have frequently carried them up to the Rangeleys for live bait, packed in cigar boxes, with flannel between layers. They will keep lively for some days if kept cool and put in water over nights.

I am of the opinion that all kinds of fish in the lakes hibernate more or less as frogs do during the winter months, and certainly become dormant to a considerable extent, and I do not doubt that trout in a limited way go into the fluffy mud somewhat as about all the chubs and small fry do. In the open season the waters fairly swarm with the latter, while they are difficult to find after January.

I have given some attention in this particular during former years, when the season was open for winter fishing through the ice, and made many excursions to the Rangeleys for this pleasure, and especially to enjoy the many attendant auxiliaries. These excursions were made during all the winter months, from December to May from the first making of the ice to its going out. In December and January there is a notable scarcity of live bait, and in February and March very difficult to find, although I have sought for them in dozens of places, both in deep water and shallow, and those places where I have obtained any in the late months were in the vicinity of springs, and hardly to be obtained, excepting in the early hours of morning and those preceding sundown. I have frequently had to go out fifteen or twenty miles in the adjoining country and fetch them from spring holes. Yet the trout caught are seldom empty of small fry or chubs, and it is quite likely that the trout root them out to a considerable extent from the mud, and that trout do root in the mud a good deal is indicated by the earth and often lumps of clay found in their stomachs. I have caught large trout often with a small handful of clay balls in their stomachs, which have remained after the probable exudation of loose earthy matter. The parasites attached to trout fins so noticeable in the winter and early spring, and which soon disappear in open water, indicate their earth frequenting. While in December and early January the trout are comparatively plentiful in a few feet of water below the ice, they are mostly off in from 15 to 40 feet of water afterward, but I have seldom found them below 50 feet. In winter they are mostly at the bottom or within 1 or 2 feet of it. In this season the contents of their stomachs are quite miscellaneous—glutinous ground feed, chubs, varieties of small fry, rarely blue-backs, suckers, and in a few instances I have found whole clams in shell up to 3 inches in length.

Insensible to cold as the Rangeley fish seem to be, they will invariably die in a short time when confined in a car and pushed down under and next to the ice, while they will live a long time in a weighted car if sunk to the bottom. The sluggishness of the trout is clearly apparent in the last part of the winter, and I have often caught them in this advanced condition, when I have wondered at their ability to take the bait. I am of the opinion that many of them go into the mud alongside of the other fish.

Trout vary greatly, and have more distinctiveness than most animals, and a personality which is quite clear. They group in families, and have their home grounds apart from others. This is quite apparent in winter fishing, when lines are set in half a dozen different localities. The distinctiveness would be surprising to one who has not given attention to this feature. Almost all the fish from the different localities in a catch of thirty or forty trout in a day if mixed together can almost singly be separated, as caught without much difficulty. They will vary in weight as to length particularly, and almost as much so in coloring, and also in several other features. If one in a particular season is removed unhurt to another locality it will return almost immediately to its original place. I have often experimented in this respect. One day in the winter I removed four trout, all exceeding a pound in weight, from a locality and transported them a distance of three miles from where caught. Two days after I caught again three of the four trout at the first place. There was then about 2 feet of ice, covered with over a foot of snow. The trout were most distinctly marked. They found their way back as readily as a man familiar with New York

would find his way home from Wall street to Central Park or to Brooklyn or to Jersey City, or a countryman to his native village in sight of his church spire three miles distant. The trout were first caught in the afternoon and liberated after dark at the second place. I have no doubt they were at home on the following morning. This seems puzzling, but is quite clear. How fishes find their way in the water, be it fresh or salt, is an unsettled question, but not in my mind. It would require an illustration at some length, which I will give at a later day.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

Tarpon Fishing.

I.—Where to Go.

Editor Forest and Stream:

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my letter of Aug. 7 I offered to write for your paper a series of articles on tarpon fishing, with the intention of evoking a discussion on the subject by anglers of "la grande écaillé," and suggested that I would like first to obtain through your correspondence columns a little encouragement from other tarpon fishermen in shape of promises of help in the task I have undertaken.

One only, however, has come to the fore, viz., Mr. C. K. B., in your issue of Oct. 6. To this gentleman I beg to extend my hearty thanks for his letter, and to request that he will continue his courtesy by discussing each of my succeeding papers. Tarpon fishing at Galveston is a subject that would interest many sportsmen throughout the United States, for that city is readily accessible from a large portion of the country. It has been my intention for more than a year to try the sport at that place; and I hold an invitation from one of the members of the Galveston Tarpon Club (this may not be the exact name of the organization) to try the fishing there and test the facilities, so that if the conditions prove satisfactory I can join the club. As before going to a new fishing ground I always make as thorough an investigation as possible concerning the conditions affecting the sport, I shall later in this letter ask Mr. C. K. B. (whose full name and address it would be interesting to know) to answer in your columns a number of questions.

But now to get down to business.

The first of the promised papers is entitled "Where to Go," and it is with that subject this letter shall treat, although I fear that, after perusing it, many of your readers will come to the conclusion that the writer of such a paper ought to be a much more experienced tarpon fisherman than I, who have not yet even attained to the century mark, my score to date being only sixty-three. However, if I have good luck a month hence at Tampico, I may reach that limit which is supposed to warrant a sportsman in terming himself a "tarpon fisherman." And just here let me state that I hope to spend the last week of November, and, if my work in Mexico will permit, the first half of December at Tampico or La Barra, six miles therefrom; and that it would give me true pleasure to meet there at that time a few kindred spirits from this country who desire to test the sport at what I consider to be the ideal fishing grounds of the world. Knowing the place well, and being supplied abundantly with tackle of the right kind, I could make it pleasant there for any true lover of the finest sport on earth.

My address at Tampico will be in care of A. B. Ross, Esq., C. E., Resident Engineer, of the New Wharf.

The first tarpon resort that I shall mention is the one that I know most about, viz., Aransas Pass, the post office name of which is Tarpon, Tex. This place is situated at the extreme eastern end of Mustang Island, and is reached by sloop from Rockport, some fifteen miles distant, the sail requiring from two to six hours, according to the conditions of wind and tide. Rockport is reached only by the San Antonio & Aransas Pass Railroad, and the journey there from the north or east is somewhat slow. This counts against the resort more or less; but the sport and the accessories are good enough to repay the long journey.

The hamlet of Tarpon contains not more than twenty houses and about seventy-five people, a large portion of them making their living out of tarpon fishing. There is an unpretentious but comfortable hotel called the Tarpon Inn, kept by Mr. Frank Hetfield, a genial and accommodating host, and his good wife, who looks carefully after the welfare of the guests. The rooms are exceedingly clean and comfortable; the table is fairly good; the service is quite satisfactory, and the water supply is now wholesome, although in times past it was just the contrary. There is no style whatever about the place, there being an unwritten rule to the effect that any man who goes to the table with a coat on has to set up the drinks for the crowd. These drinks, by the way, are all right, especially the native wine, made on the mainland between Rockport or Corpus Christi.

There is generally at the hotel a small number of pleasant people, including a few experienced tarpon fishermen, who are always ready to be of service to the novice.

Boats and skilled boatmen are almost always to be had, and Mr. Farley, the taxidermist, is always there during the season, prepared to mount skillfully and for a moderate charge the results of the fishermen's prowess.

The hotel rates are \$2 per day or \$10.50 per week; the boatmen's charges, including boat and bait, are \$2.50 per day, or \$3.50 for two persons in a boat; and the price for mounting a tarpon is \$12.

The fishing grounds are practically included in the pass proper, a stretch of water about a thousand feet wide and a couple of miles long, extending from Point of Rocks to the end of the jetty. But at times there is good fishing above Point of Rocks, where the water is much wider, and at others the fish are found outside in the gulf, although it is only occasionally that the water is calm enough to go there. I have had excellent sport on a number of occasions close to St. Joe Point, across from Point of Rocks, at other times close to the shore of Mustang Island, at others close to the shore end of the exposed portion of the jetty, and at others out in the gulf near the submerged portion of the jetty. Sometimes the fish run in midchannel, and, too often, they are not to

be found anywhere in the neighborhood. Fishing at Aransas is a very uncertain business—you may strike it rich, and again you may go a week or more without hooking a fish. For instance, when I was there during the latter half of last June I had nine strikes, and landed five large fish during the first forenoon, yet my average for the outing was hardly one tarpon a day, for in two weeks I had twenty strikes and landed twelve. This, I believe, is the highest percentage on record at Aransas, the average being about one out of ten, and among the experts about one out of five. In a subsequent paper I shall tell my method of fishing, by which I now manage to land fully one-half of the fish that strike.

Besides tarpon, one catches at Aransas Pass juckfish, jewfish, salt-water pike, kingfish, sharks of several varieties, including leaping sharks, stingrays (some of enormous size), channel bass or redfish, Spanish mackerel, trout or weakfish and skipjacks or ladyfish, besides any quantity of small fishes of many kinds, which may come under the general denomination of "pan fish."

Good fishing can sometimes be had on mackerel and jackfish, the other varieties being caught only occasionally.

Two years ago at Aransas I wound up my trip by taking in a forenoon twenty-one fish of six different kinds, weighing in all fully 350 pounds. The next forenoon I killed over fifty ducks to my own gun.

There are other places in the vicinity of Aransas Pass where tarpon can be taken, and where at times fine sport can be had, among others Flower Bluff, over toward Corpus Christi; Shell Banks, half way between Tarpon and Rockport and a mile or two to the west of the main channel, and Mission Bay.

Concerning Flower Bluff I know nothing, except from hearsay; but I do not believe it would pay for any one except a resident of Corpus Christi to go there, as the fishing at the pass is so much better, and as the water is so slow as to make fishing impracticable when the wind blows at all hard.

As for Shell Banks, I took one 5½-footer there after sunset, beaching it in seven minutes by the watch, as I was in a hurry to get another, in which ambition, however, I was disappointed, because the struggles of the fish on the sand broke my wire, and it took me so long to get on another snell that darkness stopped the fishing.

By the way, though, I have heard that it is practicable to catch tarpon by moonlight. It seems to me that this would be unsatisfactory, as one would miss seeing so much of the fun.

It was told me that in September and October, when the northers are blowing so hard that there is no fishing at the pass, the tarpon congregate in great numbers at Shell Banks, but that there is no one there to catch them. Some day I hope to strike it rich there under these conditions.

As for fishing at Mission Bay, it is no place to go to except for a couple of days. It lies to the northeast of Rockport some twenty miles or more by water, and is reached by sloop, provided the master of the vessel knows the channels. Fully one-half of the way is through shoal water. The fishing ground is a very small stretch of narrow but comparatively deep channel, say 6 or 8 feet, between an extensive bay or mud flat and the larger bay. One should run his sloop into the channel and moor her head and stern against the bank. Generally the water is muddy, so the fish don't strike well, but when they do the fun is fast and furious. When the water is running out and soon after the tide has turned, the fishing is best; but I have heard that sometimes they strike all day. It appears to me that there is only a small number of tarpon at this place, and that they are old residents. At any rate, I could see what I deemed to be the same tarpon jump or rise at exactly the same spot time after time, but after our trolling up and down a few times they appeared to get on to the game, and would pay no attention to the bait. One morning, however, I had six strikes in an hour and a half, landing only one and nearly landing another. I failed to set the hook into the other four, owing to the fact that I was fishing from a stationary boat without a boatman, and that I had out a long line with a large cork float at the upper end of the snell. On this account I could not strike the hook in before the fish jumped. My eldest boy had a hard fight with a big fish the next morning, but lost it while it was being brought to gaff, and I landed a stingray that must have weighed fully one hundred pounds.

The surroundings at this place are utterly desolate, most of the ground being submerged at very high water, and there is hardly a habitation to be seen. On a calm night the mosquitoes must be plentiful, so I advise sportsmen who try this locality to take along some mosquito netting. Now that I know that these insects inoculate one with malaria, I have a much greater respect for them than I had in my younger days, when I used to sleep among swarms of them in the Georgian Bay country without any shelter or protection whatever.

Mission Bay channel is not a good place to land a tarpon, as the banks are steep and the water so narrow that one naturally prefers to fish from the bank. Indeed, it is the only safe thing to do, for the tarpon are likely to jump into the boat. One that I hooked came so near to doing this that I hurried ashore and finished the fight from the bank.

There is another similar place just across the bay from this point, and about six miles by land, nearly due north of Rockport, where there are said to be some tarpon; but it is not as good as Mission Bay channel, although there is a hotel there where sportsmen are accommodated, especially for the duck shooting in winter. Nobody that I ever heard of goes there for tarpon.

The next locality that I shall deal with is Tampico, but as I have lately written for FOREST AND STREAM a full description of my last winter's outing there, I shall simply state that the best spots for tarpon are near the outer ends of the jetties, at the mouth of the river just opposite the city, and at the mouth of the next large river some three or four miles above, just where the Mexican Central Railway crosses. There are a few other fair spots, but these three are by far the best points. At the mouths of the branch rivers the best fishing is generally to be had when the tide is going out and at the jetties I have had usually the best luck in the forenoon.

I was told that there is another river, some thirty miles

from the Pánuco, on which Tampico is situated, where there are three or four times as many tarpon as there are in the Tampico waters. Some day I may explore this locality and report thereon afterwards. One would need a steam or naphtha launch, though, to make the trip.

Vera Cruz is no place to go for tarpon fishing, for several good reasons. First, while there are certainly some tarpon there, there is no special place for them to congregate, owing to the fact that no stream empties into the harbor, which is entirely artificial. Second, there are no facilities for fishing, and no one there knows anything about the sport. And third, and most important of all, there is always yellow fever at Vera Cruz.

Alvarado, some forty or fifty miles further down the coast, is an entirely different kind of place. The town is small and not unhealthy, and the location is beautiful. There are fish to be caught, but how many and at what times of the year I cannot say. I tried the fishing once with a hand-line from a large and unwieldy canoe, no skiffs being available, but soon gave it up and contented myself with watching my companion and some natives catch some fine jackfish and channel bass with long cast lines and heavy sinkers. It struck me that there must be times at this place when one could get excellent sport on tarpon.

At Tlacotalpam, some twenty-five miles up the river from Alvarado, there are said to be lots of tarpon during the months of March and April. The natives harpoon them and shoot them on the jump with bow and arrow—at least this is what an old resident American assured me. No one had ever caught a tarpon there on rod and line, and the old fellow I talked to would hardly believe that such a thing is possible, but as he saw my tackle he concluded that I must have bought it for fishing purposes, so I might possibly be speaking the truth when I told him that I had caught tarpon thereon.

At Coatzacoalcos, on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, I endeavored to test the tarpon fishing, but as I spent all of my time at that place in bed with a severe attack of coast fever I had to transfer my fishing outfit to my assistant, who had never even seen a tarpon. After trying a couple of times without getting a strike, he gave it up, but brought me some tarpon scales that he found on the beach, proving the existence in these waters of "la grande écaillé." Inquiries among the fishermen, owing to their ignorance and our bad Spanish, elicited very little information of any value. They say that at certain seasons tarpons are plentiful, but that the river is infested with sharks, two men having caught eighty of them in a single day, all of them being small—only about four feet long. No one would care to go to Coatzacoalcos especially for the sport. It is too far away, and last summer the yellow fever more than decimated the population.

How far south the tarpon ranges I have been unable to ascertain, the only information that I have succeeded in collecting being contained in the following extracts from a couple of letters from my old friend and former professor, Alfred S. Bertolet.

"It is true that the tarpon is unsalable in the markets of this country. But along the northern coast of South America it is used as food, and is generally found in the markets of the coast towns. I remember seeing a few years ago at Cartagena fishermen bring in sábalo in numbers. They were taken, I was informed, by harpooning. If this is true, I would say it is the most sensible way of capturing them.

"It was frequently served in the hotel I was staying at, and I thought it was good. Several fellow guests said they preferred it to all other kinds of fish in that market. I fancy a few experiments in the art of cookery would prove to you, *Megalops atlanticus*, Cuv. & Val., a fish fit for the table. I assure you it is far better than any species of our game Esox.

"I regret that I cannot give you any reliable information concerning the habitat of the tarpon in South American waters. It was represented to me that its range includes the whole northern coast of South America, and that it is consumed in considerable quantities by the people of those parts.

"However, only at Cartagena had I an opportunity to verify the truthfulness of this. It was there, while delayed nearly a fortnight during the month of February several years ago, I used to amuse myself by strolling early every morning through the market place. There were always some tarpon—one morning I remember counting eight. All the fish were adults.

"As served at the hotel the fish was certainly not 'tough and oily.' I fear its edible qualities have been largely condemned on hearsay."

Concerning the edible qualities of the silver king I can give Prof. Bertolet's remarks a partial indorsement, for on two occasions I have had 20-pounders served, and have found them fairly good eating, but I have never tackled an adult specimen, although I saw them sold by the cross section in the Tlacotalpam market. I have noticed, though, that while the Mexicans appeared quite grateful for jewfish, pike and even jackfish, they were not eager to take the tarpon I offered them.

There is one more locality where I have twice tried tarpon fishing, but without success, although there were plenty of the fish there at times, and some immense fellows too. I refer to the neighborhood of Sabine Pass and Port Arthur, Texas. Notwithstanding my poor success I feel confident that by going at it in the right way and at the right season, one could obtain excellent sport in that vicinity. A few tarpon have been caught there during the last two or three years, but the fishing that is done is only desultory.

If this article meet the eye of my friend, Mr. Craig, of Port Arthur, I hope he will contribute his share of information to the fishing fraternity by describing in detail in FOREST AND STREAM the haunts of the grande écaillé in his district. The best points that I know of are along the east side of the east jetty, close to the oyster bank opposite the town of Sabine, and at the mouth of Taylor's Bayou, where the new ship basin is being excavated. At Keith's Gully there used to be many tarpon, but the ship canal closed the mouth of this, so the tarpon go there no longer. It would not surprise me to learn that there is good sport to be had in the canal itself, for a Japanese friend of mine, who was down there last summer, told me that he saw a number of tarpon jumping in the canal as he passed through it on a launch.

The season for tarpon fishing around Sabine Lake is comparatively short, beginning after the fresh water has stopped running out in July and August, and ending with the coming of the northerly in October. I shall probably never go again to this place for tarpon fishing, but if my work takes me there I shall carry along an outfit and have another try. There is one point about this locality that it would not do for me to forget to mention, viz., that there is a really first-class hotel at Sabine and another at Port Arthur. Good boatmen, however, are, or were, scarce, those that I picked up wanting to be at anchor most of the time, and one of them getting half drunk while out on the gulf. Perhaps, though, Mr. Craig has broken in some of them so that they now know how to row for tarpon fishermen.

There is a tarpon fisherman at Houston, Texas, whose name I have forgotten, from whom I would like to hear concerning the fishing waters in his vicinity, and I feel sure that at or near Brownsville, Texas, there must be fine tarpon fishing, perhaps during the entire year. It is possible that I shall succeed in getting some sportsman at that place to discuss this paper and tell all about the sport in his locality.

Concerning the tarpon fishing in Florida, I know nothing except from hearsay, but I judge that it will not compare at all favorably with that at Aransas Pass and Tampico. It is to be hoped that some of the Florida fishermen will come forward and give us the benefit of their experience.

Between Sabine Pass and Florida lies a long stretch of coast line, and there must be tarpon along it, but I have never heard of any being caught there. Maybe someone else, though, knows something about it and will tell thereof.

Again, I have heard that there are tarpon along the coast of Cuba, but have never learned of anyone catching any there. Possibly some other sportsman knows.

To what distance north along the Atlantic coast of Florida the good tarpon fishing extends I would like to know, as well as how far north in the Atlantic the tarpon has yet been found. Does the fish exist anywhere else than along the American coast of the Atlantic and that of the Gulf of Mexico, for instance in the Pacific Ocean?

And now for a few questions that I would like Mr. C. K. B., the Galveston fisherman, to answer:

First—Can one obtain at G. first-class boatmen who are accustomed to row for tarpon fishermen, and what is the charge per day for boat, boatman and bait?

Second—What are the facilities for heaching the fish, or does one have to take them into the boat?

Third—About what percentage of the time during the fishing season is it practicable to fish, and how many days per month are too stormy?

Fourth—Is there any special danger of one's skiff being swamped?

Fifth—Is the current between the jetties at any time too strong to row against?

Sixth—Are tarpon to be had every day in the season, or is it only once in a while that they come in?

Seventh—Does the water ever get too muddy for fishing; and if so, how long does it generally remain so?

Eighth—What are the facilities for obtaining mullet for bait?

Ninth—Is there likely to be much trouble from interference by sharks?

Tenth—How late in the season does the tarpon fishing generally last? In my opinion it should not finish before the middle or end of October.

In concluding this already rather long paper, I desire to urge once more the tarpon fishermen of America to take part in its discussion in order to make more popular the sport of tarpon fishing, compared with which all other fishing, unless it be for the tuna, is tame.

It is likely to be some months before I can write the next paper of the series, viz., that on "Tackle and Outfit," and by that time I may have some more fishing experience to relate. In the meantime I hope to see this paper evoke a large and valuable discussion.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

Pop-Squash.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You will probably wonder who, where or what is Pop-Squash, but if so it will be a confession that you have never visited that natural home of the small-mouthed black bass, the Great Back Bay of Lake Champlain. This bay, as you know, lies on the eastern shore of the lake near the north end, just below the Canadian border.

What the future of this bay is to be is a problem which must be settled in the very near future, and that by the joint action of Canada, Vermont and New York.

The bay proper is about fifteen miles long, and extends westerly from the main Vermont shore some six miles to Hero Island, in the same State. The water in many places is over a hundred feet in depth, and the wall-eyed pike which find their best spawning ground north of the Canadian line abound during the summer in these deep waters and are taken freely by those who like deep water fishing.

The black bass here are said to be unusually intelligent, and a story is told about them which I will give for the reason that the traditions of a place should be given for what they worth, and which is as follows:

"Many years ago the large-mouthed black bass were very abundant in St. Albans Bay and some other waters lying on the Vermont shore, just south of the Great Back Bay, but at that time the Fish Commissioners of the State of New York through Seth Green, undertook to stock the waters of the State with black bass, and it was 'with a zeal not born of knowledge.'

"Dr. Henshall in his admirable books on the black bass gives the views of many persons who claim that the large-mouthed bass give as good sport as the small-mouthed and he himself clearly indorses these views.

"This opinion seems to have been entertained by Seth Green, and the Fish Commissioners of this State, for it is notorious that those applying for bass have been obliged to take both kinds or none at all, although the small-mouthed ones only were applied for or desired.

"Now the tradition is that as soon as the large-mouthed bass in these nearby waters heard of the exceedingly high favor with which they were so regarded they migrated to that portion of the northern end of the lake

lying near Rouse's Point, on the New York side, to show their appreciation of the favor in which they are officially held in this State. It is also asserted that they are very safe and happy there, as they are not often fished for."

But this is not what I started to write about. About six miles from St. Albans is the old fishing retreat known to the U. S. P. O. Department as "Bay View House," but to the angler as "Sampson's," situated right on the shore of the bay, which abounds in shoals and reefs. The fish were evidently disturbed this year by the heavy blasts attending the construction of a new railroad on Hero Island, which drove them constantly into deep water, but this will not occur in another year.

Some two or more miles north of the house a peculiarly shaped rock some three hundred feet from east to west by two hundred wide rises abruptly out of the lake to a height of about thirty feet, and this bears the dignified name of "Pop-Squash." Extending from it are a couple of bars or reefs, and they usually furnish excellent sport. I did not try these grounds on my first trip, but reserved what I hoped would be my best day's sport until my second one, and selected my last fishing day.

The day promised to be delightful. We started in a fairly brisk south wind, but before we reached the ground it had increased to a gale. Angling was out of the question, and we drew up our boat on the lee of the island. Some disgruntled angler must have met a like fate before me, for I found a nook in the rock where he had found a place in which to lie, and where he had put a stone for a pillow, and following his example I lay down and went to sleep, my oarsman doing the same, and we slept till the middle of the afternoon, only awaking to get our lunch.

The wind was then abating, but it was the calm before the storm, for after angling for about half an hour a fierce thunder shower drove us to the shore, some half a mile distant, where we found refuge in a frame house, and which was spared by the lightning which struck near by, and then we pulled for home against an increasing gale, and in another storm.

Did I catch any bass? Oh, yes, but the catch was limited. It consisted of two fish, and as one did not weigh over a pound, half of my catch was returned to the lake. And the retrospect of that day? It is delightful; an angler's life is always full of lights and shadows, and the light is always brighter by reason of the shadows.

There is an exhilaration in dancing over the water in a light boat when the waves are high and the lake is rough; in racing with a thunder storm for a place of refuge, and then watching the storm break over the lake and the high mountains beyond, and then seeing the sun break forth and reveal in the eastern sky a double bow of promise for a clear morrow.

It is not all of angling to fish, and the person who thinks so knows but little of the true angler's greatest pleasures. The success which I expected is only a pleasure deferred, for if I am fortunate enough to visit the Great Back Bay in another year, my first day will be spent on the bars and reefs and shoals at Pop-Squash.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, NOV. 12.

The Fisherman's Dream.

CRACKLED the logs to a merry tune,
Twisted the arrowy tongues of flame;
Over the carpet the shadows stole,
And leapt from waiscot to curtain pole.
The tempest without eddied and whirled,
Shuddered the dog, on the hearthrug curled.

Yawned a fisherman, not very old,
Muttered, and lolled in his easy chair;
"Oh, it's just my luck!" reflected he,
And gazed at the ceiling absently.
Despite his very persistent zeal,
He never managed to fill his creel.

Rattled the windows, and creaked the doors,
Ticked the old clock in the dim-lit hall;
Weary of thinking, and vexed of soul,
Dazed by the shadows that round him stole,
Languor over the fisherman crept,
Weighed on his eyelids, so that he slept.

Rippled the water and played the breeze,
Warbled and chattered the feathered throng;
Never yet had the fisherman seen
Such wonderful fish in pond or stream;
Such wonderful fish that simply took
Whatever bait he put on his hook.

Doubled the rod, and quivered the line,
Darted the float on its downward way;
Over and over the beauties rolled,
And flashed their sides in the sunshine gold.
Shyness or craft they seemed to have none;
Never, I ween, was such splendid fun!

Chucked the fisherman merrily,
Gathered the sweat on his youthful brow;
Strewed and swooned about on the grass
Were specimen fish of every class.
When, lo! his line, it suddenly broke;
Cursing his luck, the fisherman woke.

Smouldered the logs on the dismal hearth,
Echoed the solitary midnight hour.
Marveling much at the things he'd seen,
Muttering, oft, and thoughtful in mien,
The fisherman sat and mused awhile,
Then over his face there crept a smile.

* * * * *

Swelled the laughter and rollicking song,
Mingled the feet and the sportsmen's tale;
Yet skeptical some, and rather cold.
The while the rash young fisherman told
Of sport he'd had in a certain stream,
Nor uttered a word about a dream.

—Phil Sansom in London Fishing Gazette.

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Possession in Close Time.

The People vs. Buffalo Fish Company, Lt.

Following is the full text of the decision of the Appellate Court of New York in the case of People vs. Buffalo Fish Company, Lt., referred to in our editorial page.

Elon R. Brown for appellant. The Legislature has power to prohibit the possession of fish or game during the close season, as a police regulation for the better protection of fish and game, and such power is not inconsistent with the provision of the Federal Constitution in regard to interstate or foreign commerce, or the provision of the State or Federal Constitution for the protection of private rights of property. (*Phelps v. Racey*, 60 N. Y. 10; *Bellows v. Elmendorf*, 7 Lans. 462; *People v. Gerber*, 92 Hun. 554; *N. Y. Assn. v. Durham*, 19 J. & S. 306; *Lawton v. Steele*, 119 N. Y. 226; 152 U. S. 133; *People v. Dextater*, 75 Hun. 472; *Geer v. Conn.*, 161 U. S. 519; *Organ v. State*, 56 Ark. 267; *Ex parte Maier*, 103 Cal. 476.) Limitations of property rights in fish and game have exceeded the limitations of such rights in all other chattels, because fish and game have always been held to belong to the State in trust for the people of the State. (*Organ v. State*, 56 Ark. 270; *McReady v. Virginia*, 94 U. S. 391; *State v. Beal*, 75 Me. 289; *Gentile v. State*, 29 Ind. 409, 416; *People v. Bridges*, 142 Ill. 30; *State v. Roberts*, 59 N. H. 256; *State v. Tower*, 84 Me. 444; *Commonwealth v. Manchester*, 152 Mass. 230; 139 U. S. 240; *Chambers v. Church*, 14 R. I. 398; *Allen v. Wyckoff*, 48 N. J. L. 90.)

William L. Marcy for respondent. The statutes in question violate and infringe upon the commerce clause of the Constitution of the United States. (Const. of U. S., Art. I, Par. 8; *R. R. Co. v. Husen*, 95 U. S. 465; *State Freight Tax*, 15 Wall. 232; *Ward v. Maryland*, 12 Wall. 418; *Welton v. State of Missouri*, 91 U. S. 275; *Henderson v. Mayor, etc.*, 92 U. S. 259; *Chy Lung v. Freeman*, 92 U. S. 275; *Scott v. Donald*, 165 U. S. 58; *Walling v. Michigan*, 116 U. S. 446; *Bowman v. C. & N. W. Ry. Co.*, 125 U. S. 465; *Leisy v. Hardin*, 135 U. S. 100.) The statutes in question work a destruction of property and defendant is deprived of its property without due process of law. (*Colon v. Lisk*, 153 N. Y. 188; *Foster v. Scott*, 136 N. Y. 577; *Davidson v. New Orleans*, 96 U. S. 97; *People v. Gilson*, 109 N. Y. 389; *People v. Hawkins*, 157 N. Y. 1; *Magner v. People*, 97 Ill. 320; *Collins v. New Hampshire*, 171 U. S. 30; *Davis v. McNair*, 7 Cr. L. Jour. 213.) The effect of the determination by this court that the fish and game laws of this State are unconstitutional so far as they prohibit the possession of fish lawfully purchased in Canada and brought within the State, does not invalidate and destroy the force or effect of the Game and Fisheries Act in this or other States, but the scope of these laws is limited to fish and game caught or killed within the boundaries of the State. (*Schollenberger v. Penn.*, 171 U. S. 1; *Powell v. Penn.*, 127 U. S. 678.) The object of importation is sale; it constitutes the motive for paying the duties; and if the United States possess the power of conferring the right to sell, as the consideration for which the duty is paid, every principle of fair dealing requires that they should be understood to confer it. (*Schollenberger v. Penn.*, 171 U. S. 1.)

O'Brien, J. The statute of this State for the protection of fish and game forbids any person, under pain of indictment and civil penalties, to either "catch, kill or be possessed" of certain fish named during what is called the close season therein prescribed. The defendant had in its possession during that season three different kinds of fish described in the statute, and this action was brought to recover the penalties denounced against offenders for violation of the law. The defendant in its answer alleged that its business is dealing in fresh fish on an extensive scale, and for that purpose maintains stores in various cities of the State; that it purchased the fish in question from dealers in Ontario and Manitoba in Canada, imported it into this State for sale at Buffalo under the revenue laws of the United States, paying the duties thereon; that in so doing it was lawfully engaged in trade and commerce. The plaintiff demurred to this answer, thus admitting the facts, and insists that in law they do not constitute a defense. The courts below held that the demurrer was bad and that the facts constituted a good defense.

The appeal presents two questions: First, with respect to the true meaning and scope of the statute, and, secondly, if it means what the plaintiff insists it does, with respect to its validity. I think that the statute is valid when reasonably and fairly construed with reference to its purpose and object. It is a penal statute, and, therefore, not to be enlarged by construction or applied to cases not within the intention. We all agree that the purpose was to protect fish within the waters of this State. There is absolutely no room for disagreement on that point. The Legislature had no interest or purpose to protect fish in a foreign country or in some other State, and had no power in that regard. Statutes should be construed, if possible, so as to avoid absurdity and manifest injustice. (*People v. Jaehne*, 103 N. Y. 182.) They should receive such construction as to render them practicable, just and reasonably convenient. (*Roscnplaenter v. Roessle*, 54 N. Y. 262.) They should be construed to avoid, if possible, constitutional restrictions and understood in a sense within such limitations, rather than in conflict with them. (*Sage v. City of Brooklyn*, 89 N. Y. 189.) Their validity must be determined solely with reference to constitutional restrictions, and not by natural equity or justice. (*Bertholf v. O'Reilly*, 74 N. Y. 509.) The statute in question does not in terms or by any reasonable implication, forbid a person to "catch, kill or be possessed" of fish in a foreign country. We all agree that our statute does not forbid a person to "catch or kill" fish of any kind in Manitoba, but it is said that when one brings the fish so caught or killed into this State the penalties of our statute attach to him at once. With all respect I am constrained to say that this is not a reasonable or tolerable interpretation of a penal statute. What it means and all it means is to forbid any person to catch, kill or be possessed of the fish described from the waters of this State. The word "possessed" obviously refers to those fish the catching or killing of which is

forbidden—that is to say, fish in the waters of this State, and not those procured in a foreign country. It is simply a perversion of the statute to hold that the mere possession by any person within this State of the fish described in the statute during the close season is a violation of it, without regard to the place where it was procured, or to the manner obtained. (*Commonwealth v. Hall*, 128 Mass. 410; *People v. Neil*, 71 Mich. 325.)

It has long been the practice with keepers of summer hotels in this State to purchase at the proper season of the year in Canada, and in other States, game in large quantities and preserve it in cold storage for use in the close season, but if this statute is to receive the narrow and literal reading contended for they are all subject to indictment and civil penalties, since they are certainly possessed of this game during the forbidden period. There is scarcely a county of this State in which private fish ponds are not to be found, constructed and maintained by private persons on their own land, in which fish of the species described in the statute are kept and propagated. The fish in such ponds are private property. They have been reduced to possession and are within the dominion of the owner. Is it a violation of the statute for a person to catch or kill fish from his own private pond? If it is, and the owner refrains from it during the close season, he will still violate the law, since he is possessed of the fish all the time, and the only way he can escape from the pains and penalties of the statute is to open the pond and let the fish out.

In the case at bar the statute is pushed by a literal reading to a point quite as unreasonable. In my opinion the law has no reference or application to a case where the fish have been imported from a foreign country. The conceded facts of this case take it out of the reason and policy of the law.

But it is argued that unless the statute is construed to inhibit the possession, during the close season, of fish imported from a foreign country, it cannot be enforced, but will be evaded by false swearing. This means that if the summer hotel keeper, the owner of the private pond and the foreign importer, under the circumstances stated, are allowed to escape, then some one else may falsely pretend that his possession of fish during the close season was obtained in a similar manner when in fact he is really guilty of violating the law by procuring them from the waters of the State. This argument seems to be based upon the notion that unless the innocent are convicted the guilty may escape. It assumes that in the interpretation of a penal statute, such a remote danger must be anticipated and guarded against. I think it puts rather too much faith in the potency of perjury as a defense to an honest claim, and too little in the capacity of courts and juries to distinguish truth from falsehood. When it was proposed to change the criminal law and permit an accused person to testify in his own behalf, the proposition was for a long time resisted by similar arguments. It was said that the temptation to swear falsely under such circumstances was so great that crime could never be punished if the accused was permitted to testify in his own behalf; whereas experience has shown that a person on trial for a penal offense very rarely, if ever, helps his case by falsehood. Indeed, it may be safely asserted that the new law, instead of thwarting justice, as anticipated, has been a very great aid in the enforcement of the criminal law. There is not the slightest reason for giving a strained and unnatural construction to the statute in question in order to meet such an imaginary danger. The possession of the fish or game at the forbidden season, within this State, is *prima facie* evidence that the possessor has violated the law, and the burden is then cast upon him of proving facts to show that the possession was lawful. If he has no better defense than one based on falsehood, it will be entirely safe to trust to the power of cross-examination and the intelligence of the court and jury to detect and expose it, as in offenses of much greater magnitude. The contention of the People in this case is virtually to the effect that possession in all cases, instead of being *prima facie* proof, is conclusive, and no facts can be shown to explain or to take the case out of the statute. The accused would not even be permitted to show that he acquired the possession within the State at a time when it was perfectly lawful to do so.

But if this is what the statute means and it is to be held that the conceded facts of this case are within its penal provisions, then I think it is clearly invalid as in conflict with the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution. In this view of the case, the question and the only question is whether a State statute can be lawfully enacted to prohibit a citizen of this State from buying fish in Canada, importing it into this State under the revenue regulations of the United States, and exposing it for sale here. There is no question at all about the competency of the States, in the exercise of the police power, to enact game laws. The question is whether such laws can be so framed as to prohibit or restrict by penal provisions the importation of an article of food in universal use. That fish is such an article of food and the subject of foreign and interstate commerce, I assume no one will deny. That the purchase of fish for food in a foreign country and its importation here for sale, as such, is a branch of foreign commerce, is too clear for discussion. That the statute in question forbids the possession, and consequently the sale here, of an important article of food, is equally clear. Upon the construction contended for, the penal provisions of the statute absolutely inhibit the possession of the property at a season of the year when it is most in demand as an article of food. That the statute operates as a restriction upon the defendant's business as an importer and dealer in fish, no one can doubt. That a statute so operating is in conflict with the exclusive power of Congress to regulate foreign commerce is not questioned, and yet the contention is made with great earnestness that this statute is perfectly valid. The reasoning upon which this conclusion is based if I understand it, is that the State has power to pass game laws which no one denies; that the object of this statute was to protect game in this State and not to interfere in any way with foreign commerce, and, since the purpose that the Legislature had in view was lawful and laudable, the statute is good, although, in fact, it does prohibit or restrict the importation of fresh fish as an article of food. If the Legislature did not intend to restrict foreign com-

merce, as is asserted, then it is obvious that the statute should be read and interpreted according to that intention, in which event it would have no application to the facts of this case; but, strangely enough, it is given a meaning which imputes to the lawmakers just the contrary, since it is said that the possession of imported fish is in terms inhibited. The good intentions of the Legislature will not save a State statute from condemnation when it in fact conflicts with the supreme law of the land. If it restricts the freedom of commerce, as this certainly does, then it is void, no matter what name may have been given to it, or what good purpose it was intended to promote. An act to protect game or to promote health may be so framed and applied as to restrict or regulate traffic in some article of commerce, and when it does it is just as obnoxious as if passed for that purpose under a title expressing that very intent. It will not do to hold that the Constitution can never be violated except when the Legislature intends to. It is frequently violated with the very best intentions. (*People v. Hawkins*, 157 N. Y. 1.)

I pass over the suggestion that the statute may be considered as a health law and applied as such, since the sport of fishing and hunting promotes health. The number of people who can indulge in the sport are so few comparatively, and the number who are obliged to buy fish in the market for food so large, relatively, that a defense of the law as an agent or handmaid of the public health cannot be taken quite seriously. Reasoning of that kind enables us to deceive ourselves with names and words, but fails to prove that a law which prohibits the sale of a healthy article of food, imported from a foreign country, is a valid exercise of power. It might as well be argued that a statute prohibiting the sale or possession of intoxicating liquors imported from abroad or from another State is not what it professes to be, but a health law in disguise, since it operates to restrain a few people from ruining their health by excessive drinking. The question in this case is not solved or advanced one step by arguments to show that the statute is a healthful exercise by the State of the police power with respect to internal objects. We must always come back to the inquiry as to its effect upon trade in an article of food, when applied to the conceded facts of this case.

The law on the question has so often been stated by the highest court of the land, in accordance with the rules already stated, that much further discussion would be out of place. I will recall only a few of the more recent cases. In *Bowman v. Chicago, etc., Railway Co.* (125 U. S. 465) it was held that a State has no power to enact laws for the purpose of protecting its people against the evils of intemperance which, in fact, operate to regulate commerce and forbid the importation into the State of intoxicating liquors without a certificate first obtained from the State authorities that the person to whom the goods are consigned is authorized to sell liquor under the State law, although the act was passed without any purpose of affecting interstate commerce, but as a police regulation to protect the health and morals of the people. The same doctrine was repeated in a more recent case. (*Scott v. McDonald*, 165 U. S. 58.) It was again held in *Leisy v. Hardin*, (135 U. S. 100) that liquors are lawful subjects of commerce and a State is without power to restrict or prohibit their importation from a sister State, nor, when imported, prohibit their sale. In *Minnesota v. Barber* (136 U. S. 313) it was held that a State statute conceded to have been passed in good faith for the protection of the public health, which forbids the sale within the State of certain meat products, unless the animals were first inspected therein before they were killed, is unconstitutional and void. The same doctrine was subsequently reaffirmed. (*Brimmer v. Rebman*, 138 U. S. 73.)

In *Schollenberger v. Pennsylvania* (171 U. S. 1) it was held that a statute of the State which forbids any person from selling, exposing for sale or having in possession oleomargarine was invalid, in so far as it operated to prohibit the introduction of the article into the State from another State. It was admitted that all these statutes were based upon the undoubted police power of the State to protect health and morals, but the good intentions with which they were enacted did not save them from condemnation, since they operated as a regulation of or restriction upon, interstate commerce, and so far as they had that operation they were void.

If there is any difference in principle, or any sound or reasonable distinction pertinent to the question now before us, between a statute intended to protect fish, and to foster and promote sport, or the pastime of hunting and fishing, and those to protect health by providing for an inspection of animals to be used as meat, to promote temperance and morality by forbidding the sale of liquors, or to suppress fraud by restricting the sale of imitation butter as food, I have not been able to perceive it, and I may add that no one has yet attempted to state it. If there is any distinction at all it would be against and not in support of a statute intended only to promote sport and pleasure. That is all laudable enough, but not so important to the body politic as laws to protect health, or suppress crime and promote morality; all of which have been held to be void when so framed as to regulate or restrict interstate or foreign commerce. If the statute in question has the meaning and effect claimed for it, then its operation cannot be better illustrated than by the admitted facts of this case.

It seems that had the defendant at the time it imported fish also imported meat, liquors or oleomargarine, all the latter articles would be protected from State laws restricting their sale or possession by the commerce clause of the Constitution, while the fish would be subject to the penal restrictions of the game laws. I cannot believe that this is a reasonable or tenable view of the law applicable to this case.

It will not be profitable to review or discuss the game laws of other States or countries, or the decisions of local courts interpreting the same. It may be admitted that these States have game laws as drastic as our own, but that has no bearing on the question now before us. The learned counsel for the plaintiff has not found any authority in any State court to sustain the proposition that game laws, however framed, can be so applied as to prohibit the importation of an article of food in general use from a foreign country or another State into this State

and exposing it for sale here. It must always be borne in mind that this is the only question that we are now concerned with. The statutes and decisions in other States furnish no light on this question. Indeed the strongest case that the learned counsel for the People has been able to find in favor of his contention is one decided by this court. (*Phelps v. Racey*, 60 N. Y. 10.) But it is admitted that the principle upon which that case was decided was subsequently overruled by the Supreme Court of the United States, and that upon the question now under consideration it is no longer law. (*Pierce v. New Hampshire*, 5 How. [U. S.] 504; *Leisy v. Hardin*, 135 U. S. 129, 118; *Bowman v. Chicago, etc., Railway Co.*, 125 U. S. 507.) That case rests entirely upon the proposition that a State law regulating foreign or interstate commerce is valid unless Congress has made some regulation on the subject, a principle which has been completely overthrown by the court of last resort, as will be seen from an examination of the cases cited.

Passing from the collection of State statutes for the protection of fish and game and the decisions of State courts as to their scope and effect, which occupy such a prominent place in the brief of the learned counsel for the People, it would perhaps be unjust to his argument to ignore two cases in the Federal Court which he claims support his contention in some way. If they do, they are entitled to great weight and consideration, since the decisions of that court upon this question are the supreme law of the land. If they do not it may be safely asserted that the learned counsel has found no controlling authority to support the proposition that a State may enact a statute which makes it a penal offense for the defendant to buy fish in the markets of Manitoba or Ontario, in Canada, import it into this State and have it in his possession at Buffalo. If the court of last resort has ever said anything tending to support this proposition, even by construction or fair implication it is doubtless a authority binding upon this court. But it is very clear, I think, that it has not.

Lawton v. Steele (152 U. S. 133). That case decided three propositions, none of which have any relation to this case. (1) That the State had the power to regulate the manner of taking fish from waters within its jurisdiction. (2) That it had power to forbid fishing in such waters with nets. (3) That the nets destroyed in that case, being of comparatively small value, the State had power to declare them a nuisance and summarily abate them.

Geer v. Connecticut (161 U. S. 519). That case decides the following points: (1) That a State statute which forbids the killing of game for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of the State, or having it in possession with that intent, is valid. (2) That wild game within the State belongs to the whole people in common and that legislation to prevent its extinction by conveying it out of the State was not in conflict with the Constitution. (3) That the individual who caught or killed it within the State acquired not an absolute but a qualified property in it, since the use or enjoyment was limited to the boundaries of the State. (4) That since the use or enjoyment was limited to the people of the State it was not the subject of foreign or interstate commerce, though it was the subject of internal commerce. (5) Not being the subject of foreign or interstate commerce, but merely of internal commerce, the statute was not in conflict with the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution.

Every proposition embraced in these two cases may be and is freely admitted, but not one of them has any bearing on this case. In the first case it was held that the State had power to forbid fishing with nets and in order to make the prohibition effectual, to declare the nets a nuisance and destroy them summarily without liability for compensation. In the second case it was held that, inasmuch as the State owned all the game within its limits, it might legislate to keep it there and could forbid any one from conveying it out of the State and enforce such prohibition. But I am unable to see how all this or anything in those cases helps the plaintiff's position in this case. Here the defendant bought fish in Canada as a commercial article, where it was lawfully exposed for sale, imported it into this State under revenue laws, and had what was clearly his own property in his possession, and because he is possessed of his own property so acquired the statute in question subjects him to indictment and civil penalties. It would be difficult in this view to imagine a plainer or more direct interference with foreign commerce than this case presents.

The main proposition, after all, in support of the plaintiff's contention is based more upon policy and expediency than upon law. When fairly stated it is this: A statute to protect fish and game within the State does not protect unless it inhibits the importation of fish and game from a foreign country or another State. When this proposition is carefully examined it will be found to be not only without any foundation in fact or in experience, but when applied to cases like the one in hand the manifest tendency is to defeat the very object of the law, which, of course, must be assumed to be protection. The individual who is permitted to hunt and fish in Canada or in another State, and bring with him here the fruits of his labor, will do very much less of hunting and fishing at home. If his warfare upon game or fish is carried on in a foreign country, or in another State it would seem to be unwise to prevent him for the purpose of protecting fish and game at home. The game law that cuts off the supply from abroad diminishes rather than increases and protects the supply at home. Legislation that would prohibit the defendant from drawing a supply of fresh fish from Canada during the close season simply furnishes a strong temptation to procure it from the waters of this State, even in violation of law. It is said that there is a passion inherent in man to kill or capture game in spite of penal laws forbidding it. If that be so it would seem to be wisdom to allow the passion to expend itself by permitting those who enjoy it to capture and become possessed of fish or game in Canada or in other States where the law permits it, rather than furnish a temptation to violate the law at home during the close season. To forbid the taking of fish in a foreign country or in another State where it is lawful, by our own citizens during the season, or the possession within the State of what is so taken, tends to exterminate rather than protect fish here. The

legislator who would protect the forests of this State by prohibiting the importation of lumber or timber from Canada, or from other States, would be rated as a visionary theorist, but in a certain degree that is the principle upon which the argument for the People in this case proceeds for the protection of fish and game. What is true with respect to the forests is equally true of every other natural product of the soil or of the waters of the State, so that it is plain that the plaintiff's theory of this case, when put into complete operation all around the boundaries of the State, would, instead of protecting fish and game, go far to exterminate both.

But all these considerations are subordinate and collateral to the main question, and when they are all weighed and examined we are brought back again to the real situation which the case presents. Admitting, for the purposes of the argument, that the statute in question means just what the plaintiff's counsel claims for it, the important fact still remains that Congress has permitted the defendant to import fresh fish upon payment of certain duties. It has paid the duties and complied with the Federal regulations, but when the article is brought here the State steps in and forbids the defendant to have it in its possession, and, of course, forbids the sale. This creates a direct conflict between the regulations of Congress and those of the State, and consequently the latter must yield to the former. The State had no power to extend its police legislation to such a transaction, and, of course, had no power to forbid what Congress had expressly permitted.

The case, in my opinion, was correctly decided by the courts below, and the judgment should be affirmed.

The Dissenting Opinion.

Gray, J. (dissenting). The questions certified for our decision are questions of law, which were raised below by the demurrer to the defenses interposed in the action. They are these: Are the facts that these fish were lawfully taken in the Dominion of Canada and that they were purchased there by the defendant and by it imported into the State of New York, upon payment of the duties fixed pursuant to the United States tariff laws, a good answer to the claim of the People that the Fisheries Law has been violated by having such fish in possession and is the State statute, for inhibiting the possession during the close season of this State, in conflict with the Federal Constitution, or with the Constitution of this State?

It is not, nor can it be, seriously contended, as I think, that the law is in conflict with any of the provisions of the Constitution of the State. The case of *Phelps v. Racey* (60 N. Y. 10) should be conclusive upon that point; whatever may be said of it upon the Federal question raised. The Federal question is whether the statute, in the particular feature in question, violates, or infringes upon, the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, which authorize Congress to regulate commerce with foreign nations and between the States. The defendant's contention upon that ground has been sustained below. The theory of Mr. Justice Lambert's opinion at the Trial Term, which was adopted by the justices of the Appellate Division, is, as I apprehend it, that in making unlawful the possession of property, which has been imported under the sanction of the Federal tariff laws, the enactment of those provisions of the Fisheries statute by the Legislature conflicted with the power vested in Congress under the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution referred to.

It was, also, observed by the learned justice, in his opinion, that "the object of the statute is to protect the game-fishes in the waters of the State, and that object is not promoted by depriving citizens of their property in fish which have been caught and killed outside of the jurisdiction of the State, and which have become component parts of commerce, and the law cannot, therefore, be sustained as an exercise of the police power except as it deals with those fish which may have been taken within the jurisdiction of the State." Prior to this decision of the learned court below, *Phelps v. Racey* was regarded as settling the question of the legislative power to do just what has been done in the law now attacked. That was an action which was brought under the Game Law of 1871, to recover penalties against the defendant for having in possession, contrary to the statute, certain game birds during the close season. The defense was that the defendant became possessed of them during the open season, or they were received from the State of Minnesota or Illinois, where the killing at the time was lawful. Thus the situation was the same as in the present case, so far as it presented the legal questions. It was there held that the fact alleged that the game "was either killed within the lawful period, or brought from another State where the killing was lawful" constituted no defense; inasmuch as the penalty was denounced against the selling or possession, irrespective of the time or place of killing. The objection of a want of power in the Legislature to pass the act was held to be untenable and it was said that the measures best adapted for the protection and the preservation of game "are for the Legislature to determine and the courts can not review its discretion. If the regulations operate, in any respect, unjustly or oppressively, the proper remedy must be applied by that body"; and the provisions of the act, though seemingly stringent and severe, were not "foreign to the objects sought to be attained, or outside of the wide discretion vested in the Legislature." In speaking of the argument that the law violated the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution, Chief Judge Church deemed it unnecessary to consider "how far the exercise of the power of Congress under the provision would interfere with the authority of the State to pass game laws, and regulate and prohibit the sale and possession of game either as a sanitary measure or for its protection as an article of food. It will suffice for this case that the statute does not conflict with any law which Congress has passed on the subject." The authority of this case upon the constitutional right to enact such laws has been widely recognized in the State courts, where similar statutory provisions were assailed, and among other cases might be cited those of *Magner v. The People* (97 Ill. 320); *Commonwealth v. Savage* (155 Mass. 278); *State v. Rodman* (58 Minn. 393), and *Roth v. State* (7 Ohio C. C. 62). In England the case of *Whitehead v. Smithers* (L. R. [2 Com. Pl. Div.] 553) may be referred to as in point; where Chief Justice Coleridge observed of the act for the protection of wild fowl,

passed in 1876, that "the object is to prevent British wild fowl from being improperly killed and sold under pretense of their being imported from abroad." (And see *Price v. Bradley*, L. R. [16 Q. B. Div.] 148, upon the Fresh Water Fisheries Act.)

In the court below, *Phelps v. Racey* was deemed to be no longer controlling, for the reason that its principles have been "overruled by subsequent judicial authority." The reference is to that part of the opinion which suggests the proposition that, in the absence of the enactment of a law by Congress, the States may regulate commerce among themselves. This doctrine, though supported by authority at the time (*Pierce v. New Hampshire*, 5 How. [U. S.] 504), would seem to have been overruled by later cases (*Leisy v. Hardin*, 135 U. S. 100; and *Schollenberger v. Pennsylvania*, 171 ib. 1); which hold that laws inhibiting the receipt of an imported commodity, or its disposition, amount essentially to a regulation of commerce with foreign nations, or among the States. I consider, however, that the Fisheries Law presents no conflict with the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution and that it is purely a governmental regulation, within the legitimate exercise of the police power of the State, relating to a matter essentially of internal policy, as affected by a common public interest. It was quite unnecessary to the decision of *Phelps v. Racey* that Chief Judge Church should have expressed himself as he did upon the question of the bearing of the statute upon the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution, and it did not prevent the decision from being controlling upon the main question. There is no question of interstate or foreign commerce, in my opinion, but, merely, one of whether, in the interest of the protection and preservation of game fishes, the Legislature may not competently enact a statute so stringent in its provisions as to insure the accomplishment of the end in view; however, it might result in an apparent restriction of the liberty of the citizen. Compared with the legislation which was sustained in the grain elevator cases (*People v. Budd*, 117 N. Y. 1, affirmed in 143 U. S. 517), where the right of the Legislature to fix the maximum charge which a person might make, in his own business, for elevating grain, and to limit the charge for shoveling to the actual cost, was upheld upon the theory that the business was one which, by reason of its magnitude and character, was affected by a public interest, this statute is mild, indeed. The exercise of the police power, which is necessarily vested in the State Government for the proper regulation of matters which concern the well-being and prosperity of the community, within constitutional limits, rests in the wise discretion of the Legislature. When its operation is in the direction of so regulating the use of private property, or of so restraining personal action, as to secure, or to tend to, the comfort and welfare of the community, no constitutional guaranty is violated. (*People v. Ewer*, 141 N. Y. 129.) It is implied in the social compact that, in matters of public concern, the interest of the individual shall always yield to that of the public. The Legislature is not the final judge as to what is a proper exercise of the police power and its acts in that direction are subject to review in the courts; but, where a public and beneficial purpose is evident, the courts will not substitute their judgment for that of the legislative body. The remedy must be found in an appeal to the legislative wisdom.

In *Geer v. Connecticut* (161 U. S. 519), a case arising under the Connecticut statute in relation to game birds, it was said that "the right to preserve game flows from the undoubted existence in the State of a police power to that end, which may be none the less efficiently called into play, because by doing so interstate commerce may be remotely and indirectly affected (citing cases). Indeed, the source of the police power as to game birds * * * flows from the duty of the State to preserve for its people a valuable food supply." (Citing *Phelps v. Racey* and other cases.) In *Lawton v. Steele* (152 U. S. 133, affirming our decision in 119 N. Y. 226), the police power of the State was discussed and it was said that "the preservation of game and fish has always been treated as within the proper domain of the police power," and that "the State may interfere whenever the public interests demand it and in this particular a larger discretion is necessarily vested in the Legislature, to determine, not only what the public interests require, but what measures are necessary for the protection of such interests." (Citing cases.) "It must appear," the opinion holds "first, that the interests of the public generally, as distinguished from those of a particular class, require such interference; and second, that the measures are reasonably necessary for the accomplishment of the purpose and not unduly oppressive upon individuals."

The object of this statute was to protect and preserve certain game fishes during the breeding season; an object, manifestly, in which the people of the State may be presumed to be more or less keenly interested and which is recognized, as Judge Church observed, in all civilized countries. The purpose is to protect certain fishes within our jurisdiction, with no reference to those of other States or countries. If they may be brought into the State within the close season here, as articles of commerce protected by United States laws and, therefore, placed beyond the reach of the State laws declaring and regulating an internal policy, the result would be to facilitate evasions of the law and to make detection difficult, if not impossible. The general tendencies of human nature, it might, not inappropriately, be observed, are such as to make necessary so strict a law as to render obedience to the mandate certain. The statute aims at preventing game fishes from being unlawfully taken and exterminated, and any regulation which tends to secure that aim should be regarded as a legitimate and fair exercise of the police power.

Not an arbitrary, but a wise and politic, purpose is evident in this statutory regulation, touching as it does the interests of the people in a form of food supply, as in a form of sport. I cannot understand its being likened to such legislation as was condemned in *People v. Hawkins* (157 N. Y. 1). There the act required all goods made by contract labor to be labeled "convict made," when possessed and offered for sale, and it was held to be repugnant to the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution; because "a regulation of commerce by means of which the value of merchandise made in another State was to be depressed, or its sale prohibited." It was a restriction upon the freedom of commerce to permit the same articles to be put upon the market freely, if made in factories;

when, if made in a prison in another State, a citizen, having lawfully purchased them, could not expose them for sale without branding or labeling them as "convict made."

Nor can I perceive that the doctrine of the oleomargarine cases is applicable. (*Schollenberger v. Pennsylvania*, 171 U. S. 1.) There is a clear distinction between legislation which discriminates with reference to a manufactured food product, not impure nor unhealthful, and legislation which seeks to preserve the game fishes within the waters of the State, either as a natural article of food supply or as a form of public sport. In the one case there is an interference with commerce, as commerce; in the other case, commerce is not aimed at, but the preservation from extermination of the People's property in game fishes. In the one case there is interference with commercial dealing in a manufactured product, which, not unreasonably, may be said to lack justification in those ordinarily recognized principles upon which the police power of the State is properly exercised; while in the other case the preservation from extermination of the game fishes within the jurisdiction of the State reasonably commends itself as legislation in the interest of preserving to the People a valuable natural and common food supply, which is deemed in danger of being destroyed and which it is, therefore, the duty of the State to prevent by the exercise of its undoubted police power. The *Schollenberger* case dealt with the prohibition by legislation of oleomargarine as a law "which prevents the introduction of a perfectly healthful commodity, merely for the purpose of in that way more easily preventing an adulterated and possibly injurious article from being introduced. We do not think this is a fair exercise of legislative discretion, when applied to the article in question." (Per Peckham, J., at p. 15.)

I think if importations may be excluded which might affect the public health, that they may be excluded if tending to endanger the enforcement of a law intended to protect and to preserve the People's property rights in game and fishes. There is no danger that legislative encroachments upon individual rights will be encouraged by such a decision. The presumption which obtains in favor of the constitutionality of legislative acts is not met here by any reasonable objection. The only, and the evident, object of the statute is to protect the game fishes mentioned during a season allowed for breeding and development and must surely be within the admitted range of the duties of State government.

It should be observed, in connection with the views expressed, that by Section 190 of the Code of Civil Procedure our jurisdiction to review is confined to the questions certified. In this case they demand of the court whether the statute they refer to is in conflict with any provision of the State or the Federal Constitution. Other questions are not here; which might be suggested as affecting the construction of the statute in its effect upon some exercise of private rights, in one way or another.

I think that the judgment should be reversed and that the questions certified should be answered in the negative.

Parker, Ch. J., and Landon, J., concur with O'Brien, J., and Werner, J., concurs on first ground stated in opinion; Haight and Martin, JJ., concur with Gray, J., for reversal.

Judgment affirmed and questions certified answered in the affirmative.

The Salmon's Term of Life.

WHAT is the natural term of life among salmon? asks an English writer. Fishcultivists have settled all about their birth, babyhood and arrival at maturity; but it yet remains for some one to answer the question with which I started this note. That pike attain to a great age has been placed beyond all doubt. It is not believed, in the present day, that the legendary pike, 267 years old, ever had any existence. Two or three huge pike, bearing engraved rings, have been found dead; but there always were practical jokers, and the legends on these rings can be taken *cum grano salis*. The size of fish is largely influenced by food supply, and mere weight is, therefore, no real guide to age. The only authenticated captures of old salmon, marked in infancy by rings or fin-cuttings, give us nothing older than ten or twelve years. These marked salmon were all approximately 30 pounds in weight, and we may therefore assume that they had attained their maximum growth. How much longer would they live—barring accidents? I have discussed this question with scores of intelligent men who have been netting and trapping salmon all their lives, and the consensus of opinion put fifteen years as the extreme limit of a salmon's life. In that period he might become a 50-pounder, but there are giants and pigmies among salmon as among men. The size of the river of their birth bears some relation to the size of the salmon themselves; and the patriarch of a small stream may die of old age without reaching 20 pounds weight. Pike undoubtedly live to the age of forty or fifty years at the outside, but their lives are somnolent by comparison with the arduous strife and struggles of a salmon's existence.

Onondaga Anglers.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Anglers' Association, held in Syracuse, N. Y., last week, the report of the fish and game protector was read. A summary of his work for the past two months showed a total of forty-eight nets of various kinds captured and destroyed. These nets included traps, fykes, seines and gill nets. They were taken from Oneida Lake, Onondaga Lake and the Seneca and Oneida rivers. Just at present the pirates are very active, and it is proposed to continue the work with unabated vigor until the waters are frozen over. A proposition was made to employ a second protector, and if the funds of the Association permit, this will probably be done.

The following were elected members: James M. Belden, Michael Whelan, L. C. Smith, E. M. Brown and A. A. Kempter. The following committee of four was appointed to solicit members: John H. Forey, R. V. Miller, S. T. Betts, M. J. French and A. H. Schwartz.

A committee was also appointed to wait on the Board of Supervisors and ask for an appropriation for the use of the Association during the coming season.

John H. Forey and C. H. Mowry were elected delegates, and George B. Wood and L. S. Morgan alternates to the annual convention of the New York League.

The Oar Fish.

THE oar fish takes its name from the two vertical fins which much resemble a pair of oars. It is of wide distribution, having been reported from points so widely separated as Scandinavia and New Zealand. The Standard Natural History describes it under the name of *Regalecus banksii*, by which it is known to naturalists, as follows:

"In these ventrals are represented by single styliform rays, more or less dilated and oar-like at their extremities, and distinct ribs are developed. The species appear to inhabit rather deep water, and some of them grow to a very large size, or at least attain a great length. The species of which most specimens have been seen or cast ashore along the coasts of the Scandinavian Peninsula and Great Britain occasionally reach the length of at least 22ft. But little is known of its habits. One was observed alive, but in a dying condition, about six miles from land, lying on its side. When approached by a boat the fish 'righted' itself, and came with a gentle, lateral, undulating motion toward them, showing its crest and a small portion of the head above water. When it came alongside a man struck it with a hooked stick, and it made off with a vigorous and vertical undulating motion, and disappeared as quick as lightning under the surface." Twice the fish escaped its pursuers, but a third attempt enabled them to capture it, two men putting their arms round the fish, and lifting it into the boat. This specimen was 12¼ feet long. The *Regalecus banksii* has received from the English the name of oar fish, and has also been mingled with the traditions of the sea serpent, and been described as such.

"From the engraving the fish has irregular black strokes across its body. The two oars are under the body close to the head, and the head is furnished with about twelve plumes, representing a cockatoo's comb."

The Fly-Fisherman and Fanny.

A Fishing Fancy from the Chicago Tribune.

"APT alliteration's artful aid" has been employed, consciously or unconsciously, in a most effective manner by writers from time immemorial; and when the alliteration is really apt it seems to lend a factitious force to the language. The tendency toward its use would seem to be rather natural than forced; for the law of association of scenes, sounds and sensations generally naturally suggests alliteration; and the writer is influenced more than he is aware of in his selection of words.

The average reader, however, is generally impressed with the idea that there is something extraordinary in the alliterative art; but this is only because he overlooks the vast possibilities of so copious a language as ours. As an object lesson on this subject the Tribune prints a bit of literary trifling written by a Chicago student of language. It serves at least to illustrate in a striking way the vastness of the English vocabulary, and here and there the real aptness of alliteration.

Frisky Frederick Fernando Fortescue, famous fly-fisherman from Frankfort, fully forty-five, finely fixed financially, fancied fascinating Fanny Flabella Fitzherbert, fairly fifteen, from faraway Florida—funny fantasy for forty-five. Firstly, fastidious Fanny, feeling fancy-free, furtively fled for freedom from Fred's frequent fond familiarities, for fear Fred falsely flirted for fun—fine finesse for fifteen.

Fortescue, finding Fanny fractious, fretted forlornly for fortnights; finally feeling fatigued from foolish fault-finding; furthermore finding fishing fine, farmers friendly, fishermen few, forsook fretting for fly-fishing.

Flinging far factitious fluttering feather flies, fabricated for fetching foolish fish from foam-flecked floods, flowing freely from frigid fountains, Fred fortuitously found Fanny Flabella filially fetching for Father Fitzherbert fragrant flowers from fertile fields. Forgetting fastidious Fanny's fad for fashionable formalities, foolhardy Fred, firing fishingrod, flew forward fairly fondling Fanny's fair form.

Frivolous Fanny, fancying Fred Foolishly fresh, floutingly frowned, frightened Fred from further forwardness; furthermore, feigning feminine fury, Fanny fled fleetly forestward from Fortescue's friendly familiarities.

Frustrated Fred, feeling foully forsaken, forebore further fun, fly-fishing. Fiercely flinging far five fine, fat, flapping fish, fraudulently forced from frigid fluid, for Friday's fast-day feast, Frederick forthwith frenziedly followed Fanny's fetterless flight.

Fanny, feeling fearfully flurried, flitted far faster, fleeing from Fred's flagitious freshness—Fortescue fruitlessly following Fanny's fairylike form. Fugacious Fanny frequently faltered from fatigue; finally, feeling fagged from furiously fleeing for fifty-five furlongs, Fanny's frail, fevered figure fell flat, feet foremost.

Full forty frowsy females flew forward for Fanny's frail figure fallen flat; fifteen fearfully foul fagots, foolishly filipping Fanny's fair fingers; fifteen fiendishly frenetic frips, fanning Fanny's forehead; five frightfully freckled trumps, furnishing frayed falcon's feathers for fumigating Fanny's fainting fit forthwith; five furacious feminine felons, fraudently filching Fanny's fine feminine frippery.

Faithfully following Fanny's faltering footsteps, Frederick Fernando, fuming frightfully from festination, fortunately finding Fanny faintly flushing from fetid feather fumes, foiled further fraud. Facetiously flinging forty farthings forward for feminine fees, Fred forbade further fumigation for freeing Fanny from fainting fits. Forty frightfully fat females, fickle forgetting Fanny's forlornness, forthwith fiercely fought for filthy farthings.

Fanny finding flight futile, felicitously forebore further feminine finesse, for Fanny Flabella felt flattered. Far from finding fault, Fanny forgot Fred's former familiar freshness; for Frederick's faithful following firmly fixed Fanny's favor forever.

Fred freely forgave Fanny's foregoing finicky freak—foolishly flying from friendship; for Fanny's frankness foreshadowed folly forever fled. Feebly fluttering from fainting, Fanny's fair features flushed flamingly from Fred's flagrantly fervent fondlings. Faithful Fred, feeling fervidly fond, fatuously figured for future felicity forthwith. Fanny firstly feigning fretful frowns, flushed furiously, faded faster, faltered, fidgeted, fanned fussily—finally frankly fixed Friday, February fifth.

Fanny's fond father, finely fixed for foreknowing funds' fluctuations, furthermore finding financial facilities favorable, furnished for Fanny's festival fabulously fine foulards, fleecy flannels, fluffy feathers, French frocks, filmy fazzollets, furthermore fifty fantastical female fixin's, fairly flooring Fanny.

Far from famishing folk, Fred's faithful feudatory followers furnished for feasting frumentaceous food, fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, flowers, furthermore five fine fermented fluids. Farmers fetched from fertile furrowed fields, flour's farinaceous food; fishermen, floating from fathomless fiords, fetched fine fresh flapping flat-fish, furthermore frogs for frying; freeborn foresters found finely fatted fawns from frondent forest friths; familiar friends freely furnished for fricasseeing full-fledged fowls from fecund farmyard flocks; fruiterers fitly furnished for feast finishing food, fifteen fanciful foreign-fruit flavored frap-pés; famous florists freely flung forth fragrant flowery festoons for Fred's fair fiancée; facetious festal factotums filled foaming flagons from faucets flowing full-flavored frothy fermented fluids, famous for fallaciously filling foolish fellows fearfully full.

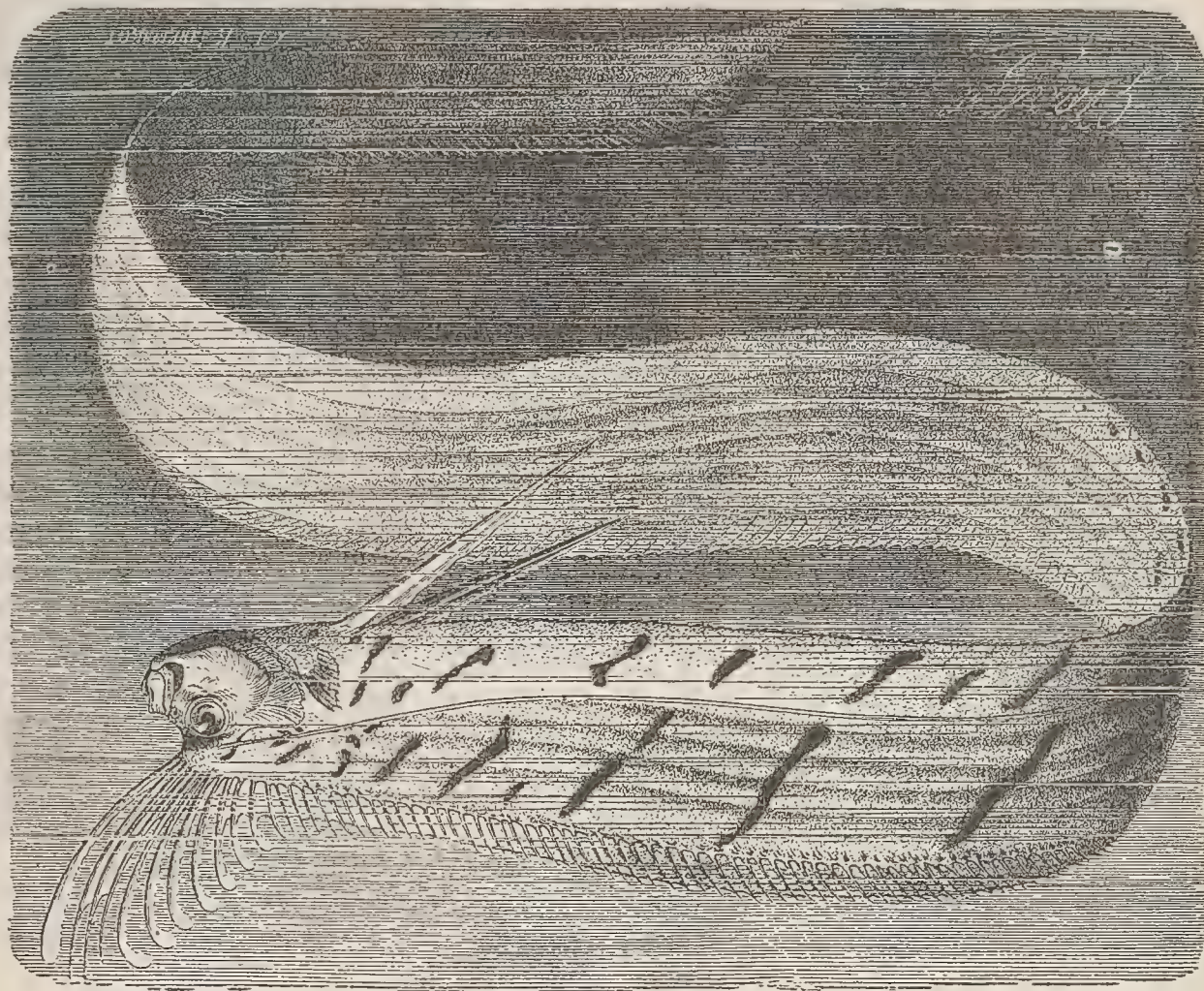
Forty fligreed flunkies flaunted fluttering flags; fizzing fireworks flashed; fifty fulgent flambeaus flared flicker-

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

28

A party of hunters in Kansas discovered a natural cave about one and a half miles north of Wilmot, on the line of the Frisco railway. The party were out on a hunt for chickens, rabbits and other game. Attention was attracted to the cave by the dogs. The aperture to the cave was simply a small hole in the surface of the high, rolling prairie. The young fellows noticed that the aperture would admit the passage of a man's body and decided to explore the bowels of the earth if necessary. They slid down the opening, which was solid rock from the slight fringe of grass on top, passed through a narrow niche in the stone below, which came together in a kind of wedge shape, then slid further down, alighting on firm foundation about thirty feet from the surface of the earth. When the boys reached the bottom of the shaft they experienced a decided change of climate. They



THE OAR FISH.

ingly; five flutists fluted fantasias; fourteen florid faced fiddlers fiddled furiously for fandangos; four fantastical farandoles following, faultless female forms flexuously flitted fairylike; funny fellows feeling frolicsome, footed floors featly.

Finally, fiddlers feeling fuddled from fermented fluids, fairly fell, fracturing fiddlestrings, funnily finishing Fred's first family festivity. Felicitating friends, feeling flaccid from foregoing frolicsome freaks, fled flinging fond farewells. Felicity followed forever. Finis. ZERO.

North American Fish and Game Association.

MR. L. Q. JONCAS, superintendent of Fisheries of the Province of Quebec, has written the following letter:

In conformity with a resolution of the North American Fish and Game Association, moved by C. E. E. Ussher, Esq., seconded by S. T. Bastedo, Esq., and unanimously adopted on the second day of February last, which resolution reads as follows:

"Resolved, That a committee be formed of two representatives from each State and Province to report at next annual meeting on possibilities of harmonizing the fish and game laws of the Provinces and States. The said committee would be formed thus: "New York, C. H. Wilson, J. H. Seymour; Maine, H. O. Stanley, Charles A. Oak; New Brunswick, Hon. Mr. Dunn, D. G. Smith; Vermont, J. W. Titcomb, H. W. Bailey, F. G. Butterfield; Massachusetts, John Fother, Jr., F. S. Hodges; Ontario, S. T. Bastedo, Dr. G. A. MacCallum; Quebec, C. E. E. Ussher, L. Q. Joncas, N. E. Cormier. The convener of this committee to be Mr. L. Q. Joncas."

I have the honor to invite you to a meeting of the above-mentioned committee, which will take place in Montreal at the Government House, St. Gabriel street, on Thursday, the 13th day of December next, at 10 A. M. I do sincerely hope that you will be able to attend.

I have the honor to be yours faithfully,

L. Q. JONCAS, President.

This notice, sent out to the members of the committee, is dated Nov. 15, and so but a month will elapse before the date set for the meeting. Mr. Charles H. Wilson, one of the members appointed to represent the State of New York, would be glad to receive any suggestions from sportsmen or others in the State interested in bringing about a uniform fish and game law and a reciprocity of interests between the States and Canada, and present any well-founded suggestions to the committee for consideration, to the end that Parliament and Legislature may be petitioned to enact a rational and uniform fish and game law, acceptable to the people on both sides of the line. Mr. Wilson may be addressed at Glens Falls, N. Y., and he will be glad to present to the committee the suggestions as to changes in the laws which he invites, it being a matter in which he is greatly interested.

A. N. CHENEY.

Rhode Island Trout Stocking.

CHARLES A. HOXSIE has contracted to furnish the State Fish Commissioners with 40,000 trout, which will be used to stock the streams and ponds throughout the State.

W. H. M.

While a British angler was fishing on the river Teviot, and under the shadow of Roxburgh Castle, his attention was attracted by the roundness of a stone which had afforded him footing in making a difficult cast. The stone was more than half embedded in the bank, and the visible portion almost entirely under water. On being dug out of the embankment the stone was found to be entirely round, and it bore marks showing that it had been chipped into shape. The ball, which is of sandstone, measured 42 inches in circumference, and its weight is 95 pounds. All the circumstances strengthen the supposition that it had been used as a missile for warlike purposes. The missile is of exactly the same dimensions as some of the stone balls which are deposited at the side of Mons Meg at Edinburgh Castle, and date from 1496.

30

Robert Varick, a gunner, while in a wild tract of land near the Gloucester (N. J.) city waterworks, saw a pair of rough shoes protruding from a hole in the butt of a big oak tree. Varick kicked the shoes and found the owner alive. He was a sure-enough wildman. A crowd of young men were led to the spot. They found the queer dweller in the tree sleeping. He was aroused by Harry O'Neil's stern command: "Hey, there, old man; come out so we can see you." The wild man crawled slowly from the hollow and was marched to the Gloucester City Hall, and placed in charge of the police. The man was given a hearing on a charge of vagrancy before Mayor Boylen. He said his name was Herman Zeller, his age forty-five years and his home Philadelphia. The hollow in the tree is only about three feet in diameter. The man had lived there for a long time.

31.

Near Burkesville, Ky., on the Cumberland River, a man named Raven was one day fishing off the bank. The bank was of clay, six or eight feet above the water, and Raven sat with his legs hanging over. He had been sitting there for an hour, swinging his heels against the bank, when his boot struck something which gave out a curious sound, and he instinctively looked down. Between his feet he saw a stone jar, or at least a portion of one, protruding from the bank. It was at least four

feet below the surface, and he had considerable trouble to unearth it. When he had done so, however, and removed the wooden cover fastened over the mouth, he found the contents to consist of a gold watch, three or four gold rings, six silver spoons, \$800 in Kentucky State bank bills, \$50 in gold, \$20 in silver half dollars, and about a quart of dimes and five-cent pieces. Although the jar was tightly corked, the dampness had got in and mildewed the bank notes until they fell to pieces in his hands. Had they been all right, however, they would have been of no intrinsic value, as all the State bank circulation had given place to greenbacks. Speculation as to who planted the jar brought no clue to the owner further than that it could have been no resident of the county. It had probably been in the ground many years, for the river had been eating away at the bank with each freshet, and finally brought a portion of the jar to light. It must have been buried six or eight feet from the bank at first.

New Publications.

"Jack Among the Indians."

Six books have now come from the pen of Mr. Geo. Bird Grinnell, all upon Western topics, and all written with a care and faithfulness, with a genius in special research and a photographic accuracy of detail which place the writer almost in a class by himself in these days of hurried and haphazard writing. Mr. Grinnell's first works, the "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales," "Blackfoot Lodge Tales," "The Story of the Indian," "The Indians of To-day," all took him into that field where he has so long been admitted by and easily first among the modern writers on the West, the Indian life as it is seen to-day among the tribes. In his last book, "Jack, the Young Ranchman," the subject was not dissimilar, the Western plains and mountains still being the scene, but the treatment was different, lighter, more popular of intent and better adapted to the comprehension of the small folk for whom it was done. "Jack, the Young Ranchman" was the outcome of the delight which certain boys and girls found in the stories told them of the West of earlier days, of the adventures and experiences which might and did befall a boy of that day in the West. The expansion of this idea into book form was natural and happy, and the undertaking proved so desirable that the author was asked to continue the same plan. "Jack Among the Indians" is the result, and as a second book in a certain line its success must be gratifying to all concerned. The boy is the hardest critic in the world, and juvenile books are the hardest of all to write, as witness the constant demand for them. One of the tests of a good child's book is that grown people like to read it too. This test may be applied without hesitation to this second juvenile book of the author in question.

We learn history through fiction, as well as manners and customs; and we may learn a great deal of Western geography, Western life, Western modes of thought and action in this simple book for boys. The scheme is a plain and pleasing one. Jack, the young Eastern boy, is put in charge of Hugh Johnson, an old plainsman, and makes a horseback journey from the lower range up across Wyoming and Montana to the camp of the Piegiens above the Missouri River, where he spends a part of one summer living as the Indians live. He kills mountain sheep, and deer and antelope and buffalo, saves the life of an Indian girl, kills a bear, and learns to run the buffalo on a bareback horse and to kill his buffalo as the Indians did, with the bow and arrow. The human side of the Indian character is well developed, this being ever the purpose of the author in all his books into which the Indian comes. Indeed, the wholesome human character of the whole book is its conspicuous trait. The characters really live and really talk, do not preach or lecture, as most folk of the grown up sort do who parade on pages of boys' books.

There is plot enough in the above scheme of the book to furnish abundant action, and the author is prodigal of the material which lies at his hand so abundantly, so there is no drag in the movement of the story. A boy would not permit that in a book. Especially nervous and fine is the narrative after the old hunter and his young charge really reach the camp of the Piegiens, where the hunting stories keep the older readers turning the pages as fast as may be. And at the close there comes a bit of intricacy which may be fiction or may be fact, for the two are hard sometimes to separate in their wonderfulness in the old West. The young hunter and his boy friend of the Indian village, with their older companion Hugh, find a pouch of gold, and a golden powder charger, on which are scratched the initials "B. L." How the finders use this gold, whose value runs up to some thousands of dollars, how they at last find the man who lost the gold, the book itself best tells. It is best to read the book in the daytime or early in the evening, for the grown-up boy is very apt to sit up too late after beginning it at a later hour. Some of the chapter heads are "The Indians at Home," "An Enemy in Camp," "The Courting of a Coup," "Running Buffalo," "The Relic of a Fight," "Close Quarters with a Bear," "The Lost Gold." These are very tempting to the eye and the taste left is warrant of the menu. The reader of "Jack Among the Indians" will learn something of the real character of the old plains, what the rivers were, where they were, how the country looked, what the game did, and all those details which are kept so long in memory by any man who has ever been privileged for a time to be savage or half savage. These things are entertaining to anyone who never saw the West, delightful to those who have done so. To one of the latter some of the things came very keenly, especially that bit of description which speaks of the Sweet Grass Hills, lying like a blue cloud upon the dark horizon to the East. That must have been from the peaks of the Two Medicines or the St. Mary's, for it was there they may be seen from that locality—the Sweet Grass Hills so storied in the Blackfoot calendar. And that speech of the Indian chief, Last Bull, who was adopting Jack as his relative; "O Sun, Old Man,



A HANDSOME TROPHY.

Creator, look down * * * Many years ago I went to sleep for power." Anyone who has not had an Indian chief make a speech to him, the while holding his hand and gazing at him with an eye that sees close through him, cannot describe the feeling. These people were great and wonderful in their way. Mr. Grinnell has lived among them long enough, youth and man, to know what they do and how they think, and how a boy feels who sees there the wild life which we all, boys and men, long to live at least now and then. It is doing the next best thing, and a very good thing, to read about it when it is presented so freshly and wholesomely, for we may be not only instructed but entertained, and the latter function is not subordinated in this story of Western life, as it sometimes is in books which aim to prove something or show something. The book is very well worth the title of good historical fiction for boys; and it is well known a man is a boy until he is at least 70.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Two Indian Books.

As the Indians as a people are vanishing from the land, public interest in them slowly increases. They still exist in groups that are yet called tribes, but the tribal organization is disorganized, the beliefs are changed, the religion is neglected and the customs are being forgotten. Concurrently with all this, books treating of these subjects are being published in considerable numbers. Happily, too, all these are not dry scientific books, but some of them deal with the living and being of the people—with their actual lives and with the motives that govern those lives.

Recently two very interesting books of this character have been issued from the press of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. One of these is "Indian Song and Story from North America," by Alice C. Fletcher, and it touches a subject of very great interest, about which little is known. The discovery of the phonograph has made it possible to exactly record the words and music of the songs of the Indians, and Miss Fletcher, after gathering a number of these songs among several tribes, has given the airs and the words, and also the stories connected with their origin.

These songs are chiefly from the Omaha, Pawnee and Ponca tribes, though there are a few from much further off—from the northwest coast and from Arizona. Many of them have been harmonized by the late Prof. J. C. Fillmore and in some cases this process seems to have taken from the airs much of their Indian character.

The stories are told with a delightful simplicity, and lend very great interest to the songs which are set down. Miss Fletcher's long residence with the Omaha Indians has especially well fitted her for doing just this sort of work, and she has been successful in getting many stories of women and of religious ceremonies which a

man might well have failed to secure. The book, besides being charming reading, is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of Indian thought and ways.

The second book, from the same press, is by Mr. Francis La Flesche, an educated Omaha Indian, and is entitled "The Middle Five." It is a story of the school life of Indian boys, and narrates the doings, adventures and thoughts of a group of the school children at one of the mission schools which the author attended. While it must, of course, be understood that in these adventures there is nothing strange or startling, they are yet told with so much earnestness, simplicity and grace that it would be hard to find a volume which portrays so truthfully and so effectively the human nature of the little brown skinned people of whom it treats.

Any one thoroughly familiar with Indian life and ways who reads this book would know at once that it was written by an Indian, and whatever the motive that prompted the author to set down in this form his boyhood recollections he may feel sure that nothing that he could have done would be so likely as the publication of this book to arouse among white readers an interest in the red race, and to make them realize the humanity which is common to both colors.

No better and certainly no more interesting book for children has been brought to our notice for a long time.

The little volume is adorned with a frontispiece in colors, designed, if we mistake not, by an Indian girl who has made singular progress in art work in the last few years. In drawing and in color it would do credit to any artist.

A Handsome Trophy.

THE handsome caribou head here pictured adorns the home of Mr. E. G. Asmus in West Hoboken, N. J. Mr. Asmus secured it near Grandfather's Lookout in the White Hills of Newfoundland. Mr. A. B. Blair of Pennsylvania, who sends us the photograph, writes: "My only claim is that no better head has been brought to the United States from that island." There are fifty-four points, and the remarkable symmetry makes the head a most notable trophy.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

REPORT YOUR LUCK

With Rod and Gun

To FOREST AND STREAM,

New York City.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 27.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trials Club's annual field trials. E. W. Samuels, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby, Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greensboro, N. C.

Dec. 10.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Edums, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo. 1901.

Jan. 14.—Greenville, Ala.—Fifth annual field trials of the Alabama Field Trials Club. John B. Rosenblatt, Sec'y.

Jan. 21.—Denton County, Miss.—Tenth annual field trials of the United States Field Trials Club. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 28-30.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Second annual bench show of the Philadelphia Dog Show Association. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

Dec. 1-10.—Cincinnati, O.—Annual bench show of the Cincinnati Fox Terrier Club. J. C. Irwin, Sec'y.

1901.

Feb. 26-March 1.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Kennel Club's annual bench show. C. M. Atkinson, Sec'y.

March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. E. S. Siedman, Sec'y.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Amen and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

IX.—Pointing, Backing, Kauging, Quartering, Dropping to wing, Unsteadiness, Brace Work.

Pointing (Continued).

The gun should be kept in abeyance during the first hunting lessons which have for a purpose the perfection of the point. The trainer should endeavor to afford ample opportunities to the pupil, and to this end an old, level headed dog is a great assistant both as to finding the birds and as to example. When the dog makes his points, the trainer seeks to prolong them as much as possible. He walks calmly up to the dog's side, strokes him gently along the back, and restrains him from breaking in. This is repeated time after time, gentleness and approval being exhibited when he does right and disapproval when he does wrong.

If he is particularly obstinate or self-willed, a check cord or a spike collar and check cord may be used to advantage. The cord should have a snap, such as is used on harness, attached to one end of it. This enables the trainer to quickly snap it in the ring of the dog's collar without fuss or delay. With the check cord the dog can be easily kept under control when on point, so far as breaking in is under consideration.

The spike collar should be used with careful moderation. The average amateur does more harm in the use of it than he does good, although the same may be asserted equally of the whip or any other instrument of punishment. At all events, the use of it should be eschewed in all but the most obstinate, self-willed cases, and in all cases if the trainer loses his temper when using it. A great deal of care is sometimes necessary to avoid such faults as blinking, trainer shyness, etc., when schooling the dog to stanchness on point.

In these early experiences the gun may be obstructive to the pupil's advancement. It is not essential in teaching the pupil a proper degree of stanchness. He quickly learns its use, and when it is fired he has such an uncontrollable eagerness to secure possession of the bird that for a time he is lawless. On the other hand the average amateur is himself so over eager to kill birds that the training of the dog is a remote matter when the opportunity to kill is presented, so that what should as much as possible be an orderly matter of schooling is then a disorganized scramble between man and dog.

However, as to the use of the gun, there are cases which will be benefited by it. There are slothful, indolent dogs which require the stimulus of successful capture, and others again which, after working a time without material result, lose interest and cease effort. The trainer's own judgment must be his guide under such circumstances.

When the dog is pointing or attempting to point, he should be permitted to do so in his own natural manner. The trainer should not give any caution or orders till the dog either points or flushes. If he is the one trainer out of a hundred he can do so, but if he is one of the other ninety-nine he must either bawl out orders or perish. Orders and multiplication of orders, however, no more assist a dog in learning to use his nose than they would to assist a man who was guiding himself by the sense of feeling in the dark—less so, in fact, for the dog does not comprehend the meaning of many words.

When the dog flushes, then the trainer may caution him or punish him according to the requirements of the case, and he then associates the displeasure with some definite event which, being painful, he seeks to avoid. Unintentional flushes should never be considered a cause for punishment and this should hold good in respect to all other mistakes.

By leaving the dog to his own judgment he learns to go to his birds without hesitation or apprehension of trouble, and points them at an intelligent estimate of distance, neither too near nor too close. In the case of timid dogs, actual encouragement may be necessary and even willful flushes may need to be encouraged.

Unless a steady, well trained dog can be used for a brace mate for the green puppy, it is best to work him alone till he is fairly stanch. If the trainer cannot work one puppy according to rule, it requires no argument to demonstrate that he cannot work two or more.

The pointing of barnyard fowls by sight should be discouraged as much as possible. It does not in the least assist the trainer when schooling the dog afield. The dog when working to the gun points in the great majority of instances by the sense of smell, and if he then seeks to point by sight, as he does when dallying with the barnyard fowls, he would flush much oftener than he would point.

The functional powers of dogs' noses vary greatly. Of two dogs of equal intelligence, pace and stamina, one may far excel the other in finding and pointing, and this alone from the greater keenness of his nose. Many unintentional errors are made by dogs whose nose is dull. An intelligent dog, with such infirmity, will many times develop into a useful performer, his superior knowledge enabling him to use his nose to the best advantage.

As to the length of time required to establish the point stanchly, nothing can be said definitely. It all depends on the pupil and the trainer's ability to permit him to learn. After a short schooling, some dogs of a gentle deferential nature learn to point quickly in the interests of the gun, and even defer to a brace mate, preferring the back to the point. Sometimes, when they observe their fellow roading, they pay to take the back, thus anticipating the act of pointing. Others again play to get to the front at the earliest possible moment when a point is impending. However, as a general proposition, several weeks are required in which to properly school the dog to stanch point work, and sometimes this degree of proficiency is not reached till well into the second season, and in rare instances into the third. Occasionally the trainer will come across a dog which cannot be taught to point reliably.

While the point when exercised naturally is for the dog's individual advantage, by experience and the exercise of intelligence he learns to apply it conjointly with the efforts of the shooter in the common purpose to capture. It is an amplification of the team work which he displays when a member of a pack or of a brace. He learns that the capture is effected by joint effort, even though such effort at first was a matter of disagreeable compulsion. After practical application has demonstrated the uses of the schooling, he applies his efforts with great skill, and becomes original in manipulating the variable circumstances in a manner best calculated to serve the interests of the gun. At that, there is much left which appeals to his selfishness. To him a subordinate part is infinitely preferable to no part at all. This alone is sufficient to appeal to his self interest. It is analogous to the self interest of the little boy who beseeches the privilege of accompanying his big brother afield that he may carry the game which is killed. The self interest and consequently the efforts of the dog are easily maintained, if he is not excessively mistreated under a mistaken practice of training, or mistreated from a mistaken play of ill temper.

The style of a point is considered a matter of first importance by some sportsmen, so much so that they assert that they would rather kill one bird over a magnificently spectacular point than many over a commonplace one. Nevertheless there is a distinction between looking for pictures and looking for birds. A flashy hit-or-miss dog, with high pressure legs, running across birds might make a point of incomparably greater beauty than that of a dog which worked out his points methodically and intelligently.

The dog with a high grade of bird sense rarely makes spectacular points. His work is of an all-day character, and he conducts it after the manner of an all-day workman. It is judgment and method as compared to snap work. Not that beautiful point work of the spectacular kind is objectionable, nor that good dogs now and then do not possess it, but it has not the exaggerated importance bestowed on it by the sportsman who values manner over matter.

The first requisite of the setter and pointer is to find birds; the manner of it is incidental. Very few shooters who in the parlor declaim in ecstasy over the thrills and tremors of a sensational point live up to the ideal when in the field. Then a point is a point. If beautiful so much the better, if it is a true point; if false so much the worse. At all events, when a shooter goes afield with a gun and dog it is safe to assume that the spectacular point is beautiful as an incident, though it is not the main purpose.

Some dogs from extreme caution learn to drop to shot. Others again from getting lost on point, and becoming weary of waiting, lie down to rest and learn it therefrom, while others again which have been taught to drop to shot learn to drop in anticipation of the flush, which is gradually evolved into dropping to point.

Irish Terrier Club.

THE Irish Terrier Club of America has issued the following circular to its members:

The committee on specials of the Irish Terrier Club of America offer, on behalf of the club, the following stakes and cups, to be competed for at the coming bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club, to be held in New York city in February, 1901:

Stakes.—The grand challenge cup for dogs, value \$100; the grand challenge cup for bitches, value \$100; the breeders' stake.

Cups.—Five-dollar cup for best dog or bitch in puppy classes; \$5 cup for best dog or bitch in novice classes; \$5 cup for best dog or bitch in limit classes; \$5 cup for best dog in open class; \$5 cup for best bitch in open class—each of the aforementioned to be American bred; \$5 cup for best veteran dog, five years old or over; \$5 cup for best veteran bitch, five years old or over; \$5 cup for stud dog, to be shown with two of his get, the latter American bred, but not necessarily the property of the exhibitor—get alone to be considered; \$5 cup for brood bitch, to be shown with two of her produce, the latter American bred, but not necessarily the property of the exhibitor—produce alone to be considered; \$5 cup for the breeder, who must be a member of the Irish Terrier Club of America, of the best American-bred dog in the show; \$5 cup for the breeder, who must be a member of the Irish Terrier Club of America, of the best American-bred bitch in the show; \$5 cup for best three, American bred, any sex, owned by exhibitor; \$5 cup for best two, American bred, any sex, owned by exhibitor; \$5 cup for stud dog having the greatest number of get to win a first, second or third prize at said show. In case of reserve being given instead of third prize, then reserve to count as third. Get to be American bred. Five dollar cup for brood bitch having the greatest number of produce to win a first, second or third prize at said show. In case of

reserve being given instead of third prize, then reserve to count as third. Produce to be American bred.

The above stakes and cups are open to members of the Irish Terrier Club of America only.

Every dog and bitch competing must be registered in the American Kennel Club Stud Book.

The term "American bred" is to be construed as meaning a dog or bitch whelped in the United States or Canada, and in the case of a bitch served out or the United States or Canada, she must have been owned and in the United States or Canada prior to such service to make her produce eligible to compete.

The interpretation of the above shall be left to the committee on specials, Chas. W. Rodman, Jr., and O. W. Donner, whose award shall be final.

Appears to Have Discovered a Canine Klondike.

RYE, N. Y., Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I went hunting on Saturday, Oct. 27, in a woods. When I was in the center of the woods I heard something howl and I went toward where I heard the noise, and when I got by the swamp there came a red dog. I thought it was a fox. She came right for me. I hit her on the head with my gun barrel. I whistled for my dog but instead of my dog there came two boys. She went then for them. She bit one in the leg and the other fellow hit the dog with the butt of his gun. Then my dog came. Then she ran away. Then we three went to the cave and we found seven little puppies. Their ears were sharp and their claws were sharp. Their color was of mud color. The mother was a red color. She was about 1½ feet high. She was long. When they get three weeks old I am going to get them.

RAYMOND HENDRICKS.

Yachting.

THE selection of a manager for the new Cup defender is no longer a matter of delicacy in naming the man best adapted for the position, but it has become a difficult question to find a competent man who will undertake the responsibilities of the position. To carry the races through to a successful issue the man must devote his entire time and attention to the work, and those who were first mentioned as available have found that their business affairs would not permit this. For this reason no announcement has yet been made by the N. Y. Y. C. It has become known, however, that the contract for the new defender has been closed with the Herreshoffs and the work on the boat is already under way.

THE yacht Senta is said to have been bought by an American yachtsman, and rumor has it that Mr. C. C. Bragg, the owner of the schooner Alsacienne, is the purchaser. Senta would prove a valuable addition to the 65ft. class, and together with Hester, Isolde, Astrild and Queen Mab, the racing ought to be very keen next season. The boats are of an excellent type, being easily handled and having good accommodations, and should be encouraged. It is to be hoped that there is some truth in the rumor that Mr. Robert P. Doremus will also import a boat for this class.

The Yachtmen's Club.

WE take pleasure in submitting the following prospectus of the Yachtsmen's Club which has been kindly forwarded to us by one of the trustees, Mr. Edward M. MacLellan. The hearty co-operation of the members of the allied clubs is not only essential but necessary for the promotion of the objects for which the club has been established. The club has already a membership of 100, but this number should be greatly increased without delay. There is no initiation fee at present, and the annual dues are within the reach of everybody. The entertainment committee of the club is preparing a programme for the winter that will be attractive and instructive to the members of the club. It has been suggested that a series of lectures on navigation, designing, handling sails, tides and so forth be given at the club rooms. The lecture will be announced shortly. At a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on Nov. 14, the following were elected to membership: Edmund Kelly, Larchmont Y. C.; W. W. Kelly, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Henry W. Merrill, Bay Biscayne Y. C., and Clendenin Eckert, Cliff Haven Y. C. Lake Champlain.

No. 47 West Forty-third Street, New York March 15—The Yachtsmen's Club is a social organization the membership in which is restricted to persons who are at the time of their election, members of regularly organized yacht clubs. It has been organized to create a center of yachting interest in New York city. Its exact purposes, as stated in the Constitution, are:

Sec. 2.—The object of this club shall be the establishment of a central meeting place for yachtsmen in New York city, with a view of promoting yachting and a closer social relationship among the members of the various American organizations devoted to this sport.

QUALIFICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP. CHAPTER II., SECTION I., BY-LAWS.

A candidate for membership, to be eligible, must be a member in good standing of a regularly organized yacht club and must be proposed and seconded in writing.

A preliminary organization was effected and a Constitution and By-Laws were adopted on Feb. 1, 1900. The first annual meeting was held on Feb. 13, 1900, at which the organization was perfected and officers to serve for the ensuing year were elected.

At present there is no initiation fee. The annual dues of resident members—those living within thirty-five miles of the club house—are \$20. The annual dues of non-resident members—those living beyond thirty-five miles from the club house—are \$10. The dues are payable on election or within thirty days thereafter and on the anniversaries thereof—that is to say the payment of a year's dues secures for a member all rights and privileges for a full year.

The Constitution and By-Laws are similar to those governing all first-class social clubs, and the duties and

powers of the officers and trustees are those usually de-
volving upon such officials.

The club rooms are in The Royalton, a bachelor apart-
ment hotel, at No. 47 West Forty-third street, in the
heart of the club house district of New York city. They
are on the first floor, and have a private entrance. They
consist of four rooms, adapted for use as reception rooms,
committee rooms, library, etc., and in addition a dining
room of ample size to accommodate about fifty persons. A
contract has been made with the management of The
Royalton by virtue of which meals are served in the club's
dining room at all hours from early morning to 10 P. M.,
and beverages and cigars to 12 P. M., at club prices. Thus
the club is able to afford its members all the privileges of
restaurant, café, bar, etc.

The club rooms are well furnished, handsomely deco-
rated, lighted by electricity and equipped with long-dis-
tance telephone service. The several committees have
begun the work of accumulating books, photographs, lines,
models, etc., of interest to yachtsmen.

The membership of the Yachtsmen's Club already in-
cludes gentlemen who are members of the American, At-
lantic, Eastern, Bridgeport, Hartford, Hempstead Harbor,
Horseshoe Harbor, Huguenot, Huntington, Indian Har-
bor, Larchmont, Manhasset Bay, New Haven, New
Rochelle, New York, Norwalk, Riverside, Royal Cana-
dian, Sealcliff and Seawanhaka Corinthian yacht clubs.

Application for membership should be sent to the
secretary.

The officers of the club are: David Banks, Pres., At-
lantic Y. C.; Hazen L. Hoyt, Vice-Pres., Larchmont Y.
C.; Chas. T. Pierce, Sec'y, Riverside Y. C.; P. G. San-
ford, Treas., Norwalk Y. C. Trustees—President, Secre-
tary and Treasurer, ex-officio; Frank Bowne Jones, In-
dian Harbor Y. C.; Chas. P. Tower, New Rochelle Y. C.;
Hazen L. Hoyt, Larchmont Y. C.; Edw. M. MacLellan,
Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Newbury D. Lawton, New York
Y. C.; Ward Dickson, Hempstead Harbor Club.

A Catboat Cruise on Lake Ontario.

WHEN in Toronto last August we had the pleasure of
wishing bon voyage to a merry party of six who were
just getting away from the float of the Royal Canadian
Y. C. for a summer holiday afloat. The boat was so
small and the pile of duffle passed aboard from the float
was so large that we were interested in hearing the out-
come of the experiment. The following log was sent
us recently for private perusal, knowing all of the parties.
It was not written for publication, but as a record of a
pleasant cruise. At our request we have been allowed
to publish it in connection with the lines of the boat.
She was designed by Mr. J. Wilton Morse, of the Royal
Canadian Y. C., designer of the little dinghy illustrated
in the FOREST AND STREAM, and which has proved so
popular. The sixth member of the party deserves more
mention than is accorded him in the cruise. Burleigh is
a big bull terrier, of sage and dignified mien, according
with his name. Though not by nature a navigator, he
proved an amiable and appreciable companion on the
cruise.

Drift was designed for use up on Georgian Bay, and
was intended to be large enough to carry a party of four
and supplies for a camping out trip of two weeks
through byways where provisions could not be obtained.
Sleeping accommodation was provided by a tent, which
was rigged over the boat from the mast to the stern, the
after end of the ridge rope being fastened to the boom,
which was then well topped up, and the forward end tied
to the mast. The sides were hooked to rings lashed
through the gunwale, this arrangement making the deck-
ing around the side available as a shelf at night.

The tent was 16ft. long by the full width of the boat,
and was found very comfortable for a two weeks' trip
down the Bay of Quinte this summer. A party of five,
three of them ladies, found ample sleeping accommoda-
tion on the broad flat floor, while during the day the
thousand and one things required were all stowed away, so
as to leave plenty of room for every one.

The boat turned out very successful, being a good dry
sea boat, thanks to buoyant form and ample freeboard.
She would, of course, have looked much better with a
counter on her, but being able to unship the rudder in a
hurry is a matter of necessity in strange waters, when
it projects so far below the keel, and the rudder was
none too deep to control the boat in some of the weather
she went through this summer. She would work to
windward easily through a channel not more than 50ft.
wide, and her speed all round left nothing to be desired
from a cruising standpoint.

Her construction was very strong, the trunk logs of her
centerboard box running through from the stem to the
stern seat with cross floors every 2ft. bolted to it and to
the bilge stringer, taking all the strain of the heavily
loaded centerboard and stiffening the whole boat up.

The bottom boards being laid over these cross floors
gave a lot of stowage room underneath, in which all our
provisions were carried in watertight jars.

Her dimensions are as follows:
Length—
Over all 19ft.
L.W.L. 15ft. 6 in.
Overhang—
Bow 2ft. 6 in.
Stern 9 in.
Beam—
Extreme 7ft.
L.W.L. 6ft. 8 in.
Freeboard—
Bow 2ft.
Least 1ft. 3 in.
Stern 1ft. 5 in.
Draft—Hull only 10½in.
Displacement 2,600lbs.
Lead on centerboard 200lbs.
Sail—
Foot 19ft.
Luff 13ft.
Head 12ft.
Leach 26ft.
Throat to clew 21ft. 9 in.
Area 250 sq. ft.

TABLE OF OFFSETS FOR 19FT. SAILBOAT DESIGNED BY J. WILTON MORSE AND BUILT BY AYKROYD BROS.

Sections.	Bow.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Heights above L.W.L.....	24	21 ⁵	20 ⁴	19	17 ⁶	16 ⁵	15 ⁶	15 ³	15	15	15 ³	16	17
Depths below L.W.L.....			3 ¹	5 ⁶	7 ⁶	9 ²	10 ²	10 ⁴	10	8 ⁶	6 ⁴	2 ⁵	3 above.
Half-breadths at deck.....		16 ⁵	24 ⁵	31	36	39 ²	41	41 ⁴	41	39 ⁵	37 ³	34 ¹	30 ⁵
Half-breadths at W.L. C.....		14	22 ⁵	29 ⁴	35 ¹	38 ⁶	41	41 ²	40 ⁶	39 ²	36 ²	32	26
Half-breadths at W.L. B.....		12	21	28 ²	34 ⁴	38	40 ⁶	41	40 ²	38 ⁴	35 ¹	29 ⁷	20 ⁴
Half-breadths at W.L. A.....		8 ²	18 ²	26 ⁶	33 ²	37 ²	40 ²	40 ⁶	40 ¹	37 ⁴	33 ⁴	26 ⁴
Half-breadths at L.W.L.....			14 ²	24 ²	31 ⁴	36 ²	39 ²	40 ²	39 ²	36 ²	30 ⁵	20 ⁴
Half-breadths at W.L. 1.....			2 ²	18 ⁶	28 ³	34 ²	37 ⁴	38 ⁶	37 ²	33 ²	25 ¹
Half-breadths at W.L. 2.....					20 ⁴	29 ⁶	34 ²	35 ⁵	33 ⁶	27 ²	8 ³
Half-breadths at W.L. 3.....						14	26 ⁶	29	24
Diagonal 1.....		19	27 ⁴	34 ²	40	44	46 ⁴	47 ³	46 ³	44	40 ⁶	36 ⁵	32 ²
Diagonal 2.....		21	29 ⁴	36	41 ⁴	45 ⁴	47 ⁶	48 ⁵	47 ⁴	44 ⁶	40 ⁴	35 ⁵	30
Diagonal 3.....		24 ³	30 ⁴	35	38	41 ¹	42	42 ⁴	41 ⁴	39 ⁴	36 ⁴	32 ²	26 ²
Bottom plank.....			1 ²	2 ³	2 ⁷	3	2 ⁴	1 ⁴

Sections from 1 to 12 spaced 18in. and waterlines 8in. apart. No. 1 section 2ft. 6in. from bow. Diagonals cross center line 27in. above L.W.L. No. 1 diagonal crosses W.L. B 37in. from center W.L. A 42½in. No. 2 diagonal crosses W.L. 2 85½in. from center. No. 3 diagonal crosses W.L. 3 19½in. from center. Stem cuts W.L. A 12½in. from section 1; W.L. B 20in., W.L. C 25½in., W.L. D 28in., W.L. E 29½in. Front end of centerboard slot 2ft. 9in. from section No. 1. Aft end of slot 9ft. from section No. 1.

Planking ½in. cedar lapstreak. Ribs 1½x¾in. oak spaced 6in. centers. Deck ½in. cedar. Deck clamp, spruce, 2x1½in. Bilge stringer, spruce, 1½x1½in. Transom oak, ¾in. thick. Centerboard, spruce, 2in. thick, faced with oak and loaded with 200lbs. of lead, edges chamfered off and finished with ¾in. half-round iron. With hollow spars and silk sail, she is very light aloft, and the loaded centerboard and ballast make her practically non-capsizable.
[Sail plan will appear next week.]

Saturday, Aug. 18, at noon sharp, had been set as the time of starting for a cruise from Toronto down to Kingston, through the Bay of Quinte, in the half-decked catboat Drift, of the Royal Canadian Y. C.'s fleet.

We had been talking about this cruise from early spring, and when the time arrived the crew were all on hand. Stores were aboard and we were ready to be off, but at noon rain from a thunder storm was coming down in sheets, so the start was postponed for sundry reasons.

Half an hour later the sky was clear, and with a light southwest wind we left the club house and started for the Eastern Gap. When half a mile on our way the wind dropped, clouds came up and once more the rain came down as though all the water in the heavens were pouring down on that one little defenseless boat.

Oilskins were donned, the covers spread over the

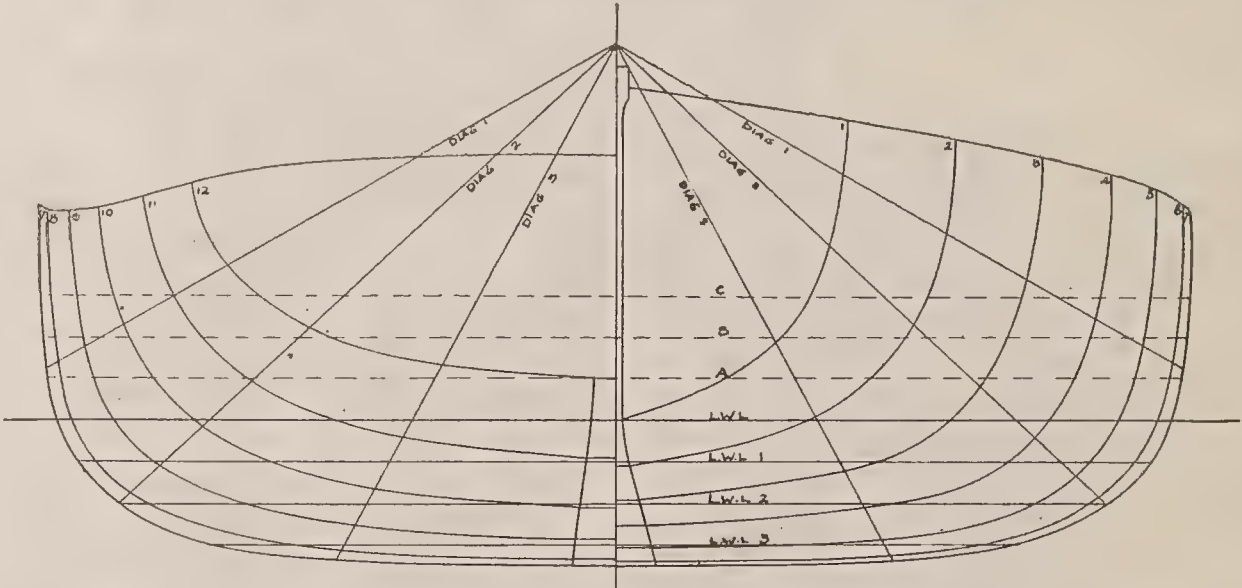
along with a good fresh breeze abeam, but about midnight the wind lightened and then hauled to the northeast, which was dead ahead, and the crowd finally settled down to get what sleep they could.

The wind gradually freshened and kicked up a nasty sea, but the boat proved herself a good one by riding the seas like a duck and making good time through it all.

Occasionally one of the sleepers would rouse up and ask if we had passed Oshawa Light yet, and the invariable answer was "No," but at last a light loomed up ahead, and a long way ahead, too. By this time the sea was so heavy that the skipper was kept busy dodging the big ones. They doubtless looked worse than they really were in the dark, but it was rather an anxious hour, and gave the ladies an experience they are not likely to forget very soon.

Shortly after 3 a faint light appeared in the sky which gradually spread and brightened, till one of the finest dawns ever seen by any of the party (who, by the way, do not see many) came over the eastern sky.

The light from the lighthouse got dimmer and dimmer, and now that the waves could be seen the boat was making better time. Tack after tack was made so as to keep under the lee of a long point which broke the seas some, and gradually we drew near the piers, and at last shot between them at 6 o'clock, after a long, hard night's sail, and found out that Oshawa had been passed and



duffle and all rather enjoyed the rain storm, as it was very cooling through the oilskins, and we consoled ourselves with the thought that a bad beginning makes a good ending. Ten minutes later the rain stopped, clouds drifted over, the sun came out, the wind settled back to west and this time we started for good.

Going through the Eastern Gap we got a fearful shaking up from the waves of the steamers passing through on their Saturday afternoon excursions. Four big ones passed us before we got clear, and the boat was shaken around like popcorn on a griddle, fortunately without shipping any water.

Getting clear of the steamers we jibed over and started down shore with the wind almost directly behind us, and as the sun came out good and hot everything was soon dry and we had a delightful run.

We were soon abreast the Scarboro cliffs and close enough in to get the full benefit of the view, and a magnificent sight it was. The sun by this time was shining pretty well parallel with the line of the cliffs, clearly outlining the face of the bluffs against their own shadows and making pictures not soon to be forgotten.

As every one had had lunch early, appetites made a swift call, so about 5 o'clock the boat was headed in for the shore and we landed at a little nook we had been in at before, about four miles west of Frenchman's Bay. In a short time a fire was going and a big steak was under way, the party enjoying to the full the first meal of the cruise.

As soon as dishes were washed up away we went, as the wind was favorable, and we wanted to make the most of it. About 8 o'clock the wind hauled off shore and freshened, and the skipper settled down for an all night's sail, hoping to be far on the way by daybreak. At 11 we ran ashore again to stretch our legs, but found a gravelly beach, so did not stay ashore long, and shortly after starting again we passed Whitby Light.

Oshawa Lighthouse, some six miles down the coast, was what we were now on the lookout for, and we hoped to see it by 12:30, as the boat was now moving rapidly

that we were at Port Darlington, some forty-odd miles from Toronto.

We ran up the creek and cooked breakfast while the skipper took a nap, and after a walk, which took all the stiffness out of our joints, we decided to go on.

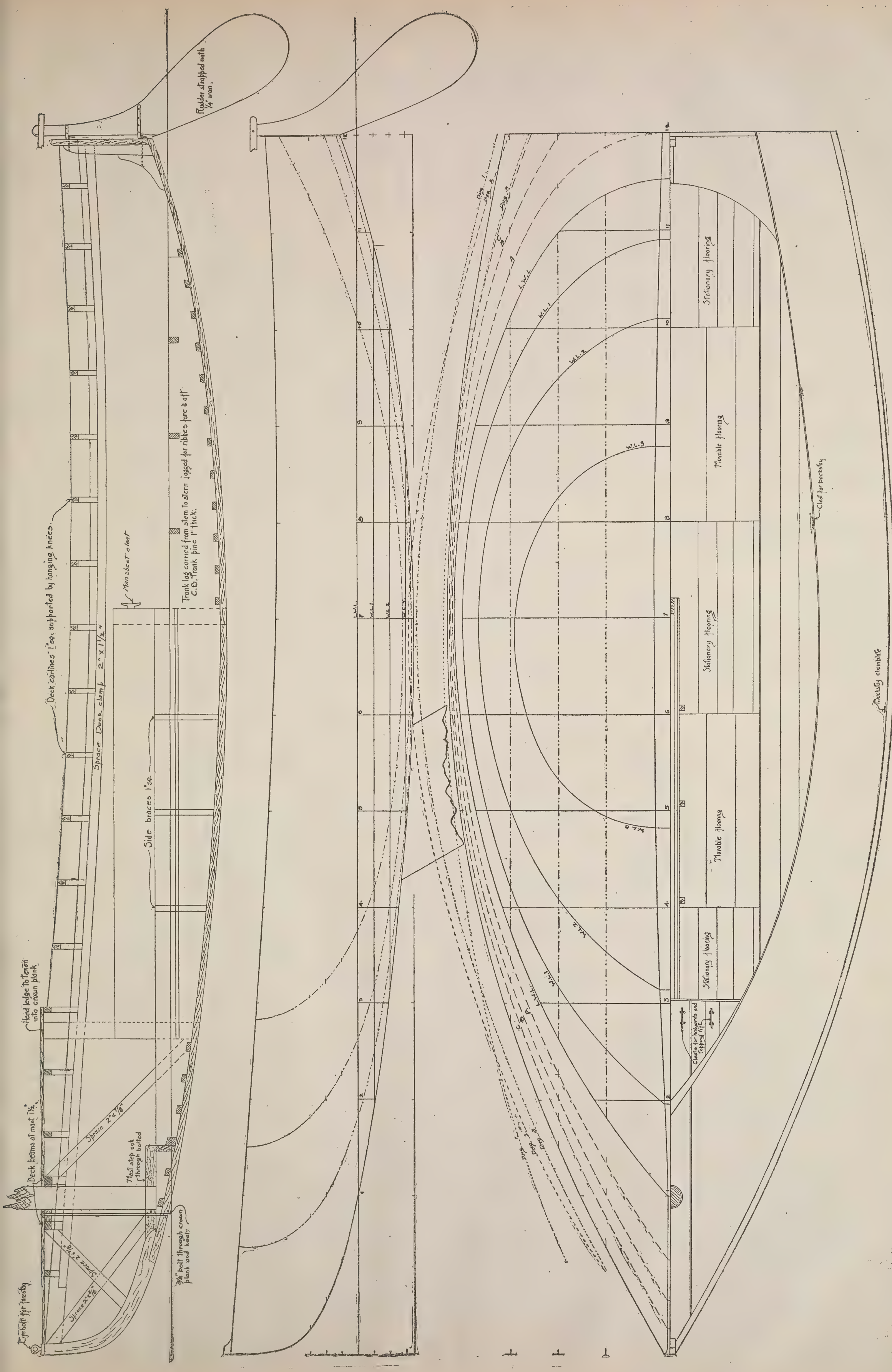
Working out of the narrow creek was quite a feat, but the boat did it nicely, and we were soon in the lake again, finding the sea heavier but the wind lighter. A long leg and a short one was the order, and soon Darlington Lighthouse was a thing of the past and Port Hope was the cry. As the sun came up, the wind went down, and soon we were barely moving, once having to anchor for a few minutes to prevent the seas washing us ashore, but gradually we worked down the coast till about 4 o'clock we once more landed for our evening meal.

Our method of landing on the lake shore was to drop the anchor about 100ft. off shore, then let the boat tail in till the crowd, all of whom had long rubber boots, could wade ashore, then by fastening the boat with a shore line we could come and go as we pleased. This was made quite possible with only a 10in. draft, and a few minutes ashore easily repaid the slight trouble of getting in and out.

After a good hot meal every one felt better, and as there was not a breath of wind, one of the ladies suggested towing the boat along shore, with the double object of getting some exercise and at the same time gaining ground. The scheme was adopted, and before quitting two or three miles had been gained, when a light breeze sprang up and the sail was called into use.

Once more the wind hauled dead ahead, but the lights of Port Hope town were in the distance, and gradually they came nearer. Making Port Hope from the west in a small boat at night the lights are very perplexing, as after rounding the last point, Port Hope, the Gull and Cobourg lights are all seen, forming apparently a triangle, and it is hard to tell one from another, but by working close along shore we were bound to strike Port Hope first.

The wind was very light and dead ahead, and at the



DRIFT, 19FT. SAILBOAT. DESIGNED BY J. WILTON MORSE AND BUILT BY AYKROYD BROS.

same time there was a heavy roll coming in from the southeast, the reason for which we found out later on. However all things come to those who have patience, and our patience, though sorely tried, was rewarded by our gliding between the piers about 3 o'clock in the morning, dead tired and very sleepy.

After tying up to the center pier the tent was soon rigged, and all turned in for a much needed sleep, and breakfast had no attraction for the crowd next morning, as we did not turn out till after 11.

Straightening the boat out we went up and had breakfast and dinner together at the hotel, and we decided that the proprietor would not get rich on the amount he made out of us on that meal.

The east wind still continued, so we decided to sail on down the six miles to Cobourg that afternoon and pray for a west wind for the next day.

We had a glorious sail against a hard wind and heavy sea, passing close to the Gull Light, which seemed a lone, some place for any one to live in. Getting into Cobourg about 5 o'clock we tied up to the west pier and settled ourselves comfortably for the night.

After dinner we took a walk up town, finding Cobourg the bright town it always is in the summer.

Ten o'clock saw us all in bed, as we expected to make an early start in the morning, hoping to make Presque Isle if we got a favorable wind, but, alas! next morning it was blowing harder than ever, and the sea was by this time almost too much for a half-decked boat with a big load. However, some fishermen told us that we could get shelter at Grafton about ten miles down the coast, so we decided to make the attempt.

The boat behaved grandly in a sea so heavy that sitting up on the side of the boat we could not see over the top of the large waves. We made Grafton all right but when we got there we found only a broken pier, with the sea making a clean breach over it, and after holding a council of war decided to turn back for Cobourg.

This was particularly aggravating, as we were very anxious to get into the Bay of Quinte, but thanks to our wise decision we had a good night's rest, and next morning (Wednesday) found the sea gone down and a good breeze from the southwest.

Getting breakfast and some supplies up town we got away about 9:30, and soon were skating along at the best clip since starting. Mile after mile was passed rapidly, and as we were never more than a few hundred yards from shore, we had full benefit of all the pretty little bits of scenery along the shore, and we enjoyed them to the full.

Landing at Lakeport we cooked our midday meal, and shortly after saw the schooner Clorita from the home club beating up the lake, homeward bound. She passed us two or three miles out, and made a very pretty picture as she went by with her white sails clearly outlined against the blue of a summer sky.

By this time the wind was blowing hard enough to make the boat fairly fly through the water, and about 3 o'clock Presque Isle Lighthouse loomed up a couple of miles ahead. Rounding the light we stood up into the bay, and with the wind abeam and smooth water, the boat did herself proud and soon we were able to square away for the western entrance of the Murray Canal. The wind hauled straight down the cut and into it we went with the boom square off and all the wind we wanted. We debated about the four-mile-an-hour limit to speed enforced on the canal as the boat was doing a good six, but decided to go ahead and chance it as the swells we kicked up would not hurt the canal to any great extent.

There are no locks in this canal, but it is crossed by four bridges, and we were not sure of the procedure in the case of a small boat, but when the first bridge was neared we swung it in good time to let us through, and past him we went at a great clip.

At the next one we had to stop and register, which we did not know till the man in charge hailed us, and it was a case of down helm in a hurry to swing the boat in the very narrow space between the bridge and the stone side of the canal, but she did it all right, and the skipper went up and registered, paying 25 cents for the privilege of going through the canal, or rather for registration, as the canal is free.

Swinging around again in the same narrow space, to the amusement of the bridge tenders, we kept up our fast clip till we had to round up at the railway bridge to let a train pass, but we did not mind much, as it only delayed us a couple of minutes.

Soon the last bridge was passed and we could see the end of the piers ahead and to celebrate our arrival we fired off a couple of giant firecrackers just as we ran out of the piers into the bay.

The wind by this time had lightened and we ran over to the south shore and coasted along, finally picking out a place that suited us to land at and soon had the hook out the boat tied up, grub ashore and the evening meal under way, having covered fully forty miles in the day's run.

The girls went up to a nearby farm house for fresh milk and eggs, and soon we were all seated around enjoying our evening meal in the famous Bay of Quinte.

During the evening we were very much entertained by the owner of the farm on which we were camping who came down to see us, and stayed and chatted away for an hour or so, telling us about the neighborhood and the bay, and we have had many a laugh since over the quaintness of some of his cuss words.

Next morning we decided to have a grand drying out and airing, as bedding and clothes had been more or less damp ever since leaving Toronto, so after breakfast we hoisted sail and ran down opposite Trenton where there was a fine piece of sod and taking everything out of the boat we spread them over the landscape and dried them out thoroughly, while three of the party went over to Trenton in the boat to get supplies.

Two or three hours in the sun made everything sweet and fresh, and after the crowd got back from Trenton we had dinner, packed the stuff away in good shape and started on down the bay.

We had a nice wind right off shore and made good time down to the bridge across the bay at Belleville, on the way passing a schooner sunk close inshore and as sails and rigging were all in place, it looked as if the accident had been a very recent one.

After passing the bridge the wind hauled a little ahead, so sheets were flattened in and we had quite a race with a big freight sloop, but picked her up rapidly and at last ran ashore for the night on the north side of the bay, just around a point opposite the big summer hotel at Missisaga Park.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Proposed Change in Raceabout Rules.

THE Executive Committee of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound met on the evening of Nov. 14 at the Yachtsmen's Club, on Forty-third street, New York city, to discuss the changes in the rules governing the raceabout class. After a long debate the following amendments were agreed upon by the Executive Committee, and they probably will be adopted at the March meeting of the council:

The cockpit shall not be more than 8ft. long and not under at any point 60 per cent. of the beam at that point.

The average height of coaming all around, except at the after end, shall not be less than 4in.

The spinnaker sheet shall not be carried outside of the leeward shroud.

The crew to be limited to three, including the helmsman, who must be an amateur, and only one professional is allowed.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE fifth general meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held at Sherry's on Nov. 14. Vice-Com. Hoyt presided. Reports were received from standing committees. A committee composed of R. W. Gibson, Bayard Foulke and Charles Leyland was appointed to draw suitable resolutions of condolence on the death of the secretary, C. J. Stevens. An agreeable surprise was the announcement that the club had won a gold medal for its exhibit of models at the Paris Exposition. A. Cass Canfield, John Hyslop, H. W. Eaton, J. Fred Tams and Clinton H. Crane, a committee appointed to frame a new rule of measurement, reported progress.

The Defense of the Canada Cup.

THE Chicago Y. C. will defend the challenge for the Canada cup, issued by the Royal Canadian Y. C. at Toronto. The size of the boats and the conditions that governed the races between Genesee and Beaver will remain about the same. It is said that Detroit, Toledo and Cleveland will each have a boat for the trial races, and the winner will sail under the colors of the Chicago Y. C., although produced perhaps at a distance, as happened last year, when the Hanley-designed Genesee belonging to a Rochester syndicate, won the Canada cup from Beaver.

Ship Canal Survey Completed.

THE survey of a ship canal for the inland route through the North Carolina sounds has been completed. The route is from Norfolk to Beaufort through Creaton, Pamlico and Albemarle sounds and the Scuppernong River. This is the first step toward an interior waterway system that will connect Boston with Florida.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The yacht Madeline, Mr. J. R. Lord, owner, from New York for Costa Rica, called at Inagua on Nov. 7 for provisions and proceeded the same day.

The yawl Adele, Mr. J. C. Welch, owner, arrived at Key West on Nov. 14 and sailed for Port Cortez.

The steam yacht American, Mr. Archibald Watt, owner, arrived at Fort Monroe on Nov. 18.

Charles F. Herreshoff, 2d, who designed San Toy, that was raced with such success last season, has gone abroad to pursue a course of study in naval architecture in the University of Glasgow.

The schooner yacht Comanche, owned by W. D. Bishop, Jr., of Bridgeport, Conn., is now at Port Jefferson, where she will be enlarged and entirely refitted before she goes into commission next season.

Speaking of the America Cup match, the Yachtsman says: "One precaution which the Shamrock's American experience has served to prove necessary is the employment of a large and competent staff of sailmakers to accompany the yacht on her trip. Had the races last year been sailed in home waters Shamrock's mainsail would have been made to set better. In her last race it was shockingly bad."

In reference to Britannia, says the Yachting World: "Sir Richard William Bulkeley, Bart., has abandoned his intention of converting her into a ketch, and has decided to shorter her spars. Mr. G. Marvin, at whose yard she has been hauled up for many months past, has been entrusted with the work. The boom is to be reduced some 10ft., and about 4ft. is to be taken off the mast and topmast. This will, of course, considerably diminish her sail area."

Gen. E. S. Greely, of New Haven, has sold his steam yacht Alcina to Mr. O. P. Lichworth of Buffalo, N. Y. She will be taken to Buffalo through the Erie Canal.

The steam yacht Aquilo, recently purchased by Mr. S. M. Jarvis from Mr. Wm. P. End, has been renamed Priscilla by her new owner. Priscilla will leave New York in a few days for an extended cruise in West Indian waters.

Mr. G. W. Shiverick, of Kingston, Mass., is building a

knockabout of his own design for Mr. W. A. Courey. She is 18ft. on the waterline, 30ft. over all, 7ft. 10in. beam and 3ft. draft. There will be 1,500lbs. of iron ballast on her keel, and she will carry 450 sq. ft. of sail.

Mr. V. D. Bacon, of Barnstable, Mass., is designing a 42ft. auxiliary yawl for a San Francisco yachtsman. The boat will be built on the Pacific coast.

The Neilson Yacht Building Company are building an auxiliary cruising schooner from their own designs for Messrs. C. C. Wilkinson and Dr. Z. W. Alderman, of Washington, D. C. She will be known as Ciconia and will be 44ft. on the waterline 66ft. over all, 15ft. 6in. beam and 4ft. 6in. draft. Her accommodations consist of two staterooms, main saloon, toilet, galley and fore-castle.

The Unqua Corinthian Y. C. is to make its headquarters at Amityville, L. I., where it will build a club house and deepen the water on which it fronts so as to secure a safe anchorage.

Mr. H. C. Roome left Port Richmond, S. I., on Nov. 14, on his launch Roamer, for a cruise in Florida waters and among the Bahamas.

Mr. Clifford Brokaw has sold his cutter Queen Mab through Manning's yacht agency to Mr. L. H. Smith.

Capt. Frank W. Hinman, aged thirty-eight years, former Commodore of the Pequot Association, and one of the best known yachtsmen along Long Island Sound, died last week in New Haven of typhoid fever.

Vice-Com. Robert P. Doremus, of the Atlantic Y. C., has sold his cutter Uvira through the agency of A. J. McIntosh to Sir William C. Van Horne, of Montreal.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane has designed for Mr. Henry T. Sloan, N. Y. Y. C. an auxiliary cruising schooner. She will be built by Geo. Lawley & Son, Corp., of South Boston. The boat will be of composite construction. She will be 85ft. on the waterline, 120ft. over all, 22ft. 6in. beam and 13ft. 6in. draft.

Mr. Henry S. Hovey, Commodore of the Eastern Y. C., died at his residence, 317 Commonwealth avenue Boston, Mass., on Monday, Nov. 19. He was a member of the Somerset and other well-known clubs, and had always taken the greatest interest in all matters pertaining to yachting. Mr. Hovey owned the schooner Fortuna.

Trapshooting.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 23.—Hackensack Bridge and Rutherford Road, N. J.—Under auspices of the Moonachie Gun Club; three-men team race; 20 live birds per man; 29yds. Members of any organized gun club in the U. S. are eligible. Commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber, managers.
Nov. 27.—Toledo, O.—East End Gun Club's merchandise shoot.
Nov. 29.—Milwaukee, Wis.—South Side Gun Club's tournament.
Nov. 29.—Newark, N. J.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Forester Gun Club; live birds and targets. John J. Fleming, Sec'y.
Nov. 29.—Sing Sing, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; live birds and targets.
Nov. 30.—Dec. 1.—Omaha, Neb.—Kansas City-Omaha ten-men team race, 50 birds per man.
Dec. 5.—Galt, Ont.—First annual shoot of the Newlands' Shooting Association; targets and live birds; added money. Andrew Newlands, Sec'y.
Dec. 11.—Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Annual live-bird tournament. John Watson, Mgr.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's trophy shoots, second and fourth Saturdays of each month; live-bird shoots every Saturday. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue.

1901.

Jan. 15-18.—Hamilton, Ont.—Hamilton Gun Club's eleventh annual tournament; live birds and targets; open to all. H. Graham, Sec'y.
April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.
June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.
June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Nov. 7, 14, 21, 28.—Interstate Park.—Live-bird championship; 25 birds; handicaps 25 to 33yds.; \$10 entrance, birds extra; sweep optional; open to all; money instead of trophy.
Nov. 22.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's live-bird shoot; open to all.
Nov. 27.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's live-bird shoot; open to all.
Dec. 5.—Shoot-off of the winners of the November events, with \$20 in gold to the winner.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.
Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.
Interstate Park, L. I.—Fountain Gun Club's regular monthly shoots, the third Thursday of October, November and December.
Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

1901.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at live birds.
June —.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Forty-third annual tournament of the New York State Association for the protection of Fish and Game.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

In the absence of the editor of this department all communications intended for publication should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail on such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Miss May Clinton (Mrs. Geo. E. Bartlett), together with her shooting partner, Miss Pauline Cooke, both known in the theatrical profession as the Misses Cooke and Clinton, lady sharpshooters, are to go with Capt. Bartlett to Europe to give exhibitions with the rifle, shotgun and revolver. They will start soon after March 1, 1901. Their foreign engagements begin at Copenhagen, Denmark, April 1, and their engagements in Germany, Russia, England and France will keep them abroad for at least a year, and possibly for several years. Capt. Bartlett is now in the employ of the Marlin Repeating Arms Co., and although he will sever his connection with this company when he starts on his trip, he will continue to use Marlin guns.

Concerning its next holiday shoot the Trenton Shooting Association has issued announcement as follows: "The annual Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Trenton Shooting Association (late Walsrode) will take place on the grounds at Hutchinson's Lake, near White Horse, N. J. Principal event: 15-target handicap for a Winchester repeating rifle. Entrance 50 cents. Sweepstakes for turkeys and cash purses will follow. Cost of targets included in all of the regular events. For shooting off ties, 1 cent per target will be charged. For practice or shooting for targets only, 1½ cents per target. Shooting will begin at 1 P. M. Trolley cars marked 'Yardville' direct to the grounds. 'We always have a good time.' Geo. N. Thomas, Trenton, N. J., is secretary."

Judging from the scores put up by R. A. Welch and T. W. Morfey in their match for the Dupont trophy at Interstate Park on Monday of this week, when Welch defended his title to the trophy by killing 99 to Morfey's 98, no professional in the country would have a cinch with either of the two shooters named. By the way, one of the New York daily papers of Tuesday of this week, in its efforts to give its readers the news, published a full-length portrait of Mr. Welch, which was excellent in every respect except that it showed him to be left-handed, whereas "Bobby" always has been a right-handed shot.

One of the most recent visitors to New York is Mr. Frank A. Hollenbeck, who gave his name to the Hollenbeck gun and organized the Syracuse Arms Co. Latterly Mr. Hollenbeck has been with the Baltimore Arms Co., but is now on his own hook, and is showing to the trade his new three-barrel gun. This gun weighs about 7½ lbs., and is built up of two 28 in. 12-gauge barrels, with a rifle barrel underneath, which takes the .25-25 cartridge. This naturally makes a handy combination gun where small and large game are likely to be met with in the same territory. The rifle barrel gives a point blank range up to 100 yds., but is sighted for and is guaranteed to be accurate up to 500.

Messrs. E. I. Dupont, de Nemours & Co., of Wilmington, Del., have published an artistic brochure entitled "Field, Marsh and Fen." It is profusely illustrated with scenes which portray the themes of its title. Quail, partridge, prairie chicken, grouse, duck, shore bird and snipe shooting are illustrated with rare fidelity, and the text is replete with description of the habits of the birds and the best method of hunting them. A postal card addressed to the great firm herein mentioned, with a request for a copy of "Field, Marsh and Fen," will cause one to be sent you free of charge.

Advices from St. Thomas, Ont., Can., the scene of Thomas Dudley's target and live-bird tournament, state that the first day's events were shot in a snow storm, and that the money was divided among the following men: W. R. Crosby, J. S. Fanning, J. A. R. Elliott, H. D. Kirkover, Jr., Col. A. R. Courtney, H. D. Bates, Thomas Donley, Emile Werk, John Parker, H. Cox, Robert Emslie, Mr. Coffey, Mr. McPherson, Mr. Westbrooke. It would appear from present indications that the shoot will be a successful one.

The programme for John Wright's live-bird tournament at Interstate Park, Tuesday, Dec. 11, will shortly be in the hands of all his friends. "The Colonel" is not only preparing a programme attractive in its details, but also in its general appearance, and will take care that each one of his friends receives a copy by mail. The list of events, with the entrance fees, is one that will appeal to all shooters who like to get as much fun as they can with a moderate outlay.

In regard to the proposed trip of a team of American trapshooters to England, there does not seem much chance of any such team going over next summer, as Capt. A. W. Money, who has recently returned from a trip to England, states that he can find no encouragement that would warrant anybody organizing such a team. In fact, the Englishmen do not seem to be at all fascinated with target shooting to the degree that Americans are.

The match for the E C cup and the inanimate target championship of New Jersey, which is now held by Geo. H. Piercy, of Jersey City, is to be shot at the East Side Gun Club's grounds, Newark, N. J., on Thursday, Dec. 13, which is the date of the regular monthly target shoot of the East Side Club. Mr. Piercy's opponent will be Chris. Feigenspan, the Newark amateur, who held the trophy so long during the early part of this year.

The handicap committee at Tom Donley's tournament, St. Thomas, Ont., took good care of the experts, and also saw to it that H. D. Bates, this year's winner of the Grand American Handicap, looked at the birds from afar off, placing him on the 31yd. mark. There is quite a difference between 28 and 31 yds. when the birds are good, and Mr. Bates can now give expert testimony to that effect.

J. S. Fanning has returned from an extended trip through the South to his home in Jersey City. Jack says that he will now have time to smoke a cigar, look around and show some of the boys in the vicinity of New York how to break targets and shoot live birds. Traveling seems to agree with Jack, for he never looked better in his life than he does at the present time.

Monday of this week the city was brighter than usual, owing to the advent of Mr. H. P. Collins, the agent of Messrs. Dupont for the Southern States, who came hither from his home in Baltimore, Md. Mr. Collins came to New York to see the shoot for his company's trophy, the details of which appear in these columns.

The many friends of Jacob Pentz, the trap editor of Shooting and Fishing, will be pleased to hear that his condition is somewhat better, and that he hopes shortly to be able to show himself once again on Sporting Goods Row. Mr. Pentz has had a hard bout of it, but his sterling constitution has stood him in good stead.

On Saturday, Nov. 24, there will be shot at Watson's Park, Chicago, two live-bird sweeps—one at 6 birds, \$2 entrance half in the pot, 30 yds., class shooting, and the other at 15 birds, \$5 entrance, half in the pot, handicaps 25 to 31 yds., class shooting. The same programme will be offered for Thanksgiving Day.

FOREST AND STREAM.

So far as is known at the time of writing, the Elliott-Crosby match for the cast iron medal is still pending, Elliott not having fixed either time or place—at least to the knowledge of any one in this city. There is some talk of shooting it at Belleville, Ill., a city that is not far from Mr. Crosby's home at O'Fallon.

The Omaha Gun Club, Omaha, Neb., will hold a shoot at live birds on Thanksgiving Day. A 25-bird handicap, \$15 entrance, is first on the programme. The first of a series of three team races between Kansas City and Omaha will be shot on Nov. 30 and Dec. 1, and the second race will be shot in January.

The fifth of the Webber-Schortemeier series of three-men team shoots was shot at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, on Nov. 13. Two teams were entered, one from the Emerald Gun Club, the other from the Medicus Gun Club. The former won by a score of 57 to 52. The next contest is to take place Nov. 23.

Harvey McMurchy, who is now on his way to California, has gone out there with the positive intention of introducing his Smith gun to the ducks that haunt the marshes of California. His idea is that he will sell as many guns as he bags ducks, his running mate being Phil Bekeart, of San Francisco.

Thursday of this week the Medicus Gun Club holds a live-bird shoot, open to all, at Interstate Park, commencing at 1 o'clock. On Wednesday of this week the third Interstate Park handicap, an interesting 25-bird event, engages the attention of the shooters.

At the regular monthly shoot of the New Haven Gun Club on Nov. 14 Capt. Geo. E. Bartlett, of the Marlin Repeating Arms Co., carried off the honors by breaking 133 out of 150 targets. The wind blew a gale, and the shooting was most difficult.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Nov. 14.—The Trenton Shooting Association held its club badge shoot on its grounds at Trenton to-day. No. 3 was at 10 pairs; No. 6 was a merchandise handicap; No. 7 was for place in the badge shoot; No. 8 was for the gold badge, and No. 9 for the silver badge. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	20	25	30	35	15	15	15
Thomas	9	14	14	20	23	24	9	..	11
Comp	7	10	10	19	16	22	7	..	7
Coates	6	10	11	20	18	24	9	..	8
Stokes	5	6
Jackson	8	11	10	18	19	19	10	11	..
Kirby	6	16	8	..	8
Cole	9	12	12	..	20	25	8	..	10
Banks	8	10	..	12	12	19	4
Risdon	4	8	20	8
Thropp	9	11	10	17	..	24	8	..	9
Howard	6	6	..	9	..	17	8	..	5
Hughes	10	10

Intercollegiate Cup Shoot.

Princeton, N. J., Nov. 17.—Yale won the fifth annual inter-collegiate cup shoot here to-day. The conditions were five men on a team, 50 targets per man, unknown angles. Dupuy, of Yale, carried off the individual honors with a score of 44. The scores: Yale—Wilson 39, Stevenson 43, Dupuy 44, Tranchot 36, Eastman 41; total 203. Princeton—Laughlin 39, Elbert 36, Frost 34, Withee 39, Archer 41; total 189. Harvard—Paul 25, Dana 33, William 35, Blake 32, Mallinkrodt 38; total 163. University of Pennsylvania—Parish 29, Law 39, Lowden 28, Weaver 28, Baldwin 36; total 160.

South Gloucester Gun Club.

Gloucester City, N. J., Nov. 17.—Three sweeps were shot to-day by members of the South Gloucester Gun Club, with the following results: First event, 10 targets: Isaac Wark 8, Samuel Johnson 7, James Farrelly 6, Thomas Nacey 3. Second event, 15 targets: Isaac Wark 14, Patrick Farrelly 13, Thomas Hurley 13, Samuel Johnson 12. Third event, 10 targets: Samuel Johnson 10, Isaac Wark 9, James Farrelly 8, Patrick Farrelly 8, Thomas Nacey 7, Thomas Hurley 7.

Trap at Columbus, Wis.

COLUMBUS, Wis., Nov. 13.—Herewith are a few scores, which kindly publish in your next issue. The club will hold an all-day shoot at live birds Nov. 29. Also Guy V. Dering and H. O. Anderson will shoot a 100-bird match at live birds, American Association rules to govern, on the afternoon of the 29th. The shooters of Wisconsin are informed that the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin shoot will be held on our grounds the first week in June, and that our local club is arranging a fine programme for the occasion. Shoot No. 1, Nov. 2, 35 birds per man, 30 yds. rise: G V Dering.....21201122121122*0221212201*212222—30 H O Anderson.....1211111111*10*2*101*0*201111221121—26 Shoot No. 2, Nov. 12, 40 birds per man, for price of birds: H O Anderson.....12*122122120212212*2112111*212120212222—35 M H Udey.....0010001022020122120122200101020012212012—24 Nov. 13.—Forty-five birds per man, for price of birds: G V Dering.....1221201111121212121222221211101111*221112—42 H O Anderson.....111111122212212*12122222121212122*02211201—41 Wind blowing a gale across the traps, making the birds fast flyers and hard to stop inside the boundary lines. American Association rules. CREMO.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 10.—Herewith are scores made Saturday, Nov. 10. The birds were a very fast lot, and with the wind in their favor made many of them almost impossible to stop within bounds. The Kansas City team will be with us for the first of three races Nov. 30 and Dec. 1. Teams composed of ten men, 50 birds per man. Omaha to shoot second race some time in January. Thanksgiving Day in Kansas City will be devoted to sweeps. A 25-bird handicap, \$15 entrance, was first on the programme: Handicap, \$15, 25 birds, 60 and 40 per cent.:

Parmelee, 31.....	22221221212212221222222222—25
Crabill, 30.....	212212121212112121121212—25
Bonson, 30.....	2112212121212121222121*22—24
Smead, 30.....	2122121212*2122212122*211—23
Townsend, 30.....	21221*2221211012221122221—23
Rem, 30.....	*22212111210222212122*21—22
Fogg, 30.....	2121*11121220212212101112—21
Hardin, 30.....	12102*121212*212122*012*—19
Pumber, 30.....	101112222221*11112
Brucker, 30.....	21102202022
Gallagher, 29.....	*21111*212

H. S. McDONALD.

Frankford-Clearview Team Match.

FRANKFORD, Pa., Nov. 17.—The twelve-men team match between teams from the Frankford Gun Club and the Clearview Gun Club was shot on the Frankford's grounds to-day, and resulted in a victory for the home team. The scores: Clearview—Urian 22, Downs 18, Reed 19, Forden 12, Anderson 25, Horn 12, Bell 18, Fisher 26, Elwell 18, Carr 8, Harkins 23; total 201. Frankford—Ridge 26, Redifer 22, Betson 14, George 19, Johnson 26, Green 19, Dalton 21, Morris 15, Bourne 19, Myers 19, Smith 22; total 222.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Nov. 15.—The Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club's shoot to-day was well attended. The club event at 7 birds was won by Mr. Ira McKane, who killed straight, and in the shoot-off, miss-and-out, he shot out his three tie competitors in the 9th round. Scores:

Wm Van Pelt, 27.....	20222222—6	Ph Suss, 25.....	2211112—7
Jas Leebe, 23.....	0101110—4	Capt Baldwin, 24.....	0002102—3
I McKane, 27.....	2222212—7	G Morris, 26.....	102*202—4
J J Pillion, 27.....	2222222—7	Geo Tiebault, 22.....	1002100—3
M J Rauscher, 23.....	0000000—0	A Busch, 25.....	0012201—4
F Lundy, 26.....	2022212—6	Dr Wood, 25.....	0201*10—3
H Kronika, 26.....	1121121—7	P Kramer, 25.....	1200020—3
H Koch, 27.....	0212220—5	Dr Hill, 25.....	0010*20—2
J B Voorhies, 28.....	2202010—4	Dr O'Connell, 30.....	2202222—6

Shoot-off: I McKane222222222—9 H Kronika.....122211220—8 J J Pillion.....2220 Ph Suss0

Webber-Schortemeier Series.

Brooklyn, L. I., Nov. 13.—The fifth of the Webber-Schortemeier series of team shoots took place at Dexter Park to-day. Two teams contested—one of the Emerald Gun Club, the other of the Medicus Gun Club, the former winning by a score of 57 to 52:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Dr O'Connell, 30.....	22111221—8	22222222—8	12212220—7
J S S Remsen, 30.....	21010102—5	21011222—7	..
J Hopkins, 30.....	22111221—8	22120102—6	22202222—7
J L Brewer, 32.....	22221222—8
J H Bohling, 27.....	2222*202—6	2*121000—4	..
Dr Hudson, 27.....	11221102—7	22*11221—7	..
Dr Woods, 28.....	22222222—8	22202020—5	01122*20—5
Dr Casey, 30.....	22222222—8
Dr Miller, 29.....	20222212—7

No. 1 was 8 birds, \$5, class shooting; Nos. 2 and 3 were 8 birds, \$5, Rose system.

Medicus Gun Club.

Dr Woods	22222*22202212222220—17
Dr Miller	002212*2222112222212—17
Dr Casey	22222022122221221120—18—52

Emerald Gun Club.

Remsen	21222221212210211222—19
Fessenden	20222222222222222222—19
Dr O'Connell	202222222221220222222—19—57

Interstate Park Handicap.

Nov. 14.—The second of the series of Interstate handicaps was shot at Interstate Park to-day, and was won by Mr. Stephen M. Van Allen, who was also victor in the first match, a week ago. As in that match, he made a clean score. He used a Chas. Day gun and Walsrode powder. Following this event a 10-bird sweep was shot. The scores:

Interstate Park handicap: R A Welch, 30.....111221211121111202221110—23 Thomas, 30.....2220222222122210122221222—23 S M Van Allen, 30.....222122222112222212222222—25 C A Lockwood, 28.....*222112221111102121022220—21 C M Lincoln, 28.....201220022021222202222222—20

Sweepstake, 10 birds: R A Welch, 30.....1120211112—9 C A Lockwood, 28.....2211120122—9 Thomas, 30.....2121212112—10 C M Lincoln, 28.....1202102222—8 S M Van Allen, 30.....2212201012—8 M Wightman, 30.....0100201220—5

Nov. 17.—Two 15-bird events and five 5-bird events, the former at \$5 entrance, and the latter at \$3 entrance, were shot, at Interstate Park to-day. Mr. Thomas won the first of the 15-bird events with a clean score, and Col. Martin won the second big event. The principal winners in the 5-bird sweeps were Capt. Money, Col. Martin and Jacks. The scores:

No. 1, 15 birds: Thomas, 30.....222221122212222—15 Capt. Money, 28.....211121212101012—13 Jacks, 28.....211122002221111—13 J F Maynard, 28.....11*120211201112—12 No. 2, 15 birds: Thomas, 30.....21*122211221022—13 Capt Money, 28.....120111*2122221—13 Jacks, 28.....222222122101110—13 J F Maynard, 28.....11111221101110—13 C A Lockwood, 28.....11201101011101—11 Col. Thos Martin, 30.....221222112221221—15 W F Sykes, 28.....1001011111

Crescent Athletic Club.

Nov. 17.—The third shoot for the November cup was held on the Crescent Athletic Club's grounds to-day. Three men tied with 47, Messrs. Edward Banks, scratch; J. J. Keyes, 16, and J. N. Borland, 20. After the club event a match was shot between the married men and single men of the club, six-men teams, 25 targets per man, expert rules. Following this were a 25-target handicap and two sweeps. Scores:

	—Expert—		—Magautrap—		Grand
	Hdcp. Total.		Hdcp. Total.		Total.
E Banks.....	0 23		0 24		47
J N Borland.....	11 23		9 24		47
Dr J J Keyes.....	9 22		7 25		47
W W Marshall.....	6 20		6 25		45
*G W Hagedorn.....	21 ..		21 ..		42
C J McDermott.....	3 20		2 20		40
*A M Boucher.....	14 20		34
Dr H L O'Brien.....	4 19		3 12		31
L C Hopkins.....	7 15		6 12		27
*F B Stephenson..... 21		21
*J C Faulkner.....	9 ..		10 19		19

*Targets only. Team shoot: Married Men—Stake 21, Lott 22, Banks 18, Hegeman 16, Marshall 16, McDermott 12; total 105. Single Men—Stephenson 20, Hagedorn 18, Kryn 15, Vandever 14, Rhett 14, McConville 6; total 84. Trophy shoot, 25 birds, magautrap, handicap allowance: Faulkner (9) 25, Chapman (9) 24, Borland (9) 23, Keyes (7) 23, Hagedorn (2) 23, Banks (0) 22, Boucher (3) 21, Rhett (5) 21, F. Stephenson (2) 20, Vandever (5) 18, Hopkins (6) 16, Marshall (5) 16, O'Brien (3) 15, Kryn (2) 14, Stake (2) 13, G. Stephenson (scratch) 12.

Sweepstake, 15 targets, expert: Hagedorn 12, Banks 11, Lott 10, Townsend 9, McDermott 7, Marshall 6, Borland 3. Sweepstakes, 10 targets, expert: F. Stephenson 10, Hegeman 8, O'Brien 8, Vandever 7, Boucher 6, Hopkins 3, Pickett 2.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Nov. 17.—The club shoot of the Keystone Shooting League, held here to-day, was well attended by spectators as well as participants. The birds were very fast. Following the club shoot a miss-and-out was shot, which was divided between Geikler and McCoy, each of whom killed 19 birds. The scores:

Club shoot, 10 birds, handicap, sweepstake, entrance \$2.50: Henry, 30.....0211121212—9 Hunsinger, 27.....2100221222—8 McCoy, 30.....222222222—10 Schenck, 27.....2202212020—7 Brewer, 30.....2221121102—9 Murman, 28.....2022010122—7 Felix, 30.....2010*02222—6 Van Loon, 29.....2102112211—9 Geikler, 28.....0222200*00—4 Darby, 29.....2120222222—9 Fitzgerald, 30.....01100w

No. 1, 7 birds, \$3 entrance, 30 yds.: Geikler 7, McCoy 7, Brewer 6, Henry 5, Fitzgerald 5, Hunsinger 4, Schenck 3, Felix withdrew. No. 2, \$2 entrance, miss-and-out: McCoy 19, Geikler 19, Henry 18, Murman 7.

No. 3, 7 birds: Henry 7, Geikler 7, McCoy 7, Murman 6, Van Loon 6, Brewer 6, Felix 5, Darby 4.

Points won in the club handicap to date: McCoy 60, Henry 56, Brewer 54, Van Loon 54, Vandegrift 48, Geikler 40, Hobbs 38, Budd 32, W. H. Stevenson 26, O. K. Stevenson 26, Davis 26, Darby 40, Sanford 14, Ridge 10, Hothersall 6, H. B. Stevenson 6, Whittaker 6, Russell 6, Bucknell 6, Knowles 4, Cartledge 4, Fitzgerald 4, Hauff 4.

The Airedale terrier has a well established place among dogs useful to the sportsman, and we look to see its popularity grow as its merits become better known. Mr. Jos. A. Laurin, of Montreal, has an advertisement elsewhere which will interest Airedale terrier breeders and users.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

OUR ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENTS.

We give to-day the second of the series of four full-page illustrations already announced. The originals have been drawn for the FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. Wilfred P. Davison and Mr. Edmund Osthaus, and the subjects will, we are sure, prove acceptable and popular as reminders of days in the field. The first one, "In the Fence Corner," was contained in our issue of Nov. 3. The two to come are:

Jan. 5.—**Quail Shooting in Mississippi.** By Edm. H. Osthaus.

Feb. 2.—**In Boyhood Days.** By Wilfred P. Davison.

POACHER AND OUTLAW.

A POACHER is a person who fishes or shoots on territory upon which he is forbidden to trespass.

An outlaw is a person who is without the law and beyond its protection. He may be shot on sight. There is no law to protect him.

A Sullivan county, N. Y., game keeper classed poachers as outlaws, and had a notion that he could shoot a poacher on sight. He put his notion into effect, and the legal proceedings which ensued have just been ended.

Mr. Stoddard Hammond, of Binghamton, has a game preserve in Sullivan county. The property is posted, and a game keeper, Edward Tompkins, is employed to keep out trespassers. One night Tompkins caught Frank Major fishing in one of the trout streams, and fired at him with a shotgun. The charge took effect in the man's hip, shattering it, and disabling him permanently. Major brought suit for damages and got a verdict for \$15,000. The case was appealed to the Appellate Division, the defense being that Major was a poacher and therefore was an outlaw. The Appellate Division has just handed down a decision sustaining the verdict. The court refused to entertain the plea of outlawry, but holds on the contrary that there is a due process of law provided for the punishment of poaching. Of this process of law the defendants might have availed themselves. The court did not think it necessary to add that the penalty duly provided for poaching is not shooting on the spot.

CREES AND MONTANA GAME.

LAST winter we called attention to the wholesale and illegal slaughter of deer along the Missouri River in Montana by Crees and half-breeds, and urged the State and county officials there to take steps to put an end to it.

The case had a number of peculiarly irritating features. The Crees and half-breeds who have long made a practice of this killing do not belong in the United States, but are refugees from Canada who at the close of the Riel rebellion fled across the line and took up their residence in the United States, which they seem to like so well that they decline to return to Canada. Some of the half-breeds have taken up ranches in the Judith Basin, and have become worthy and hard working inhabitants of the State. But the greater number work for a short time if they are obliged to in order to keep body and soul together, and wander about over the country for the most of the year. These are the people who a few years ago got in among the only little bunch of buffalo still remaining in Montana and killed the greater part of them, although the white men living in the country where these buffalo range have been protecting them for a number of years.

The Crees who take part in this destruction are true nomads. They are Indians who have no reservation and wander over the country, picking up a living as best they can, and destroying large quantities of game. On more than one occasion they have been rounded up by the United States troops, taken to the border line be-

tween Montana and Canada and formally expelled from the United States, but the process of expulsion has never been permanent, and they soon drift back across the line. These people have no regard for the laws of Montana. They kill in late winter, in early spring, in summer and all through the rest of the year. Moreover, not satisfied with hunting in the ordinary way, the half-breeds and the Crees use dogs to run game in violation of the Montana statute. It was their practice last year to follow along one side of the Missouri River, driving point after point with their dogs, until the deer had been cleared out from a long stretch of river.

It is gratifying to learn that this year the Montana papers have taken up the subject of the protection of this game, and it is hoped that they will continue to agitate it until some measures shall be taken to look after the Crees and half-breeds and to prevent the destruction that has so regularly taken place in recent years.

There is perhaps nowhere in the world a place which is so natural a game preserve as the valley of the Upper Missouri River in Montana. It flows through a deep channel a thousand or fifteen hundred feet below the prairie, and into the river valley run thousands upon thousands of ravines, timbered or brushy, most admirable lurking places for deer. A State which has within its borders so admirable a preserve should make the most of it, and this we believe the great State of Montana will do.

A CALL FOR WEIGHTS OF GAME.

THE ignorance which appears to prevail concerning the average weights of the game which hunters or bird shooters pursue seems quite extraordinary. The angler usually carries with him pocket scales by which he can ascertain the weight of the fish he takes, but we do not know that a similar practice prevails at all among shooters. Yet the frequent inquiries received at this office indicate that there is a general curiosity on the subject. This curiosity might well enough be gratified if shooters would take the trouble to weigh the birds and the small mammals which they kill.

It is not very long since we heard an individual estimate the weight of the average New England fox as 25 pounds; yet fox hunters who have weighed the animals that they have captured know that the fox's weight ranges from 10 to 13 pounds; a fox of the latter weight being a very large one. An account was recently published of an opossum which weighed 25 pounds, but it is extremely doubtful if one so large ever existed.

Recently a correspondent advises us that within one year he and a companion has killed 158 woodchucks, which averaged about 10 pounds in weight, the heaviest being 13½ pounds. This was for a locality in New Jersey.

The weight of the American woodcock is known to be from 5 to 8 ounces, one of the last named weight being an exceedingly heavy bird; while the weight of the Virginia quail is about the same, but probably averages a little greater. Yet who is there who knows anything very definite about the weight of our ducks? Heavy canvasbacks are expected by dealers to weigh 6 pounds to the pair, and these perhaps are the heaviest of our edible ducks. Yet we fancy that canvasbacks more often weigh 4½ pounds to the pair than 6. What is the weight of the redhead, the widgeon, the black duck or the blue-winged teal?

While to most people this is a matter of mere idle curiosity, yet if sufficient statistics on the subject could be gathered the subject would have some scientific interest as indicating the average size of the different species of birds or mammals for a particular locality.

An ordinary pocket scales will answer very well for weighing most of the game which gunners kill. It can hardly be expected that the moose hunter of New Brunswick or the bear hunter of the Rocky Mountains will take with him a pair of platform scales to ascertain the weight of the game that he may be lucky enough to kill, but a definite knowledge of the average weight of our small game in different localities will not only interest a large number of people but will also be of real value.

If those who go gunning this fall and winter will send in reports of weight of birds, we shall be very glad to publish them. Let each man weigh his birds individually, and give the weight of each. From that an average can be struck for the bag.

SNAP SHOTS.

Among the many extraordinary features of life at the end of the century is the manner in which photography has come to be used as a means of illustrating nature study in its different departments. To-day photographs of living birds and mammals are as common as those of houses were a few years ago, and besides this we have photographs of fishes, insects, flowers, of sections of wood, of interior anatomy, which convey the precise effect to be represented. The student of nature who reads the report of the Congress of the American Ornithologists' Union which is printed in another column will gain from the list of papers some notion of the use to which photography is put in the study of ornithology. The use of the camera in surgery is, of course, sufficiently familiar, and it may truly be said that there is hardly any branch of science in which it is not of very great value. Yet twenty years ago but little was generally known about photography. Amateur users of the camera were few in number and the pictures which they produced were more often failures than successes.

We hear good reports of the operation of the Massachusetts law which forbids the sale of woodcock and ruffed grouse. For one thing it has led to the practical abandonment of grouse snaring. There are, of course, some attempts to sell the birds in the markets, but it is believed that the extent of whatever illicit traffic exists is so slight as to be inconsequential. Commissioner Collins has a large force of detectives and deputies, and is working on the principle that "God is on the side of the strongest battalions," or as Napoleon put it, "Providence is always on the side of the last reserve." If the people of Massachusetts or of any other State are sincere and determined in their design to beat the grouse snarers and the dishonest marketmen, they can always do it by providing the reserves and putting them in charge of the right generals.

The non-resident shooting license is not a panacea. Its application is not of universal benefit. Witness the results in West Virginia, as related in a communication on another page. There the hotel keepers and the farmers are made to suffer by the operation of license laws and for their deprivations there appears to be no sort of compensation to anybody. In this case it may be said that a license law which keeps sportsmen away does not work to the benefit of the community.

Close upon the New York decision that the State may not forbid the sale of imported fish in close time follows the decision of the Federal Supreme Court, that the Tennessee law prohibiting the sale of imported cigarettes is constitutional. If the question decided adversely by the New York court should ever reach Washington there is good ground for confidence that the Supreme Court will sustain the right of a State to adopt the FOREST AND STREAM's Platform Plank, and stop the sale of game at all times.

We invite attention to the communication of President Tallett, of the Jefferson County Association, on the topic of spring shooting. The subject will come before the meeting of the New York State League next Thursday. Spring shooting should be forbidden everywhere. If it is a good thing for one county, it is good for all counties. If for one State, for all States.

We talk about "going into the woods" and the pleasure of it. On the other hand the phrase "out of the woods" is a synonym for being out of trouble. In a speech the other day on the Boer war, Sir Alfred Milner said, "Let us acknowledge that we are by no means out of the wood." And still another expression, to "take to the woods," means to seek a place of security.

Some of the other moose liberated by Dr. Webb in the Adirondacks last spring have been seen. While the "Wilderness" of a former generation has become a summer resort region of the present day, there yet remains moose country for the isolation of the game from human kind, and if plain common sense were in the ascendant the Adirondack people would jealously guard the new comers.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Housewife's Calendar.

"Oh, dear me, suz! If that hain't too bad!" Mrs. Betsey Blake cried in almost tearful vexation, as she stepped backward from the stove, and with a rueful face regarded a thin stream of water trickling from a crack low down on the side of the wash boiler and sputtering into a cloud of steam on the hot stove. "John!" she called, in a voice full of trouble, "the b'iler's leakin' like mad, an' it looks just as if nothin' short of a tinker could stop it."

Her husband came into the kitchen from the woodshed at a leisurely pace, and with an air of confidence in his ability to cope with any number of leaky boilers. But as he examined the irregular fissure his face took on a puzzled and then a more serious expression.

"Maybe you might stick a rag into it," he suggested. "No, not in such a shaped hole as that," she said decisively, and began dipping the water out into a pail. "You've got to take it to the village and have it soddered, an' that's all there is about it. It'll just spoil the day, so I can't wash afore to-morrow, an' that'll put back my Thanksgiving work. Hain't it too bad? Dear me, I most wish we hadn't asked father an' mother an' Abigail to come."

"Well, I'm sorry it's happened so, but never mind. You'll fetch things round all right; you gen'ally do," said he, so confidently that her spirits rose above the present disappointment.

"I can do some of to-morrow's work to-day, an' be so much ahead," she said, and before he was on his way she had half a pumpkin pared and stewing in the place of the boiler.

Next morning the mended boiler was reinstated; by noon the delayed washing was completed, and Betsey Blake looked out complacently from her belated dinner, upon the long array of spotless clothes fluttering from the swaying line, like triumphant banners.

In the afternoon a part of the ironing was done, and next morning she arose refreshed, and with a sense of relief from one great labor of the week.

"There," she exclaimed, sitting down for a moment's rest, after clearing the breakfast table, washing the dishes and sweeping the kitchen. "Thank goodness, washin' day is over and some o' the ironin' done, an' now it's only Tuesday, with two whole days afore Thanksgiving to git good and ready in."

"Hey? What?" John asked, abstractedly, with his eyes on the columns of the last paper, absorbed in an editorial on the Philippines.

"Two more days afore Thanksgiving," Betsey repeated.

"Why, yes, so there is," said he, looking up at the clock, as if for confirmation. "I was kind o' thinkin' this was Wednesday, but couldn't make it seem just right."

"Of course it's Tuesday, for I washed yesterday," said she, with convincing assurance. "And now I'm goin' to make my cramb'y sass an' my mince an' apple pies. I shall leave my punkin pies for to-morrow, for I want them fresh. This artemoon you'd better kill the turkey and dress him so't he'll have a good long spell to hang; they're heaps better so'n they be to fly into the oven. And then to-morrow you can git Silas an' go arter your load o' wood; mebbey you can git two."

As John Blake drove his lumber wagon along the road the next morning on his way to the wood lot he noticed that an indolent atmosphere seemed to pervade the few farmhouses which he passed, but it only impressed him as a rather early sign of the coming holiday.

He found Silas Day cutting firewood at his door, looking somewhat surprised at his appearance, and more so at the request to go to the woods.

"Why, yes, I s'pose I can go an' help you a spell," he answered, "arter I cut Phebe a speck more wood; she'll want consid'able to-day."

"Yes, gettin' ready so for Thanksgiving. Betsey is, too, busy as a bee in a tar barrel."

Presently they were jolting over the rough by-road, too much shaken for comfortable conversation until they came to a halt in the quiet of the bare November woods.

"I don't hardly see how you come to put off gittin' your wood till to-day," said Silas, looking up through the netted branches at the climbing sun.

"Well, I had a lot of things to tend to, an' couldn't get roun' to it. I s'pose I might ha' waited till arter Thanksgiving, but thought I might as well git it afore."

Silas stared at him and muttered, "Runnin' pretty clus to the wind, I should think."

After they had plied their axes awhile John struck his into a log, and going to his coat drew a package from a pocket.

"I always did relish victuals in the woods, and so I fetched along some bread an' meat. Le's set down an' take a bite."

"Well, I can mos' always eat," Silas assented, as he took his allotted share and sat down beside his companion, munching the bread and meat and letting his eyes rove about as people are apt to do when eating out of doors.

A company of chickadees were busily gathering their slender fare on a low branch before him, and on a higher one a red squirrel began rasping a butternut.

"Eatin' their Thanksgiving dinner," Silas said, nodding at the little banqueters.

"Make 'em a to-l'able long meal if they keep it up till to-morrow artemoon. Hush! What be they ringin' the meetin' house bell for?" John asked, excitedly, as the mellow tones of a church bell were wafted to their ears.

"Why, don't they always?" Silas asked, glaring curiously at his companion.

"Why, Silas, you know they don't never, only Sundays and Fast Days and Thanksgiving, except funerals, an' there ain't nobody dead, not as I know of."

"Look a here, John Blake," said Silas, "be you crazy or be you foolin'? You act all the time as if you was makin' b'lieve this wa'n't Thanksgiving Day, sot by the Gov'nor an' bein' kep' by everybody but you an' I. Now, quit your nonsense an' le's hurry up, for I want to git home. We hain't got no turkey, but Phebe

had three as neat chickens as ever you see all ready to go int' the oven when I come away, an' the children's all goin' to be there, an' I want to be on hand to rights."

John's face grew blank; his eyes stared, unseeing, into space.

"Good gracious, Peter! If Betsey an' me hain't done it!" Then springing to his feet, "Hurry up! I should say! Most noon Thanksgiving Day, Betsey's father an' mother an' sister a-comin', an' the turkey a-hangin' up in the cellar if she's kep' a-dreamin' as long as I have. It all come o' that plaguey ol' wash b'iler springin' a leak Monday, so she couldn't wash till Tuesday, an' we counted from that. Never mind the ternal wood. Onhitch the ho'ses an' le's scoot."

Five minutes later the team was tearing down the road, the bounding wagon sending far and wide its thundering echoes that brought forth alarmed inmates from many a farmstead, while Silas hung on for dear life, as disjointed pleas and protests were jolted from him, all unheeded by the reckless driver.

Deacon Adams in his Sunday suit, less the coat, was standing in the midst of his Sunday-dressed household, with an open letter in his hand and disappointment on his face that was repeated in various degrees in the faces of the family. Hearing the unwonted din, the deacon rushed forth to ascertain the cause.

"Stop! Stop! Hold on!" he cried, running out into the road, and John, impatient of delay, drew rein.

"What on this livin' airth, John, is the matter? Is somebody sick or have you b'en takin' more'n you'd ought to?"

"No, there hain't nobody sick, and I hain't b'en a-drinkin'," said John, and rapidly set forth the awkward situation.

"You wait a minute, and I'll fix you up right as a triquet," said the deacon, still restraining his impatient neighbor. "I'll lend you a turkey, all roasted and ready to go ont' the table. I'd livers'n not, an' so would Mis' Adams. You see, we invited my brother Iry and all his folks, and we'd got two routin' big turkeys int' the oven and half roasted when there come a letter from 'em sayin' how Iry'd up and broke his leg and they wouldn't none of 'em come. I don't want to be eatin' cold turkey for a week arter Thanksgiving, and it's providential 'at you'n missed fire."

Suitable provision was made for the safe transportation of the hot turkey the short distance, and John Blake went his way with it, relieved in spirit.

Meanwhile Betsey had spent half the forenoon leisurely preparing for the morrow's festivity, glad to be unembarrassed by the presence of men folks and uninterrupted by any visitors until a timid rap called her to the door, and she opened it to Silas Day's little daughter.

"Why, Mandy, is this you? Is there anything the matter to your house?" Betsey asked, in evident surprise.

"No, ma'am—yes, ma'am, I mean, some matter," Mandy stammered. "The cat got int' the buttry an' eat up a whole punkin pie, all but the crust, an' ma wants to know if you can't lend her one, 'cause there ain't enough left to go round."

"A punkin pie? Come in and set down. Why, I hain't got none baked. Wa'n't goin' to till this artemoon. Your ma can have one to-morrow, an' I s'pose that's what she wants it for."

Mandy stared at her, round-eyed and opened-mouthed.

"No, ma'am, she wants it to-day."

"Well, she can't have it of me afore night. How comes it you hain't to school?"

"The' hain't no school to-day."

"Hain't no school? Is the schoolma'am sick?"

"No, ma'am; she went home to Thanksgiving."

"What! Lose two whole days for Thanksgiving? That's ridic'lous," Mrs. Blake declared, with emphasis.

"Why, no; she's comin' back to-night or in the mornin'."

"An' not keep Thanksgiving in her own home? That's ridic'louser."

"Why, Mis' Blake, she's keepin' it to-day at her own home," said Mandy, staring with still wider eyes at her hostess. "This is Thanksgiving Day!"

"It hain't!" Mrs. Blake made this assertion stoutly, but she was beginning to feel sickening qualms of doubt.

"It sartin is, Mis' Blake, 'cause ma's roastin' three chickens, an' we're all to home, and oh, my, you'd ought to smell it to Deacon Adams as I come by."

"My land o' goodness!" the poor woman gasped, sinking into a chair in complete collapse, as the mistake became undeniably evident. "I've skipped a day, I do b'lieve. It all come o' that mis'able b'iler leakin' so't I couldn't wash Monday."

The rumble of wheels caught her ear. She cast an appalled glance out of the window. "And there, if there hain't mother an' father an' Abigail a-drivin' up this minute, and the turkey not singed nor the stuffin' made, nor a punkin pie made. Thank goodness 'tain his folks! There's mince and applie pies enough. Mandy, you git one o' each kind and take 'em home—but what shall I do?"

She put on a brave face to mask her mortification, as she went out to meet her guests, whom she wished miles away, in spite of her longing to see them. But when she invited them into the unready house, and tried to make a joke of her mistake, and saw the look of disappointment steal over the faces of her sharp-set travelers, her feigned laughter broke into genuine sobs.

Just then John Blake suddenly appeared in the midst of the depressed group, bearing the borrowed turkey, which in the nick of time made a joke of the mistake and turned fasting to feasting.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Two Tales of Two Turkeys.

I.—Our Thanksgiving Turkey.

WE weren't after turkey in particular when we got our Thanksgiving turkey in the year 1893. But we got it all the same, and I've never felt quite easy in my mind or conscience, or whatever you like to call it, as to whether we were justified in annexing that bird.

The story of how it came to us, or, more properly speaking, of how we went to it, has never been written, and as the three actors in the experience are still alive perhaps I ought to follow our first resolution and "not tell the boys." But if I don't care, Bill and Jake oughtn't to feel as if they've "any kick coming."

It was early in the morning of the Tuesday before Thanksgiving Day in 1893 that Bill Clark, Jake Stier, Bill's pointer Zip and myself drove out of Altoona, Pa., in a two-seated rig, going due east toward Bellwood. We went through Juniata, and a mile or two on the road to Bellwood, and then turned up a "run" that led into the bowels of the range of the Alleghanies that lines the north side of the Pennsylvania Railroad all the way from Harrisburg to Altoona and beyond.

We had a man to take our team back, as we meant to get out at a spot known to local shooters as "the place where Banks missed the bluejay," which is not far from another spot also well known, called "where Kotty skinned his nose." From that place we had decided to hunt for "pheasants" (ruffed grouse), working our way over to Bell's Run, and down the run to Bellwood, thence home by train.

We hunted and we worked all right enough, but birds were scarce and wild. We must have got one or two, as we generally got some, but I can't remember how many we had before it was lunch time. When you are out with Bill it gets to be lunch time quite early in the forenoon. This particular day I think it was about 11 or 11:30, when we made our way to an old orchard where we knew there was a good cold spring. There had been a home-stead there in years gone by, but nothing but an old field and a worn-out orchard showed any signs of a tiller's hand.

There was a little snow on the ground, and there was any quantity of turkey tracks under the trees, as well as wild turkeys in that section of the country. In fact, there was turkey sign everywhere. This was nothing strange to us, for we knew there were always lots of wild turkeys in that section of the country. In fact, there'll be lots of those magnificent birds in the Alleghanies for years to come.

While eating our luncheon, and while Zip alternated in gulping down morsels from our lunch and licking old sore places torn open again by briars, we discussed the possibilities of meeting up with one of the turkeys. As Bill said, "It'd be a good idea to get a Thanksgiving turkey."

Lunch was about over when we heard a gun go off with a regular old black powder br-ro-o-oom. It was not more than three or four hundred yards away from us, judging by the sound. Somebody said, "Turkeys!" The rest of us agreed. By common consent we jumped up and went to a pair of bars, where an old woods road came out into the orchard, and stood looking in the direction of where the sound of the gun came from.

All at once, out into the open over the little valley, way up above the trees, sailed a turkey. At first it looked as if it was coming toward us, but almost instantly we saw that it had turned down the valley and was flying directly away from us along the hillside. Our eyes followed it as it kept on its way for about a quarter of a mile, when suddenly up went its head and down it came "windling," deader'n a mackerel.

"He got it after all," said some one.

"He did," said Bill.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" said Jake, who was always moderate in his conversational efforts.

Then we returned to our lunch, and talked over the wonderful thing that we had seen.

Bill was quiet for a bit; he had lighted a cigar and it was drawing well. Other cigars were also acting properly, and Zip was at his old game of chewing and licking those old sore spots. Then Bill broke the silence: "Say, do you suppose that fellow who shot at that turkey saw it fall? Do you think he had any idea that he hit it?"

That was quite a new one on us, and we caught at it at once. It would be quite easy to follow the road in the woods and find out whether the man with the gun had turned off to the right or left anywhere. His tracks in the snow would tell us. We had marked where the turkey fell, as to us he seemed to fall right alongside of a monster old pine which for some internal imperfections had been left when its brethren were taken by the lumbermen. Some 300 yards along the road we saw plainly where the man had come down into the road, and saw also that his tracks, as well as those of his dog, a little terrier, led along the road in the direction the turkey had flown.

Following the tracks, we finally came alongside of the big pine, which was down hill on the right of the road. The turkey, too, had fallen to the right of the pine, so was further from the road than the pine was. Jake and I turned off into the wood, which was open enough for us to have a good view of the ground; Bill went down the road a bit to make sure that the man with the dog had not turned off further on. Then he, too, turned to the right into the brush and began to investigate.

To Bill belongs the honor of finding that bird, a gobbler, too, wattled, bearded and bronzed, as only an old gobbler can be. He was a beauty, with not a feather damaged, and not a drop of blood on the snow. Bill found him in less than two minutes after he had left the road, which goes to show that he had marked the bird more carefully than we had. Slinging the gobbler on his shoulder, he came toward us. Jake and I firing a few de joie when he flung the bird on the snow at our feet.

Was it our turkey, or did it belong to the man who had shot at it? He was by this time a mile or more on his way, and that turkey certainly did look good. Anyway, Jake toted the bird on his back nearly all the way to Bellwood, while Bill and I hunted for more game.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

getting, I believe, a couple of "pheasants" on our way.

At Bellwood we had the bird weighed, and if I remember right, it weighed just a fraction less than 22 pounds. Jake of course said it weighed "ever so much more."

That night the bird was viewed by all the boys who cared to talk gun and call in and see Bill. There was rather a mystery about how we got it, for we didn't say much about that at the time. In fact, it was some three years before the boys got the story just as it was.

Anyway, the next day I took the skin off the turkey, and it was sent to a taxidermist in Williamsport to be set up. There was not a single shot mark on the body, at least not a fresh one; but I left the head and neck in the skin, and the taxidermist found that just one small pellet had hit it in the head about the region of a large vein near the throat. It had bled internally, because our post-mortem showed its lungs to be full of blood.

The turkey made our Thanksgiving Day dinner at Bill Clark's, but it was rather a tough old bird. That it had had a narrow escape or two previous to its final undoing was evidenced by some old calloused shot marks, that showed where its right leg had been pretty nearly smashed in days gone by.

Its skin, mounted most artistically, in a thoroughly natural position, still graces Bill's pet room in his hostelry at Ellwood City, Pa. Perhaps Bill has not told all his friends how he got that turkey. If he hasn't, some of them will appreciate my little story of how we got our Thanksgiving turkey. It may cost Bill something, too!

EDWARD BANKS.

Natural History.

An Outing in Acadia.—II.

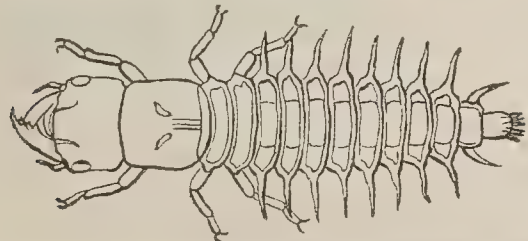
BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

THERE is another species of aquatic larvæ, which have sometimes been taken for the larvæ of the *Dytiscus*, but they are quite different. These are found in still water generally where there is a sandy or muddy bottom. They are of a blackish color and have numerous joints to their bodies, which have points protruding from them like little bones.

This is the larva of the horned corydalis, and is the largest of our neuroptous insects.

In this form it preys on various aquatic insects and their larvæ, and destroys great numbers of them; these larvæ are excellent bait for black bass, and will attract those fish sometimes when all other baits fail.

In the adult form its wings extend from five to six



LARVA OF HORNED CORYDALIS HELGRAMITE.

inches from tip to tip, and the body is about three inches from the tip of the jaws to the end of the abdomen.

It flies by night, and like all the other Neuroptera or nerve-winged insects, is beneficial in that it captures great numbers of noxious species.

In addition to the whirligig beetles there were a great number of "water skaters" or "water measurers" moving nimbly about on the surface of the pool.

They occasionally would glide quickly in a stated direction as if they were in a hurry or in pursuit of prey, but generally they skated about in a leisurely manner.

Their food consists principally of insects that have fallen into the water, although they at times seize small aquatic species. By many they are called "water spiders,"



WATER SKATER.

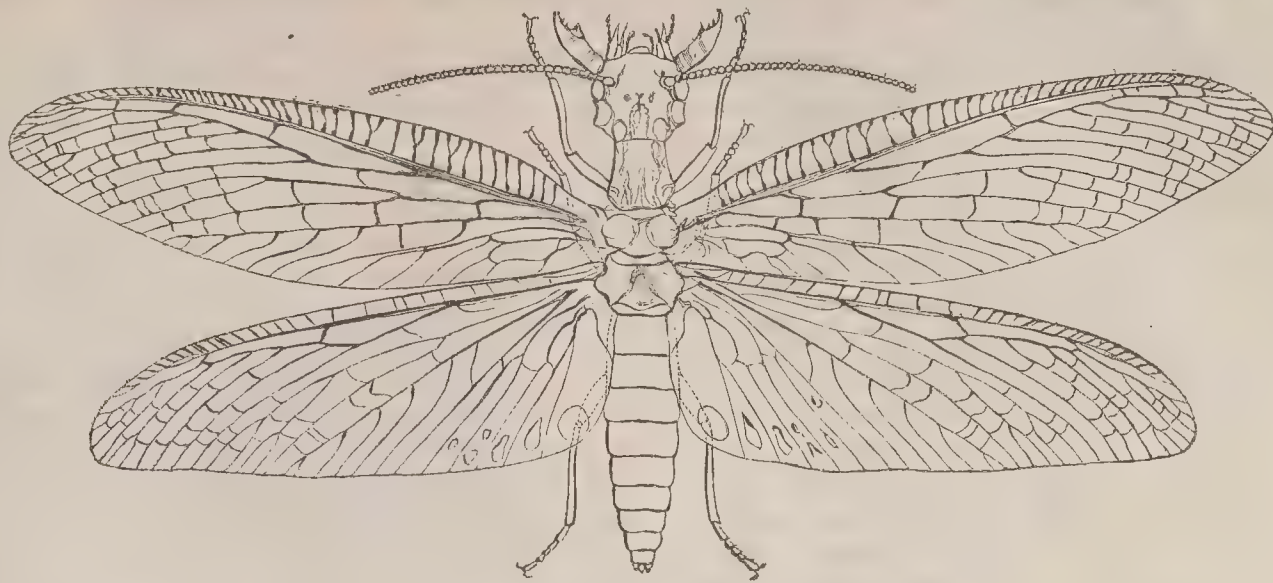
but they do not belong in that class, for they are a species of bug, and are classed in the suborder Heteroptera of the great order Hemiptera. There is another member of this order a most singular appearing insect, the water scorpion, called by entomologists the *Fuscous ranata*; it is long and slender, light brown in color, and its long and curved forefeet, which seem well fitted for seizing its prey, are raised and brandished in a threatening manner before its head.

It preys upon other insects and their larvæ.

Its form is not as peculiar, however, as is that of the walking-stick, which is found in the woods clinging to the leaves and twigs of trees.

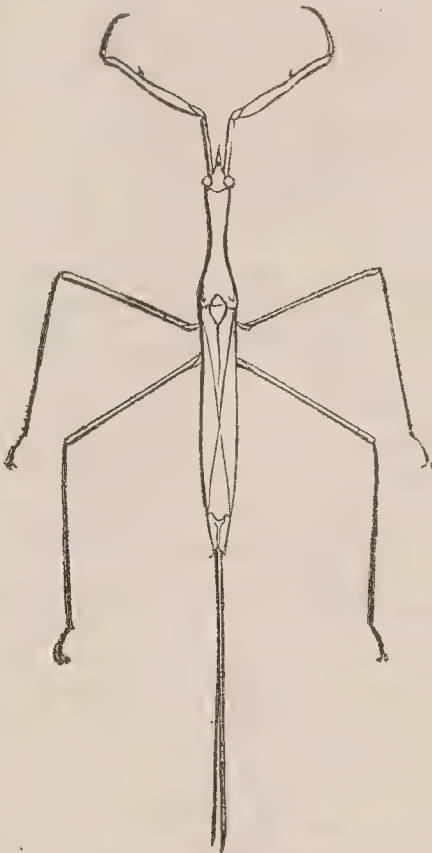
This species belongs in the Orthoptera, in which are included the crickets, locusts, grasshoppers, etc. It subsists on the leaves and tender shoots of trees, but is not sufficiently numerous to be of much importance. It is a sluggish, slow-moving creature, and is interesting chiefly because of its peculiar form, which resembles almost exactly a small slender stick, its legs on both sides answering for twigs.

Another most interesting insect is the "caddise fly" or "water moth." The larvæ, which are aquatic, have the curious habit of protecting themselves by constructing a covering for their bodies, composed of sticks, sand, pieces of grass or other substances.



HORNED CORYDALIS. ADULT HELGRAMITE.

At the bottom of almost every pool or brook these curious structures may be seen apparently moving about without cause; but on examination of one we find at one end a small, brownish head, and six legs, which are quickly retracted at being touched. The larvæ move these protecting cases with ease, feeding principally on aquatic



WATER SCORPION.

plants, but occasionally on weaker insects; there are a great many species of these flies, and the adult insect resembles a moth very closely, but its wings are covered with hairs instead of scales, as is the case with the true lepidoptera. Before transforming to the pupa form the larva is said to close the mouth of its cell with a grating composed of silken threads, which, while it allows sufficient water to pass for the respiration of the insect, prevents the entrance of an enemy. The grub or larva is white and plump, and is an acceptable morsel for fishes. In fact, English anglers use them very extensively, and they are considered to be among the most successful of baits.

"I reckon we've rested the pool long enough," said John, after he had finished his work. "We might try 'em a little longer here, and if we find no good ones we'd better go to the outlet of the other brook. There's 'most always a few big fish there."

"All right," I replied. "There ought to be larger fish at these outlets than we've taken."

We shoved the canoe out into the broad expanse of water, and I began casting over the deepest portion of the pool, but with the exception of hooking a few small fish my efforts were unrewarded, and in a short time we resumed the paddles and started for the other pool, a half mile or so distant. In a few minutes the desired spot was reached, the killick was dropped and the canoe



CADDICE FLY.

was allowed to swing into a position which would enable me to cover all the best water. I had not begun casting when a small moth hovered for a few seconds over the reeds on the shore, and then began to wing its way across the river, fluttering low over the water. Its wings at last grazed the surface, when the swirl of a large fish was seen and the insect instantly disappeared.

"There's a big trout out there," exclaimed the guide, pointing to the rings on the water that the fish had made. "He came up and seized an insect just now!"

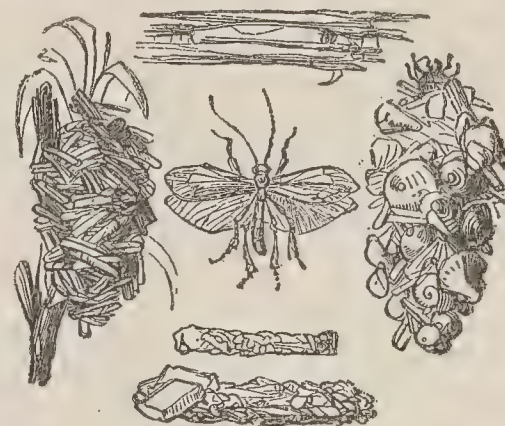
"I saw him," I replied, "and we will soon know if he will take one of my flies as greedily as he did the moth." Gradually lengthening my line, I cast further and further out on the pool until at last my lures dropped upon the spot where the trout had seized its prey, and at the second trial a swirl was seen which was followed by a plunge, and then the singing of the reel indicated that a heavy fish was hooked.

"Good!" exclaimed the guide, as the fish darted down the river and sank deeper and deeper in the water, "I'll lift the killick. You're fast to a large trout and it may take out a good share of your line before it stops."

The fish for a minute or two darted about with all the speed of a grilse, and then it began to circle around the canoe deep in the water, and evidently trying to reach the bottom.

"Look out, or the fish will get the leader among the weeds and drift stuff," said John, forcing the canoe farther from the shore.

"I'm doing my best," I replied, plying the reel as



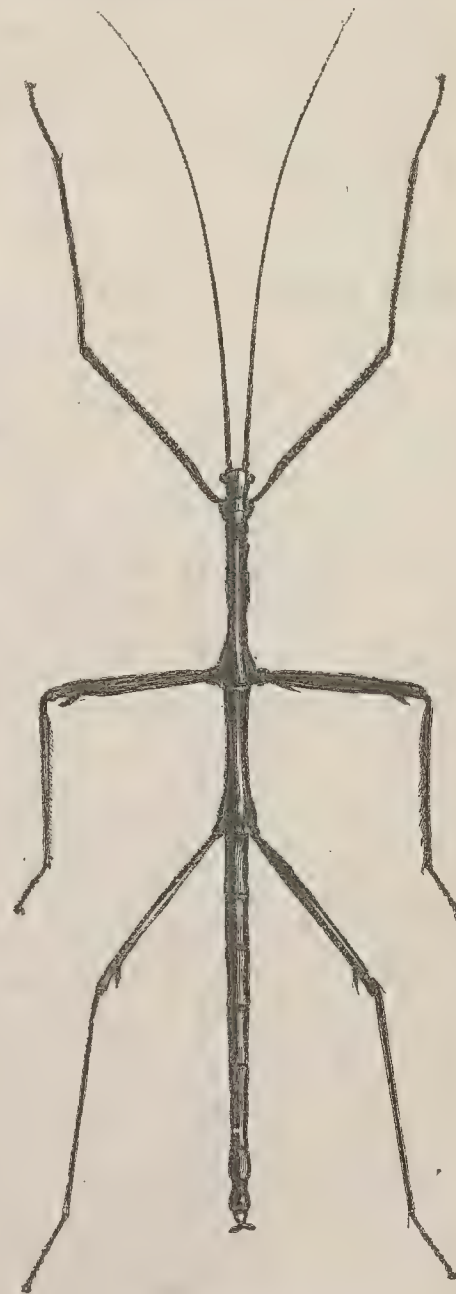
LARVÆ OF CADDICE FLY IN THEIR CASES.

rapidly as possible, and causing the pliant rod to bend almost double. "He is surely a monster."

"Aye, and gamy," added John, as the trout again darted down the river.

With all an angler's anxiety I followed every movement of the fish, yielding when the strain was too great and recovering the line when the trout paused in its dashes for liberty.

The lift of the little rod at length proved too strong for the fish; its runs grew shorter and shorter and its strug-



WALKING STICK.

gles less energetic; the reel recovered more and more of the line, and finally the trout lying on its side, permitted the landing net to be passed beneath it, and in a few moments it was lifted into the canoe.

"It's a beauty, and no mistake," exclaimed the guide as he tapped the fish on its head and then held it up for my inspection. "It's a four pounder, sure."

"Yes," I replied, taking the trout and examining it, "but I'm puzzled. This is not a spotted or brook trout, it's not a lake trout neither, but what is it? It is exactly like the brown trout of Europe, but how does it happen that it is here? It is something remarkable."

"It's likely one that was put in these waters a number of years ago," answered the guide. "The fish and game officers put out thousands of fry here, but this is the first full-grown fish that's been taken so far as I know."

"I am glad to know that an effort has been made to introduce them in these waters," said I, laying the fish down, "for they are fully as gamy as the spotted trout and they will thrive in ponds and streams which are too warm for the others. I believe they will in time prove a valuable addition to our list of game fishes. But, John, it is almost sundown, and we are quite a distance from the house. We had better put by the rod and resume our paddles."

"Yes," was the reply, "we'd better move along. The old horse must be looking for us by now."

The canoe was again headed up the stream, and in a few minutes the landing place was reached.

"We had better leave the canoe here," said the guide. "We shall likely come down the river again soon, and there is no need of carrying the birch back and forth."

We quickly disembarked, and when the canoe was unloaded we lifted it out of the water and placed it in some undergrowth near the river.

The horse whinnied a welcome as we approached him and was evidently glad to be harnessed again for the return home. The trout were washed and strung on some withes for transportation, my creel not being large enough to hold a half of our catch. They made a very handsome show.

"We'll cut across through the woods by a lumber road until we strike into the post road," said John, when we were seated in the farm wagon. "Although it's a little further, we can travel quicker than we could by following the old tote road."

The horse quickened his steps as soon as the public road was reached, and then, starting into a brisk trot, he carried us at a pace which ere a half hour had passed brought us in sight of the little settlement in which the Murrys' pleasant cottage, my headquarters, was located.

"Really, John," I exclaimed, as we alighted at the door, "although it was a rough ride that you gave me in your springless wagon, the shaking up I have had has done me good, and it has also given me an appetite which will do full justice to the supper that I know Mrs. Murray has waiting for me."

"We have had a glorious day!" I said to my landlady and her daughter Phoebe, who stood beside her as I entered the house, "and we caught a nice lot of trout, too."

"I am glad you had such good success," replied Mrs. Murray, "but I'm afraid you have made too long a day for a first one."

"Not at all," I responded. "I have enjoyed every moment of the time and have, I warn you, come home with a ravenous appetite."

"I hope your supper will suit you," she replied. "Won't you stop and have tea with us, John?"

"No, thanks," answered the guide. "I must be getting home to look after my chores. I'll be 'round bright and early to-morrow," he added as he passed out into the road. "Perhaps we'll find something to make another good day for you."

The good things that Mrs. Murray had provided for supper were soon discussed and they were enjoyed with the keenest relish.

After the meal was ended and I had smoked my evening cigar on the porch, I joined the ladies in the cozy sitting room, and entertained them to the best of my ability with an account of the aphides I had seen in the afternoon, to which was added many other interesting facts in natural history which had at various times come under my observation.

Black Squirrels in Captivity.

DEEPDENE, Frimley Green, Surrey, England.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to say a few words in reply to the interesting letter of your Toronto correspondent on black squirrels. So far as I know he is the first person who has succeeded in inducing the squirrel to breed in any kind of confinement. I am a lover of squirrels and have several varieties, but when the "large jet-black squirrel" he writes of is the same species as the melanic variety of the gray squirrel which we have in New York, it is quite new to me, and if it be possible for him to send me a pair of his squirrels I should like to arrange for it. If they could be induced to live in peace with our little English squirrel they would have the run of my pine woods and plenty of provender. If not, they would have ample loft room like his.

But your correspondent makes a very common mistake about the teeth of the squirrel. I have raised many from babyhood, and I have not found that soft food induces abnormal teeth. The squirrel keeps his teeth down and sharp at the same time by grinding the upper and lower teeth against each other, and when the upper tooth is broken the lower will never grow unduly long. The wild squirrels who live in my wood come to the house for their food, and sometimes sit on the window bench to eat it, and I have five reared from babies now in my study (one is trying to make my pen away as I write), but they all, wild or tame, prefer bread at times to nuts. The wild ones eat the bread I throw to the pigeons, and I have never found that my own are the worse for eating it.

My gray squirrels will also at times prefer bread to nuts, but they, like the native squirrels, never attempt to store it away as they do nuts when they have more than they want to eat.

W. J. STILLMAN.

Weights of Animals.

Of 158 woodchucks killed by Gen. DePeyster and Dr. Robert J. Carroll, in a year's shooting in the neighborhood Monmouth Junction, N. J., the average weight was 10 pounds, and the heaviest one weighed 13½ pounds.

Cottontails, as received in the New York market, average 3½ pounds.

American Ornithologists' Union.

THE eighteenth congress of the American Ornithologists' Union convened in Cambridge, Mass., Monday evening, Nov. 12. The business meeting was held in Mr. William Brewster's museum, and the public sessions, commencing Tuesday, Nov. 13, and lasting three days, were held in the Nash lecture room of the University Museum.

The active members present were: William Brewster, C. F. Batchelder and Montague Chamberlain, of Cambridge; Drs. J. A. Allen, Jonathan Dwight, Jr., and Messrs. Frank M. Chapman and William Dutcher, of New York city; Drs. Fisher and Merriam, and Messrs. E. W. Nelson and William Palmer, of Washington, D. C.; Dr. A. P. Chadbourne and Messrs. Chas. B. Cory and H. A. Purdie, of Boston; D. G. Elliot and Ruthven Deane, of Chicago; Witmer Stone, of Philadelphia; Dr. Thos. S. Roberts, of Minneapolis, and John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn.

The associate members present during the sessions were: Walter Deane, Geo. C. Deane, Geo. H. Mackay, Outram Bangs, Mrs. Anna B. Phelps, Reginald Heber Howe Jr., Walter R. Davis, Harry G. Higbee, Francis H. Allen, Owen Durfee, Geo. A. Morison, J. D. Sornberger, Bradford Torrey, Miss Helen A. Ball, Rev. Herbert W. Gleason, Mantou Copeland, F. H. Mosher, J. A. Farley, Mrs. Ornida D. Hornbrooke, R. M. Strong, F. H. Kennard, Ralph Hoffman, W. P. Parker, E. H. Forbush and A. C. Bent, of Massachusetts; Drs. T. S. Palmer and Wm. C. Rives, of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Elizabeth B. Davenport, of Vermont; Miss Elisa W. Redfield, and Messrs. W. L. Bailly and C. J. Pennock, of Pennsylvania; Glover M. Allen and Walter M. Buswell, of New Hampshire; Miss Lucy F. Myer, and Louis Agassiz Fuertes, of New York; Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, Rev. H. K. Job, Judge John N. Clark, Dr. Louis B. Bishop and Willard G. Van Name, of Connecticut; James S. Hine, of Ohio; Waldron D. W. Miller, of New Jersey; Arthur H. Norton and J. Merton Swain, of Maine.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam was elected President; Chas. B. Cory and C. F. Batchelder, Vice-Presidents; John H. Sage, Secretary; William Dutcher, Treasurer; Frank M. Chapman, Ruthven Deane, Jonathan Dwight, Jr., A. K. Fisher, E. W. Nelson, Thos. S. Roberts and Witmer Stone, Members of the Council.

Dr. A. B. Meyer, of the Royal Museum, Dresden, was elected an honorary member, and Count E. Arrigoni Degli Oddi, University of Padua, Italy, and Walter E. Bryant, of Santa Rosa, Cal., corresponding members. Sixty-nine associate members were elected.

A change in the by-laws was proposed whereby the present class of active members shall be known as fellows; the present class of associate members to be known as associates, and to establish a class of membership intermediate between fellows and associates, to be known as members. The matter will be brought up for final action at the next congress of the Union.

Tuesday morning Prof. D. G. Elliot gave a memorial address on Dr. Elliott Coues, with whom he had been on intimate terms for nearly forty years. Dr. Coues was a founder and active member of the Union, became eminent in science, and did much to stimulate interest in others. Dr. J. A. Allen followed with an address on Geo. B. Sennett, also an active member, and a former Mayor of Meadville, Pa. Mr. Sennett contributed more than any one else to our knowledge of the ornithology of the Rio Grande region.

The report of the Committee on Protection of North American Birds, read by its chairman, Mr. Witmer Stone, showed that satisfactory results had been obtained during the past year. One important feature was the protection of the gulls and terns along the coast, made possible by money secured through the efforts of Mr. Abbott H. Thayer. The report will be published in the Auk, the official organ of the Union, together with a supplementary one by Mr. William Dutcher, having special reference to his work among the gulls and terns in connection with the Thayer Fund. These reports will be reprinted as a separate pamphlet.

Miss Juliette A. Owen, of St. Joseph, Mo., who so kindly remembered the Union at the last congress, sent an additional \$100 this year. This will be added to a fund, the income of which is to be spent for the advancement of the science of ornithology.

A paper of important historical interest was Mr. Witmer Stone's "The American Ornithologists' Union of 1840-45." Through the courtesy of Miss Lucy H. Baird, the facts were obtained about the earlier ornithologists from letters written to her father, the late Spencer F. Baird.

"Dooryard Ornithology," by Judge John N. Clark, was a well-presented paper on a popular phase of bird life. Mr. Clark's dooryard is in Saybrook, Conn., and in this restricted area he has noted the occurrence of more than one hundred species of birds. Perhaps the Rev. J. G. Wood had this locality in mind when he wrote that "We all know the extreme interest which attaches itself to minute and faithful records of the events which take place in some very limited sphere."

The afternoons of Tuesday and Wednesday were devoted to papers illustrated with lantern slides—all showing what an aid photography now is to the study of the habits of birds. Dr. Merriam had a remarkable series of pictures, giving views of wonderful glaciers, as well as of bird life, gathered during the Harriman Expedition along the coast of Alaska.

On Friday, Nov. 16, after adjournment of the Union, Mr. William Brewster conducted a party of eighteen to his camp on the river at Concord, Mass. Luncheon was served and the day was passed pleasantly by all.

The congress just closed was one long to be remembered, for nothing could exceed the cordial welcome shown by the local committee and by the members of the Nuthall Ornithological Club.

The next annual meeting will be in New York city, commencing Nov. 11, 1907.

Following is a list of the papers read at the sessions:

1. In Memoriam: Elliott Coues. D. G. Elliot.
2. In Memoriam: George B. Sennett. J. A. Allen.
3. The Sequence of Moults and Plumages of the *Larida* (Gulls and Terns). Jonathan Dwight, Jr.

4. A Study of the Genus *Sturnella*. Frank M. Chapman.

5. The Pterylosis of Podargus: With Further Notes on the Pterylography of the Caprimulgidae. Hubert Lyman Clark.

6. The Moults of the North American Shore Birds (*Limicola*). Jonathan Dwight, Jr.

7. Nesting of the Yellow-headed Blackbird. Illustrated by lantern slides. Thomas S. Roberts.

8. Among the Terns at Muskeget, and on the New Jersey Coast. Illustrated by lantern slides. Wm. L. Bailly.

9. The Season of 1900 at the Magdalen Islands; With Remarks on Bird Photography. Illustrated by lantern slides. Herbert K. Job.

10. Field Notes on a Few New England Birds. Illustrated by lantern slides. William Brewster.

11. Dooryard Ornithology. John N. Clark.

12. The "American Ornithologists' Union" of 1840-45. Witmer Stone.

13. Notes on the Spring Migration (1900) at Scarborough, N. Y. Louis Agassiz Fuertes.

14. Exhibition of Unpublished Water-color Paintings of Birds. Louis Agassiz Fuertes.

15. Impressions of Some Hawaiian Birds. H. W. Henshaw.

16. A visit to the Birthplace of Audubon. O. Widmann.

17. Natural History of the Alaskan Coast. Illustrated by lantern slides. C. Hart Merriam.

18. Notes on a Nest of Massachusetts Brown Creepers. Illustrated by lantern slides. A. P. Chadbourne.

19. Bird Studies with a Camera. Illustrated by lantern slides. Frank M. Chapman.

20. Exhibition of Lantern Slides of Birds, Birds' Nests and Nesting Haunts from Nature. Members.

21. Aptosochromatism. A reply to Drs. Dwight and Allen. Francis J. Birtwell.

22. On the Breeding Habits of Leconte's Sparrow. P. B. Peabody.

23. On the Value of Careful Observations of Birds' Habits. Edward H. Forbush.

24. Breeding of the Cerulean Warbler Near Baltimore. Frank C. Kirkwood.

25. Report of the A. O. U. Committee on the Protection of North American Birds. Witmer Stone.

26. Results of Special Protection to Gulls and Terns Obtained Through the Thayer Fund. Illustrated.

27. The Enforcement of the Lacey Act. T. S. Palmer.

Sea Gulls as Weather Signals.

PASSAIC, N. J., Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The note in FOREST AND STREAM the other day about sea gulls in the river has a commentary in this experience related by Mr. H. H. Thompson, of this city, in the Passaic Press:

Everybody and his wife noticed the fine weather of Election Day. The writer on his way to the city in the morning observed the unusual clearness of the atmosphere. I could see with distinctness objects at a distance which are hardly discernible in ordinary weather. Not a cloud was to be seen in the blue sky, which reminded me of the peculiar cloudless blue sky which overhung the Middle Park of Colorado during my week's horseback ride in September a few years ago. There was not the slightest indication of the near approach of the violent storm which surprised us the evening of the very next day. Without the least idea of competing with the famous weather seer of Hackensack, I can truthfully claim to have foretold the sudden change, and here is the secret of my success as a weather prophet. In crossing the Twenty-third street ferry I noticed quite a flock of sea gulls sitting in the water while many others were sailing at such an unusual height that I went forward to the bow for better observation, where I was soon joined by a truck driver, who asked me if I knew what the gulls were predicting, adding that he had crossed that ferry every week-day for seven years, and that he had learned for a dead certainty that when the birds flew about at such a great height and came sailing down and alighted in the water, a storm was brewing. He said that in his observations during these years he had not in a single instance known the signal to fail.

The Opossum in New York.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Nov. 4.—The Palladium published here, reports that Mr. Orb. Parmley, who lives near Minetto, went coon hunting yesterday and succeeded in capturing a possum that weighed about 25 pounds. The capture was made near Battle Island.

I saw the possum to-day, and was told on what seems good authority that two others were killed near the same place two years ago. Is it not very unusual for these animals to be found so far north? Battle Island is about four miles south of this city.

[The record is a far northern one for the range of the opossum. The weight must have been greatly overestimated. Perhaps that is what the game seemed to weigh after Mr. Parmley had lugged it five miles.]

The October Woodcraft.

THE October number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine contains the game and fish laws of the United States and Canada. The Woodcraft part has this capital list of contents:

GRANTHER HILL'S PATRIDGE. By Rowland E. Robinson.
IN THE FOREST.
THE OLD CANOE.
THE RESCUE OF MR. HUNDLEY.
KELLUP'S ANNUAL. By Jefferson Scribb.
DEACON THROPE'S PIGEONS.
ANY LETTERS FOR ME? By H. P. Ufford.
JEHOSEE ISLAND. By Olive F. Gunby.
FLORIDA INDIAN DEER HUNTERS.
AT CLOSE QUARTERS: The Hon. S., the Plover and the Bull; A Nova Scotia Bear; The Panther's Scream; A Time with a Florida Alligator; The Owl's Swoop; The Dog Climbed.
THE DOG AND THE TURKEY. By John James Audubon.
SENATOR VEST'S SUNDAY PIGEON SHOOT.
AUSTRALIAN ROUGH-RIDERS. By R. Boldredwood.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—XII.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

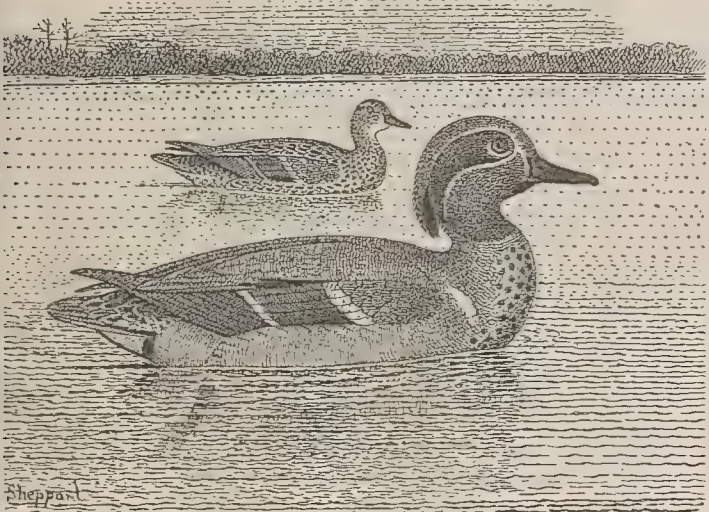
[Continued from page 405.]

Green-Winged Teal.

Anas carolinensis (Gmelin).

THE adult male has the head and neck reddish-chestnut, and a broad band of metallic green on either side, running from the eye to the back of the neck, where the two meet in a tuft. The under side of this green band is margined with a narrow line of buff; the chin is black; the breast is reddish cream color, dotted with round or oval spots of jet black. There is a collar round the lower part of the neck; the sides of the breast, back of lower neck, and of the body are finely waved with lines of black upon white ground. The back is similarly marked, and the lower back is brownish-gray. The upper tail-coverts are dark, margined with white, and the tail feathers gray, edged with white. On the side of the breast in front of the bend of the wing is a broad white bar. The tips of the last row of wing-coverts are margined with yellow. The speculum is black and green, margined with white. The outer scapulars are velvet black. The belly and a patch on either side of the under tail-coverts are rich buff, the under tail-coverts black. The bill is dark, nearly black, and the feet grayish black. The length is about 14½ inches.

The female is brownish, the feathers being generally



GREEN-WINGED TEAL.

margined with buff. The sides of head are whitish speckled with brownish. The wing is like that of the male, but the speculum is somewhat smaller and duller. The breast is usually more or less spotted, and the under parts are white, with faint indications of spots.

The green-winged teal is found over the whole of North America, from the Arctic Sea on the north to the Gulf of Mexico and Central America on the south. It occurs also in Cuba. It is one of the most beautiful of our ducks, and is highly esteemed by gunners.

Unlike many of our better known fresh-water ducks, the green-winged teal is rather common in New England, as well as in the interior and to the southward, and wherever found it is a great favorite. It flies with astonishing speed, but with great steadiness, and often the flocks are of very great size, and fly bunched up, so close together that they resemble more a flock of migrating blackbirds than of ducks. At such times, if they suddenly become aware of the presence of the gunner, the bunch flies apart like an exploding bomb, and the birds dart in all directions and at such a rate that it takes a quick shooting to catch them. On the other hand, if the shots can be fired into this close mass the havoc created is very great, ten, twenty or thirty birds sometimes being killed by the discharge of two barrels.

While the green-winged teal is much at home on the water and is a good diver in times of danger, it is also very much at home on the land, over which it runs with considerable speed.

Although this species breeds chiefly to the north of the United States, its nests have been taken in Wisconsin, Iowa and on the prairies and in the mountains of the West. I have seen it in Montana, Wyoming and Colorado, accompanied by young, and I recall one occasion in North Park, Colo., where I spent a very pleasant half hour watching an old female and her young as they busily fed in the narrow stream near where I sat. The mother bird at length discovered me, and though not greatly alarmed, she promptly led her flock of eight tiny young ashore, where, in a long line, with the mother at the head, they promptly trotted into the bushes and concealed themselves.

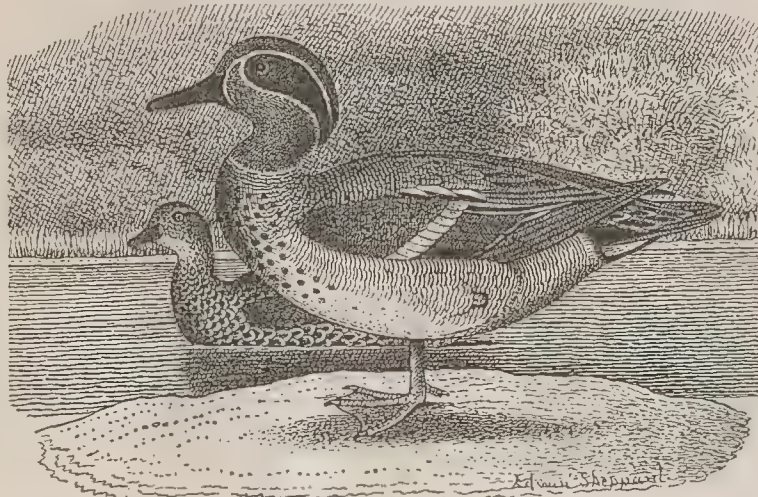
The green-winged is a more hardy bird than the blue-winged teal, and is often found on warm springs and streams in the North long after the ice has closed most of the quiet waters. I have seen it in Connecticut in the early winter, when almost everything was frozen up.

The nest of the teal is commonly placed not far from the water, in high grass or sometimes among a tussock of rye grass, or I have even found it on top of a dry ridge under a sage bush at quite a long distance from any stream. The eggs are small and apparently a little rounder than duck eggs usually are. The number in a nest varies from ten to fifteen.

European Teal.

Anas crecca (Linn.).

This is a European species, occurring only casually in North America. It very closely resembles the common green-winged teal, but lacks the white bar on the side of the breast, has the black and white markings of the back and sides much heavier, has the inner webs of the outer scapular and sometimes part of the outer webs white or yellowish, and the forehead bordered on either side by a pale-buff line. The female is so similar to



EUROPEAN TEAL.

the female green-winged teal that only an expert ornithologist can distinguish between the two. The European teal is found occasionally in the Aleutian Islands, and it has frequently been exposed for sale in the New York markets with other ducks shot in the neighborhood. The most important distinguishing mark between these two very similar birds is the white bar on each side of the breast, which is so noticeable in our green-winged teal, but absent in the European species.

European observers tell us that this teal is abundant over the Old World; that it breeds in Great Britain and Ireland and is common over Lapland, Russia and northern Asia. It is readily domesticated.

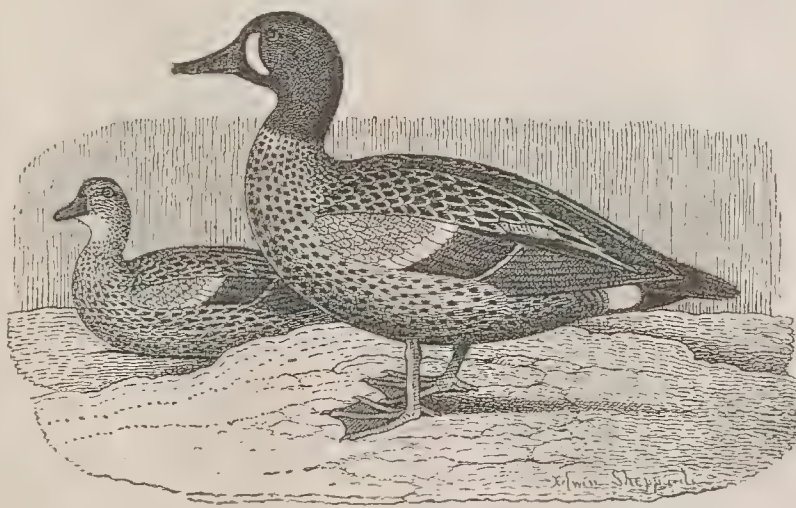
Blue-Winged Teal.

Anas discors (Linn.).

The adult male has the top of the head and chin black; a white crescent-shaped band, edged with black, extends from the forehead above the eye down to below the bill; the rest of the head is dark lead color, sometimes with glossy purplish reflections. The long scapulars running back from the shoulder are black, streaked with buff. The back and upper parts generally dark brown and dull black, spotted, barred and streaked with buff. The lower back is dull brown; the smaller wing coverts at the bend of the wing sky blue, as are also some of the long shoulder feathers. A wide bar of white across the wing, above the speculum, which is green, separates the blue and the green. There is a narrow line of white at the extremity of the speculum and a patch on either side of the tail. The lower parts are light chestnut, thickly speckled with black. The under tail coverts are black, as is also the bill. The eyes, legs and feet are yellow, the latter with dusky markings.

The female is always to be known by the blue markings on the wing, though the brilliant green speculum is often wanting. The chin, throat and base of the bill are white, marked with blackish, and the head and neck streaked and speckled with dusky brown. The other parts are dark brown, speckled with dusky brown. The bird is slightly larger than the green-winged teal.

The blue-winged teal is often called summer teal, and this gives a hint as to one of its habits. It is apparently a bird of more southern distribution than the other



BLUE-WINGED TEAL.

teals and is almost the earliest of the migrating ducks to make its appearance. The first to arrive are commonly found on our streams in late August or early September, and persons who are pushing through the marshes in search of rail very frequently start little bunches of blue-wings from the open places. It may be imagined that such birds have not come from a great distance. Indeed, the blue-winged teal breeds at many points in the West, and would do so more frequently were the birds permitted to make their northward migration without being disturbed by gunners.

The bluewing is common throughout eastern America, but in the West its place is chiefly taken by the cinnamon teal, a closely related species. In its northward migrations the blue-winged teal is found summering on the Great Slave Lake, and Mr. Dall tells of having seen it on the Yukon, and it has been reported from other points in Alaska. It breeds also in northern New England, as well as near the prairie sloughs of some of the States of the central West. The nest is placed on the ground among reeds and grasses, and is usually, but not always, near the water. It is lined with down from the mother's breast, and when she leaves the nest she covers the eggs with this down and over it places more or less grass. The number of eggs is said to be from eight to twelve.

During the winter these birds reach Mexico and Central America and are commonly found in Florida and the Gulf States. They feed in great numbers in the Southern rice fields, where they are reported to be caught in great numbers by means of traps set by the negroes. Teal are abundant in the low country about the mouth of the Mississippi, where they are known to the creoles as printanierre and automnierre, according to the season in which they are seen.

The teal frequently travel in very large flocks, and the speed with which they move and the closeness with which they are huddled together have become proverbial among gunners. They come up readily to decoys and not infrequently a large flock may come in without warning to a heedless gunner and drop down among his stools before he sees them. When he stands up to shoot, the teal leave the water as the mallard does, by a single spring, and dart away in all directions, coming together again and going on in a close bunch. If a flock is seen flying by they may sometimes be attracted by a soft, lisping note, and if they see the decoys they are likely to drop in among them. The blue-winged teal is fond of running about over mud flats and sifting them for food, and in localities where they are abundant a place such as this is one of the very best in which to tie out for blue-winged teal.

As with the greenwing so with this species—great numbers may be killed by the single discharge of a gun, provided it is properly aimed. Audubon speaks of having seen eighty-four birds killed by the single discharge of a double-barrel gun.

That Adirondack Moose.

One Point of View.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That moose which a guide killed in the Adirondacks the other day is valuable as a commentary. The mere fact that one of five great game animals at large was shot, especially under the circumstances prevailing, is important, of course, but seen in the broader light it is vastly more interesting to men who shoot, and particularly to men who hunt. The conditions prevailing in the Adirondacks are exactly in line with the death of the Saranac Lake bull, and one must imagine himself to be an Adirondack guide to realize what this condition is.

Every train carrying passengers into the Adirondacks in the spring and summer seasons bears men who have modern rifles in cases, as well as fish rods. These men would claim to be sportsmen, and they are the sportsmen known to Adirondack guides. If they can't kill deer, the guides must, and, of course, do, to save their jobs. It is no more to a guide than a commercial proposition. A deer is worth so much, and that moose was worth so much.

One account that I read of the moose gave the names of three guides as implicated in the matter. One, at least, of these three wears the button of the Adirondack Guides' Association, and is one of the ablest men in it. When I saw him in early August he was headed for the woods, a .38-55 in his hand. I believe that if he could be sure of the support of ten of his fellow members he would refuse to furnish venison for his fishermen employers. I don't believe there is a guide in the Adirondacks who has the back bone and the mental caliber combined to resist the temptation of \$3 a day when an illegal deer is the way, and there is not one in a hundred of the sportsmen campers who would refuse to eat venison if served to him. Most of these campers demand venison, and the members of the Adirondack Guides' Association, of which there are a few, don't know any better than to serve it.

If those five moose had come here to Northwood and I had killed one of them, there is not one chance in five hundred that I would have suffered for it, though there is not a man in this whole neighborhood who would not have heard about it, and probably only a few who would not have had a taste of it. I am morally certain, too, that had it been killed here by any of my neighbors I would have had a bit of it to fry or roast. That is the exact condition of affairs from here to Loon Lake and Lake Champlain. The game wardens are excellent vote getters.

Last year and this I tried to have a man who would have stopped deer hounding in this whole district put into the office which his knowledge, experience and determination deserved. Crusters had killed eighteen or so deer within fifteen miles of Northwood; the merits of deer hounds were everywhere discussed from actual and recent observation, and the illegal exploits of hunters were daily told. The same old warden is still in office, and by sitting on a favorite runway a short distance from here I can get a shot or two within a week at a dog-driven deer. If I did so, after this declaration, I would probably be arrested, because I have no political influence at my command.

On the other hand, two men were arrested for hounding a few miles up the West Canada this summer. They were promising subjects. A great sportsman's club was behind the prosecution. There were plenty of reliable witnesses, but the sportsman's club was behind the matter, and the men were acquitted. The trouble was that the sportsman's club has not been entirely just in its dealings with the natives of the country. The lumber camps on its land have hunters to furnish fresh meat, and these hunters are not troubled by the guides employed to guard the game at club expense. The guides in this case know better. Between sportsmen's clubs, lumber camps and members of guides' associations, Adirondack game has to hustle. And yet these two groups—the clubs and the associations—have the most at stake.

Just think for a moment what 200 moose in the Adirondacks would have meant to the guides' associations. From what quarter of the world would not hunters have come to try their luck and skill? What kind of money would not have found its way into the associations' pockets? This argument will appeal very effectively at the next meetings of the guides when they are all dressed up physically and mentally; but let 700 pounds of meat come in sight out in the bush next summer and see what happens. It will be interesting to learn what happens to the association members who were in this moose business—who wouldn't employ a man who could find an Adirondack moose anyhow? And is not his opinion worth listening

to? I imagine that the killers of this moose will have more trade offers next year than any six other guides. It is to be hoped that the parties who employ them will have their names conspicuously posted—but not unless the names of every other gang that employs guides to violate the law are also posted.

We Adirondack woodmen are in a sad way. We fry venison for breakfast, jerk it for lunch and boil it for supper in season and out when we can get it. We've all of us got a sort of sympathy for each other. We don't own any of the land up here to speak of, and if we went to making money, it is likely there would be "proper officials" inquiring into the matter. We earn money the best way we have open to us according to the lights of the land. We are not especially wise; we try to do the best we can, and live up to the example that is set for us by the people who employ us.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NORTHWOOD, Herkimer County, N. Y.

Notes from the Game Fields.

Sussex County, New Jersey.

NEWTON, N. J., Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This has been a star season for old Sussex. Quail are more abundant than they have been for several years. Many nice flocks of ten to fifteen full-grown, strong-flying birds can be found within a mile of town, and many nice bags are being taken.

Partridges are fairly abundant, and some are being killed by those who have the nerve to hunt this wary bird.

Woodcock have been scarce, but a few have been shot. Rabbits are fairly numerous, and gray squirrels have been more abundant than for many years; I have counted fifteen in a small patch of woods south of here in the early part of September; but our new laws do not allow us to shoot them till November, when one does good to get two or three in a morning's shoot. But all in all, we are having a splendid season, and it has been some time since the rafters in our woodshed have been so well decorated with the spoils of the chase. SUSSEX.

In Virginia.

CHASE CITY, Va., Nov. 24.—Quail are not quite as plentiful here as last season, but this seems to be generally the case through the country. Our local paper reports that a party of Northern hunters were quite successful in a deer hunt one day this week. They started eight deer, and Hon. N. M. Lewis, of Pennington, N. J., killed a fine doe, and Mr. Taylor Muir, of New York, a very large buck. We are told that Mr. Muir's gun kicked him heels over head the first shot, but he was on his feet again in time to kill the buck before it got out of gun shot range, with the other barrel. This was better shooting than the fellow who shot at and said he knew he had killed the deer, and that it would be found dead a short distance from where he shot it, but never could be found. He took his friends back to the spot where he shot to show them that he had shot true to the mark, and when they showed him that he had shot the tops off the pines about 15 feet from the ground, he said he "be gol darned if the deer wasn't up there when he shot." W. D. PAXTON.

Deer in New Hampshire.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my last letter about "Winnish in New Hampshire," I forgot to add some notes on "Deer in New Hampshire" which I intended to add.

The letter of Mr. W. A. Brown, of Springfield, Vt., which town lies right across the Connecticut River from us, and the later one from J. B. B., from Essex, N. Y., set me to making inquiries from my friends on the hill farms, and one of them, who brought me in a load of wood last week, tells me that a deer crossed his "home lot" the week previous, and that a neighbor of his had seen two together in his pastures but a few days before. It is now about seventy years since the last deer was shot in this town, and there is no doubt of their reappearance. It was at first thought that these might have come from the Corbin Park, twenty miles to the northeast of us, but as they have been reported, as seen in Honiker, over toward the center of the State, and also over by Lake Winnesaukee, it seems hardly probable that they could all have escaped from that source, and I think we may safely claim their return to be due to game protection and the beneficial result of proper game laws.

Commissioner Wentworth is very busy following up trespassers, and last week picked up three or four prominent citizens of Fitchburg, Mass., who had shot quite a number of ruffed grouse in Hancock and Stoddard, and were about to take them back to Massachusetts in defiance of the non-export game law, which they openly sneered at, relying on the speed and bottom of a "fast horse." VON W.

Currituck Ducks.

CURRITUCK, Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our game season, Nov. 10, opened on Monday, Nov. 12, on account of Saturday being rest day. It was calm and raining, which is not considered a good day for ducks. There were perhaps more redheads than we have had on opening day in five years, but they were all feeding in the north end of the Sound, between Swan Island and Currituck Court House, which caused the killing to be much lighter than usual. I think 2,000 ducks would be a fair estimate for the first day, with perhaps 1,200 for the second, and the bag on the next shooting day—Thursday—was about 1,000. Canvasbacks as usual were very scarce. Not over fifty were bagged by sportsmen and market-hunters altogether. But Friday was rather a cold day for this section, with a strong north wind; and while crossing the Sound yesterday (Saturday) I saw large flocks of canvasbacks which came in the night before. The largest number of ducks shot were the now famous little ruddy duck, but to-morrow there will be a large number of redheads killed, with quite a sprinkling of canvasbacks.

The Swan Island and old Currituck clubs seem to have the largest number of birds in their marshes. The latter club uses Indian corn in large quantities, which, I

think, from experience, is by far the best food for ducks (I mean, of course, artificial food). Nothing gives them the flavor equal to wild celery. It is now a well-known fact that geese, swans, canvasbacks, redheads, blackheads, widgeons, sprigs, teal, black ducks and mallards can be induced to visit marshes in large numbers where very few were ever seen before by baiting with corn.

Quail seem quite as abundant as usual along the western shores of the Sound. But English snipe are very scarce. Very few of the club men have visited their Currituck clubs so far, but quite a number are expected next week.

I have received letters from gentlemen who saw my experience in Dare county, Roanoke Island, asking about the duck shooting, etc. I would say for the benefit of all who expect to visit that section for ducks, geese and black brant that December and January are the best months. The best shooting in that section is to be had in batteries or sink boxes, and there is a license tax of \$20 before one can shoot. MORE ANON.

Long Island Ducks.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—Good luck rewarded my week's stay at E. A. Jackson's, East Quogue, Long Island. I shot over fifty, including all species from sea coot to mallard. E. A. SCHOVERLING.

Io West Virginia Mountains.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* West Virginia mountains are affording their share of big game this season, in some cases where it is not expected. Recently four hunters were out after small game, three of them having shotguns and one a rifle, when they came within close range of a large bear which was gathering chestnuts. They all pummeled it with shot, and finally laid it out with the rifle. It weighed nearly 500 pounds. Capt. J. R. Miller, of this place, along with some others, started Monday last for Pocahontas county, where they will try for deer and bear, both of which animals are reported plentiful. A party from Fairmont recently returned from a hunt on Gauley. They killed nine deer and report them plentiful, but bears are said to be scarce in that region. EMERSON CARNEY.

Hunting in the South.

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 22.—In the olden times, in the South, there were three distinct classes of sportsmen. The cultured class of whites hunted the fox with large packs of well-bred hounds, and also the partridge (or quail) with setter and pointers.

The horses selected for the fox chase were the very finest, and were trained to jump gullies, ditches and the old fashioned worm fences which have now been supplanted by the barbarous "barbed wire." The "po' white folks" hunted the turkeys, for meat and not sport was their object. Then came the third class, and in fact the "all round sportsman"—the negro. I have never seen one who wouldn't chase any kind of wild varmint day or night, when he got the chance, though the 'possum was his favorite of all the game of which our country abounded. I have known them to hunt all night long, and then work all of the next day. With a well trained mule they would walk down a furrow in the cornfields fast asleep. With but few exceptions the negroes do not care for partridge shooting, for the reason that they are not expert in wing shooting, and the game doesn't go far enough after they get it.

In these days the wall of separation which once divided the people into classes, having tumbled down, we've got into a state which calls for the most rigid enforcement of the game laws, for there is a certain class of both whites and blacks who never leave their homes to visit a neighbor a mile away without carrying their guns along, and will shoot anything that comes in their way in any month in the year. Our farmers never objected to shooting on their premises by men of respectability, but when these "game hogs," as they are called, go prowling about with guns, and often pick up a barnyard fowl which happens to come in their way, and out of hearing of the land owners, it is but natural that they should ask our legislatures to pass the most stringent laws with regard to trespass.

From objecting to the rougher element, they have begun to object to everybody's coming on their premises, and they post up notices to that effect. No gentleman wants to be "ordered off," nor does he want to walk a mile to a man's house to tell him who he is and ask permission to shoot. It takes too much time. I have never had a farmer to object to my shooting when I went to his house and asked the privilege, but when I go hunting I am looking for game, and on our large farms, if I've got to pay a visit to every man's house before shooting, the day is gone.

The gentlemen sportsmen from now on will have to get together and rent or buy land and stock it with game and rely upon it for the pleasure of shooting. I have just returned from Aberdeen, N. C.—the Piney Woods—in a few miles of Pinehurst, the celebrated resort for New Englanders, and owned by Mr. Tuft, of Boston. Mr. H. H. Powell, who runs a hotel at Aberdeen, was kind enough to take me to his game preserve of 3,500 acres, and I had delightful sport, bringing home thirty-seven birds and a turkey. I had been "run off" by an old woman, whose face was the color of a pumpkin, with eyes like buttonholes, the day before. I don't see how this old creature ever found the place, for she was in a wilderness of black-jack oaks, pines and sand, and must have descended from some family that lived in the time of Noah and the flood.

Mr. Powell conceived the idea that if he would plant peas in quantities it would attract the wild turkey and the quail, and judging from the game we found there, when every other place had proven blank, he was not mistaken as to results. Deer, foxes, raccoons and possums were already there, but the food "especially prepared" for the turkeys and quail has drawn them there in numbers. I understand that the Grand Hotel of Mr. Tufts, at Pinehurst, will be opened in a few weeks. I could hardly believe that so much improvement could have been made in a few years, and a wild, barren country, such as that has always been, could have been made as beautiful, and the sand hills teem with the

most beautiful flowers and plants. If any of the sportsmen of the north who goes to Pinehurst this winter will call on Mr. Powell, who is himself a great lover of field sports, he can tell them all they want to know about the game down there. I am now too far advanced in years to do much more hunting myself, but if I were a younger man I would get together a lot of men who love field sports, and buy this land and make a game preserve of it. It can be done at a small outlay, and there is land enough there to furnish shooting for the next fifty or a hundred years. POLK MILLER.

The West Virginia License.

We have not killed many deer here this fall, but I have kept an account of over twenty that have been killed so far. Two of these deer were killed Saturday, Nov. 17, on the mountain opposite Romney, a distance of one and one-half miles. We have a good many wild turkeys this fall, and a goodly number have been killed, the evidence of this being the turkeys hanging in front of the stores in Romney for sale. We have more pheasants and partridges this fall than for many years, but the farmers are all posting their lands, and you have to get permission from the owners to shoot over the farms.

Our non-resident license law is a fake pure and simple. In the first place, it is not enforced, and I for one do not think it ought to be, for several reasons which I will briefly state:

First, the license is too high; in fact it is a prohibitory one.

Second, when a man pays a license he should have the privilege to hunt somewhere, as West Virginia has no game preserves, this privilege the State cannot give.

Third, this law gives to the residents who only hunt for market, more license to go and destroy all game they can, because it brings a good price in the markets.

Fourth, it is a blow at every farmer who ever kept a city boarder, every hotel and livery stable keeper in the State, and all people who desire to keep fishermen and hunters, and does very little for the protection of game or fish.

Every county should have a game and fish warden, who should enforce the laws regardless of any one. This a prosecuting attorney of a county is not apt to do, as he might want to run for office again and does not want to incur the ill-feeling of his constituents by enforcing what to them seem useless game laws. Pheasants are bringing from forty to fifty cents apiece in our stores, and partridges sell for ten cents apiece, and quite a good many are brought here for sale. Venison sells for from twelve and one-half to fifteen cents per pound—that is the saddles. Whole deer bring from eight to fifteen dollars apiece, according to their size and how badly they are shot. A law preventing the sale of game entirely would do away with a vast amount of trouble to enforce complicated game laws. J. B. BRADY.

ROMNEY, W. Va.

The Good of It.

Mr. Brady sends us as worthy of a place in FOREST AND STREAM these notes written by Editor John J. Cornwell, of the Romney Review:

A subscriber asks: "What causes 'Indian summer' and why is it that it does not begin and end just at the same time each year?" Were we able to answer the first part of the question propounded we would be wiser than any one yet heard of. Various theories have been advanced as to the cause of the quiet, hazy, smoky period in each year that occurs late in October or in November, which is known as Indian summer, but no satisfactory explanation has ever been given. So say the books. Therefore as no one knows the cause it is easy to guess why it can not be explained that Indian summer does not come at regular intervals. The explanation of the name "Indian summer" is found in the fact, as is well known, that years ago the white settlers imagined that the haze and smoke, incident to that particular part of the season, was caused by the Indians burning the prairies over, to drive out the game in order that they might the more easily find the wild animals that made their home in the tall grasses. Of course this was only a myth, but it served to furnish the name. In British America and Canada the same season is known as "St. Martin's summer." Why I don't know.

However, whatever the cause, it is a most delightful period. The mountains, tinged with gilt and gold, grow dim in the distance as the atmosphere becomes thicker and heavier and then it is that that tired and restless feeling comes creeping over one and he begins to look up his old shotgun, "Betsey," as a well-known local huntsman terms his fowling piece, and hies himself to the woods with visions of swift winged turkeys and fleet footed deer in his mind. Perhaps he finds a flock of bluenecks and crawls a mile around to head them off and be just where he can kill and slay to his heart's content. Out of breath, with palpitating heart and perspiring brow he discovers when too late that he is just one hundred yards too far the wrong way and that they are crossing the ridge out of range. Perhaps, like the wily Boers, if he is a patient and persistent huntsman, he executes another flank movement with more success, but perhaps in sheer desperation he crowds them and they begin to fly. He bombards the atmosphere as they go, well nigh out of range, and presently hears some more fortunate cuss open up over on the other side, right where they seemed to alight. Did you ever have that kind of luck? Eh? Of course you have, if you ever hunted, and when you come home at night, empty handed, tired and foot-sore, wishing you had a thimbleful of "conversation water" to brace you up, you almost swear you will never go again, but perhaps before bed time you hear where somebody saw several deer or a whole flock of twenty turkeys late that afternoon, and you know to a dead certainty just where those turkeys will roost and where those deer will lie, and as a result you sleep with one eye open, for fear of being belated, dream of trying to shoot something and of seeing the shot all rolling out of your gun, but are up and off again before daylight, perhaps to be again disappointed, or in some degree successful.

But there is lots of fun about it all and besides that it expands the appetite, aids digestion, gives color to the

cheeks and luster to the eye to climb the rugged mountains, so abundant in our section of the country, in the cool crisp morning air, laden with ozone and oxygen. It lengthens life and tightens care and the one who does not enjoy even the fizzle first described has something wrong with his make up and is not a fit companion for live people.

Talks to Boys.

III.—Handling the Gun.

A GUN is not a complicated instrument, but it is a very dangerous one, and if incautiously handled may wound or kill the holder, his companion or his dog, causing in an instant injury that can never be repaired and sorrow that may last as long as life. It is easy to see, therefore, that especial care ought to be exercised in handling such an implement, and that especial instruction ought to be given to any one who is about to begin using a tool which may possibly work such harm. Too often such instruction is not given. A boy is permitted to start out with his gun unaccompanied by any older person. He is told in a general way to be careful and not to point the weapon at any one, and then is allowed to start out to use the gun without any particular fear or trembling on his own part or that of his parents and guardians. This is not fair to the boy, and it certainly is not fair to his mother. The wonder about it all is that the accidents resulting from carelessness with guns are so few, when we remember how very many guns are used.

A boy who is to use a gun should for a time handle it under the supervision of some one—man or woman—who understands it and the dreadful possibilities which lurk within it. So long as it is unloaded these possibilities do not exist, and before a boy is trusted with a loaded gun he should learn what a gun is, how to handle it, and how to carry it. If he does this the chance of accident to the boy or his associates is very greatly decreased and the probability of his successful use of the gun when he begins to shoot is greatly increased.

The Three Points in Shooting.

Frank Forester, who was the first great apostle of the shotgun in this country, said that "In using the gun there are three principal points to be considered, so that the art may be divided into three heads: How to use the gun safely—that is with the least possible danger to yourself and others; how to use it effectively—that is with the greatest power of bringing down under all circumstances the object at which it is directed; how to use it serviceably—that is so that it shall be always ready for service, so that it shall suffer the least from being constantly used and endure the longest wear and tear without deterioration."

These points are certainly all of the highest importance, but the lesson as to how the gun should be used will be made much more easy if before you consider any of these three points you make yourself familiar with the arm and learn how to carry it and to manipulate it as easily and as naturally as you do any other article which you are accustomed to use, and which you handle without any effort whatever. The use of any strange imple-

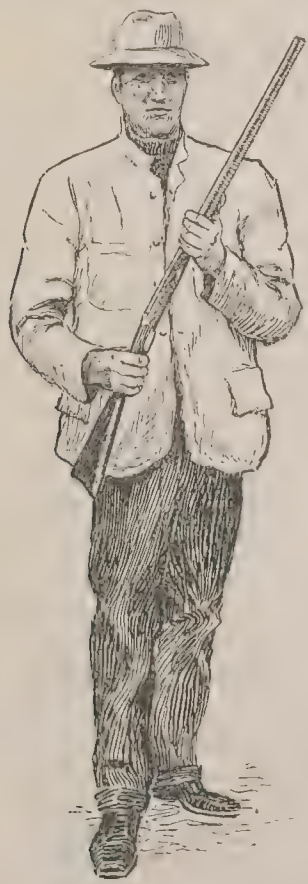


FIG. 1. GOOD POSITION.

Ready for birds to rise and perfectly safe.

ments, or the performing of any novel operation, calls for a new arrangement of ideas in the mind and brings into play a new set of muscles in the body. Until these ideas and this use of the muscles cease to be new and strange—an effort—no one can do with the new implement the best work that is to be done. The sooner you learn to feel about the gun as you do about your bat or your golf club or your tennis racket, the sooner you will be able to use the gun in the field and to share with your instructor the pleasure of bringing the birds to bag.

No boy should be allowed to shoot his gun until he has learned something about handling it and has become accustomed easily to hold and to manipulate this piece of wood and steel. The act of shooting is one that calls into different play several parts of the body, or sets of parts, all of which must act together, if the operation is to be easily and successfully performed. The shooter must stand properly, so as to be well balanced; he must bring up his gun so that the barrels are parallel with his line of sight; he must move his body easily above the hips, and the shoulders freely; must swing his gun without effort; must see the bird, judge the distance, the speed and the angle at which the mark is flying. And all these opera-

tions must be performed together and in a very small fraction of time. If the gun is not a complicated implement the act of shooting is certainly a complicated operation.

A boy must learn to shoot first, and this he can do only by practice long continued, but after he has learned to

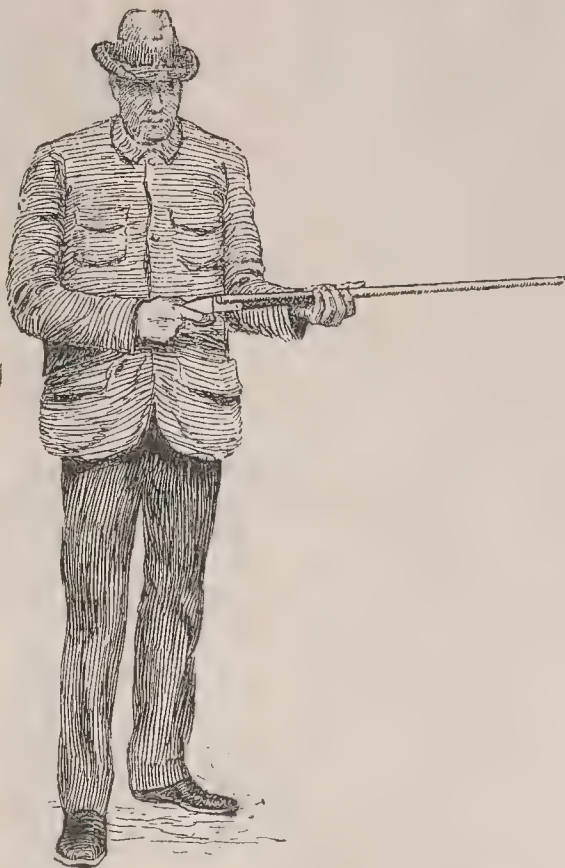


FIG. 2. BAD POSITION.

Ready for birds to rise, but in case of accidental discharge likely to kill your companion.

shoot and to shoot straight and to hit things, there are still many matters about the use of a gun which he must teach himself. There is the whole great field of what is usually known as the science of woodcraft, of which almost every one who goes abroad into the fields and woods knows a little, but of which no one knows, and no one ever will know, the whole. Woodcraft, as its name shows, is the knowledge of the woods. It deals with the life of man in natural surroundings, for the term is applied not merely to the actual forests, but to a wild region anywhere. It is a broad term which includes all nature and all natural things, and the gunner or angler who studies these things most and best will be the most successful in his pursuit of the wild creatures of the land and of the water.

But aside from this the young gunner as he shoots more and more will by long practice learn many things more directly connected with the gun. He will recognize in an instant the possibilities in everything that happens. When a bird rises, he will at once see that he must make a quick shot before it disappears; that there is an opening in the woods ahead across which it will fly; that it is so close to him that if he shoots he will blow his bird to pieces. Long practice will cause him to take advantage of every opportunity that offers, where a person less experienced would not know what to do; would either do the wrong thing or else the right thing too soon or too late.

Therefore, boys, let us put off for weeks, or better yet, for months, the making of any noise, and try to learn something about this new tool, which we now think of only as an implement to be used in killing. When you grow older you will come to realize that there are many other acts besides killing in which the gun takes an important part. You will love the weapon at first for the killing that it helps you to do, but later you will come to care for it for other reasons.

Of these the chief one is that this weapon gives you an excuse for leaving your ordinary pursuits and going abroad into surroundings which are more natural—and from their strangeness more attractive—than those in which the greater part of your life is passed. You will find that the men who use the gun and the rod regard as the happiest weeks of their year those spent in camp or in shooting in the field or fishing along the lakes and rivers, and I feel sure that the reason why they enjoy it so much is not because of the game they kill or the fish they take, but because they are out of doors, independent of the ordinary restraints of life and brought close to nature, which in some form or other they all delight in. Young men no doubt shoot and fish more for the excitement of capturing their prey, but middle aged and older men do it for the relief that it gives them from the ordinary cares of life.

Breaking the Gun.

When you have received your gun, one of the first things that you will wish to do is to see how it works. You will break it down and snap it together many times, and the sharp click with which the breech comes into place will be a pleasant sound to your ears. You will wish to cock it and pull the trigger often, but do not do this too frequently, for there is some danger that you may break the spring that throws the firing pin. In a loaded gun the firing pin falls on the primer, which yields a little and acts as a cushion, while the solid breech of the unloaded gun does not yield at all, and the severe jar may break the spring. Your instructor will show you how to take off the fore end and to take the gun apart, and to put it together again, and this too is a good thing for you to practice. In putting on the barrels be careful not to jam them against the breech and bruise either, and do not try to force them if the two parts do not seem to go together readily. They are accurately fitted, and will slip together easily and smoothly if properly handled. If they do not, the fault is yours. Work them gently, and after a bit you will get the knack of it.

Remember always that a gun is carefully made; that a great deal of labor has been put on it, and that it has cost a considerable sum of money. A good piece of property is worth taking good care of, and no one who is

not willing to take care of what he owns ought to have good things.

Sighting.

It will be well for you to look at your gun several times a day, and probably you will not object to doing that. After you have taken it out of its case and put it together, stand up in the middle of your room in a clear space where there is no danger of hitting anything and throw the gun to your shoulder, bringing your head a little down and forward, so that your eye looks along the rib between the barrels and you see just over the breech the little knob of the sight. If you shoot from your right shoulder, close your left eye and look along the rib with the right. Many people to-day—perhaps most people—shoot with both eyes open, but if you shut one eye it will be easier for you to find the sight and to learn just how your head should be thrown forward to bring your eye to the line of the barrel. Throw the gun up as advised over and over again until it comes up naturally and your eye without effort finds the sight. If the gun fits you—if the length and the crook of the stock are just about right—in a very short time you will find that it is no effort for you to catch the sight. Do not work too long at this at any one time; rather do it often.

Position.

While you are practicing this, you must remember also to stand steadily and to hold your gun in the proper position. When you throw the gun to your shoulder and your head down and forward, your body will be bent a little forward, and so your feet must be separated. If you shoot from the right shoulder, as most people do, your left foot should be a little advanced and is likely to bear part of your weight when the gun is thrown to the shoulder. Your right foot is 8 or 10 inches behind it, and the toe is turned out, while the left foot points straight ahead. If you should draw the left foot backward, it would about strike the hollow of the right foot. The position described will enable you to stand firmly under almost any circumstances. The chief thing to avoid in this matter is standing stiffly—in a cramped position. In shooting freedom of motion is essential to success.

You must remember always to stand easily on your feet, to balance yourself well, keeping your center of gravity always over your feet. In shooting, one has to twist about and take many curious positions in following the flight of a bird, and he must carry himself so that under all circumstances he will move freely and will not lose his balance. If you shoot from the right shoulder, your weight will rest upon your right foot, your left foot being a little in advance, to support part of the weight as you bend forward, your knees straight, but not stiffly held, so that they may yield to any strain that may come unexpectedly, and your right leg a pivot on which your body will turn freely, the left foot changing its position to keep you always balanced as you face in different directions. This matter of balance and support is a very important one, and it is well to practice it from the very beginning, turning your body quickly as you throw up your gun, and aiming suddenly far to the left, moving the left foot around as you do so, so as to keep your balance perfect. Then aim as far as you can to the right, stepping around in the other way. In a very short time you will learn to

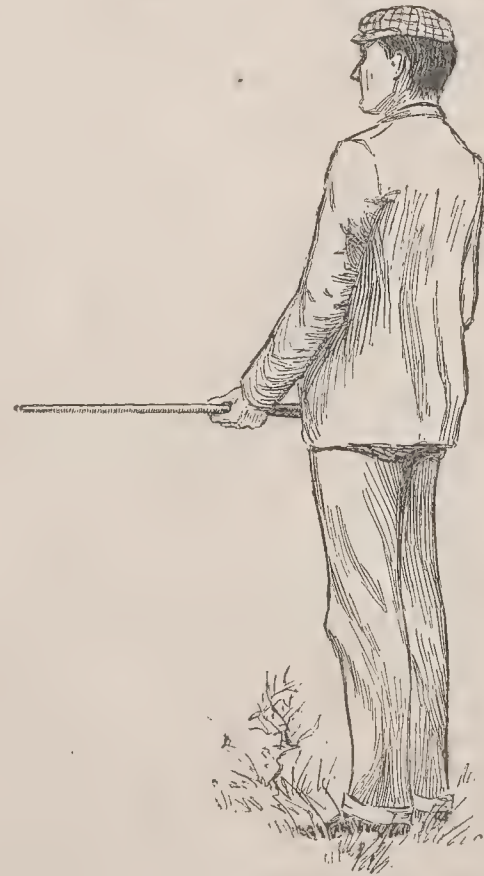


FIG. 3. HIGHLY DANGEROUS POSITION.

Likely to kill any one within range.

do this without thinking about it, and it will be one of the very first things that you learn to do automatically.

Many men—especially trapshooters—stand with their feet almost side by side, the toes turned out and the weight resting on the heels. When they have occasion to turn to left or right, they swing themselves on their heels. On the other hand, many admirable shots in the woods stand with the right foot further behind the left than I have described, the idea being that the right foot acts as a brace against recoil. They turn on the left foot as a pivot. The way in which one stands is not very important provided his position is that which gives him the most perfect balance and the greatest freedom of motion.

Holding the Gun.

You should hold your gun firmly, but easily. Do not grip it as if you were expecting some one to try to wrench it from your grasp, and on the other hand do not hold it loosely, as if you were afraid of it, or were going to drop it. The right hand should grasp the grip, just back of the trigger guard, and should be held low—below the waist band. The left hand should support the barrels under the fore end, and should be held high—about on a

level with the short ribs. The gun is thus held across the body, with the butt low in front of the right thigh, and the muzzle high in front of the left shoulder. Held in this position, if the gun goes off accidentally it can harm only people in the tree tops or those who are looking out of third-story windows. This is the position for the gun when one is just about to shoot, and game may be expected to spring up at any moment. It corresponds to the old military position, "ready," and is commonly not used except when a shot is immediately expected.

Carrying the Gun.

In the course of your shooting you will see a great many men who carry their guns differently from this—many, for example, who drop both arms nearly to their full length, holding the gun parallel to the ground, with the muzzle at about the same height as the breech. This is a bad position, because, if the gun is unintentionally discharged the shot sweeps along low over the ground and would certainly hit any one who was in its path. Moreover, many of the men who hold their guns in this way are slow shooters. It takes them a long time to raise their hands to the height of their shoulders, while in the position that I recommend you have only to raise one of your hands to the height of your shoulders, your left hand being already almost at the proper height. If you compare the two methods, you will find that much less effort is required to bring the gun to your shoulder and take sight of an object when the gun is held in position recommended than if it be held with the muzzle lower.

This position of the gun, however, is, as has been said, to be employed only when birds may be expected to rise at any time—in other words, when you are just about to shoot. On the other hand, it is about as easy to learn to carry a gun with comfort in one position as in another, provided you start with the intention of practicing one method, and you will find before we get through that there are a great many ways in which the gun can be carried—and all of them safe ways—without more effort than is required to carry it in a dangerous way, but in all these safe ways the muzzle must be directed up or down.

With a view to having you acquire the desired familiarity with the gun and to have you feel that it is not a burden, nor some strange thing that has to be thought about all the time, I would like to have you carry it with you when you go out walking with your instructor, who, I rather hope, will be your father or your uncle—some one at all events who has had a good deal of experience with a gun, who understands what it is that you ought to learn, and who is old enough to remember all the time that you are trying to learn a lesson, though a pleasant one.

If it is in the shooting season, perhaps he will let you go with him when he goes shooting, carrying your empty gun, so that you may see the dogs work and the birds found, and may hear the rattle and the roar of their wings when they get up, and may see what your experienced companion does. That will be very pleasant. But I want him while he is walking across the fields and watching the dogs and noticing everything that happens also to keep his eye on you, and to see how you are carrying your gun. Before very long you will, I hope, forget all about the gun except to wish now and then you had some cartridges for it. But when you start out, your instructor will tell you how you should carry the gun, and when you forget, as you certainly will, and point the muzzle in all sorts of directions, he will caution you about this and he may be obliged to do this many times if you are very heedless, but after a while you will reach a point where most of the time you will carry your gun properly.

If, however, it is not the shooting season and your instructor takes you with him over to the farm house, or down to the pond or into the garden, he will first of all show you how to carry the gun. The simplest, readiest and most natural position is to hold it with the right hand grasping either the butt of the stock or the grip, the fore end just under the breech resting on your right shoulder, the stock rather low and the barrel directed diagonally across behind your head and well up in the air. The position is not very different from that which in the old books of tactics used to be called "right shoulder shift." The muzzle of the gun being pointed well up in the air, the discharge of the gun—if it should take place—will be harmless.

After you have carried the gun in this way for a while your arm and shoulder will naturally become a little tired and cramped with the unaccustomed position and the weight of the gun, even though it be a light one, and before you feel this sensation of discomfort it will be well for you to shift the gun to the same position on the left shoulder, remembering always to hold the stock low, so that the barrels will be pointed up into the air. If you are a right-handed boy, it will not be quite so easy for you to carry the gun on your left shoulder as it is on your right, but you can easily teach yourself to do this, and in a very short time it will seem perfectly natural for you to have the gun there.

As you walk along, it will be good for you now and then to stop and throw your gun to your shoulder and take sight at various objects 20, 30 or 40 yards away, as a knot on a tree, the top of a fence post or a flower in the lot. Bring your gun to your shoulder quickly, but not so hastily that it will point up in the air or away off to one side when the stock reaches the shoulder. Catch sight as quickly as you can, and do not lower the gun until you have caught the sight. Do not be discouraged if you are slow at first. Persevere.

W. G. DE GROOT.

An All-Round Warden.

TOMS RIVER, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Three men of Island Heights, N. J., shot a helldiver and one or two coots from a sailboat. A warden arrested them. They were taken to Toms River and fined \$61.30. After the case was settled the three men became friendly with the warden, and a game of poker was proposed. After it had ended it was found that the warden had cleaned them out of all their cash, so they paid rather high for their sport. But that is the kind of warden that is needed, as the crowd did not have enough money left to buy a box of shells to break the law again with.

HERB.

Spring Shooting.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I inclose some clippings from the Watertown Times. We are going to try another year to have a law passed prohibiting spring shooting of wild fowl in Jefferson county for three years. Why cannot the sportsmen of our sister counties join with us and make it cover the entire State? There are a great many sportsmen who believe that if the spring shooting of wild fowl could be stopped the birds would breed in this State in large numbers and give us good sport all through the fall months. The spring shooter says they won't, and he has had his own way in this matter for years. He may be right, but he can't prove it, and we may be right, but we can't prove it. Why not pass this law next winter, and settle this question?

W. H. TALLETT,

President Jefferson County Sportsmen's Association.

The following was written at the time the bill to stop spring shooting in Jefferson County was before the Legislature. What was said then is true now. I quote from the Times:

In the Times we read that Senator Brown's bill to stop spring shooting in Jefferson county is meeting with great opposition from the "sportsmen" of Clayton, Alexandria and Ellisburg. We object to the term "sportsman" as applied to the spring shooter. No true sportsman, worthy of the name, would be guilty of shooting any game bird or animal, during the nesting or breeding season. I do not believe the sportsmen of these towns are opposed to this bill. There is opposition by a certain class of shooters and men who have a small money interest at stake. I know of a certain captain of a certain yacht at Clayton, who would like to take a few so-called sportsmen for a few days, for a few dollars, this spring. He is very active in the matter and has sent a petition to Albany. There are probably others of the same kind at Clayton and Alexandria. In the town of Ellisburg there is a small body of water known as Woodville Pond, a private preserve and hotel. The managers of this hotel and preserve have always been opposed to any law stopping spring shooting. Why? Because a few spring shooters from Jefferson, Onondaga and Oswego counties come there every spring and stay a few days and leave a few dollars. The cold facts of the matter are that a few men would lose a few dollars if this bill



COW MOOSE IN THE LAKE.

These excellent photographs of a cow moose and moose calf swimming in a New Brunswick Lake were taken by Mr. Charles S. Bird, Jr., in August, 1900.

were to become a law. These parties have always been, and probably always will be, opposed to any law of this kind. At the session of 1893 a law was passed stopping spring shooting in this State. These same parties induced a member of Assembly from this county to introduce a bill repealing this law, and with the help of Onondaga and Oswego counties succeeded in securing its passage. These same men now profess to be in favor of a law for the whole State, but object to the law for Jefferson county. The sportsmen believe (and the experience of other States and localities where they have stopped spring shooting is convincing proof) that if the wild fowl are undisturbed in our county during their spring flight, large numbers of them would remain with us to nest and rear their young. Not only this, but that being unmolested in our waters they would stay longer in the spring, and choice feeding places, and would be more apt to stop with us in the fall than they would if driven out by hunters in the spring. When the ducks arrive in the spring they are poor in flesh and as a rule are so tainted by a fish and mussel diet as to be utterly unfit for food. So the killing of them is a wanton destruction of bird life. How many of us stop to consider that for every pair of these worthless birds we kill in the spring we are destroying 12 to 15 birds that would return to us in the fall in prime condition.

Jefferson county is more favorably located than most counties of the State, for the reason that the laws of Canada prohibit spring shooting, and the law could be easily enforced, thus making a grand preserve for all the people of this county.

Why not give up this doubtful sport of shooting mated birds in the spring, and pass this law and try it for a year or two. Remember that St. Lawrence county was the first county to stop the hounding of deer, and that the deer driven from other counties found a safe refuge there, and the other counties were forced to pass the same law or go without venison. We appeal to every true sportsman, and to every lover of justice and fair play, to help us to stop this merciless slaughter of birds during the breeding season.

W. H. TALLETT,

President Jefferson County Sportsmen's Association.

We shall win in the end because we are right; we are

going to start right now, and try to convince the people of this county that we are not selfish in this matter, that we are not working for the interest of any one class of shooters, but for all of us. Why is the fall duck shooting just across the line in Canada better than it is on this side? Why do the ducks breed there in larger numbers? Is it not because spring shooting is prohibited, the law enforced and the birds protected during their nesting season. And if the sportsman of this county wants good duck shooting in the early fall, when it is a pleasure to hunt, he has to go to Canada for it and pay a license of \$25 for the privilege of shooting birds that we refuse to allow to nest in this county. All along the northern border of this county are islands, along our shores are bays and scattered through our county are creeks and lakes where the wild duck used to breed in countless thousands. Why do they not breed here now? There is the same feed, the same water. The spring duck shooter will tell you that the country is too thickly settled, that there are too many people moving about. Why! I know of an instance where a black duck built her nest within five rods of a farm house and not ten rods from the highway, and at least one mile from the nearest body of water, and she succeeded in hatching the brood and getting them safely to the bay. Oh, yes! The spring shooters will say the black duck will breed here, but these other ducks, the broadbill, the whistler, etc., these flight ducks, they don't stop here. They breed in Canada. I can furnish convincing proof that they do breed here every year in small numbers. Why don't the wild fowl breed here as they used to do? Simply for the reason that at every island, every point, every feeding place, lake and creek, the spring shooter is waiting, ready to kill or drive them from our waters. The laws of this State permit the killing of wild fowl until May 1, and before that date many birds should have begun their nesting. It seems to me that the sportsmen of this State, and of this county in particular, are very short-sighted in this matter, and that the lovers of duck shooting have not given this question the proper consideration and study. We drive the birds into Canada to breed. They have good feeding grounds, the birds are contented, and they stay there until they are forced to leave by the freezing of the waters, and as the waters close here at nearly the same time, and the distance to the coast is so short, I do not believe that one bird in a thousand stops here on their fall flight. We are in fact driving the birds from our country into Canada in the spring to breed birds for southern shooters. I hope that the sportsmen of this county will give this question careful consideration. We might compromise with the gentlemen who oppose us, and get a law prohibiting spring shooting for three years. In that time we ought to be able to prove who is right. I should like to have every sportsman in this county who is with us, or would be willing to give such a law a three years' trial, send me his name and address. We want to know who our friends are. We want your help another year.

W. H. TALLETT,

President Jefferson County Sportsmen's Association.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Western Game Situation.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 24.—Winter came with a rush in the upper portions of the Mississippi Valley when it finally started in this year. There is a foot or two of snow over upper Wisconsin and Michigan, several inches of snow in the lower peninsula of Michigan, and generally cold weather, the thermometer dropping as low as one degree below zero yesterday in upper Wisconsin. The weather has been very bad in upper Illinois and Indiana, so that the quail shooters complained bitterly that their sport has been spoiled at the very time of season when it should be best. The cold rains have prevailed all over the country from here to the Ohio River. This has not spoiled the shooting altogether, but only made it uncomfortable. When the first cold storms of the fall strike the quail they huddle up for days at a time, and do not go out to feed. When hunger drives them, they begin to run again and eventually get used to the colder weather. There is no doubt that the sudden cold, following the earlier mild weather, seriously disturbed the young and half fledged birds of the second broods. Very many of the quail, which we got in our hunt last week, were quite young birds, and I never saw birds so thin and weak looking. I think they had not been feeding for one or two days, perhaps more. My friend, Vic Cunningham, says that out of fourteen birds which he dressed this week, not one had anything in its crop.

The duck flight is now practically a thing of the past. There has been some shooting on some of the better Wisconsin marshes, a little shooting on the Mississippi and the Illinois, nothing to mention on the Kankakee. There should be duck shooting this week, if we are to have it at all, for the weather is ideal for ducks, but I do not hear of any bags of consequence.

The deer season has been much better than the duck season. The snow came early enough to offer some tracking, and the very cold weather did not set in until the close of the season. There is no reason to doubt that the deer crop in Wisconsin and Michigan was quite up to the average of the past several years. There were only twenty-two men killed this fall in Wisconsin and Michigan, as will be mentioned later, so that on the whole we may call the season a success. To summarize, we may call the duck crop a failure, the deer season up to the average, the quail season extraordinary good.

Some of the Shooting.

Messrs. Charlie Antoine and V. L. Cunningham had a three days' hunt this last week, near Rochester, Ind. They struck miserably cold and wet weather, and came back rather disappointed. On their first day they killed twenty-one birds, on the second fifty-two, and on the third only eleven. They think there is plenty of shooting to be had in that country, if the weather will come off decent. Mr. Antoine is going out again the first of the following week.

Bill Cutler, of Evanston, is just back from a little shoot in lower Illinois, near Odin. He bagged 117 quail in two days, and says there are birds enough in that country for anybody.

Messrs. C. S. Dennis, W. L. Wells and Eddie Pope shot last Tuesday on the grounds of the Jasper County Club, near Wheatland, Ind. They had bad weather and were out for only about three and a half hours, shooting over Charlie Seidler's dogs. They found six beavies of birds, and bagged forty-eight, coming back enthusiastic over the outlook of the new club. This is a preserve mentioned early in these columns as recently begun under the preserved farm idea. About 3,000 acres of land, owned by one man, are leased by the club, the total amount of shooting country being about 5,000 acres.

Non-Residents Fined.

Here is a piece of news which ought to be cut out and framed, and hung up in the office of the State Game Warden of Wisconsin. It is the first instance of which I have ever had word in which a party has been fined in Wisconsin for not having a non-resident deer license. The particulars are as follows according to a daily paper of St. Paul:

"William Salmon, Emmons Salmon, George W. Harness, J. William Galesberry and Dr. Haight, of Kokomo, Ind., this week went into Vilas county to hunt deer. They made all the necessary preparations for the trip, taking guns, ammunition, food and camping outfits, but they either forgot to buy licenses or believed it did not make any difference in a wild and woolly county. But the game wardens are vigilant, and the hunters who pay licenses are also vigilant, consequently when a hunter discovers that some one is killing game when he has no legal right to do so, a warden is informed, if one can be found. The Kokomo party contributed \$250 to the expenses of the game warden's department of the State Government, the fines being \$50 each, together with the costs."

Lacey Law in Chicago.

State Game Commissioner Harry W. Loveday in an interview this week told me that he considered the Lacey law a splendid measure, but he declares that it by no means has stopped the shipping of game. Contrary to the reports industriously spread by our game dealers, Mr. Loveday says there is no scarcity of game in the market, and that there is just as much this year as there has ever been. This means that the laws of some State have been violated, and the the Lacey law has also been violated. Warden Loveday points out the fact that the Lacey law is necessarily weak, just as most game laws are weak, namely, upon the executive side. If the State-Warden of Illinois detects game shipped in packages not properly marked and in violation of the Lacey law, he cannot take any action himself, since he is an officer of this State only. The United States marshals are the executive officers of this United States law. Mr. Loveday has made application to be appointed a Deputy U. S. Marshal, and this application is now before the authorities in the Department of Justice at Washington.

Warden Loveday says that there should be a convention called before very long of the sportsmen of this State, for the purpose of discussing the proper measures to bring before the Legislature in the way of a game law. There are several different particulars in which he would like to see the present law improved. It is possible that such a call may be issued inside the next thirty days.

Illinois Game Preserve.

Mention has been made of the game preserve which was started by some prominent men in Sangamon county, near Springfield, Ill. Hon. James R. B. Van Cleave, Warden Loveday and others are interested in this preserve, and the report is that it is doing well. There will be several hundred Mongolian pheasants turned down next spring. The quail are doing splendidly.

Now comes Deputy Warden F. E. Scotford, of Hinsdale, Ill., with a still larger game preserve idea. Mr. Scotford says that inside of the coming year he will have pulled off the biggest preserve scheme ever sprung in this State. He says that there will be a preserve with large acreage established in each of the following counties: Dupage, Dekalb, Grundy, Kane, Kendall and McHenry. The ball is set rolling by Mr. E. M. Barton, of Chicago, who owns two square miles of land near Hinsdale, and who has agreed to preserve and stock it. Mr. Scotford thinks he will have no difficulty in getting additional large bodies of land thus put under protection in every county of the Eighth Congressional district.

Keep the Old Wisconsin Law.

The regular business of tinkering with the game laws of our Western States is now coming on apace. Wisconsin, as is well known, has a pretty fair game law, and one of its best features, one obtained only after long and hard fight, is its prohibition of the spring shooting of ducks. For a long time Wisconsin had a statute on her books which in effect said that she would stop spring shooting when Illinois did. I presume a more puerile, undignified and dog-in-the-manger act never was put on the statute books of any Western State. The good sportsmen of Wisconsin were finally able to replace this act with one which stopped all spring shooting, excepting that of geese, the latter being allowed to go in as a compromise measure. Now comes the old wide-open, game hog sentiment of the State, which is trying to kill one of the most sensible game laws Wisconsin ever had, and to throw open the State once more to spring shooting.

This agitation, it is learned from competent authority, comes almost solely from market shooters and owners of hunting resorts, who get a pecuniary benefit from the spring shooters. The majority of the better sentiment of the State is in favor of continuing the present excellent law. A prominent and intelligent sportsman of Milwaukee furnishes the following facts on this subject, in the hope that FOREST AND STREAM will add its voice in favor of retaining that feature which all sportsmen are trying to get into every Western game law, namely, the prohibition of spring shooting. He goes on to say:

"In order to pass the present duck law we were forced to allow geese to be shot in the spring, but as you well know, three hundred ducks can be shot in the spring for each goose killed. What few geese are killed are shot by farmers on their own fields, who certainly are entitled to what sport and birds they get.

"In my opinion, it would not be wise to try and stop

spring goose shooting, as the duck law was beaten last Legislature by a few who wanted the privilege of shooting geese; this change was made and next day it was reconsidered, and those who wanted to shoot geese and were now allowed to do so, changed, and instead of voting for spring shooting on ducks, voted against it; so you see how close it was.

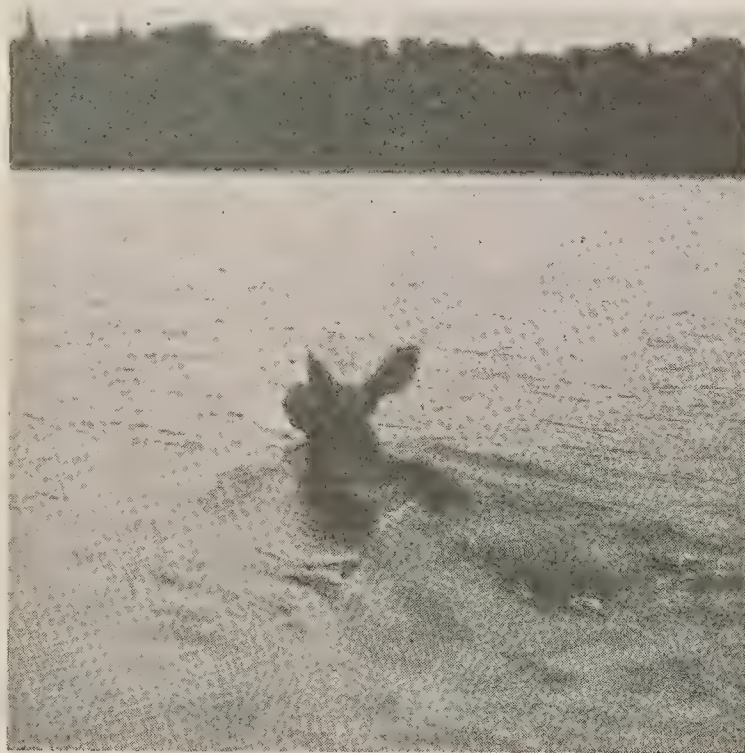
"Wisconsin has one of the best game laws in the Union, and it shows the wisdom of her lawmakers. She has also an excellent lot of deputies, all probably equally good. Mr. August Zinn, possibly the best known, and a terror to game law violators. Our present laws, if enforced, will guarantee us game for years to come."

As the intelligent element of Wisconsin has once been able to win in its fight for intelligent game protection, it is to be hoped that it will win again, and kill this movement for the abolishing of the present law. It is not merely a movement of sportsmen which wants spring shooting stopped. It is broader and bigger than that. It is the movement of intelligent citizenship, of business men, many of whom do not shoot at all, but who vote, although they do not shoot. The thinking men of Wisconsin do not want their wild birds all killed off for the gain of a few individuals. It is indeed class legislation which will open spring shooting in Wisconsin. It is not class legislation, but broad, fair and wise legislation which stops that same spring shooting. If it is stopped for one, it is stopped for all. If it is opened for all, it is used by but a few.

The legislators of Wisconsin have this game, this property of their State in their charge. It is difficult to think that they will abuse the trust reposed in them and fail to conserve the right of the people in that game in a wise and business like way. It requires but the least observation to realize that we have not the numbers of game that we once had, that we ought to take care of what there is left, and that stopping spring shooting is the best way in the world and the fairest way to do that.

The record of the State of Illinois on this head is a black one. We have never been able to pass a spring shooting law, and perhaps we never will be able. Warden Loveday says the fight will be taken up at the next Legislature, and we will do all we can to fall into line with our wiser sister, the State of Wisconsin.

Mr. Bennett tells me that Major Miles has not yet made good his threat of buying a new shotgun as soon as cotton has reached a certain price. This is not to be



MOOSE CALF IN THE LAKE.

construed as the fault of Major Miles, but simply as the fault of cotton. Asked why he does not raise more cotton, instead of waiting for the rise in price of that commodity, Major Miles replied that it has been his life-long practice to raise a certain acreage in cotton. He says that he does not care to deviate from this practice, and that if the price of cotton does not reach a certain figure which he has set in his mind, he will continue to shoot the old gun. And how I would like to see Major Miles and the old gun once more!

My friend, Mr. Warren Powell, of Taylorville, Ill., writes to-day that he and his friend, Mr. Horner, have bought a set of wagon bows and a cover, and have started from their point on an overland trip to Ramsey. "It is utterly impossible," writes Mr. Powell, "for me to leave my business, but I am going anyhow. Come down and help me kill these quail." That surely has the right sportsman ring to it. The only way to get off on a hunt is to slam shut your desk, kiss everything and everybody a hurried good-by, and then run for the train, or for the wagon, as the case may be. Mr. Powell is the finest fellow in the world, and his dog Dorothy is not to be surpassed. I might do very much worse than take the Illinois Central train and meet him at Ramsey some time early next week. We ought to be good for two or three dozen birds apiece daily over Dorothy down there.

Meantime there comes from Michigan the invitation of the Saginaw Crowd to come and shoot quail and partridge. I wish I had a desk that never had to be opened at all. If some will invent that kind of a desk he will confer a boon on shooting humanity. The Saginaw car will be somewhere west of that city on the Pere Marquette road most of next week.

Meantime, like the little busy bee, I have been improving each shining hour, and this week managed to extract a couple of days' business in shooting quail, as well as the pleasure of the weekly grind. Billy Wells, who is the head of the art department of the Chicago Tribune, is the hardest working man I know of. He works fourteen hours a day, Sundays, holidays and Fourth of Julys. He is supposed to rest one day in the week, but he never feels well enough to rest. It was Billy Wells and myself who conspired to go south to a little country village in the lower part of Illinois known as Walsingford. Mr. Hempstead Washburne told us to go there, and gave us the name of a local man who had a wind-splitting, re-

ord-breaking meat dog. We sneaked away last Monday night, and with us went the well-known landscape artist, Mr. Hardesty G. Maratta, and Mr. H. R. Reed, of the Review of Reviews, of New York. The two latter we christened respectively the Pup and the Student, because neither of them had ever fired a gun at quail. Mr. Maratta developed great traits as a meat dog himself, and if we had not had him along our bag must have been much smaller, for the wind-splitter, etc., proved a dismal failure, and the guide was so glad to see us that he bought three bottles of poor whisky and promptly acquired a jag which lasted him for two days. As Mr. Reed had never seen any quail, we hired a guide for him who looked strong and able to stand any incidental or accidental discharge of a shotgun, and we turned those two loose together. Mr. Reed was instructed to let six beavies get up in front of him before he fired his gun. This was to steady him down. Unfortunately the dog owned by his guide proved unable to find six beavies in a hundred years, so Mr. Reed is still waiting to shoot, and by this time is in a fair degree of steadiness. Billy Wells and I indulged in a riot of cornstalks, brush and briars. The total bag was sixty quail for the two days, and if we had had one or two good dogs I think Billy and I would have killed fifty birds between us had we cared to. We had about the funniest trip any one ever did have, but once and awhile we blundered into some good shooting. At one time the main guide and myself had a nice bunch of birds scattered along an osage hedge, while others of the party were off the road about a quarter of a mile away. They could see the birds drop before they could hear the report of the gun. I killed nine birds in that skirmish, and had five down at one time before any were picked up. As evidence of the nose of our dog, I may say that out of the nine we got only four birds into the pockets. As for Billy Wells, he proved to be a peach with the shotgun. In one little flurry I saw him kill four birds straight, once stopping almost in a run and killing a bird which sprang behind him. Mr. Maratta had never seen much quail shooting before, but both he and Mr. Reed are now reported to be looking at the price list of shotguns.

Northern Deer.

Mr. George Shiras, 3d, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is in town to-day on his way home from a trip to his hunting camp in the Lake Superior region above Marquette. Mr. Shiras is the son of Judge Shiras of the United States Supreme Court. He is the maker of the famous flashlight pictures of deer, which comprise the best series of outdoor photographs in all probability ever taken. He says that there was about 2 feet of snow in the neighborhood of his camp last Monday, and a great many deer were being killed. His party had eight bucks hung up in camp when he left. Among his friends stopping at the camp were Dr. Drummond, of Montreal, the famous poet of the French habitant; Mr. Harry Russell, of Detroit, Vice-President of the Michigan Central R. R.; Mr. Harry Campbell, of the same city; Dr. Bell, of Montreal, and Mr. Duncan, of the Cleveland Cliffs Mining Company, of Cleveland, O.

Mr. Shiras says that he killed his first deer at this same camp twenty-eight years ago, and he has been going there ever since. He says the country is not materially changed since he first saw it, though he thinks the southern migration of the deer is not met just the same as it used to be. He thinks the opening date is too late, since the does and young bucks have all gone south from his country by the opening day, and only the old bucks remain hiding among the swamps and thickets. The latter do not run much in the day time, but come out to feed late in the evening. Mr. Shiras says the Wisconsin deer license law is a farce, and that pot-hunting is going on to as great an extent as ever known in the history of that country. There were 1,400 licenses taken out by "residents" in Marquette county alone. Sometimes whole families take out licenses, so that they can kill numbers of deer and ship them with the "legal" tags. On the opening day Mr. Shiras found four bucks hung up on one ridge, which had been killed so long that their tongues were black. They were only awaiting the "legal" shipping day. He thinks that there should be a law compelling a man to accompany the carcass of any deer going out of the State.

Mr. Shiras' reports tally with the majority of those coming down from the deer country. The crop of deer is very good, the law is not much observed, and the hunting conditions are exceptionally good.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Injured by an Exploded Rock.

BREWER, Me., Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the many friends of the noted guide Joseph Francis may wish to know the particulars of how he was injured, I will state them as he told me yesterday at Oldtown. He and Joseph Orson were hunting moose on the south side of Katahdin near Alos. There was some 4 inches of snow, and they camped by the side of a granite ledge and built their fire against the rock, with their small tent in front. In the night Orson was awakened by an explosion, and jumping sideways escaped, but Francis was not so fortunate. The heat of the fire had caused the rock to crack. The crack began some 18 inches above the ground, and running up slanting a mass of rock some 8 feet square was detached which slid down till it struck the ground, and then fell outward, covering the place where the tent stood, the outer edge of it striking Francis and pinning him down. Fortunately for him the under side of the rock had a projection which bedded into the ground, and only the curved up edge struck him, otherwise he would have been instantly killed. As there was no frost in the ground, Orson was able to extricate him from his painful position, and procuring help he brought him out of the woods. The physician tells me that no bones are broken, and that he can see no reason why he cannot fully recover, but he is severely hurt, and it will be a good while before he can leave his bed. I have had quite an extensive acquaintance with hunters for sixty years, and this is the first instance I ever heard of where any one has met with an accident of this kind.

M. H.

Weights of Quail.

DR. ROBERT J. CARROLL reports that two quail killed at Monmouth Junction, N. J., the other day, together weighed 15 ounces.

Mr. E. Childs, of Brooklyn, tells us that of a bag of ten quail made by him the other day, the largest two weighed 16 ounces.

A New York game dealer tells us that a bunch of twelve quail weighing $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds is considered a fair bunch; but if a dozen are selected to make a good show they will weigh 5 pounds. Ohio quail run 5 pounds to the dozen.

Two partridges weighed by the same firm tipped the scales at 4 pounds; this is above the average, which is $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds for a brace of Pennsylvania partridges.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When Didymus asked in your issue of the 17th inst. for testimony as to the weight of quail in all sections of the country, I felt sure you would be at once deluged with statistics on that point. Probably by this time you have lots of data for Didymus, but if you have not and care to give him the following, here goes:

Weights of four Long Island quail brought to my office on Wednesday, the 21st inst., three days after they were killed. Two cocks and two hens. The cocks weighed $6\frac{1}{2}$ and $5\frac{1}{2}$ ounces respectively; each of the hens weighed just $7\frac{1}{2}$ ounces.

The above figures rather surprised me, for I had an idea that the cock quail were larger than the hens. The $5\frac{1}{2}$ -ounce cock was a small bird for a Long Island quail, which I think with Didymus are considerably larger than any quail I ever shot in Virginia, or in any Southern State for the matter of that. We may both be wrong, but let some one bring along figures to prove the contrary.

EDWARD BANKS.

NORFOLK, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was up at Ivor, on the N. & W. Ry. last fall shooting quail with a friend of mine, and the evening of that day, as we sat around the fire of mine host, we were entertained by an old gentleman who was an enthusiast over field sports still, although he must have been then close to seventy. He had been out that day and had as an exhibit of his skill a fat hen turkey. He had called her to his blind with a call made of a cigar box and a piece of slate. He fished for the large-mouthed black bass on the Blackwater River with a bob, to wit: three hooks in a triangle, hidden in a deer's tail and adorned with red flannel.

J. F. D.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A large quail yesterday of a small bag weighed 8 ounces exactly; it was a hen bird. The next largest, a cock, weighed 7 ounces. These quail are unquestionably descendants from Kansas quail, which have been regularly stocked here for the last five or six years.

REMLAP.

Treed by a Moose.

WEST RIVER, Sheet Harbor, N. S.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think during the open season of this 1906 there have been more than 300 moose slain by rifles in the hands of our hunters in this Province. Notwithstanding that number taken away, hunters report this big game still plentiful, and this they credit to the fecundity of the cows, which is of recent occurrence. A few years back we would seldom see but one calf with the mother; now almost invariably two calves accompany the dam, which accounts for their rapid increase.

A large bull moose in his forest home is a sight worth admiring. Several years ago I had a party of forty men erecting a dam on Sheet Harbor waters for log driving purposes. It was in the forest privemal, a good home for moose. One morning the cook told me that the camp was out of beef, which meant a trip to the settlement to obtain the desired article—a fifteen-mile tramp. I left a double-barreled gun in the camp, as it was a heavy weapon, and might impede my progress somewhat. After traveling about a mile my attention was attracted by a rustling in the bushes near by. Looking in the direction of the sound, there stood the biggest wild animal my eyes ever beheld. He had been seen once or twice before, and was called the big moose. I was going to the settlement, fifteen miles away, for beef, and there stood a pile of it one mile from the camp, and I had nothing to shoot with. I knew it was useless to go for the gun, for on my return this fellow would be elsewhere.

Hunting the big game is good sport, but sometimes is attended with a little danger, for a wounded moose when aroused to passion is no mean adversary. To this the experience of two of our hunters a short time ago can testify. Their names are Malay and Tupper, and both are scientific at the business. It happened among the trees at Sheet Harbor, N. S., a noted place for big game. We will let them tell their own story, however:

"The morning was all that could be desired for hunting. We saw plenty of moose, but not of the right gender. At last a big fellow came up at the sound of our bark horn. He was a magnificent monarch of the forest, with broad antlers and sleek, glossy hide, that glistened in the morning sun. We could not but admire his whole make-up as he gazed at us with defiance, shaking his ponderous head. The wind was coming from the noble fellow in our direction, consequently he did not scent us, and stood for quite a while, not attempting to get away, as moose depend on their nostrils to tell of danger. 'Tupper,' Malay whispered, 'what a pity to knock that fellow over. At the same time I have great admiration for those massive horns, and would like to possess them; they must be 6 feet across, so here goes.'

"Malay let cut with his rifle. The bullet must have hit hard, for at the report the huge fellow bit the ground. Supposing the bullet had done fatal work, Malay approached the animal to bleed him, when up jumped the moose and made for the hunter. Malay thought discretion the better part of valor, and put for a convenient rock, up which he scrambled with alacrity. Tupper, seeing what mood the moose was in, thought it a good place to leave, dropped his rifle and climbed a leaning tree that was fortunately near. Malay, from his rock fort called to

Tupper to fire and dispatch the angry animal, who was defiantly boss of the situation. Tupper answered, 'I cannot. I am up a stump, or rather a tree, and my rifle is on the ground at the foot of the tree.' 'Well,' says Malay, 'we are in a fix surely.' Tupper fortunately thought of a piece of twine he had in his pocket, made a loop on one end and dropped it over the lock of his gun, drew it up to his perch, took good aim and laid the game lifeless."

It was some time before the adventure became known of two of our best hunters being treed by a moose. MCF.

Veteran and Novice.

BRISTOL, N. H., Nov. 17.—"Don't try to know how much kindling wood you can make out of a brush pile should the track lead you across one. Step round it and step lightly, with eyes well ahead; and should you see your deer standing in the thicket or lying down on the sunny side of the ridge before he sees you, don't stop to think what a handsome sight it is, but bring your rifle instantly to cover, then fire."

Such was the advice given to Bert, a novice in deer stalking, the other morning, when a light fall of snow the previous night made the old hunter and Bert thrill with anticipation of getting a sight at a fine buck, or maybe a good fat doe.

Up on the side of Cardigan Mountain in Alexandria, in this State, the old hunter and the novice, with well oiled rifles in hand and gum shoes on their feet, started to pick out a fresh trail on the first snow of the season. A trail was soon struck. Bert was given his advice, and told off to follow it to a finish. After trailing it for half a mile or so, he came upon a larger track, so he concluded to follow that, having well in mind the injunction, "Keep your eyes well ahead." About two hours of cautious tracking brought him to a beech ridge, on which the warm sun striking made it seem the ideal place for a mid-day nap—not for the novice, oh, no! but for the deer. Bert's eyes were wide open and hard at work looking through the second growth and against the few remaining beeches. What is that? It looks like a head sticking out from behind that old beech there on the right. There are horns on it. Yes, it is a buck's head, with gaze earnestly fixed on the astonished novice. But Bert was novice no longer. He realized he was "up against" a deer, a big one too. Bringing his .38-40 Winchester to cover, as per instructions, he sighted for the part of the neck he could see and pulled. The buck dropped in his tracks, shot through the jugular vein, and a hoot which came across the woods to the ears of the old hunter told him the story of the successful shot. It was a five-prong buck and weighed 300 pounds. So Bert steps out of the novice class into the full-fledged deer hunter.

When the old hunter parted company with Bert, he made a wide circle to the southeast, and taking a track which told that a doe and two kids had passed that way, followed quietly after, through thicket and open, ever up and up, till suddenly he heard a jump and snort and quickly saw a rump and white flag disappearing through the bushes. At the first shot she swerved a little, but still kept on as though she was in hurry to get into the next county of Orange, where deer are protected, the .44 Marlin keeping up its quick work to make her change her mind. The eleventh and last shot, just as she was about to disappear over the ridge, struck her through the spine and brought her down, a nice fat doe of 208 pounds. Thus ended a day's outing for Wm. Rice, formerly of Fredericton, N. B., and Bert Robbins, of Bristol, N. H. Other deer killed within a few miles of this town were by Frank Marston, a buck of 165 pounds; Pat Adams, two deer, saw them together and shot them both; A. Nelson, boy fifteen years of age, tracked his deer on a light snow and brought him down, a buck of 270 pounds; Arlie George and George Follansbee, one deer each.

S. H.

Maine and Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Nov. 26.—Almost nightly snow flurries in northern Maine have made deer hunting comparatively easy, and but for the fact that deer are not to be found as readily as formerly there would have been a great increase in the returns. As it is the number snipped through Bangor shows an increase over the preceding week, the number being 419 deer, against 249 for the week before. Moose also show an increase, the number counted there being 16, against 4 for the preceding week. But after all the number is smaller than a year ago, and everybody is casting about for the cause. The Maine papers say that the Fish and Game Commissioners do not attribute the scarcity of deer to September shooting, while the same papers almost universally declare that the September license law is doomed. They say that the timber land owners will demand that the law be repealed. It is also being suggested by prominent game protectors that the State issue a gun license to sportsmen going into the woods, and that the license be refunded on the sportsman's return; no licenses being issued in close time. The attempt will also be made to stop all buying of game. This will be mighty tough on so many of the mighty hunters, who go down to Maine and return with their full quota of deer. If the shooting of moose and deer by Maine guides—licensed guides at that—and then selling the game to sportsmen can be stopped, one of the greatest steps toward game protection will have been taken. Indeed, the Boston markets are getting little other game this fall than that bought of returning sportsmen. Each returning hunter brings his two deer, and he steers them directly toward the markets. The license law whereby a sportsman can send out a deer without accompanying it also needs amending. Such deer all steer directly for the markets. Larger numbers of deer are coming out from the Dead River region. William Bell, of Boston, came out from that region the other day with a buck that counted eight points to his antlers. M. M. Bronson and J. W. Hudson, of Mattapan, have come home with two does and a large buck. There are rumors of a party of eight Massachusetts hunters returning from Dead River last week with 15 deer. If this is the party that is saying very little about their trip, it is certain that Boston markets got the most of the deer. Kinefield, Me., reports say that last week was the banner week for big-game hunters. For the week 27 deer came out over the Franklin & Megantic railroad.

Good bird shooting is reported from the vicinity of Chatham and all along the Cape shore. Coot shooting has been very good indeed. Some large flocks of black duck have appeared, but hunters say that they are very wary and will not come to the decoys.

Now Boston is to have a fall sportsmen's show. The old Park Square station has been remodeled. A track has been constructed around the building for racing purposes, and a six-day bicycle race is to be a feature, among other athletic sports. Through the center of the building will be a collection of wild animals, said to include every specimen of game animal that Maine produces. A display of fish is also to be a feature, and 10,000 fish from the various New England hatcheries are advertised to be shown. An Indian village will also be a feature.

Commissioner Buffington, whose death occurred last week, was a member of the Oquossoc Angling Association, and lent his energy and influence to the good of that Association, one of the earliest in the history of the Rangeleys. It was always a treat to "swap trout yarns" with Commissioner Buffington, because one felt that only the truth was being told, and told by a scholarly man and a man of experience. He delighted in travel, and has spent considerable time in Europe. The last time I met him, going up Lake Mooselucmaguntic on the little steamer. He told me of his trip around the world, but remarked that he had come back to that lake for his annual trout fishing.

E. M. Gillam, of the Boston Advertiser, and his brother, A. M. Gillam, city editor of the Philadelphia Record, are both great lovers of dog and gun. They are just back to business from their annual bird shooting trip. This year they went by invitation to the preserve of the Littany Club, in the Blue Ridge country of Pennsylvania, not far from Bellefonte. The preserve is on the slopes of Bald Eagle Mountain, and is all that the wealthy owners can desire as to high altitude, spring water and woods almost equal to primitive. The trout streams are a delight to the heart of the angler, and are protected by caretakers, who are presumed to make daily rounds to prevent all poaching. Restocking is receiving proper attention, with artificial ponds and pools. The preserve includes many thousand acres, in some case the fishing and shooting rights being leased of the farmers and land owners. Mr. Gillam found that the farmers cared very little about shooting, but that they were not debarred from doing so by the terms of the lease. The preserve is partly stocked with wild turkeys, and next year a good many young bronze turkeys are to be reared till they can take care of themselves, and then liberated. The belief is that they will quickly become wild and breed with the wild turkeys. The Gillams enjoyed a turkey hunt but got no turkeys, though they saw where they had been. Quail shooting was only fair, since they were there after the club members had done their shooting. They found the club house a delight, and the guides and caretakers all that heart could wish.

SPECIAL.

Quail and Woodchuck.

EAST WHITMAN, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my many experiences with game birds, I notice the most peculiar traits in the quail. While visiting friends in a little town last Sunday, I happened to look out of the kitchen window and saw not 10 feet from the house five quail feeding under a small apple tree. They were apparently as contented and as much at home as though in their native haunts and miles from civilization. They did not seem to mind me as I stood watching them, but remained for some time, and finally flew across the street to the woods.

Another incident which was a surprise to me occurred one day in the early fall. As I was walking in the woods my dog was some distance ahead of me, and I was startled by his furious barking as if in a combat. I hastened to the spot, and found him at the foot of a young oak, while some 20 feet above I saw a small animal clinging to the trunk. At first I took it to be a coon, but it turned out to be a woodchuck. Perhaps many readers of FOREST AND STREAM have seen them climb trees, but this was my first opportunity, and I understand it to be a rare occurrence. Quail are quite plenty in this section; they seem to be in large flocks, ranging from fifteen to thirty in a bunch. Rabbits are also plenty, but partridges very scarce.

H. E. B.

Saranac Lake Deer Hounding.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., Nov. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 10 I find an article headed "Adirondack Hounding," in which it is said that the game warden of this locality does not care whether hounding is going on or not, and your correspondent says they all do it. Now this report is a falsehood from start to finish. I have been game protector of this locality since 1896, and have always tried to do my duty, and if your correspondent from this place can show me where at any time I did not do my duty I should be pleased to know it. Also hereafter I would request you not to publish matter concerning my official duties unless it can be proven. I would state that very few dogs have been running in the woods this fall, and what few there were have been apprehended and fined.

ISAIAH VOSBURGH, Protector.

The Mt. Vernon (N. Y.) Deer.

It is believed that the two deer seen near Mt. Vernon about Nov. 15 are strays which escaped from a deer park in New York State, not far from the Hudson River. About Nov. 1 a Mr. DeGraaf, of Oscawana, N. Y., a village between Croton Landing and Congers, on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., lost ten deer, which escaped from their inclosure. This is the first one to be shot. About the date mentioned two deer were seen near Stratford, Conn., and the tracks of another seen in the town of Milford. It seems likely that all of these may have belonged to the same lot, though the precise date when the deer in Connecticut were seen is not recalled.

See the list of good things in Woodcraft in our adv. cols.

Why Game is Scarce.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Just read this experience and tell us if it does not explain why game is scarce: While hunting at Stevensville, Sullivan county, N. Y., I destroyed more than 100 dead-falls set for rabbits, also snares set for partridge. I learned from the farmers that summer boarders have been shooting at the game all summer. I tried the quail at Wading River, L. I., on Election Day, and found them wild and well scattered. I learned that they have been shot at during the month of October. On Nov. 19 I went down to the Raunt Station, Jamaica Bay, for ducks. I saw a number of geese going up the bay. About 4 A. M. I heard two shots fired from a heavy gun, followed by the cackling of geese. My brother told me that there is some one out every night jacking. I started out about 6 A. M., but could not see or hear a single bird. I hope our sportsman's association will take up this matter and see that we get wardens that will uphold the game laws in certain parts of our State. CHARLES GROLZ.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

32.

This is a story of a man who was hunting a skunk and found a burglar. Perhaps the man after a skunk might not come within the classification of sportsmen, but it was a "find" by a gunner, and belongs among our hundred. This is what happened: The station agent at Gales Ferry, Conn., had locked up the station for the night, and was on his way home about 10 o'clock when he noticed a polecat near the roadside, and went into the house of an acquaintance to borrow a gun. After he secured the gun he retraced his steps toward the railroad station in search of the animal, and discovered that the station had been broken into during his absence. Entering, he found a man standing in front of the open money drawer. "Hold up your hands!" shouted the station agent, as he leveled the gun, but the man refused. The station agent then fired, the charge entering the breast of the burglar and causing instant death.

33

A recent press dispatch from Phoenix, Ariz., says that hunters have found a skeleton believed to be the remains of Burt Alvord, leader of one of the most desperate bands of train robbers that ever operated in Arizona. It is thought that he was killed by one of his own gang.

34

J. S. Althenhaus, who lives in the Big Horn Mountains in northern Wyoming, while out hunting recently came upon the tracks of a big silver-tipped bear and followed the trail to the mouth of a mountain cave. The hunter prepared a torch and entered the cave. A deep-throated growl and the shining of phosphorescent eyes betrayed Bruin's position, and a close and cool shot ended his career. In removing the bear the attention of Mr. Althenhaus was attracted to a mineral vein showing on the cavern wall. Securing samples of the rock, an assay was afterward made, which gave returns of 40 per cent. lead and 200 ounces of silver to the ton. The vein is about 4 feet in width and extends for the full length of the cavern, some 300 feet. Mr. Althenhaus named the claim the Silver Tip.

Sea and River Fishing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Marston Char.

SOME four or five years ago I made a journey to one of the lakes on the tract of the Triton Club in search of a "red trout" and did not find it. The "red trout" was reported as having been seen first at one place and then in another in Canada, and years passed without further knowledge of the fish than was conveyed in the reports. Finally Mr. William McCormick sent me some specimens of the red trout, but I was not at home, and they might have been any color by the time I arrived in their neighborhood. Another attempt was made through the efforts of Mr. McCormick, and this time the red trout were sent direct to Prof. Samuel Gorman by Mr. George Van Felson, of Quebec. Prof. Gorman wrote me that the fish arrived in "loud condition, but identifiable." His report on them is as follows:

"From the material before me I am inclined to place the 'red trout of Quebec' in the same species as the Marston char of the Lac de Marbre. It is true that on comparison with the type specimen of *S. marstoni*, slight differences appear, which may be only sexual, or may perhaps indicate that we have to deal with two varieties of the species, but this is a matter which should not be decided without both males and females from each locality. Your specimens have more brown over the gill covers and the throat, and besides, they are less slender than the Lac de Marbre individual; these, however, may be due to greater age. The species is one of the most beautiful, if indeed it is not the most brilliantly colored, of the entire group. Apparently it differs from all of the others in having no spots on its sides. The relationship with the little 'blueback' (*S. agassizii*) is more remote than was at first supposed. To define the species exactly one should have a series of individuals, small to large, of both sexes."

The specimen sent by Mr. Van Felson came from the waters of the Tourilli Club in Quebec. The red trout have been found in several places on the club tract, and Mr. McCormick very kindly sent me a map indicating the points where it had been discovered, but I have sent map and letters on to Prof. Gorman, so that I cannot now refer to them. The "red trout" has been found in still another district in Canada; this time near the tract, if not on it, of the St. Bernard Club. Anyway on a private preserve near the St. Bernard Club belonging to Mr. Simpson, of New York, the red trout has been found in considerable numbers, and this fall Commissioner Titcomb, of Vermont, went there to arrange for taking eggs. I was to have some specimens of the fish, but they have not been received up to this time. It is to be hoped that some one who is in a position to do so will take sufficient interest in this matter to secure the specimens of different ages and of both sexes to clear the question once for all as to what the red trout from different sections of Canada really are. I am greatly indebted to Mr. McCormick and Mr. Van Felson for their efforts to make the matter plain as to the identity of the "red trout."

Leaping Trout.

A week or two ago I told a little story about some little trout and their leaping powers. I said that the trout, fingerlings, hatched last spring, jumped, as nearly as I could measure the distance with my eye, a foot above the water. Since writing that note I have again been to the State hatchery on Long Island, and I wish to revise my story. Mr. Walters, the foreman, called my attention to the fact that the baby trout were jumping so that they could be seen above the edge of the pond standing some distance away, and investigation with a foot rule showed that the side of the pond was 20 inches from the water to the top of the wall, so that the fish were jumping nearly, if not quite, 20 inches, or say a height of four or five times greater than their length. Night before last, as I was in the Caledonia hatchery, when the men were unpacking 3,000,000 lake trout eggs received that afternoon from Lake Superior, Frank Redband, the foreman, told me that fingerling trout had become mixed in the rearing ponds where it was several feet from the water to the top of the wall. In this instance the trout jumped from the water to the inlet pipe, and when they struck the opening fairly they by a motion too quick for the eye to follow went into the pipe and up its length to come down into another pond, so that rainbow, brown and brook trout became mixed from this sort of leaping and visiting the different ponds. I intended to measure the jump yesterday before I left there, but as the eggs were not all unpacked until just before my train left I neglected it. This sort of jumping surprised the foreman, so that he admitted that he would not have believed it possible had he not witnessed it. I have heard of trout jumping and passing through an augur hole 2 inches in diameter in a plank in a flood dam, but I believed it, for I have come to that pass that I believe most anything that is told about fish, for they certainly do some remarkable things, and that "truth is stranger than fiction" applies to fish.

Red Trout.

My "Angling Notes" are written as opportunity offers, and last evening I had written thus far and was obliged to put them aside. This afternoon I was traveling on the Delaware & Hudson Railroad, and met Mr. C. H. Wilson, and a few moments later when changing cars I met Mr. Chas. F. Burhans, the only two men I know in the State, and perhaps the only ones in the State, who have seen the red trout in its lair. This season Mr. Burhans caught a red trout with a fly, and though I had heard of the capture I had not seen him to learn the particulars of his visit to Canada. Almost his first greeting was to ask if I would go with him four days after this date to Canada, where the red trout grow. He said he had received positive instructions to bring out good specimens to me, but it would be far better for me to go myself and pick them. He is to go with Commissioner Titcomb, and he tells me that already a few ripe female red trout have been taken. They spawn on shoals in the lake, and do not enter the streams. Curiously enough, Mr. Burhans tells me that some of the trout are forked as to caudal fin and some are square-tailed. Examined at night on the beds by jack light the fish look more like bars of shining gold than anything else he can think of to compare them with. Prof. Gorman is to have a sufficient number of specimens of both sexes to settle their identity, and nothing but imperative business keeps me from visiting the lake where the red trout are found. As Mr. Burhans and Mr. Wilson talked of the fish I was turning the matter over in my mind to discover some good reason why I should go, but all the good reasons pointed to my not going at this time.

Spawning of Trout.

Lake George, New York, has long been noted for its lake trout, as the fish are particularly fat and well flavored. This lake was one of the first to receive attention from the State Fish Commission when restocking of State waters was begun, and the first lake trout fry were planted in its waters as early as February, 1873. During the twenty-seven years following, the lake has had contributions of lake trout fry from eggs obtained in Lake Ontario, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan and Lake Superior, and through this fresh blood the trout have vastly improved. This fall the Forest, Fish and Game Commission determined to experiment with nets in the lake, and find if it would be profitable another year to conduct operations there for the purpose of obtaining lake trout eggs for the hatching stations. E. L. Marks, a capable man in this business, was sent to the lake, and he has explored it for about half its length.

"In the old days" the spawning beds of the trout were well known—too well known in fact, for the man with jack and spear knew just where they were, and that is one reason why trout became scarce in the lake, and it was necessary to restock it. According to the old inhabitants who were communicative on the subject the trout resorted in numbers to certain shoals, and there,

if the light of the jack did not take the place of the light of the moon, they spawned. Of late years Officer Burnett has eliminated the light of the jack in great degree, and only the eels get in their deadly work at the marriage feast under the light of the moon and stars, so that the people did not know as much about spawning beds as once they did, and Mr. Marks found a queer state of affairs. Instead of being large spawning beds, as formerly, the trout spawned all over the lake in squads. Wherever there were a few rocks and gravel there were trout preparing to spawn, and there also were eels. The planted trout fry and fingerlings had no home ties or figurative roof tree. They had been planted in the lake at various and divers places, and when they had grown to spawning age one spot was as good as another for the purpose of depositing their eggs, and so, apparently the first spot of gravel and rocks was selected.

That mysterious something which in a natural state leads salmon and trout unerringly back year after year to the place of birth or babyhood, to celebrate the nuptial ceremony, may have been present in these fish, but they were born on a tray in a hatching house, and their babyhood was passed in a rearing race and a tin can, and they had in a way become cosmopolitan in the fish world; all rocks and gravel looked alike to them until they had established homes of their own and formed ties for the future. This condition of things opens the door for speculation as to the general effect of planting hatchery-reared fish and their influence upon the establishment of spawning beds in new places. This would relate more particularly to lake trout, for brook trout would as a rule seek the source of a stream for spawning. With lake trout spawning all over a lake where a patch of gravel may be found, it would operate to their advantage, so far as falling a prey to the spearer is concerned, but it does not minimize the destruction of spawn by eels and bullheads.

In his experimental netting Mr. Marks secured more eggs from the lake trout than it was originally expected, and he found larger trout in his nets than had ever been taken from the lake with hook and line; but in all his explorations he did not find a good spawning ground on which to draw a seine, as on each place that the trout had selected for a spawning bed there were large rocks, so that the nets were over the trout, which were between the rocks. On every spawning bed the males far outnumbered the female fish from beginning to end of the experiments, and the eels were ever present to eat the spawn as soon as it was deposited.

Flies.

In my mail this evening I found a package which proved to be from the friend who sent me the old hand-made reel spoken of not long ago in these notes, and when I opened it it developed into a book of artificial flies, eighty of them. There were four pages of twenty flies each, numbered and named. They are well tied flies, and to one not familiar with flies such a book would be invaluable. Upon looking at the flies, however, I find that the collection emphasizes the necessity for a standard of patterns. I doubt of Uncle Reuben Wood, for instance, if he could revisit the earth, would accept the fly in the book bearing his name as the simon-pure Reuben-Wood without the little red tag. No one would perhaps object to the Montreal, for each fly-tyer seems to fashion a fly of his own to bear this name, and many fly-dressers seem to desire to add or remove something from what we have come to call standard flies, to stamp his own production with his individuality. To me this seems to be the height of absurdity, for if we have a type why not adhere to it, whether the fly is made in New York, Boston, San Francisco or elsewhere?—for it simply confuses still more what is now badly confused, to add feathers and bits of silk to a coachman to make it Jones'-coachman, or Smith's-coachman, when the average angler cares only for a plain coachman, with no frills added by Jones or Smith to stamp it with his trade mark. There are fortunately fly-dressers whose chief desire is to know the correct pattern of any standard fly and adhere to it, and it is this style of work which gives the flies of such people an enviable reputation, and their flies are always more reliable than the Jones' annex sort.

Hatching and Protecting.

Land and Water has a letter concerning a proposed salmon hatchery on the Shannon from S. J. Hurley, and I quote one paragraph of it only:

"If during the spawning season the tributary rivers, in which the breeding fish are made away with in hundreds, were looked after, there would be no necessity for hatcheries. Indeed, I hesitate not to say that there are more salmon ova lost to the Shannon every winter than would stock all the salmon rivers in England. Want of protection is the cause of all the mischief."

I thought of saying something on this subject, but Mr. Hurley's letter is so nearly correct I will let it stand without comment, only for this country substitute other fish for salmon.

A. N. CHENEY.

The Cuvier Banquet.

THE twenty-seventh annual dinner of the famous Cuvier Club, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, was one of the most notable events in the history of the organization. This club, in years gone by, has given some of the grandest feasts ever known in this city, and each succeeding year new laurels have been added. The affair in many respects eclipsed all previous efforts. The attendance was usually large, and a spirit of geniality and good fellowship permeated the atmosphere.

An innovation was the opening of the large museum on the second floor for the entertainment of the guests. This relieved the usual congested condition of the main hall. About half the guests were served in the museum, which was elaborately decorated for the occasion, and so arranged as to be peculiarly inviting. Throughout the spacious club home had been supplied things to interest and attract. Nothing had been overlooked by the committee that would tend to please the taste. Particularly tempting were the tables, burdened as they were with appetizing rarities. There was no stiffness about

the entertainment. The hospitality was so genuine and extended so gracefully by President Alex. Starbuck and his associates that every one appreciated the welcome and felt perfectly at home. The important part played by Max Basse, the official chef of the club, was at once patent to all.

As a whole the entertainment was most delightful, and the Cuvier Club more than maintained its enviable reputation.

Black Bass in the Potomac Trough.

ROMNEY, W. Va., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I will endeavor to write you a short and interesting account of our hunting and fishing, and a description of the famous Trough of the South Branch of the Potomac.

This year has been a fair one for the fishing, and a good many nice bass have been caught, but as there is no protection on the fish there will probably be no fishing in this river in a few years. The mill dams near the mouth of the river, without fishways, preventing the fish from getting up stream, the tie raftsmen catching them in the spring, gigging in the summer and fall, fish pots in the fall, so many people fishing and no restocking of the stream, together with the unfortunate placing of carp in this stream, have been the factors that have practically destroyed what was at one time the finest black bass stream in the United States.

Those who have made the trip down this stream from Moorefield, Hardy county, through the famous Trough, say that it is not excelled anywhere in the country. This Trough is simply a stretch of water running between two mountains, a distance of eight miles, and consists of beautiful pools of very deep water, to which the bass resort in colder weather. As no one lives in the Trough, of course fishing is better there than any place else. A person desiring to fish there has to come down the river or go up in a boat. One of these pools is called Blue Pool, on account of the water being so deep that it looks blue. The water at its normal stage in this pool is twenty-five feet deep. Last fall a man caught a bass below this pool, in a fish pot, weighing 7 pounds 1 ounce, and sold it to a Mr. Taylor, of Wheeling, W. Va.

I spent a week this fall with Mr. Owings, of Maryland, at the hospitable home of Mr. John D. Miller, who keeps a fishing resort near the lower end of the Trough. The fish were not biting very well, although we had the finest bait that could be secured. But a night or two before we left there came a rain which raised the river, and we secured one beautiful 4½-pound bass out of an eel pot, among about three hundred eels. A crowd of Wheeling gentlemen were there at the same time, and one of their number caught a nice 4½-pound bass with hook and line. This gentleman's brother killed a nice 18-pound wild turkey the day before his brother caught the fish, and they went back to Wheeling perfectly satisfied with their trip.

Elisha D. Buffington.

COMMISSIONER ELISHA D. BUFFINGTON, of the Massachusetts Commission of Inland Fisheries and Game, died at his home in Worcester, Nov. 19. Mr. Buffington, says the Worcester Spy, was one of the best known men in central Massachusetts. The pharmacy which he founded and built up to its large proportions was known all over the country. The medicines which the company supplied to druggists and physicians are recognized in hundreds of cities and towns.

He was widely known in other ways than as a business man. He was a great sportsman and spent much time in fishing. So great did his prominence become as an angler that Governor Frederic T. Greenhalge selected him as a member of the Massachusetts Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, and when his term expired he was reappointed by Governor Wolcott.

He was a man of quiet tastes; he was methodical and businesslike; he had deep interest in many subjects. He was fond of flowers. He loved good pictures, of which he had some of the very best in Worcester, having received an offer of \$15,000 for one alone. His beautiful residence on Chestnut street is a veritable curiosity shop. There are trophies of his many travels, in all parts of the world, everything arranged tastefully and to bring out its greatest interest. Mr. Buffington was a charming host, and delighted to show his curios and to tell the stories attached to each.

Mr. Buffington was born at Swansea, on Cape Cod, Nov. 4, 1836. After attending the village schools he went West, in 1854, making the trip across the plains to California in a wagon train. It was when the gold craze was at its height, but he did not stay in California long, returning home by way of Nicaragua.

He was an expert pharmacist himself and kept abreast of the profession for years after his services were required only in general supervision of the business. He made a specialty of homeopathic remedies, and of herbs and simples. When he was away in the woods he often availed himself of the opportunity to gather a little stock of some especially fine specimens of nature's remedies.

Mr. Buffington had captured in his day more kinds of game fish than any man in central Massachusetts. He had taken great trout and salmon in Maine and Canada. He had landed the giant tarpon over Florida reefs. He had fished the streams of Norway, Russia and other continental countries, and landed Scotch salmon and English trout and graylings. The fish of Japan had been beguiled to his hook. He had fished on the highest mountain in the island. And when he was on his way home from a trip about the world he whipped streams flowing from the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains. He was an expert with the rod and line. He was a great traveler. There is hardly a country of the northern hemisphere which he had not visited. He went to Europe a number of times. Each winter he went to Florida, generally for the fishing. Occasionally in Florida, as in other climes, he handled a gun, and was no mean shot.

He was a member of the Oquossoc Club, whose club house is in the Rangeley lakes. He was a member of the Worcester and Commonwealth clubs, the Tatnuck Country Club and of the Massachusetts and Home Market clubs.

Massachusetts Association.

BOSTON, Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By the death of Hon. E. D. Buffington, of Worcester, whose burial occurred on Thursday last, the sportsmen have lost a conscientious worker for fish and game protection. The question asked by many sportsmen I meet is "Who will be appointed by the Governor to fill the vacant place?"

Inasmuch as for many years one member of the board has been from the western section of the State, and Governor Crane is himself from the town of Dalton, near Pittsfield, it is more than likely that he will feel called upon to weigh carefully the qualifications of candidates hailing from Worcester or further west.

I have heard that a former member of Congress from New Bedford is not unwilling to serve as a commissioner. I understand that the gentleman is a sportsman, but I presume his chances would be better if he were a resident of one of the western counties.

I hear that Mr. J. M. Stevenson, of Pittsfield, who has served acceptably on the Fish and Game Committee of the Legislature, would not be unwilling to accept the appointment. A clipping from the Worcester Telegram sent me by some friend, mentions three names, Messrs. Osgood Plummer, E. S. Knowles and A. B. F. Kinney. The article is from the paper of Nov. 24, and speaks in detail of the several candidates, and quite fully of Mr. Kinney's labors last winter as chairman of the Central Committee.

We in Massachusetts have great confidence in the judgment of Gov. Crane, and expect he will make a good selection.

Last Friday afternoon I visited Representative Hunt and President A. C. Sylvester, and the Sportsman's Show at N. Attleboro. Mr. Sylvester showed me over the extensive factory of which he is in charge, and Mr. Hunt accompanied me to the Wamsutta Opera House, where the show was held. I found there a good number of Mongolian pheasants, provided by the State board, Belgian hares, from nearby, several tanks of trout of various ages, from Mr. Handy's hatchery, at S. Wareham, several handsome foxes, coons, one of the largest I ever saw—I think it would weigh 50 to 60 pounds—squirrels, quail, carrier pigeons, wood and other kinds of ducks, beavers, muskrats, etc. There were also mounted specimens of game animals and birds, and a fine display of photographs of hunting scenes sent in by the B. & M. R. R. I have attended the shows in New York and Boston for several years, and considering the size of the hall, I am compelled to say the N. Attleboro show was excellent, and the club is entitled to great credit for its ability to hustle, and its show of enterprise.

The sum of \$2,000, for fish and game uses, is expected to be netted from the show.

Mr. Louis E. Morse is Vice-President, Edward E. King, Secretary-Treasurer; John E. Tweedy and C. C. Peck are denominated "Representatives," whose duties as prescribed by Art. 5, Sec. 4 of the Constitution are "to represent the interests of the Association in the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, and to present to that body the wishes of the local associations."

On Saturday evening I had the pleasure of meeting the members of the East Weymouth Fish and Game Association, at the Masonic Hall, in that place, and of giving them a detailed account of the labors of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association from the date of the first conference of sportsmen's clubs, held in this State in November, 1898, to the enactment of the bird bill last June.

Chairman Collins spoke of the organization of the force of State fish and game wardens, and the working of the bird law and others recently enacted.

A letter just received from Dr. J. T. Herrick, president of the Springfield Club and an active member of the Central Committee, informing me that he leaves in a few days for North Carolina.

Another letter from Geo. H. Palmer, Esq., of New Bedford, is very welcome, as furnishing proof that this veteran of the good cause is still on deck.

H. H. KIMBALL, Secretary.

New York League Meeting.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—The annual meeting of the New York Fish, Game and Forest League will be held at the Yates Hotel, Syracuse, N. Y., at 10:30 A. M., on Dec. 6, 1900, and a full attendance is hoped for.

Application for membership should be made to the secretary, who will gladly give any further information which may be desired.

ROBERT B. LAWRENCE, President.

ERNEST G. GOULD, Secretary, Seneca Falls.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 30.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trials Club's sixth annual field trials—Members' Stake. Dec. 3, Derby. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Dec. 10.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

1901.

Jan. 14.—Greenville, Ala.—Fifth annual field trials of the Alabama Field Trials Club. John B. Rosenstihl, Sec'y.

Jan. 21.—Benton County, Miss.—Tenth annual field trials of the United States Field Trials Club. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 28-30.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Second annual bench show of the Philadelphia Dog Show Association. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

Dec. 6-10.—Cincinnati, O.—Annual bench show of the Cincinnati Fox Terrier Club. J. C. Trohler, Sec'y.

1901.

Feb. 26-March 1.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Kennel Club's annual bench show. C. M. Munhall, Sec'y.

March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.

Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials.

THE trials of the Eastern Field Trial Club this year evoked greater interest than has been manifested in several preceding years, so far as new attendance of visitors is considered. Mr. George Crocker, of San Francisco, and his guests, Mr. Chris. E. Worden, also of that city, and Mr. Hawkins, of New York, were in attendance, all missing the comforts of St. Hubert's Inn by living in their private car. Dr. G. G. Davis, of Philadelphia, the staunch friend of the Irish setter, was present during the Members' Stake. Messrs. Edm. H. Osthaus and E. L. Jamison, of Toledo; F. Andreas, F. R. Hitchcock, P. Lorillard, Jr., Ansel Phelps, Wm. Duane, Miss Julia Phelps, A. T. Fletcher, New York; E. M. Beale, Lewisburgh, Pa.; Capt. C. E. McMurdo, Charlottesville, Va.; Edw. A. Burdett, Radnor, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Duryea, Red Bank, N. J.; Geo. Fox and Chas. E. Thomas, Philadelphia; James E. Orr, Brooklyn; Dr. J. S. Brown, Montclair, N. J.; S. C. Bradley and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, of Greenfield Hills, Conn.; D. F. Pride, Cincinnati, O.; A. Booth, Paterson, N. J., and numerous others. There were about forty horsemen following the trials on the pleasant days.

The judging in the open stakes was done by the experienced sportsmen, Messrs. A. Merriman, of Memphis, Tenn., and Theodore Sturges, of New York.

The grounds were not easily worked. Large areas were sowed with wheat, and such grounds were useless as a preserve, and riding on them was prohibited.

The annual meeting of the club was held in the St. Hubert's Inn, Nov. 20. President Lorillard presided. The members present were Messrs. Lorillard, Sturges, Orr, Burdett, Hitchcock, Duryea, Bradley and Brown. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The old Board of Governors were re-elected. The officers were elected as follows: President, P. Lorillard, Jr.; Vice-President, Theo. Sturges; Secretary and Treasurer, S. C. Bradley.

The weather, although warm and pleasant part of the time, was unfavorable for good work, it being either too warm or too stormy. Still, there was time lost unnecessarily. The trials could have been ended on Saturday night had the trials been conducted with reasonable diligence.

Members' Stake.

The Members' Stake was run on Friday, Nov. 16. Clear, cold weather with a stiff eastern breeze were the weather conditions. Mr. S. C. Bradley acted as judge. Owners handled their dogs.

The entries were:

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b. w. and t. setter bitch Lenabelle (Sam-Minnie B.) with T. Sturges' b. w. and t. setter bitch Lark (Cincinnati Pride—Antonio).

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b. w. and t. setter dog Jean (Gleam's Pink-Dell V.) with Dr. J. S. Brown's b. and w. pointer bitch Nana B. (Ned B.—Callie Croxeth).

Dr. J. S. Brown's b. w. and t. setter dog Joe Cumming, Jr. (champion Joe Cumming—Laura) with Dr. G. G. Davis' Irish setter dog Jim Signal (—Loui).

Prof. E. H. Osthaus' liv. and w. pointer dog Paladin (Rip Saw—Cricket) with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b. w. and t. setter bitch Clara (—Cricket).

First Round.

Lenabelle and Lark were cast off at 9:14. Lena drew to a point on scattered birds in heavy cover, and others flushed wild as she was drawing on them. Next she flushed some birds, dropping to wing and holding a point on some remaining birds; both steady. This bevy was followed, and she pointed again. Lark pointed a bevy just after the brace was ordered up. Lena was a bit the better ranger. Both were diligent, speed about equal. Up at 9:51.

Jean and Nana B. were started at 9:56. Nana was difficult to handle. Jean was given to false pointing. Range and speed were fair. Jean pointed a single, which Nana flushed and chased. Nana next flushed a bevy; Jean was steady to wing. Jean pointed a single and Nana flushed one. Up at 10:50.

Joe Cumming, Jr., and Jim Signal were started at 10:57. On a marked bevy Joe pointed, Jim backed and both were inclined to unsteadiness. They made a very ordinary showing. Up at 11:34.

Paladin and Clara were cast off at 11:58. A bevy was seen to flush near both dogs in heavy cover. They were followed into woods, but could not be found. Range and speed were good. Up at 12:38.

Second Round.

Three brace were continued in the running as follows:

Clara and Lark were started at 2:03. Clara flushed a single near the edge of the woods. A bevy, seen to leave the woods close by, was near to where Clara was working. None found when followed. Lark pointed some scattered birds; Clara backed; both steady. Lark was better in judgment in ranging and ground covered, but was more difficult to manage than was her competitor. Up at 2:46.

Lenabelle and Paladin were cast off at 2:50. Lena was found pointing a bevy in heavy cover when found after a search, and was steady to shot and wing. On scattered birds, Paladin stopped to a flush on a single. Lena was the better in some good speed and range. Up at 3:17.

Jean and Joe Cumming, Jr., were put down at 3:29 and were taken up at 3:51; nothing found. Their showing was very commonplace.

The winners were announced as follows: P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, Lenabelle was first; his Clara third, and Theodore Sturges' Lark was second. Mr. Lorillard waved his claim to a pitcher, donated by himself to the winner of first, and this prize went to second. Mr. Theodore Sturges donated a silver cup to the winner of third. Mr. Lorillard thus won the painting donated to the winner of first by Prof. Edwin H. Osthaus and the silver cup.

The Derby.

There were nineteen starters in the Dreby out of a total of fifty nominations.

The competition as a whole was of a low order of merit. The apparent scarcity of birds undoubtedly aggravated this wearisome feature of the running, but had they been ever so abundant, still the grade of the work would have been mediocre or commonplace. There was no part of it that approached brilliancy in respect to the seeking of the birds or the work done on them when found.

By far the greater part of the time was consumed in

following dogs over ground which apparently contained no birds or few birds, so that, knowing that there was little probability of competition on birds, interest flagged accordingly.

The winner, Doc Light, on the work done, was far away the best competitor of the stake. He was given a most thorough trying out, and sustained his work in true class form, defeating his opponent decisively in every heat. He accentuated his claims to first the longer he ran. He beat out his ground with judgment and ranged usefully wide. He was wise and sound in his bird work, and was dutifully considerate of the gun.

Billy, second, won on his merits too, though his competition was not of a high order. He was sounder in his bird work than were his other competitors, save Doc Light, and he sought with good judgment.

Lady Iris and Tom Boy, aside from ability to run well, showed little competitive merit. Their ability on birds was weak, neither showing skill in finding and pointing.

First Round.

Setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1899, were eligible. Purse, \$600; to first, \$300; to second, \$200; to third, \$100. Nineteen starters:

Mrs. P. H. Hurst's o. and w. setter dog Verona Cap (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), Frank Richards, handler, with H. S. Bevan's l. and w. setter bitch Leda Windem (Lady's Count Gladstone—Selkirk Iris), owner, handler.

Mrs. P. H. Hurst's b., w. and t. setter dog Verona Diablo (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), Frank Richards, handler, with N. T. De Pauw's liv. and w. pointer bitch Jingo's Romp (Jingo—), D. E. Rose, handler.

C. W. Mullen's l. and w. setter dog Robert Count Gladstone (Lady's Count Gladstone—Selkirk's Iris), H. S. Bevan, handler, with Dr. F. Y. Long's b., w. and t. setter dog Davy Crockett (Tony Boy—Hoosier Girl), J. H. Johnson, handler.

Prof. E. H. Osthaus' b., w. and t. setter dog Kipling (Joe Cumming—Miss Osthaus), D. E. Rose, handler, with C. E. McMurdo's liv. and w. pointer dog Gilt (St. Clair—Mabel Silk), W. J. Giles, handler.

W. C. Banks' l. and w. pointer dog Sam B. (Jingo's Light—Phi), H. S. Bevan, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, setter dog Bow Knot (Why Not—Binnie B.), C. Tucker, handler.

Dr. G. Chisholm's liv. and w. pointer dog Doc Light (Jingo's Light—Gill's Juno), D. E. Rose, handler, with H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. setter dog Sport's Solomon (Marie's Sport—Isabella Maid), A. Albaugh, handler.

Arthur Stern's b., w. and t. setter bitch Bet (Count Ladystone—Fairy Sport), W. H. Hammond, handler, with Dr. J. S. Brown's b., w. and t. setter bitch Molly B. II. (Tony's Gale—Molly B.), J. H. Johnson, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter bitch Tom Boy (Tony Boy—Lena Belle), C. Tucker, handler, with Mrs. P. H. Hurst's b., w. and t. setter bitch Verona Wilhelmina (Count Gladstone IV.—Countess K.), F. Richards, handler.

Dr. W. F. Henderson's b., w. and t. setter bitch Lady Iris (Lady's Count Gladstone—Selkirk Iris), H. S. Bevan, handler, with S. B. Dana's liv. and w. pointer dog Billy (Bob—Con), W. J. Giles, handler.

A. McLochlan's b. and w. pointer dog Joe Howard (Brighton Joe—Queen), A. Albaugh, handler, a bye.

Monday, Nov. 19, First Day.

The weather was calm, warm and foggy. About the end of the first heat the fog lifted and there were signs of a clear day, which, however, were soon dispelled by heavy clouds. The second heat was delayed by rain.

After lunch the competition was suspended for the day on account of the rain, and the party returned to town.

First Round.

Leda Windem and Verona Cap were cast off at 8:31. Soon Leda flushed a bevy and both dropped to wing. Sent on, Cap pointed a single of the scattered birds and was well backed. Sent on, Leda pointed a bevy, and sprang in when Bevan flushed; Cap backed. On the scattered birds Cap pointed a single and Leda backed reluctantly to caution. Up at 9:31. Their range was hardly middling, and Cap marred her seeking by trailing after her competitor most of the while.

Vera Diablo and Jingo's Romp were started at 9:39. After running a few moments, rain set in heavily, and the heat was delayed by it till 11:17. Soon after it was resumed, Diablo pointed a bevy prettily and Romp backed well; Diablo jumped in and flushed the bevy, but stopped to order promptly. Diablo pointed a single in a hollow. Romp made two good points on singles. Romp was near to a bevy which flushed in the open. Following the scattered birds, Romp got a point of uncertain character on another bevy. The birds were followed into oak woods, where Romp pointed as some birds flushed. Up at 12:15. Both stayed out well at their work. The setter had a bit of advantage in judgment and work.

Tuesday, Nov. 20, Second Day.

The weather continued to be unfavorable. The morning was foggy, warm and calm. The fog gradually lifted, and for a while the signs indicated a clearing up and a pleasant day, but masses of dark clouds gathered and obscured the sky, a light drizzle fell betimes, and as a whole the weather conditions were again unpleasant.

Birds were apparently scarce or exceedingly difficult to find. Long stretches of the preserve were well beaten out, and notwithstanding this the total number of bevies found throughout the day was exceedingly small. As a result, there was nothing satisfactorily determinate in the competition.

However well a dog may run or range, there is no proper rating of his merit without work on birds. A narrow ranger may beat a wide ranger in finding from using better nose and judgment, etc., but without birds it is largely a test of speed and range.

Robert Count Gladstone and Davy Crockett began their competition at 8:55 in an open field near Gibson's Well. Robert pointed and Davy, quite a distance away, backed; then Robert caught sight of Davy and they backed each other. Nothing was found. Robert again pointed and was backed, and again nothing was found. Sent on, Davy pointed a bevy and was backed. Each made a point on scattered birds in heavy cover. Robert had some advantage in speed and range, though the latter was but middling, but his point work was largely inaccurate. Up at 10:04.

Kipling and Gilt were cast off at 10:06. Kipling flushed a bevy which Gilt was said to be pointing in heavy cover. The birds were followed into a cornfield. Both pointed a single, after pointing the foot scent where several had flushed. Kipling roared and pointed; two birds flushed wild ahead temptingly, and he chased. Up at 11:17. Kipling ranged wide and at good speed, used his nose skillfully and showed natural capabilities, but was rather raw in working to the gun. With more experience he should make a superior performer.

Sam B. and Bow Knot were cast off at 11:26. Sam

pointed in the open field; nothing found. Bow ran into a bevy excusably and flushed it, dropping to wing promptly and steadily. On the scattered birds Bow pointed prettily for a moment, then dropped to his point; Sam nearly pointed the scattered birds. Bow had a keen fancy for chasing rabbits. He was snappy and quick in his work. Sam worked with poor judgment.

Sport's Solomon and Doc Light began their competition at 1:33, after lunch. Doc pointed a bevy in pine woods, and Sport, a few yards away, pointed the same bevy. Both were steady to shot. Doc next pointed a single bird well. After searching about for the scattered birds in the pine woods, where both dogs made game betimes, they were turned into the open field. Doc soon pointed a bevy sharply, and when the birds flushed he made a move as if to spring, but was steady to order. He next made two good points on single birds, while Sport made one stiff point on foot scent. Up at 2:13. Doc was far superior in his bird work, though his range was but middling. His judgment also was the better. This was the best heat of the day in respect to the work on birds.

Bet and Mollie B. II. were started at 2:28. In woods Hammond called point, but before the judges could see Bet the birds flushed. They were followed further into the woods. Mollie pointed; nothing was found. The horsemen flushed several birds, which were followed in the woods without material result. Up at 2:58. The heat was a poor one. The dogs' speed and range were moderate. It was said that Mollie was not in good health.

Tom Boy and Verona Wilhelmina were cast off at 3:10. The latter made a good point in woods some distance away, and held it well, but nothing was found to it. Tom a moment later dropped to a point on a bevy in an opposite direction in the open, and was steady to wing and shot. Wilhelmina soon pointed again, and was backed, but nothing was found. Up at 4:13. Their speed was good and range irregular, though they shortened it a good bit toward the latter part of the heat.

Lady Iris and Billy were cast off at 4:16. Billy backed Lady's point well; nothing found. In corn, Billy pointed and Lady backed; nothing found. Up at 5:03. Both ranged fairly wide and fast, though they galloped freely over good or poor ground alike, and showed but little judgment in beating out their ground. The absence of any work on birds left their merits undetermined.

This ended the work of the day, at the Conover end of the grounds.

Wednesday, Nov. 21, Third Day.

The weather was cloudy and uncertain as to signs. While the clouds were black and heavy, they also were broken, with indications of clearing away. About 11 o'clock rain set in and delayed the running nearly a half hour. The sky then cleared up, and the remainder of the day was clear and warm, too warm for the best work of the dogs.

Birds were seemingly scarce and difficult to find.

Joe Howard was the bye dog. He was run with Tony Man, a setter, handled by J. M. Avent. They were started at 8:42. Soon Joe pointed a bevy in an open field, getting very close to it. Next Tony pointed and Joe backed. On the scattered birds, Tony pointed a single and was backed. Joe flushed a single on bare ground. Up at 9:20. The heat was commonplace. This ended the first round.

Second Round.

Six dogs were continued in the running. Bow Knot, though his work had been marred by chasing rabbits and a rather excusable flush on a bevy, was industrious and sharp in his bird work, and was in my opinion worthy of further trial.

Doc Light and Tom Boy were started at 9:35. Doc, quite a distance away, pointed stanchly, but moved on before his handler reached him. In woods, Doc pointed and Tom backed; nothing was found to the point, but some birds were close by flushed by the horses after the dogs had moved on. In the open, Doc flushed a single and sprang at it, missing it. Next, both made game and pointed, then Doc roared on after a single in heavy grass. The bird flushed wild. Tom at the same time roared to a flush on a single. In the open field, Tom next pointed a bevy and Doc pointed close by on the foot scent. In woods on the scattered birds, Doc pointed and was backed. Tom next pointed a single well. Up at 10:27. Doc was industrious, and beat out his ground with fair judgment. Tom Boy made an improvement in his work as compared with his prior heat. While Doc was successful in getting on birds, his point work was quite faulty compared with that of his previous work.

Robert Count Gladstone and Billy commenced at 10:36. Billy in the open got into the middle of a bevy which was scattered thinly about, and pointed it well; Robert backed. Next Billy made two good points on singles, and was well backed each time. Both were steady to shot. A heavy rain set in at 11:10, and the running was suspended till 12:20. They were ordered up at 12:20. Both were erratic in range, but Billy was decidedly the better performer on birds. The party went to lunch.

Wilhelmina and Lady Iris were cast off at 1:28 and ran till 2:36. Lady in the open, about 150 yards away, pointed a bevy; Wilhelmina backed nicely for a few moments, then stole the point. Both were steady to shot. On the scattered birds in the open field Wilhelmina pointed one and was steady to caution. Lady at the same time pointed, then moved on and flushed the birds. Beside heavy brush in the open field and withered cane, Wilhelmina pointed and Lady backed; they moved on, making game to and fro, but failed to locate any birds. Both were tiring at this juncture, Lady's range being the narrower. The dogs were separated for a few moments. Wilhelmina was found charging about where a bevy was flushing. Up at 2:36. The heat was a poor one. Both started with good speed and ranged usefully wide, but they had poor judgment in beating out their ground; and their bird work was meager and faulty, considering their opportunities.

Third Round.

Doc Light and Billy were started at 2:54 in an open field. Doc soon found and pointed a bevy in heavy cover in a hollow, and Billy backed. Sent on. In the open field Doc pointed a bevy well and Billy, about 60 yards away, backed. The birds were followed, but nothing was found. Up at 3:21. Doc had much the better of

the heat in every way. He cut out the pace and range, and was much stronger in his bird work.

The stake could have been decided at this juncture.

One heat and part of another of the All-Age Stake was run, after which the Derby was resumed.

Fourth Round.

Doc Light and Lady Iris were cast off at 4:50 in a cornfield. Doc showed infinitely better knowledge of hunting and judgment in beating out his ground. While Lady ran well and went wide enough, her knowledge of bird seeking seemed to be limited. Doc found and pointed a bevy in open weeds, doing a meritorious piece of work. Lady backed. The birds were followed. Doc pointed on some of them, and they flushed as he drew nearer to locate. The ground was bare and the birds were not disposed to tarry. Lady pointed some as they flushed. Up at 5:31, with Doc distinctly superior in the competition.

In the evening the judges announced the winners as follows: First, Doc Light; second, Billy; third, divided between Lady Iris and Tom Boy.

The Derby was a distinctly ordinary stake as to the competition made by the contestants.

The All Age Stake.

There were fifteen starters drawn to run as follows:

J. W. Flynn's o. and w. pointer dog Senator P. (Captain B.—Queen B.), F. Richards, handler, with J. D. Law's b., w. and t. setter dog Lady's Count (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), J. H. Johnson, handler.

Avent & Thayer's b., w. and t. setter dog Roysterer (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Prynn), J. M. Avent, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Why Not (Eugene T.—Miss Ruby), C. Tucker, handler.

G. G. Williamson's b., w. and t. setter dog Sport's Gath (Marie's Sport—Marie's Fleet), D. E. Rose, handler, with Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. setter bitch Sioux (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Prynn), J. M. Avent, handler.

J. S. Crane's b., w. and t. pointer bitch Zephyr II. (Rip Rap—Jingo's Joy), A. Albaugh, handler, with Geo. Crocker's o. and w. setter bitch Minnie's Girl (Antonio—Minnie T.), S. C. Bradley, handler.

J. S. Crane's liv. and w. pointer bitch Dot's Daisy (Jingo—Dot's Pearl), A. Albaugh, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter bitch Geneva (Tony Boy—Lenabelle), C. Tucker, handler.

E. L. Jamison's b., w. and t. setter bitch Peg's Girl (Rödfeld—Lady Webster, A. Albaugh, handler, with Geo. Crocker's lem. and w. setter dog Gilt Edge (Count Gladstone IV.—Lillian Russell), S. C. Bradley, handler.

Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. setter dog Prime Minister (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Prynn), J. M. Avent, handler, with Dr. C. I. Schoop's b., w. and t. setter dog Count Hunter (Count Gladstone IV.—Hunter's Queen), J. H. Johnson, handler.

E. M. Beale's liv. and w. pointer dog Earl Jingo (Jingo—Pearl's Dot), J. H. Johnson, handler, a bye.

This stake was open to all pointers and setters that had never won a first prize at the Continental, U. S. or Eastern Field Trial Club's trials. Purse, \$500; \$250 to first; \$150 to second, \$100 to third. Ten dollars to nominate, \$20 additional to start. There were thirty-two nominations.

First was won by Sioux. She should have been dropped out of the competition at the conclusion of the first series. Her work throughout was of an exceedingly low grade as it related to finding and pointing birds and work to the gun. Her greatest claim to distinction rested on speed. Soon after starting in her first heat, she was lost nearly three-quarters of an hour, and, whether she was found on point or not, she was kept approximately to the course with the greatest difficulty. Four bevies were ridden or walked up in this heat, on ground which the dogs should have worked out properly. She made two points on single birds which were marked down and on which she was worked with difficulty. At the end of her first heat she was ranging close. Her tendency was to range out of bounds. In her heat with Why Not she stopped to a flush on a single of a bevy, dropping to wing, after which the bevy was flushed; but dropping to a flush is far different from finding and pointing. On two other bevies which she pointed, she sprang in and flushed. She was exceedingly difficult to keep track of and to control. In her third heat she ran four minutes. Her point work then was exceedingly faulty. Outside of fast, lawless ranging, there was nothing of special merit displayed by her.

Minnie's Girl, second, made a fairly good competition, far better than Sioux's, and, as the running was conducted, she was fairly entitled to second. She showed wisdom in planning her work, though her execution was somewhat faulty.

Peg's Girl, third, was far away the best competitor in the stake. She in her first heat found and pointed a bevy, shared a point on another and made five or six sharp, clean points on singles, working to the gun prettily. In her heat with Geneva she found and pointed two bevies, and made three points on singles and one divided point. In her heat with Minnie's Girl she outworked the latter on singles, though the only bevy found was to Minnie's credit. She beat out her ground with better judgment and more thoroughly, Minnie taking long casts and leaving much ground unworked. On the work done she defeated every competitor; on the class of her work she was about two classes above the best of her competitors.

By the way, the term class is used many times as a glittering, mystifying generality. It is improper, as it is denoted in a vague way something better than mere work or good practical abilities. A dog merrily gallops off on a self-hunt, and showing great speed when he is in sight, and a persistent purpose to remain out of sight so long as he pleases. The onlooking sportsman probably objects to him for his misdoings. "Oh, but consider his high class!" What high class? A class dog is simply one which can be relied upon to repeat with a reasonable degree of certainty a good performance, day after day. His performance is measured by certain well-defined conventional standards, which have been elaborated from the necessities of the case. A runaway dog is no more a good field trial dog than a runaway horse is a good race horse. But speed is but one of many qualities to consider. The rules and definitions of the competition as set forth by the Eastern Field Trial Club embody all the club standards, and in no place therein does it hold that bolting, self-hunting, flushing, etc., are "high class." These qualities denote a bad class, not high class.

It is a long time since a stake was worse managed and worse judged than was this All-Age Stake.

Dot's Daisy and Prime Minister were both better performers in their first heat than was Sioux.

Eliminating all the sophisms of "class" and "style," etc., the plain facts are that Sioux, on her actual doings, made a wretchedly inferior competition, and that the judges made a great mistake in keeping her in the competition at all after the first series.

First Round.

Senator P. and Lady's Count began at 3:29 in the open. Mr. Johnson had the latter only three or four days in charge, so that the handling was extremely difficult. Count was lost for some minutes, but came in later of his own motion. Each pointed in the open; nothing found. A bevy was flushed by the horses and marked down in the open field. The dogs were brought to it. Both pointed. The weather was then very warm and the birds were reluctant to fly. There was fiddling about after the singles which were marked down close by. Senator pointed twice and flushed one. Count was hard to handle. Up at 4:15. Senator ranged well and displayed good speed and judgment.

Roysterer and Why Not were cast off at 4:22 in an open field. Soon Roysterer took a cast and was lost, and Why Not was held up while a search was made for him. Not being found at 4:35, the heat was postponed, and the Derby was resumed. It would have been better to have continued the heat, and if Roysterer would not keep to the course there was a penalty to it. Working to the gun is a part of field work and field trial work.

Thursday, Nov. 22, Forth Day.

Pleasant weather conditions succeeded to the three preceding days of bad weather. The sun shone clear, warm and bright. A gentle breeze prevailed betimes. The birds came forth from their haunts, and were found in sufficient numbers in most of the heats. Those who kept tally alleged that twenty-three bevs were found, counting those found by the dogs and those flushed by handlers and horses. The competition was mixed in character, from poor to very poor.

Roysterer and Why Not continued their unfinished heat of yesterday, commencing at 8:37. Soon after starting Why Not found and pointed two bevs, a few minutes apart. Roysterer backed. Near a ravine both pointed. Why Not had a single, and both were steady to wing and shot. Why Not flushed a bevy in the open. Another bevy was flushed by the horsemen soon afterward. Why Not made two good points on singles. Roysterer made several false points. Why Not next pointed a bevy in open weeds and was backed. Roysterer was difficult to handler and had shortened a wide range at the start to a narrow one at the finish. Why Not had also shortened his range a good bit. His finding, pointing and working to the gun were far the better. Up at 9:38.

Sport's Gath and Sioux were cast off at 9:42. The former had a broken tail, which was wrapped in court plaster. Soon after starting both dogs were lost. They were started again at 10:30 after being found. Gath pointed a wounded quail. Gath pointed; Sioux refused to back; nothing found. Some birds, flushed by the handlers, were marked down near a hedge in the open. Sioux pointed twice on singles; Gath pointed twice and nothing was found. Each was exceedingly swift and difficult to handle. They ranged out of bounds, and betimes were paying little heed to the gun. Toward the end of the heat they narrowed their range materially. The heat was a poor one. Up at 11:32.

Zephyr II. and Minnie's Girl were cast off at 11:41. Both made game in the open. Zephyr pointed in a half-hearted manner. Soon she pointed again in a manner which did not inspire confidence, and her handler ordered her on. She took a step or two and the bevy flushed. She instantly stopped to wing. As Minnie worked toward some of the birds marked down in the open in front of her, she pointed another bevy; both were steady to wing and shot. On the scattered birds in pine woods, Zephyr flushed a single, made a point on two birds. Minnie pointed twice where the birds had been marked down, and a bird flew each time from the trees overhead. By the side of a ditch Minnie pointed a bevy and was backed. Zephyr was erratic in range. Both worked industriously, Minnie displaying the better judgment. Up at 12:52.

Dot's Daisy and Geneva were cast off at 2:12. In open weeds Geneva pointed and was backed; nothing found. Daisy in a hollow by a run pointed and roaded up wind of a bevy flushed close by her by a horseman. The weather was then exceedingly warm, and continued so during the remainder of the day. On the scattered birds in woods Geneva pointed and was well backed, and both were steady. In woods Geneva pointed and was backed, but nothing was found; but about 40 yards further in open weeds both roaded and pointed; Tucker flushed a bevy to the point. In woods Geneva pointed a single. Up at 3:05. Both were good rangers and fast as to speed.

Peg's Girl and Gilt Edge were cast off at 3:20. Gilt made a point on larks and was backed. Gilt pointed a bevy by the edge of a branch. The birds were followed. Two bevs were ridden up and marked down in heavy cover near deep ditches. Gilt pointed a single bird staunchly. Sent on. Gilt wheeled prettily to a point; moved on, both made game and pointed by the edge of the heavy ditch cover, but it was impossible to flush the birds. Gilt pointed a single. Sent on. Gilt found and pointed a bevy on a side hill in weeds. Sent on. Both made game in the open weeds, and both got a point on a bevy. On the scattered birds in woods, Gilt dropped to a point; nothing found. He next made a good point on a single. Gilt made three or four points on singles in a sharp, snappy manner, and was accurate in her work. Up at 4:17. Each ranged well at good speed.

Prime Minister and Count Hunter were started at 4:26. Minister nicely pointed a bevy in open weed field and was well backed. On a side hill some 300 yards away, Minister pointed staunchly, and a single bird was seen to flush wild from it. The dogs were brought together and cast off again. Count pointed a bevy in the open field at the edge of pine woods and sprang in and flushed it. The birds were followed into the pine woods. Each made several good points on the singles. Count having some advantage in the amount of work done. Both dogs were difficult to handle. They were fast and went wide. Minister had the better of the heat. Up at 5:32.

Friday, Nov. 23, Fifth Day.

The morning was calm and cloudy, with a light fog which was soon dissipated by a warm sun. The warm temperature was much like that of a day in early September. Birds were found in fair numbers.

Earl Jingo, the bye dog, had for a running mate the setter dog Lark, owned by the Eldred Kennels, and handled by S. C. Bradley. Lark pointed a bevy and was backed by Earl. Next Earl roaded to a point; nothing found. Both pointed foot scent by the side of a ditch. Earl pointed a bevy and a single bird. Up at 10:05. The heat was a poor one.

Second Round.

Six dogs were selected to compete further. They were run as follows:

Peg's Girl and Geneva were cast off at 10:31. Peg ran sharply into a point on a bevy in woods; on the scattered birds she made three points, also both made a point together on the same bird. Both pointed foot scent; nothing found. The dogs were separated for a while. Geneva in a briery place made game and pointed, but nothing was found. Up at 11:10. Peg's Girl worked very nicely to the gun, was sharp and accurate in her bird work and ranged well with speed and judgment. Geneva ranged well and at good speed, but her work on birds was meager.

Minnie's Girl and Senator P. commenced at 11:20. Soon Minnie in an open field pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. Senator was not near at the time. The birds were marked down in the open field. Both at the same time pointed on them; they were steady to shot. Minnie next pointed a single. Senator across wind pointed a bevy which flushed wild. Each made a point on the scattered birds. Up at 11:45. Each ranged irregularly though at fair speed, and their work as a whole was lacking in good finish.

Sioux and Why Not were started at 1:39, after lunch. Why Not drew to a point on a bevy in open weeds and Sioux backed. Both were steady to shot. On the scattered birds in woods each pointed a single. Sent on in the open. Why Not pointed a bevy in thick cover and was steady to shot. Sioux, going down wind, flushed a single outlying bird and dropped to wing, and the rest of the bevy was flushed in front of her. When a dog drops to a flush and other birds are flushed close by him or her, there is very little merit in the act as a find or a point. Near a ford Sioux pointed a bevy and sprang in as it flushed, or it flushed as she sprang. Sent on. Both pointed at the edge of woods and some birds were flushed wild. Sioux in sedge and plum bushes pointed a bevy. Avent flushed one or two and Sioux sprang in and flushed the remainder. The birds were followed. Why Not pointed, then moved on and flushed the bird. Both were fast but hard to handle, Sioux offending seriously in this respect. Up at 2:34.

Third Round.

Minnie's Girl and Peg's Girl were cast off at 3:02. Minnie took a long cast up a valley and pointed a bevy in open weeds. She was irresolute on her point, moved forward and flushed a single, after which the remainder of the bevy flushed. On the scattered birds, Minnie pointed one and was neatly backed. Peg then made four sharp points in rapid succession. Up at 3:39. Both ranged well and with good judgment. Although Peg did not take such long casts as Minnie, she covered the available ground much better, was much sharper and stauncher on her points, and had more skill in working to the gun.

Fourth Round.

Minnie's Girl and Sioux were started at 4:28, and were run four minutes. This was merely to comply with the rules, and had no significance as a matter of competition. The judges soon thereafter announced the winners as follows: First, Sioux; second, Minnie's Girl; third, Peg's Girl. The names read in reverse order would better have been in accord with their relative merits.

The Subscription Stake.

There were ten starters in the Subscription Stake, and of these six had run in the preceding stake. The quality of the work was as a whole good, though there was nothing brilliant, nor even to a degree to excite admiration. Why Not was substituted for Lenabelle, the latter being ill. Both are owned by Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr. The entrance was \$50. First prize, \$250; second, \$100; third, \$50. The stake closed on Oct. 1. Each heat to be two hours long. The stake was open to all pointers and setters.

The dogs were drawn in the following order:

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b. w. and t. setter dog Pink Boy (Gleam's Pink-Belle of Pawling), C. Tucker, handler, with George Crocker's b. w. and t. setter dog Sam T. (Luke Roy-Betty B.), S. C. Bradley, handler.
P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, setter dog Why Not, owner, handler, with J. S. Crane's pointer bitch Dot's Daisy, A. Albaugh, handler.
Duryea & Avent's b. w. and t. setter dog Dot's Roy (Orlands-Dolly Wilson), J. M. Avent, handler, with George Crocker's setter bitch Minnie's Girl, S. C. Bradley, handler.
Avent & Duryea's b. w. and t. setter bitch Lady Rachel (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Prynn), J. M. Avent, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, setter bitch Geneva, C. Tucker, handler.
Duryea & Avent's setter bitch Sioux, J. M. Avent, handler, with E. L. Jamison's setter bitch Peg's Girl, A. Albaugh, handler.

Saturday, Nov. 24, Sixth Day.

The weather was cloudy and cool, with a gentle wind at times. There was some rawness of the temperature in the afternoon. Owing to the unfavorable weather birds were not moving much, and they were consequently difficult to find. The bird work therefore was meager.

Pink Boy and Sam T. were cast off at 8:05. In the heat Sam pointed a bevy which flushed wild, and pointed about 30 yards from another, which Pink located more definitely and pointed. Sam made two points on single birds. He false pointed several times, and was betimes over-cautious on scent. Pink flushed one bevy and pointed another, and made three points on scattered birds and one excusable flush on a single. Their range was ordinary as a whole.

Why Not and Dot's Daisy ran quite a sound heat. They were cast off at 10:07. Why Not pointed a bevy in the open, then moved on to locate, and it flushed. On the scattered birds in woods Daisy pointed, roaded and the bird flushed wild. Next, in the open, Why Not pointed

a bevy, and Daisy backed nicely. In open weeds Daisy next pointed a bevy and Why Not backed. Daisy made two good points on singles, and Why Not made one. They ranged well at good speed and beat out their ground with fair judgment.

Dot's Roy and Minnie's Girl began at 12:55. In open weeds Minnie pointed a bevy and Roy backed. Both were steady to shot. Both pointed the scattered birds in pine woods. Roy in woods pointed, roaded and a single flushed. Minnie pointed a bevy well. Next in an open field she pointed and roaded about, and Roy joined in the roading; they were probably on the scent of larks, as some were seen to flush from the place where the dogs were puzzling about. Roy pointed a bevy on bare ground; it flushed wild. Minnie was out of sight a few moments; in searching for her, her handler flushed a bevy in heavy weeds, and Minnie was near by on a point, he claimed, and all the circumstances corroborated his claim. On scattered birds flushed by one of the handlers, Roy flushed a single. They ranged moderately well. Their work was good, though not free from material faults. In range and speed they were middling.

Lady Rachel and Geneva were cast off at 3:22, after a wait for the wagons, which were not at an appointed place, according to the instruction given to the drivers. Lady pointed by a ditch in a cornfield and was well backed by Geneva. The latter ranged with pleasing judgment, casting wide and working to the gun. The heat had not been long under way when Lady was lost, and not being found after a long wait the heat was adjourned to the following Monday. Up at 3:53. This was an erroneous ruling, as, having started, each dog should have been required to abide by his own doings. The heats were to be two hours in length, and anything short of that or any break in the heat vitiated the equity of the conditions. If one error could be overlooked or condoned all others could be likewise treated.

Subscription Stake.

NEWTON, N. C., Nov. 26.—*Special to Forest and Stream.* The Subscription Stake ended to-day. The weather was cloudy and chilly, with a stiff wind. There were birds enough for a satisfactory test of the merits of the competitors. Lady Rachael and Geneva ran for two hours. Lady Rachael was disobedient and disposed to self-hunt. She pointed single birds well. Geneva found four bevs and ranged prettily to the gun.

Sioux and Peg's Girl ran a good heat, working well on both bevs and singles. Sioux proved himself the better ranger and finder, while Peg's Girl was better on scattered birds.

Geneva and Peg's Girl ran a heat of twenty-four minutes to determine second and third. Peg was the better performer on birds. Both ranged well. Sioux easily won first, Peg's Girl second and Geneva third.

B. WATERS.

The Brunswick Fur Club.

THE Brunswick Fur Club will hold its twelfth annual winter hunt at Barre, Mass., during the week of Dec. 3.

The annual meeting of the club for the election of officers and the transaction of other business will be held on Monday evening, Dec. 3.

All hunters are urged to bring their hounds and aid in making this hunt the best in the club's history. Hounds will be cared for at the expense of the club.

All who enjoy a fox hunt on New England hills, ladies as well as gentlemen, will receive a hearty welcome.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Secretary.

ROXBURY, MASS.

Points and Flushes.

The English Setter Club will issue its constitution, by-laws and standard in the near future. The club is now fully organized and ready for active participation in the sphere which it proposes to fill in promoting the interests of the English setter.

DON'T SHOOT

Until you see your game, and
see that it is game and
not a man.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

St. Louis' Boiler.

IN our issue of Nov. 10, the boiler of the St. Lawrence Y. C. steam tender St. Louis is referred to as built "by Davis & Sons, under the Roberts patent water tube," etc. We are advised by the Davis Dry Dock Co. that this statement is erroneous, and that the boiler is the Davis water-tube boiler.

The N. Y. Y. C. and the Cup Defense.

WHEN we asked the yachting public a short time ago to be reasonable in their views toward the N. Y. Y. C. in regard to the defense of the Cup, we were confident that the matter would be arranged in a most satisfactory manner.

Now that the names of the men who are interested in the syndicate, the manager and the professional sailing



master, have been announced, the selection has met with universal approval among yachtsmen throughout the country. From now until the latter part of August the public will be indebted to Messrs. August Belmont, James Stillman, Oliver H. Payne, F. G. Bourne and Henry Walters for their combined efforts toward producing a boat for the defense of the Cup. To these able yachtsmen must be added Mr. Wm. B. Duncan, who has agreed to manage and sail the new defender. The entire affair could not be in better hands.

The statements that the Herreshoffs reached their limit in building Columbia is ridiculous, and there can be no doubt that the new boat, in Mr. Duncan's hands, will be some minutes faster than Columbia, although Columbia, with Mr. C. O. Iselin in charge, will undoubtedly be faster than when she raced against Shamrock, and will make the trial races interesting sport.

The selection of Capt. Urias Rhodes as professional skipper for the new boat, is a good one. Capt. Rhodes is well known as skipper of Defender.

Yachtsmen may have their ideas of Shamrock II., but, of course, nothing is known concerning her ability. So far as she is concerned only congratulations are due to Sir Thomas Lipton for his persistency in trying to win the Cup.

An Interesting Lawsuit.

AN interesting lawsuit brought by the owner of an English yacht to recover a suit of clothes from the steward of his yacht was tried a short time ago before Judge Percy Gye, of the Provincial County Court, sitting at Southampton, England. The owner of the yacht Corsair, Mr. James Beesty, furnished the clothes for the steward when he was engaged, the steward having agreed to return them if he should leave Mr. Beesty's service before the Corsair was put out of commission in the fall. In the event of his serving through until the crew was paid off, he was to retain his clothes. When the yacht was lying off Margate in August she dragged her anchor and collided with a fishing smack, injuring her to such an extent that the crew, thinking the yacht was lost, abandoned her, and landed at Dover, where they were paid off by the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society and sent to their homes. Meanwhile Corsair had been brought safely into port. The owner claimed that as he had not paid off his men or put the yacht out of commission, the crew ought to have returned to work, but Judge Gye took a different view of the matter. He contended that the vessel went out of commission when she was wrecked, and under the circumstances the steward might lawfully retain the clothes.

At the City Island Yards.

AT Hawkins' yard there are comparatively few boats. The cutters Columbia, Defender, Navahoe, Winona and the 70-footer Mineola; the schooners Corona and Emerald, and the fin-keel cutters Carmita and Vencador are in their winter quarters. Vorant II. is lying in the offing, and will be hauled out in a few days. Columbia's bottom and topsides are in excellent shape, but the action of water and weather is beginning to show on Defender's topsides.

Robertson's yard is well filled with boats; some twenty yachts are on the beach there. Among them are the sloops Genia, Lydia, Clytie, Pontiac, Marjorie, Mignon, Charlotte, Cymbra, Notus, Carita, Chaos, Nellie and Lodona; the yawls Active, Espirito and Consuelo; the schooner Mohegan, and the launches Comet and Sara.

At the Jacob yard over sixty boats are hauled out for the winter, and several of them will undergo extensive alterations. In the shop there are a number of the 15-footers for the Manhasset Bay Y. C. in frame, one of which is already finished. The 70-footer Virginia will be strengthened under the direction of Mr. Clinton H. Crane. A shed has been built around the schooner Amorita, and a number of alterations will be made to get her in shape for next season's racing. What the changes will be is a question, as great secrecy is being maintained in regard to them. Mr. Jacob has several new orders pending. The yachts now on the beach are Hester, Queen Mab, Indra, Rajah, Memory, Nimbus, Razmatang, Maid Marion, Raider, Joreli, Robin Hood, Whileaway, Veda, Esperanza, Carolina, Hera, Eaglet, Anatoak, Adelaide, Newasi, Josephine, Louise, O Shima San, Hussar I, Emppronzi, Walre, Colleen, Jolly Roger, Tempus, Mistral, Josephine (cutter), Countess, Shrimp, Microbe, Spindrift (raceabout), Ola, Banshee, Spindrift, Departure, Metahka, Norota, Ellida, Irene; the launches Columbia, Bc Peep, Wolverine, Augusta, Fearless, Ida May, Little Billy, Golden Rod, four launches belonging to the Naval Reserve, two launches belonging to the Westchester Country Club and two house boats.

At Woods' yard the following boats are in winter berths: Oiseau, Sophie, Possum, Folly, Golden Rod, Kestral, Cara, Snapper, Nadir and Jessica, also the launch Lasata. The Cartoon, which has just arrived from Boston, is being dismantled and will soon go on the beach. In the shop the new boat for Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, that was designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, is well under way. She is 44ft. on the waterline, 65ft. over all, 15ft. beam, and 5ft. 6in. draft; she will be rigged as a sloop, and is to be launched in January, when she will be taken South for a cruise in the West Indies.

With the Boston Designers and Builders.

THE amount of work already on hand by the designers and builders in the vicinity of Boston gives promise that the coming yachting season will be exceptionally interesting.

The yard of Geo. Lawley & Son, Corp., at South Boston, presented a busy scene on Thursday last, when the torpedo boat Blakely was launched. The event was a great success in every way, and now that the sheds are empty the keels of several new yachts will be laid down at once.

Among the new contracts already placed is an 18-footer for Mr. Frank Tandy, who formerly owned Bronco; a 25-footer for Mr. E. S. Grew, a 32-footer for

Mr. W. C. Allison, a raceabout for Mr. W. D. Hennen, a 35-footer for Mr. H. P. King, a 25-footer for Mr. F. C. Welch, a raceabout for Mr. G. S. Silsbee, an 85-foot schooner designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, a 35-foot schooner for Mr. C. P. Curtis, a raceabout for Mr. G. P. Brown, an 18-footer for Mr. Alfred Douglass and the 15-footer for Mr. Phinney. Several other large orders will probably be placed in a few days.

The following yachts are now in the basin or on the beach: Alborack, Albertina, Attaquin, Anago, Astrild, Avenel, Athla, Adrienne, Anaqua, Agatha, Babs, Barbara, Brigand, Beatrice, Bohemia, Bobs, Chiquita, Cloelia, Chapoquit, Chiquita (cutter), Cockatoo, Corondilla, Cherub, Duchess, Dragon, Dickey, Dreamer, Edythe, Elf, Elaine, Eugenia, Eunice, Flirt, Frolic, Gloria, Gosling, Gossoon, Gundred, John Harvard, Hildegarde, Huxepex, Harriet, Handsel, Halaia, Hanniel, Heleni, Hulda, Helene, Iduna, Idalia, Iroquois, Ituna, Item, Idle Hour, Indra, Iris, Ilybuis, Jubilee, Josephine, Jenny Wren, Jule, Jacobin, King Philip, Kathelmina, Kate C., Loyal, Lolita, Lilius, Marguerite, Melusina, My Gypsy, Minister, Milicete, Mercedes, Mistral, Minerva, Nebula, Nerissa, Noria, Ocewah, Papoose, Priscilla, Peregrine, Papoose (cutter), Petrel, Rosemary, Reliance, Relief, Spalpeen, Saladin, Syren, Sarena, Sally (steamer), Shyesse, Sally, Scud, Scrap, Sagamore, Triton, The Wind, Theo, Urusula, Veritas, Veery, Vraic, Vire, Vidofner, Viking, Varandi, Widgeon, Waif, Zuleika, Zurich, Yoam and Yarico.

At the Marblehead yacht yard no orders for new work have yet been placed, but the sheds are being put in readiness, for several contracts are pending.

The following list will give some idea of the large number of boats that are now in their winter quarters at this yard: Golden Rod, Nonda, Jackdaw, Rosie, Petong, Pewee, Suzette, Petrel, Albert Stewart, Lurline, Sally IV., Brenda, Alata, Brunhilde, Rondina II., Jilt, Bagheera, Rondinella, Dorothy, Sintram, Hurry, Ohlyhka, Fantasmagorie, Kotik, Dragon, Lotis, Nancy, Amazon, Bayadere, Comet, Nina, Pinta, Brigand, Ugly Duckling, Mongoli, Gem, Kirin, Rondina I., Sparkle, Marie, Lounger, Widow, Josephine, Sealark, Grig, Petrel (cutter), Aitron, Yoonne, Hiawatha, Intrepid, Tosto, Polly, Palonia, Giralda, Sport, Bubble, Heron, Alverna, Kiowa, Penguin, Fussbridge, Myrtle, Oriole, Philopeno, Nameless, Coot, Cock Robin, Edith, Foam.

The 40-footer Gorilla is lying in Marblehead Harbor still in commission.

The yards at Quincy, Salem, Dorchester and Gloucester already show signs of a busy winter.

Mr. Arthur Binney, Mr. Isaac Mills and Mr. S. N. Small all have numerous orders, but do not wish to make them public as yet. Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has the largest amount of work on hand, and the following is the list of boats already ordered: A 46-foot centerboard schooner for Theophile Parsons, of Boston; a 46-foot centerboard cruising sloop for Wm. M. Lovering, of Taunton, Mass.; a 25-foot keel cruiser, cabin class, M. Y. R. A., for Edward S. Grew, of Manchester, Mass.; a 15-foot centerboard boat for C. H. Kelley, of Winthrop, Mass.; a 21-foot keel raceabout for W. D. Hennen, for racing on Long Island Sound; an 18-foot knockabout for Frank Tandy, for racing in the 18-foot class of the M. Y. R. A.; a 32-foot keel cruising sloop for Wm. C. Allison, of Bar Harbor, Me.; a 16-foot fin-keel for A. D. Irving; a 65-foot schooner for Western parties; a 25-rater for J. F. Donohue, of Sandusky, O.; a 39-foot keel yawl for De Ver H. Warner, of Bridgeport, Conn.; a 35-foot keel cutter for H. P. King, of Boston, Mass.; two 25-foot keel cruisers for F. G. Macomber, of Boston, Mass.; a 42-foot auxiliary yawl for J. H. Mason, of New Whatcom, Wash.; a 21-foot keel raceabout for Geo. C. Shattuck, of Islesboro, Me.; a 35-foot keel schooner for Geo. P. Curtis, of Boston, Mass.; a 21-foot keel cruiser for Sumner Foster, of Boston, Mass.; a 30-foot launch for C. B. Mather Co., Rowley, Mass.; Canada Cup Defender, 35 or 40 ratings, for Messrs. Pyncheon and Carpenter; a 21-foot keel knockabout for Harry Laudauer, of Milwaukee; a class of 15-foot knockabouts for Harry Burden and others; a 30-footer for Oscar B. Webber, of New York city; a class of small knockabouts for Louis Bacon and others, to be used on Buzzards Bay, and a racing sneakbox for M. Root, of Island Heights, N. J.

A Catboat Cruise on Lake Ontario.

(Concluded from page 418.)

WE were in a nice sheltered place, with plenty of firewood, but the ones who went for milk had quite a time, having to cross the end of a bay which was quite swampy, but they got there and induced the man of the house to kill them a pair of chickens for the morning. That night we indulged in the luxury of a bonfire, as it was the only place we had struck where there was wood enough for such a thing.

After getting the chickens next morning we had to pluck them, and found it quite an undertaking, as we all lacked experience, but it was accomplished, and they really looked quite decent when done, as more than half the skin was left and the feathers were all gone.

That day the sun stayed under a cloud, but the threatened rain did not come, and with a light breeze over the quarter we had plenty of time to admire the views as they opened upon us one after another.

After passing Telegraph Island Light we ran ashore under a magnificent bunch of elms and camped for the night within sight of Deseronto. That evening was celebrated with a show of fireworks which had been laid in at Toronto, and about half of which we used up then to the great edification of the farmer's family as well as our own pleasure, but they scared the dog we had with us so much that he bolted and took all the pleasure out of the show, as we would not have lost him for anything. About half an hour afterward he turned up, having gone off into the bush and laid down, and he seemed thoroughly ashamed of himself, so we could not scold him.

Next morning we pulled out, with Picton as our objective point. The wind was sou'west, fresh, and we needed it, as the Reach had to be negotiated, and a wind from that direction meant a dead beat to windward from Deseronto to Picton, fully fourteen miles.

Cutting a corner saved us a couple of miles, and sheets were flattened in and the long beat to windward was on.

Across the channel and back, to and fro, each time seeing us another half-mile or so down the channel. We were in no particular hurry, so every one enjoyed the sail except when Condor, a Toronto yacht, nearly ran us down, totally disregarding all sailing rules and regulations.

We ran ashore opposite Hay Bay and cooked a warm lunch, and rested there a few minutes before going on. By the time we were near Glenora the wind lightened, and from there in to Picton it came in puffs, but gradually we drew up to the head of the pocket and about 4 o'clock landed at the wharf.

An hour in Picton sufficed to get what provisions we wanted, and to let us all get a glimpse of a live town, and then we pulled out to find a camp site for the night.

Sailing on down we passed Hepburn's shipyard, and seeing what seemed like a nice spot ran in and tied up.

By this time it was getting dark, and we had no opportunity to seek further, but it proved the poorest place we struck on the whole trip. Ants and spiders galore, and flies and moths by the million, and in addition a crazy man on the farm. To make matters worse, steamers were passing quite close all night long, and the swells from them jarred every one, so we were good and well pleased to get away from there as early as we could the next morning.

The wind was light from the west and we crawled slowly along the shore. Owing to the heat we decided not to attempt the climb up the hill to see the Lake on the Mountain back of the Glenora mills.

Slowly we sailed on, and soon after passing Glenora noticed a change in the color of the water. All the way from the Murray Canal down to this point the water had been black, but here it commenced to get back to Lake Ontario blue, greatly to our satisfaction.

About 2 o'clock a good fresh breeze came up behind us and once more we started to move fast, and about an hour afterward we ran into McDonald's Cove, one of the prettiest little places on the lake.

In here we were perfectly sheltered from any wind that ever blew, and after lunch we settled down to enjoy a good Sunday loaf.

Monday we decided to stay there all day and take life easy, as we were so comfortably fixed. Some one who had camped there before had rigged up a good camp stove, and with that and a ledge of rock for a table our living was rendered quite palatial.

The farmer who owns the shore of the bay was very kind, giving us all the apples we could eat or carry away, and we more than enjoyed them.

Tuesday morning we made an early start, and after crossing the gap and getting to Amherst Island the skipper noticed a covered wagon being driven along the shore, and risking the statement that it was a butcher's wagon, started a race to catch it and succeeded, as the wagon stopped at a farm house. The guess was a good one, and once more we got fresh meat. It wasn't porterhouse steak, nor was it good roast, but we did not have to have our appetites coaxed much, and all enjoyed the meat as a change of diet.

The channel between Amherst Island and the mainland is very pretty, and we more than enjoyed the day's sail, stopping at the village of Stella to get fresh bread and other supplies.

We landed that night on the gravel bar at the extreme northeast end of Amherst Island, which we found a very nice place, though the walking on the gravel was rather hard.

We left here about 9 the next morning and started for Kingston with a fresh southwest wind. As soon as we cleared the point of the island we found quite a big roll coming in from the lake, but as it was well astern we did not mind it in the least. Skirting close along the shore we passed several camps, then the Asylum and Penitentiary, and finally rounded up in the shelter of the Kingston Y. C. dock and got ready to go up town.

We were not exactly the swellest outfit ever seen, but we didn't care, as we were out for a good time and were having it, and you cannot run a frock coat and a silk hat and cruise in an open boat. However, they allowed us in the dining room of the Hotel Frontenac, and that was all we cared about just then.

After dinner, while the skipper went to call on Oldrieve & Horn, the sailmakers, the others took in the town by trolley, then the provisions were bought and we went back to the boat, as we wanted to get down among the Thousand Islands before nightfall. While waiting for the grub to come down, we watched Norma, of the Kingston Y. C., go out, and when we saw her jump bow under and souse things generally, we decided to turn in a reef for the first time since starting on our trip.

As luck would have it, we did not need the reef, for when we left the wharf the boat simply spun around on her heel before a wave could catch her and started off with wind and sea astern, and from there till we got shelter behind the islands the run was a good deal like tobogganing, as the boat would shoot along on the crest of a wave.

That night we camped on a little island about five miles below Kingston, and next morning the ladies of the party had a good time wading in the shallow water around the shore and to another island a short piece away.

It was now a case of put in time till Saturday, as on that day one of the party had to start for home, and we had decided to ship the boat and return home on the propeller Persia, which leaves Kingston for Toronto every Sunday morning at 3 o'clock.

Getting under way we started off down the river, hoping to get as far as the east end of Wolfe Island, but it was a very hot day, so after running down the channel a few miles we turned and made our way over to the shore of Wolfe Island, where, after a time, we found a particularly nice spot, so ran in and tied up for the night.

Friday morning the wind shifted around to the east, so with started sheets we ran back to Kingston, where we landed for a few minutes to see what arrangements had been made by the steamer people for shipping the boat. Finding everything satisfactory we ran across to the south side of the bay, and after landing on a gravel beach and finding for the first time on our trip a "notice to trespassers" sign, we finally tied up to a private wharf, where we were made welcome.

Supper that night and breakfast next morning consisted largely of scraps, everything that was left being



FLIRT—Photo by Jackson, Marblehead

attain the highest possible speed; to achieve this is has been necessary to apply the very latest ideas in the design of both hull and machinery. In this class of work Mr. Mosher has had wide experience. He designed Yankee Doodle, Norwood, Feiseen and Presto. While speed was the primary consideration, comfort was not entirely lost sight of, and the accommodations, although limited, are not cramped. The dimensions of Arrow are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	130ft. 4in.
Waterline	130ft.
Beam—Extreme	12ft. 6in.
Draft—	
Normal	3ft. 6in.
Under screws	4ft. 7in.

The boat is fitted with six transverse water-tight bulkheads; 8ft. abaft of the bow is a collision bulkhead; aft of this bulkhead are the crew's quarters, with ample accommodation for twelve men. Next to the forecabin are the officers' quarters, consisting of a double stateroom running the full width of the boat. Between officers' quarters and the bulkhead at the forward end of the boiler space is the galley, which occupies the full width of the vessel for a length of 10ft. 6in. The galley is very completely fitted and a stairway leads to the main deck. Aft of the engine space is the owner's stateroom, which occupies the full width of the ship, and is 7ft. 6in. long; connecting with this is a bath and toilet room. This room will be fitted in satinwood, lighted by four portholes and a monitor skylight. Next aft is the saloon, which is 13ft. 6in. long, and occupies the full width of the boat. The room will contain piano, bookcases and gun racks. The joiner work is of English oak. Eight portholes and a monitor skylight ventilate this room. Aft of the saloon is a double stateroom fitted in Hungarian ash. It is lighted by four portholes and a monitor skylight. A toilet room is arranged to open conveniently from both the saloon and the after stateroom; aft the saloon is a collision bulkhead. The deck is particularly roomy, being clear of the usual houses except the pilot house, which is 15ft. long, and will be used as the dining room, the after portion being used as a pantry with a dumbwaiter connecting with the galley below. The bridge is aft of the pilot house. The general construction of the boat is composite. The frames are steel below the waterline, aluminum above, except through the boiler space and engine spaces, where they are steel throughout. The keelson, all floor plates, reverse frames, bunker bulkheads, boiler saddles, engine foundations and other details are also of steel. The sides are double planked with mahogany. The deck is of wood except over the boiler space, where aluminum is used. The deck beams are of aluminum bulb angles and the same material enters into the construction largely. Two small boats will be carried—a 15ft. cutter and a 13ft. dinghy. The Arrow is to be fitted with an extensive electric plant capable of supplying sixty incandescent lights and a powerful searchlight.

turned over to the farmer's wife in return for the splendid place we had to pack our stuff on.

Bedding, clothing, tent, oilskins and all the other paraphernalia of a cruise had to be stowed in the smallest possible shape, ready for shipping, and the wharf was a splendid place on which to do our packing.

We had set off the balance of our fireworks during the evening, so that was one package less. There was a fearful lot of stuff, but willing hands made light of the work, and before 10 o'clock everything was packed and aboard the boat, and the crew, with their store clothes on, were sailing across the bay.

A nice breeze over the quarter soon ran us in, and putting the bundles in the shed at the wharf the boat was stripped and the cruise was over.

The trip home would not be worth mentioning, only that, thanks to a rough sea and a crowd of passengers, Capt. Scott took the inside passage instead of the outside one, as usual, consequently we had the pleasure of reviewing our trip from the deck of the steamer. This impressed on our minds the Bay of Quinte, and all feel that the trip, beside being very enjoyable, has added considerably to their knowledge of the geography of the eastern end of Lake Ontario.

Flirt.

THE 25-footer Flirt, whose lines, construction, cabin and sail plans appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 13-20, was designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for Messrs. F. Wright Fabyan and Thomas H. McKee, and was built by Mr. David Fenton, of Manchester.

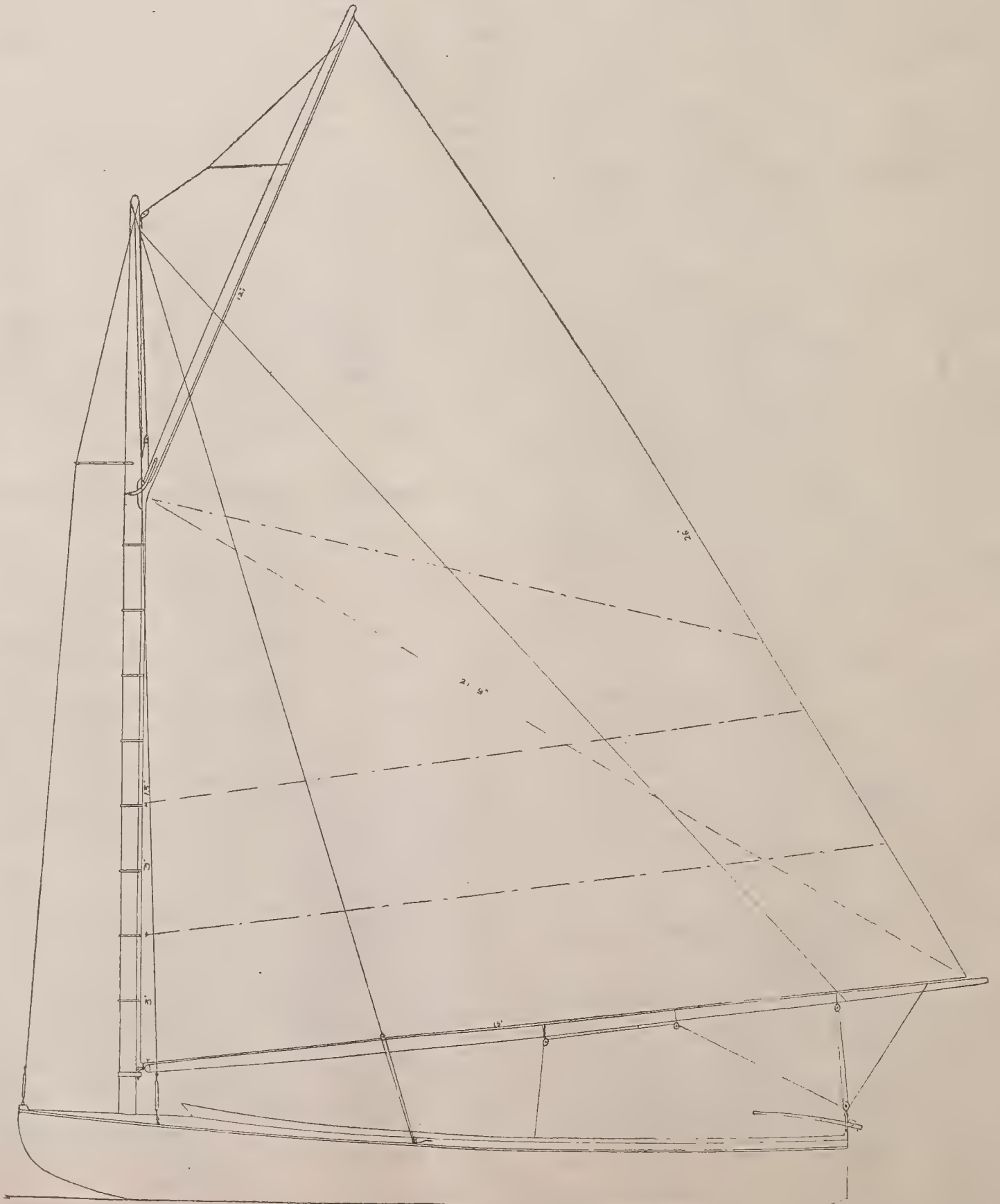
Flirt has proved a most satisfactory all-round boat. In very light or very heavy weather she is at her best, and under these conditions turns to windward beautifully. In moderate weather the centerboard boats in her class proved to be quite a match for her. In her first race on May 30 at South Boston she finished first, but was disqualified for fouling Little Peter. During the balance of the season she was either first or second in all the Association races. An interesting event in which Flirt figured was the match races she sailed with Early Dawn in the middle of last October. The purse was for \$1,000, and Flirt won the series.

The following table is taken from the official record compiled by Sec'y Bliss, of the Massachusetts Y. R. A.:

Class D, 25ft. Cabin Yachts.						
	Starts.	1sts.	2ds.	3ds.	Blanks.	Total.
Flirt	11	7	3	0	1	895
Little Peter	11	4	5	1	1	760
Early Dawn	11	4	2	3	2	650
Hermes	8	0	0	4	4	185
Sapho	1	0	1	0	0	65
Jingo	1	0	0	1	0	35
Helene	1	0	0	0	1	15
Cygnat	1	0	0	0	1	15

Arrow.

THE twin screw yacht Arrow, designed by Chas. D. Mosher for Chas. R. Flint, was launched on Oct. 31 from the ship yard of Samuel Ayers & Son, of Nyack, N. Y., who also built Ellide and other fast boats from Mr. Mosher's designs. The boilers are nearing completion at the Crescent Ship Yard, Elizabethport, N. J. The main engines and all auxiliaries have been constructed by the L. Wright Machine Works, Newark, N. J. The Arrow is the most recent example of a boat intended to



DRIFT—SAIL PLAN.



From the Yachtsman.

The mast lowers in a tabernacle below deck, which is cleared of water by drain pipe going through the keel, as shown in the separate plan. We also give plans showing centerboard case, keel and gunwale construction, which will be useful to amateur builders. The other particulars of the design will explain themselves, but the scales shown are for the original drawing, and not for the reduced reproduction given here. Readers will therefore have to prepare their own scales, which can easily be done. In our opinion a boat of these dimensions is preferable to 17ft. x 3ft. 6in. R. C. C. cruiser class boats, being no more expensive to build and being stiffer, faster in heavy winds, with room for two persons to sleep on board, and not having an under body rudder, requiring less depth of water to sail in. For fresh water work only, a plain galvanized iron centerboard weighing about 70lbs. would be ample and much cheaper.

Sec. 3: Commodore—The Commodore shall be chosen from the several divisions in turn, provided, however, that any division may waive its right to the Commodore. In case a division waives its right to the Commodore, any A. C. A. member may be chosen. The election of a Commodore from a division out of its regular turn by reason

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of a waiver as above stated, shall not deprive such division of its right to a Commodore in its regular turn.

Sec. 4: If the office of a Commodore becomes vacant the same shall be filled by the senior ranking officer of the division from which the Commodore was elected.

Sec. 5: Nomination of Commodore—The Executive Committee of the division entitled to the Commodore for the following year shall nominate a candidate for the office, and present the same to the General Association Executive Committee, at the A. C. A. meet.

Sec. 6: The Nomination of Secretary-Treasurer and Librarian-Custodian—These officers shall be nominated by the Association Executive Committee at the A. C. A. meet, who shall consider the wishes of the division nominating the Commodore in their choice.

Sec. 7: In case of vacancies in the office of Secretary-Treasurer or Librarian-Custodian, the Executive Committee of the division from which the Commodore is elected shall elect new officers for the unexpired terms, but the Purser of that division shall act as Secretary-Treasurer till another Secretary-Treasurer has been elected as above stated.

Sec. 9: Division Officers—The officers of each division shall be a Vice-Commodore, Rear-Commodore and Purser.

Sec. 10: How Elected—The Vice and Rear Commodores and Pursers shall be elected by the members of their respective divisions, at their annual division meets or at the general meet of the Association, or as otherwise provided herein. The term of all division officers and division executive officers shall begin the first day of October and last until the first day of the following October, or until their successors qualify.

Sec. 11: How Nominated—The Vice and Rear Commodores, Pursers and Executive Committee of each division shall be nominated by a nominating committee composed of representatives of the members of the same division, one representative being allowed for each six A. C. A. members who are members of a represented club. A. C. A. members who do not belong to any represented club or who belong to clubs having less than six A. C. A. members, may combine and secure one representative for each six members thus combined, provided they have notified the Purser of their division of the fact, so that he received the notification one day before the nominating committee meeting. A. C. A. members belonging to more than one represented club shall be considered for the purposes of representation, only as members of the club first printed opposite their names in the Association year book, unless the Purser of their division receives notification in writing one day before the nominating committee meeting, that they desire to be considered as representing some other club.

The bases of representation shall be the representative list as published in the same year's Association year book, or if that has not been issued, the bases shall be the purser's list, subject, however, to correction one day before the date of the meeting, as above stated.

Sec. 12: Vacancies in the Division Officers or in the Division Executive Committees—In the event of one of the division officers being chosen to fill the position of Commodore, or of vacancies for any cause, the vacancies so called shall be filled by the Division Executive Committee from members of their own division, and the vacating officers may vote on this and other questions in their Division Executive Committee until their successors are elected.

Sec. 13: All officers and members of Executive Committees shall be elected by ballot.

Article VI., Sec. 1: Insert the word "Association" before the words Executive Committee, in the first line.

Secs. 2 to 8 renumber as Secs. 3 to 9. Insert the following new Sec. 2: "Special Association Executive Committee Meetings—A special meeting of the Association Committee may be called by the Commodore, and shall be called by the Secretary-Treasurer, at the request of a majority of the committee, and a vote by mail may be called for by the Commodore, and shall be called for by the Secretary-Treasurer, at the request of a majority of the committee."

Article IX., Sec. 2: Insert on the fifth line after the word "elected," these words: "And by January first or by such later date as desired by the Secretary-Treasurer shall send him the number of A. C. A. members each club has and the number of representatives each club is entitled to, on the division nominating committees, for publication in the Association's year book."

Renumber Articles X. to XIII. as XI. to XIV., and insert as Articles X. General A. C. A. Meets: "The division from which the Commodore is chosen shall hold the general A. C. A. meet, but may hold it in any other division, if desired."

BY-LAWS.

Article VII. Insert after the word "canoes" on the fourth line, these words, "and a list of the numbers of A. C. A. members each club has, and the number of representatives each club is entitled to, on the Nominating Committee, as sent by the Pursers."

An English View of It.

The London Field has this to say of the A. C. A. racing rules and their amendments:

The American Canoe Association has settled the amendment of its racing rules for the coming year. Instead of launching out into a new line, based on the experiences of the times and on the example of over-sea successes, the Association has simply gone in for a severe all-round use of the pruning knife, and in the result a mere stalk is left standing over the roots of the once flourishing tree of canoe sailing.

"As you were" seems to be the policy aimed at, or at least such a state of things has now been obtained. Canoe sailing, between fifteen and twenty years ago, in the States, was carried on in canoes of about 15ft. or 16ft. length, by 30in. beam, with limited sail area, no sliding deck seats, and light metal center plates. The rule was relaxed as to sail area, the sliding seats came in, and the racing machine was evolved; the machine was perfected by reducing displacement to the smallest proportions, the flimsiest of structure, the largest of standing unlowerable

sails, and the longest sliding seat capable of being handled by an expert acrobat. Racing entries declined, sailors went away from canoeing into boats and yachts, and canoe sailing, as a sport, fairly arrived at death's door. The faults being clearly seen, the remedies well known, and the whole matter freely ventilated in the sporting press, at least we expected to see some attempt made in the direction of betterment. Even though the defaulting racing machines had been pruned a bit and left to take their chance, it might have been expected that a new class would have been put on in the hope, the almost certainty, of keeping sailing men within the limits of the grand old sport. But no, the clipped racer, in more dangerous garb, is all that is given to the American canoe men for the coming year 1901.

Let us take first the useful amendments; fixed deep draft rudders are no longer allowed; there must be lifting ability, so that "when drawn up, the rudder shall be above the fair line of the keel." No standing sail is allowed, that is the sails shall be "hoisting and lowering sails" (a very good rule and much wanted). "A canoe must use the same set of sails in all races at any one meet, except where owing to accident the committee allows otherwise" (again a good rule, preventing men from bringing an expensive fitout of, say, half a dozen complete suits of sails, just to fit the particular weather).

Next we take the retrograde amendment: "No deck-sliding seat shall be used in any race," "she shall have a cockpit not less than 6ft. between bulkheads, with coamings 4ft. 6in. by 16in.," "the sail of a decked canoe shall be limited to 130 sq. ft.," and "she shall be of a minimum weight of 85lbs., exclusive of centerboard and steering gear" (which possibly includes rudder). Under this last batch of amendments the following racing machine is possible and probable: A canoe of 16ft. by 30in. beam, with a hull of the most flimsy structure, viz., 86lbs. total weight, the lightest spring brass center plate and for so small a hull, the gigantic rig of 130 sq. ft. of sail. This is for a canoe which is bound to have a well 6ft. long, with coamings not less than 4ft. 6in. by 16in., but may have a canvas bucket well fitted, 4ft. long. Now, canoes of these dimensions and fittings, except as to sail area, used to be built and raced, but they were limited to 112ft. of sail, and, even under close reefs, they used to capsize and fill up, and become waterlogged if manned by any but a fly-weight man; the lee bilge and side deck was not buoyant enough to keep the coaming out of the water when the man retained his weight on the upper side of the canoe; and so it would be with canoes complying with the above rule, but with the additional mover of 130 sq. ft. of sail to insure frequent cap-sizes.

The general type of canoe is not bettered by these amendments, and the acrobat still holds the pull string. The sailing man, who wants the pleasures of scientific sailing, finds no neat sailing, but a constant fight to keep the canoe's bottom in the water. The sailing man will keep away; the racing man, barred of his sliding balance seat, will go away; then who will remain to carry on canoe sailing? Far better would it have been to settle the existing canoes down by a complete short crop of sail to, say, 80ft., and the abolition of slide seat; leaving the well to be anything that could be managed; and then to have superadded a new class of larger and more generally useful canoes. The intention of the reformers in the above amendments was evidently to secure the old type of small but useful canoe; but so far as we can gather no provision has been made that the center plate case may not obstruct the cockpit, and we know that in nearly all the modern American canoes the center plate comes right amidships in the position of the well or cockpit.

The really astonishing thing is the death blow to sliding seats, unless there has been a misprint in the report that "the amendment was carried," and the word not has been accidentally left out; we mention this because the report we had, and also that in *FOREST AND STREAM*, gives all the amendments and simply places to each "This was carried" or "This was not carried." We feel astonishment at the move, because everyone looked upon the slide seat as a fixture forever in America, whatever might be done to the other fittings of the canoe. The new rules will leave international racing as far from possible as ever. We have no class in England anywhere near the 85lbs. by 130ft. sail semi-open shell; such a craft must be main and mizzen rigged, of the large mizzen type, say 80ft. and 50ft. respectively. Had the beam been increased, say, to 40in., sufficiently to allow a buoyant bilge and side deck, so that the craft could capsize with comparative impunity, and the well kept clear of centerboard case, and a fairly heavy total weight of hull and gear insisted on, the class might probably fill the bill or pave the way to resuscitating the sport of canoe sailing.

So far has the American Canoe Association gone. Now what will the Canadian Canoe Association do? Will Canada give up the slide seat? Hitherto the two countries have been under the one Association, the American; but lately a Canadian Association was started, and no doubt with the intention of not being too closely bound by American legislation; and we may hope that Canada, with its grand sailing waters, will take up the more sensible line of having two classes, one the nearest reasonably possible to the American class, but with ample beam allowed; in short, a useful, cheap, handy and comparatively light little canoe, a traveling canoe; the other a larger and more perfect sailing canoe, fit for the large, open waters which abound all over Canada. For such work the cruiser class of the R. C. C. cannot be beaten; the limitations are so precise that no schemer can slip in with a freak or racing machine.

But for sound advancement in the sport the sliding seat must go; so long as it is retained, unless other restrictions are placed in the class, the acrobat's boat will flourish, to the utter exclusion of the ordinary sailor. In the R. C. C. cruiser class at first the sliding seat was allowed, but it was soon found that this seat, perched on so high built a hull, enforced by the depth requirements, was almost useless, and it was universally abandoned long before it was struck out of the rule. Seeing that American canoe sailing holds out no probability of any international competition, many eyes are now turned to Canada, but the only craft that would be likely to journey over from England would be some of the latest additions to the R. C. C. cruising class, and, of course, only if such

a class, similar in all points, existed on the St. Lawrence. The splendid sailing, camping and fishing obtainable on the St. Lawrence, once tested, will always be wanted; but the greatest attraction to English canoe men would undoubtedly center in the meeting between the Empire cousins and under one flag, and therefore in interclub rather than international racing.

Eastern Division A. C. A. Purser's Report.

Receipts.	
Balance from W. W. Crosby.....	\$79.86
Dues, 1899.....	6.00
Dues, 1900.....	328.00
Initiation fees.....	82.00
	\$495.86
Expenditures.	
Expenses executive committee to meetings.....	\$38.50
Stationery, printing, postage.....	65.91
Thirty per cent. collection.....	124.80
Prizes, Division meet.....	63.00
Expenses of meet.....	\$205.05
Less amount collected.....	160.85
	45.20
Subscription to <i>FOREST AND STREAM</i>	3.00
Postage and express on Year Books.....	16.35
Expense of Division at Muskoka.....	2.00
Balance.....	137.10
	\$495.86
Membership.	
Membership Oct. 1, 1899.....	320
New members, 1900.....	82
Reinstated.....	23
	425
Resigned.....	9
Died.....	1
Transferred.....	1
Dropped.....	86
	97
Membership Oct. 1, 1900.....	328
Fred Coulson, Purser, E. D.	

Trapshooting.

Notice.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

- Nov. 29.—Milwaukee, Wis.—South Side Gun Club's tournament. A. D. Gropper, Sec'y.
- Nov. 29.—Newark, N. J.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Forester Gun Club; live birds and targets. John J. Fleming, Sec'y.
- Nov. 29.—Sing Sing, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; live birds and targets.
- Nov. 30.—Dec. 1.—Omaha, Neb.—Kansas City-Omaha ten-men team race, 50 birds per man.
- Dec. 5-7.—Galt, Ont.—First annual shoot of the Newlands' Shooting Association; targets and live birds; added money. Andrew Newlands, Sec'y.
- Dec. 8.—Wellington, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. Open to all amateurs in New England. H. M. Federhen, Jr., Pres.
- Dec. 11-13.—Brantford, Ont., Can.—Annual tournament of the Pastime Gun Club. Live birds and targets; open to the world. C. J. Mitchell, Sec'y.
- Dec. 11-14.—Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Annual live-bird tournament. John Watson, Mgr.
- Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.
- Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's trophy shoots, second and fourth Saturdays of each month; live-bird shoots every Saturday. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue.
- 1901.
- Jan. 15-18.—Hamilton, Ont.—Hamilton Gun Club's eleventh annual tournament; live birds and targets; open to all. H. Graham, Sec'y.
- April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
- May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.
- May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.
- June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.
- June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

- Nov. 7, 14, 21, 28.—Interstate Park.—Live-bird championship; 25 birds; handicaps 25 to 33yds.; \$10 entrance, birds extra; sweep optional; open to all; money instead of trophy.
- Nov. 22.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's live-bird shoot; open to all.
- Nov. 27.—Interstate Park.—Medicus Gun Club's live-bird shoot; open to all.
- Dec. 5.—Shoot-off of the winners of the November events, with \$20 in gold to the winner.
- Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.
- Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.
- Interstate Park, L. I.—Fountain Gun Club's regular monthly shoots, the third Thursday of October, November and December.
- Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

1901.

- April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at live birds.
- June —.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Forty-third annual tournament of the New York State Association for the protection of Fish and Game.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

In the absence of the editor of this department all communications intended for publication should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., will hold an all-day live-bird shoot on Thanksgiving Day, on Smith Brothers' grounds, Ferry and Foundry streets, Newark. Shooting will begin 10 A. M.

The Interstate Park Association has sent out a letter to the members of the G. A. H. committee, as follows: "It seems advisable that a system of handicapping be adopted for the government of Interstate Park events other than club events (as they make their own rules), which would be equitable, and which would protect the amateur or poorer shot against the professional or better shot. It seems to us that the best committee that we could appoint for this purpose would be probably the gentlemen who have served on previous Grand American Handicap committees and a representative man from each of the clubs in and around Greater New York, so far as they are known to us. Will you serve on such a committee? If so, we will shortly advise you when it would perhaps be best to meet and take the matter in hand—perhaps a Saturday afternoon at Interstate Park would be the best. Please consider the matter and advise us at your earliest convenience." It will be a wise course to give the handicaps serious attention, as therein lies the true equity of the competition when shooters of variable skill are contesting.

The Interstate Park Association has sent to the shooters of New York and vicinity a circular letter calling attention to the conditions of the Interstate Park Handicap, with which the shooters of this vicinity do not seem to be familiar. The handicap is held on Wednesday of each week at Interstate Park, and the conditions are as follows: Five entries to fill, 25 birds each, handicaps 25 to 32yds., \$10 entrance, birds extra, sweep optional. Five dollars in gold added by the Association to the high gun. When there are four individual winners, these four will shoot off at their original handicaps, at 25 birds each. Twenty dollars in gold added by the Association to the high gun. As matters stand now, there is only one winner, there having been only two shoots, both being won by S. M. Van Allen.

John Wright's live-bird shoot at Interstate Park, which takes place on Dec. 11, is one of the premier attractions at that shooting resort for the month of December. John's programme has been mailed to all those of his friends who have given him their addresses. Other copies can be had on application to Mr. Wright, 318 Broadway, New York. The events scheduled for the day are a 5 and a 7 bird race at \$3 and \$5 respectively, the purses in these events going to the three high guns. Events Nos. 3 and 4 are at 10 and 15 birds respectively, the entrance fees being \$7 and \$10. Purses in the last two events will be divided class shooting, three moneys in the 10-bird race and four moneys in the 15-bird event. Birds are included in all entrance fees at 25 cents each. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock sharp.

The Boston Shooting Association will give an all-day tournament at Wellington, Mass., on Dec. 8, open to all amateurs in New England. The programme consists of ten target events, aggregating 130 targets, with a total entrance fee of \$12.80. All events will be shot with a distance handicap as follows: Amateurs of 75 per cent, and below, 16yds.; 75 per cent, to 85 per cent, 18yds.; 85 per cent, and over, 20yds. To the winner of event No. 4, at 25 targets, expert, a silver cup will be given in addition to the usual sweep money. Professionals and paid agents may shoot for targets only. Shooting will begin at 10 A. M.

A few years ago the name of W. H. Brady, of Detroit, Mich., was a name to conjure with in the Michigan Trapshooters' League. Mr. Brady was a prominent and popular member of that organization, and was also well known at most of the tournaments held this side of the Rocky Mountains. His many friends will regret to learn that he met his death early last week through the accidental discharge of a shotgun, while making preparations to go on a ducking trip. He was buried on Thursday, Nov. 22, being surrounded at the last by a very large number of the friends he had made during a comparatively short life.

A match was arranged to take place at Interstate Park on Friday afternoon, Nov. 23, between Col. Thomas Martin, of Bluffton, S. C., and T. W. Morley, of Queens. The conditions to be the usual ones—100 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, \$100 a side, loser to pay for the birds. As luck would have it, the Colonel, who is a business man as well as a sportsman, was called suddenly to the South; hence the match had to be postponed, but not indefinitely, as Col. Martin expects to be back in New York in about three weeks or so.

This is the week of the Kansas City-Omaha team match, ten men a side, 50 live birds per man. The match is to be shot at Omaha, Nov. 30-Dec. 1. It may be of interest to record the results in the two matches that took place last season. The first was shot at Kansas City on Nov. 24-25, 1899, Omaha winning by the score of 439 to 437. The second match was shot at Omaha, Jan. 26-27 of this year, Omaha winning by 7 birds, with a total of 441 to 434. Thus Kansas City (Jim Elliott's town) has something to wipe off the slate.

The injury to Mr. H. Yale Dolan, who was accidentally shot by his brother Clarence quite recently, proves to have been only slight; the wound consisting of some nine or ten pellets of large shot in his right arm, in the region of the biceps. Slight as was the injury, a few inches higher would have been much more serious, probably causing the loss on one or both of his eyes. It is a pleasure to record that Mr. Dolan is now quite recovered from the effects of his wounds, and will be seen at the traps this season much as usual.

Tom Donley had a lot of pigeons left on his hands after his tournament was over. He made a mistake in mixing up targets with live birds, the boys being off shooting targets just when Tom wanted them to be pegging away at live birds. He announces that he is going to try another tournament next May, setting apart days for target events and also days for live birds. No mixture next time.

Gun clubs which desire the aid of the Interstate Association in the matter of giving target tournaments during the season of 1901 should remember that the annual meeting of the Association is to be held Thursday, Dec. 13, and that all applications for such tournaments should be in the hands of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa., prior to that date.

Notwithstanding his great score in his recent match for the Dupont trophy with Morley, Welch has not grown an inch taller; neither is he wearing a hat with a larger band around it. On the contrary, he is somewhat disgruntled at the idea of having let a single pigeon beat him! You can't please some people, no matter what you do for them.

Messrs. Abraham Pierce and John F. Zimmer defeated Messrs. Thomas Dwyer and Wm. J. Thompson, Jr., at Gloucester City, N. J., on Nov. 22 in a match at 10 birds, 21yds. rise. The match was a tie at the end of the first event, each team scoring 14, but in the shoot-off Messrs. Pierce and Zimmer won by 1 bird.

Nothing has been heard from "The Dominic" since he left here the first part of November for his old home at Fremont, Neb. As Mr. Beveridge had, previous to his departure, shipped some few thousands of shells ahead of him, it is presumed that he is too busy to write to his friends "up North" yet awhile.

At the club shoot of the Flushing Gun Club, at Flushing, L. I., on Nov. 24, Messrs. Wm. A. Sands, A. Doncourt and E. J. Clarke tied for first place, each breaking 23 out of 25 targets. In the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Mr. Sands won in the 12th round, Mr. Clarke scoring 11, Mr. Doncourt 9.

Capt. J. A. H. Dressel was the recipient on Monday of this week of a basket of quail, and at once issued invitations for a "quail supper" at Interstate Park on the following Tuesday evening. The acceptances of the invitations were numerous, but there were enough quail to go around.

Guv Burnside's target and live-bird tournament at Galesburg, Ill., Dec. 4-7, will occupy the attention of the crackjacks prior to the John Watson tournament at Chicago the week following. Mr. Burnside has arranged a programme for three days at targets and one day at live birds.

The people who reside in the vicinity of Dexter Park complain of the shooting that goes on at that popular resort. They claim that stray pellets of shot rattle around them and their houses, and that the "scouts" who hang around the outside of the fence on shooting days, chasing wounded birds, are a constant source of annoyance to them and their families. They are therefore petitioning the city authorities to abate the nuisance.

Harold Money has been doing but little trapshooting of late, having been devoting his attentions to the ruffed grouse and quail that haunt the hills and swamps around Oakland, N. J. The hills are high and rugged, and birds are scarce and wild, but Mr. Money does not carry much weight and is sound in wind and limb. The corners of his game pockets therefore contain sundry beautiful brown feathers.

It is no longer "Lieutenant" Noel E. Morley, but "Captain" of that name. Mr. Money, who was wounded recently by a Boer bullet down in South Africa, is now out of the hospital and at the head of his troop of Imperial Yeomanry, his captain having been killed in action.

The Ossining Gun Club, of Sing Sing, N. Y., will hold a live-bird and target shoot at its grounds on Thanksgiving Day. Shooters from Yonkers, Tarrytown, Peekskill and other nearby towns have promised to attend, and the shoot bids fair to be an entire success.

H. D. Bates, of Ridgetown, Ont., Can., winner of this year's Grand American Handicap, has made a match with Jim Elliott, and will shoot Jim on even terms for a solid money consideration. On paper the match looks a lead-pipe cinch for the American.

A special dispatch from our Mississippi Valley correspondent, Mr. F. C. Riehl, informs us that St. Louis has challenged Chicago to shoot a match of eight-men teams, each man to shoot at 25 live birds, the contest to take place at Chicago, on Dec. 8.

The Pastime Gun Club, of Brantford, Ont., Can., will hold its annual tournament on Dec. 11-13, at Brantford. There will be live birds and targets, all events will be open to the world, and all purses guaranteed. Mr. C. J. Mitchell is secretary.

Jack Fanning shot a few live birds last Saturday afternoon "just to see how it went!" He got them all—but one. Some day soon he'll be asking some one to shoot him a race. When he does the fun will not be all on the other fellow's side.

The Lincoln, Neb., Gun Club, announces that the twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association will be held under its auspices at Lincoln on May 7-10, 1901. Mr. W. D. Bain is secretary of the club.

"Uncle John" Watson's shoot at his park, Dec. 11-14, should be well attended. Mr. Watson has gotten out an attractive programme of events for the occasion, and there is no other shoot that clashes with it.

Mr. Walter F. Smith, managing director of the American E C & Schultze Gunpowder Co., returns to England on Saturday, Dec. 1, after a brief visit to this country and Canada.

IN NEW JERSEY.

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 22.—The East Side Gun Club held its shoot to-day at Smith Brothers' grounds, foot of Foundry street. The club event was at 10 live birds, optional, Ross system, class handicaps. Hassinger won in Class A with a clean score, and Davis and Seitz tied in Class B, also killing straight. Following the club event was a 7-bird sweep, which was won by Schortemeier. Scores:

Class A, 29yds.:		F Perment.....112121212—8	
W Hassinger.....1112212112—10		F Harrison.....111101111—8	
L Schortemeier.....211112212—9		C Feignspan.....022222221—8	
G Piercy.....201222121—9		F Seinnock.....222222020—7	
H C Koegel.....1210121121—9			
Class B, 27yds.:			
Dr Davis.....211212111—10		R Heinish.....1110012110—7	
F Seitz.....221112121—10		J Fischer.....1021221002—7	
Dr G Hudson.....1222010102—8		B Churchard, Jr.....2102101101—7	
A Koeller.....110012111—8			
No. 2, 7 birds, 28yds.:			
Schortemeier.....2221211—7		Hassinger.....0221202—5	
Piercy.....1012222—6		Feignspan.....2220202—5	
Koegel.....2222202—6		Heinish.....220011—3	
Harrison.....1220111—6			

Shooting at Gloucester City.

Gloucester City, N. J., Nov. 22.—Four handicap sweepstake events were shot at Charter Oak Park, to-day. The main event was a 10-bird handicap, \$5 entrance, and resulted in a tie between A. Felix and J. Morrison. Scores:

No. 1, \$1 entrance, miss-and-out: A. Felix, 30yds., 4; C. E. Geikler, 30yds., 4; F. McCoy, 30yds., 3; I. Morris, 27yds., 2; H. Fisher, 30yds., 1; F. Carr, 28yds., 1; John Edwards, 28yds., 1.	
No. 2, 5 birds, \$3 entrance: C. Geikler, 30yds., 5; A. Felix, 30yds., 5; H. Fisher, 30yds., 4; F. Carr, 28yds., 4; Miss Ray Hentzinger, 27yds., 3; J. Morris, 27yds., 3; F. McCoy, 30yds., 3; J. Edwards, 28yds., 3.	
No. 3, 10 birds, handicap, \$5 entrance: A. Felix, 30yds., 10; J. Morris, 27yds., 10; F. McCoy, 28yds., 9; C. E. Geikler, 30yds., 9; H. B. Fisher, 30yds., 8; J. Edwards, 28yds., 6; F. Grobes, 30yds., 6; Miss Hentzinger, 27yds., 5; F. Jones, 27yds., 3.	
No. 4, miss-and-out, \$1 entrance: J. Morris, 27yds., 4; J. Edwards, 28yds., 4; John Sargent, 28yds., 3; A. Felix, 30yds., 2; A. Felix, Jr., 28yds., 2; F. McCoy, 30yds., 2; F. Carr, 25yds., 0.	

West Deptford Gun Club.

Nov. 22.—The following scores were made at the West Deptford Gun Club's grounds here to-day:

Event No. 1, 3 birds, 25yds.: J. Redfield 3, H. Banks 3, W. Blensinger 2, W. J. Thompson, Jr., 1, Capt. Platt 0, H. Thompson 0.	
No. 2, 3 birds, \$2 entrance: H. Thompson 3, Capt. Platt 3, W. J. Thompson, Jr., 3, N. Banks 3, W. Blensinger 3, J. Redfield 2, J. Hanle 2. Purse divided.	
No. 3, miss-and-out: J. J. Zimmer 4, H. Thompson 3, Capt. Platt 3, H. Banks 3.	

The Webber-Schortemeier Series.

The last of the series of team races under the management of Mr. L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. A. A. Webber was held to-day under the auspices of the Moonachie Gun Club on Outwater's grounds, at Hackensack bridge and Rutherford road. The conditions were three-men teams, 20 live birds per man, 29yds. Teams from the East Side Gun Club and Moonachie Gun Club competed, and the former team won by a score of 50 to 43. Sweeps were shot before and after the team race. The scores follow:

Team race:		East Side Gun Club.	
Fischer.....021212111100210102—15		Koegel.....120022212222202122—18	
Schortemeier.....11110111222121021101—17—50			
Moonachie Gun Club.			
Lenone.....02111110111011000—12		Hall.....0222221221221202110—17	
Rolls.....20110221212100001112—14—43			
Sweep, 8 birds, \$5 entrance:			
Schorty.....2122121—7		Rolls.....2002112—6	
Hall.....2012220—5		Koegel.....0211222—7	
Lenone.....1210010—4		Shoemaker.....2220122—7	
No. 2, 10 birds:			
Shoemaker.....222202022—8		Lenone.....11102111—8	
Schorty.....112011222—9			
No. 3, 15 birds:			
Hall.....22200222222201—11		Lenone.....11102102011221—12	

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 24.—Owing to the inclement weather the weekly shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club was poorly attended. The last shoot for the November cup was to be held to-day, but Dr. J. J. Keyes was so far ahead of his nearest competitor that it was impossible to equal his score, so the event was called off and Dr. Keyes declared the winner. A trophy event at 25 targets was won by H. M. Brigham, with a handicap of 2, and a shoot for a panel, at 25 targets, expert rules, was also won by Brigham. The scores:

Trophy event, 25 targets, handicap: H. M. Brigham (2) 22, A. M. Boucher (3) 20, H. B. Vanderveer (6) 20, W. W. Marshall (5) 18, T. W. Stake (2) 15.	
Shoot for panel, 25 targets, experts, handicap: H. M. Brigham (3) 25, J. B. Graham (10) 23, H. B. Vanderveer (5) 21, W. W. Marshall (6) 18, A. M. Boucher (4) 17, T. W. Stake (3) 16, D. G. Geddes (1) 15.	
Sweepstake, 25 targets, expert: Geddes 17, Brigham 16, Stake 14, Marshall 12, Graham 10.	
Sweepstake, 15 targets, expert: Townsend 12, Boucher 8, Marshall 6.	

At Interstate Park.

Interstate Park, L. I., Nov. 24.—On Wednesday, Nov. 21, the regular 25 live-bird Interstate Park handicap event was not shot, as on account of the storm-threatening weather, the shooters did not appear.

Some very interesting events were shot, however, by Col. Thomas Martin, of Bluffton, S. C., and T. W. Morley, of Queens. Both men stood at the 30yd. mark, and shot at 10 pairs live birds, in which Morley scored 13 to the Colonel's 12. Birds were very fast.

In the next 10-pair event the Colonel won, his score being 14 to Morley's 12. Then followed three 25 live-bird events. Scores as follows: Martin 22, Morley 23. Martin 24, Morley 23. Martin 21, Morley 23. Morley was the winner in two out of the three events.

Both men then stood at the 33yd. mark and shot at 25 live birds, the breeze meantime increasing steadily, and bringing the scores down. In this event they tied at 21, and it was so dark it was impossible to shoot if off.

On Thursday the Medicus Club held its regular shoot at live birds. In the first event, a 15-live-bird event, Dr. Wynn and Dr. Casey tied, each having scored 14. In the shoot-off Dr. Wynn came out victor.

In the shoot for the club trophy Dr. Wynn, Dr. Casey and Williams tied, each having scored 9. In the shoot-off Dr. Wynn was again the victor.

The match between Col. Thomas Martin and T. W. Morley which was to be held on Friday, and was looked forward to with so much eagerness on the part of so many, was necessarily postponed, as the Colonel was called home unexpectedly. In December, however, the Colonel will be with us again, and he will then shoot Mr. Morley a 100-live-bird match, \$100 a side, a 10 four other matches as well, with crack shots, all to be held at Interstate Park.

On Saturday the weather was again very stormy, so the regular weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was not so well attended as usual. There were two 10-live-bird events, \$5 entrance.

First event: C. A. Lockwood 7, J. Toplit 7, C. M. Lincoln 9. Second event: C. A. Lockwood 7, Toplit 8, Lincoln 3, J. S. Fanning 10.

Third event, 15 live birds, \$10 entrance: J. S. Fanning, 30.....22222222222222—14
C. E. Lockwood, 28.....22211012121211—14
S. B. Toplit, 28.....12211022120122—13
A. M. Lincoln, 28.....12211022121222—13

There were also four 5-bird events, in which Lockwood was the principal winner. All stood at 29yds., except J. S. Fanning, who stood at 30yds.

Emerald Gun Club.

Nov. 20.—The Emerald Gun Club's shoot at Dexter Park was well attended, as the club's shoots usually are, thirty-five shooters taking part in the competition. Of this number eight killed straight. The shooting was of a high-class order, only seven men scoring less than 7. The scores:

Dr O'Connell, 30.....2212222222—10	I McKane, 27.....0222222222—8
E O Weiss, 28.....2222222122—10	Cone, 28.....0222222222—8
G Greiff, 30.....2222222222—10	G A Roberts, 28.....2121021102—8
G B Hellers, 28.....2221222211—10	W J Amend, 25.....011112212—8
J H Moore, 28.....1211121222—10	Hillmer, 25.....1201112202—8
Rathjen, 25.....1212121211—10	Wm Jaeger, 28.....*1111122—7
Duncort, 25.....1221221221—10	J H Voss, 30.....112001122—7
Dr Miller, 28.....2211211111—10	R Warfield, 23.....021112 20—7
Dr Woods, 28.....2111120222—9	Dr O'Donohue, 28, 002122102—7
Dr Hudson, 27.....2121210211—9	H P Fessenden, 28, 22220222*—7
J P Kay, 28.....22*2212212—9	S Charles, 25.....*01210110—6
O N T, 28.....2122022212—9	F Kall, 25.....220201102—6
J I Pillion, 28.....0111111111—9	Woelfel, 27.....2100100211—6
E J Clarke, 30.....222122220—9	Breit, 28.....0212211000—6
Mohrman, 25.....2101122221—9	H Anderson, 25.....220122*00*—5
A Schoverling, 28, 2222220022—8	T Short, 28.....0000221020—4
B F Amend, 28.....0222222222—8	Dr Grohl, 25.....00*000111—4
R Regan, 27.....1202212120—8	

Sweep No. 1, miss-and-out: Woods.....222222222210—11
Miller.....111121111112—12

No. 2: Woods.....22210—4
Miller.....22222—5

A New England Shooter's Opinion.

WINCHESTER, N. H., Nov. 22.—Editor Forest and Stream: As the season for trapshooting here is almost over, I wish to offer a few remarks, which may be amusing, if not interesting, to some of what I call the crank shots.

Early last spring I assisted in organizing a gun club in this place. We started with a membership of fourteen, I think. None of us but one had ever shot from a trap. We have met with fair success in every way.

About twenty years ago it was my fortune to witness a shooting event of a first-class club in Massachusetts. At that time the gunner was obliged by the rules to stand ready for the shot, and to hold the stock of his gun below the elbow on or near the hip—and I claim that position as the only proper way in which a sportsman should shoot. Imagine a man out in the bush looking for live birds walking around with his gun up to his shoulder with his eye sighted along the barrel of his gun! How does it look to see a man stand behind a trap with his gun to his shoulder as if glued to the spot? I do not intend to say that he cannot break more birds in this way, but I do claim that the man who breaks 20 targets by what is called the snap shot method is exercising better marksmanship than if he broke 3 or 4 more in the way that most people shoot at this day.

We have a man in our club who practiced the snap shot method early in the season, and he never, I think, broke over 19 birds; yet the first time he tried the other way he broke 22. I do not think my record worthy of much notice, but I give it here as an example of what can be accomplished by the snap shot principle. On July 4 I shot three events of 25 targets each, and scored 19, 21, 21.

I notice that each year the rules are becoming more liberal, and I shall not be surprised to see in no far distant time the rules so amended as to allow the gunner a couch to lie upon, with a crane upon which to rest his gun, and an attendant to swing the crane on a line with the bird, so that all the gunner will have to do is to watch his chance and pull the trigger when the bird comes on a line with the sight.

I never shot from a trap until this season, and no doubt these remarks will be subject to some comment by some of those who have had more experience than I have had, and who are not satisfied unless they can make rules to enable them to break a great number of targets by any other method than that of true and scientific marksmanship.

C. E. SLATE

St. Louis Challenges Chicago.

[Special Dispatch to Forest and Stream.]

ALTON, Ill., Nov. 26.—St. Louis team of eight men challenges Chicago to a match at 200 birds a side, contest to take place at Chicago on Dec. 8.

F. C. RIEHL

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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Our Christmas Number.

THE FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 22 will be the Christmas Number; and this year, as in other years, the pages will contain an admirable store of good reading. Here are some of the contents:

"Reminiscences." By Rowland E. Robinson.

"Christmas Under the Palms." By Llewella Pierce Churchill.

"A Voice from a Farm." By W. W. Hastings.

"Old Hogarth." By Fayette Durlin, Jr.

"Out of Commission." By N. N. West.

"The Christmas Dinner Father Josef Cooked." By J. H. Connelly.

"How We Obtained Our Gun Rack." By A. C. Thatcher.

"That Christmas Turkey." By Edward Banks.

"My Grandmother's Kitchen." By Egbert L. Bangs.

LAY DAYS FOR LONG ISLAND DUCKS.

IN another column attention is called to the continual shooting to which the wild fowl now gathered on the Great South Bay are exposed and to the fact that this shooting has led them to desert the waters of the bay during the daylight hours, and to rest in the ocean beyond the outer beach, where they are free from molestation by their twin enemies, the gunner and the sailboat. In the Great South Bay, as on many other waters where ducks are abundant, the gunner and the sailboat are in partnership, and while the batteryman or the point shooter lies hidden near his decoys, the skipper of the sailboat passes to and fro over the water, skipping up to every bunch of ducks that can be seen, and forcing them to take wing, in the hope that some of them may fly near enough to his man to give him a shot.

Ducks are simple birds, to be sure, but they possess wings, and after having been chased about in this way for a longer or shorter period they weary of it and are certain to depart to some place where they will be free from this annoyance. This place in the Great South Bay—and also in many other waters along our coast—is the ocean.

We are told that the birds now seem hardly less numerous than they were when they first came on from the north but that the shooting is no longer good, for the reason that the birds feed only at night, coming in late in the afternoon and going out in the morning when first disturbed.

Now there ought to be some way of protecting the birds from this continual harassment, even if the season is open, and yet it is impossible to expect one man to stop shooting while another keeps it up, and the establishing of a common sentiment which should agree that the birds should be let alone at certain times and certain seasons is, of course, not to be hoped for. Yet there is a method practiced in certain States, which New Yorkers are very apt to think far behind them in energy, push and general business sense, by which the ducks have during each week two days of rest besides Sunday.

In Maryland and in North Carolina—States where the duck shooting is probably better than anywhere else on this continent—long experience has taught gunners—whether they shoot for the mere sport of the thing or to sell their birds and so to make a livelihood—that it is wise to give the birds a certain amount of rest from the gunning; that in this way they continue to be gentle, and willing to come up to the decoys; that in the four days of shooting had under the operation of such an arrangement more birds are killed and with less effort than where the shooting lasts from Monday morning to Saturday night.

In these States the lay days are generally observed; far more so than is the prohibition against night shooting, which in certain places has become a great abuse.

It is late in August or early in September when the first ducks begin to make their appearance in the Great South Bay, and now, in the opening days of December they are still there in great numbers, but are not accessible. It is entirely conceivable that an amendment of the game law to apply to the whole State of New York which should forbid the putting out of decoys or the shooting

at wild fowl on Monday or Thursday of any week might result in greatly bettering the shooting for those who visit Long Island waters or those of the Hudson River, and at the same time might keep the ducks about instead of driving them off the bay into the ocean.

People who commonly shoot on Chesapeake Bay and on Currituck and Albemarle sounds declare that on the days following lay days the birds are noticeably less suspicious than on other days, and that the shooting on Monday, after they have had two days' rest, is almost sure to be good, provided there is any weather at all.

The Great South Bay is a body of water which with reasonable protection should furnish good shooting during the whole of the season while it is open, but for many years the residents and visitors there have seemed to act as if they did not wish to have any ducks with them, for from the time the birds come until the time they go, they are constantly chased about. In these days of increasing game scarcity it is worth our while to do everything in our power to make the most of the natural advantages that we have. Public shooting grounds where to-day a man can go to have anything like good shooting are few and far between, and far away and usually much crowded. It would be an enormous boon to many Eastern sportsmen if the Great South Bay and its adjacent bodies of water could be treated in an intelligent way, so as to protect the fowl and make the shooting constantly good. Some time this will probably be done; but when?

THE MASSACHUSETTS FISH COMMISSION.

ON Nov. 28 Governor W. Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, nominated Mr. John W. Delano, of Marion, as Commissioner of Fish and Game, to fill the unexpired term of the late Elisha D. Buffington, whose death was recently announced.

Mr. Delano has had about ten years' service as a subordinate in the work of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission, and therefore will bring to his new position a ripe experience and a comprehensive knowledge of all phases of the various activities in which the Commission is engaged.

For several years past he has been superintendent of hatcheries, and in this capacity has given special attention to the fishcultural work under his charge. He has also designed and superintended the construction of some of the best hatcheries in the State; has compiled the statistics of fisheries published by the Commission, and at various times has performed with zeal and rare good judgment the duties of a deputy in the enforcement of the fish and game laws.

It is evident that this appointment was made for merit alone, and Governor Crane deserves the commendation of all interested in fishculture and the protection and preservation of fish and game for his action in this case, which indicates clearly his keen business instincts and his high regard for the public welfare.

MR. WOODRUFF'S DEER.

THE civic pride of the people of New York is not strengthened in any very considerable measure by the spectacle of the Lieutenant-Governor of the State brought to book for killing deer out of season. A press dispatch from Old Forge in the Adirondacks announces that as a result of prosecution by the Brown's Tract Guides' Association, Lieutenant-Governor Timothy L. Woodruff has paid a fine of \$250 for violating the game laws in hunting before the opening of the season. In the absence of information to the contrary, it would be charitable to assume that Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff killed his game out of season unwittingly, although it must be confessed that this would be a mighty poor excuse if not worse than none at all. In these days no shooter of game may plead ignorance of the game laws, for it is his business before he shoots to find out what the laws are. It is in particular the duty of a public executive officer so to inform himself, to the end that he who by virtue of his position should be an example to all men, may not disgrace himself and the citizens of his State by being haled before a court and punished for a misdemeanor. Moreover, if Mr. Woodruff did violate the law unwittingly, it was his duty as a citizen, a sportsman and a Lieutenant-Governor to come forward at once and pay the penalty volun-

tarily, without waiting for prosecution. Had this course been taken, it would have been to make the best of a bad matter, and would have relieved the citizens of the State of a portion of the obloquy they must share with their official representative. If, on the other hand, we assume that Mr. Woodruff knew what he was about and violated the law deliberately, then this is only one of a long list of incidents which indicate a tendency on the part of public officials to regard themselves as being outside of the application of a statute which interferes with their will. We have had in the past fish commissioners who by virtue of their office and in the exercise of official self-indulgence have systematically fished in waters closed by law; and they have done this as an unquestioned right, assuming that they were for some reason exempt from the operation of the law. If Mr. Woodruff entertained any such foolish notion with respect to the Adirondack deer law he knows now that he was mistaken.

"PUBLIC WATERS."

In his communication on the stocking of public waters Mr. J. S. Van Cleef discusses a subject of much perplexity. He represents that the public waters are restricted, and that as a matter of fact most of the fish which are distributed from State hatcheries to be placed in public waters actually are deposited in private waters.

A consideration of the development of fish stocking and of the growth of angling explains in what manner the usage of the fish commissions of the several States respecting the stocking of public and private waters has come about. The artificial breeding and the distribution of fish originated at a time when fishing streams were for the most part free to all; and when, although not technically public waters in the strict sense employed by Mr. Van Cleef, they were to all intents and purposes public, in that the public had unrestrained access to them for fishing. When fish were planted in such streams the public had the benefit of the stocking. Then as fishermen increased and fishing privileges grew more valued, these same waters which had been thus free to the public were posted by their owners, and became in fact, as they had always been technically, private waters. When this change came, the commissions in many instances continued to supply fish for the streams, though in so doing they were now stocking private waters. As a rule there remains very little open fishing that amounts to anything. All waters which afford fishing are now posted or soon will be. There remain, then, as Mr. Van Cleef points out, practically no public streams to be stocked.

Some States have a provision that waters stocked from the public hatcheries shall be open to public fishing, but this does not solve the difficulty, because the right inhering in the ownership of the fee cannot be thus abrogated by legislative enactment.

The conclusion to which we have already come, or to which we are coming, in many parts of the country is this, that if the fish commissions go on stocking the waters they must continue to stock private waters; or on the other hand, if the owners of private waters desire fish for stocking purposes, they must look for them not to the fish commissions but to private breeders.

THE FEAR OF SNAKES.

COAHOMA and others of the kindness to serpents cult, who would put man and snake on a peace footing, without waiting for the lion to lie down with the lamb, have set themselves to a gigantic task. If the fear of snakes is not implanted in human nature, it certainly is manifested at an early age, and is practically universal. The United States Bureau of Education has just completed an extended inquiry into the subject of fear among children. By means of lists of objects of fear, which lists were distributed to teachers, parents and others for the questioning of children, the facts were collected covering 15,000,000 cases. The figures show that thunder storms are more generally the object of fear than any other one thing, and next come reptiles. Then in order follow strangers, darkness, fire, death, domestic animals, disease, wild animals, water, insects, ghosts. Some of these fears, as that of thunder storms, may be classified as natural; others, as of ghosts, are the result of teaching. Where does the fear of reptiles belong?

The Sportsman Tourist.

One Day and Another.

Staten Island.

I CAN recall a day when the ground where the village of South Beach now stands was only a succession of sand dunes, with here and there a tuft of spear grass, and at long intervals a clump of firs. On that day I had gone, as I may say, on a voyage of discovery. It was in the early fall, and the weather, though fine, was somewhat gray and hazy, with a strong wind blowing in from the sea. Starting from the bend below Fort Wadsworth, I progressed leisurely along the beach, keeping my eyes about me. The place seemed to be as lonesome as Robinson Crusoe's island. Not a soul was to be seen, nor a sign of human habitation. The monotonous murmuring of the waves on the beach and the sibilant of the sand blown through the spear grass were the only sounds that struck the ear. When I had gone about half a mile I observed to my right a marsh, which, narrow at first, broadened out and stretched away for about three miles. Idly lifting a stone, I threw it among the reeds, when whir! up got an English snipe, and with its peculiar note of alarm went zigzagging down the marsh. Further on I tried a similar experiment, and put up not one snipe, but two. "It is all because I have no gun with me!" I commented, as I resumed my walk. I have mentioned that there were scattered clumps of fir trees on the beach. Suddenly on rounding one of these I espied a hut of the most primitive order. Put together any way, with old pieces of wreckage and little else besides, it presented indeed a sorry and ludicrous appearance. At first I supposed it was uninhabited (probably some old pirate's lair, I thought), but presently became conscious of the odor of burning wood, and immediately afterward a most extraordinary figure of a man presented himself at the door of the hut. He was about fifty years old, as well as I could judge; tall and spare, with a face very suggestive of a hawk. His clothes were in keeping with his habitation, and that, I fancy, will be description enough. For a while he eyed me suspiciously, almost threateningly, but when I assured him that I meant no harm his demeanor altered a little, and he asked:

"You ain't an agent of the lawyers, then?"

"No, indeed," I answered, laughing. "I wouldn't have anything to do with lawyers for the whole world."

At this he became civilly itself, advanced to meet me and apologized for not being able to ask me in, as his wife was in bed with the chills.

"Your what?" I exclaimed.

"My wife," he answered, somewhat haughtily. "Ain't I got a right to be married?"

Oh, of course," I said; "but you don't mean to say that you both live in there?"

"Cart'nly we do—and right snug, too, with no one to bother us."

To be sure I wondered, and recalled the old saying that one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives. My reverie was interrupted by the abrupt question, "Do you want to buy some birds?"

"What kind of birds?" I asked.

"Snipe—and good fat ones," he answered, and requesting me to step behind the hut, there pointed to three or four yellowlegs hanging on a line. Placed against a tree near by was an old rusty fowling piece. I was considerably more interested in the gun than the game. Picking it up, I examined the lock and barrel, and decided that the promise of being remembered in a millionaire's will would hardly induce me to let that gun off. My expression must have betrayed my thoughts, for the owner of the weapon exclaimed, offendedly, "There ain't nothin' the matter with her, if she is a bit rusty. That old gal and me has been companions these twenty years, and she's never gone back on me yet."

I endeavored to look sympathetic, and deeming it prudent to divert the conversation, inquired, "Plenty of game hereabouts, I suppose?"

He regarded me meditatively for a while, as if trying to determine whether I contemplated poaching on his preserves, and then answered, cautiously, "Wal, 'tain't what it used to be."

But suddenly he asked, "Do you want a day's shootin'?"

I said, "I might."

"Wal, if you do, and will make it woth my while, I may be able to stir up a few—quite a few. But you'd have to bunk here the night afore, as we'd have to start putty early."

"Bunk here?" I said. "Why, you and your wife must occupy every inch of room in that—that cottage of yours."

"Oh, it ain't so small as it looks outside. Anyhow, if you will come, I guarantee to fix a place fur you."

"But your wife?" I said, inquiringly.

"Oh, we'll put up a little screen," he answered, naively.

I promised to consider the matter, and handing him a cigar, which he seemed delighted to get, took my leave. As I proceeded on my way I amused myself with imagining a night under the conditions indicated. The subject was so engrossing—so full of unique horror, as I may say—that before I was aware I had almost walked into a creek. This came meandering sluggishly through the marsh and joined with the tide, which was now at its height. For the moment I thought I had reached my Ultima Thule, and that I should have to turn back, but looking about I descried some distance up the creek a rude bridge, by which I crossed.

My way now lay through a stretch of rough ground densely covered with scrub, or spear grass, in which I put up several rabbits. To my right the marsh spread out to the distance of a mile or more and presented a most picturesque appearance, with its rich autumnal colorings and shining pools. By one of these I saw two white cranes industriously fishing. This is a veritable rara avis and made me regret again the absence of that gun. At length I got to the upper end of the marsh and made a detour through the woods by which it is bordered—

noticing as I went along numerous signs of woodcock—until I came out on the Richmond road. Here, in those days, was a little inn known as the Sportsman's Rest, which, I am confident, no tired sportsman could possibly pass. Not only was it well provided and neatly kept, but the host, a genial son of the Vaterland, acted, so to speak, like a magnet. I therefore will make no apology for having entered.

As I sat resting in a big arm chair, with my pipe in good working order, at least half a dozen of gunners must have dropped in with well filled bags. And then my host informed me that he had been out that very morning and brought down with his own gun four brace of woodcock—and what is more he exhibited them.

I complimented him on having such good shooting.

"Vell," he said, reflectively, "it's putty goot now, but hein! soon; alretty, it may be tam poor!"

Prophetic words!

That day, well remembered, was years ago. *Tempora mutantur*. Recently I have been on Staten Island, and I fell in with a man with a gun, and another man slouching some distance in his rear.

"Any sport?" I inquired.

He stopped and appeared to be a little troubled.

"No—nary a thing," he answered.

I then told him that I was from the city, and was anxious for a day's shooting on the island, and asked if he could recommend a guide.

"Oh," he said, and thought a moment. "Well," he said then, "I could guide you myself—me and this man. Come here, Pete."

Pete slouched up, and I noticed that all his pockets were bulging.

"Could you bring me to where there are some quail?" I asked.

"Oh, quail! No, I guess not. There don't appear to be none around. They let some loose last year, but they've disappeared. But say, I can git you some fine robin shootin' and meadowlarks. Meadowlarks is fine; but you want to be putty quick if you don't hit 'em on the ground!"

"But," I said, "those are song birds, and it is against the law to shoot them."

He guffawed, and looked at Pete, who grinned. "Say," he went on, "that's all right. There ain't no danger. When we shoot anything we needn't carry it, but hand it to this man, who keeps at a distance and pretends to be lookin' for nuts when he sees any one a-comin'. No, there ain't a bit of danger."

"Oh, I see," I said, "you've got it down pretty fine. Well, if you will let me have your address I'll think it over and drop you a line if I decide to come."

He gave me the address, and I wished him "good-day," while secretly wishing him in the lockup at Richmond.

And is this possible, I mused, as I went on my way, within fifteen miles of New York?

I understand that a close season of three years for quail has been declared on Staten Island. No wonder, indeed. But, query: Will it not soon be in order to declare a close season for robins and meadowlarks and song birds generally? And this suggests another query: Does a close season close?

FRANK MOONAN.

NEW YORK, NOV. 15.

That Mule o' Saunders'.

"Doggon my whiskers ef that onery cuss uv a mule ent gone an' skinned aout again," old man Saunders exclaimed to himself in tones of dismay, as he viewed the wreck of the sometime rickety gate and the vacant barnyard where the big black mule was wont to spend a certain portion of his time in braying forth defiance to the world.

Saunders bit off a huge piece of tobacco from his twist, spat vigorously and with much feeling upon the wreckage of the gate, and then turned his back on the scene in disgust. There was an expression on his countenance that boded ill for the cause of all this trouble as he seated himself on a big "nigger head" boulder, with his rifle across his knees, undecided what to do next.

Truly this was a bad ending to what had otherwise been a day fraught with great excitement and wonderful surprises—a never-to-be-forgotten red-letter day for Saunders. He had started out at daybreak that morning with rifle in hand in quest of wild turkeys or anything in the way of game that might cross his path.

The time of the year was November. It was one of those "gray days and cold," with a dull, leaden sky overhead and a general air of gloom and depression pervading the atmosphere; the kind of a day when Dame Nature herself seems in a melancholy mood and tunes her harp to minor strains of mournful music, and you feel that "the end of all things is nigh at hand."

In a vague way Saunders was similarly affected, although if asked to put his feelings into words he would have answered in this wise: "This yere doggon weather ent fit fer nuthin' 'cep'n' ducks an' geese an' razorbacks an' whisky toddy, hi ganny."

The first three members of this quartet of immunes were well able to look after themselves, and as the toddy was Saunders' special charge it received all due attention; but then, the hunting was not very good, and a man had to keep his spirits up in some way.

With noiseless tread and eye and ear alert for any sign of moving creature, Saunders pursued his way. He was advancing cautiously down through a deep ravine where a self-important little brook hurried along in a noisy, reckless fashion, with many a tumble over its rock-strewn course, chattering busily the while to itself and making much ado over everything and nothing, when he suddenly stopped short in his tracks with an ejaculation of surprise.

Bending low, he examined a mark in the sand at the edge of the brook. His eyes flashed and his breath came hurriedly with excitement as he carefully traced the markings in the sand. It was the fresh footprints of a deer.

Saunders straightened himself to his full height, threw back his shoulders and laughed softly. "Hi ganny, hit's a deer an' no mistake," he exclaimed in low, excited

tones. "A deer, an' a whoppin' big feller, tew. Hi Godfrey, who'd a thunk it?"

He seemed to grow ten years younger in a moment. He crossed the brook and took up the trail on the other side, where it showed plainer in the softer soil. He followed the trail a short distance and then lost it, but he had the direction, and if that deer were anywhere in Douglas county he proposed to find him.

Instinctively he recalled the many times he had hunted over these rugged hills, years before, when game of every kind was plentiful; but there had not been a deer shot in Douglas county for the past two or three years. He had never expected to shoot another one, and lo! here he was on the trail again, just as in the days of old, and somewhere ahead of him there was a deer, perchance a big buck.

It seemed incredible, and he longed to shout aloud, but fear of alarming the deer restrained him. In lieu of a shout, however, he produced a well-worn flask from his hip pocket, and holding it at arm's length embraced the surrounding hills in a comprehensive sweep of his long arm.

"Here's to yuh, wherever y' be," said he, delivering his toast with great gusto. "Here's hopin' we'll meet up with each other afore dark."

He took a long pull at the flask, and restoring it to its accustomed resting place, started in pursuit of the deer.

No hunter of any forest, no savage in any wilderness ever followed a trail with more untiring zeal than this old man now displayed. Mile after mile did he cover with his swift, noiseless tread. Not a sound escaped his listening ears, not the stirring of a leaf, nor the swaying of some low hanging bough, nor the slightest movement in the underbrush that his ever watchful eye did not detect.

He laid his course in a wide circle, judging it more than probable that the deer would return to its drinking place that night. Twice he came upon a flock of wild turkeys, but unheeding the temptation he passed them by. He dared not risk a shot.

It was well on in the afternoon, and the long tramp was beginning to tell on his overworked muscles, before his patient search was rewarded. He had reached the top of a high ridge after a toilsome ascent up its steep side, and had paused a moment to recover his breath, when he suddenly caught sight of some creature moving among the trees in the distance.

It took but a second glance to convince him that his labors had not been in vain. The moving creature was a deer, and a big buck at that. The buck had not taken alarm, as yet, but stalked majestically along, stopping ever and anon to raise his head and sniff the air for any sign of danger.

Then Saunders brought all his knowledge and skill in woodcraft to bear upon the situation, and stole cautiously toward the keen-sensed and ever-suspicious quarry. Fortunately he had the wind in his favor, or it would merely have been the wave of white flag and an abrupt farewell—and no venison for Saunders. His breath came fast, and his heart thumped like a trip hammer against his ribs, but his hand was steady and his aim was sure when the critical moment came.

He dropped to one knee and raised the rifle to his shoulder. At the flash of the weapon the buck bounded high in the air, recovered himself, took four or five long jumps and then plunged forward on his head and lay still.

Saunders advanced slowly, ready at a moment's notice to put in another shot if the deer showed the slightest sign of suddenly coming to life and making good his escape. But this "lone snag of the mountains" had at last met with the tragic fate allotted to his kind, sooner or later, wherever the foot of man doth tread.

After Saunders had dressed the deer he bethought himself what next to do. It was growing late and would be dark in a few hours, and now that the excitement of the chase was over, the reaction set in and he knew that he would never be able to pack the deer back to his cabin that day. He decided to hang up the carcass where it was and return home for his big black mule, on whose strong back the deer could be easily borne away. With this plan in view he suspended the carcass between two tall saplings, and set out after the mule.

The wide circle in which he had traveled in pursuit of the buck had brought him within five or six miles of his home. He had not gone far when he happened upon an old, disused roadway which he followed until it joined the road that passed his own door.

As he drew near the three or four log buildings and the small clearing that constituted his farm, it seemed to him that an ominous silence brooded over the place. Not a living creature could be seen anywhere about, save one or two frightened looking chickens, and this fact gave a very unpleasant aspect to affairs, and he was therefore partly prepared for the unwelcome discovery that followed. The mule had taken French leave and frustrated all his owner's plans. That accounted for the silence. No creature that could escape remained in sight when the black mule broke loose and went on a rampage.

As Saunders sat on the big "nigger head" rock reviewing the situation, as the facts presented themselves, he was in anything but a happy frame of mind. He found himself in an awkward predicament. It was too late to start out in search of the mule, as there was no telling where that independent beast had elected to spend his brief vacation. It would be dark in another hour, and, moreover, Saunders knew that he was far too weary to even think of packing the deer's heavy carcass home that night, and yet he dared not leave it hanging there in the woods unguarded and unprotected. There was no other way out of the difficulty save to return and camp out beside the deer until the next morning.

He left his seat on the boulder and entered the house and rolled up what few things he needed in a blanket, and slinging the light bundle over his shoulder, started off on his back track—a long, wearisome tramp, where each of the five miles seemed like two.

It was after dark before he came to the end of his journey. He soon had a bright fire burning merrily, and before long an odor of broiled venison and fried bacon filled the air, and Saunders feasted. After that he wrangled himself in his blanket and was immediately buried in sleep and he dreamed that he had heard the brazen voice of a braying mule.

The next morning he ate a hearty breakfast, and then hoisting the deer and his other belongings on to his broad back, started for home. As he toiled along the rough road, with the heavy pack growing heavier every moment, direful plans for vengeance floated through his brain, in which a certain mule was the central figure.

He was compelled to stop often and rest his straining muscles. During one of these pauses, when he had about a mile left to cover before he reached home, he heard a sound close by. He turned, and there, not more than 20 yards away, stood the subject of his thoughts, the black mule, contemplating him with an expression that indicated surprise and a mild degree of interest.

The soul of Saunders was consumed with rage, and a desire for murder filled his breast. He was half-tempted to shoot this creature of iniquity on the spot, but that would be too merciful a punishment. He wanted the joy of inflicting bodily torture upon the beast; he wanted to beat him as a mule had never been beaten in the history of the world.

He knew from experience the futility of attempting to capture the mule by strategy, so he picked up his load and continued on his way, content to bide his time. Behind him came the mule, following him like a gentle lamb, and although this added fuel to his anger, Saunders ignored the insult.

When they arrived at the cabin the mule paused and surveyed the place with an expression that plainly said: "Now where have I seen this sorry looking ranch before and that strange looking man? Surely I have seen him somewhere. Well, well! After all the world's pretty small. I'll have to be hurrying on, or I'll be late for that engagement," and he trotted away and soon disappeared from view.

When the work of cutting up the deer had been completed, Saunders turned his attention to the affairs of the absent mule. He first patched up the old barnyard gate and then began making preparations for the reception of this creature, for which he had suddenly become inspired with such a deep hatred, when it returned from its spree. He cut and trimmed several long hickory sticks to be used as scourges, and then sat himself down, waiting impatiently for the return of the prodigal.

Two days passed, but the mule came not. The third day Saunders went forth on a searching expedition, but his efforts met with no success and when day followed day, until a whole week had elapsed, and no mule had returned and no trace of him could be found, he began to feel worried. From worrying he gradually became suspicious of foul play, and then, as the mule's disappearance still remained a mystery, his suspicions changed to certainty, and he determined that something must be done.

It did not take him long to spread the news through Douglas county that his famous mule had been stolen. No graver charge than this could be preferred against a man. The epithet of horse thief carried with it all its traditional opprobrium throughout that section of the country, therefore when the news traveled from house to house that such a theft had been committed, the male inhabitants in the immediate vicinity bestirred themselves and called upon Saunders for particulars.

They could not understand why any one should covet the black mule, as not one of them would voluntarily assume the responsibility of ownership if the animal were offered to him as a gift; but the fact remained that the mule had disappeared and had not been seen for at least five days, so far as could be ascertained.

"I ent a-blamin' you folks," Saunders assured them. "Hit's some o' them mean cusses over in Wright county, I reck'n. Co'se you all ent got no hand in sech a low daown, dirty dog trick as that. I'm goin' over that away an' make some trouble fer somebody, I suttlenly is. Ef you all wants t' come 'long, I reck'n hit'll look more like we was goin' t' do somethin'."

They all 'lowed they would go along and back up Saunders, and see the thing through to a finish. The sentiments of the company were forcibly expressed by one of the belligerent ones.

"Ef that air mule ent forthcomin'," he declared. "Wright county'll git a doggon good lickin' by Godfrey."

"She suttlenly will," was the unanimous verdict. About a dozen determined men started out on the expedition, and their number had increased to twenty by the time they reached the Wright county line.

The owner of the first farm they stopped at over the line objected to having his premises searched. The house went into a committee of the whole and decided that for this very reason it ought to be searched, and searched carefully, which decision was most effectually carried out.

From resenting the intrusion the owner became abusive, and finally waxed violent, so much so that two of the heaviest men from Douglas county were delegated to sit upon him while the others continued the search uninterrupted. However, nothing of an incriminating nature was discovered, and the irate victim of law and order—as represented by Saunders and company—was released, and the invaders went on their way.

After they had inflicted indignities of a similar nature on some half-dozen of the most peaceable inhabitants of Wright county, they found that they had stirred up quite a hornet's nest about their ears; but they were determined to recover the mule, and so persisted in what was fast becoming an undertaking fraught with danger. By this time, without the slightest evidence in their favor, they had convinced themselves that the whole county of Wright, State of Missouri, was implicated in the theft of one black mule. You see they were only human, after all.

A posse of Wright county men was quickly formed, and the two forces met and prepared to do battle. Before starting in with the music, Saunders and the leader of the Wright county contingent agreed to discuss matters. This did not suit several of the hot-headed ones of both parties, who preferred to fight first and discuss afterward, but wiser counsels prevailed, and Douglas county allowed Wright county one week in which to produce the mule, and promised to make things interesting if said mule were not forthcoming within the specified time. Then they dispersed, and Saunders and his men returned home, the latter only half-satisfied with the result of their campaign of vengeance.

While these events were transpiring, the cause of all

the trouble was quietly munching his corn in a disused outbuilding on the farm of a certain Douglasite, Sam Hawkins, by name, a near neighbor of Saunders'.

The day before the Wright county raid, as it afterward got to be called, Hawkins "hitched up" and with his wife and family of three children drove to a camp meeting several miles away. In his plain, ignorant, but honest way, Sam Hawkins was an intensely religious man, and never missed an opportunity of adding to his limited knowledge of all that pertained to "the better life." Like his neighbors, he was also very superstitious.

Now there was nothing mysterious in the disappearance of the mule. A party of boys decided to go camping for a few days. They had no means of transporting their outfit, and happening to run across Saunders' mule, "going to and fro in the world, and walking up and down in it" like a certain personage of Biblical fame, whom he strongly resembled in more ways than one, they pressed him into service.

The mule did not object. He was not averse to work so long as he was not laboring on the side of right, and aiding in the progress of the human race. His instinct told him that the boys, just because they were boys, were meditating something forbidden by law, and he gloried in lending a willing hand, so to speak, in the undertaking, regardless of consequences, or rather in the hope that evil consequences would result. He was good nature personified and patient to the extreme during the trials of the next few days, and he learned that a small boy can give even a black mule points on a few things in the way of wickedness.

Not caring to return the animal to Saunders, and having observed the departure of the Hawkins family, the boys conceived the brilliant idea of concealing him in one of Hawkins' outbuildings, knowing that the latter would not be absent long. They gave the mule a plentiful supply of corn and water, and left it to Hawkins to explain the presence of the creature as best he could. The mule did not understand this new game, but he knew that he had no right to be where he was, and that was sufficient unto the day.

Hawkins returned late on the evening of the day of the raid, with the effects of the camp meeting still strong upon him. After eating his supper he went out to the barn and bedded down the horses and took a look around to see that all was well.

It was getting dusk as he returned to the house. He stood outside at the door for a few moments and watched the stars lighting their lamps one by one in the clear sky overhead. The stillness of the night was almost oppressive, and a vague, indefinable longing for something, he knew not what, took possession of him. The spirit of the hour laid its magic hand upon him, and inexpressible thoughts passed through his brain in tumbling confusion, and he felt—well, he felt like praying aloud, only the words would not come.

Suddenly his reverie was rudely broken in upon by a most unwonted sound, the vibrant tones of a brazen voiced mule. Hawkins was brought to earth with a shock. There was no mule on his place. His stock consisted of two raw-boned quadrupeds, called horses, and a few "razorback" hogs, and yet the sound had seemed to come from one of his buildings. He could not understand it, and waited impatiently for a repetition of the noise, nor was he kept long in suspense.

"By Godfrey, ther' ent but one mule in Douglas caounty what owns sech a horn fer a voice, an' that's that mule o' Saunders'," he exclaimed, as the mule sent forth another challenge. "Naow whar in thunderation did that onery cuss come from, an' what's he up tew, anyhow?"

As if in answer to his question there was a crash of hoofs against the side of the outbuilding where the mule was imprisoned, and then silence. It was plain to be seen what the creature was "up tew."

Hawkins procured a lantern, and proceeded to investigate matters. He armed himself with a pitchfork, and on second thought summoned his wife to join him in the coming fray. He felt that he needed moral support of some kind, and Mrs. Hawkins owned a tongue that could do wonders when the occasion demanded.

Together they approached the sound, which had broken out afresh and with renewed vigor. They located the building, and Mrs. Hawkins immediately assumed command of the situation.

"Hawkins," she demanded in tones that brooked no trifling, "haow'd that mule git in that old smoke haouse thar? That's what I wanten know."

"Haow'n blazes do I know?" her puzzled spouse made answer. "I didn't put him in thar, an' I couldn't a-done hit ef I'd a-wanted tew, an' I want a-wantin' tew, y'kin betcher sweet life on that."

"Why don't yo' let him aout, then?" she asked.

"Caouse, womun, I take more stock in livin' some longer than I does in restorin' that mule o' Saunders' t' liberty," said Hawkins, with decision. "I reck'n the door'll hold till mawnin', an' then Eb kin come an' git the onery critter, by Godfrey."

"Eb's bin lookin' fer that mule o' hisn the hull blessed week," Mrs. Hawkins volunteered.

"S'posen he has. I ent t' blame. He ent bin in thar a hull week, he suttlenly ent, 'cause thar wouldn't be nuthin' left o' that air shanty ef he had bin. Why, by Godfrey, I wouldn't take the doggon critter fer a gift. He's got seven devils in him, he has. I don't know haow he got in thar, but I ent a-goin' t' turn him loose t'-night. We mought's well go back t' the haouse an' go t' bed."

He suited the action to the words, and his wife reluctantly followed. She was not content with his explanation, or rather the lack of it, and her curiosity demanded satisfaction.

The mule kept them awake the greater part of the night, and they discussed the question between brays, but the more they discussed the more remote became the solution to the problem. Along toward morning the mule quieted down, and the weary twain fell asleep.

They were aroused at daybreak by a loud pounding at the door. Hawkins awoke with a start, thinking that the mule was attacking the house, and sprang out of bed. He paused not to dress, but seizing the pitchfork, started for the door, determined to have it out with the black demon. He threw open the door, and with a wild yell lunged blindly at where he supposed the mule would be standing, and came very near thrusting a man through instead of a mule.

The man, who was merely an early caller and innocent of any evil intent, sprang back just in time, and then turned and fled precipitately. He leaped upon his horse, which he had left standing at the gate, and beat a hasty retreat. In response to Hawkins' loud appeals to "Come back, doggon it. I took y' fer a mule," he only urged on his horse the more.

When he had placed a safe distance between himself and the seemingly violent Hawkins, he drew rein and produced a flask of something from his pocket and took a long pull. This appeared to have the desired effect.

"Whew!" he ejaculated, drawing a deep breath. "That's about the closest ever. Hawkins is gone plum crazy. Religion, mos' likely."

With this single comment on the affair, he continued on his way. He had not gone far when, at a turn in the road, he came face to face with another man, a pedestrian, hurrying along from the opposite direction.

"Saunders, by jimminetty," the rider exclaimed under his breath.

At sight of the man on horseback, Saunders, for it was he, stopped short and planted himself in the middle of the road.

"Hi ganny, what'n thunder be you all a-doin' 'round yere?" he demanded.

"None o' your dern bizness," the other retorted. "But I don't mind tellin' you all that I'm doin' a leetle detective work consarnin' a mule."

"You all led that Wright county bunch o' galoots yesterday, didn't yuh?"

"An' you all led them crazy Douglas caounty mule hunters, ef I ent mistook?"

They glared at each other in silence for a moment.

"I mos' forgot," the Wright county man suddenly exclaimed. "Ther's somethin' more important than mules on tap. Sam Hawkins is gone plum crazy."

"Y' don't say? Who done told yuh?" Saunders inquired.

"He come near doin' fer me, doggon ef he didn't," the other replied, and then he related his experience of a short time before.

Saunders immediately dropped his hostile attitude.

"Reck'n the mule kin wait," said he. "Let's go back thar an' see what's up."

Hawkins was standing at his gate, unarmed and peaceable looking, as though expecting them. The two men advanced cautiously, watching his every movement.

"You all needn't be afeered o' nuthin'," he called out reassuringly. "Ther' ent nuthin' the matter uv me."

"What'd yo' go fer this yere man with a fork fer, then?" Saunders inquired from a safe distance.

"Hit want him I was arter," Hawkins replied, and then paused, hesitating. Of course he would tell Saunders about the mule, but he preferred to do so when no one else was present.

"Who was it then?" asked the Wright county man, doubtfully. "Ef 'twant me, hit looked that away a heap."

"Hit 'twant no 'who,' leastways 'twant no man," Hawkins began, when an interruption occurred that caused him to pause again, abruptly, and look guiltily from one to the other.

Floating out upon the clear morning air a burst of sound rent the stillness around them. There was no mistaking its origin.

"Sam Hawkins, what's the meanin' o' this yere?" Saunders demanded, striding forward. The Wright county man dismounted and stepped up beside Saunders.

"Ther' ent nuthin' wrong 'bout hit, Eb," Hawkins pleaded. "Don't you all go an' git riled at me afore you've done heerd the hull story," and then he told them all he knew concerning the mule's presence in the old smoke house.

Saunders was inclined to believe him, but the Wright county man was plainly and undisguisedly skeptical.

"Hit don't splain haow the mule come t' be thar," he declared, emphatically. "An' considerin' the rumpus you all made 'bout that mule hit's got t' be splaind, by jimminy crickets."

And then Saunders had an inspiration.

"What'n blazes was you all a-doin' 'round Sam's place so early in the mawnin'?" he inquired, turning suddenly upon the Wright county man. "Hi ganny, I reck'n that'll hev t' be splaind, tew."

"I was huntin' fer the mule, an' hit seems I want far aout the way," he answered, bristling up. "You all don't reck'n I put him thar, does yuh?"

"Hit looks that away," Saunders declared.

"Hit suttlenly do," Hawkins agreed, grasping at this fortunate turn in events.

Things immediately warmed up at this bold charge of the Douglas county men, and trouble was in the air. There is no telling where the affair would have ended, if the mule had not come to the rescue with another interruption.

The repeated assaults on the door of his prison had at last produced the desired effect and down it came with a crash, and the mule trotted forth to freedom. The mad furies had possession of him, and he glared around for something upon which to vent his outraged feelings. His flashing eye caught sight of the horse of the Wright county man, and in another moment he was over the fence and giving that astonished beast a lesson in the gentle art of kicking as practiced by himself.

This created a fortunate diversion, and by the time the mule had been put to rout and quiet had been restored the men were better fitted to argue the subject of contention. They finally agreed to meet with their respective followers on the county line the next day, and allow the question to be decided by a jury of six men, three from each county.

The courts have no record of this trial, although it came off at the appointed time and place. The jury could not agree, and as everybody concerned proved an alibi, after several hours of bickering the case stood where it did at the beginning.

As the only way out of the dilemma, a justice of the peace from Webster county, who had come along to see the fun, was finally appointed as judge to decide the whole case, and place the penalty where it belonged.

He disposed of the case in short order.

"The trouble is," said he, "ther's too many doggon plaintiffs and defendants mixed up in this yere case. It strikes the court that two's a-plenty. It's now up to Eb Saunders an' Sam Hawkins. Hawkins had the stolen

goods in his possession, an' nobuddy seems to know how they come there. That makes him the defendant. How much money you got, Sam?"

"Baout four dollars, I reck'n," Hawkins replied.

"Waal, this yere court," continued the judge, "finds the defendant guilty to the tune of three dollars (that'll leave you a dollar, Sam), an' moves that the plaintiff collects the money and invites everybody to have a drink at his expense, an' we'll bury the hatchet."

This decision was loudly applauded by every one except Hawkins. He thought deeply for awhile, and then addressed the court:

"Ther's another thing mought be settled while we're 'baout hit," said he. "Eb owes me fer three pigs which that onery cuss uv a mule done killed onct, an' which same he ent paid fer. Ef Eb's willin' t' call it square, I'll call the pigs off, hi ganny, an' we'll both chip in an' buy the drinks."

And in that way the case was finally settled, and Saunders remarked to Hawkins late in the day as they parted to go their separate unsteady ways:

"Sam, I reck'n I'll go hum an' give that mule the dog-gonedest lickin' a mule ever had, an' then sell him cheap, ef anyone raound these yere parts'll buy the onery critter. He's the devul hisself in a mule skin, hi ganny."

To which Hawkins replied:

"He suttently is."

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

Cottontails in Morris County.

THERE had been several slight tugs at the chain during bay snipe shooting, for that is lazy business for old uns. But when the skies grew somber and the moaning wind rattled at my chamber window o' nights, or swept around the corner of the street, stirring up fantastic eddies of dust; when the darting swallows in the upper atmosphere had all departed and even the flocks of blackbirds and robins and such had chirped their good-bys as they hustled southward, and the maples had put on their coats of red and gold, and slight tinges of white frost glistened of a morning on the back yard fence, the tugs grew more repeated. A loving fondle of the faithful Scot (faithful unto death), a casual drop in on genial Bob Snieder, of S. D. & G., on which interesting interview smokeless powder, shot and shells were predominantly discussed, did not tend at all to allay the strain on the chain. Bob says E C with No. 7½ chilled is about the thing for partridges (grouse), rabbits (hare) or squirrels, and what Bob says goes, for he knows. We used the same with telling effect. But when a neighbor of ours on the Heights, George Earl, an enthusiast where a gun or dog is concerned, received a pressing invitation from a kinsman to come up into Morris county for a day with the cottontails, and that same invite included the undersigned, the chain snapped—slam bang—a link dropped out and the 9:35 A. M. train found us armed and equipped bound with a rush out of Hoboken Boonton way.

Now Molly Cottontail shooting may not be very high toned, or especially sportsmanlike, but at three score and ten we are not climbing the mountains for the lordly grouse so much as we used to. Watching on a deer run we never did think much of any way, and as for goose and duck shooting, the weather it demands for success is decidedly incompatible with our old rheumatic bones and muscles. No; we drop back to short trips for quail and rabbit, and we enjoy them. Wouldn't you?

We were met at the depot by Theodore M., Jr., called Dodey for short, a bright eyed lad of some sixteen years. A drive of half an hour brought us to the cozy farmhouse of Mr. M., where we were most cordially welcomed by Mrs. M. Mr. M. is a valued and trusted employee on the railroad, and was attending to his duty at the time. He visits only occasionally, as his duties will allow, but his farm is in able hands of Mrs. M. and Dodey. Mr. M. we found (on his hurried visit home in the eve, only to remain an hour or two and then back to be ready for his train) to be one of those indefatigable, irrepressible workers, full of inventions of a practical character and a force to bring them to fruition, as the surroundings on his model little farm of some fifty acres only will show. Cribbs full of corn, stacks of stalks for winter fodder, barn full of splendid timothy, fine young peach and apple orchards, and grape vines, and the evening we arrived he was within a half hour at work on his driving well close by the house. He has indeed a model home and a wonderful helpmate. Mrs. M. is the healthy and hearty mother of eleven children. What a task for one to attend to such a group and oversee the various other matters on the farm in the absence of her husband. But she does it and does it well, as the tidiness about the place and the hearty robust looks of the children prove.

Theodore, Sr., is something of a sportsman himself when his duties will allow, and is a reader of FOREST AND STREAM, as I find a good many of the engineers on the road are.

After a hearty lunch, with Dodey and his black hound pup we started for only a few hours' hunt. We stopped at Mr. Walter Treeless' (beg pardon if I have not his name right) and enlisted him and his hound. Mr. T. is a character, a practical hare hunter (rabbit shooter) of this section of the country, a man of intelligence, likes a good story and can tell one, knows his dog and the country surrounding. He has the matter of rabbit hunting down to a nicety. Upon getting upon the grounds he sends his dog in, takes to a stump or rock or some rising ground if near, lights his pipe and awaits developments. Should the dog immediately give tongue he takes the direction, and maybe he moves a short distance to intercept; but the chances are, as he knows his dog, that he can complacently puff his pipe and Molly will come around in due time very near to the place from where she started.

A short walk brought us to the first copse (sprouts he calls them), and we had barely got our places when Leona the yellow hound, gave tongue. Ah, what music! A flash flew by us like a streak of gray lightning, and was off over the pasture lot and plowed ground. It did not act like a sensible rabbit and run along so that one of us could make a closer investigation. Hallo! there's another. See him dodge under that confounded wire fence and away over the knoll. "Good for you, George." It turns a double somersault at the crack of the first gun. The ball is open. The next fell to Walter T.; then the undersigned, not to be behind, took a hand.

But it was in crossing from copse to copse through some deep grass that the fun began. We had left Walter sitting on his stump waiting for his dog to come around. George E. and I strayed into the aforesaid grass, when whirr, whirr, whirr, a full sized covey of quail essayed to get away in our front. Three barrels sent their hurtling contents. "Good for you, Judge," said George. "A splendid double right and left. I have one here to the right, and if that right-hand plunger had done its duty I would have had another shot, if not another bird." Three birds were not so bad. Now to find them in this grass; a long hunt it was, too. Oh! for a bird dog. Finally the hound came smelling around, and we heard a crunch. A quick jump by George and the bird was taken, little injured, from the black dog's mouth. Now for the other one. He fell near that bunch of flag to the left. It was my first barrel. A long hunt was unsuccessful. I knew I had killed him dead. Just then the yellow dog stuck his head down a hole and Dodey rescued another bird. By this time Walter and Dodey came up, and we crossed over to the brush and sent in the dogs.

Yep! yep! called the yellow hound, and was off straight away. "Take your time," said Walter; "he'll bring him here to rights." And so he did, and the game was incontinently knocked over by Walter. But just previous to that, while we were all together and before the dog gave tongue, George stepped on or near something, and whirr! up jumped a nice cock quail. It was George's bird, and although his right plunger failed him again, he dropped the bird with his left just as I was about to pull.

Well, why continue the tale of the very pleasant day and a half in Morris county? We walked up some four or five coveys of quail, at which we had divers successful shots. Had we had a good bird dog to follow up the coveys, we have no doubt we could have made a splendid bag. The quail seemed to be everywhere; and without a retriever we lost outright several dead birds.

Good shots were made and some outrageous misses not to be accounted for. We got some game, enough for home use. We didn't devastate the country. We made some very pleasant acquaintances, and were made to promise faithfully to come up again.

Upon arriving at the farmhouse at the end of our day's trip, how good that cider did taste, and those buckwheat cakes so deftly handled by Mrs. M. with the fresh golden butter made that day. In the evening Dodey drove us over to the depot, and it was a cheering sight to see the large silk factories a blaze of light from cellar to cornice and the immense furnaces in full blast. Don't look like hard times here now.

As we crossed the fields of plowed ground we noticed divers holes, some 4 to 6 inches deep, scattered here and there. Mr. Treeless said they were made by skunks in pursuit of grubs. I wonder if that is a fact. Some of our scientists on skunk lore may be able to tell.

JACOBSTAFF.

The Outing of Two Old Soldiers.

MOST of the outing and fishing trips reported have been to the lakes, rivers and streams of Maine and Canada, Wisconsin, Minnesota, or to the mountains, or to far-off Alaska, Oregon, Washington and California, or to the shores of the Southern Gulf after tarpon, of which trips are expensive beyond the reach of a limited income, for railroad fares, guides, hotels, hired boats, fine tackle and outfits. Many people would like to take outing trips without great expense, if they knew how to prepare or where to go. Modern business and professional life is too strenuous for the average man to endure without a letup, hence the desire for summer outings. I want to tell how two old soldiers indulged in a fishing trip without spending a year's income, on the noblest of our rivers—the Mississippi. We went to St. Paul, and in three days (being handy with tools) built a scow 18 feet long, 4 feet wide and 14 inches deep; sides composed of two white pine planks dressed to 1¼-inch thickness; bottom of ¾-inch Oregon red pine; tarred the bottom and painted the balance. Decked over the bow and stern, with hatches for storage. Lumber, tar, nails, paint and oarlocks cost \$6. Built a slender frame structure over the whole boat, and covered it with heavy brown muslin; sides could be let down or rolled up, just as we wanted. Thus we had a flat-bottomed boat, roomy enough to eat, sleep and cook in, and float down stream at our pleasure. At night we had a close canvas house; in daytime, with sides rolled up, an open, airy covering.

We sent to our Congressmen and got from the Government's Engineering Department a topographical survey of the river from its source to its mouth. We had a sheet iron camp stove and a few cooking utensils. We did not carry a large stock of provisions, for we could stop at all towns along the river and replenish when getting low. We got milk, butter and eggs from farms. We had crackers, bacon and other army fare. We boiled, stewed and fried; occasionally made a camp-fire on the shore, baked potatoes in the ashes or roasted a chicken in hunter style.

We had a shotgun for any stray duck that might come along or squirrel lurking in the timbered bottoms. We fished and caught bass and salmon, all we wanted to eat. We were not fishing for market, nor did we kill fish uselessly. Had a live fish box floating; when we wanted fish we could take them out of the box, rap them on the head with a knife, scale and clean them, then cook at once—the only way to have good fish, fit to eat. No finer bass can be found than in the clear waters from St. Paul to the lower rapids at Keokuk.

We spent September and October—most delightful months of the year—floating down to the Illinois River, where we sold our scow for the cost of the lumber, packed up our outfit in bundles covered with the canvas, had them checked as baggage, and took the train for home. We thus had a two months' vacation at small cost. We ate and slept in our boat, tied up to shore at night, went to bed when sleepy, ate when hungry, got up when we liked, received and sent mail at different towns along the river, fished when we wanted fish, and enjoyed ourselves as only old soldiers know how on an outing trip. Everything in our outfit was as light as could be made, consistent with good service. We had spent our boyhood days on the banks of the river, hence

knew how to manage a boat, and our four years of camping in the army had taught us just how little we could get along with in clothing, food and camp equipment. It was a delightful trip, so free from care and the worry of business life. Such a trip could be made by boys or men on any swollen streams which would float a boat drawing 6 inches of water, giving a pleasant outing at small expense to any who could enjoy it.

We are thinking of making a similar trip to the St. Francis River country next autumn, if it would be practicable. We would like to start as far up as we can, rowing our boat to White River, then go up that some distance, hunting, fishing and camping, as we found it suited our pleasure. Would some one who knows that region give us a little advice where to start in, and what obstacles we would be likely to meet? Time would not be much of an object, as we could stay as long as we liked. We might build a differently shaped boat than the one on our Mississippi trip if needed.

SENEX.

Woman in the Saddle.

DES MOINES, Ia., Nov. 11.—Your editorial, "Woman in the Saddle," was a sensible one that should commend the sentiments to all right-thinking people on the riding question. Public feeling in such a matter is rather conservative, and it is hard to make sudden changes, especially among the gentler sex.

We have all heard our mothers and grandmothers tell of the long rides they made on horseback, visiting, shooting, going to church, to weddings and to funerals, as buggies and carriages were scarce in those days, and it was go on horseback or stay at home. We often wonder why it is that in these days so few women ride horses, especially as horses are so plentiful. I have often heard ladies say they would like to ride, but are afraid; fear they would fall off a side saddle, or afraid people would laugh at them if they rode astride in a divided skirt. I believe there is not much hope of a change in the matter of grown-up and older ladies, but the young girls can be trained to new ideas if taken in time.

In this place, when the bicycle fad was at its height, and good wheels cost \$100 each, the exclusive set rode them, but when every shop girl and messenger boy can ride a \$10 bicycle, the exclusive fashionables dropped this mode of locomotion, and don't ride them at all. The men have been riding horses and many ladies drive their own buggies. Many young girls, twelve to fourteen years old, rode ponies and small horses the past summer, and they did not use side saddles or divided skirts either, but rode like boys. They clattered at a lively gait over our brick-paved streets with as much fearlessness as cowboys or rough riders from the plains. Everybody thought they looked cute, and nobody thought they were acting immodestly. After they have learned to ride this way when children, they will not likely want to follow the old style when they become young women. They will gain confidence in themselves when they can feel there is not much danger of falling off when both feet can be used to balance them. So, then, give the young girls a pony or small horse, and let them ride astride all they like.

SENEX.

Natural History.

A Visit to the New York Zoo.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—The visitor to the Zoological Park scarcely realizes that it is almost the first of December. It is true that many of the trees are already bare of leaves, that the buffalo seem to have donned their winter clothing, as have also the bears, wolves and foxes. The bull elk, too, are beginning to look ragged and rather thin in flesh, as they often do at the beginning of winter. Yet the air is mild, the sun warm and pleasant, and the grass as fresh and green as it is in June.

Nevertheless, as we have said, signs of winter here are not wanting. The elk calf born this summer has long ago lost his spots and assumed the heavy winter coat. The buffalo calves are as dark as their parents, and their little stubby horns are an inch or two long. More striking than all, within the last two weeks a flock of nine wild geese winging their swift and clamorous way southward from Northern breeding grounds, saw, as they passed over the park, a number of captive wild geese swimming in one of the ponds, and lowering their flight in response to the familiar calls, settled there in the quiet waters.

It may be imagined that the advent of these birds was regarded with great interest by the authorities of the park, and plans were soon laid to capture them. They associated in the most friendly way with the captive birds, swam about with them, talked with them and shared their food. Moreover, seeing that the captives displayed no fear of man, the wild geese in a measure lost their shyness.

The geese had been there but a short time, when a large cage of wire netting was erected near one end of the lake, so arranged that the birds could readily go in, but that the pulling of a string would close the entrance, and after several days, when the visitors seemed to have become more or less wonted to their surroundings, a force of men gently urged the whole flock, tame and wild, toward the cage. The birds were handled with great judgment, and most of them entered without hesitation, and among these were six of the wild birds. But before all had entered the cage the old gander—the leader of the flock—and two others took alarm, and rising from the waters flew far away, not to be seen again—as the keepers supposed. They rose higher and higher in the air, circling about and calling those below to come and join them, while their fellows in the cage called back most earnestly. And at last the three wild birds once more lowered their flight and alighted on the pond. The wild birds which had been captured, having had their wings clipped, were turned loose again, and for a few days goose life on the pond went on evenly and happily. Then another attempt was made to drive the birds into the cage, and it was so far successful that two of the remaining three wild geese, one of them the old gander, were driven into the cage and

Obscure Instincts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some two years ago I had the pleasure of exchanging letters in your columns with the delightful and always interesting correspondent Coahoma. It was a question between us whether or not the instincts of animals are merely the inherited experiences of a majority of their ancestors. This is the accepted idea in the popular science of the day. I think I recognize something like it, as almost accepted, even by Ernest Seton Thompson in his recent wonderful and charming animal stories. But to me this theory seems narrow, cheap, mean, blind and illogical to the last degree; and in direct conflict with the every-day fact that the experiences of animals or acquired characteristics are very rarely even if ever transmitted to their posterity. All of our own ancestors, for instance, for a thousand generations, perhaps, have known that fire burns. But each child has still to learn it for himself. Again, the Jews and the Chinese and the Flathead Indians for many generations have practiced certain mutilations of the body. But none of these are ever inherited. In my letter to Coahoma I pointed out that the strongest instincts and passions, and those of most universal possession and life long activity, seem to gain no increase of strength in a thousand generations, while many very obscure and subtle instincts, often entirely dormant through many generations, still persist in unabated vigor.

Now in a recent issue I see that Coahoma has found a case of this persistence of a dormant instinct, and it has puzzled him, and finally brought him to the very same solution of all the questions about instinct which I urged upon him nearly two years ago.

The case is this: The red-shouldered hawk usually rears but one brood of young each summer. But if accident destroys the nest they will persist and raise a second or even a third brood if necessary to bring one brood to maturity.

When we reflect upon the re-arousment of the procreative instincts in both parents and the functional activities necessary in the female to develop additional ova, the phenomenon is indeed a marvelous one. It does not even help the mystery to ascribe reasoning power to the hawk, because those activities do not respond to the individual will any more than the beating of the heart does.

So, after butting his head in vain around against the difficulties which beset his theory, and half-way admitting the existence of hundreds of other difficulties as serious for it as this behavior of the hawks, he practically gives the whole case away and comes over to my side of it, as follows:

"Charles Darwin, in his industrious and untiring researches, discovered that the roots of plants are provided at their terminals with a highly specialized 'tip,' possessing a degree of sensitiveness and powers of discrimination akin to consciousness. With the 'tip' cut off, the root has lost its eyes as it were, and proceeds blindly in a straight line in any direction that it happens to lie in. When a new tip has been restored it proceeds with seeming intelligence—if a tap-root, it becomes again geocentric, pursuing its way downward, but turning aside from obstacles before actually encountering them, etc. If a lateral root, through the guidance of the tip, moist regions are sought and selections made from the soil of those particular ingredients that are needed for the growth of the plant and the perfecting of its specific generative germs.

"Perhaps these hawks are provided with one of nature's mysterious 'tips'! Who can tell?"

There is here no difference of idea from my suggestion of two years ago, but only a difference in the name to be applied to an innate intelligence resident in every animal organism. I suggested it as a more reasonable theory than the one that instinct is but a hodge-podge of the experiences of a majority of ancestors—"the three crippled grand-parent theory," as I called it.

Coahoma now admits that this theory can never account for such phenomena as the above, and that there are a great many such phenomena.

And he meets the difficulty with the suggestion of some interior discriminating or intelligent power which can control even those functions of an animal's body which are entirely independent of its will. He feels the need of a name for this power and calls it a "tip."

I suggested exactly the same power, that which makes the heart beat and the bodily organs perform all their functions, and for a name I suggested "sub-ego." I have since thought that perhaps "alter-ego" might be better; and "ante-ego" too, might have claims, as this power precedes the ego in manifesting its presence in every organism.

But the name cuts little figure, so that we recognize that here is something which renders the three grand-parent theory entirely superfluous, and which is well worth study and investigation.

Some things about it have long stared us in the face. It is nature's own centrifugal force—the source of all of nature's variety; just as heredity is her centripetal force, and the source of all her unity. Its methods are those of intelligent experiment—what I before called "blue-print methods"—as far removed from those of chance as light is from darkness.

In other words, the variations between species, even those the most nearly related, have none of the earmarks of chance happenings or experiences, but all of those which indicate intelligent supervision and control, occurring as they do in endless number, but in such harmonious adjustment in each species that they compare with each other like stories of the same event told by the same author at different times. There would be entire agreement in the facts and endless differences in the words and letters, but all of these differences would be so related and adjusted as to make a harmonious whole in each case. And is not the "tip" to the root of a plant the exact counterpart in the vegetable kingdom of the sub-ego in the animal kingdom? Each supplies to its organization that strange and wonderful intelligence necessary for success in its struggle to live and to perpetuate its race. No more and no less. And is it after all any more wonderful that organisms should be thus endowed than that inorganic matter should have

its mysterious chemical affinities? Is there not a certain analogy between the functions we see performed by affinities, tips or sub-egos, each in its respective kingdom?—affinities in the inorganic, tips in the vegetable, and sub-egos in the animal.

Each is the very law of existence in its own domain, as if it were one section in the great constitution of nature, each made for the control of one particular kingdom.

And that there is a certain unity and interdependence among them all is evident from the existence of a still higher and more universal law supreme over all matter and tending to draw all things together into one—the inscrutable attraction of gravitation. This, the one catholic bond, which we might call the esprit de corps of creation, is the mystery of all mysteries. But it would be no more illogical to ascribe its origin to the inherited experiences of matter than to ascribe the origin of animal instincts to the inherited experiences of ancestors.

E. P. A.

Woodworkers in the Cellar.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For two years I have had in my cellar a small quantity of red oak wood cut in short lengths, for use in an open fireplace.

About one year after this wood was put in curious sounds were occasionally heard by people who were in the cellar, but the wood had been there eighteen months before this noise attracted marked attention. Then, however, it was noticed by every one in the house or who came there, and the noise was continuous, being made by day and night alike. Different people compare the sounds to different things; some people think that it sounds like the noise made by running a sewing machine in the house, others compare it to the sound of sawing wood in the cellar, while to me the noise seems to closely resemble the crackling of a fire.

Some time ago it was discovered that this noise was made by certain worms or larvae in the firewood in the cellar. The wood is in lengths of 16 inches, and frequently there will be fifteen or twenty worms in one piece of the wood. They appear to confine themselves chiefly to the layer of the wood immediately under the bark, but sometimes they seem to enter more deeply into the wood itself. After the worm has burrowed under the bark in all directions, so that the bark will readily come off in a single piece, the worms disappear from that stick of wood, not a sign of them being left.

Although the worms are constantly at work, they will stop if the wood is disturbed or any noise made, but when it is quiet again the sound of their gnawing soon recommences.

I have been unable to find any other stage of this worm, and where they come from to me is as much a mystery as where they go to, for they apparently leave nothing behind save quantities of red dust. Old farmers in the neighborhood say that these worms are always to be found in oak wood, but not in any other, and declare that they will not do any harm in the cellar. The worms are evidently common here, and it is generally taken for granted that they will be found in wood.

Is there any danger of their burrowing into the frame work of the house or doing any other harm? G. C. H.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 19.

[The insects sent are the larvae of a cerambycid, or long-horned, beetle, but just what the species is could only be determined after long, careful and laborious comparison. It is quite possible that the specimens sent belong to the beetle known as *Urographis fasciatus*, which is a common form found under oak bark and having habits such as are attributed to these larvae. The insect is not a particularly destructive one, but lives almost exclusively under the bark of dead or dying trees. As the larvae have no legs, it is not possible for them to burrow into the frame work of the house or do any harm when they have dropped out of the firewood.]

A Revolution in Nature Photography

BOSTON, Nov. 10.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have an announcement to make to the brethren of something which has proved a first-class sensation in my case, and which I hope will have interest for naturalists in general and the great and ever increasing host of bird lovers and bird students in particular.

It is one over which I have been "hugging myself" for some months, but wasn't at liberty to mention.

It is a brand new discovery by a friend of mine, and nothing less than a veritably new method of bird study and bird photography, the results of which are astonishing.

By it one can, under certain conditions, observe and photograph the wild bird at any distance one pleases, even up to the point of contact, and without alarm or disturbance on the part of the bird!

A great deal of conscientious effort has been by many persons devoted to bird photography, with interesting and valuable results, and some persons have here and there by accident stumbled on to some parts of my friend's method, but not recognizing the relation of what they have done to a method, no essentially new method has resulted. That my friend has succeeded on this point there is no doubt.

I can't tell the secret just yet. His book will be out the coming winter, I hope, and will be a revelation. It will be profusely illustrated with the choicest of his hundreds and hundreds of photographs, and within a few months after its publication I predict that all over the country his method will be in successful use by delighted people, both amateur and professional. Meanwhile I'm going to let you "sizzle" over it a little. It may make life seem a bit more worth living. But it's a "true bill," and no mistake.

My friend is a biologist of eminence, and his discovery is one of the prettiest pieces of scientific induction I ever saw or heard of. He has caught his subjects in every possible attitude and act, and has thrown such light on "bird psychology" as I am sure has not been done before.

In short, "here's richness" for you a little later on. What do you think of it? C. H. AMES.

secured. There remains still on the pond one goose with the power of flight, but the authorities are not without hope that this one also may be captured. Even if it should not be taken, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that it may spend the winter here with its relations.

In the last few months a good many interesting changes have taken place at the Zoo. The buffalo calf which was injured soon after its birth last summer is still more or less crippled, and has been separated from its fellows. The other one seems in admirable condition and coat. The elk calf is strong and sturdy. Two mule deer fawns appear to be in good condition, and the seven beautiful and graceful antelope also look healthy. It is to be hoped that better success may be had with these than with the previous herd.

The bears are interesting to old and young alike, and the collection here is active and amusing. The two polar bears, by reason of the small water tank in the den which they inhabited through the summer, have worn most of their coats off, and their backs are partly bare. Now, however, they have been transferred to the new and much larger den, where the tank is perhaps 20 feet across, and it may be hoped that here they will soon regain the beautiful fur that they had a year ago. It is most interesting to watch these bears diving and fishing for food thrown into their tank, which has sunk to the bottom. They seem as much at home in the water as a seal.

The two little Alaska bears, which were variously called grizzlies and Richardson's bears when they were very small, have developed now into fine and very large specimens of one of the Alaska brown bears. They are about eighteen months old, large and heavy coated, and are likely to be among the most interesting brutes in the collection.

The reptile house is as interesting as ever, and contains a vast number of remarkable and beautiful specimens. Its attractiveness has been added to by an increase in the number of tropical plants within it.

On the other hand, the garden has suffered serious losses in the death of all its moose, some caribou, a male and female mule deer, all its original herd of antelope, and practically all the young carnivores and birds born last summer, of which so much was hoped for in the way of increase. Such discouragements of course must be expected, and only experience extended over many years can serve to keep in health and good condition the many animals gathered here, far from the surroundings to which they are accustomed in their native haunts.

What Is a Fawn?

Editor Forest and Stream:

The New York papers recently told of the killing in the suburbs of New York of a fawn, but I have seen no reference to the subject since then. Now fawns are protected by the present New York game law, and if a fawn was killed, the slayer should have been arrested by the proper authorities and dealt with according to law.

On the other hand, the question at once arises, what is a fawn? In other words, when does a fawn cease to bear that name and become something else, as, for example, a yearling, a spike buck, or simply a buck or doe. It is clear that so long as the fawn carries its spots it is a fawn and nothing else. I believe there are people who claim that when its spots have been lost it ceases to be a fawn, but if this is true it must have some name, and I do not know of any term applied to deer between the time when they lose their spots, and the time when they become yearlings.

The spotted coat of the young deer appears to be analogous to the first plumage of many birds, as, to use a very familiar example, the common robin, which, as we all know, for a short period after leaving the nest has black spots upon its russet breast. These spots, however, are soon lost.

I take it that the term fawn is similar to other words applied to young animals, as calf, colt, pup, and so on. These animals continue to bear these names until they are about one year old, when for another year they are called yearlings, the term often being qualified, some being short yearlings and others long yearlings, until the second year, when they are two-years-olds.

In the West, where large game was formerly found in great variety, the calves of buffalo and elk were calves all through the year in which they were born. The fawns of deer continue to be fawns until the spring after their birth, while the young of antelope and of mountain sheep were kids and lambs respectively until after the winter following their birth.

The New York game law, notwithstanding the codifications and supposed improvements to which it has so often been subjected, is not yet a model of lucidity, and among the points of obscurity in it which may have to be changed either by a decision of some court or by an act of legislature is the question what is a fawn? No one appears to be able to answer the question, and I am told that even the chief game protector, who may be supposed to know all that there is to be known with regard to the enforcement of the law, seems to be as much in the dark as to the definition of this word of four letters as the most ignorant or the most learned of his fellow citizens.

In certain portions of this State the term fawn is qualified by prefixing the word spotted, thus implying that among the natives of the deer country where it is used the belief is held that there are other fawns that are not spotted. I personally feel that these individuals are entirely right, for I believe that a fawn continues to be a fawn until he is a yearling—that is to say, during the first year of his life. M. M.

—ONEONTA, N. Y., Nov. 24.

[There is no doubt about what a fawn is. The definition set forth plainly in any good dictionary is: "A young deer; a buck or doe of the first year." In other words, as stated by our correspondent, a young deer is a fawn until it is a year old. We do not know what steps, if any, have been taken looking to the prosecution of the alleged slayer of the Mt. Vernon fawn.]

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Heron as a Sentinel.

ONE of nature's sharpest sentinels is the blue heron. Not only does he stand guard for himself and immediate relatives, but he is unwittingly a sentry for other birds. Ducks and geese use him, and I have often wondered why sportsmen, particularly duck and geese hunters, do not employ a decoy resembling a heron, or crane, as they are often erroneously called.

I can assure the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* that the common wooden or canvas decoy is not to be compared with a neatly mounted blue heron as a lure for the feathered gobblers.

Not far from where I boarded one autumn was a reedy, muddy lake, a perfect paradise for water fowl. Where the wood road debouched on the lake was a small brook that often afforded a good bag of game. I would reach the brook some mornings perfectly certain that no one had preceded me, yet would not hear a solitary quack. I would also notice that there would not be a heron on guard. At other times the reeds would be alive, and I could not get a shot, for the blue heron sentry would give the alarm, spread his broad wings in his slow, clumsy fashion, and ducks, geese and all would follow him out of reach. Repeated disappointments of this kind showed me that wittingly or not the ducks were making good use of the long legs and keen eyes of the heron. He was able to see over the rushes, while their vision was completely cut off. When he was inclined to visit the brook to get a frog or a fish for breakfast, they gathered round him, feeling perfectly secure so long as he was throwing his searchlight glances over the reeds and into the bushes. When his heronship took occasion to visit other scenes not a living paddle would disturb the placid eddy at the mouth of the brook.

I watched the situation carefully and found the heron one morning entirely alone. I sat down where I could get a good view without being seen, and awaited developments. A flock of ducks came winging their way down the lake, casting glances on all sides as if uncertain where to go. They were swinging their long line for a sandy spit away down at the southwest corner of the lake, when the heron saw them and uttered one of his lonely yet complacent calls. Immediately the ducks swerved and circled into the cove where the heron was on guard and settled down quite contentedly around their sentinel. The thought struck me to use the heron for a decoy. I drew a bead on the guard, and in a couple of days after he again visited the lake, only this time I carried him under my arm, and his eyes were made of glass and his body of excelsior. I placed him on a tussock as natural looking as possible and had all the shooting I wanted. Whenever I desired water fowl all I had to do was to put my heron in position and I had not long to wait before he was surrounded. Try it. A. H.

Monkey and Medicine.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I recently had the pleasure of learning of a remarkable instance of animal's coming to the assistance of a wounded comrade, as related by Mr. Haviland, a civil engineer connected with the law department of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Co. While engaged in locating a railway line in Mexico, Mr. Haviland once shot and wounded a monkey which, with a number of companions, was in a tree. At the report of the gun all but the wounded animal disappeared among the branches. The wounded one, uttering cries of pain, placed its hand to its wounded side, withdrew it covered with blood and examined it. Its cries brought back its companions, some of which also placed their hands to the wound and examined them. Then they departed, shortly afterward returning chewing something (probably leaves), which they applied to the wound. The stricken animal, holding the leaves in place, was then assisted by its companions in making its escape to a place of safety. EDWARD F. BALL.

Somewhat analogous to this is an incident recorded by Mr. H. H. Keays, in notes on mammals collected in southeastern Peru, and printed in the *Bulletin of the American Museum*, on this subject by Mr. J. A. Allen. Mr. Keays relates of a Peruvian monkey, *Alouata nigra*: "I took this specimen from a band of about fifty. They were the first I had seen. They traveled by swinging from tree to tree. As the specimen fell dead, the rest of the band did not appear to be frightened by the noise of the gun. Two of them dropped down from the tree to the ground where the dead one lay, picked him up and stood him up against the tree, as though they expected him to climb it. Then they seemed to realize that he was dead, and, dropping him, began to chatter. Then the whole band took up the cry and scampered off through the treetops. The stomach was partly filled with green leaves."

A Nest in a Weather Vane

HARTFORD, Mich.—I have been waging war on the English sparrow and have killed about 1,500 of them. They have driven our phoebe and bluebirds away entirely, and tried to drive our house martins. But the martins left their old haunts and went too high for the sparrows. We have a city water tank 90 feet high and surmounted with a weather vane 12 feet long, and the shaft of the vane is made of 3-inch gas pipe. Our martins made their nests in the open end of that iron shaft 100 feet from the ground, and the sparrows did not know where they stayed. Think of it—that vane never pointing the same way for three minutes at a time. High minded little fellows. I love them for their sense and grit.

SULLIVAN COOK.

An Albino English Sparrow.

WEST ROXBURY, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This morning I saw a very good specimen of an albino English sparrow. It was sitting on a stone wall with two or three others. It was pure white except for two or three barely noticeable streaks of grayish brown across the breast. This was in one of the suburbs of Boston, Mass. MUSHKODSA.

Game Bag and Gun.

Notice.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—XIII.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

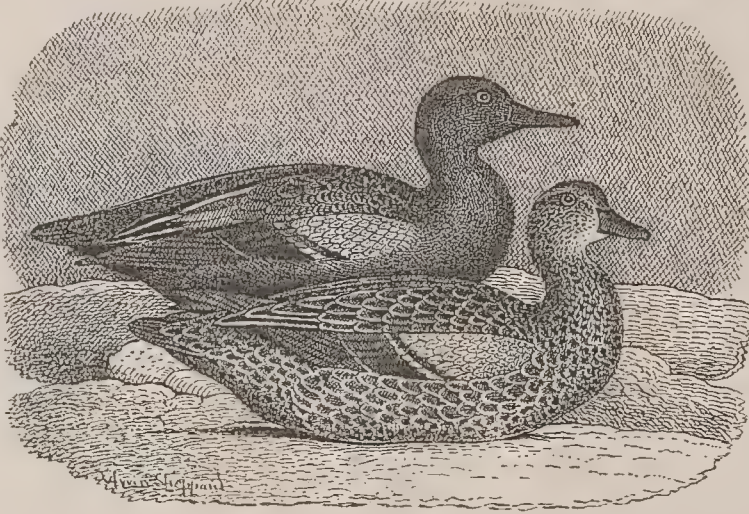
[Continued from page 425.]

Cinnamon Teal.

Anas cyanoptera (Vieill.).

In the adult male the top of the head is blackish-brown, while the rest of the head, the neck and lower parts are bright chestnut. This color grows darker on the belly until it is quite black on the under tail-coverts. The scapulars, or shoulder feathers, and a part of the back are chestnut, the feathers having paler edges and the long ones a buff central stripe; these are also barred with black. The smaller wing-coverts and the outer webs of some of the scapulars are sky blue. The middle coverts are dark, tipped with white, and the speculum is dark metallic green. The tail is blackish, the bill is black, the eyes yellow or orange, and the feet are bright yellow, with touches of dusky. The female is very much like the female blue-winged teal, but is larger and somewhat more richly colored. The belly is usually distinctly spotted. Length, 17 inches; wing, 7½ inches.

The cinnamon teal is a Western species. It is rarely found as far East as the Mississippi Valley, though it has been taken in Florida, but such birds are mere acci-



CINNAMON TEAL.

dental wanderers. The cinnamon teal becomes abundant after the main Continental Divide is crossed, and is a common breeder and migrant all through the Rocky Mountains and in California. In summer it is found as far north as the Columbia River, and probably breeds freely all through the Western United States. I have found its nest in Wyoming placed under a small sage bush, 30 or 40 yards from a little mountain stream that was nearly dry. It had eleven eggs, ivory-white in color, and there was no down in the nest, nor any appreciable lining.

In his account of the cinnamon teal, published in the "Birds of the Northwest," Dr. Coues paints one of those charming word pictures which make his writings such delightful reading as well for sportsmen as for naturalists. He says of it: "I never think of the bird without recalling scenes in which it was a prominent figure. I have in mind a picture of the headwaters of the Rio Verde, in November, just before winter had fairly set in, although frosts had already touched the foliage and dressed every tree and bush in gorgeous colors. The atmosphere showed a faint yellow haze, and was heavy with odors—souvenirs of departing flowers. The sap of the trees coursed sluggishly, no longer lending elastic vigor to the limbs, that now cracked and broke when forced apart; the leaves loosened their hold, for want of the same mysterious tie, and fell in showers where the quail rustled over their withering forms. Woodpeckers rattled with exultation against the resounding bark and seemed to know of the great store for them now in the nerveless, drowsy trees that resisted the chisel less stoutly than when they were full of juicy life. Ground squirrels worked hard, gathering the last seeds and nuts to increase their winter's store, and cold-blooded reptiles dragged their stiffening joints to bask in sunny spots and stimulate the slow current of circulation before they should withdraw and sink into torpor. Wildfowl came flocking from their Northern breeding places—among them thousands of teal—hurtling overhead and plashing in the waters they were to enliven and adorn all winter."

"The upper parts of both forks of the Verde are filled with beavers that have dammed the streams at short intervals and transformed them in some places into a succession of pools, where the teal swim in still water. Other wildfowl join them, such as mallards, pintails and green-wings, disporting together. The approach to the open waters is difficult in most places from the rank growths, first of shrubbery and next of reeds, that fringe the open banks; in other places, where the stream narrows in precipitous gorges, from the almost inaccessible rocks. But these difficulties overcome, it is a pleasant sight to see the birds before us—perhaps within a few paces if we have very carefully crawled through the rushes to the verge—fancying themselves perfectly secure. Some may be quietly paddling in and out of the sedge on the other side, daintily picking up the floating seeds that were shaken down when the wind rustled through, stretching up to gather those still hanging or to pick off little creatures from the seared stalks. Per-

haps a flock is floating idly in mid-stream, some asleep, with the head resting close on the back and the bill buried in the plumage. Some others swim vigorously along, with breasts deeply immersed, tasting the water as they go, straining it through their bills to net minute insects, and gabbling to each other their sense of perfect enjoyment. But let them appear never so careless, they are quick to catch the sound of coming danger and take alarm; they are alert in an instant; the next incautious movement or snapping of a twig startles them; a chorus of quacks, a splashing of feet, a whistling of wings, and the whole company is off. He is a good sportsman who stops them then, for the stream twists about, the reeds confuse, and the birds are out of sight almost as soon as seen.

"Much as elsewhere, I presume, the duck hunter has to keep his wits about him and be ready to act at very short notice; but there is double necessity on the Verde. The only passages along the stream are Indian trails, here always warpaths. In retaliation for real or fancied wrongs—or partly, at least, from inherent disposition—these savages spend most of their time in wandering about in hopes of plunder and murder; this, too, against each other, so long as the tribes are not leagued in common cause against a common enemy. On the day I have in mind more particularly we passed a spot where lay the bodies of several Apaches. From the arrows still sticking in them we judged afterward that they had been killed by a stray band of Navajos. But this was not what we thought most about at the time. We were only four together, and this was close by the place we designed to spend the day in hunting and fishing. Contemplation of the decaying Indians was not calculated to raise our spirits, for, though of course we knew the danger beforehand and meant to take our chances, it was not pleasant to have the thing brought up in such a way. We kept on through the cañon a little more cautiously, talked a little more seriously, and concluded to look for game in places where there was the least likelihood of an ambush. I confess that the day's sport was rather too highly spiced to be altogether enjoyable, and suspect that others shared my uncomfortable conviction of foolhardiness. However, the day passed without further intimation of danger. Game was plenty, and the shooting good. Out of the woods and with a good bag, we were disposed and could better afford to laugh at each other's fears."

The habits of the red-breasted teal do not differ markedly from those of the Eastern relative, which it so closely resembles.

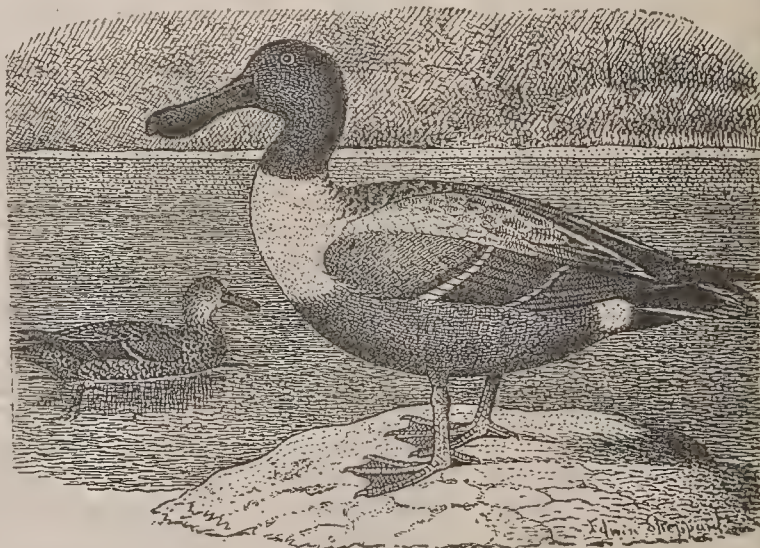
The true home of this species seems to be in Southern North America and South America, and it is found in Chili, Patagonia and the Falkland Islands. It is a bird that gives great shooting to Western sportsmen.

Shoveler.

Spatula clypeata (Linn.).

The male shoveler has the head and the upper neck very dark glossy green, with violet reflections, an entirely different color from that of the mallard, almost black. The lower neck and breast are white; belly and sides rich chestnut brown. The under tail-coverts and vent are black, bordered by a gray line, a patch of white at either side of the rump. The back is dusky brown; the upper tail-coverts black; the long scapulars, or shoulder feathers, streaked with black and white; tips of middle wing-coverts white, forming a black band across the wing; the middle wing-coverts are light blue, and back of this is a bright green speculum. The tail is whitish, blotched with brownish-gray. The bill is black, eyes yellow, and the feet orange-red.

The female is colored very much as is the female mallard, but has the blue wing-coverts and the green



SHOVELER DUCK.

speculum. The belly is sometimes pure white. The bill is orange or brown, often speckled with black. The feet are orange. Length, about 19 inches; wing, 9 to 10 inches.

Young males of different ages have the plumage generally like the female, but as they grow older the head and neck are mottled with black, and the under parts are often chestnut. Whatever the plumage, the shoveler may be recognized by the great expansion of the bill toward the tip, which gives it the name spoonbill. This bill has a fringe of very slender, close-set lamellae, which are long, yet flexible, and are admirably adapted to the process of sifting out food from the fine soft mud in which the shoveler delights to feed.

This species is one of the most widely distributed of all the ducks; being found throughout the whole of the Northern Hemisphere. In North America it is nowhere a very abundant duck, but, at the same time, is frequently met with throughout the South and West, yet it never appears in great flocks, as do the black duck, mallard, widgeon and the teals, but rather in small, occasional companies, though I have seen a flock numbering nearly a hundred. This, however, is unusual.

On the New England coast and Long Island the shoveler is quite an uncommon bird, but further to the

southward, as in Maryland and North Carolina, it is frequently killed. In many of its ways, as of course in its appearance in some respects, it resembles the teal, but it is much less gregarious in its habits. The shoveler breeds from Texas to Alaska, and I have frequently found the nests in Dakota, Montana and Wyoming, usually near prairie lakes, often under a bunch of rye grass or a sage bush, and usually fairly well concealed. There are usually a few feathers and some down in the nest, which contains eight or ten greenish-white eggs. The female sits close, but when startled from her nest flies away without sound, and soon disappears.

The young, when first hatched, do not show the peculiar shape of the bill possessed by the adult, this being a later development. Young birds, of the first season, when killed in the fall, will be found to have the bill very flexible, so that it can be bent in every direction. The shoveler is a fine table bird, but because of the small numbers that are killed it is not very well known.

Mr. Trumbull gives as the names for this bird the blue-winged shoveler, red-breasted shoveler, shovelbill, broady, butler duck—"the bird being so called because of its spoon-like bill, with reference to a well-known general in the Civil War"—cow-frog, spoon-billed widgeon, spoon-billed teal, mud-shoveler and swaddle-bill. In Louisiana the bird is known as mesquin. The note of the shoveler is a weak-quack, somewhat like that of the green-winged teal.

A New Hampshire Deer Hunt.

On the morning of Nov. 17 two of my neighbors, a friend and I started on a short trip after deer. We reached our hunting grounds about 10 A. M. of same day. There had been a few inches of good tracking snow, which fell about a week before our arrival. A little of it was left, but was of no use for still-hunting, being very noisy. The only good point was that it gave us a chance to see what were the signs of deer. The first afternoon we went over a good deal of ground without seeing a fresh track. In fact, we saw very few tracks, all apparently four or five days old. I crossed the track of a bear, but it looked older than that of the deer.

On the second day one of our party hired a local hunter as a guide. The rest of us hunted alone during the whole trip, each going by himself. My tramp that day covered some ten miles of good looking deer ground, but I saw only three or four very old deer tracks. The man with the guide jumped two deer, but could not get within sight on account of noisy snow.

Another of the party found very old tracks of either two or three bears; he followed them up pretty well on a mountain and took a circle around, failing to find where they had gone out. He then followed the tracks to a ledge, and saw where two tracks led into the ledge. He carefully plugged up all the holes he could find and then started to look for a deer. He found the tracks of a doe which had been started, and followed it a long time. Now this young man is a novice at hunting deer or any large game, never having seen a deer until this fall. I had loaned him some time before we started on our trip Van Dyke's "Still-Hunter," and he followed the advice there given, and did not keep on the deer's track, but kept circling. At last he found that the deer had stopped, and getting the general direction the track took, he went around and worked up to a ridge from the other side. By very careful work he saw the deer lying down watching its back track. A .30-30 bullet killed it at once.

The fourth member of our party was sitting down, when he saw a large buck coming some distance away. He did not get a very good chance to shoot, but his .30-30 bullet struck the hind leg just below gambrel joint, cutting off the bone entirely, leaving the leg hanging by a strip of skin. The buck bled very badly, and after following some distance was found. That afternoon both deer were hanging in the stable of the cottage we were staying in.

That night we had some callers, local hunters most of them. They had to own that we knew something about deer, but when our bear man said he had some bears plugged up in a ledge they laughed at him, saying bears didn't den at that time of the year and all he had in the hole were hedgehogs. We told them to call the following night and we would show them. They were so dead sure that we would find nothing but hedgehogs that they did not care to go to the den with us, although we asked them to.

The following morning, as soon as we could see, we started for the bear den. I had had but a little former experience with bears, and we carefully examined all the plugged holes in the ledge and circled about to see whether they had gone out at any other point. We were satisfied that if there were any bears in the ledge the day before they were still there. The main entrance was opened and some punching was done with a pole, with no results. Then I watched the hole and the others tried punching on the back side of the ledge. While carefully looking into the hole I saw for an instant an eye shine. We then found a seam on the top of the ledge, which after being cleared of dirt and leaves gave us a better chance. The man who had found the den was stationed at the entrance; and bear after bear was induced by vigorous punching to show his head. We got four, an old one and three cubs. The old bear had lost one fore foot some time before in a trap, the stump of the foot being completely healed.

I then left the rest of the party to drag the bears down the mountain to our house, and started to look for a deer. The snow was melting fast, and was about gone, except for a small patch here and there. I found where two small deer had been, and while I was trying to work them up they got wind of me and a whistle and the faint glimpse of two white flags were all I saw or heard. I followed those two deer very carefully for two hours, and they never stopped.

That night we had quite a number of callers to see our hedgehogs (as they expected). They had not much to say. Some of them made a few profane remarks about what they were pleased to call our luck.

The following morning two of us set out to look for the deer I had started the previous day. After getting some distance back we separated, and my companion,

with the unfailing luck which seems to follow both him and his brother (who found the bears) ran on to both the deer within fifteen minutes. Again a .30-30 bullet dropped the deer instantly. Shortly afterward I found the track of one of the old grandfathers of the deer in that region. I knew well from former experience what I was pretty sure to undergo in following an old buck at this time of year, but I knew that sometimes such deer did lie down, and trusting to luck I kept on. The further back I went the more snow I found. I have followed deer before in bad places, but never through such holes as that old buck led me. Finally in the afternoon I gave him up. I was a good many miles from our house and apparently no nearer the deer than when I had first taken his trail. I then took quite a swing over the mountains on my way back. In all my tramp that day I did not see a track, fresh or old, of any deer other than the one I followed.

The next morning opened with rain and heavy fog. Two of us started to look up some ground quite a distance back. We went something over six miles before reaching the grounds. There was no snow, but we saw a good many fresh signs—more in fact than we did before or since. We worked over a good deal of ground, expecting at any time either to see or jump a deer, but did not. The fog would at times settle down so that we could not have seen a deer at 30 yards. We got back to our house about dark a little tired. It is not the easiest kind of walking over those mountains.

The next day there was very little prospect of doing anything with no snow, and very slight chance of running across a deer, yet we took that chance. On all my former hunting trips after larger game than deer I have always hunted on all sorts of days. There was no possible chance if we stayed in the house. So two of us started for some deserted farms lying well back some five miles away. Deer were said to be feeding there on the apples. We took what we thought the shortest route across country, and had just climbed a brush fence in a back pasture and reached the top of a ridge, where we sat down for a few moments to have a smoke. While sitting there I saw something I took to be a cow or steer. I could see only the top of its back, as it was slowly walking along. I rose up slowly and saw that it was a buck. I could then see his head and part of the neck. There was no cartridge in the barrel of my rifle, but the magazine was full. At the click of the lever the buck stopped, and turned his head. I held on his neck just back of his jaw, and at the crack of my Savage the buck dropped in his tracks, never getting on his feet again. He was a fine deer, and as he lay there I think would weigh 250 pounds. I put a knife in his neck low down near his chest, and the blood spurted. I should think nearly a pailful ran out. I never saw an animal bleed so before. His stomach was packed full of apples, fully a peck, besides some browse. Some of the apples were entirely whole, not even showing marks of his teeth. The buck weighed after getting him here 191 pounds; and I think he must have lost in blood and entrails 50 pounds. I had in my pocket a rig of strap and rope to haul out deer with, but it took two of us to drag that deer about a mile to a lumber road.

The next morning was to be the last of our hunting trip. Two of our party went to an old orchard some five miles away, getting there at daylight. A buck was just coming in, but he came up wind, and did not show himself, gave a whistle and left, and this ended our hunt.

Heretofore in my hunting trips I have always stuck to a heavy rifle of large caliber. I had never tried the small bore nitro on game. Hereafter a .303 is big enough for me.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Nov. 26.

P. S.—One day last week a fine specimen of Canada lynx was shot a few miles out of Manchester, N. H. A party from that city were after foxes, and the dogs treed the lynx. It took several loads of double B shot to finish the animal.

C. M. S.

Toledo and Thereabouts.

"Chained to Business."

WHATEVER may be the fate of the average Toledo man during the rest of the year, he manages somehow to escape the fetters that bind him to his desk or shop in the last twenty days of November. And within the past ten days, if you attempted to find any man of shooting proclivities, his truthful stenographer would be pretty sure to inform you that he was "out of town on business," and would not return till some indefinite time subsequent to the day after to-morrow. Hence, to make a list of these would draw heavily on the city directory. In spite of the general exodus to the stubble, the quail shooting in this portion of the State—that is to say in northwestern Ohio—has been better than the average. C. G. Wilkinson, of the Legal News, came in a day or two ago with nearly 300 birds as the result of a week's shooting in Van Wert county, an exceptionally good bag. But all the counties bordering on Indiana in the upper part of the State—Williams, Defiance, Paulding and Van Wert—afford good shooting for quail and grouse, and it is not very long since deer and turkeys were to be found in their forests in reasonable abundance. Others have made good scores, and the man who could not spare a week has managed to get out for a day here and there with comparatively satisfactory results. For example, Sam Andrews put in a day last week just beyond the city limits and brought back with him a bag of nine birds. Mr. Andrews is in his seventy-fifth year, and has hunted in northwestern Ohio ever since he was a boy, having killed a number of deer in the present city limits. The boys are all somewhat envious of his skill, but so far he shows no intention of abandoning the field to his younger competitors.

Among the Ducks.

The duck shooting season as a whole has been rather poor. Talking the other day with Mr. John Cummings, of the Cedar Point Club, I learned that the hunters attribute this to the unseasonable weather of the fall. The mild weather lasted into November, and the northern ducks delayed their migration till the sudden cold wave warned

them to seek a milder climate; but when they arrived in the marshes along the shores of Lake Erie they found all their feeding grounds frozen up so firmly that the most of them continued on their southward journey. Later flights have been more fortunate, but in the quiet weather the ducks have an exasperating habit of lying out in the open water of the lake miles from the shore, where it is practically impossible to approach them. But there have been occasional days which left nothing to be desired, such as Mr. Fred Dodge found last week, when he boated thirty-five canvasbacks in a single day's shooting.

It is a poor week which does not bring with it a new hunting club at Toledo, and the latest of these has just been organized by a number of Toledo people who have secured control of about 140 acres of marsh on the River Raisin, near what is known as Johnson's Island, about half-way between the lake and the head of vessel navigation. The gentlemen concerned are Messrs. Ralph Herman, F. C. Smith, Henry Cope, James P. Locke, David Tobin, Ross Hodge and some others whose names I do not now recall. All the vast range of marsh lying between the town of Monroe and Lake Erie is famous for its duck shooting, and Toledo expects to get its share.

Speaking of upland shooting, Mr. George Volk and Mr. Alex Arnold were grouse hunting last week near the little village of Omer, about fifty miles the other side of Bay City. They certainly have no reason to complain, as they brought home thirty-three ruffed grouse as the proceeds of two days in the field. Mr. Volk was accompanied by his educated pointer, who knows a lot of things besides grouse hunting, but that is a story which will do for another time.

The Rev. F. P. Rosselot, pastor of the United Brethren Church of Toledo, has returned from his deer hunting vacation in Missouri, and he found the trip so enjoyable that he talked to his congregation about it last Sunday evening in lieu of a sermon. Mr. Frank Moulton, of the Bostwick-Braun Company, was a camp companion, as were also Hon. Paul Moore, private secretary to Governor Stevens, of Missouri; Hon. J. J. Russell, Speaker of the Missouri House of Representatives; J. F. Navin, Hon. W. O. Swante, Hon. W. J. Lee and others. Frank Baird, State Oil Inspector for northern Ohio, is also back from the camp of the Ocqueoc in the northeastern part of the lower Michigan peninsula. Mr. Baird reports that the boys had five deer hung up when he came away, and yesterday he distributed sundry savory slices of venison among his friends.

Hon. Noah H. Swayne, chairman of the Toledo and Lucas County Republican Executive Committee during the late Presidential campaign, has gone to New York to escape politics, and to take a month's rest from business. If you should chance to see him, don't forget to ask him about his experiences on the waters of the Triton Club last summer.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., Nov. 29.

Ohio Duck Shooting.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I must tell you of the nice shoot I had last Saturday, Nov. 10, which was the opening day on ducks in Ohio. I went up to the Ottawa Club house Friday, found seven members there, and on Friday night we drew cuts for positions, after allowing Col. Smithnight, our president, first to choose his position. He took the upper end of Big Pond, an artificial blind, then we drew cuts as follows: Roland White, 1; John J. Flick, 2; J. O'Hara Denny, 3; Charles P. Ranney, 4; Isaac Reynolds, 5; Arthur O'Dell, 6, and F. B. Many, 7.

White took upper end of the Big Mud Hole; J. O'Hara Denny lower end of Big Mud Hole; Chas. P. Ranney lower end of Big Pond; Isaac Reynolds Mound Spring; Arthur O'Dell between Channels No. 1 and No. 2; John J. Flick, Two Tree Pond, and F. B. Many, Cherry Island Pond.

We were called at 3 o'clock A. M. and had breakfast at 3:30 and took the naphtha launch down the Sandusky River, dropping each man and his punter as we passed his location. I got over to Cherry Island Pond before daylight, and could tell by the noise the ducks made that the pond was full of ducks.

I stayed back in the bushes a couple of hundred feet from the pond until about daylight, when the ducks arose in two great flocks (at least a thousand) at the sound of shots fired in the lower marshes a couple of miles below me. As soon as the ducks had left my punter and I carried a large arm chair and all my shells, guns (10 and 16 gauge) and heavy coats, etc., down to the edge of the pond. The pond was about 100 feet wide and about 500 feet long. I located on the south side of it with the wind at my back. I just set the chair in the high flag so as not to make much of an opening. I sat in this chair with my gun (10-gauge) across my knees. I had no sooner got fixed than the mallards commenced to come back in singles, pairs and small flocks, with once in a while a big flock, which I would not shoot at, as I did not want to scare them, as they were generally pretty high, just taking a good fly around the marsh. In about the first ten minutes after daylight I had nine ducks on the water dead, and I had only shot twelve shells. My punter said: "My! you are doing good shooting." I was surprised myself. I account for my good shooting by the way I was dressed. It was mild weather; I was down in the high flag and it was warm; I only wore a sweater over my vest. This allowed free action of my arms, then again, it was an ideal spot to shoot in, the ducks wanting to come right where I was located, and they came in nicely. I only set out four decoys, mallards, and had my punter set up the dead ducks, which are fine decoys. Well, I just wish you had been with me. I knocked them right and left. I made eight or ten doubles. Of course I missed a good many, because I shot about 150 shells.

By 9 o'clock I had forty mallards, and said to my punter, "I guess I will quit. I have all the ducks I care to shoot in one day," but he said, "Mr. Many, this is the first time I ever punted a man; it's my first duck hunt; I wish you would shoot some more so that we will not be low man." To this I assented, and changed my guns, using the 16-gauge gun, as it was much nicer to shoot on account of the smaller load. Well, by 2 o'clock I had sixty ducks and said to my punter, "That settles it, I am

going to quit shooting." Just then he said, "Mark! There's two mallards; go on, shoot them any way," so I shot and got one with each barrel. "Now that settles it," I said. "Let's start for the club house as soon as you can carry the ducks over to the boat."

We had left my boat on the south side of the island and had walked across 500 feet on the solid ground. I had shot fifty-seven mallards, three pintails, one widgeon and one spoonbill. My punter had to make five trips to the boat to carry the ducks; then we gathered up the rest of the traps and carried them over together.

This was the finest duck shoot I ever had. The members' bags for the first days were as follows: J. O'Hara Denny 103, John J. Flick 62, F. B. Many 62, Col. Smith-night 25, Isaac Reynolds 25, Roland White 25, Arthur O'Dell 32, Chas. P. Ranney 3; total 337.

Reynolds was located on a mud flat and he got twenty-five jacksnipe also.

I had to be at home Monday to attend to some business, so I came home Sunday afternoon. The other members were to stay until Saturday, Nov. 17. They will get a good many ducks.

While I was shooting on Cherry Island I could hear the pheasants, Mongolian, English and golden, cackling in the flag all around me. We have been raising them, and from about twenty-five to start with, which we liberated in 1896, we now probably have several thousand on our marshes, as they are very prolific, having two coveys a year of from twelve to eighteen birds. There is a close season on these birds until 1903. At that time we shall have splendid shooting, and as we shall limit the bags we ought to always continue to have good shooting on these fine birds.

FRANK B. MANY.

Talks to Boys.—IV.

Carrying the Gun, Fences, Boats, Removing Cartridges.

WHILE the practice that you are now having in handling a gun is chiefly to enable you to get used to the arm, you must remember that at the same time you are learning to handle it so that it shall never be dangerous to any one. Although there are no loads in the gun now and you suppose that it cannot possibly go off, yet even so, you must form a habit of so carrying the weapon that by no chance can the muzzle point at any one, or indeed in any direction where, if accidentally discharged, it might do harm. The habit must become so firmly established with you that you do not have to think about it, but without knowing that you are doing so you will keep the gun pointed away from all living things.

There are only two directions in which a muzzle of a gun can safely be pointed; these are up or down. A shot fired in the air can scarcely injure any one or anything, and one discharged into the ground is equally harmless. Therefore, in all the different positions which the gun assumes, see that it is pointed either up or down. Sometimes a man will be seen who carries his gun reversed, holding it by the muzzle while the fore end rests on the shoulder and the stock projects behind. Happily, this practice is not common, for it is extremely dangerous, and many men have been killed by carrying their guns in this way. If a man stumbles or steps in a hole, or catches his foot on a root and falls, his gun may very likely be thrown forward with the muzzle directly toward his body, and may easily enough be discharged.

Sometimes one may see a boy, or even a man who will carry the gun across the back of the neck, with one arm over the stock and the other over the barrels, sometimes with the hand resting on the muzzle. This is certain to give a very uncomfortable feeling to any one who happens to be walking by the side of the person carrying his gun in this fashion and opposite the muzzle end. While the danger of a discharge is perhaps not great, it is unpleasant to be walking along with a gun pointed at your neck or head.

A friend of mine told me of something that happened to him, which I have seen mentioned in *FOREST AND STREAM* or in some book. He was out hunting with an Indian, and the two sat down side by side on a hill to look over the country. The Indian held his rifle across his knees, and as he sat there he fingered the lock, raising and lowering the hammer, the muzzle of the gun being pointed toward his companion. My friend did not like the position which he occupied, and rising to his feet stepped around behind the Indian to go to the other side of him, so as to sit opposite the stock of the gun instead of opposite the muzzle, but before he had seated himself, the hammer of the rifle slipped from under the Indian's thumb and the arm was discharged. If my friend had not changed his position he would certainly have been shot, and very likely killed.

Bearing in mind, then, that the gun is a dangerous weapon, and that at any time it may be discharged through carelessness or by unavoidable accident, you will see why I have recommended the methods of carrying the gun already spoken of and those which are to come. A very easy position is to carry the gun under your arm, the stock projecting backward, the fore end resting on your horizontal forearm, the hand of that arm being carried on the lower part of the chest. The trigger guard resting on the arm keeps the gun from slipping forward. Of course in this position the barrels are directed downward, so that if the gun were discharged the shot would enter the ground a little in advance of your feet and slightly to one side of them. The only possible harm that could result with the gun in this position might be to your dog, if you permit him when he is walking at heel to rush too far ahead. But this you must not permit. Make him walk either behind you or with his head just even with your knee. In this place he is quite safe. You may carry your gun in this position on either arm, with the feeling that it can do harm.

Another position is this: Let the grip of the gun pass between the second and third fingers of either hand, the palm of the hand being just below the lock, and let the barrels lie in the crook of the arm, so that the muzzle end passes up just outside your shoulder. This is an easy position, and is frequently employed where one

of the hands is in use, as to help you over a fence or into a wagon.

Perhaps more gunners have been killed by taking guns out of wagons or out of boats, or while crossing or climbing through fences, than in any other way. You have not yet reached the point where you can do any harm in this way, because as yet you have received no loaded cartridges, but all through this practice of yours you must act just as if your gun was loaded with the deadliest of charges, and as if there were danger that it might go off at any moment. If you will take my advice you will stop when you get to a fence, break down your gun and go through the motions of taking out the cartridges, then, carrying the gun in one hand in the position just described, climb over the fence, seeing to it that in any motions or bendings of the body that you may make you do not point the muzzle of the gun in a horizontal direction. By chance your foot should slip



FIG. 4. GOOD POSITION.

Safe and convenient way of carrying the gun under either arm.

and you should fall, or if an old rotten rail should break under your foot, try less to save yourself from a fall than to hold on to your gun and keep its muzzle pointed in the air. It is better that you should tumble to the ground and bump or bruise yourself a little than that you should let fall your gun, which in the fall might, if it were loaded, be discharged with dangerous results. But it is far better always to take out the cartridges when you cross a fence. The trouble is slight, and the precaution may save life or limb.

Many men when crossing a fence hold the gun by the grip, with the barrels just in front of the breech resting on the shoulder, muzzle pointed well upward and the trigger guard upward and forward. This gives the



FIG. 5. GOOD POSITION.

Convenient as change in carrying. Safe and ready. Good for climbing fences.

holder very good control of his gun, and enables him even if he falls, to keep the muzzle pointed skyward. The position is also a good one in which to carry the gun across the fields when there is a possibility that birds may jump up, but your dog is not pointing, and you are not in immediate expectation of a shot; it takes a very small fraction of a second to bring the gun down into the palm of the already lifted left hand and to pull the stock back against the shoulder. Many good shots habitually carry their guns in this position when expecting birds to rise.

No matter what may happen to you, under no circumstances ever creep through a fence and pull your gun after you. This is one of the most dangerous things that can possibly be done. If you have to creep through a fence or a hedge or very dense brush, carry your gun much as you usually do, supporting it under the fore end by the right hand or the left, and keeping the muzzle

well to the front. Of course in doing this you will never creep behind or in front of a companion, and will not expose yourself or him to the danger of being shot by the other. In a case like this it is always wiser to take the cartridges from your gun; in this position you are not likely to get a shot, and it is better to miss the chance of shooting than to run the risk of killing anything that you do not wish to fire at.

Under no circumstances pull a gun toward you out of a boat; lift it up. In fact never pull a gun toward you at all; and above all never pull it toward you by the muzzle. I had once a friend, a very learned man, a professor in a great university, who pulled his gun toward him by the muzzle after he had stepped out of a boat; the hammers caught and the gun was discharged, and he was instantly killed.

I advise you to do what I always do myself, to take the cartridges out of the gun when you get into a wagon or boat, or have to cross a fence or have to go into a house. Then, if through some carelessness the gun is dropped, or if the horse should run away and the wagon be upset, or if when you set your gun down in the house a dog or little child runs against it and knocks it down, no harm can be done. A gun without a load in it is a most harmless piece of wood and iron; but loaded it may cause the greatest sorrow to entirely innocent people.

But I am again getting a little bit ahead of my story, for I am telling about how you ought to act after you have been provided with cartridges and when your gun is loaded; but, as I said before, perhaps this is not so very bad, for I want you always to treat your gun as if it were loaded, and as if there were a possibility that at any moment it might be discharged. Perhaps you will think that I say too much about this, and may feel sure that you would never be so careless as to let your gun go off when you did not wish it to. A great many people have thought this before you were born, and probably after you have become a gray-haired old man a great many other people will think the same about themselves. At the same time, the fact remains that guns are continually going off unexpectedly, and that people who believe themselves to be very careful are constantly having accidents with guns. Happily, few of these accidents result fatally; yet we know that almost every day some one in the United States is killed by the discharge of a gun, either through his own carelessness or that of some other person. It is only a short time ago that a man who believed that he was careful and knew how to use a gun, because of the long experience that he had had, fired a shot at something that he saw in the woods that he thought was game, and wounded a man and woman, the latter so seriously that her leg had to be amputated. We all of us think we are careful, but all human beings are likely to make mistakes and blunders, and you and I are like other people in this respect. I had the hammer slip from under my thumb once, and came very near killing my dearest friend, and the older I grow the more I insist on the importance of unceasing thoughtfulness and watchfulness in handling a gun.

All these things that I am saying to you now I think your instructor will also say to you in different words, as you walk abroad with him, carrying your gun. If he carries one, too, I advise you to keep your eye on him and notice the different positions in which he carries his weapon. Perhaps you will see him do some things that will lead you to ask questions of him, and the answers to these questions may perhaps teach you a great deal. I am quite sure that as you go along he will keep his eye on you, and whenever he sees you doing anything that is not quite right, or sees you careless about the way in which you hold your gun, he will caution you and put you on the right track. After a while it will become a matter of habit with you to carry your gun properly, and only under stress of some great excitement will you neglect what has been taught you. If you have the opportunity to handle your gun and to carry it abroad for a few weeks or months, I am convinced that unless you are much more heedless than most boys you will at the end of that time have formed habits which will make you a safe companion to those with whom you may go shooting in the future, and which may save you great trouble and pain in after life.

W. G. DE GROOT.

Quebec Moose.

AYLMER, Que., Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You will find inclosed herewith a statement of moose heads, skins and meat shipped from Kippewa and Tem's-kaming stations from Oct. 1 to Nov. 7. This is only a preliminary statement, but will give you a full statement later on. This will give you an idea how much moose we have in our country. There are outside of Kippewa ten or twelve stations to hear from yet which will open your eyes. This statement is official from the C. P. R. agents and the other statements will also be official from the C. P. R.

N. E. CORMIER.

Shipments of Moose from Kippewa Station, from Oct. 1 to Nov. 7, 1900.

Moose head and hide, spread 51in., J. D. Miller, of Edinburgh.
Two moose heads, 46in. and 51in., Geo. G. Cotton, of Syracuse.
One moose head, 36in., E. N. Ryder, of Syracuse.
Two moose heads, 54in., F. N. Ryder and Mr. Smith, of New Haven.
Moose head, 50in., R. B. Treat, of Centerville, R. I.
Moose head, 51in., Dr. J. F. Kidd, of Ottawa.
Two moose heads, 50in. and 51in., S. F. N. Ryder, of New Haven.
Moose head, 50in., S. E. Cobb, of Orange, N. J.
Moose head, 56½in., F. M. Turner, of Pittsburg.
Two moose heads, 36in., F. M. Turner, of Emsworth, Pa.
Moose head, 40in., J. W. Jarvis, of Pittsburg, Pa.
Two deer heads and hides, S. J. E. Buckley, of New York.
Two heads and bundle feet, 46in., F. C. Selous, of London, England.
Moose head, 36in., A. McLaren, of Buckingham.
Moose hide, A. McLaren, of Buckingham.
Horns, 56½in., C. Foster, Cambridge, Mass.
Head, 43in., J. J. Gill, of Steubenville, O.
Hide and head, 45in., H. M. Popham, of New York.
Antlers, 40in. and 51in., J. T. Gardiner, of Boston, Mass.
Head, 36in. and 46in., G. L. Farnum, of Media, Pa.
Two antlers, 53in. and 54in., Jas. Seymour, Jr., of Newark, N. J.
Head, 40in., H. L. Cadmus, of East Orange, N. J.
Head, 62in., J. C. Bates Dana, of Worcester, Mass.
Two heads, 36½in. and 53in., W. S. Lincoln, of Worcester, Mass.
Head, 54in., R. Millicamp, of Toronto.
S means too small for measurement.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Game Situation in the Middle West.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 1.—The weather in this part of the country continues to rule mild. Early in the morning of Nov. 20 there was considerable thunder and lightning and heavy rain, most unusual occurrences for that date in this section. On the morning of Nov. 20 as I went out of doors I noticed very large numbers of angle worms on the pavements and the neighboring ground, these worms having come up out of the moist ground exactly as though it were summer time. I have never heard of this instance before at so late a date for this neighborhood. To-day it remains warm and murky, though we are expecting snow again before very long. Under these circumstances the conditions for quail are most admirable. The ducks have left us, and the deer season is over. From now on we will shoot quail until near the end of this month, and then a few of us will go South, while the most of us will put up our guns until spring time.

The quail crop in lower Michigan has not been as good as usual. In Illinois, Indiana and Iowa it has broken all records. If all goes well we should have good shooting next year, unless for some mysterious reason the bird supply should be again cut down. On the whole, we are disposed to think that there is a growing regard for the game laws, and that perhaps the present abundance of birds is partly a result of that fact. Undoubtedly, however, the weather conditions have also been highly favorable for Western game.

Iowa and Minnesota Game.

Mr. J. C. Hartman, president of the Waterloo Courier Company, of Waterloo, Ia., is a busy newspaper man, who none the less occasionally gets busy with the birds. Mr. Hartman is good enough to give me some notes regarding matters in Iowa and her sister State of Minnesota, writing as below:

"Iowa sportsmen are enjoying better quail shooting than has been known since the early '80's. A number of fine bags have been made within three miles of Waterloo, a city of 12,600 population, which speaks well for the observance of game laws. The ever-present pot-hunter will get his work in, however, and yesterday I heard the disgusting details of a pot shot made by a game hog that resulted in fourteen dead quail."

Fall duck shooting in this vicinity was disappointing. Water was plentiful, but food was scarce, and the birds gave us the go by. Two Waterloo gunners who went north report that canvasbacks, mallards and other common varieties were plentiful at Heron Lake, Minn. One gunner there, a man of some means, had killed sixty-eight canvasbacks in one day, and on another occasion had made a mixed bag of over 100 ducks. This was late in October. It was reported later that two gunners at that resort bagged 300 in one day. The Waterloo shooters were not provided with a State license, and did not tarry. The market-shooters, they say, are very careful that no outsider shoots who is not provided with a license. A thrifty gentleman who lives some ten miles from the lake has a freezer and drives over each day and buys the birds. He paid 45 cents each for canvasbacks. Thousands of ducks are shot each spring and fall by market-gunners at Heron Lake, and if the sportsmen of Minnesota are desirous of stopping the leaks in the game supply here is something worth investigating.

Twin Lakes, in Calhoun county, Ia., were formerly a great resort for all species of wildfowl. A friend from Rockwell City informed me a few days ago that the drainage of the wet lands that formerly supplied the lakes with water has resulted in practically drying up one lake and reducing the other to a marsh. These lakes, prior to the drainage project, held from two to eight feet of water and afforded excellent fishing. During the past fall the drying up of the lakes caused the fish to die, and the ducks, which were quite plentiful, fed on these. A fish diet gave their flesh a strong fishy odor, and my friend stated that the smell of a stewed Twin Lake duck was decidedly nauseating. The people thereabouts quit eating duck, but the gunners shot them just the same, the birds finding their way to market.

The abundance of ducks at Heron Lake was commented upon in these columns last fall. The market-shooters seem to have been able to make a pretty big bluff out there. This is a funny sort of country, this America of ours, though in a great many ways she is not a bad sort of place to live in.

The Real Thing.

It does a fellow good once in a while to get a genuine sporting letter from a man who really takes a delight in getting out of doors, and who keeps his enthusiasms fresh. A good many of us get blasé in our sport, and are content to go out, come back and forget it till the next time. Not so with the man who has the genuine and keen sportsman's soul. Here is what one such, a wealthy man whose business interests ought to keep him at home, but do not, writes about some of his sporting experiences this week. I shall not mention his name, because the letter is a personal one, and perhaps I ought not to use it, though I will. I offer it as the real thing:

"I did not do so badly this time. I went down Thursday morning; it had stormed up to that time. I got up to Grassmere at 11 o'clock, and by the time I had changed my clothes and walked two miles down to our favorite piece of woods it was noon.

"I took old Bob with me alone. The first bird I ran across was near the edge, and the old fellow had a nice stiff point. I walked around to the other side of the patch of brush, the bird got up all right, and that tallied one. I went along a little further; Bob was on the opposite side of the fence; I saw him stiffen out, and, of course, just as I got on top of the rail fence the birds began to get up; three good easy ones before I struck the ground, but no sooner had my feet touched bottom than I let go at an old side winder about 50 yards off and tumbled him over. This made two straight. I followed that up and got two points in a thicket so impenetrable that it was useless to shoot, but you know I always bang away on the principle that the bird is in more danger than I am and while there are misses, there was after all no exception to hits, with the possibility of one. I swung around to come back; Bob crossed the road, stiffened and

hardly without an instant's warning a bird got up like lightning. How I killed it I do not know, but I did. That made three.

"Going along a while afterward I somehow or other lost sight of old Bob. I called him two or three times, but he did not come. I took out a great, big, fat sandwich and began walking along, trusting to luck I would run into him or he would run into me. I had my gun under my left arm, and all of a sudden a partridge flushed right in front of me, and I noticed at the same time Bob had stiffened out and was pointing directly toward me. With my mouth full of sandwich, one hand with the remainder of my dinner, I swung my gun around and tumbled that fellow over, and as I did this the second bird arose, for Bob had not broken his point. More deliberately I covered that one, and was chagrined to see it keep right on, apparently uninjured, though from the cloud of feathers in the air I knew it was hit. I marked it down about 250 yards away, but the brush was thick, and I did not have any hopes of finding it again. Pretty soon old Bob began to make game, but I thought it was another bird. Just then I heard thrashing of wings, and right at my feet laid my bird, making his death struggle, so I felt pretty good, and went in that night with ten partridge and one quail in practically four hours' shooting. The next day I had bad luck. Up to noon the birds all flushed on the wrong side of the thickets. Three different times I saw Queen pointing and the bird was in front of her. Once I went up and clucked, and an old cock partridge trotted back and forth within a space of 4 or 5 feet on a log and raised his ruff at me, and I all the time figuring how under the sun I was going to get a shot at him if he did get up. It seems as if I was talking to this old fellow about five minutes, and Queen was beginning to wonder what in the dickens I was at. Finally he concluded to jump up. He had evidently picked out a good thick brush, and he surely found it, for he was away like lightning, and I did not find a single opening for a charge of shot. Twice I sent away crippled birds, the brush was so thick. I was sorry afterward I had shot at all, but that afternoon the thing changed, and I trimmed up eight in short order. It is funny that there are no quail this year to speak of. I had to come home Saturday, so only had half a day to shoot. I went into new ground and lost lots of time. Finally I got into some good cover. I had my shooting clothes on, and hardly missed anything, and it ended up with my getting seven partridge and two quail."

The Physical Value of Field Sports.

The man who wrote me the above letter will be a long time getting old. Meantime he bids fair to be able to make three meals a day for himself and family, and to continue a comfort to that family for many a year to come. Contrast this sort of a life with another, equally busy, but directed upon slightly different lines. There came this week from Minnesota the sad news of the death of Senator Cushman K. Davis, one of America's most talented sons. Mr. Davis died at the age of sixty-two from a disease which had senile tendencies, according to the doctors. His father is living to-day, ninety years of age, and his mother is eighty-six years of age. Physically Mr. Davis himself had originally a fine constitution. The Pioneer Press, of St. Paul, itself presumably not too much devoted to outdoor sports, but directed on sane and sensible lines, printed in connection with the news of Senator Davis' death the following editorial comment:

"It would have been better for his health if he had worked less and played more. His inherited physical vigor, if nourished by a reasonable modicum of physical exercise, promised a life as long as that of his venerable father, who is now bowed down less by the burden of his ninety years than by the weight of this great sorrow. But he had no taste for the sports of field or brook or forest. His library was his hunting ground, where he tracked nobler game than deer or antelope in the deeds and thoughts of great men. Here flowed the pure streams of classic lore, in which he angled with a fastidious taste and keen discrimination for more splendid trophies than reward the sportsman's skill."

There are all sorts of views regarding that illusion which is known as success. The death of Senator Davis is so sad as to leave little inclination for discussion of the might have beens of his life, yet we may say that in all probability he would have succeeded quite as much, and would have lived much longer, had he gone to Mother Earth now and then for the renewal of his vital energy.

Lower Illinois.

Mr. Warren Powell finished his quail hunt at Ramsey last week as per schedule, and he and his friend, Hooper, had very fine shooting. He writes me that there are still plenty quail in his part of the world, and still suggests that we ought to do something to assert our dignity and not allow these birds to run over us.

All of lower Illinois is still alive with quail, in spite of the thousands that have been killed. Ernie McGaffey, who shot on the Okaw last week, killed two or three dozen birds daily and had a fine time. He says there is lots of game all through that country.

Number of Deer Killed in Michigan.

Warden C. E. Brewster, of Michigan, stated under date of Nov. 26 that since Nov. 8 there had been shipped through Mackinaw 2,412 deer up to that date. Mr. Brewster thinks that the total shipped in the entire season will be about 4,000 for the State of Michigan alone. These figures sound simple enough, but if we could see 4,000 deer piled up in one heap it would be a startling spectacle. There is a great deal of local complaint regarding the above slaughter, and it is probable that an attempt will be made to cut down the legal number to two deer per man.

How to Carry a Revolver.

Assistant Surgeon Morris, of the United States Navy, makes the following report to the Navy Department:

"I should like to mention the habit now obtaining in the service of loading the navy revolver all six chambers. It is extremely dangerous, not only to the men carrying the piece but also to those around him. When loaded in that manner, if dropped it will go off with almost absolute certainty.

"One man was killed outright on the Helena before my

joining it, and another was badly wounded on the Basco, and I have just heard of another similar case on the Monterey.

"If some provision could be made or some order issued whereby it would be obligatory to carry the piece with one empty chamber under the hammer, the number of casualties traceable to the revolver would be much reduced."

When the writer used to live out in the cowboy country it was always considered the mark of a tenderfoot to wear a revolver belt buckled tight around the waist, or to carry the revolver in any way except with the hammer on an empty. A ranch boss who found a man with six cartridges in his gun would have been pretty apt to say something sarcastic.

Geese and Fish Hooks.

The daily press of this country seems to be waking up now and then to the fact that there is such a thing as game, and such a thing as sportsmanship. The influence wielded by the daily papers is a very great one. The following editorial from the Chicago Tribune speaks in no uncertain terms regarding the barbarity of some man who lately set out baited fish hooks for some of the wild geese which at this season of the year resort to Lake Michigan near our northern suburbs:

"If the Humane Society wishes to do something worthy of its name it should join forces with the officials of the Game Commissioner's office and seek to arrest and punish the miscreants who were guilty of such barbarous cruelty a few days ago to a flock of wildfowl which were feeding in the lake of Rogers Park. Some heartless pot-hunters attached fish hooks to a long cord, and, after baiting them with corn, set them adrift, with either end of the line attached to a floating buoy. Wild geese, though usually the wariest of birds, took the bait and the hooks. In their efforts to release themselves they broke the line loose from one of the buoys and with the other they floated out into midlake, there to die a torturing death. It is hard to conceive more thoroughly diabolical cruelty. There are two State laws which cover this case, and the full penalties for the violation of each should be inflicted upon the perpetrators of this outrage against humanity. One of the laws provides a heavy fine for the taking of wild game in any way except by shooting. The other law is the well-known law against cruelty to animals. Game Commissioner Loveday should see that his deputies do all that they can to bring the cruel pot-hunters to justice."

Game in Tennessee.

Mr. Will G. Harris, of Gallatin, Tenn., is kind enough to write a little about the game situation in his country, the sort of news that is always welcome. He says:

"I am a regular reader of FOREST AND STREAM and in each issue take much interest in the reports that appear in your department from different sportsmen all over the country regarding the game supply. I have not seen anything in print about the supply of birds in middle Tennessee, and I make bold to send in my mite of information."

"Our quail crop this year surpasses anything that I have known here in the last ten years. Birds everywhere. A pair of good dogs should have very little trouble in finding from ten to twenty bevs a day. For a while I ascribed the increased number of birds to the protection our new game laws give them, but since reading of the great number of birds in other States I am at a loss to account for the increase. Our game law, I regret to say, applies not to the whole of Tennessee, but to only a few counties. The best clause of the law is that one that prohibits the sale of game at any season of the year, and it has still a better feature, in that it punishes both the seller and the purchaser. Some game laws punish the marketer and allow the man whose money is the root of the evil to go scot free, but our law is like the old man's fish net, it 'ketches 'em comin' an er gwine.'"

I have always said that the future of American sportsmanship rests with the South. The South will have game after the North has marketed all its game. In many Southern States there are county laws prohibiting the shipment of game, and these county laws work, too. More power to Tennessee and all her sisters of the South, and may they always present a solid front against the game hog and the market-shooter. I don't know why it is, but it has always seemed to me that if there is such a being in the world as that much talked of and somewhat mythical being, the true sportsman, he would be easy to find south of the Mason and Dixon line. The Southerner seems to be able to go out and have a good time kill a few birds and then go out at some later day and do it over again. This is the kind of sentiment which goes with sport of the best kind.

Nebraska Game.

Mr. Fred Mehl, of Fremont, Neb., is good enough to send me some mention of a little fun he had with the jacksnipe late in the season, with some information regarding the other game. He goes on to say:

"My friend, Guy Hinman, and myself enjoyed some sport on Nov. 19. The day was cold and dreary, a heavy mist falling and freezing as it fell, grass and trees covered with ice, and altogether a bad day to find any snipe about. The place in which we found them is an open ditch of about two or three miles in length, a continuation of the city's sewer line, maybe not quite as nice a place as one might wish, though the water is as clear as crystal. That we have been having some freezing weather was evident from the condition of the grade road alongside it being frozen solid enough to bear heavy loads.

"From the first crack of the gun—six jacks flushed within a space of 30 yards—the sport was good for three hours, and we bagged in that time twenty-six birds and ten ducks. As you can imagine, the conditions were perfect—the smoothly mown prairie on one side, a grade road on the other, no hard walking, and after getting under headway forgot about the cold. If we missed one, a circle or two and back again into the ditch it would go. My friend got ten straight, 'wiping my eye' in nice shape a couple of times. Don't you think that for this latitude those snipe were somewhat in error, and were not the conditions somewhat at variance from the usual habits? That is, if a jacksnipe is guilty of any definite purpose or habit, other than to get away in good shape when flushed.

"This vicinity has fair shooting this fall. In the last few days quite a number of geese—Canadas—have been killed. Duck shooting has been fair, and there are plenty of quail, of which there will always be an increasing supply, barring such winters as that of 1898, when they were nearly cleaned out by the drifting snow and extreme cold.

"There is no chicken shooting in this section in the fall, though a great many are in the cornfields at the present time, coming down from the sand hills. There has been no fall chicken shooting to amount to anything within 100 miles west of here for eight or ten years.

Nebraska has turned over a new leaf politically this fall, and we hope for better game legislation and a consequent increase in the supply of game. Thanks for the 'jab' you give us occasionally. It's a word in the right direction."

Caliber of Rifle.

Mr. Carlos de Leon, of Tottenville, N. Y., has the following inquiry about an all-round rifle:

"I have been shooting a .45-90 for several years, and am going to change for a lighter gun, about .32-40. Is this heavy enough to do any damage? I want a gun that I can use on bear, and if fortunate enough to get a chance, on moose. A .30-30 covers too much of the surrounding country to suit me, as I do not care to bring down a man in the next county should I miss the mark. It seems to me that a .32-40 would fill the bill. May I ask for your opinion on the subject?"

I think the .32-40 black powder load is not a desirable one for big game. One can kill game with such a rifle, it is true, but he will not stop his deer in its tracks, or close to the place where it is hit, as often as he might with a more shocking charge. I should much rather use the .38-55, especially if it were a case of bear. But since the development of the .30-30 and .30-40 I am free to confess that for deer or bear the latter would appeal to me more than any other sort of arm.

About the Nepigon River.

You can always get anything you want through the FOREST AND STREAM. If you don't see what you want ask for it, and if we have not the goods at the time you may be sure they have been ordered and will be in pretty soon. Mr. Robert W. Patton, of 211 East Madison street, Chicago, very kindly comes forward with full information regarding the Nepigon River, for the benefit of a recent inquirer, who wished to know something about that stream. For this I wish to thank Mr. Patton, who writes as below:

"I noticed in last week's FOREST AND STREAM the inquiry of Mr. Watson in regard to the Nepigon River, and your request that some one who is familiar with that stream would answer his inquiries, which I take pleasure in doing. As you said in your answering note, the Nepigon is by no means a fished out stream, nor is it ever likely to become so, at least for many years. Lake Nepigon, a body of deep water, nearly eighty miles in diameter, is a reservoir from which the river is constantly restocked. The fishing there, however, is not as good as it was ten or fifteen years ago. This is especially true of the lower part of the river. However, no one need go there and come away without being well repaid for his time and expense, provided he stays long enough to give the waters a fair trial.

"The trip up and down the river is alone worth the expense of going, even if one gets no fish whatever. I was up there last summer, the latter part of August, for two weeks, and although the first week did not yield much in the way of sport, yet in the last three days I caught two trout weighing over 6 pounds each, and two more over 5 pounds, and a great many running from 3 to 5 pounds apiece. On one afternoon an old gentleman from St. Louis, over eighty years of age, who was camped near me, caught eight trout weighing a trifle under 40 pounds. The three largest weighed respectively 6¼, 6¾ and 7¼ pounds apiece.

"The best time to go is the same as on any other trout stream, either in June or at the close of the season in August or September. In June the flies are very bad, but fishing is better than in the lower and middle parts of the river than at any other time. At the head of the river, where it flows out from Lake Nepigon, the fishing is best at the end of the season. Prior to this year, the season there has always closed Sept. 15, but this year it was officially closed Aug. 31, although parties were allowed to go up after that date. It is hoped another year that the old time of closing, Sept. 15, will be again in force.

"Any one who wishes to make the trip should write to William McKirdy, Nepigon, Ont. He is warden of the river, and will furnish the entire outfit needed, at reasonable rates. His provisions are good and not high priced, and it is better for one to outfit there than to take stuff with him. Parties taking supplies from the United States are required to pay duty at Port Arthur. Complete outfits and provisions can also be obtained from the Hudson Bay Company at Nepigon Station.

"The trip is rather an expensive one, and one should figure to spend two weeks on the river if they have the time. This would require about three weeks for the trip from Chicago, and the total expense of such a trip from Chicago and back will be not far from \$150. The fishing is done from canoes almost entirely. Two guides are necessary to each canoe, and although two persons sometimes go in one canoe and thus save expense, yet this is not desirable, as it overcrowds the canoe in traveling, and it is extremely difficult for two persons to cast from the same canoe. The cost of two guides with canoe is \$4 per day, and there is a license fee required of \$15 per rod for two weeks or less fishing, \$20 for three weeks and \$25 for four weeks. The guides are Indians, and are thoroughly competent and reliable.

"The river is forty miles in length, and requires about three days to go up it, and about two days to come down. One can fish on most of the portages and at each camping place while going up and down the river. While most of the fishing is done from the canoes, it is desirable to take hip boots, or better still, waders. On my last day on the river, while my guides were making a portage of two miles in length, I put on my waders and going over to the river, about midway of the portage, fished for a couple of hours from the river's edge, and caught two

trout that weighed 4½ pounds each, and several more of about 3 pounds each. While most of the fishing is done with flies, it is only fair to say that the larger fish will rarely, if ever, rise to the fly. It is seldom that a fish of 5 pounds or over is caught on the fly, and practically never one of 6 pounds or over. These larger fish are taken either on the spoon or artificial minnows or with live bait.

"Nepigon Station, from which the start is made in canoes, is a station on the Canadian Pacific R. R. about seventy miles east of Port Arthur, and is at the mouth of Nepigon River. Port Arthur is best reached by boat either from Duluth or Sault Ste. Marie.

"If there is any further information that I can give about my experience I shall be glad to do so."

Wyoming Big Game.

Col. Chauncey P. Williams, Assistant Adjutant-General of the State of New York, gives an interesting little story regarding his hunt in the Wind River country, to which reference was made earlier this fall. He writes as below:

"I left here Aug. 30 with my friend, Mr. Edward L. Pruyn, of this city, and we reached Wells, Wyo., Sept. 5. Mr. John G. Mott and his son, of Michigan City, Ind., were with us on the three days' stage drive across the desert from the railroad to Wells, and we greatly enjoyed their company.

"We outfitted at Mr. William Wells' place, Gros Ventre Lodge, on Green River, which, by the way, is all of Wells, Wyo., but where any visiting sportsman will be pretty sure to enjoy himself even if he does not care to go further into the mountains. Mr. Wells thoroughly understands guiding and how to make sportsmen comfortable. He is a very clever gentleman and altogether good sort. After leaving Wells, Oct. 6, we saw no more of Mr. Mott's party. Incidentally, Mr. Mott, who is a thorough sportsman and excellent shot, killed an elk with the finest set of antlers ever brought in to Wells, and they know there, too, what fine ones are. Of this perhaps Mr. Mott was too modest to tell you.

"Leaving Wells we traveled two days with guides and pack train about sixty miles up into the mountains and camped at between 9,000 and 10,000 feet above sea level. There we worked hard hunting mountain sheep, and killed one big-horn ram, one mountain lion and four elk, not to mention letting live the grouse which came into the tent and slept with us nights. I failed to bring out a sheep, because I was too anxious to get a big head and neglected to improve good chances I had at medium size rams. When my opportunity came to kill that big one, I wrongly estimated the distance, and only cut out some of his hair. After that, of course, I had no good chance at even small ones.

"Getting our elk was kind of a side issue, and this we did on days which were not suitable for scrambling after sheep. Hunting elk where they are at all numerous is almost too easy to be real sport. We both secured some fine heads. I was fortunate enough to kill one which we all thought was the finest killed thereabouts for a long time until we saw Mr. Mott's. Mine had seven points (on a side), beams 53 inches in length and massive, the burrs where the antlers join the head being 12½ inches in circumference. On one occasion we unexpectedly jumped three bears, a cinnamon and two blacks, but they were too quick for us, as we were mounted and had not lost a bear. They all incontinently fled before we could get a shot at them.

"The last week of our trip we spent in the Prong Horn country, and while there we each captured three buck antelope and one blacktail, the latter being quite scarce in that region. Some of the antelope heads were first class, and one of the blacktails pretty, although small. We returned to Wells with our outfit on Oct. 7, and reached home Oct. 14, well pleased with the 'Equality State.'

"There seems to be some fascination about that Western country which draws back to it so often those who have once been there. But the next time the mountain madness overwhelms me I mean to have a telescope sight on my rifle. I am convinced that it is the thing for Western hunting."

With all due deference to Col. Williams' preference for a telescopic rifle sight, I don't believe he will find it so good for game as for the target, certainly not for running game. I once tried to shoot a bullfrog with a rifle that had telescopic sights. The old fellow looked as big as a meeting house, but much to my surprise I found that there was a lot of country around him which was occupied by the spot where the hairs of the telescope crossed. I couldn't get the intersection to intersect the frog. Not that I know anything very much about the matter. I always liked open sights for hunting, but there are a great many different personal preferences in such matters.

How to Anchor Duck Decoys.

Mr. A. G. Holmes, of Green Bay, Wis., gives some interesting points out of his experience in duck shooting over decoys. What he says will be read with interest by all shooters. His scheme for an anchor is new, and I should think very practical. Prefacing his remarks with the news that most of the ducks have gone south from his country at the date of Nov. 23, he goes on to describe his decoy anchor as below:

"In looking back over my FOREST AND STREAM files for the past twenty years (taken by my father until his death and taken since then by myself) I find but few mentions of weights or anchors for decoys, and what few are described are of such poor design and such light weight as to be of but little use on such open waters as ours where duck shooting is generally rough weather work. The light anchors will not hold the decoys for any length of time in even a fresh breeze with a little sea running, and to have to get out and chase after decoys and reset is very discouraging; and especially so when the ducks are moving. It is generally the case as soon as a person is out from his blind ducks generally happen along. The decoy anchors generally used and for sale in the gun stores are never more than 4 to 6 ounces in weight, and will allow the decoys to drag in a fresh breeze very easily in open water. My anchors are made after a pattern of my own design, which I think will be found far superior to any now on the market. I will try to give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a description whereby they can make these anchors for their own use. Here is the description:

"Weight as for work intended, 6 to 8 ounces for mallards (shoal water ducks), and from 8 to 16 ounces for outside or deep water ducks. The bottom or anchor proper is on the style or form of a saucer with the inside solid.

"To make this saucer weight, take a board (pine is all right) and make a circle of from 1½ to 2½ inches across. Then cut down into the wood, hollowing it out, but not over ¾ inch in depth. If you never want to lose your anchors by friends borrowing them, just cut your initials in the wood, but be careful not to cut them backward. Then take a piece of wire, telephone wire size is heavy enough, 8 inches to 10 inches long and bend it as per cut.

"Wire is 8 to 10 inches long. Bend lower ends in about ¾ to ½ inch to hold in the lead. This piece of wire will go over the heads of your decoys and act as an anchor shank by upsetting the lead saucer a trifle, causing the edge to dig into the ground or gravel at the bottom the same as the flukes on a boat anchor would do. Use either copper or brass wire, as it does not rust the cord.

"If you want anchors for open water shooting you had better make the size of the hole 2 inches across and ½ inch deep. This will make a weight of about 12 ounces, and for ordinary work is plenty heavy enough.

"Now take your wire, having bent it in proper form and having your lead melted, then place the wire, or rather the lower part with the edges turned in, down into the hole about half-way in your board, holding the wire with a pair of nippers or pliers, so as not to burn your hands, and pour the lead into the hole until nearly level full, and hold for a minute until the lead cools enough so as not to let the wire spring out.

When cool enough turn your board over and anchor will drop out with your initials on ready for use.

"I trust this will enable the readers to make an anchor that they have looked for and have been unable to buy from the sporting goods houses.

"I will give the readers the size of my decoys, which are used by the most successful shooters on this bay, at some future time. These decoys are extra large and can be made by any one and will be found better than any decoy made and for sale on the market.

"Duck shooting is nearing its end here, although yesterday, Nov. 22, a good many shooters made good bags—in fact, the best of the season. It requires heavy loads of both powder and coarse shot to bring them down. I have used a 12-gauge gun for duck shooting the past four years, but next season I hope to have a 10-gauge, as I do not like to put such tremendous loads in a 12-gauge as a person needs here on our bay the past few seasons.

"My gun is a fine Parker pigeon gun, 8 pounds weight, 30-inch full-choked barrels, and I use for ducks a 3-inch smokeless shell, 3¼ to 4 drams Schultze, E. C. Dupont or Hazard powder, as I may have on hand, and 1⅛ to 1¼ ounces of Nos. 6 and 4 shot, chilled, with proper wadding, but this load, which my gun shoots to perfection, is not enough for our off-shore shooting, and I think a 10-gauge 10-pound hammerless full-choked 32-inch barrel gun will be more efficient for this work.

"I would like very much to hear from some of the many shooters as to their idea of a duck gun for off-shore shooting. The shooting on Chesapeake Bay off of points is, I imagine, similar to our off-shore shooting, and I would like to hear from these men especially. I used to use a 10-gauge gun and black powder years ago, but have used a 12-gauge the last ten years, or nearly that long."

In Town.

Mr. C. E. Willard, now of the Harrington & Richardson Arms Company, is in Chicago this week, on a business visit, and is seeing his old friends here in his former home. Mr. Willard is looking well, doing well and talking well, and the boys are glad to see him.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

That Adirondack Moose.

ON Thursday, the 22d inst., the case of the People of the State of New York against Elzi McManice, J. H. Slater and C. E. Martin, all guides, for shooting and possessing a moose, was tried before Justice R. H. McIntyre and a jury at Saranac Lake. The People were represented by M. A. Martin, Esq., of Malone, and the defendants by J. C. Little, of Saranac Lake, and Col. W. H. Johnston, of Virginia.

The first witness called by the People was Dana Bissell, who swore to having been hired by the defendant McManice to remove a moose from Long Lake in the woods to Long Lake Station. He told how McManice said to him, "I have shot a moose."

The next witness was Hy Courtney, who was employed by Bissell to take the moose out of the woods and carry it to Long Lake Station. He said the three defendants took charge of the moose there and assisted in the loading of it.

W. L. Allen, the express agent at Saranac Lake, told of the receipt of the moose at that place and the payment by McManice and Slater of the charges, amounting to \$500.

The truckman, Jordan, told about being employed to carry the moose from the express office to Tully's market and then to the barn of Slater, where it was received by all the defendants. John Tully swore to the exhibition of the meat at his store and the removal therefrom by the defendants.

To the surprise of every one the defense put in no evidence and the case was submitted to the jury first by J. C. Little for the defendants, who was followed by M. A. Martin for the People, who made a good, strong plea. After being out for about ten minutes the jury returned with a verdict of guilty against all the defendants, and the court rendered judgment against them jointly for \$100 and costs, \$60.75; in all \$160.75.

Thus ends the famous moose case, and it ought to be a subject of congratulation that a conviction has been had. The evidence being perfectly clear, the jury could not help but find the defendants guilty.

The chief protector, who authorized the bringing of the action, and Game Protector Vosburgh, who worked the case up, are also to be congratulated upon the prosecution of this case. A little energy and diligence on the part of the fish and game department will in time con-

vince lawbreakers that it does not pay to disregard the laws of the State.—Adirondack Enterprise, Saranac Lake, Nov. 29.

In Maine.

BOSTON, Dec. 3.—The Maine deer hunters have been having hard luck for a week. On Monday, a week ago, there fell from twelve to eighteen inches of light snow, according to the section, in northern Maine. The deer hunters that were out that day had great success, but the snow was followed by a slight rain that night, ending with freezing and a crust. This has made deer hunting extremely difficult. The wary creatures have been able to hear the hunters further than it was possible to see them, and hence only fleeting glimpses have been caught. The weather has remained unchanged for a week, the snow crust scarcely changing at all. Generally deer hunters have become discouraged and left the woods. Many Boston and Portland men, and men of other Massachusetts and Maine cities, had planned for their annual Thanksgiving hunt, when they could go home to the backwoods towns where they were born, eat a Thanksgiving turkey with parents, brothers or sisters, and enjoy a deer hunt. But the crust has been too much. Generally a half mile through it has been sufficient. No deer have been obtained. Trains reaching Boston Saturday had a number of men with rifles on board, but the express cars had very few deer. Perhaps this is all for the best. The deer have experienced a respite during the most dangerous week of the whole open season. The season closes Dec. 15, and even if the crust thaws before that time it will be bad hunting. Many more deer will be left to keep the stock good than would otherwise have been the case.

On Monday that the snow fell the hunting was great, but somehow it fell to local gunners rather than outside sportsmen. The telegraph was used by guides to notify hunters that it was time to come, and they started on Tuesday, only to find the snow crust. At Andover, Me. fourteen deer were shot by local gunners; in several instances, boys, who have felt very proud of their success. They were not obliged to go very far from the village. In one case a boy shot a big buck, within a mile and a half of the village, but did not try to haul him in till the next day. Then he went, with a companion, through the opening, with a horse and sled to bring in the trophy. On the way up they saw fresh tracks where a big deer had crossed the road, then came into the road ahead of them. Seeing that the tracks were very fresh, they proceeded cautiously, with rifle ready. Glancing over a ridge they saw the deer just leaving the opening in good rifle range. The deer fell at the first shot; another big buck added to the fourteen deer of the day before. No deer have been killed in that section since, however, by reason of the crust. Mr. J. Parker Whitney, his son Vincent, and a friend from New York, have gone up to Mr. Whitney's camps on Richardson Lake, for a deer hunt. They reached Bemis Wednesday night, only to find the snow so deep and crusted as to make it next to impossible to go over to their camps on Mosquito Brook, six or eight miles, by the woods trail, as they had intended. The next day they started from Bemis up the lake with two boats and two men. The lower end of the lake was frozen, so that they were obliged to run the boats on hand sleds or toboggans till the open water was reached. After that they went along without much difficulty, till they found that Trout Cove at the Upper Dam was completely frozen over. The mercury had fallen to ten degrees above zero the night before, and there was a good deal of floating ice in the lake, although the weather was then more moderate. They were obliged to land at Black Point, about a mile above the Upper Dam, and then take through the woods, breaking through the crusted snow eighteen inches deep, at every step. The men who went up with them in the boats, Timothy Scannel and J. Carleton, said that it was one of the hardest tramps they had had in a long time. At the Upper Dam, Mr. Whitney and his party found that Richardson Lake was more open, and that his Mosquito Brook camps could easily be reached by boat. Mr. Whitney is thoroughly a trout scientist. He is now making some very interesting studies on the sense of smell or instinct of scent with the salmon family. He believes that these fish are capable of scenting where bait has been drawn through the water, even if it be miles ahead of them, or even drawn through a day before. He believes that all the migrations of trout and salmon are governed by this sense; that by means of it they instantly recognize the waters of different streams, bays and inlets. His arguments are sound, and he can bring a host of incidents and experience to prove that he is right. When fully prepared, he will publish his researches, doubtless in the FOREST AND STREAM, as he has recently done his very readable and thoroughly instructive article on the freezing and resuscitating of trout when thawed.

The open season on moose in Maine closed on Friday, Nov. 30. The shipments of that game through Bangor for the season thus far have been 133, a smaller number than a year ago, but it is believed that there are still a large number in the woods to come out; possibly sufficient to bring the kill up to that of a year ago. The law does not prohibit a sportsman from bringing his moose home after the open season has closed, if legally killed in open season. The number of deer shipped through Bangor for the season thus far has been 2,753, against 3,015 for the same time last year; a decrease of 262. By other outlets the number has generally been smaller, although by way of the Franklin & Megantic Railroad the number has been greater. By way of Bemis, one of the outlets of the Rangeley region, the number of deer shipped has been very small, while over the Phillips & Rangeley road a good many have been shipped, but not as many as a year ago. Dr. Daintree, of Lewiston, Me., and doubtless next to Dr. Heber Bishop, the leading moose hunter of the country, brought out a large bull moose the other day. He hunted for twenty days in the vicinity of his camp on Millinocket Lake, before he got the shot he desired. Messrs. George H. Hicks, G. R. Hall and Frank G. Hall, of Boston, and C. D. Washington, of Springfield, returned last week from a hunting trip of fourteen days at King and Bartlett. They secured eight deer, including several large bucks. Congressman

Charles B. Littlefield has secured a large buck in the Rangeley region, and taken it to his home in Rockland. Messrs. C. A. Barney, S. F. Johnson, Horace S. Dame and L. Dana Chapman, secretary and treasurer of the Megantic Club, returned last week from their hunting trip to Jo Marie Lake. They found hard hunting, but brought home a deer apiece. SPECIAL.

The Michigan Season.

HARTFORD, Mich., Nov. 25.—Editor Forest and Stream: Thinking that your readers might like to know what is being done with rod and gun in this neck of the woods, I write you a few of the many things that have taken place since I wrote you last. Frank Dean has just got back from a trip after bass. He brought back two nice strings, one weighing 5½ pounds, the rest weighing from 2 to 3 pounds. They were caught in a small lake in the town of Hamilton, Van Buren county.

H. W. Sweet and wife, of South Haven, have just returned from a trip to Manistee county. They were hunting on the Big Manistee River, and camped on the north side, three and one-half miles west of High Bridge. There they found plenty of quail and grouse and lots of ducks—mallards and wood ducks—and fine bass and pickerel fishing in the Manistee, and speckled trout in Pine Creek and Bear Creek, which are tributary to the Manistee. About Nov. 7 I joined Mr. and Mrs. Sweet, and then we crossed to the south side every day in quest of the light-footed deer.

Although fresh tracks were plenty the snow fell too fast to suit us, and so Mrs. Sweet left us, and Mr. Sweet and I hunted grouse, and I succeeded in getting a nice string, including one wild goose—one of the white-headed variety—and it was fine eating.

It is singular how the quail have taken possession of the northern counties of the lower peninsula. Six years ago they first made their appearance on the Manistee, and now we found several coveys on every farm or small clearing. Their stay will be permanent, for there is plenty of sumac bobs on which they can feed when the snow is deep, and the banks of the ravines and gullies along the river are covered with cedars, and in the bottoms are nice spring runs, where the snow has to melt as fast as it falls, and I found that the quail and grouse took to this cover and there found a safe retreat. But it is an ideal shooting and fishing ground, as the range is unlimited, and if one lot gets away you can soon find another.

Now as to our local deer hunters. A party of four left here Nov. 1 for Baraga county, upper peninsula, consisting of Dr. Elgas, Charley Leach and Stephen Stone and son Charley. They have shipped eight fine deer home. Some were very fine specimens; two were bucks with very large horns, and weighing 200 pounds each. Another party, consisting of Ed Johns, Ed Crandal and Larilla White, report having killed thirteen deer and are still hunting. They all report grouse very plenty and found everywhere.

Now a word to boys who are going to learn to shoot. I taught my two boys how to shoot and handle a gun. I told them to load and cock their guns as soon as they arrived on the hunting grounds, and always carry their guns as though loaded and cocked, and never point their guns, loaded or empty, at any one. If gunners are taught on this line they are always careful and will never point their gun at their dogs, their wives or their friends. I have always carried my gun at full cock while hunting, and have never had an accidental discharge in so doing, nor have my boys. You can hunt a week with either of us and never see what caliber our guns are. I know that lots of people would think this very unreasonable, but boys who think a gun safe because not cocked shoot their companions by the strikers catching on boat cleats or on their clothes or on brush. I once put my hammers down to get a duck out of the river and set the gun on a small log and leaned it against a tree. The gun slipped off the log, striking the hammers on the log, and both barrels were discharged. So I learned that caution was the only safeguard in hunting. If I had left the hammers up I should have found a place where it would surely have stood before leaving it. So I say, always handle your gun as though loaded and cocked, and you will never shoot your dog or your friend.

I never have a gun pull more than 4 or 5 pounds on triggers. I have seen a man with a 7-pound gun, and it took a 10-pound pull to discharge it. Five partridges got out of a brush pile one at a time, and he pulled on each one till it flew out of sight through the woods, and when the last one was gone, I said, "Why didn't you shoot?" To which he replied, "I couldn't pull the thing off."

SULLIVAN COOK.

The Belgian Hare.

DANSVILLE, N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream: I read with much pleasure the interesting article of Mr. G. H. Corsan, of Toronto, in your issue of Nov. 3, about the Belgian rabbit (*Lepus cuniculus*), erroneously called hare. It is an old friend and fellow countryman of mine. I am of Flemish birth, and when a boy in old Flanders I used to breed them in pens for pocket money. The flesh of the rabbits, after being dressed, is exported to England (chiefly to London), and the skins, dyed and prepared, are exported to the United States, where they are worn by our fair women as imitation seal. Large fortunes have been made in my native city of Ghent (Belgium) by the exportation of rabbit skins to this country. The American breeders, for profit, should by no means neglect this part of the business. The pelt, when properly dyed in imitation of sealskin, is much more valuable than the flesh of the rabbit. Most of Mr. Corsan's observations are true, but I beg leave to differ with the last paragraph of his article about the wild English hare not breeding with the Belgian rabbit. A special breed called leporides has been produced in Belgium by the crossing of the two. It is not a mule, but fertile, transmitting some of the characteristics of both to their progeny and attaining a weight of from 10 to 12 pounds sometimes.

JULIUS THE FOXHUNTER.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

In the Adirondack Deer Country.

At 8 P. M. Tuesday, Nov. 6, a party of five—E. G. Smith, Fred Wilson, F. E. Whitney, G. Shepard and S. M. Bennett—left Shortsville for Beaver River. We arrived at 5 A. M., where we unloaded trunks and tents in a downpour of rain, took our lantern, axe and tents and started on a tramp for our camping grounds two miles north. We had to wade through a river 2 feet deep, leveled off camp grounds alongside the river in the loneliest place on earth in winter and one of the finest in summer. After we had got our tents up and brought trunks and baggage up, we had breakfast at 11 o'clock and started hunting at 12:30 P. M. We saw one deer.

The next day we had several shots, but did not get any deer. It rained continually until night. Next morning a foot of snow lay on the ground, and then the trailing began.

One buck deer was the third day's total. The fourth day we had two deer. The fifth day no luck. Sixth day same. Seventh day, none. Eighth day four deer. Total ninth day, seven deer. Total tenth day no deer. Got up at 5 and pulled stakes for home. It was snowing very hard, with 2 feet of snow on ground and 9 degrees above zero. Got baggage to depot at 10 A. M. and had the best showing of deer of any party there after living on deer meat for eight days. Twenty-eight deer were taken from Beaver River on the 14th and 15th days of November, and 127 deer on train bound for Utica. Arrived home at 12:01 A. M., after having one of the finest hunting trips of the season. A man with the blues or stiff back or business troubles would drive them away with one trip deer hunting in the Adirondack Mountains.

F. RELSEL.

The Usual Way.

From the Dawson Nugget.

REPORTS are being brought down from the upper Stewart country giving details of indiscriminate slaughter of game which should be given attention by the Dominion authorities. The country adjacent to the upper branches of the Stewart River is a natural game preserve. Moose and caribou are found there in such abundance that hunters are reported to have killed upward of fifty of these noble animals in a single day. Returned prospectors state that game is being slaughtered merely for the fun of the thing, and scores of carcasses which cannot be used or carried away are left in the spot where they were killed. It is certainly a shame that such a condition of affairs exists. The big game of the country is one of its most attractive features. Moose and caribou are not only important as furnishing a large portion of our meat supply, but they are the natural heritages of the legitimate prospector, and should be protected for his benefit. We submit to the authorities that some means should be taken to restrain men who insist upon killing off our big game for the mere sake of killing. There is no excuse for such barbarity.

In Old Virginia.

You ask me to report my luck. Well, it was good enough for any true sportsman. Through an advertisement in your columns I selected for my outing the home of J. H. Gafford, Baskerville, Va. His is truly a typical Virginian home, full of hospitality and good cheer. Although I went as a stranger, each member of the family seemed to do all they could to make my stay most pleasant and my hunting successful. I was furnished with a horse to ride and favored with the company of mine host on all my shooting trips. Mr. G. is a genial companion, and will help fill the bag (if requested), as he is an excellent shot. I went there for quail, but found a variety of game. Wild turkeys are often seen in the fields, and a skilled turkey hunter will gladly take you out. Deer are also plentiful. A pack of hounds is kept for deer or fox hunting by a neighbor near by, and you are sure to be invited to join in the chase or hunt, making your own choice of the game you desire. For quail or an all-round shooting place, a pleasant, quiet home, I recommend to my brother sportsmen this place and family.

H. O. WILBUR.

Weights of Game.

BARRE, Vt.—The following is a list of weights of game shot last October by myself and brothers: Foxes, males, 9, 11¾, 10, 10½, 9 3-16, 9¾, 9 5-16 pounds; females, 7½, 6¾, 9 6-16, 8 7-16, 8 3-16, and 8½ pounds. With the exception of four, all the foxes were a year or more old, judging from mouth and skin. The heaviest coon killed, a female, tipped the scales at 24 pounds. The two heaviest grouse, cocks, out of fifty killed, weighed 1½ and 1 7-16 pounds. The largest woodcock weighed 8½ ounces.

B. A. E.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—In answer to request in FOREST AND STREAM for weight of quail would say that the following birds are from Long Island, N. Y. They were mostly male, and were weighed on postal scales. They ran as follows: 6¾, 7, 6¼, 6, 6, 7, 7¼, 6, 6½, 6½, 6, 7, 6½ ounces each.

Two partridges weighed 20 ounces and 22 ounces each.

J. D. WALTON.

"When Food Is Scarce."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The picture accompanying the issue of Dec. 1 is one which will interest every friend of this typical American partridge. The artist has most forcefully portrayed the strenuous effects of a hard winter, whose decimation has resulted so fatally to the weaker members of the covey that only a solitary hen is left to keep company with the five surviving cocks. But however strenuous the winter, it needs no prophet to inform the intelligent reader that affairs will be infinitely worse in the spring when these five males are seeking the favor of this single female.

The Bob White branch of the American partridge family is neither polygamous nor polyandrous. JAY BEERE, Toledo, O., Dec. 1.

Long Island Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Reports from Eastport advise us that there has been a great flight of woodcock there, and that within a few days more birds have been killed than for a long time. It seems as if, on account of the warm weather, the migration of the woodcock had been very late, and that most of them have lingered somewhere up north and then by some sudden spell of cold weather have all been hurried on at the same time. It will be interesting to learn if a similar abundance of birds has been noted in other parts of the country, especially in Connecticut and New Jersey.

There are said also to have been an unusual number of partridges (ruffed grouse) killed on the east end of the island. There are usually a few found there, but only a very few. For some reason the country does not seem well suited to them, or perhaps there are too many opossums or foxes to allow them to breed.

The number of ducks to be found in the Great South Bay is still very large, but they are becoming educated and are no longer killed in such numbers as when they first came. The continual shooting on the feeding grounds and the pursuit of the bird by sailboats has had its natural result, and now the ducks leave the bay in the early morning, and going outside, rest on the ocean until evening, when they come in again to feed during the night.

Precisely this result was to have been expected from the hammering that the birds received on their first arrival, and thus the highly intelligent New York or Long Island sportsman has succeeded in killing the goose which laid the golden egg.

Speaking of geese, a number of these have been killed in the bay, one man, I believe, having secured fifteen.

LONG ISLANDER.

SAVILLE, L. I., Dec. 1.

The Pittsburg Quail Market.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Herewith I send you an item taken from the Pittsburg Post of Nov. 28. Here is a chance for some of Pennsylvania's sportsmen to make a few inquiries as to where these birds were killed.

"At an East End banquet last Friday evening the guests were all served with 'quail,' one bird to each person. There were about 1,200 people present, consequently 1,200 quail. As it is against the law to sell game in Pennsylvania, these birds could not have been bought—therefore they must have been given to them. I am personally acquainted with one man who was there and helped to eat the quail, therefore I know whereof I speak. Now, Mr. Editor, where did these quail come from? Did the guests go out hunting the day before the banquet and fetch the birds they got with them? If so, where did they hunt? I am something of a hunter myself and would like to find a place where I could get 1,200 quail. Please answer through your paper, because if they were bought I would like to know where—might take a few hundred myself. What good are game laws if they can beat them in this way?"

It appears that there is no trouble for Pittsburgers to get all the quail they want, game laws or no game laws.

D. G. LAMONT.

Vancouver Island Big Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The hunting season has been in full blast for months, and many deer and bear have been killed by sportsmen. Last week a party of hunters bagged nine deer, and others have recently been brought in also by Messrs. R. Coe, Sheppard, Ripley and Beckman.

But the most important and interesting bag made recently was Lieut. Bromley, of H. R. M. Navy, who on Tuesday last, reached Comox with two elk and five bears. Lieut. Bromley made a trip into the interior with Mr. H. Smith as guide. They followed up Oyster River for fifteen or twenty miles with the above results. The two elk heads were fairly good ones of five points each, and besides bringing out these heads and the skins, Mr. Bromley had most of the meat brought out also, thus showing himself a good man and a good sportsman, and very different from many of our hunters who kill their game for the heads alone.

We have had already some snow here, which has started hunters off after deer with renewed energy.

CUMBERLAND, B. C., Nov. 24.

A Flag that Was Lowered.

DENNYVILLE, Nov. 25.—I was up in the western part of the county last week, and in a little stream between Tunk Pond and Spring River Lake saw a lot of landlocked salmon on the spawning beds. I thought of you and how you would enjoy it. I think it the prettiest, wildest and most fishy looking place in the county.

Had the good luck to tumble on a nice buck a short distance back of my house a few days ago. Shot at 20 yards with No. 6 shot, and the deer never dropped his tail; he ran about 75 yards, stopped, turned to look at me with tail still up. While watching him and wishing for a charge of heavy shot, his tail very slowly came down, and in half a minute or so he dropped. When I reached him he was stone dead. The aorta just as it left the heart was nearly severed, and the shot had penetrated from one side into the skin of the other. I had smokeless powder; it was light as day, and in an open field, and I know his tail never flinched. But it did look odd to see it so slowly lowered after he had stood looking at me with it bolt upright.

A. T. L.

Notes from Worcester, Mass.

THE close season on partridge and quail begins Saturday, Dec. 1. If the winter should be mild and open quail should be very plentiful next fall, as there is an abundance of them left over.

The total number of foxes killed by the Worcester Fur Company since Oct. 1 is forty-six, and J. H. Baird is high man with six kills.

Henshaw Pond has been leased and stocked by the town of Leicester and ice fishing will not be allowed there this winter.

A. W. W.

What Did the Caribou Weigh?

BETHLEHEM, Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article in your last issue in regard to the weights of game prompts me to send you the measurements of a caribou skin I shot and brought with me from Newfoundland in September of this year. The estimates of the probable weight of the same when killed vary so much that I send you the measurements after tanning, which, as I think, shrinks the skin some. The antlers were quite large, but by no means a record head, having thirty-two points, but rather heavy. Entire length from neck about 6 inches back of base of antlers, 6 feet 2 inches, not including tail; 5 feet 2 inches at widest part just in front of hind legs; 4 feet 5 inches just back of forelegs, 3 feet 5 inches just front of forelegs. I would like the judgment of your readers who have shot large caribou as to the probable weight of the animal.

M. C. L.

A Florida Game Country.

MR. J. M. WILLSON, JR., of Kissimmee, Fla., writes that there is a territory available for a large game preserve in the vicinity of Kissimmee, the expenses connected with the acquisition of which would be very light, and he suggests that the opportunity is one which might be welcomed by a club.

Sea and River Fishing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Buzzards Bay Fishing.

FAIRHAVEN, Mass., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If you should call attention in your valuable paper to the fact of the great improvement in the fishing in the waters of Buzzards Bay, as stated in our report, you might not only induce more sportsmen to visit them, but add also to the number of members of our League. The next season's fishing in the bay will undoubtedly surpass even that of this year.

GEO. H. PALMER, Secretary.

Mr. Palmer sends us the annual report of the Executive Committee of the Southern Massachusetts Fish and Game League for the year ending Nov. 13, 1900. It is a record of work done and results achieved. We quote:

When in October, 1888, the League was formed, the chief object in view was to procure such legislation as would prevent the setting and maintaining of weirs and nets in the waters of Buzzards Bay. It was believed then, as it is now known, that the continuous use of such apparatus was exhaustive and destructive of the fisheries.

After successive failures and defeats such legislation was, in 1893, secured. It was mainly urged, against great opposition, as a remedial experiment.

It was claimed, in answer to our complaints, that the use of weirs and nets was in no way responsible for any scarcity of fish, nor any injury to the fisheries. It was urged by us that, at best, it was a monopoly, injurious to the rights of the people to whom the fisheries belonged, and interfered with the natural laws which regulate the growth, increase and distribution of the fishes.

At first only a few weirs in Fairhaven were removed, and only slight improvement could for some time be observed. It was not until 1898 that the law went fully into effect, so that only two years have been given to test the experiment.

During the past two summers, however, the bay and rivers have abounded in fish. They have come back to their old feeding grounds, which for years had been abandoned and deserted. Not only so, but the small fishes, which were taken in vast numbers by the weirs, have been permitted to grow, and have come in of larger size and of greater value. No hand line fisherman has been heard to complain that he could not catch all the fish he wanted. All around the ledges, the wharves and docks, tautog of good size have rewarded the skill of the fishermen and sportsmen alike. The bay and rivers have abounded in rock bass and scup, the bluefish has become an easy prey to the boatmen, and squeteague in large numbers could be caught by the most inexperienced angler and by almost any means. No such fishing has been known in these waters for years.

Whether this condition of things is owing entirely to the protection which the law has thrown around them to the exclusion of weirs and nets, or whether for causes not yet ascertained, that in some seasons fish are plenty and again are scarce, may not yet be fully determined, but so far as is apparent, the experiment has succeeded as we have always believed it would.

All that remains for us and kindred associations now is to guard against hostile legislation, that it may be fully and fairly tried.

We have ourselves heretofore not given much attention to the protection of birds, the Massachusetts Society for the Protection of Game having devoted their efforts to this branch of the general subject, and from their greater knowledge and greater influence we have been content to leave it to them. Early last year, however, in view of the threatened extinction of the partridge in many localities, they called in the aid of our own and all kindred associations. The League co-operated with the Massachusetts Central Committee in working to secure the two laws to prohibit the sale of woodcock and grouse, and to provide for fishways over the dams of such streams as were tenanted by trout and other edible fish. Every possible effort was made to succeed upon these two matters, and the result was the passage of Chapters 344 and 379 of the Acts of 1900. The fishway bill originated with our League, and was twice, in 1898 and 1899, defeated. We deem this law second in importance to none which we have ever attempted to secure, for it is of as much consequence to provide means whereby fishes may ascend the

streams to spawn as it is to protect the fisheries against destructive fishing.

The work of 1901 is not yet laid out, but the Executive Committee will shortly be convened, and will receive suggestions and consider purposes.

It will be seen from the report of our Treasurer that our income is ridiculously small—not equal to the current expenses of the League, nor does it enable us to pay our share of the expenses of the Central Committee. Our membership from death and resignation has decreased. Many of the young men in our vicinity ought to be induced to join us, that they may take the places of those who have done about all that we shall ever be able to do. And those of our members who still remain with us should do what they can to increase our means and add to our usefulness. We know of no charitable institution with a more benevolent object than to increase the number and value of those birds and fishes which furnish so great an amount of inexpensive food for man. We know of no work more commendable than that in which we are engaged.

When God gave to man dominion over the beasts of the field, the birds in the forest and the fishes in the sea, He coupled with it His laws for their increase, growth and preservation, which are every day violated, to satisfy the greed and avarice of man and the vanity of woman. It is our business to stop it, as far as we can, and it is not for food alone that we are called upon to do all in our power to protect and preserve the tenants of the forests and the streams.

GEO. H. PALMER, Secretary.

NEW BEDFORD, NOV. 12.

ANGLING NOTES.

Correction as to Spring Pond.

SOME weeks ago I mentioned the planting of a few landlocked salmon in Spring Pond near Bog River, in the Adirondacks, and that the result of this small plant had been the practical stocking of the pond and that the fish had grown very rapidly. This notice brought me a letter from Mr. L. O. Crane, of Boston, as to the original stocking of Spring Pond with trout and an account of a remarkable catch of trout from the stocked pond. Returning home this evening I find another letter from Mr. Crane correcting some of the details of his former letter. He says: "On my return last night from a trip I found a letter from my old guide in the Adirondacks, George Fayette, in answer to my inquiry regarding the stocking of Spring Pond, and the first catch made there. I find that I was mistaken when I stated that Mr. Walter Aiken and his guides stocked it with trout from Graves Pond. George says that the fish were put into Spring Pond by Mr. John Merriman, and when they first fished the pond they took twenty trout that weighed 76½ pounds, and eight of them weighed 5 pounds each. Mr. Aiken got one afterward that weighed 6 pounds and a few ounces, and he was in the party at the time of the first killing. George is located on Dr. Webb's preserve at what we knew as Albany Lake, and has been there for a number of years. I put in the whole season with him at Smith's Lake the year before Dr. Webb bought it. The lake is now called Lake Lila, and the railroad station right up back of the old camp they call Ne-ha-sa-ne, but I call it Smith's Lake still, and I am sorry that Jim Lamont and his good wife had to vacate, just as I regret a good many changes that have taken place there in the last few years. George wishes it understood that he has given the simple facts in regard to the trout of Spring Pond."

I do not know whether to regard it as curious or not that yesterday afternoon I was at Ne-ha-sa-ne Station, and that yesterday forenoon while at Little Clear Pond I was talking with some men about this very Spring Pond, and the growth of landlocked salmon in it, and planning to plant another pond with salmon simply because they had done so well in Spring Pond. One of the first letters that I opened this evening before I had my dinner was the one from Mr. Crane, which I have quoted, referring to the region I visited yesterday.

Trout Eggs.

A few days ago I lifted a tray of trout eggs from a trough in one of the State hatcheries in the Adirondacks, and apparently there were two distinct kinds of eggs on the tray. One kind consisted of small white eggs, and the other of large reddish-pink eggs, certainly three times as large as the white eggs, yet both were from the same species of fish. The large eggs were from a brown trout, a wild fish, taken in one of the nets while the men were netting whitefish. The small white eggs were taken from a brown trout, about the same size as the other, that was captured last year from the same pond, and it had been in the stock ponds just one year. All fish eggs are measured as they come into a hatchery, as that is the beginning of the count of fish that result from the eggs, but eggs differ greatly in size from the same species, and they have to be counted and counted again. The trays in a hatchery trough are all of the same size, 25½ by 12½ inches inside measurement, and they will hold from 7,000 to 9,000 lake trout eggs; and from 12,000 to 14,000 brook trout eggs, but they cannot be spread on a tray to insure a trustworthy count. Trout eggs have been counted by the square inch, but an actual square inch will contain many more eggs than a theoretical square inch based on the number of eggs to a lineal inch. Quarts and quarts of eggs have been actually counted, and parts of quarts have been counted, and fluid ounces are now continually counted to determine the number of eggs in a standard quart. Here are the counts made by the United States Fish Commission of the number of rainbow eggs to a quart, made at different times and places: 6,875, 6,624, 6,536, and with this for a basis one would be on the safe side to call each quart 6,500 eggs, for an allowance must always be made, and is made, if the man who measures the eggs is fair, as he should be to make sure that that he has the number of fry that he reports when the hatching is finished, but here is another count, 7,625 eggs. The last count is from eggs of domesticated fish, and the man who measures the eggs must have one count for wild eggs and another for stock eggs. This allowance can be illustrated by two reports that I saw within a few days. One foreman had sent to the foreman of another hatchery some whitefish eggs. The first man replied that he had sent 150 quarts of eggs, and

the second man reported that he had received 153 quarts. The first man said he had made a fair allowance in his measurement. Each man had reported at a central point without knowing the figures of the other, so, on the face of it, the first man had sent 5,520,000 eggs and the second man had received 5,630,400 eggs, or an increase of 110,400 eggs in transit, allowing 36,800 eggs to a quart. In counting eggs by measure much depends on the trustworthiness of the men who do the measuring, that large eggs are not counted as small ones, and that the proper standard of eggs to a quart is used. Once I found a man using a standard of 44,000 whitefish eggs to a quart, and he believed he was right, and he had no idea of deceiving the Commission that employed him, for he had arrived at his figures by measuring a lineal inch of eggs and squaring them, but eggs in a square inch do not naturally occupy a position where the nadir of an egg in one layer coincides with the zenith of the eggs below it. The safe way in figuring fish eggs is to count a part of a quart if there is doubt about the standard and then allow a good margin loss and shrinkage.

Vermont Thrift.

The State of Vermont has a law which provides that if a person takes a brook trout, rainbow trout, or Loch Leven trout or brown trout less than 6 inches in length, or a black bass less than 10 inches in length, or a landlocked salmon, or salmon trout or steelhead trout less than 12 inches in length, and does not immediately return the same, with the least possible injury, to the waters from which it was taken or caught, he shall be fined.

This is a good law, a salutary law, and a law such as every State that desires to protect and preserve its fish should enact, if it has not already enacted it, and it is short-sighted wisdom not to enforce it once it is enacted. At the last session of the Vermont Legislature the lower house voted to repeal the short trout law, and only by vigorous effort at the last moment was the repeal bill defeated in the Senate. It was touch and go to save the clause as it now stands. The same Legislature made an appropriation to build a new hatchery for the purpose of hatching the lake sturgeon, and for my part I cannot reconcile the two actions. Had the short trout bill passed the Senate and received the signature of the Governor to make it a law of the State the Legislature should at once have passed a bill to abolish its Fish Commission and close its hatchery, or it would not have been consistent. Vermont has never been widely advertised as being lavish in its expenditures for fish propagation, but such a step backward in this day of progress in fishing matters, as in other things, as to repeal the 6-inch trout law, would indicate lack of good judgment on the part of the lawmakers if they desire to preserve the trout fishing for themselves and visitors to the State. Never could I understand what any man who had arrived at years of discretion could do with little trout under 6 inches in length, or why he should desire to kill them whether there was a law on the subject or not, but that is simply a personal opinion or a matter of taste, and so does not have weight, but any man who loves to fish and hopes to live in this fair land for any length of time, and so expects to fish in the future, should consider that if it is permissible to catch baby trout under 6 inches in length that the supply will give out. For if they are not permitted to grow to a breeding size before they can be legally killed, how can the stock be kept up? Artificial hatching alone will not do it, and if it would how absurd it would be for one of the States to go into the business of farming baby trout. If the beginning and end of fishculture is to hatch trout eggs and kill the infant fish before they can possibly spawn, it certainly cannot be profitable to a man or a State. No doubt the 6-inch trout law is violated to-day, but the man who will kill them does not dare sell them, and it is a venturesome dealer who will buy them, because of the possessor clause, but make it legal to catch little trout and it naturally follows that it would be legal to possess and sell them and then it will be simply a question of time when the trout must go. Hatcheries must draw upon wild streams for eggs and stock fish to keep the blood vigorous, and if there are no wild fish of breeding age to draw upon the business comes to an end. The whole thing is to me so ridiculous that perhaps I am wasting ink in writing of the danger from a repeal of a 6-inch trout law, for I believe the better judgment of any body of lawmakers will prevent such action, but in Vermont better judgment was absent from the Lower House, and was awakened from slumber in the Senate only at the last moment.

Rainbow Trout.

Looking backward, I now think there was a time when I was prejudiced against the rainbow trout as a fish for Atlantic coast waters. At the time I did not think I was, and I tried to be fair even in my condemnation of the fish, but I planted them and they disappeared, and friends planted them and they disappeared, and it was generally supposed that they found their way to the sea, where they could and never returned. We have learned more about them since, and they do not all disappear when planted in waters that are suitable for them, and they do not always go to sea, but do go down from brooks into a lake, and they do remain in such a lake to a greater or less extent. Never did I object to the fish for any reason except its disappearing qualities, when it was planted in trout streams. At first it was a more difficult fish to handle in the hatcheries than the native brook trout, and being a spring spawning trout it required a closed season of its own, thus complicating the fish and game law, and it was thought to be a soft-fleshed fish, but time and experience has changed or modified the earlier opinion of the rainbow in many respects. This fish has been taken up, as it were, in Europe, and newspapers in Great Britain have much to say about it. This is an extract from a late issue of Land and Water, found in a letter written by Mr. Charles Walker: "Some years ago, when the controversy about the rainbow trout was somewhat violent, I pointed out that the rainbow had up to that time never done well in cold waters, but that it had generally been a success when introduced into warm waters. In the face of this it is evidently unfair to consider reports of the failure of the rainbow in cold waters as being a proof that it is not likely to succeed in any of the lakes and ponds in the British Isles. That it should escape from or gradually die out in waters in

Scotland and the north of England, which are frozen over every year for some time, only confirms the conclusion derived from previous experiments in other countries, and it is therefore most important that reports from such places should be considered in the proper light.

"Though in the south of England we find many artificial lakes and ponds which are rarely, if ever, frozen over for more than a few days at a time, and that many years often go without their being frozen over at all, still it is by no means certain that these lakes and ponds are really warm enough for the rainbow trout. * * * Of course the mountain lakes are out of the question as a rule, for they are cold and bare of food."

If this question of temperature of water has been urged against the rainbow in the English papers it made no impression upon me, and I have supposed that I had read about everything that had been said for and against the rainbow at the time of the "violent controversy" referred to. One might get the impression from Mr. Walker's letter that the rainbow would thrive only in warm water, whatever warm water may mean, for no degrees of temperature are given, but in this country the rainbow requires water of about the same temperature as the native brook trout and the brown trout, though it will live in the water of a slightly higher temperature than that fatal to *fontinalis*, but there is no hard and fast rule about this even, for other conditions than mere temperature have to be considered. In the State of New York the rainbow thrives as well in waters that are thickly covered with ice for more days in the year than in any other part of the State, as it does in waters that are not covered with ice. In the Adirondacks ice forms to a thickness of 20 inches, and the waters are covered with ice from November to May, and it is in such waters that the rainbow thrives. Last week in talking with the foreman of an Adirondack hatchery about the species of trout that did the best in the ponds and lakes near the hatchery, it was found that the native brook trout and the rainbow were the best, and the State ordered brown trout stock fish disposed of, and the operations of the hatchery confined to lake trout, native brook trout and rainbow trout as the best fish for the ice-bound waters of that region.

A. N. CHENEY.

"Public Waters."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. A. N. Cheney in his article on page 391 of your issue of Nov. 17 refers to applications for "public fish for stocking waters that are public," and adds, "for under no circumstances will State fish be furnished for stocking private waters."

As a matter of fact nearly all of the fish which are furnished by the State are placed in private waters and not in public ones. The public waters in this State are limited and consist substantially of the Hudson River, I think part of the Mohawk, the Great Lakes, the waters in the forest preserves and the raging canal.

All small lakes, ponds and nearly all the streams of this State are essentially private waters and not public in any sense of the term, and they cannot be made public by any legislative act or any declaration of the Commissioners of Fisheries. The rights of riparian owners are fixed and certain, and they are vested rights incident to the ownership of the fee.

I have suggested once or twice that the Commissioners should define what they mean by public waters, but they have never done so, and unless they have changed their course recently all that they have required in the past has been an affidavit by the applicant that the fish desired are to be placed in public waters, with the result that private streams have been stocked throughout the State, and that fish have been furnished by the State on the pretense that they were public streams and very frequently by persons who have no interest in the streams either as riparian owners or otherwise.

The result has been that many of our finest streams have been practically destroyed by stocking through acts of trespass to which the State has really been a party, and it is a grave question whether a claim for these injuries to the rights of riparian owners could not be successfully made to the Court of Claims of this State.

One of the serious results of this course has been the claim that where fish have been introduced at some point in a private stream the waters in consequence were public; and the worst elements in the neighborhood have insisted upon fishing the entire stream on the ground that the waters by reason of such acts, which are little less than crimes, had made the stream public and deprived riparian owners of their exclusive right of fishery.

I am not speaking at random on this point, but with full knowledge of more than one instance where the State has lent itself to the destruction of private waters upon the application of one or more persons whose statement as to the waters being public was known by them to be false, and which the State should have known to be so, or could easily have found out that they were false if they had taken a little trouble in the matter.

Under the United States Government many seeds are furnished to our citizens on the ground that they contribute generally to the expenses of the Government, but no claim has ever been made that they should be planted in commons for the benefit of the public at large or that by planting them in a private garden the public became entitled to enter it and gather the products. The people of this State are supposed to contribute ratably toward the general expenses, including the expenses of the Fish Commissioners, and it is worse than absurd to say that people owning lands adjoining private streams or private ponds cannot obtain any fish whatever, although they have contributed toward their production, without throwing open these waters to the public, while some person who has no interest in them can obtain all the fish that he wants to be placed in these very waters on the false pretense that they are public.

There is a lake near this city which some years ago abounded in very large pickerel, and if it had continued in that condition it would readily bring to-day not less than \$10,000. Some persons in the neighborhood obtained a lot of bass from the State, both large and small mouthed, with the result that the small-mouthed have all gone down to the river and the large-mouthed bass have destroyed nearly all the large pickerel. To-day it is a pickerel and bass pond, some of both, not much of either, and the

damage sustained by the acts to which the State was a party are at the very lowest estimate \$5,000, and this is but one instance out of many.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Nov. 20.

Florida Sharks.

I AM reminded by Mr. C. M. Stark's letter, referring to John I. Eastman, formerly of Concord, N. H., of Mr. Eastman's exploits as a fisherman last winter at Hawk's Park, Fla. He did not bob for the festive eel, but landed some sharks which were eyeopeners. On two occasions when his lines were set over night he found 6-foot sharks on the hooks, and the sharks had been bitten squarely in two by something larger. It is hardly necessary to say that bathing there lost its charms.

D. R. MARSHALL.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 10.—Paris, Mo.—Fourth annual field trials of the Missouri Field Trials Association. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

1901.

Jan. 14.—Greenville, Ala.—Fifth annual field trials of the Alabama Field Trials Club. John B. Rosenstihl, Sec'y.

Jan. 21.—Benton County, Miss.—Tenth annual field trials of the United States Field Trials Club. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 6-10.—Cincinnati, O.—Annual bench show of the Cincinnati Fox Terrier Club. J. C. Trohlinger, Sec'y.

1901.

Feb. 26-March 1.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Kennel Club's annual bench show. C. M. Munhall, Sec'y.

March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.

Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials.

Subscription Stake.

MANY of the visitors left for other parts on Saturday, consequently the attendance was much smaller. The interest in a trial is difficult to maintain if the competition carries over into the second week.

The competition as a whole was not marked by any special brilliancy of execution. The best work was done on the last day of this stake, and the winners therefore were of the competitors which ran on the last day.

Sioux, winner of first, surpassed any competitor in the stake, although her good work was seriously marred by her disobedience. Loud orders and much whistling seemed necessary in handling her, and on scattered birds she was handled with the greatest difficulty. However, she had more range and speed than any other dog in the stake, and maintained them to a uniform degree. She found well and showed a knowledge and skill in locating and pointing which were admirable.

Peg's Girl won second easily. She was going with less range and spirit than when she ran in the All-Age last week, but her work on birds in respect to accurate locating and pointing was of a high finish.

Geneva was placed third. She ranged well, and at good speed. However, in bird work she was surpassed by both Sioux and Peg's Girl.

Monday, Nov. 26, Seventh Day.

The weather was cool almost to a degree of rawness. A stiff wind blew, and the sky was overcast with broken clouds. The fields were wet and heavy as a consequence of the all-day downpour of rain on the preceding day. Nevertheless, the birds were moving in search of food, and they were found in sufficient numbers for the purposes of the competition. The spectators had dwindled down to a relatively small number.

Lady Rachel and Geneva were started at 8:14. The half hour of running on Saturday was cut out of competitive consideration, and the heat began anew. It therefore was two hours in duration. Lady was disobedient and exceedingly difficult to keep in bounds, at times working out of control. Geneva was not taking in so wide a scope in her ranges as on Saturday, though she was working well, and was under control. Geneva found and pointed five bevs, was steady on point and back, and worked to the gun. Lady made four points on singles, backed well at such times as she could be called in, broke shot once when a bird was killed to her point, and was lost part of the time. Geneva slowed up, and contracted her range about the middle of the heat, and Lady was going much slower and narrower at the finish. The heat had no notably remarkable features.

Sioux and Peg's Girl were cast off at 10:27. This heat was easily the best of the stake. While Sioux was difficult to handle, she outranged and outworked all her competitors. She did not break away on any self hunting trips, and showed finding and pointing abilities of a high order. Peg pointed two bevs and had a share in a third on which both pointed. Roading on to locate, Sioux flushed, and stopped to wing, or pointed just as the bevy flushed. Peg made six points on singles, and was pleasingly sharp and accurate in all her bird work. While her range was good, it was not up to that displayed in the All-Age Stake. Sioux found and pointed four bevs, and made four good points on single birds. She maintained her speed and range to the finish, and won out with something to spare.

The competition was suspended till after lunch, which was served at Yount's.

Final.

Peg's Girl and Geneva were cast off at 2:24 and ran 24 minutes. Soon Peg pointed, and moving on to locate, Geneva joined in the roading, and both pointed the bevy in the open. On the scattered birds in woods Peg made four points and a flush, and Geneva made a flush. Geneva made two points on singles. Peg in open weeds flushed some outlying birds, then held her point on some which remained and flushed wild. The dogs were then ordered up.

The judges soon thereafter announced the winners, as follows: First, Sioux; second, Peg's Girl; third, Geneva.

Continental Field Trial Club's Trials.

AFTER the trials of the preceding two weeks were concluded, the prospects of a good entry in the Members' Stake of the Continental Field Trial Club were not promising. The weather during the running of the preceding trial had been mostly unpleasant, the competition of it dragged wearisomely a large part of the time, and a majority of the sportsmen present left before and after the trials were concluded.

However, the Members' Stake of the Continental Club was a gratifying success. The number of starters was eight. The competition was of an exceedingly high degree of sound merit, considering it as a whole.

The stake was at first fixed to be run on Friday, but for the convenience of the members it was postponed to the following day, Dec. 1.

The distinguished field trial handler and field trial judge, Mr. Frank Richards, accepted an invitation to judge the stake. He managed the competition skillfully.

The weather was ideal for good competition. The night had been keenly frosty. The air in the morning was sharp. The shadows of trees and fences were white, while in the open, under the warmth of a bright sun, the vegetation glistened with the wet of the melted frost. The birds sought the open, where there was warmth and comfort, so that there were birds found in abundance for the purposes of the competition.

The dogs were handled by their owners. They were drawn to run in the order as follows:

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b., w. and t. setter dog Jean de Reszke (Gleam's Pink—Dell V.) with C. W. Keyes' liv. and w. pointer dog Hillcrest Brant (Von Gull—Baby Ruth).

Edm. H. Osthaus' liv. and w. pointer bitch Ripsey (Rip Rap—Dolly D.) with Eldred Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch Vivian (Gath's Mark—Gossip).

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch Lenabelle (Sam—Minnie B.) with J. W. Baker's lem. belton dog Rod Noble (Rodfield—Daughter Noble), withdrawn.

Edm. H. Osthaus' liv. and w. pointer dog Paladin (Ripsaw—Cricket) with H. Ames' o. b. setter bitch Belle of Hard Bargain (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft).

A start was made near the railroad, about three miles from town. The weather conditions were perfect. The competition was well managed.

First Round.

Jean de Reszke and Hillcrest Brant opened the competition at 9:10. They soon disappeared over the top of a hill and were both found on a point on a bevy. On the scattered birds, Jean pointed a single. Sent on, he next found and pointed a bevy, and Brant backed him in a wiggly manner. Both were steady to shot. Up at 9:54 Jean was the most independent ranger. Brant trailed him a good part of the time. They went at good speed, and beat out a fairly wide scope of ground.

Ripsey and Vivian were started at 9:57. Ripsey had been hunted a good deal during the week, and ran sore and a bit stale. Her owner had no intention to run her in this stake till the evening before the race, so that she had no preliminary conditioning with a view to competition. However, she ranged middling well, and went better as the heat advanced and as she got warmed up to her work. The judge rode up a bevy, and on the marked birds in woods Ripsey flushed a single. Vivian made a point, probably on foot scent, as a single bird was flushed some yards away after she had moved on. Sent on, in an open field Vivian pointed a bevy and then flushed it. Ripsey backed staunchly. Ripsey pointed a single accurately in the open field. Sent on, she again pointed and was backed by Vivian; as she moved on to locate with her handler, the birds flushed. In an open field Ripsey pointed where some crows had been, and was backed. Ripsey pointed a bevy in open weeds and was backed by Vivian. On a side hill in weeds, Vivian pointed a single bird; she moved forward and it flushed. Up at 10:46 Ripsey was wise in her seeking, and showed a great deal of bird sense. Vivian also was wise, but she marred her work by pointing inaccurately. Their range was middling.

Lenabelle and Vivian were cast off at 10:56. Rod Noble was the dog drawn to run against the former, but his owner delayed till the last moment in the matter of engaging a wagon, and as there was none there which suited him, Rod was left in town. Vivian was run merely as a brace mate with no reference to the competition. Vivian found and pointed two bevies. Lenabelle was lost quite a long while. Near the end of the heat she found and pointed a bevy. Up at 11:58 Lenabelle was erratic in her ranging, and her competition was ordinary. She had good speed, but her range was not conducted with judgment.

Belle of Hard Bargain and Paladin started at 12:12. The sun was shining clear and warm. Belle immediately began to cast wide, and took her range with good judgment. She made a long cast up a valley through some stubble, going up on one side and returning on the other. Not far away from the party she found and pointed a bevy. The dogs were brought together. There was no success with the scattered birds. Paladin nicely pointed a bevy in the open field and Belle backed him well. In the woods on the scattered birds Paladin pointed a single bird well and flushed one. Up at 12:52 Belle had much the advantage in speed and range. Paladin was going better toward the middle and close of the heat.

Second Round.

A rest of nearly two hours was taken at lunch. Four dogs were retained in the running, with Paladin held in reserve. They competed as follows:

Jean de Reszke and Ripsey at 2:47 started in an open field. Ripsey going along the foot of a weed field was lost to view. Going along the top of it some moments afterward, Jean pointed. A large bevy flushed wild. Ripsey, too, standing at the foot of the hill, was pointing it. Jean made a good point on a single in the open, and Ripsey backed staunchly. On the scattered birds in the woods Ripsey made five points on singles and Jean made two. Leaving the end of the woods, Ripsey, close by a fence, pointed; on the opposite side of the fence Jean, coming in down wind, flushed the bevy which she was pointing. The birds were not followed. In a cornfield Ripsey next found and pointed a bevy, and Jean backed. The birds were followed into a pine woods. Both pointed a single. Jean next pointed and was backed, but nothing was

found; foot scent, probably. Each next made a good point on single birds in pine woods. The heat was full of good working action on birds. Ripsey was ranging and going better than in her first heat. She distinctly outworked her competitor on birds, though Jean, too, showed ability in bird work. Ripsey distinguished herself by her precision and reliability in point work and her excellent bird sense. Up at 3:21.

Belle of Hard Bargain and Lenabelle were cast off at 3:30. A bevy was seen to cross ahead out of some pines and Belle came galloping out in the wake of it. No one could tell whether it was an error or a coincidence. Belle next pointed a bevy in the open and Lenabelle backed. Sent on. Belle pointed and Lenabelle, going up to her, refused to back, and stole the point. Nothing was found. Belle next roared under difficult conditions to a point on a bevy in brush in a run, and Lenabelle crowded in ahead and flushed the bevy. Sent on. In the open Belle pointed a bevy. Lenabelle was not near at the time. Belle was steady to wing. Much of the ground was rough and irregular so that good ranging was a matter of impossibility. The heat ended at 4:09.

The judge announced then that the competition was ended, and that the winners were: First, Belle of Hard Bargain; second, Lenabelle; third, Ripsey.

The owners of the winners were the recipients of hearty congratulations.

Jean ran a much better race than Lenabelle, and second and third was thought by many to lie between him and Ripsey, with Ripsey for choice.

The conditions of the stake were \$10 entrance, sweepstake, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to first, second and third respectively. The winner of first also received a beautiful silver loving cup and a portrait of the winner donated by the eminent artist, Mr. Edmund H. Osthaus.

B. WATERS.

United States Field Trial Club.

TRENTON, Tenn., Nov. 27.—The following gentlemen will act as judges in the January trials of the United States Field Trial Club, to be held at Grand Junction, Tenn.: Pointer Derby, P. Lorillard, Jr., Theo. Sturges and Arthur Merryman. Setter Derby and All-Age Stake, Theo. Sturges, Arthur Merryman and C. E. Buckle.

W. B. STAFFORD, Secretary.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

THE loving cup to be presented to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan by the N. Y. Y. C. will be ready shortly for presentation, which will be made, it has been decided, as soon as the new home of the club is ready for occupancy. It is thought eminently fitting that the first function to be held in the new house should be one of compliment to Mr. Morgan, since he is the donor of the ground that the house stands upon.

THERE will always be a desire to have the races for the America Cup sailed at Newport, but the reason urged, namely, that there will be fewer boats following the competing yachts, should always be sufficient to defeat itself, because it means that there will be fewer people to see the sport. The more spectators the better. It will be better to endure the discomforts of the Sandy Hook course for the sake of the enormous public interest that can be gratified there; and as for keeping the course clear, that was done in the Shamrock year beyond the power of any yachtsman to criticize. Sir Thomas Lipton has put himself squarely on record as in favor of the Sandy Hook course over all others for the next international yacht race.

The Newport Y. R. A.

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Newport Yacht Racing Association has determined to give two series of races of three each in the summer of 1901. The first series will take place on July 18, 20 and 22, and the second series in the week immediately succeeding the New York Y. C. cruise. H. B. Duryea, W. Cane, R. N. Ellis, committee.

Mr. J. Lawson-Johnston died on board his yacht White Ladye at Cannes, France, on Nov. 24. In November, 1897, he bought from the Prince of Wales the racing yacht Britannia, which was afterward sold to Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley, who in turn sold it to Mr. Jameson. The vessel afterward sailed under the colors of the Prince of Wales. Mr. Lawson-Johnston later bought the yacht White Ladye, which was formerly owned by Mrs. Langtry. He recently rented Inverary Castle, the Scottish seat of the Duke of Argyll. He also made liberal provision for the widows and children of soldiers who fought in the Boer war.



The Nominating Committee of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. has named the following officers for election at the annual meeting: Com., Hazen L. Hoyt, steamer Belle Hazen; Vice-Com., M. Roosevelt Schuyler, cutter Jessica; Rear-Com., Stephen W. Roach, steamer Emeline; Sec'y, Edward M. MacLellan; Treas., W. Forbes Morgan, Jr.; Meas., Charles D. Mower; Trustees, for three years, George B. Wilson, James Francis; for two years, Augustin Monroe, Julian Rix; for one year, Horatio R. Harper, W. W. Phillips.



Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has an order for a fleet of one-design catboats to be used at South Yarmouth, Mass. The boats will be about 15ft. on the waterline, 20ft. over all, and are designed for comfortable afternoon sailing as well as for racing.

Isolde.

ISOLDE was designed by Mr. William Fife, Jr., for Mr. Peter Donaldson, and was built at the Fife yard at Fairlie, Scotland, in 1895. Although designed solely for racing, her accommodations below decks are excellent, and her comparatively small and compact rig make her an almost ideal cruiser. As a racing boat her performances have been most consistent from the start; she was very successful in the old 40-rating class for which she was originally designed, and her enviable record has continued down to the close of last season's racing in the 65ft. class. The first season she raced she started fifty-two times and won thirty-one first prizes and six others, the value of the prizes amounting to £1,162. Isolde was bought early this year by Com. Fred M. Hoyt, of the Stamford Y. C., and was sailed across by Capt. Alexander Hogarth. She made the passage from the Clyde to Halifax, N. S., in thirty-two days, arriving there on July 2. Mr. Hoyt met her at Halifax, and on July 4 left there for Greenport, where she arrived on July 12.

Fife boats are known the world over for their great beauty, and in this feature Isolde maintains her designer's reputation. Her low freeboard (2ft. 8in., the same as the 40ft. cutter Minerva, one of Fife's earlier productions) tends to give her a very shippy appearance. Isolde is of composite construction, and her angle frames are strongly strapped and braced. The planking is of elm, pitch pine and teak 2in. thick, and the deck is of yellow pine 1 3/4 in. thick. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	Over all	84ft. 6in.
	L.W.L.	60ft.
Overhang—	Bow	11ft.
	Stern	13ft. 6in.
Beam—	Extreme	17ft.
	L.W.L.	15ft.
Freeboard—	Bow	4ft. 10in.
	Least	2ft. 8in.
	Stern	3ft. 6in.
Draft		11ft. 9in.
Sail area, Y. R. A. rule.....		4,000 sq. ft.

The result of her racing in American waters during the past season is as follows:

Aug. 8, N. Y. Y. C. Cruise—Run from New Haven to New London, Astrild won, Hester second and Isolde third.

Aug. 9, N. Y. Y. C. Cruise—Run from New London to Newport, Hester won, Isolde second and Astrild third.

Aug. 10, N. Y. Y. C. Cruise—Run from Newport to Vineyard Haven, Isolde won, Hester second and Astrild third.

Aug. 11, N. Y. Y. C. Cruise—Run from Vineyard Haven to Newport, Isolde won, Hester second and Astrild third.

Aug. 13, Race for Redmond Cup—Isolde won, Astrild second and Hester third. Race for the Astor cup, Isolde finished fifth.

Sept. 1, Larchmont Y. C.—Isolde won and Astrild second.

Sept. 3, Larchmont Y. C.—Isolde won and Astrild second.

Sept. 8, Larchmont Y. C.—Astrild won and Isolde second.

Sept. 15, Atlantic Y. C.—Isolde won and Astrild second.

The plans of Isolde that appear in this issue were taken from Dixon Kemp's Yacht Architecture.

The Yachtsmen's Club.

MR. C. T. PIECRE, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Yachtsmen's Club, has issued a circular which has been sent to all the club members, that a series of lectures on subjects of interest to all yachtsmen will be given at the club rooms, 47 West Forty-third street, every Wednesday evening at 8:30 during the winter. It will be seen from the following programme that the ablest men in the country have been secured to speak on scientific yachting topics, and there is every reason to believe that the lectures will be a great success. The idea is an admirable one, and the club should receive the hearty support of yachtsmen in its efforts to raise the standard of yachting.

47 West Forty-third Street, New York, Nov. 30.—Dear Sir: Arrangements are now about completed for a series of informal lectures or talks on subjects of interest to yachtsmen, to be given at the club rooms every Wednesday evening during the winter.

The series will commence on Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8:30 P. M., when Mr. Gilbert H. Wilson will talk on "Sails, Their Construction, Care and Handling." On Wednesday, Dec. 12, Mr. John L. Bliss will talk on "The Compass and Its Adjustment."

The complete programme shortly to be announced will include talks on yacht designing, construction, etc., by Messrs. B. B. Crowninshield, John Hyslop and Clinton H. Crane, and on rigging and knots by Mr. John F. Byno, also a class in navigation under the tuition of Capt. Howard Patterson.

A mess dinner will be served every Wednesday evening to members who notify the House Committee a day in advance. The price will be one dollar per cover. Dinner will be served à la carte without notice.

The following gentlemen are proposed for membership: Vice-Com. R. P. Doremus, Atlantic Y. C.; Mr. E. B. Havens, Atlantic Y. C.; Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, Eastern Y. C.; Mr. W. Roosevelt-Schuyler, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Mr. J. G. Fraser, Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

C. T. PIERCE, Sec'y.

The Morse Iron Works and Dry Dock Company has added to its plant and yacht basin at the foot of Fifty-sixth, Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth streets, South Brooklyn, by the purchase of the Mumm property on the north, better known as the McGowan yacht basin, and has already commenced extensive improvements.



The sloop yacht Schemer, Mr. Robert Henke, is being given a new bow and overhanging stern at Attlewood's yard, foot of Twenty-fourth street, South Brooklyn.

Dec. 8, 1900.]



ISOLDE-CUTTER.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

The Ballasting of the 70-Footers.

THE following letter from the Newport Y. R. A. will be read with interest, as it brings to light for the first time the special rules adopted by the owners of the four 70-footers:

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Esq.—Dear Sir: We have received your communication in reference to the races sailed under our auspices at Newport during the past summer. These races, as advertised, were sailed under "the special rules adopted by the class." The rules relating to ballast are:

"Should it be found that any yacht exceeds 70ft., any or all of the other yachts may, at the option of their respective owners, add movable ballast for the purpose of making it or them equal in length to the longest yacht. Ballast, however, shall not be added for any other purpose.

"Nothing in this or the preceding clauses shall be construed as a prohibition against the addition of any articles or equipment other than ballast or copper. Nothing, however, shall be stowed in hold of yacht between keelson and floor frames, except sails, and one additional ton of lead, which has been provided by builder, must be carried during season of 1900."

Under the rules, therefore, the committee regret that they have no choice other than to disqualify Rainbow in the series of races sailed at Newport. Respectfully yours,

RALPH N. ELLIS,
WOODBURY KANE,
A. CASS CANFIELD.

New York, Nov. 27, 1900.

A Stormy Trip Around the Cape.

THE auxiliary yawl Kathleen, formerly Prudence, recently bought by Mr. Jas. H. Hutchens, of this city, arrived at Travers Island on Nov. 27, after a stormy trip around Cape Cod from Boston. The yacht experienced some very heavy storms off the Cape and through Vineyard Sound, and her safe arrival at this time of year, considering her length over all is but 35ft., demonstrates what a properly built small boat is capable of when in the hands of seamen. Capt. Fred Sterling and a hand comprised the crew. Kathleen was designed by L. J. Neilson in 1898, and is 22ft. on the waterline, 9ft. 8in. beam and draws 3ft. 8in.

The New International Signal Code.

THE international code of signals at sea, after being in use for thirty-two years, is to be altered by the addition of eight flags. Hitherto the code has consisted of eighteen flags, with which 77,000 words could be made. With the enlarged code 375,000 signals will be possible, and one advantage of the new system will be that no one flag will be used more than once in the same "hoist." In future a yellow and black flag borne quarterly will signify that the vessel has cholera on board and is to be avoided. A single pennant representing the letter "S" will be the signal of distress. The new code will be introduced on Jan. 1, 1901, and will become compulsory twelve months later.

Canada Cup Matters.

THE men who will represent the Royal Canadian Y. C. in making the arrangements with the Chicago Y. C. for the international race series, to be held next summer for the Canada cup, were elected in Toronto on Nov. 26 from the members of the Royal Canadian Y. C., which issues the challenge. The names are C. A. B. Brown, H. C. McLeod, A. E. Jarvis, F. M. Grey and George Gooderham.

These men will meet the committee appointed by the Chicago Y. C. next week, and the size of the yacht that will be built for the trial races on both sides will be settled upon.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Tams, Lemoine & Crane, already has a large amount of new work on hand. Among the orders already placed are a steam yacht for a New York yachtsman, whose name is withheld for the present. She will be 115ft. on the waterline, 20ft. beam and will draw 8ft. 6in.; a speed of fourteen knots is guaranteed. An auxiliary cruising schooner for Mr. Henry T. Sloane; this boat will be built at Geo. Lawley & Sons Corp., South Boston; she is 85ft. on the waterline, 22ft. 6in. beam and will draw 13ft. 6in.; her engine will drive her at a speed of seven knots an hour. A cruising sloop for Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, which is now building at Woods' yard, City Island; she is 44ft. on the waterline, 15ft. beam and draws 5ft. 6in. Three boats of one design have been ordered by Messrs. A. Rogers, D. O. Mills and H. T. Hoyt, an 18ft. sailboat for Mr. R. M. Jones, an 18ft. racing boat for Mr. G. M. Pynchon, an 18ft. catboat and a 20ft. sloop for Mr. R. W. Stuart, also two raceabouts.

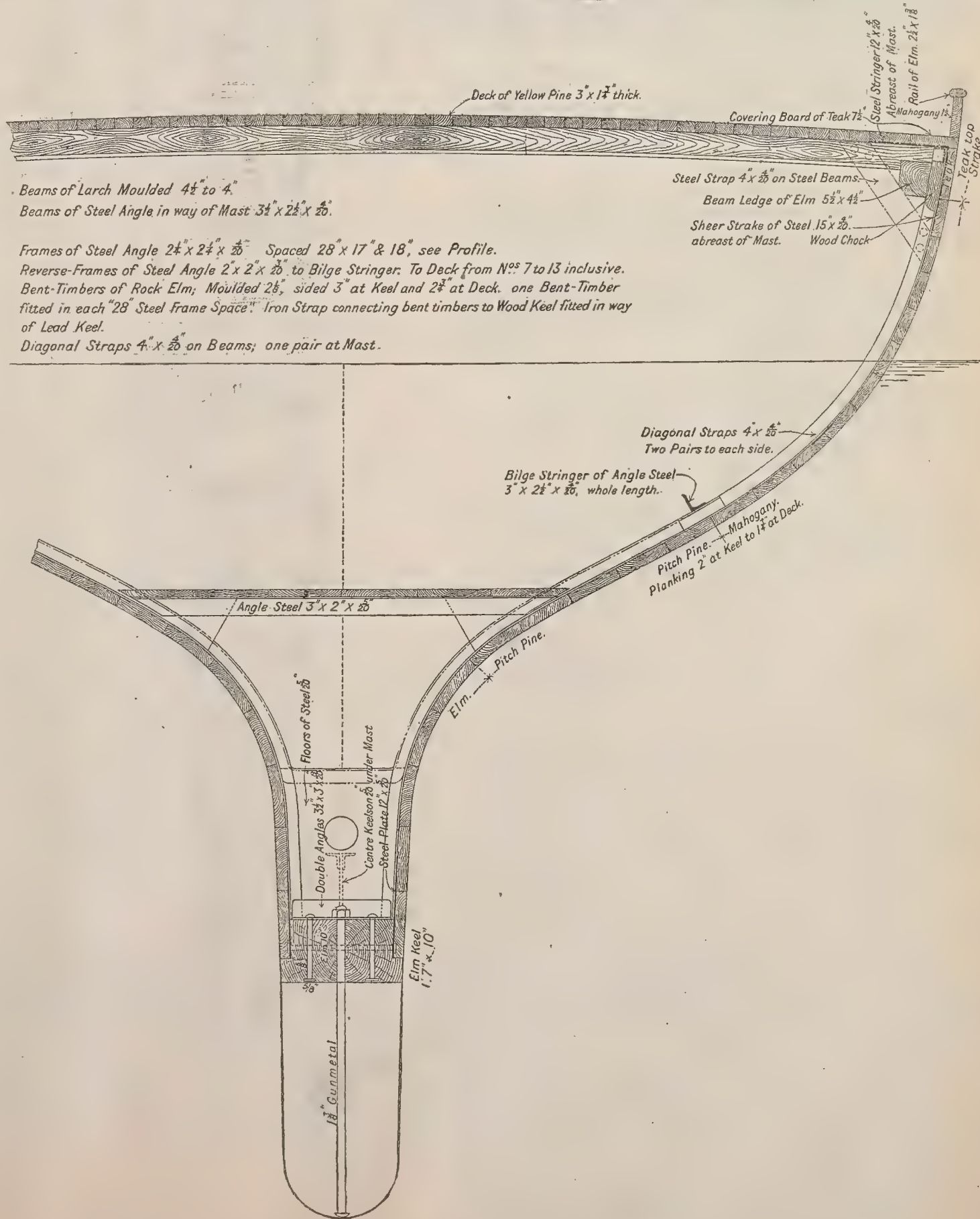
The Yachting World of Nov. 22 says: "Mr. Linton Hope, the well-known designer, has opened an office at 213 Piccadilly, W., where, under the style of Linton Hope & Co., a yacht agency business will be conducted.

Mr. Fred Lawley, of the George Lawley & Sons Corp., is designing an 18ft. knockabout for Mr. Alfred Douglass, of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. She will be 31ft. over all, 6ft. 4in. beam and 5ft. draft. He also has an order for a 46-footer for an Eastern yachtsman.

Messrs. Gardner and Cox have arranged for the transfer to this country of the Fife designed cutter Senta, which was built at the Fife yard at Farlie in 1898. It is stated that Mr. A. N. Hinkle, of Cincinnati, has bought her.

Extensive improvements will be made this winter upon the steam yacht Carmen, owned by Mr. C. A. Starbuck, of this city. The cabin plan will be entirely remodeled, so as to include three additional staterooms, and the forward deck house will be enlarged to increase the dining room to double its present size. The improvements upon the yacht will be made at her berth in McIntosh's Basin, South Brooklyn, and she will be placed in commission early in February for a Southern cruise.

Kiley's marine agency has sold the 87ft. schooner Achilles to Edward P. Frost, of Providence, who will convert her into a house boat with auxiliary power; the 44ft. naphtha launch Gwendolyn to Frank D. Somes, of New London, for shipment to Florida; the 33ft. knock-



ISOLDE-CUTTER.

about Fairplay to James D. Carmen, of Brooklyn; the 63ft. schooner Durango to Geo. P. Loring, of Boston, for cruising in Maine waters; the 26ft. catboat Wasp to Bangor parties.

The steam yacht Wadena is fitting out at Tebo's basin and is expected to sail about the middle of January for Southern waters and Bermuda.

Mr. George Lord Day has given up for the present his contemplated trip to Cape Town, South Africa, in his schooner yacht Endymion, and the yacht has been laid up.

The following yachts are in their winter quarters at New London: Steam yacht Waconta (formerly Eleanor), J. J. Hill, owner; steam yacht Kanawha, John P. Duncan, owner; steam yacht Narada, Henry Walters, owner; schooner yacht Quissetta, Lippett Bros., owners; steam yacht Tillie, Fred Osgood, owner; steam yacht Narwhal, Charles Osgood, owner, and steam yacht Fedalena, Col. A. C. Tyler, owner.

Capt. Geo. W. Bloomer, of the yacht Flossie, was washed overboard in a gale in Chatham Bay on Nov. 22. He held on to a rope and after being in the water three hours was rescued just as he was about losing consciousness.

Mr. H. C. Winteringham has placed a contract with the Pusey & Jones Company for an auxiliary steel cruising schooner for Mr. Charles J. Canfield, of New York. She will be 125ft. 10in. over all, 17ft. 8in. beam and 10ft. 4in. deep.

The steam yacht Neckan, owned by Hartley C. Baxter, was partially destroyed by fire while in her winter quarters at New Meadows River, Me. The loss was covered by insurance.

The steam yacht Sapphire has been purchased by Mr. Al Hayman, of New York, from Mr. Harrison Drummond, of St. Louis.

The steam yacht Sagamore has been sold by Mr. John Hanan through Manning's yacht agency to Mr. Edward Clinton Lee, of Philadelphia. It is Mr. Lee's intention to proceed south for the winter as soon as Sagamore can be put in commission.

Of the repairs to the Shamrock now going on at Scott's yard, Greenock, as before announced, the Yachting World of Nov. 15 says: "Over the manganese bronze of which the underbody is constructed there are a couple of strakes of aluminum plating. The lower of these strakes cuts the waterline for a length of about 20 or 30ft. amidships. The action of the salt water had played havoc with this metal where it was immersed, and the whole strake has accordingly been stripped off from stem to stern and new plates riveted on. The new plates, strangely enough, are of ordinary mild steel 5-16in. in thickness, and strips of canvas smeared with white lead are being introduced between the steel and bronze to lessen the chances of corrosion."

"The schooner yacht Elmina, Mr. H. Exshaw," says the Field, Nov. 17, "has left Cowes for France, and thence she will sail for the West Indies and New York."

The London Yachting World, in its last issue, records a rumor that John R. Drexel's steam yacht Sultana, which is now being overhauled and refitted at Havre, is to be sold to an English yachtsman.

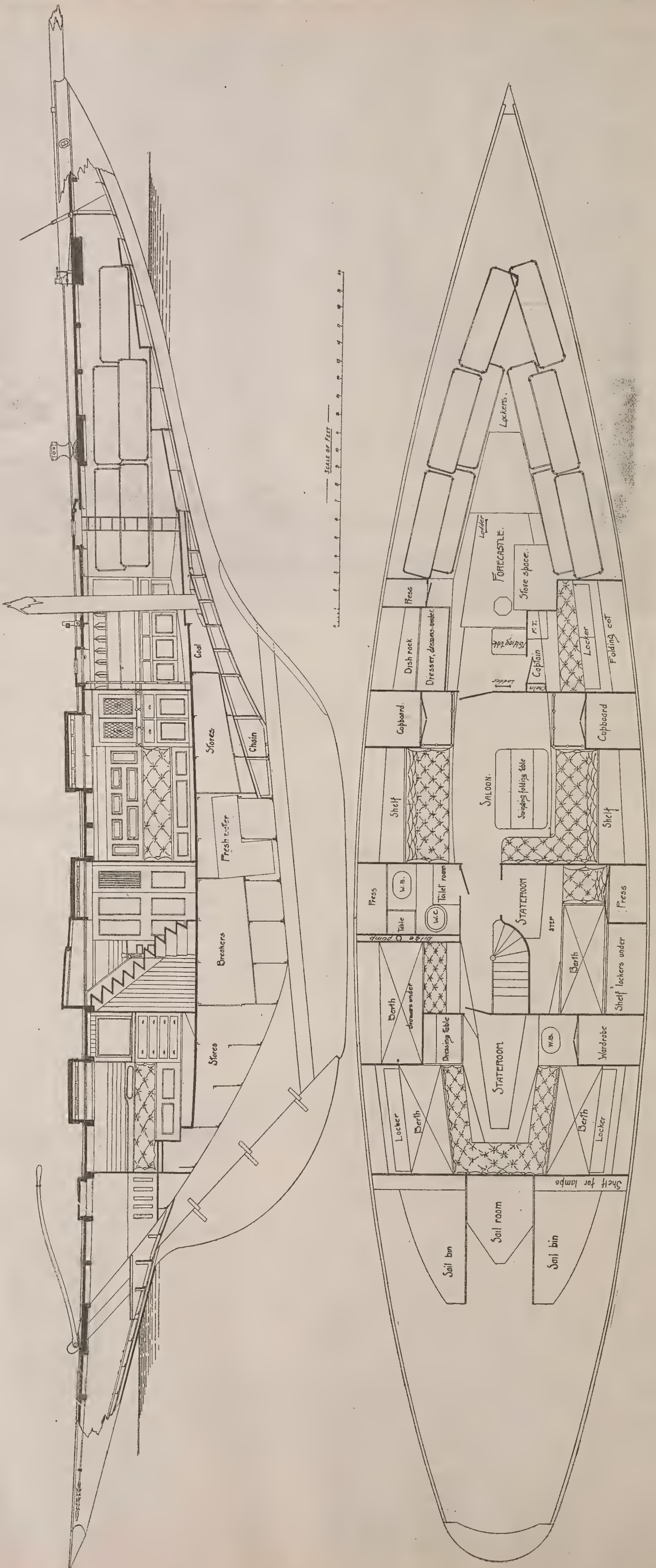
The officers for the year 1901 of the Royal Ulster Y. C. are as follows: Com., the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, K. P.; Vice-Com., Col. Sharman Crawford, D. L.; Rear-Com., Sir Thomas Lipton; Hon. Treas., C. Herbert Brown, J. P.; Hon. Sec'y, Hugh C. Kelly.

The yacht Scionda has been sold by Mr. Alfred W. Booth, of the Atlantic Y. C., through Mr. F. Bowne Jones to Mr. Robert Thompson, of St. John, N. B. Scionda is to be the flagship of the Royal Kennebecasis Y. C.

Mr. C. D. Mower has a number of orders for new boats, and is already very busy with the designs he has on hand. Among his orders are a 60ft. cruising launch for Mr. W. S. Douglass, of New Orleans; a 30ft. waterline centerboard cruising boat for Mr. Louis Sayer, of Canandaigua, N. Y.; a class of one-design single-handers to be built by Emmons, of Swanscott, and a 30ft. keel cruiser for a Western yachtsman who spends his summers on Long Island Sound. These boats are all cruisers of a wholesome type with good accommodations. In the racing classes Mr. Mower has designed an extreme boat of the skimming dish type for Mr. John Williams, who will build and race the boat in Australia. She is 18ft. on the waterline, 37ft. 3in. over all, 9ft. beam and carries 737 sq. ft. of sail. The draft of hull is 7in., and she is to be sailed with no ballast other than her crew. In English waters he will be represented by a 15ft. waterline knockabout designed for Mr. E. S. Jackson, who will use the boat in the Bristol Channel. A design for a 16ft. waterline jib and mainsail boat for afternoon sailing and general work has been sent to Mr. Thomas Westlake, of Lyttleton, New Zealand. Plans are also being prepared for a one-design class for one of the smaller clubs near New York.

Mr. W. N. Bavier has sold his cruising yawl Possum through the Huntington & Seaman agency to Mr. David Gregg, Jr., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

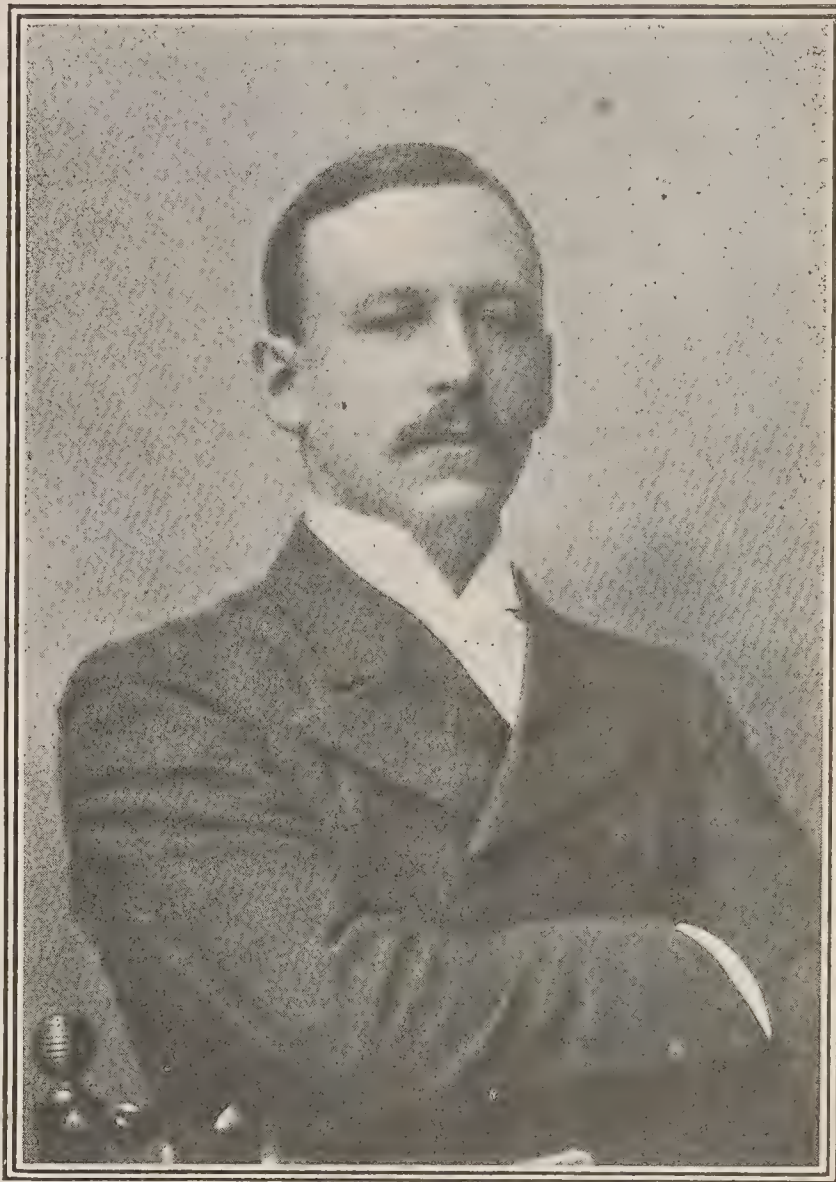
The schooner yacht Nokomis, Mr. E. T. Hatch, is being fitted with auxiliary power and a house will be placed on the after deck. She is lying at the foot of Twenty-ninth street, South Brooklyn.



ISOLDE, CUTTER, DESIGNED BY WM. FIFE, JR., 1895.

William Butler Duncan, Jr.

THROUGH the courtesy of the Home Journal we reproduce the picture of William Butlet Duncan, Jr., who is to manage the new defender of the America Cup. Mr. Duncan is a graduate of the Naval Academy, and during his course there was noted for his ability as a seaman. On the sloop of war Vandalia he was signal officer, and was especially complimented for his excellent work by her commander, Capt. Wallace. When he resigned from the navy he interested himself in the Gorringer shipbuilding enterprise, and acquired much practical knowledge in the art of ship construction. He was also master and pilot of one of the vessels used by the company. When he retired from this enterprise he became an active boat



WILLIAM BUTLER DUNCAN, JR.

sailer. His first yacht was the cutter Yolande, then he purchased the 65ft. cutter Huron, which had a successful record during his ownership. He sailed Defender in the trial races against Columbia, where she made a fine showing, and he was one of the amateurs of the crews of Vigilant, Defender and Columbia. Mr. Duncan organized and trained the first Deer Island crew who were noted for their snappy work. For several years he was in command of the First Battalion, Naval Militia, and he was senior watch officer of the famous Yankee, a ten-gun, 6000-ton ship during the war with Spain. To sum up, there is not a man in the country who has had a better all-round training as a seaman and yachtsman than Mr. Duncan. His selection as manager of the new boat has deservedly met with the greatest satisfaction.

Trapshooting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

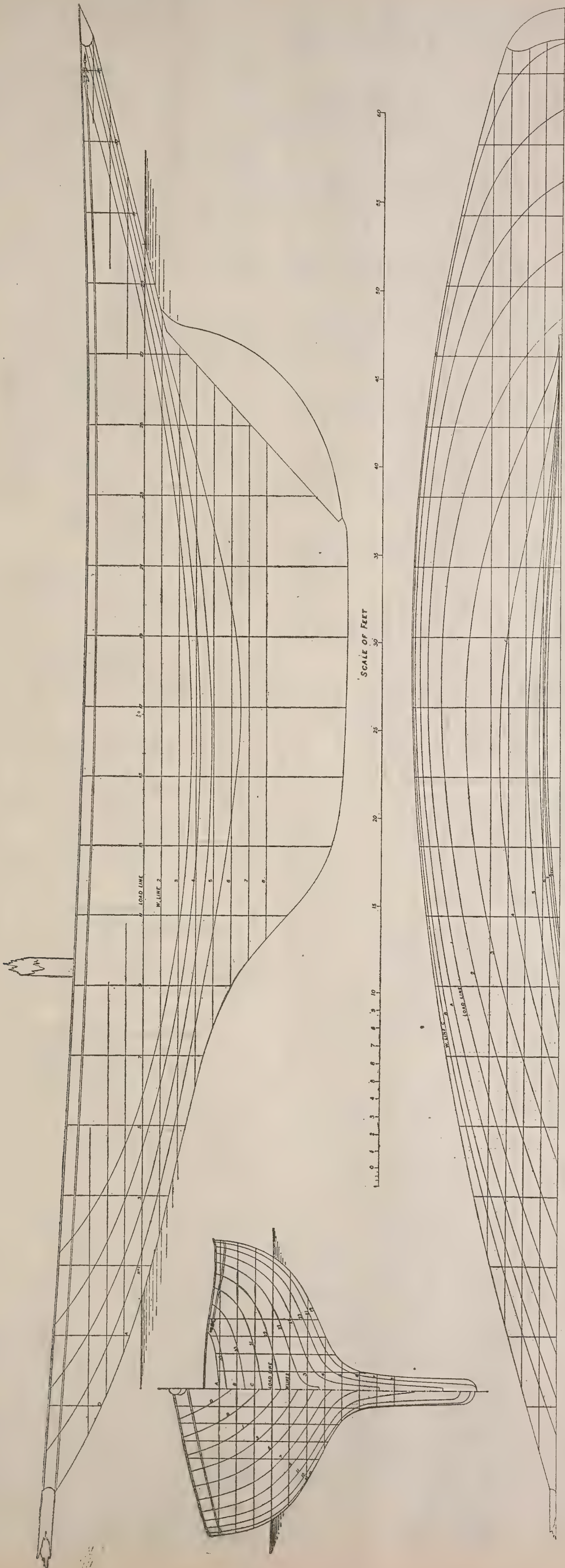
If you want your shoot to be announced here send n notice like the following:

Fixtures.

- Dec. 5-7.—Gait, Ont.—First annual shoot of the Newlands' Shooting Association; targets and live birds; added money. Andrew Newlands, Sec'y.
- Dec. 8.—Wellington, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. Open to all amateurs in New England. H. M. Federhen, Jr., Pres.
- Dec. 8.—Newark, N. J.—Six-men team shoot between South Elizabeth Gun Club and Forester Gun Club; also open merchandise handicap. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y.
- Dec. 11-13.—Brantford, Ont., Can.—Annual tournament of the Pastime Gun Club. Live birds and targets; open to the world. C. J. Mitchell, Sec'y.
- Dec. 11-14.—Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Annual live-bird tournament. John Watson, Mgr.
- Dec. 12.—Mount Kisco, N. Y.—Tournament of the Mount Kisco Gun Club; targets. R. W. Gorham, Sec'y.
- Dec. 13.—Newark, N. J.—Match for E C cup and individual championship of New Jersey between G. H. Piercy, holder, and C. W. Feigenspan, challenger, on grounds of East Side Gun Club.
- Dec. 16.—Jersey City, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Hudson Gun Club; targets; also two-men team shoot; open. A. A. Schoverling, Ass't Sec'y.
- Dec. 25.—Newark, N. J.—Open live-bird shoot of the Forester Gun Club. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y, 21 Waverly avenue.
- Dec. 27.—Kansas City, Mo.—Match for the east iron medal between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and W. R. Crosby, challenger.
- Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.
- Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's trophy shoots, second and fourth Saturdays of each month; live-bird shoots every Saturday. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue.

1901.

Jan. 1.—Sing Sing, N. Y.—Tournament of the Ossining Gun Club; targets. Wm. P. Hall, Sec'y.



ISOLDE, CUTTER, DESIGNED BY WM. FIFE, JR., 1895.

Tom Norton, of Kansas City, was drawn against George Loomis of Omaha, and the latter won by a score of 46 to 42, which gave Omaha the lead by 2 birds. Norton is a clever shot, and it is only

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club's Holiday Shoot.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 29.—The Crescent Athletic Club's holiday shoot was well attended. In the main event, the Thanksgiving Day cup shoot, Messrs. Edward Banks, scratch; H. M. Brigham, 5, and W. W. Marshall, 11, tied for first with 45 breaks, and in the shoot-off Mr. Banks won the cup with a score of 47, thus breaking 32 targets out of 100—45 out of 50 at expert rules, and 47 out of 50 thrown from the magautrap. The Hagedorn trophy was won by Mr. C. G. Rasmus, who, after tying Mr. C. Kenyon, Jr., won out in the shoot-off by a score of 29 to 27. There were also several sweepstakes and prize events, in which Mr. Banks further distinguished himself by his excellent shooting from scratch. Scores: Thanksgiving Day cup:

	—Expert—		—Magautrap—		Grand Total.
	Hdcp.	Total.	Hdcp.	Total.	
E. Banks	0	22	0	23	45
H. M. Brigham	3	22	2	23	45
W. W. Marshall	6	22	5	23	45
G. Stephenson, Sr.	10	20	10	24	44
G. W. Hagedorn	3	20	2	22	42
H. B. Vanderveer	5	21	5	21	41
C. Kenyon, Jr.	6	19	5	20	40
F. B. Stephenson	3	17	2	23	40
Dr. J. J. Keyes	9	15	7	21	36
A. M. Boucher	4	18	3	18	35
E. L. Rhett	6	14	5	18	32
A. B. Rhett	4	16	3	16	32
C. H. Hopkins	7	16	6	15	31
Dr. H. L. O'Brien	4	8	3	13	21
Ties:					
E. Banks	0	23	0	24	47
H. M. Brigham	3	23	2	24	44
W. W. Marshall	6	18	5	21	39

Hagedorn trophy, 50 targets—15 expert, 15 magautrap, 10 pairs—handicap: Kenyon, Jr., expert, handicap 4, total 16; magautrap, handicap 3, total 14; pairs, handicap 5, total 17; grand total 46. Rasmus, 5, 15; 4, 15; 6, 16—42. Jere Lott, 2, 15; 1, 14; 2, 14—43. Hagedorn, 1, 12; 1, 14; 2, 16—42. G. W. Cropsey, 1, 13; 1, 12; 2, 16—41. Boucher, 3, 13; 2, 12; 4, 15—40. Hopkins, 5, 14; 4, 15; 5, 13—37. Vanderveer, 3, 13; 3, 12; 5, 12—37. Brigham, 2, 13; 1, 16; 3, 8—36. Kryn, 1, 9; 1, 10; 2, 16—35. Banks, 0, 12; 0, 11; 0, 12—35. F. B. Stephenson, 2, 4; 1, 13; 2, 15—22.

Shoot-off, 15 expert, 15 magautrap: Rasmus, 5, 14; 4, 15—29; Kenyon, 4, 14; 3, 13—27. Novice handicap, 15 birds, expert, handicap allowances added: Kenyon, 4, 15; Rasmus, 5, 15; Boucher, 3, 15; Marshall, 4, 12; Mead, 4, 11; G. Stephenson, Sr., 5, 11; J. M. Rhett, 5, 10; Hopkins, 5, 10; Vanderveer, 3, 10; A. B. Rhett, 3, 10; Lawrence, 4, 8.

Shoot-off: Kenyon, 4, 15; Rasmus, 5, 15; Boucher, 3, 15. Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap: Kenyon, 6, 23; Brigham, 3, 22; Banks, 0, 22; Kryn, 2, 22; Vanderveer, 5, 21; E. L. Rhett, 6, 21; Hagedorn, 3, 21; F. B. Stephenson, 3, 18; Boucher, 4, 18; Hopkins, 7, 16; Chapman, 10, 15; Dr. O'Brien, 4, 14.

Panel shoot, 25 targets, magautrap, handicap: Cropsey, 2, 25; Hagedorn, 2, 24; Kryn, 2, 24; Marshall, 5, 22; Lott, 2, 20; Brigham, 2, 17.

Trophy shoot, 10 pairs, magautrap, handicap: Banks, 0, 18; Cropsey, 2, 17; Kryn, 2, 16; Hagedorn, 2, 16.

Sweepstake, 10 targets, magautrap: Banks 10, Hagedorn 9, Kenyon 7, L. Rhett 7, Kryn 6, Brigham 6, Boucher 6, F. B. Stephenson 5, Rasmus 4, Vanderveer 4, G. Stephenson, Sr., 4.

Sweepstake, 10 targets, magautrap: Banks 10, Hagedorn 9, Kryn 9.

Sweepstake, 10 targets, magautrap: Lawrence 8, J. M. Rhett 7, Mead 3.

Match, 15 singles, 5 pairs, magautrap: Hagedorn 19, Kenyon 18.

Match, 7 pairs, magautrap: Kryn 11, F. B. Stephenson 5.

Crescent Athletic Club's Club Shoot.

Dec. 1.—At the regular club shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club to-day Mr. C. G. Rasmus scored a win in the first shoot for the December cup, his handicap of 11 giving him a full score. Mr. Rasmus also won the panel shoot, defeating Dr. J. J. Keyes in the shoot-off. The scores:

December cup:

	—Expert—		—Magautrap—		Grand Total.
	Hdcp.	Total.	Hdcp.	Total.	
C. G. Rasmus	0	25	5	25	50
J. N. Borland	11	24	9	25	43
W. G. McConville	12	25	10	23	48
Dr. J. J. Keyes	9	23	7	25	48
W. W. Marshall	6	23	5	23	46
H. M. Brigham	2	24	2	22	46
D. G. Geddes	1	20	1	22	42
C. Kenyon, Jr.	5	21	4	19	40
E. Banks	0	20	0	20	40
G. Stephenson, Sr.	10	23	8	17	40
W. K. Fowler	7	18	7	17	35
C. H. Chapman	12	16	10	18	31
F. B. Stephenson	4	13	3	21	31
C. J. M. Dermott	3	15	2	12	27
Dr. H. L. O'Brien	5	12	4	11	23

Panel shoot, 25 targets, expert, handicap: C. G. Rasmus, 6, 25; Dr. Keyes, 9, 25; Geddes, 1, 21; Fowler, 7, 21; Borland, 11, 23; Kenyon, 5, 20; Brigham, 2, 20; Marshall, 6, 18; Whitman, 10, 18; Carlisle, 7, 14.

Ties, 15 targets, expert: Rasmus, 4, 15; Keyes, 6, 14.

Consolation handicap, 25 birds, expert, handicap: Borland, 11, 25; McConville, 12, 22; Fowler, 7, 19; Townsend, 4, 19; McDermott, 3, 19; Geddes, 1, 18; Chapman, 12, 17; O'Brien, 5, 16; F. B. Stephenson, 4, 15.

Sweepstake, 10 targets, magautrap: F. B. Stephenson, 10, Kenyon 9, Banks 8, McConville 7, Marshall 6, Brigham 6, Townsend 5, Borland 5, G. Stephenson, Sr., 4, O'Brien 4.

Sweepstake, 15 targets, expert: Banks 15, McConville 8, Marshall 8, Townsend 7, F. B. Stephenson 6, G. Stephenson, Sr., 5.

Match, 25 targets, magautrap: Townsend 22, McConville 13.

At Interstate Park.

Nov. 27.—The attendance at the regular weekly club shoot of the Medius Gun Club to-day was very poor, only four men putting in an appearance. Dr. Webber to-day put into effect for the first time his new system of scoring points in the club event, whereby a bird scored from No. 1 trap counts 1 point, a bird from No. 2 trap, 2 points, etc. Dr. Webber won the club event, scoring 23 points. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Dr. Webber, 30	2222.2.2.2—9	22.22.1.12—8	22.20.10.12—7
Lockwood, 29	122.0.22.22—9	2122.22.00—6	2121.21.20—9
Dr. Miller, 30	0.1.2.2.11—8	112.0.21.20—8	22.10.0.22—8
Hopkins, 30	12.0.11.12—8	21.1.11.21—9	11.21.12.20—9

The third of the series of Interstate Park handicaps was shot Nov. 28. There was more than the usual interest displayed in the event. The competition was close and exciting, three men tying with straight scores. The birds were a good lot, and there was a fair attendance of spectators. Stephen M. Van Allen, winner of the two preceding handicaps, did not take part in to-day's event, he being out of town on a hunting trip. The scores:

Thomas, 30	2111.21.22.22.21.21.21.21.21.21—25
Capt. Money, 28	01.22.2.2.12.21.21.21.21.21—25
Daniel, 30	22.22.22.22.22.22.22.22.22.22—25
Welch, 30	21.22.21.22.22.22.22.22.22.22—21
Postans, 28	22.22.22.22.22.22.22.22.22.22—22
J. B. Hopkins, 30	12.21.22.22.22.22.22.22.22.22—25

New Utrecht's Holiday Shoot

Nov. 29.—The Thanksgiving Day shoot of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club was marked by good scores and close shooting. The Holiday cup event, which was won by Geo. H. Piercy, of Newark, N. J., was to have been at 50 birds, but on account of the fast approaching darkness it was decided to shoot at only 40 birds. The entrance fee was \$20. A 25-bird sweep, which was won by Piercy, and three miss-and-outs in which Piercy, Feigenspan and Jack divided, were also shot. Scores:

G. H. Piercy, 30	2222.22.22.22.22.22.22.22.22.22—38
Jack, 29	27.21.1.22.22.22.22.22.22.22—25
Feigenspan, 30	22.22.22.22.22.22.22.22.22.22—24
Lincoln, 28	0.22.22.22.22.22.22.22.22.22—20
Lockwood, 28	21.02.12.12.01.12.02.12.21.21—22

Thanksgiving Day handicap:

G. H. Piercy, 30	0.22.21.11.22.22.22.22.22.22.22—38
Jack, 29	12.21.1.22.22.22.22.22.22.22—25
Feigenspan, 30	22.21.21.22.22.22.22.22.22.22—24
Morley, 31	12.21.1.22.22.22.22.22.22.22—20
Dr. Wm. Wynn, 29	11.11.02.02.12.21.11.11.22.21.21.21.21.21—32

New Utrecht's Club Shoot.

Dec. 1.—The New Utrecht Gun Club's regular weekly shoot was held to-day. The main event was the Mauser handicap, miss-and-out. Toplitz won the event, killing 13 straight. Scores:

Toplitz, 28	2222.22.22.22.22.22.22.22.22.22—22
R. A. Welch, 30	1222.20
Jack, 29	2222.22
Lockwood, 29	11
Chapman, 28	22
Kay, 28	212
Capt. Money, 29	0
H. Money, 30	2222.21

Sweepstake, 15 birds, \$5: Toplitz, 28, 1221.22.22.22.10.11—14. Sykes, 28, 01.22.10.00.22.0w. Welch, 30, 22.21.22.22.11.02.11—14. Kay, 28, 01.22.21.22.22.12—12. Jack, 29, 01.22.22.22.12.12—13. Capt. Money, 29, 12.22.11.11.12.22—14. Lockwood, 28, 01.22.22.22.12—10. H. Money, 31, 2.22.22.22.22.22—14. Chapman, 21, 22.22.22.22.22.22—12.

Hempstead Gun Club.

Hempstead, L. I., Nov. 29.—The Hempstead Gun Club held a live-bird shoot on its grounds here to-day. The birds were a very fast lot, helped materially by a strong wind, and the shooting was difficult. Scores:

No. 1, 5 birds, \$5 entrance, high guns, 28yds.: George Mollineux 5, Robert Carman 5, Fred Gildersleeve 4, R. S. Powell 4, Edward Lewis 3, George Houghton 1. No. 2, same: Fred Gildersleeve 5, G. Houghton 5, R. S. Powell 4, Edward Lewis 4, George Mollineux 3, W. Charlik 3, A. Myers 3, Ike Carman 2, R. Carman 5. No. 3, 7 birds, \$5, 28yds.: Fred Gildersleeve 7, E. Lewis 7, C. E. Langdon 7, I. Carman 6, R. Carman 6, R. S. Powell 5, G. Houghton 5, A. Smith 5, G. Mollineux 4, W. Charlik 3, A. Myers withdrew.

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Nov. 30.—Thirty members of the Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club took part in the club live-bird shoot at the Cedars to-day. Four men, Messrs. W. Van Pelt, J. B. Voorhies, W. Boyle and D. J. Heffner, made straight scores in the club event, the conditions of which were 10 birds, handicap rise, 24 to 28yds. Scores:

Club shoot, 10 live birds, handicap:	
J. B. Voorhies, 28	1122.11.11.11—10
W. Van Pelt, 28	2222.21.21.11—10
W. Boyle, 25	22.11.22.22.21—10
D. J. Heffner, 25	22.22.22.22.21—10
G. Morris, 27	20.22.22.22.22—9
R. J. Smith, 25	22.22.22.22.21—9
H. Koch, 27	11.22.10.01.2—8
J. J. Pillion, 27	22.10.02.21.11—8
F. Lundy, 27	12.02.21.21.2—8
I. McKane, 27	22.02.22.22.22—8
P. Suss, 27	12.01.22.11.1—8
H. J. Montanus, 27	21.21.22.22.01—8
H. Kronika, 26	10.11.21.10—8
W. Lundy, 26	06.21.22.02.12—7
E. H. Voorhies, 25	02.20.11.21.11—7
L. C. Allen, 25	01.02.02.11.21—7
J. E. Rauscher, 25	20.20.12.02.22—7
G. McKane, 27	01.00.11.12.2—6
G. Tappen, 27	22.20.21.20.0—6
Dr. Hill, 25	20.00.12.12.2—6
A. Soeller, 24	20.00.02.22.2—6
R. R. Roderick, 24	21.21.10.10w
J. Burns, 24	02.02.11.02.10—6
E. Brand, 21	20.20.10.01.2—5
P. Suss, 25	11.21.10w
E. W. Roderick, 24	20.11.01.10w
D. C. Martin, 25	22.21.10w
P. K. Kramer, 25	11.01.10w
C. Busch, 25	1.02.22w
C. P. Cooper, 25	11.21.10w

Sweepstake, 3 birds: Pillion 3, F. Lundy 3, W. Lundy 3, Morris 3, I. McKane 3, Van Pelt 3, Kronika 2, G. McKane 2, Boyce 2, E. Voorhies 1, Koch 0.

Carteret Club.

Garden City, L. I., Nov. 29.—Mr. Harold Money won the Thanksgiving Day cup donated by H. Bramhall Gilbert at the Carteret Club traps to-day. The event was at 10 birds, \$10 entrance, handicap rise and allowances, 27yds. and forward, one miss as a kill; 28yds., one miss as no bird. At the end of the 10th round Messrs. Money, Ellsworth and Daniels were tied. The shoot-off was at 3 birds, and continued until Mr. Money had killed 31 birds and Mr. Daniels 33. The scores:

Thanksgiving Day cup:	
D. Ellsworth, 25	2222.21.22.22—10
J. B. Daniels, 30	22.22.22.22.22—10
H. Money, 30	2.22.22.22—10
Capt. Money, 29	22.22.21.22—9
L. T. Duryea, 30	11.22.02.21.2w
W. J. Gordon, 26	02.21.10w
J. Magee, 25	01.0w
R. A. Welch, 30	00w

Ties:

H. Money, 30	222 222 222 222 222 222 222 222 222 222
J. B. Daniels, 30	222 222 222 222 222 222 222 222 222 222

Sweepstake No. 1, 5 birds, handicap, entrance \$5: R. A. Welch, 30yds., 5; J. B. Daniels, 30yds., 5; Capt. A. W. Money, 29yds., 4; W. J. Gordon, 26yds., 4; H. Money, 30yds., 4; D. Ellsworth, 26yds., 3; L. T. Duryea, 30yds., 2; J. Magee, 25yds., 1.

No. 2, miss-and-out, 30yds., entrance \$5: J. B. Daniels 7, Capt. A. W. Money 7, L. T. Duryea 7, H. Money 2, J. Magee 1, R. A. Welch 0, W. J. Gordon 0, D. Ellsworth 0.

No. 3, handicap, miss-and-out, entrance \$5: W. J. Gordon, 26yds., 3; L. T. Duryea, 30yds., 3; H. Money, 30yds., 3; R. A. Welch, 30yds., 2; J. B. Daniels, 30yds., 1; Capt. A. W. Money, 29yds., 1; J. Magee, 25yds., 0; D. Ellsworth, 26yds., 0.

No. 4, miss-and-out, 32yds., entrance \$5: R. A. Welch 10, Capt. A. W. Money 10, H. Money 10, J. Magee 5, L. T. Duryea 1, W. J. Gordon 0.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Dexter Park, L. I., Nov. 27.—Twenty-nine shooters participated in the monthly club shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club to-day. Dr. O. T. Rouff and Mr. J. H. Voss killed their full number of birds. The birds were a good lot, and the shooting was interesting. Scores:

Club shoot, 10 live birds, handicaps by distances and points; scores to count in the yearly averages for the annual prizes:

	Handicap.	Points.	Killed.
Dr. O. T. Rouff	30	7	10
Col. J. H. Voss	30	7	10
E. Doeinck	30	7	9
G. K. Briet	29	5 1/2	9
C. Webber	29	5 1/2	9
C. Merckschmidt	28	5	8
C. Lange	28	5	8
H. Kohla	28	5	8
A. Schmidt	28	5	8
Dr. G. H. Wheeler	28	4 1/2	8
J. A. Neumann	28	5	8
P. Woelful	29	6	8
E. Marquardt	28	6	7
W. A. Sands	28	6	7
L. T. Muensch	28	6	7
J. A. Beiden	30	7	7
H. Kudel	29	6	9
A. Dietzel	28	6	9
J. H. Weibrock	28	6	9
J. J. Gallin	28	5 1/2	6
H. H. Klenk	28	5	4
H. J. Foerster	28	5	6
P. Garms	28	6	7
I. H. Schlicht	28	6	7
E. Steffens	28	6	7
P. Brennan	28	5 1/2	7
J. H. Hegerty	28	4 1/2	5
R. Regan	28	6	6

Sweepstakes, 5 live birds, handicap: Wellbrock 5, Dr. Rouff 4, Col. Voss 4, Woelful 4, Briet 4, Dietzel 4, Garms 3, Klenk 3, Relden 4, Foerster 3.

At New London, Iowa.

NEW LONDON, Ia., Nov. 30.—The third shoot for the Peters trophy occurred on Thanksgiving Day and brought out a good number of shooters. J. F. Pierson won the medal, shooting from scratch. There seems little danger of one man winning the trophy three times for some time to come, the men being so evenly matched. Scores:

P. McDonald	1000000010000011000110011010110010100—15
H. Shaner	0101100010110001100110010011010101010—20
A. A. Hamel	030000011001010101110110011000000000—15
C. C. Pierson	1000100001111011011011011000111—17
G. J. Andrews	11111101011001111101101—19
C. E. Cook	1000100011111001111111100—15
J. F. Pierson	111111011110111011101111—22

After the medal shoot several sweepstakes were shot for turkeys at 10 targets:

FOREST AND STREAM.

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Our Christmas Number.

THE next number of FOREST AND STREAM for Dec. 22 will be the Christmas Number. It will have a rich fund of stories and sketches for the evenings of the holiday week. Among the titles will be the following:

"Reminiscences." By Rowland E. Robinson.

"Christmas Under the Palms." By Llewella Pierce Churchill.

"The Northwest Corner." By Charles Hallock.

"A Voice from a Farm." By W. W. Hastings.

"Old Hogarth." By Fayette Durlin, Jr.

"Out of Commission." By N. N. West.

"The Christmas Dinner Father Josef Cooked." By J. H. Connelly.

"How We Obtained Our Gun Rack." By A. C. Thatcher.

"That Christmas Turkey." By Edward Banks.

"My Grandmother's Kitchen." By Egbert L. Bangs.

THE SILENCE OF THE MARSH.

THERE is a lingering of color in the marsh lands. Soft, comfortable shades of duns and browns still lurk among the sedge these perfect mornings. A few flame-touched leaves cling here and there to the twigs of the wild plums that fringe the border of the upland slopes. All this rich coloring is picked out in strong relief by the wind ng water courses that thread the meadows—the veins through which life circulates here—gleaming in still reaches or flashing with momentary glint as of silver in the sunshine, when a cat's-paw stirs the ripples to action.

There is an unusual brilliancy, a strange transparency of the atmosphere that annihilates distance, exaggerating familiar objects with startling effect. In the still air far-away sounds are borne with marvelous distinctness. The rattle of oars, shouts and laughter from the distant oyster boats seem near at hand, though in fact miles away.

Gradually a chill breathes in the balmy air as the hours pass. A restless gaggle of brant out on the broad waters cackle with an uneasy ring in their cries that presages coming change, till after lengthy debate they rise, circle slowly a few times and wing their way into the sunset.

Quietly the night comes down on marsh and fen, slowly the breeze freshens the stars grow misty and dim. Presently the northeast wind is whispering among the reeds. A boisterous night of gale and pelting rains follows, beating the fair scene into sodden dreary dullness by dawn. Masses of sand drive low before the now raging northeaster. A mist of rain sweeps the marsh at intervals, blotting out the very heavens as it swirls along.

For weary days the marsh lies in mute protest beneath the howl of storm and lashing rain. Then comes a quiet dawn. Heavy clouds spread a canopy of gloom that wraps the desolate marsh world in cheerless gray, now deepening, now shifting with wind effect as the changing air currents work their will above. Suddenly a shaft of thin yellow sunlight darts between the surging vapors, touching the chill waters and soggy sedge into life for an instant ere it fades. In the stillness of this "gray day" it is hard to realize the bustle and whirl of the active bird life that held sway here but a few short weeks since. Swarms of shore birds weaved and circled in erratic flight, their shrill and for the most part plaintive calls ringing far and near to the sounding bloong! bloong! of the black powder and the incessant sharp dry cough of nitros that played an irregular accompaniment from sunrise till dusk. One night this horde of feathered migrants drew off toward the southland. We heard their farewells as they floated away under the stars. One day they will return in like manner and this dreary expanse will once again thrill to their joyous cries. But "it is a far cry" to that day; a long restful sleep must intervene.

For the immediate present, in an occasional gleam of

white pinions, where a solitary gull wheels in the distance, we have the only living creature that meets the eye in all this great sweep of loneliness.

It grows momentarily colder. By daybreak a soft coverlet of snow rests over all, the real "silence of the marsh" is come. In the winter nights to follow the yap, yap of a prowling fox will only serve to emphasize it.

THE NORTH CAROLINA FARCE.

THE game law of North Carolina provides that "No person shall export or transport from the State any quail or partridges, whether dead or alive." Some simple confiding individual imagined that when this prohibition was placed on the statute books the game would be preserved from the netters and shooters who pursue it for market. There is probably in the entire stretch of country between the Atlantic and the Pacific no law which is more entirely a dead letter than this. North Carolina quail are netted continuously and in immense numbers for shipment to Washington, Baltimore, New York and other markets. The traffic is conducted with little or no pretense of concealment. The transportation companies observe the law so far as giving it recognition in their general orders to agents, but practically the agents ignore it, and ship the forbidden game quite as a matter of course.

Those who are familiar with the conditions in North Carolina, and who can compare the existing state of things with the abundance of a few years past, understand very well that the game supply is a rapidly diminishing factor. The State is rapidly losing its high reputation as a quail country. Sportsmen who repair to North Carolina for sport are finding out that the birds are not there. In some instances even those Northern sportsmen who pay the taxes on farms which in return are posted and, it is pretended, are preserved for their exclusive shooting, are cheated of their birds by the netters.

The simple explanation of this state of affairs lies in the fact that while the anti-netting law is on the statute books, it has no public sentiment to enforce it. The majority of the people in the quail districts do not care for shooting, and recognize no particular personal advantage in protection of the birds. They are naturally apathetic. On the other hand, the netters do find profit in the industry, and they are active. It is precisely the condition that might be looked for.

Can any one suggest a remedy?

SOUTHERN PRESERVES.

THE continually increasing scarcity of game in America is in no way better shown than by the way in which the shooting grounds of the South are gradually being taken up by clubs of sportsmen and used in winter as shooting places. Many of these are sufficiently extensive to make it profitable to work them during the summer as farms, so that they may be made to pay all or a part of the expense of maintaining the estate. That many Southern land owners find this a profitable way of disposing of the great tracts which they own is shown by the frequent advertising in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM of pieces of real estate in the South ranging in size from a small cottage with its surrounding grounds to great tracts aggregating, as in our issue of Dec. 8, no less than 11,000 acres or more than seventeen square miles. Many of these great estates are abundantly stocked with game of all kinds, such as deer, turkeys, ducks and partridges; often pheasants have been turned out on them and done well, and if they are close to the sea coast, fish, oysters and terrapins, besides good duck shooting, are usually to be had.

That there are buyers for just such places among Northern sportsmen is very certain, yet in certain aspects it is painful to see them sold and passing out of the hands of families that have held them, often for generations, and in many minds the question will arise, where shall shooting be had after all these places have been taken up? On the other hand it must be remembered that each preserve of this kind is a permanent addition to the protected wintering and breeding grounds of the country at large, and so is a step in the way of increasing our game.

The added list of such properties, advertised this week in FOREST AND STREAM shows that there exists in the South a rapidly growing appreciation of the value of large tracts of land for this use; and the frequent offer-

ing of such properties shows equally a willingness on the part of Northern sportsmen to invest in tracts that are really desirable, since unless there were an actual demand for such places they would not be offered for sale.

MAKE IT CRIMINAL.

We are glad to see that our suggestion of legislating on the careless shooting of human beings for game is attracting attention and approval. We find in one of our New York exchanges the text of an amendment proposed to be incorporated into the general code, and running as follows:

Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any hunter or other person carrying firearms, to shoot at any object without knowing by actual sight and observation that such object is not a human being, and any such hunter or other person, who, by so offending, shall kill any human being, shall be adjudged guilty of manslaughter in the second degree; and any such hunter or person, who, by so offending, shall wound or injure any human being, without thereby causing death, shall be adjudged guilty of an assault in the second degree.

Section 2. It shall be the duty of the Forest Commission to post notices reciting the provisions of this act, in the same form and manner, and in like public places, as notices for the prevention of forest fires are now posted by said Commission.

While it is true enough that carelessness may not be abolished by statute, there certainly is good reason to believe that, as we have suggested before this, the very fact of such a law, if brought generally to the attention of shooters, will make even the careless man pause before pulling trigger on an unidentified object. A few examples of punishment of careless shooters thus to be held up to public attention as criminally careless, will have a salutary effect. Make the careless shooting criminal shooting.

FOREST AND STREAM PLATFORM PLANK.

THE sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons.—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

And to an adoption of the Plank we are coming with a rapidity that is full of satisfaction. One after another the legislatures have adopted laws embodying the Plank, and one after another the several States are falling in line.

The New York League discussed the Plank last week, and went so far in endorsement of it as to recommend the absolute prohibition of the sale of woodcock, grouse and quail.

In whatever measure the Plank may be adopted in New York, the operation of the principle that game is not legitimately an object of barter will prove advantageous here as it has proved and is proving elsewhere.

Abundant complaint has been heard this fall from deer hunters in various localities on Vancouver Island concerning the running of deer with dogs. This is, of course, illegal, and calls for the interference of the local authorities. The police have several times been called on to interfere in the matter, and it is hoped that before this illegal hunting has been abated. It is understood that many of the dogs are taken into the woods for the ostensible purpose of hunting grouse, but are really used to hound deer. It is said also that in certain parts of the island a number of these dogs have run wild, and killing their own food do not return to the homes of their owners, except when forced to do so by stress of severe weather. It thus appears that the difficulties of protecting deer from dogs and enforcing the statutes against hounding are not less than on the west coast than on the east. The British Columbia deer law should be enforced. If this is done Vancouver and the adjacent islands which have always been so famed as deer ranges may long continue to afford good hunting to local sportsmen.

Here are some suggestive statistics of vermin killed during one year on an 800-acre estate in New York. The record comprises five foxes, eleven wildcats, two domestic cats running wild, twenty-seven raccoons, forty-seven skunks, twenty-one weasels, one mink, seventy rats, thirty-seven hawks, twelve owls, more than one hundred woodchucks, forty-five bluejays, twelve crows, a raven and an eagle. The bluejay and the eagle do not fall within the category of vermin as recognized by the statute, but without them the list gives some hint of the tenacity with which the native stock of the humbler wild creatures holds its own.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Adirondack Lake Trout.

LAST summer my friend Harry C. and I spent our fortnight's vacation at one of the largest lakes in the Adirondacks. It was the middle of July when we started, and our friends had repeatedly told us that we should not have enough of the lake trout fishing for which we were going to make the trip worth while, but necessity caused us to hold obstinately to our plans, since I could get my vacation at no other time.

We arrived at the camp where we had previously arranged to stay, at about six o'clock in the evening, dusty, perspiring, and above all hungry, having traveled all that sweltering day with but a few mouthfuls of dinner at noon. Amplely comforted we were, however, by the excellent supper which the wife of the guide set before us. So much so indeed, that trying a white-miller off the point that very evening, several black bass averaging a half pound or more fell victims to our prowess. At about 10 P. M., finding ourselves sufficiently tired and sleepy to retire, we were forthwith given the option of sleeping in one of the cabins or in the open camp. An inspection of the open camp quickly decided us in its favor, and we spent such a night of sweet and restful slumbers as the odor of balsam boughs will ever bring back to us.

Next morning, after breakfast, we started out with the guide to receive some preliminary instructions as to the best fishing grounds, and also to become acquainted with the dangerous rocks, in order to avoid them. On this trip we did some deep water trolling, which, by the way, is a science in itself, and took for our catch four lakers weighing from two and a half to three pounds each. This, of course, encouraged us in the afternoon to try our luck on our own hook. Hardly a strike did we get, however, although we kept faithfully at it, rowing over the most approved grounds—and we're not altogether novices at trolling either. That night the guide cast some aspersions on our skill, saying that he would go out with us next morning and show us how again. He kept his promise as to the going out, but failed dismally in showing us how to catch fish; for the morning was but a repetition of the afternoon before.

This sort of thing rather disgusted us for the time, and we turned our attention to brook trout and black bass with varying success. But lakers were the game we were after, and our minds soon reverted to the anticipation of struggles with big fish, while our rods followed in quick succession.

We were now entering upon our second week, and must begin to catch something or go home with drooping feathers. Accordingly, Monday morning we set out for bait, catching nearly one hundred very pretty shiners, and in the afternoon rigged our gangs and started trolling again. Eight fish, none over two and a half pounds, was our catch, which inspired us with new zeal. Tuesday we caught seven, and Wednesday fished until our bait gave out in the middle of the afternoon, taking just three. We were using light steel rods and one hundred yards of stout silk line; for with any other rig trolling is not the least sport, and with this the three-pounders gave us a fairly good fight. But we had not aken any "wallopers," and had almost despaired of getting one.

Next day, nevertheless, we obtained another supply of bait, and as it was not quite dinner time when we returned to camp, we thought it would be well to try a half hour's run. I had the oars and Harry was using his rod in a rather listless manner, as though the last thing in the world he expected was to catch a "big one." We had been out about ten minutes, when, as I was gazing around at the beautiful scenery and almost forgetting to keep the boat in motion, I was suddenly brought to my senses by an exclamation from Harry, followed by a violent rocking of the tipsy craft, which nearly capsized it. He certainly had a strike, and from the way the line was cutting the water with that vicious swish, he had evidently hooked a fighter. At the first strike over half the line went whirring out, and twenty-five yards more had to be given before the fish could be safely brought to a stop. The little steel rod bent like a whip, but Harry knew how to handle it, and had great confidence in his line. Back and forth the line whizzed, while Harry kept reeling it in foot by foot. At last the big fellow was brought to the surface not twenty yards away, and we could see that if he could be landed we need not complain as to the size of our catch.

But horror of horrors! I had no sooner caught a glimpse of his shining length than with a desperate plunge the great laker shot out of sight—free. Harry was just about to make a very disparaging remark concerning the strength of that line, when as he took it in he found the gang still attached and everything in the best possible condition. We knew, of course, that the strong old veteran had torn loose, and only hoped that he had not lacerated himself so badly as to cause death.

Baiting up again I pulled along, consoling Harry as best I could, and pointing out to him that it was not his fault that the fish had escaped. I had not dipped my oars a dozen times, however, before Harry called my attention to a large trout, which was floating on the surface, apparently dead. Rowing up to it, I put out my hand to take it from the water and examine it, for I had just a suspicion that it might be the very one which had torn away from us, and now dead had risen to the surface. But his lordship was not dead. I had no more than touched his upturned belly than with a splash and a gleam of silver and brown he had darted beneath the surface and out of sight. Harry says I was so startled that I nearly capsized the boat, but I deny the accusation with my last breath. Almost immediately the fish came up on the opposite side, but as soon as we approached to within a yard or two he would dash out of sight, only to come up again a few boat lengths away, ready it seemed, to repeat the maneuver.

We could see that one side of his head was badly torn, and knew that he was the fish that we had been fighting. At last, despairing of grasping him with my hands, and the gaff proving just as useless, I unshipped an oar and attempted to whack him on the head with its edge. But

the unwieldy weapon was hard to manage, and I missed him altogether in my attempt to strike him where the edible flesh would not be injured. Off he darted, and I lost a great deal of time, to say nothing of my patience, in reshipping the oar and following him. This time I took better aim, and managed to strike him quite soundly, but not hard enough to kill or stun him. Harry thought that he could improve on my attempts, so accordingly I passed the oar up to him, and he paddled against me until we were within reaching distance of our elusive victim. Harry made a vicious dab, but failed to hit the mark by about a foot, which gave me the opportunity to retaliate for the railery to which he had subjected me when the fish had made off so suddenly. We lost no time now by shipping the oar, and as soon as the trout came up we were within close range. His second trial redeemed Harry's reputation, for the edge of the blade landed squarely upon the big fellow's head with force enough to have felled a man, and instantly put an end to the poor fighter's struggles.

Upon examining him we found that the barbs had caught him on the outside of the jaw, but pulling out here, one of the smaller gangs had struck the eye, nearly tearing it from its sockets, at the same time injuring him so badly that he would have died in another half hour at the least. When we arrived at camp we weighed the fish, which tipped the scales at seven pounds three ounces. During the afternoon and the next day we caught nine more, one of them weighing four pounds. These together with the big fellow we took out with us next morning, and Harry, without much trouble, persuaded me to partake of him at the Sunday dinner.

EDWARD SPAULDING.

A Hard Fight.

THE Indian stories told by the fireside in our childhood are crystallizing into the permanent facts of history. Dr. Robinson, Emerson Bennett and the writers of the Beadle dime-novel school generally have given the noble red man a rest of late, and the better pens of Francis Parkman and John Fiske have put or are putting the early annals of our country into enduring literature.

Among the thousand and one stories of early life on the border, there were few that illustrate more thoroughly the hardihood and courage of the pioneer than the account of Adam Poe's hard fight with the Indian chief Bigfoot. It is an old story, but it is worth retelling. The scene of the adventure was on the left bank of the Ohio, near Yellow Creek, in West Virginia. It was in the month of July, 1782, that a band of seven Wyandot warriors crossed the river and made an incursion over the border into Pennsylvania. Here they took prisoner an elderly man named Jackson, and then retreated rapidly to the Ohio. The next morning they were pursued by a party of white men and overtaken where they had encamped, on the bank of the river. There were then five Indians in the party—two of them having separated from the rest. The pursuers instantly opened fire on them, and four of them were killed. Jackson was rescued. One of the white men was killed, and the only survivor of the savages escaped with a wound in his hand.

Two brothers, Adam and Andrew Poe, were with the company of white men. They were both redoubtable backwoodsmen; but Adam Poe was especially distinguished for his stature, strength and courage. The two brothers had separated from their companions shortly before the onfall of the white men, and had set off up the river on an adventure of their own. While Andrew Poe made a slight detour through the woods, Adam proceeded along the margin of the river bank, keeping a vigilant lookout for the enemy. Peering over the verge of the bank he at length descried two empty canoes drawn up to the edge of the water, and hearing a low murmur as of men in quiet conversation, he looked over and beheld two Indians on the sandy beach just below him. One was a man of inferior size; but any deficiency of that kind in the one was amply compensated for in the other. Poe at once recognized him as a notorious warrior called Bigfoot, an Indian of gigantic frame and of well known prowess. They were standing with their guns cocked, looking in the direction where they had left their companions. Poe took aim at the larger Indian, but his gun missed fire. The click of the gun-flint was heard, and they instantly wheeled around. Adam Poe had no time either to reload his piece or to retreat from the place; so summing all his resolution, he sprang over the bank, alighting with both feet upon Bigfoot with an impact that brought him to the ground; at the same time throwing his arm around the smaller Indian they all came to the earth together. Bigfoot was for a moment partially stunned; but Poe's efforts to hold them both down were such as to make it impossible for him to use his knife. The gigantic savage quickly recovered himself, and without attempting to rise he wound his arms around Poe and held him in an embrace like that of an anaconda.

Poe was now compelled to relax his hold of the smaller Indian, who instantly sprang to his feet. Bigfoot then ordered him to take the tomahawk, which lay on the sand a few feet distant, and kill Poe while he held him fast. The Indian hastened to do this; but as he approached Poe, the latter gave him a kick which knocked the tomahawk out of his hand and sent him back into the water. But he quickly regained his feet, and again approaching, but more cautiously, he was able to give Poe a severe wound upon his left wrist; though it was not sufficient to disable him. Poe now, by a sudden effort, tore himself free from the grasp of Bigfoot, and seizing the rifle which the Indian had not attempted to use for fear of injuring his companion, he shot the smaller savage through the body.

At this instant Bigfoot arose, and seizing Poe he cast him up ten feet into the air as if he had been a child. Poe fell upon his back at the edge of the water; but before his antagonist could take any advantage of this he was again upon his feet. They were now so hotly engaged in what had become a fist fight, that neither of them was able to draw his knife. Poe was the better pugilist of the two, but the Indian closed in upon him, and by his superior strength hurled him to the ground.

Then the struggle again went on upon the sand, and

in a few minutes they had rolled into the water. The effect of all this was beginning to tell upon the savage, who had doubtless been severely hurt by Poe's first attack upon him, and Adam seizing him by the scalp-lock pulled the Indian's head under water, and held it there until he believed from his manner that he was drowned; but upon relaxing his hold his enemy, who had been only possumming, regained his feet and in turn attempted to drown his adversary. In the course of these struggles they were carried out by the current beyond their depth, and they were both compelled to relax their hold and swim for life.

There still lay one loaded rifle upon the sand, and they both struck out for the shore to seize it. The Indian was the stronger swimmer, and reached the shore first. Adam now saw that his only chance was to swim out into the river, where he hoped that by ducking he might elude the Indian's fire. At this moment Andrew Poe appeared upon the bank; but seeing Adam out in the river he mistook him for the savage, and firing, wounded him severely in the shoulder. Adam then called out to him to shoot the Indian on the shore. But Andrew's gun was now empty. As it happened, Bigfoot in his haste had picked up the gun with which Adam had shot the smaller Indian, a few minutes before, so that the two men were on a par in that respect. It was now a question as to which would be in readiness to fire first. Bigfoot poured in his powder, but drawing his ramrod too hurriedly it flew from his hand into the river. He ran after it, but the few seconds he thus lost were in Adam's favor, and just as Bigfoot raised his gun to fire, the bullet from Andrew's gun passed through the Indian's breast, and he fell at the edge of the river.

Andrew Poe now hastened to rescue his almost exhausted brother from the water; but Adam called out to him to scalp the big Indian, who, though mortally wounded, was, with the resolution characteristic of his race, struggling to reach the deep water. But Andrew persisted in saving his brother first, and by the time he had accomplished that duty the wounded savage had succeeded in reaching the current, which rapidly bore him away and thus cheated his enemy of the coveted trophy.

Such is the story, in brief, of Adam Poe and Bigfoot as we find it mainly in McClung's "Sketches of Western Adventure."

T. J. CHAPMAN.

An Experience in Maine.

I AM in receipt from an old friend of his brief account of a recent hunting trip in northern Maine. In former years he was a very pleasant campmate of mine in the Adirondacks, which gives to me an added interest in his letter. The number of sportsmen camping in the Maine woods is increasing every season, spite of the expensive restrictions imposed upon non-residents by the Legislature, and my friend's recital of his experiences may quite likely interest many of your readers. We will let him tell it in his own words. He was accompanied by his son, Russ, and his nephew, Whit. They rendezvoused at Mt. Kineo Hotel, on Moosehead Lake, reached by the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad to Greenville, at the foot of the lake.

My son Russ and myself started Tuesday morning, Oct. 9, with Tommy Grivier and Willie Butler as guides. A cold rain made very nasty weather. We lunched at Smith's Haliway House and slept at Chesuncook House, head of the lake of that name. Wednesday was so disagreeable that we halted at a nice log camp on Block Pond until Thursday morning. We saw three cow moose on our way in—two near Lobster Lake outlet and one at Rocky Rips. The rain continued all day Thursday. We had to tramp three miles around the Horseshoe Rapids and Falls, while the guides poled the canoes with their heavy loads up to Crucongomic Dam, where we waited for them, lighting a camp-fire for coffee and lunch, which tasted good, although eaten in the rain. We saw plenty of deer around the Horseshoe, but did not get a shot. (We reached Daggett Pond rather late Thursday and camped in a nice log house with tight roof of shingles and tarred paper and floor of logs trimmed smooth with adze. Here we unloaded stores and sleeping bags and made a camp-fire, while the guides cut fresh boughs for beds. This water is dubbed a pond on the map, but it is a lovely lake surrounded by high hardwood ridges, and at its outlet has a wide fringe of marsh and bog, affording splendid feeding grounds for deer and moose. It is surrounded by Round Pond, Upper Pond and Shallow Lake, all within two or three hours' tramp. The last named presents especially fine hunting grounds. We put up a tent there the last week of our stay and took in two canoes. We got two magnificent bucks there—Russ one and Whit one.

On the whole, we had a specially pleasant outing in spite of very unfavorable weather. We had an abundance of fat young deer meat for camp use. The last winter was severe on young deer in the Maine woods. Six feet of snow prevented them from getting the usual supply of feed, and many died from starvation. The survivors, however, appeared to be big and fat, and there are plenty of them. I started ten in a Sunday morning stroll over the ridge to inspect Little Wadleigh Pond and Bog.

Female moose are numerous, and I presume the bulls are sufficiently plentiful to afford good hunting. I saw five fine cows, each of which could have been shot with ease if the law allowed. We brought home the saddles and loins of three splendid bucks. I am having the skins tanned and two heads mounted. I shall time it next fall if I am alive and well to be in the woods during the full moon of nights, and will bring home a moose head or— I ought to have one now but for some awfully hard luck. Wednesday, Oct. 17, Russ, myself and guides started in two canoes for Crucongomic Dam to bring in Whit, who was to meet us there with his guide and canoe, to spend the last two weeks with us. We stopped on the way to bring in a deer shot before breakfast that morning, and while the guides were bringing it to the lake shore Russ managed to tip over his canoe and secure a thorough ducking, compelling him to return to camp to dry and change clothing. Barring this accident, I am quite confident that we would now have a fine moose head and hide, for on our way to the dam we paddled onto a splendid bull and two cows standing on the bank of the

Big Sisk, not over 75 feet away. As the result of a snow storm and cold weather the previous day, I was bundled up with a thick, heavy overcoat, and was seated on the bottom of the boat for comfort. I could not get the gun to my shoulder, and did not have a fair shot. His majesty stood stock still while I fired five cartridges, overshooting four times and wounding him at the fifth round. I did not cry, but was mighty near to it in my disappointment. It was the best chance I could possibly expect to have, and it was lost. I am no marksman, and do not pretend to be.

I hope next November to camp on a lake I saw last month where deer, moose, duck and other game seemed to be abundant and hunters few and far between. There is an island in it from which, with a good field glass, ten miles of shore line with forests, marsh and bog can be seen—thousands of acres of feeding grounds for moose and deer. With our shotguns we easily procured enough grouse and black duck for roasts, fricassees and broils.

I suppose that any man bundled up in the bottom of his canoe might fail to bring down a moose at 75 feet, but my friend's confession that he is no marksman reminds me of his first chance to shoot a deer at Lone Star Lake, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., a few years ago. Our huntsman placed him on a knoll the deer was likely to cross, and sure enough a buck did leisurely pass within close range, but was not even fired at. We called it buck fever. If I had been present to diagnose this case the verdict would have been bull moose fever.

H. H. T.

A Mexican Parrot Hunt.

It was a mild tropical evening in April when Juan thrust his yellow face through the tent flaps and told me that the parrots had constructed an immense roost in the parasitic jungle that bordered the foothills a mile or so from camp.

We had been in camp only three days. Each evening and morning we had observed small flocks and pairs of parrots flying back and forth over an invisible path. That it was a path there was no doubt, as their flight twice a day for water was as straight as the proverbial crow's flight, so it was only the following of this aerial pathway that would lead direct to their breeding grounds.

It required patience to follow this course through the upper air, as one must needs penetrate on foot, though a jungle of tropical plants and trees, composed of vines, creepers, trailers, ferns, palms and small shrubbery, each in its turn seeming to outdo its neighbor in possessing thorns, briars and stickers, from little, tiny spurs to large ones long and sharp as a darning needle.

This was Juan's task, locating the roost, and his efforts had been rewarded with success, while his dusky countenance glowed with satisfaction as he received dos reales for his services.

Joe and I had never hunted parrots. When we were leaving San Luis a Mexicanized American had volunteered the information that it was great sport shooting them as they came into their roost in the evening. After sizing up the birds as they flew back and forth over camp, we came to the conclusion that No. 7 shot would be about the right size and laid our plans accordingly.

The next afternoon we set out under Juan's guidance, and after much toil reached the scene of operation. It was a small, dense thicket of palms covered with growths of a parasite nature, with a circular opening in the center about 200 yards in diameter. As we forced our way through the thicket into the opening, a confused clamor of squawks and shrieks greeted us on every side, a din so loud and harsh it set the nerves edgewise and bid fair to drive us both crazy.

Arriving in the opening we glanced about and saw hundreds of parrots guarding their nests, which contained the young and eggs. There were three species of the family congregated at this roost—the large yellow head, the smaller or medium sized green head and red wing, and then the little paroquet.

They were just returning from their watering place, and came dropping in over the graceful palms in a reckless, somersault fashion, always righting themselves as they lit near the nest, the new comers at once adding their voices to the already deafening chorus.

We held a council of war. Juan was for shooting every one in sight, provided the ammunition held out. Joe and I, after a prolonged discussion, came to the conclusion that it would be useless slaughter to shoot the innocents on their nests, so refrained from joining in the noisy assemblage with our sharp speaking breechloaders.

On our way back to camp we came under the line of flight, and to satisfy Juan's greed for blood we brought down four, but his disgust at our tender hearts was plainly discernible on his countenance when we refused to kill more.

The next day we had broiled parrot for dinner, and I may say without contradiction from any one who has been there that they are not at all bad eating.

For one who loves to shoot for the sake of killing, I could imagine no fitter place than a parrot roost in the tropics. He could kill to his heart's content; he could get the malarial fever; he could die, all in a short time. Yes, send the shooter who counts his success by the amount of game he kills to the tropics and make him stay there; he won't survive long, and the world will be better off without him.

E. K. STEADMAN.

North American Fish and Game Association.

A COMMITTEE appointed by the North American Fish and Game Association for the purpose of considering the question of harmonizing the fish and game laws of the Canadian Provinces and the States contiguous thereto is to meet in Montreal on Thursday, Dec. 13. The committee consists of C. H. Wilson and J. H. Seymour, New York; G. W. Titcomb, H. W. Bailey and F. G. Butterfield, Vermont; John Potter, Jr., and F. S. Hodges, Massachusetts; H. O. Stanley and Chas. A. Oak, Maine; Hon. A. T. Dunn and D. G. Smith, New Brunswick; C. E. Ussher, L. Z. Joncas and N. E. Cormier, Quebec; S. T. Bastedo and Dr. G. A. MacCullum, Ontario.

The work to be done by the committee will be in preparation for the next annual meeting of the Association, which will be held some time in February.

Natural History.

Gulls as Signal Service Sharps.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was somewhat interested in a recent article in *FOREST AND STREAM* on "Sea Gulls as Weather Signals." The facts reported agree with recent observations made by me while on a ducking trip. We had been spending a week aboard a small yacht, and, of course, were not pleased with the continuous fair and calm weather, as such conditions are notoriously poor for any movement of the birds. Finally starting for home, I noticed large numbers of sea gulls circling after the manner of hawks at varying heights, some appearing to be about the size of sparrows, so high in the air were they. Calling the captain's attention, he said it was a sure sign of a storm. Two days later a storm appeared from the northeast. I am somewhat curious to learn how long before a storm, or indications of one visible to weather sharps, the gull's signal service is set in operation.

My old friend, the captain, is very wary in the matter of predictions, his usual remark being, "Well, gentlemen, it may storm and it may not; I have seen great changes within twenty-four hours." And as his experience covers a period of over fifty years, and includes a very narrow escape while on a wrecking schooner in the "great ice storm" (1856, I think), his prophecies should have some weight. However, he declares the gulls infallible.

I often wonder if other cave dwellers like myself have noted the circumstances attending a change in the weather while far away from brick walls and tin roofs, more especially if one be on the water, where each little shift of the wind is more noticeable. Perhaps when one goes to the blind in the early morning, all will be still and quiet. As the first streaks of light begin to show in the east, a light breeze from the north or northwest will dispel the slight mist. Probably as daylight approaches heavy banks of clouds will be seen to the eastward; then the breeze freshens a trifle, and an hour or so after sunrise is blowing from the west. Then it gradually grows fainter and fainter until the whole bay resembles a mill pond in its glassy smoothness, and the wild fowl sitting on the water afar off are greatly magnified in appearance, ducks resembling geese, and geese having the appearance of small hay stacks. By this time the sun is shining brightly, and the day is what some would call a "weather breeder." Another hour and you may notice a faint ripple on the water, coming from the southwest, and as the wind shifts to due south, and perhaps southeast, it gathers strength, until finally our mill pond is turned into a very choppy sea, and the decoys are bobbing and bowing in a manner far from sedate. As the afternoon wears away the sky becomes overcast, and if the wind shifts still further to the eastward the air becomes raw and damp. Then we take it upon ourselves to predict for the morrow a nor'easter. Still we are not even then as accurate as some of Mother Nature's weather sharps in our predictions.

OCEAN,
For twenty years a news-stand subscriber, and who has had great sport and killed much game (by proxy) through its columns.

Bird Music and Mimics.

FROM times of earliest history the songs of birds have been a source of delight to mankind. Poets have written volumes on feathered minstrelsy. Musicians without number have striven—and how vainly—to reproduce the exquisite trilling of the lark, the liquid notes of the nightingale, the sweet, sad piping of thrushes, the mourning plaint of the dove, the fluting of blackbird, of bobolink, of mockingbird. And the pitiful nearest that the most sublime composer can ever hope to come to the heavenly music of even the purling of the little winter wren is as the likeness between the finest steel needle and the delicate point of the bee's sting—if, indeed, a similarity as near as this can be attained.

Apart from the delight afforded our ears by their ravishing tenderness, the notes of birds tell the careful listener many a story lost to casual or inattentive ears. It seems a cruel, a heartless thing to make use of the melody of the winged songsters to lure them to their destruction. But the naturalist has taught us much about the economic value of birds. Much about their habits, good, bad indifferent. In order that science may have full scope for research, the naturalist must necessarily obtain specimens of the flora and the fauna of the country sought to be exploited, and science and the naturalist never yet depleted the woods and fens of their bird denizens as have those leprous caterers to vain fashion—the plumage hunters. It is of the true naturalist we speak, not necessarily one who works for science.

Those who, in their wanderings over hill and dale, love to hear and see what bountiful nature offers for all to hear and see; these also are naturalists! True ones; for many of these never kill a bird, yet know them all and all their habits, and love to note the occurrence of well-known species or the accidental visits of strangers to uncommon localities. By the strict attention which he pays to the music of the birds, such a one will avoid many a hard tramp and fruitless quest. A single note will often tell him where to seek a desired bird, or that a stranger is within our gates.

It is strange, yet true, that not more than one of every ten who study birds recognizes the subtle distinctions between the calls of various species. They know the songs of a few of the most familiar singers, or the strident note of crane or goose, of crow or jay, but beyond this, little. I maintain that in most cases the difference between the calls of the various species is easily recognizable, and is a most important point to be considered in the classification of species, the subdivision of which is being pushed to such an extreme by ornithologists of the present day.

As some people cannot learn music, so there are others who cannot learn to distinguish the different calls which are similar. To those this paper will be of no interest. But there are many others who have never given the subject a thought, or who have not accustomed themselves to rely on their ears for information, and to these I say, "Use ear as well as eye." Once the ear becomes accustomed to the various notes and modulations, more familiar birds

will always be known by their cries, while a strange sound, however short, will strike the ear drum like the tap of a bell, and the locating of the visitor then becomes an easy matter.

Many birds with mimetic talents will tell tales out of school, and always of the truth. Let us take the Steller's jay as an example. In this part of our country the magpie is a rare bird. Indeed, I recollect having seen them in any numbers in but one winter during a period of many years, and that year they seemed to take one of those erratic whims which appear occasionally to strike certain tribes of birds, and they migrated to our shores in numbers. That season every Steller's jay in the neighborhood was chattering like a pyet. During one's walks through the woods one sometimes hears what he thinks is a red-tailed hawk crying from a dead tree upon which he sees perched a saucy jay. Yet one can be quite certain that a hawk of the species mimicked is somewhere in the neighborhood. The sparrow hawk, sharp shinned, and others too, will be imitated at times.

A jay alights on an apple tree in the early morning crying out in an uncouth manner. One does not require to be a magician to know that a mob of these birds have lately had a red hot time pecking at a crow.

One goes hunting through a thick fir forest. He hears a tremendous commotion going on among the branches of a nearby tree. "Haw! haw! Haw! haw!" Creeping up he discovers a crowd of blue fiends mobbing a blinking, snappy billed owl.

One day, while out grouse shooting in an open wind-fall, I heard some one whistle, as to a dog, close at hand and to one side. Surprised, as I believed myself quite alone, I turned quickly and detected a jay sitting on a dead limb. He seemed to be so alarmed at being discovered and at his own temerity that he nearly fell out of the tree in his haste to get away, and off through the limbs he scuttered, laughing hysterically the while. I knew at once that some hunter had lately passed through that part and had been whistling up his dog. Master Jay had caught the whistle to perfection. He is a true street Arab among our birds, a Brer' Jay, and is always ready to tell the world that "That's a new coon," and he never tells a lie, for so sure as he makes a strange note, one may be quite certain that he has heard it a very short time before. Verily, he is an amusing fellow, but he often gives us much valuable information.

MAZAMA.

COMOX, B. C., Nov. 28.

The Fear of Snakes.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* *FOREST AND STREAM* of the present week, editorially speculating upon objects of instinctive human dread, asks "Where does the fear of reptiles come in?"

As one of the possible answers, I venture to inclose to you a copy of some suggestions, as to the origin of this sentiment, which I contributed long ago (to be exact, in 1878) to the *American Naturalist*. Looking over this paper for the first time in many years, I find no reason for modifying the hypothesis as to men and the anthropoid apes, but the accumulated evidence from anatomical details now tells in favor of a line of descent for that group directly from the lemur-like mammals of the Eocene period, quite independently of the line by which the catarrhine and other monkeys came from the same stock. As snakes of any kind were probably few before the later Eocene, and venomous forms do not seem to appear before the upper Miocene, long after the supposed divergence took place, the existence of this instinct in both men and monkeys must now be regarded not as due to common inheritance, but as a case of "analogous variation," or, in other words, the production in like material of a similar modification, under like conditions. This developmental process is not unknown in structural form, and is doubtless more frequent in the comparatively plastic field of instinct.

ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN.

Mr. Brown's very interesting account of the experiments referred to is as follows:

With the purpose of observing the manner in which the feelings of curiosity and astonishment are manifested in the monkey, Mr. Darwin once introduced a snake into a cage containing a number of those animals, and the results of his experiment he refers to in "The Descent of Man," and also in "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," as illustrative of the extent to which those qualities are developed in that branch of the animal kingdom.

Reading his statement, the writer conceived the idea that the results obtained were capable of a deeper application than was there given them, and he proceeded to try the experiment for himself. The monkey house at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden afforded the opportunity, so a dead snake was coiled up in a newspaper, the corners of which were twisted together in such a manner that they would readily come undone, and the package was then set on the floor of a cage containing forty or fifty monkeys of a great variety of species. It was instantly spied by a female *Cynocephalus*, who was the principal leader in all the pranks with which the monkeys constantly amused themselves; she seized the paper by one corner, and set off across the cage, dragging it behind her, evidently intending to have a good time with it.

Before she had gone more than a few feet the paper became unfolded, and the snake slipped partly out. She instantly dropped the paper and sidled off in a very comical manner with her head over her shoulders, keeping an eye behind her, much as Lot's wife must have looked back on the fascinating terrors of the cities of the plain. No sooner did the rest of the monkeys perceive the dreadful object in their midst than they approached, step by step, and formed in a circle of 6 or 8 feet in diameter, having for its center the snake quietly coiled up on the floor. None dared, however, to touch it or to go beyond the established line of safety, with the exception of one large Macaque, the acknowledged leader of the cage, who cautiously approached and made an occasional snatch at the paper, apparently to see if the enemy was really as devoid of life as it appeared to be; all the others, meanwhile, looking on in breathless attention.

At this point a string which had previously been attached to the tail of the snake was gently pulled. The serpent lengthened slightly, and the monkeys fled up the

sides of the cage, chattering and screaming like magpies; when they got to a safe distance they hated for observation, and after some moments, seeing no further sign of danger, they gradually returned, one by one, to their former position—the large ones in the front rank, and the smaller ones crowded out by superior strength, forming behind and looking over their shoulders.

This was continued for some hours without the slightest change in the disposition of the monkeys—all of their actions showing a most intolerable fear of the snake, mingled with an attraction or curiosity which would not allow them to remain away from it. This was so universal that not one of the monkeys in the cage was entirely free from it.

The snake was finally taken out, and several other animals belonging to the same class were put in its place, but with very different results. Of a tortoise, for instance, and a small dead alligator, they were at first rather shy, but they at length began to touch them, and in ten minutes they were playing with them, and passing them from one to another with the greatest curiosity.

The same snake was then shown, in turn, to animals belonging to a number of other orders—carnivores, rodents, ungulates, edentates and marsupials, but none of them paid it any special attention with the exception of a peccary (*Dicotyles labiatus*), which, finding it to be dead, seemed disposed to make a meal of it.

Turning from the monkeys and watching instead, the visitors to the reptile house, it is evident that the instinctive fear and horror of the snake which is so common as to be almost universal with man is closely allied to that which has been seen to exist among monkeys. Women readily develop this, as their emotions are more quickly responded to by gestures than is usually the case in the other sex, and I was specially fortunate, a short time after the occurrence detailed above, in having an opportunity of observing the effect produced by the collection of snakes, upon a lady who was deaf and dumb—by the fact of her disabilities she was shut out, to a very great extent, from the influence—repressing, so far as the expression of the emotions is concerned—of free association with others, and the nature of her feelings was thereby rendered more evident. I was not at all surprised to trace in her, actions and gestures which resembled closely those which I had observed on the part of the monkeys; they evidenced the same fear, the same attraction and the same repulsion, and after watching for a long time, with an expression of the most intense disgust, the cage of boas, she was at last led away by her friends, protesting that she wanted to stay.

Now if it be asked why this instinctive feeling should be developed in the Primates alone—it is probable that as the early dawning of intelligence in the common ancestor of man and monkeys began to surpass the power of receiving impressions which existed in other animals, he would be most liable to conceive great dread of that enemy which inflicted upon him wounds of a very different sort from those which he received from his own kind or from animals which approached more or less to his own form and which also produced effects so subtle in their character and operation that they would be apt to leave lasting impressions on those animals which were frequently subjected to witnessing them. It should be remembered, also, that the home of the monkey and the spot where, in all probability the earlier Primates first saw the light, is in those regions of the earth which are most infested by numerous and venomous serpents.

These facts will at once suggest to all who put their faith in the theory of gradual development, that the fear of the serpent became instinctive in some far distant progenitor of man, by reason of his long exposure to danger and death in a horrible form, from its bite, and that it has been handed down through the diverging lines of descent which find their expression to-day in Homo and Pithecus. How strongly marked it is in the latter, the experiment detailed above, corresponding in each of its results with that of Mr. Darwin, bears testimony; and for the evidence of its influence on the mind of the former, turn to the story of the serpent in Paradise; to the signs and symbols of many ancient mythologies, and to the feeling which few men can deny to themselves when they are brought into association with even the most beautiful and harmless member of the order Ophidia.

Food of Foxes.

MILFORD, Conn., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This morning my fox hound ran a fox to me in a thick brier swamp. I killed it. It proved to be a "gray" bitch fox (*Urocyon*) in excellent fur.

Upon skinning I found her very fat, more so than any I have killed this year. Upon opening the abdomen I found the stomach and intestines distended with food. The contents of the stomach consisted of rabbit hair, the tail and hind leg of a field mouse, sweet corn kernels chewed and cracked up bits of apple skin and core, a leaf or two and woodcock flesh, bones and feathers.

This fox was shot in one of my best woodcock covers, and was the third gray that we have killed this fall in the same swamp. The other two, upon dissection of stomach, indicated a diet of rabbit, mice, apples, etc.

We have killed five red foxes in addition to the gray ones. In every case Reynard of this color gave evidence of barnyard pilfering, as I found chicken bones and feathers and flesh, together with the hair of moles, mice, etc. I have not yet discovered indubitable evidence of his harming game birds except in the case cited. My experience teaches that the gray fox is a denizen primarily of swamps, and is essentially a rabbit and mouse eater, or an eater of what he can find in the swamp. It is very hard to drive him from the swamp and he will circle for hours before crossing an opening to the next cover.

Dec. 7.—The last fox killed—to-day—was very old. Its incisors and molars were nearly gone, and one of the canines was lacking. A No. 1 shot was encysted in the tendon of the left hind leg. It weighed a trifle over 12 pounds. The stomach contained grass and dirt, presumably gathered with food, together with some mouse or mole hair.

M. G.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

A Great Snapping Turtle.

HERE is the picture of a snapping turtle which "would not go into a two-bushel basket." The basket is immediately behind the turtle and is touching the side of its shell, so that no suspicion of kodakery need be aroused. The perspective is that afforded by a long focus lens, and the basket is 6 feet from the hind wheels of the wagon. The old snapper was caught a few days ago by Farmer Utter, of Utertown in the bed of Greenwood Lake, which has been drained down so that there is almost as large an area of mud as there was of water. Utter just waded in with a rail and pried the turtle out of the mud. Then he took the savage creature up to John Hazen's Hotel at



A NEW JERSEY TURTLE.

Lakeside and showed it. It was the biggest turtle ever seen there. There was no means at hand of weighing it, but several "hefters" tackled it and their guesses ran from 60 to 80 pounds. *Chelydra serpentina* resented the familiarities by bucking, jumping clear of the ground and snapping viciously. A 2-foot rule was procured and his measurements proved to be 27 inches length of carapace and 43 inches from nose to tip of tail when extended as much as possible. After he was photographed a turtle sharp showed how to take all the fight out of a snapper and make him a peaceful traveling companion. Taking a stick of hard wood 4 inches long, he notched it near each end and securely tied two pieces of stout string to it. He dangled the stick in front of the turtle until it seized it in its jaws and then tied the loose ends together over the plastron and just under the tail. The wicked head was thus forced back into the shell and the turtle was effectually gagged.

HARRIMAC.

A Bone of Contention.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago I witnessed in Central Park a struggle between two men and a lion that was about as amusing as it was sensational. A big lion and his mate were in the enjoyment of a cage, scrupulously clean with the exception of a large bone, on which there seemed to be not a particle of flesh. But Leo loved that bone, and he did not purpose giving it up without a fight. But the cage must be rid of the unsightly object, and as it demanded actual compulsion (which doubtless the lion thought criminal aggression), a pronged iron-handled instrument that might have rivaled the trident of Neptune and an iron-handled hoe, about as formidable in its way, were brought for the encounter. The lion—stretched prone on his belly—had the valued bone under his massive paw. The man with the spear would do the prodding to make the beast lift his paw when the "man with the hoe" would make for the bone. The spearman was no chicken hearted individual. He jabbed with a vim born of impatience and determination. The hoer was not less active in his operations. When the lion did lift his paw from the bone it was instantly to bring it down again with a force that made the building tremble. The "man with the hoe" couldn't hook the bone. At length the lion concluded to change the order of things. He took the bone in his mouth and began stalking with head erect and eyes flashing fire, while his growls were loud and defiant. He had to step over his reclining mate, who would raise her head and protest with significant snarls at his infraction of licene etiquette. At length the old fellow lay down again, and the battle was renewed and kept up until the men desisted through fatigue.

The third sally was successful; a dextrous and timely movement hooked the bone, and his enraged majesty was as serene as an Indian summer sky. He licked his chops and seemed to say with the nonchalance of the inveterate gambler, "I lose."

N. D. ELTING.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Game Bag and Gun.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

New York League.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual convention of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League was held in the assembly room of the Yates Hotel in the city of Syracuse on Thursday, Dec. 6, and during the four hours it was in session considerable important business was transacted. Various matters of general interest to devotees of the rod and gun came up for consideration and were discussed intelligently and ably, sometimes very spiritedly, it is true, but always in a good natured, friendly manner. Whenever final action was taken in regard to a subject which had been discussed, it was almost invariably by a unanimous vote, a fact which clearly indicated that the delegates were open to conviction and prepared to defer to the wishes of the majority.

It was 10:30 A. M. when the gavel of President R. B. Lawrence, of New York, fell on the block and the convention was formally opened. The roll call showed that the clubs represented by delegates present were as follows:

Honest Fishermen's Club, of Seneca Falls—Ernest G. Gould.
Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River—W. H. Thompson, A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay; R. P. Grant, Clayton.
Black River Association for the Protection of Fish and Game—W. E. Wolcott, Utica; John W. Hicks, Oriskany.
League of American Sportsmen—George O. Shields, New York; Thos. C. Welch, Buffalo.
Niagara County Anglers' Club—James Carter, H. K. Wicker, Lockport.
New York Association for the Protection of Game—Robert B. Lawrence, Charles E. Whitehead, New York city.
Genesee Valley Fish and Bird Protective and Propagating Association, Rochester—Aaron Mather, Honeyoe Falls.
Spencer Sportsmen's Club—W. S. Gavitt, Henry Killick, Henry B. Whitney, Lyons.
Anglers' Association of Onondaga—John H. Forey, Charles H. Mowry, J. E. Bierhardt, Geo. B. Wood, Louis S. Morgan, Syracuse.
Cleveland Anglers' Association, of Cleveland, N. Y.—Dr. W. G. Babcock, C. H. Warren.

Major J. W. Pond, Chief State Game Protector; Protectors M. C. Worts and Spencer Hawn, and James Annin, Jr., of Caledonia, ex-Superintendent of State Fish Hatcheries, were among those present.

Secretary Ernest G. Gould read the minutes of the last annual meeting, and they were approved.

Treasurer A. C. Cornwall reported a balance of \$84.67 on hand from last year.

Dr. W. G. Babcock of the Cleveland Anglers' Association, an organization just admitted to membership in the League, promised the hearty co-operation of the club he represented. The Cleveland Association has seventy-five active members, and is in a flourishing condition.

William H. Thompson, George B. Wood and Henry Killick were appointed by the chair as a Nominating Committee.

Secretary Gould read the following letter, which he recently received:

My Dear Sir—As a member of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, organized last year in Montreal in the interests of harmony of law as between the States and Provinces, I take the liberty of addressing you. If agreeable to you, I ask that you will bring to the attention of the New York State League, whose annual meeting is to be held in Syracuse, the subject of harmony of laws as above, with a view to making suggestions on these lines, that I as a member of the committee on harmony can express your valuable opinions and wishes at a meeting of that committee to be held in Montreal, Dec. 13. Working, as we surely are, for a common purpose, I feel warranted in asking this of you and your Association. I also ask that you will allow me to present your name for membership in the Association as well as your president and others, who will go to Montreal at the annual meeting to be held in midwinter. I would call your attention to the notice in FOREST AND STREAM three weeks ago. Yours truly,

C. H. Wilson,
Vice-President for New York State.

Glens Falls, N. Y.

A letter from Hon. S. T. Bastedo, Minister of Fisheries for Ontario, addressed to W. H. Thompson, Secretary of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, was then read. Following is an abstract:

We have no special laws applicable to the St. Lawrence River as yet. We have but one close season for bass, which is applicable to the whole Province. I understand, however, that the Commission of Fisheries at Ottawa is revising the close season laws, and whether he will suggest any modification of the season in respect to the St. Lawrence, I am not able to say. I wrote to him several days ago for a forecast, but have not yet heard from him. I shall advise you in case any change is to be made. As I mentioned to you, the the Federal Government regulates the close seasons and stipulates the implements of capture. These are its functions chiefly. I may take this opportunity of saying that I recently visited the Bay of Quinte fisheries, and received a deputation of fishermen. I found them very hostile toward American anglers, chiefly on account of this vexatious bass question. They say that while you people are allowed to come over and fish in our waters and take home with them the fish caught, and many dispose of them at their own discretion, they (our people) are denied this privilege. I tried to explain to them the reciprocal relations which had been in existence for some time, and urged that notwithstanding the statements which they made I had positive information, after most careful inquiry, that no bass were sold. They merely laughed at this, and said they had ocular demonstration that a different state of things had actually taken place. They also stated most emphatically in reply to my argument that the employment of our guides would be discontinued on your side of the river, that no Canadian guides were now employed; that a number had made application for employment and had been refused and threatened with the enforcement of the alien labor law in case they succeeded in getting employment; that the alien labor law was put into force this year in respect of young men who obtained employment at your boarding houses and hotels as waiters. They said that your yachts come into our waters with as many as ten or fifteen rowboats in tow, will fish all day and pay no regard whatever to our regulations as to the number to be caught; that in case one man is fishing out of a boat in which perhaps he has a lady or two and a guide, he will continue fishing until he catches twelve fish apiece for every occupant of our boat, and in this way will catch as many as forty, fifty or even sixty bass in a day. This, as you must know, is a violation of our regulations. He cannot catch more than twelve a day. That there seems ground for their contention is supported by statements contained in a letter which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM about the middle of October over the signature of Mr. Wolcott, who states in one or two instances about the limit being "twenty-four to a boat"; and further, that "the guides have found the business very profitable," as they receive the majority of the bass taken, which they sell to Cape Vincent buyers, "one of them having made several hundreds of dollars from this source this

summer." We practically derive no benefit from our fisheries. Our hotels and boarding houses all along the river are empty. We are maintaining a large staff of overseers. For what? Apparently to provide good fishing for your people, who in return, in my opinion, are abusing the privilege.

The minnow question is a burning question, too. One of our overseers this summer confiscated several barrels of minnows which fishermen from your side had taken in our waters for bait with nets. Our fishermen claim that a large majority of these minnows were whitefish, trout, pickerel and bass minnows, and that the destruction in this way is tremendous. We prevent our own fishermen from taking them with seines, and that your men are not prevented from taking them in that way is a grievance. Of course they could be prevented if our overseer happened to detect them, but he cannot be everywhere at one and the same time.

It appears to me that the question resolves itself into this: That we will either have to shut your people out altogether or throw open our waters to our fishermen to sell what bass they take; and if this is done, it practically means throwing open the bass market all over the Province.

R. P. Grant spoke of the agreement which had been made with Canadian officials regarding the dates of the fishing season on the St. Lawrence. The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League ask the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River to send three delegates to Montreal, P. Q., to represent the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League at the annual meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association to be held at Montreal during the winter of 1907.

The Niagara County Anglers' Club was also authorized to send delegates to Montreal in the same manner.

Letters of regret were read from C. B. Lapham, of Canadaigua, and W. Austin Wadsworth, of Geneseo, president of the New York State Forest, Fish and Game Commission. The former was not feeling well enough to attend, and on motion of Mr. Wolcott the sympathy of the League was extended to him with best wishes for his speedy recovery.

W. E. Wolcott offered the following:

Resolved, That the legislative and law committee of this body be instructed to do all in its power to convince the Legislature at its coming session of the fact that the force of State game protectors should be increased.

After speaking briefly in support of the resolution the mover asked that Chief Protector Pond express an opinion on the subject.

Major Pond said that the State of New York was paying out a great deal of money to propagate fish and some to propagate game with a force of protectors inadequate to protect. If the police force of a city were proportionately as small in numbers it would be the laughing stock of the people. During a portion of the year half of the force of protectors is needed to protect the oyster industry. Then there are big ranges of forests to look after, besides the other territory. I would also say when the number is increased, increase the pay as well. There is a cry going up as to why the protectors do not come here and there, but each of the thirty-seven protectors has on an average nearly two counties to cover. They receive a salary of \$500 a year and \$450 or \$37.50 per month, for expenses. I think if there were fifty protectors and they received a salary of \$900 a year and an allowance of \$600 for expenses, they would do good work.

W. H. Thompson—The complaint seems to be that they don't do their work. If it would induce them to do it I would be in favor of increasing their pay. Governor Odell favors an increase in the number of protectors.

John H. Forey—The protectors are poorly paid men in view of the risks they take and the work they do. I move as an amendment that we also recommend that the pay of the protectors be increased to \$900 a year and \$600 for expenses.

The amendment and resolution as amended were adopted.

Dr. Babcock spoke of the dangers and difficulties which protectors encountered in trying to enforce the game laws on Oneida Lake. He said they risked their lives. They use up the small amount the State allows them for expenses, and then often cut into their own salaries in their earnest work.

Mr. Forey spoke of the advisability of the members of the League urging the members of the Senate and Assembly in their respective districts to favor the bill regarding the protectors and their salaries.

Major Pond said the suggestion was a good one.

Mr. Thompson said Senator Brown had spoken to him about the advisability of an association when it wanted a bill passed sending some one to back it up.

Major Pond said that when help was needed on game matters at Albany, all he had to do was to send to President Lawrence and he would pack his grip and come up at once. [Applause.]

Mr. Mowry thought members of the Legislative and Law Committee should go to Albany to see about bills.

Mr. Mowry offered resolutions recommending the appointment of Charles C. Ford, of Parish, Oswego county, and John L. Perry of Syracuse, as special game protectors, the latter for the Anglers' Association of Onondaga. Adopted.

Mr. Mowry said that Mr. Perry had been on Oneida Lake three times with the protectors when fish pirates fired at them with rifles.

President Lawrence called Mr. Wolcott to the chair and took the floor for a short time. He said he had not been able to get definite information from the chairman of the Law Committee as to what had been done. He thought the president of the League should be able to tell just what was going on. It is unpleasant for him to be unable to ascertain what committees are doing. Mr. Lawrence then resumed the chair.

Mr. Wood said Mr. MacGregor had been ill.

On the suggestion of Mr. Mowry the Nominating Committee was asked to place the president of the League on the Law Committee. A recess was then taken until 2 P. M.

When the convention was again called to order the report of Walter S. MacGregor, chairman of the Legislative and Law Committee, which had come to hand in the meantime, was presented. It was as follows:

Gentlemen—As chairman of the Legislative and Law Committee of your body for the past year, I desire to report that the legislative work of your committee during the year consisted of framing and having introduced in the Legislature two bills—one to amend Section 100 of the game law so as to prevent the pollution of streams, and one to construct fishways in the dams of the Seneca and Oswego rivers. Hostile interests killed the first bill in committee, and the exigencies of politics in a Presidential election killed the other temporarily. The fishway bill will be again presented in the Legislature this winter, and

the co-operation of the League is asked to secure its passage, as it is believed the construction of such fishways would soon add vastly to the supply of food and game fish in the lakes and rivers of Central New York. Few people have studied the subject enough yet to appreciate the loss in fish caused by high dams which have no fishways to enable the fish to return to their natural spawning beds. I forward two suggestions for proposed amendments to the law, which have been filed with me, one from G. O. Shields and one with regard to spring shooting from Mr. Gavitt. I regret that at the last moment I find my business prevents my being with you. Sincerely yours,

Walter S. MacGregor.

41 Wall Street, New York.

Mr. Shields mentioned several changes which might be made in the game laws. One of them was to the effect that the Law Committee be instructed to try and have the Legislature pass an act prohibiting the shooting of any kind of game in the spring months. Mr. Gavitt seconded the resolution.

Some time ago this League was instrumental in pushing a bill through prohibiting spring duck shooting, but influences near New York, said the speaker, were too much for us. Mr. Gavitt thought it had been thoroughly demonstrated that duck shooting was deteriorating so that it would soon be too late to do anything. He feared though that if other birds than ducks were included in the bill it might serve to kill it. There are some hunters who want to shoot plover and snipe, and they might object. Mr. Shields said bills would be presented to the Legislature in at least twenty States to prohibit spring shooting. He accepted the amendment suggested by Mr. Gavitt and the Law Committee will endeavor to have a bill passed making the close season for web-footed wild fowl begin March 1.

Thomas C. Welch said that while half a loaf is better than none, it seemed to him that if there was a possible chance of getting a bill through prohibiting all kinds of spring shooting it should be done. He had found eggs in snipe in the spring and if the birds were left alone they would nest near Buffalo. Wild fowl used to breed on Niagara River, but they never will again until they are left alone in the spring.

On motion of Mr. Welch it was decided to subscribe for the service by which bills are sent out from Albany, in order that the secretaries of the various clubs in the League may be apprised of what measures are pending in the Legislature in regard to fish and game matters. Mr. Shields spoke of some other suggestions regarding game matters, among them the following: That the sale of game should be stopped; that there should be a uniform season for game; that no man should be allowed to kill more than a certain number of birds; to make constables ex officio game wardens; to prohibit the use of snares and nets for taking birds and animals; providing for a tax on guns; to make the use of dynamite in taking fish a penitentiary offense. Mr. Welch told about a Canadian boy who came across in a boat and asked a man if he had any dynamite cartridges. They were wanted for fishing purposes. A great deal of dynamite is used in the Niagara River.

Major Pond—Dynamite not only kills the fish, but it destroys spawning beds and fish food.

Mr. Welch offered the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Law and Legislative Committee be instructed to frame and introduce a bill in the Legislature requiring all persons selling high explosives within this State to keep a record of all sales, showing the name and address of the person to whom sold, with the date of sale, and providing a penalty for violation. Also to introduce an amendment striking out from the penalty for using dynamite all power to fine.

Dr. Babcock offered a resolution instructing the Legislative and Law Committee to assist in the passage of a law placing a small bounty on all unlawful nets. He said he did not wish to say anything that would reflect on the protectors, but almost every summer Oneida Lake is literally filled with nets. The only law which came anywhere near clearing the lake of nets was the bounty law, but it was repealed because the bounty was too high. The speaker suggested a bounty of \$5 on a trap net. Another thing in favor of a bounty law, said he, is that it would legalize the seizure of nets.

Messrs. Mowry and Forey also spoke in favor of a small bounty on nets. Mr. Welch thought such a bill could not be passed. He said one man sued his county for \$8,000 bounty under the former law. Mr. Worts said the bounty law was a good thing if it were not abused. Dr. Babcock's resolution was adopted.

Mr. Shields offered a resolution instructing the Law Committee to work for the passage of a law to prohibit the sale of game of all kinds at all seasons. Mr. Hicks seconded it. Mr. Forey asked to have brook trout included. Mr. Mowry moved as an amendment that the Law Committee try to have an act passed prohibiting the sale of grouse, quail and woodcock. Carried.

Mr. Mowry, by request, read a communication from a Syracusan asking if something could not be done to get the game law amended so that there would be duck shooting in central New York. It was the opinion of the writer that if batteries could be used on two days in the week it would do a good deal of good for shooters in general. It would break up the large flocks of ducks on the lake and the birds would then come to the shore blinds.

Mr. Forey moved that the Law Committee be instructed to endeavor to have a provision inserted in Section 47, Article 3, of the game laws, to the effect that walleyed pike less than 13 inches in length shall not be intentionally taken, and if taken they shall be returned to the water. He said that the State hatcheries were putting out millions of young pike, but fish pirates are taking small pike by illegal devices. They catch them by tons, pike from 6 to 8 inches long. They are depleting the waters, taking baby pike, and disposing of them for pan fish. They come largely from Oneida Lake. His resolution was adopted.

Mr. Mather reported that the Auditing Committee had examined the books of the Treasurer and found them correct. The report of the Treasurer was adopted.

On motion of Secretary Gould, Aaron Mather, of Honeoye Falls, was elected an honorary member of the League.

President Lawrence urged the members of the League to see that all proposed amendments to the game laws were in the hands of the Law Committee prior to the annual meeting.

The Nominating Committee reported the following list of officers for the ensuing year, and the same were duly elected: President, Robert B. Lawrence, New York city; Vice-President, W. E. Wolcott, Utica; Secretary,

Ernest G. Gould, Seneca Falls; Treasurer, A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay. Legislative and Law Committee—Chairman, C. B. Lapham, Canadaigua; W. S. MacGregor, New York; W. S. Gavitt Lyons; C. H. Mowry, Syracuse. Auditing Committee—Aaron Mather, Honeoye Falls; Dr. W. G. Babcock, Cleveland; James Carter, Lockport. Biological Committee—James Annin, Caledonia; G. B. Wood, Syracuse; W. E. Wolcott, Utica.

President Lawrence briefly but earnestly thanked the League for the honor again conferred upon him, after which the convention adjourned.

It is probable that a bill will be introduced at the next session of the Legislature providing for a substantial appropriation for the purchase by the State of additional lands in the Adirondacks. The attention of the Legislative and Law Committee of the League has been called to the matter, and they have been asked to favor it.

W. E. Wolcott.

UTICA, Dec. 7.

Toledo and Thereabouts.

The Oqueoc Club.

TOLEDO, O., Dec. 4.—Toledo, which is always a progressive city in all matters pertaining to field sports, has a new hunting and fishing club to be known as the Oqueoc. It has acquired possession of eighty acres of land on Lake Nettie, some forty miles northwest of Alpena, and a temporary club house has been erected, which will be replaced by a comfortable and commodious structure in the spring. This is a wild and hitherto inaccessible section of the lower Michigan peninsula, but the Detroit & Mackinac Railway has run its tracks within a mile of the lake and has agreed to establish a flag station for the benefit of the members. There is a sprinkling of Pittsburg and Cincinnati men in the new organization—just enough to keep it from being a purely local affair—and it is the intention to have the club incorporated at an early date. The membership is limited to seventy-five. Quite a number of Toledo hunters have gone up to try their luck since the election.

To Play the Host.

The Ann Arbor Railway, which had its origin at Toledo, extends diagonally across the lower peninsula to its northwest corner at Frankfort, on Lake Michigan. It taps in the intervening territory some of the best hunting and fishing grounds in that portion of the State, and nearly every station the other side of the university town of Ann Arbor has its adjacent bass lake or trout stream. Frankfort, the northern terminus, is a delightful summer resort and an excellent location for the headquarters of the hosts of hunters and fishermen who are in search of recreation and health, but heretofore it has been sadly lacking in adequate accommodations for this class of visitors. The managers of the road have for the past two or three years realized this deficiency, and in order to remedy it, have decided to play the host hereafter for the benefit of their patrons. Accordingly, they have just broken ground for a new hotel at Frankfort, on which they purpose spending a hundred thousand dollars. It will contain 210 rooms all equipped and furnished in modern style, and the rates are to be so low that a plain, ordinary ten dollar bill will carry a man a long time. The new hostelry is located on Marquette Island, a spot rendered historic as the burial place of the revered Father Marquette, and the grounds about the house will be transformed into an island park which will without doubt add greatly to its attractiveness. Mr. W. H. Bennett, the general passenger agent, and Mr. J. J. Kirby, his assistant, are both enthusiastic over the new enterprise.

About the Shooting.

The quail shooting has been better than usual, and it is quite possible for Toledo hunters to get a fair day's sport within a dozen miles of the city. Quite a number of birds have been brought in during the past two or three days by the farmer boys, who evidently knew where the coveys were to be found, and they have proved to be in fine condition. At the fish and game stands they retail at three dollars a dozen. The duck shooting has been on a moderately good, but the marshes in the vicinity of the city have been comfortably full of hunters since the season opened, and these have managed to keep the birds in circulation. To the eastward of Toledo and along the south shore of Lake Erie the Winans Point, Lacarpe, Toussaint, Cedar Point and West Harbor clubs are located, and include in their membership many of the most prominent and well-to-do citizens of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Baltimore and other Eastern cities. The incoming trains during the last few days have been crowded with sportsmen who are members of these clubs and who are so fortunately situated as to be able to take a week or so away from their business without having their salaries docked. And to their credit it should be said that as a body they are right down good fellows, in spite of the fact that many of them are millionaires.

The Mongolian Pheasant.

Early last summer the Ohio Fish and Game Commission sent to Major W. R. Leflet, who resides on the Ottawa River a short distance north of the city limits three pairs of young Mongolian pheasants, at that time about as large as quail. One of the chicks died soon after their arrival, but the remaining five were turned out on the Major's farm. For a long time nothing was seen or heard of them, and it was feared that they had succumbed to the pressure of the strenuous life they were obliged to live. But of late they have been seen quite frequently, and appear to be in the best of health and spirits. These birds, as the winter comes on, do not seem to wander very far from their wonted beat, which is a strip of territory between the Ottawa and Maumee rivers about three miles in width, and occasionally they are found fraternizing with Major Leflet's chickens, with which they had an earlier acquaintance. The entire neighborhood is alert to care for and preserve these strangers, and it would go hard with any one who should undertake to pot them. The protection afforded these birds by the Legislature till 1900 has been extended for three years.

The Toledo Cuvier.

Mr. John Renner long a resident of Cincinnati, has removed to this city and opened a sportsman's head-

quarters on St. Clair street, near Adams. Mr. Renner is himself a thorough-going sportsman, and has hunted over much of the ground made familiar to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* by Roosevelt and Hough. In Cincinnati he was a member of the famous Cuvier Club, and has transported the name to Toledo. He also was (and is) a member of the immortal Kingfishers, whose rendezvous is at the Queen City, and among whom he figures as The Deacon. The walls of the smoking room at the Cuvier are hung with reproductions of water colors by Frost and Huntington, and on the tables are to be placed a choice list of the best hunting and fishing periodicals, the first of which he assured me yesterday is to be the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

On Triton Waters.

A few days since two Toledo gentlemen who are members of the noted Triton Fish and Game Club, of Canada, were most pleasantly reminded of a friendship formed on the lakes and streams of that sportsman's paradise during their fishing tour to its waters in August last. It appears from the evidence that W. J. Walding and Noah H. Swayne, the gentlemen in question, while out for the day's fishing, had stopped at the noon hour at Lac de Passe, where they met two fellow fishermen who were also members of the club, but located at a different camp. A courteous invitation by the Toledo party to join them at their noonday lunch was as cordially accepted by the others, and in the conversation which ensued our home people lamented the fact that they were obliged to obtain their time from the sun, moon and stars, Mr. Walding having broken the mainspring of his watch, while Mr. Swayne's timepiece had suffered the loss of its crystal. Whereupon the younger of their guests remarked that he was fortunate in having two watches with him, and it would please him to have Mr. Walding carry one of them till his return to Toledo. The offer was thankfully accepted, and during the next few days the quartette remained together, casting the feathered lure from their respective canoes during the day, and exchanging reminiscences and divers colored "tokens" at night. A warm friendship grew up among the members of the party, and on one occasion when his companion was not by, the elder fisherman suggested to Mr. Walding that he would better keep the watch when he returned to Toledo, as its owner had really more watches than he had any actual use for, since he was a director in the New England Watch Company. Afterward, when the suggestion was heartily seconded by the youngest man, the Toledoan said that he would be glad to retain the watch (an ordinary Waterbury) as a memento of the meeting. Perhaps it ought to be noted, before going further with the story, that the cards which the two visitors had tendered at the first meeting showed that the elder gentleman was Mr. George E. Hart, president of the New England Watch Company, of Waterbury, Conn., and Mr. George W. Burnham, of New York city.

Before the party separated, with many mutual expressions of gratification over the added enjoyment which their intercourse had afforded Mr. Hart requested Mr. Walding to return the watch to him as soon as the Toledo man had reached home, so that the manufacturer of timepieces might have the opportunity of "putting it in a better case," as he expressed it. Walding thanked him and thought nothing more about the matter till he received a letter not long after his return, from Mr. Hart, who insisted that Walding should "carry out his agreement" and send back the watch. Mr. Hart also asked that some picture which Walding valued for its associations be sent with the watch, in order that an engraving might be made from it for the case. The watch and photograph were sent accordingly, and a few days since Mr. Walding received, not a thick and heavy Waterbury, but a thin, high grade timepiece, whose mechanism and ornamentation are the highest expression of the watchmaker's art. On the back of the case is an engraving showing a faithful reproduction of a camp photograph taken some three years ago, when Mr. Walding had left home an invalid, and his camping companion had been cautioned by his wife, "on no account to let Mr. Walding do any lifting." In the picture a log camp appears in the background, and just in front of it stands the "sick man," who in the intervening weeks of free life in the open air had regained his wonted health, with a pack over his shoulders which would have staggered the most robust pack mule. The open face of the watch displays a most unique and beautiful design. On its snow white surface, instead of the usual Roman numerals are given miniature fac-similes of the first twelve cards of the diamond suit beginning with the ace for the first hour and ending with the queen. The diamonds in each card are reproduced in garnets, while over the center of each an emerald disk marks the point at which the hands reach the hour. The letter which advised the recipient of its transmission was inclosed in an envelope of the full "official" size, and this contained on its face a reproduction of the camp scene in water colors, and on the reverse side an original sketch also in colors, in which was depicted a camp table with a chair at either end and on its battered surface a stack of chips, a pack of cards, two half-burned cigars, and looming over all, an immense demijohn bearing the legend, "Walding's Best Bait."

Mr. Swayne was also complimented with a watch of exactly similar pattern, save that the engraving on the case represented a birch bark canoe with an appropriate background. To say that these gentlemen are highly pleased with this lavish recognition of camp courtesies is putting it very mildly indeed, and nothing can afford either of them greater satisfaction just now than to be asked by their friends for the time of the day.

Mr. Walding brought with him on his return from the Triton waters a 4¼-pound male fontinalis which he has had handsomely mounted. He was taken on a 5-ounce rod, with a red bucktail fly and automatic reel, and afforded thirty-five minutes of that exhilarating suspense which brings a man's heart into his mouth, before he was lifted into the canoe.

A Rare Visitor.

I delay the signature to this letter long enough to say that an elder duck was shot in the marshes north of Toledo to-day, one of the extremely rare specimens which have been taken in the waters of this locality. The bird was in fine plumage, and is naturally much prized by its captor.

JAY BEEBE.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—XIV.

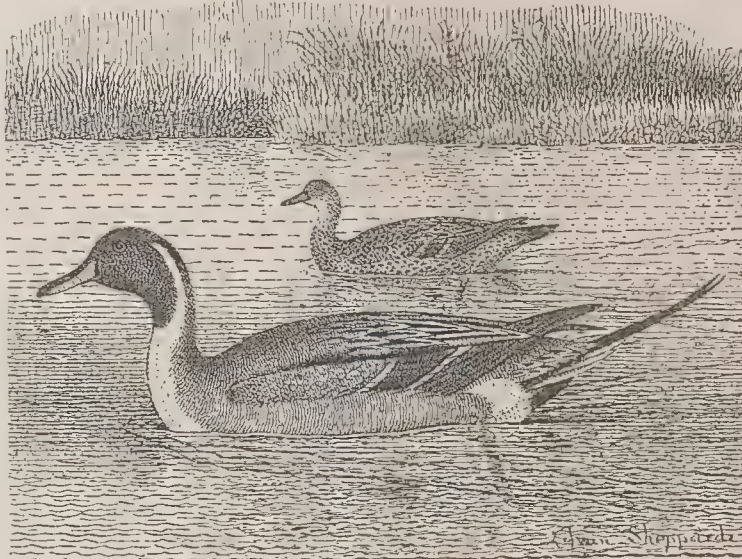
BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[Continued from page 447.]

Pintail.

Dafila acuta (Linn.).

THE male pintail has the head and upper neck wood brown, darkest on the crown, often with greenish, reddish and purple reflections. A part of the hind neck is black; lower down it becomes grayish, finely barred with dusky, gray and white. The front of back and sides are waved with very fine cross bars of white and black. Most of the wing is gray or brownish. The speculum is green, in some lights coppery, margined with white tawny and black, and with a cinnamon-colored bar in front. A line beginning at the back of the head and passing down the side of the neck is white, running into the white of the fore neck and under parts. The long feathers growing from the third bone of the wing are pale gray with a black strip down the middle. The long scapulars or shoulder feathers, are black, edged with whitish. The upper and under tail coverts are black, touched with white on the outside, forming a line of white. The tail feathers



PINTAIL DUCK.

are mostly gray and brown, but the long central pair, which are narrow and pointed and extend far beyond the others, are black. The bill is bluish-gray, eyes brown, and the legs and feet gray. Length, 26-30 inches; wing, over 10 inches.

The female is one of the plain grayish ducks, resembling in a general way the female mallard, or the female green-winged teal. The ground color of the upper parts is rusty or whitish, streaked with dusky or brownish. The chin and throat are whitish; the wing-coverts brownish-gray, edged with white. The under parts are white, streaked with dusky. The bird is always to be distinguished by its bill and its feet.

The pintail is a bird of wide distribution, inhabiting the whole of the northern hemisphere, from Alaska on the west to Japan and northern Kamtschatka on the east. In America it is found all over the country, at different seasons of the year, from ocean to ocean, and from the shores of the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Sea. In winter it is found in Cuba also. Although breeding in Alaska, on the Mackenzie River and in Greenland, it is also a summer resident of the Western United States, and breeds in considerable numbers in Dakota, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. I have found their nests there in the middle of June, the young not yet having made their appearance.

The pintail is not very abundant in autumn on the New England coast, though it is found occasionally in Maine and Massachusetts, and in somewhat greater abundance in Connecticut, where it is known as pheasant. On Long Island it is more common during the migrations, and when we reach the coast of Virginia and North Carolina it is one of the abundant ducks. Here it often associates with the mallard and black duck, and when the birds fly to and fro from their feeding grounds a small bunch may contain four or five mallards, two or three black ducks and an equal number of pintails. On the other hand, little flocks made up only of pintails are often seen.

In the first volume of the "Water Birds" Dr. Brewer gives the following abridgment of Mr. Kennicott's account of the pintail in the North: "The summer home of the pintail is within the Arctic region, further to the northward than that of any other of our fresh-water ducks, comparatively few breeding south of Great Slave Lake. In their spring migrations to the northward they move in immense flocks, which only disperse upon their arrival at their breeding grounds. A few reach that lake about May 1, but the main body arrive about a week or so later, and mostly pass directly on across the lake to the northward. On the Yukon the first specimens were seen in the latter part of April, and before the 10th of May they had arrived in immense flocks, which remained some time together in that vicinity before passing further north or separating to breed. At this time the birds were fat, and their flesh delicious, much superior to that of any other duck, except the widgeon. At the Yukon the pintails are the latest in nesting of any of the fresh-water ducks, and generally hatch a week or two after the mallard. He found them breeding in the same grounds and at about the same time, with *Fulix affinis*, though they do not associate with that species. He always found their nests in low but dry ground, under the shelter of trees or bushes, though never among thick, large trees, and not more than two or three rods from water. They never build on hammocks in the water, nor on high land, but always just upon the edge of a marsh or lake. The nest is usually placed at the foot of a willow, among grass, rather than leaves or moss, and is extremely simple, being composed of merely a few bits of broken dry grass and sticks, but well lined with down. The eggs are from seven to nine in number, and rather small in size."

Mr. E. W. Nelson, whose studies of Northern birds are so interesting, has given a graphic account of the breeding habits of the pintail, and among other things, calls attention to an act by this duck curiously similar to the well-known drumming of the snipe. The bird falls from a great height, with wings held stiff and curved, and producing a sound which at first is low, but gradually grows louder, until, as the bird reaches the ground in its diagonal fall, the sound becomes very loud. A man who has had a bunch of canvasbacks or blackheads sweep down over him as they prepare to alight, can well imagine what this sound is like. The cry of the pintail in autumn and winter is a low lisping whistle, but at other times it is said to utter a sound something like the quack of the mallard, and also one similar to the rolling note produced by the blackhead.

The pintail is quite a shy bird; its usual flight is high in the air, which gives it an opportunity to inspect the country for signs of danger. Often, however, if the weather is favorable, these birds come well to decoys, and are easily killed.

There are few more graceful species than this. The long pointed wings, the slender form, terminating in a long neck and tail, and the swift flight, make the bird a very beautiful one.

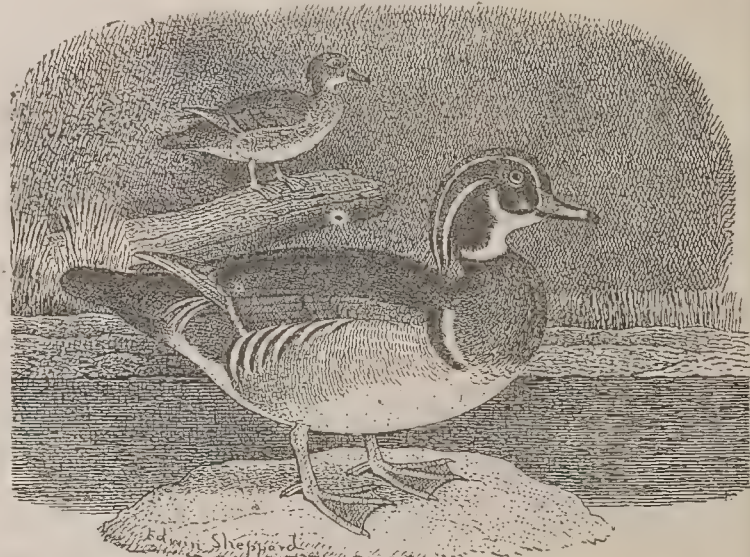
This species rejoices in many names, and some of them given by Mr. Trumbull are pied gray duck, gray widgeon, sea widgeon, split tail, sprig tail, spike tail, picket tail, sea pheasant, water pheasant, long neck, sharp tail and spindle tail.

Wood Duck.

Aix sponsa (Linn.).

The adult male has the head and long thick crest rich green and purple, with brilliant metallic reflections. A narrow line of white starts from the upper angle of the bill, passing over the eye, and continuing down into the crest. Another wider line starts behind the eye and runs down into the under part of the crest. The throat and upper neck are white, sending out two branches one up behind the eye, another back behind the head, partly inclosing the violet black of the lower back of the head. The lower neck and breast are rich chestnut glossed with purple; dotted in front with triangular spots of white. The back is purplish-black, with glossy reflections, as are also the upper wing coverts. The shoulder feathers and tertiaries are black, with blue, green and purple reflections, and the longest of the tertiary feathers is tipped with white. On the side of the breast, just in front of the wing, is a broad white bar and below it, another bar, which is black. The sides and flanks are finely waved with black lines on a brownish-yellow ground, many of the feathers having a bar of black, bordered with white at the extremities. The under parts are pure white, but the under tail coverts are glossy black. The upper tail coverts are long, fall over the tail on either side and are rich with metallic reflections. The bill is deep red, with a black spot near the base, a white spot on the side, a yellow border to the base, and with a black nail. The eyes are bright carmine red, surrounded by orange-red or scarlet eyelids. The legs and feet are yellow, with dusky joints and webs.

The adult female is generally gray, or greenish-gray, but her markings, in a general way, resemble those of the male. She has the crest, but not so much of it as the



WOOD DUCK.

male. The throat and under parts are white; the breast and sides greenish-gray, dotted with white markings; the upper parts are more brownish and have purple and bronzy reflections. The secondaries are white-tipped. The bill is dusky, and there is a narrow line of white all about it. The length is about 19 inches, wing 9½ inches.

The wood duck is easily the most beautiful of North American ducks. It is commonly compared with the mandarin duck of China, but it is larger and its dress is a little more highly colored, and while more rich, is yet more simple.

This is a bird of the South, and breeds everywhere throughout the Eastern and Southern United States, in suitable localities. Unlike most of our ducks, it is not a migrant to the far North, though it has been found as far north as latitude 54 degrees, but it confines itself pretty well to the United States, and further to the southward.

The wood duck is a bird of swamps and small inland waters, and is notable as being one of the few species which always nests in trees. Sometimes it takes possession of a hole excavated by a great woodpecker, or it may adapt a hollow in a trunk or branch to its use. It is very much at home in the timber, and threads its way among the tree tops at great speed. The eggs are often laid on the bare wood that forms the floor of the cavity which it occupies, but, as incubation goes on, the mother plucks more or less down from her breast to cover them. When the young are hatched, if the nest is over the water, they crawl to the opening and throw themselves into the air to fall into the water. If, however, the nest is at a distance from the shore, the mother carries them to the water in her bill. When the young ducks are hatched their claws are exceedingly sharp, and they are

great climbers. They thus have no difficulty in making their way to the mouth of the hole.

The wood duck is often kept in confinement, and is a beautiful pet. There are many records of its having been bred in captivity.

While a great many wood ducks are shot, they are nowhere sufficiently numerous to make it worth while to gun especially for them. Those that are killed are taken chiefly by accident when they fly near to decoys put out for other fowl. Being shot at all seasons of the year, they are becoming very scarce, and are likely to be exterminated before long.

Waterfowl in the Berkshires.

NEW MARLBOROUGH, Mass.—The 10th of October was one of those still, damp days, with almost a drizzle of rain at times, and considerable fog in the lowlands and wet places. I drove to the little village of Monterey, five miles distant, to make some calls. Stopping on the way to make a social call on the veteran sportsman of these parts, George Shultis, his wife told me that George and the boys had gone to Lake Garfield duck shooting. It is rarely that water fowl are shot here to exceed more than three or four at a time, and I laughed to myself, as I imagined the luck they must be having. As I neared the town, which is close to the lake, I began to hear the reports of guns, and saw two or three flocks of ducks high in the air. This amused me still more, as I pictured those poor mortals shooting at ducks at least 200 yards in the air. When I got to the village, wild rumors of a "pond full of ducks" reached my ears, and judging from the noise I heard, reports were not exaggerated.

After visiting my patients I began casting about me for a gun, but found that even horse pistols were at a premium that day. In my despair I went to the village store and, oh, joy! lying right on the porch was a gun. I was contemplating running away with it, when out bobbed Harry Shultis with his hands full of shells, and a perfect torrent of information. "We've shot over twenty ducks; lake's so full of 'em they just crowd each other on to the shore. Come on," said he, "and take my gun."

Well, did I? We jumped into the buggy and started for the lake.

The nearer we approached the more it sounded like the Fourth of July. There were all kinds of noises, from 2½ drams of nitro powder from a 16-gauge, to about 100 drams of black powder belched from a miniature cannon in the hands of a freckled-faced red-headed boy of about seventeen years.

I found everybody there (except the two patients I had visited), and for variety of weapons they certainly beat the world. One or two at least were using rifles on a small sheet of water, with boat loads of hunters rowing in every direction. There every boat hunted for itself except our two, and there was many a merry race to see who would get to a bunch of ducks when they struck the water. The lake which is about a mile long and half a mile in the widest part, was literally covered with boats where it wasn't covered with ducks. The fowl were mostly coots, a few teal and a sprinkling of black ducks.

Everybody kept the birds moving, and by the middle of the afternoon all had departed except the killed and crippled. We then rowed ashore and laid our ducks on the sand. They counted up fifty-nine, a pretty good string for three people. It was estimated that about 250 birds were killed altogether. In the memory of the oldest inhabitant, there never had been such a day's sport there before.

E. W. STOCKWELL, M. D.

A .303 Bullet on a Deer.

A FEW days since I wrote FOREST AND STREAM an account of our recent New Hampshire deer hunt. I wish now to give the effects of a soft-pointed .303 bullet from a Savage rifle on a deer. The killing of my big buck last week was as follows: I was sitting down on top of a ridge of hardwood and spruce, and my first glimpse was just the top of the deer's back. I rose to my feet, and could see the buck's head, part of his neck and a little more of his back. There was a small ridge a few yards in front of me, directly between me and the deer, which prevented a better view. I aimed at a spot just back of the deer's jaw. At the crack of the rifle the buck went down instantly. He was just 40 yards distant. I walked up to him, thinking he might need a second shot, but he never attempted to get on his feet. He kicked about a little, and kept swinging his head about. I ran a knife into his neck well down toward his brisket, striking the right place at once, and the blood spouted and ran as I have never seen it before. In a very short time the buck was dead. My impression then was that the bullet had either broken his neck or taken a piece out of the bone. Cutting up the buck after reaching home, showed that it had not. The nearest point it came to the neck bone is one-half inch. From entrance of bullet to exit it is just five inches. Hole at exit measured two inches in diameter, and is very ragged. The claim of the makers of small bore nitro rifles as to the effect of such bullets on game being equal to if not greater than any very larger calibers using black powder, seems in the above instance to be verified.

The four deer and four bears we killed in our five days' hunting were all shot with two Winchester .30-30's and one Savage .303. In every instance, except on the bears (and they being in a large hole in a ledge, it was difficult to get in a shot where it was needed, or to tell when we had, and doubtless some shots were fired which were not needed), one shot killed the animal fired at. The first deer, a doe, was shot with a Winchester .30-30 as she lay on the ground. She did not get on her feet; the bullet went through her back. The second deer, a big buck, was shot while running at some distance in hardwood growth, the .30-30 Winchester bullet striking hind leg just below hock, cutting off leg so it hung by skin only; bone very badly shattered. The buck bled very badly, and did not go far. The third deer, a small buck, was killed in his tracks; a .30-30 struck fair in center of neck just below throat.

Previous to our recent hunting trip I had not very much faith in the killing powers of the small bore nitro rifle. I

had had no practical experience in their use on game. At targets I had tried two of them and found them first class in every way. Reports from various sources were conflicting as to their killing powers. Heretofore in all my hunting of large game I stuck to my .45-90 with its load of 100 grains of black powder and Keene express bullet. In my hands it had done its work quickly and well, killing moose, caribou, bears and deer. My favorite hunting in all probability will not take in anything larger than deer and perhaps a bear now and then. The old rifle will not go with me until I have good cause to think otherwise. A .303 will be my companion.

Our hunting of last week was not in any advertised game region. It was in a locality just above the center of New Hampshire. It is so easy of access that I can leave my house here in the morning, drive nine miles to Concord, take the train and be out hunting where we killed our game by 10:30 A. M. of the same morning. We stayed in the Rocky Point cottage, on the shore of Stinson Pond in Rumney, New Hampshire. The cottage was fully furnished, and all we supplied was provisions. Each day's bag of game was dragged in the same day and hung in stable. My expenses of the trip from start to finish did not exceed ten dollars. All things considered, it was a satisfactory hunting trip.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Dec. 1.

Venison and a Brass Band.

BOSTON, Dec. 8.—Mr. H. S. Fisher hears from his guide, at Salmon Stream, Aroostook county, Me., that hunters have killed two big moose and several buck deer. Mr. Fisher is obliged to lose his hunting trip this fall by reason of pressure of business. Mayor Wilson, of Auburn Me., and Aldermen Smith and Goss, with City Clerk Webber, were invited by Alderman Hastings, of the same city, to come up to his lumber camps at Gilead, Me., and hunt deer. They went and returned last week. Before their arrival the telegraph announced that the hunters had secured three deer. The friends at once decided that some notice must be taken of their arrival. Accordingly, they were met at the railway station by a brass band, and a decorated van for accompanying the game. The conquering heroes were escorted to the City Hall, where speeches were in order. The speakers all expressed the deep concern that had been felt for the safety of the city fathers, who had daringly taken rifles in hand and hid themselves to the dark and treacherous woods. One of the speakers closed with a great show of satisfaction: "We were trembling in the balance. We are trembling no more. Again we clasp them to our bosoms, and give thanks for the many blessings vouchsafed to us. But in this triumphant moment, we do not forget that there are three deer to be divided. We realize that we all like venison, and for the next few and fleeting days we shall stick closer to our friends than a brother. This is an hour when the feelings of the stomach overcome the emotions of the heart."

They kept their word, the result being a venison supper given by the returning hunters to their friends, with more speech making, during which it was "fully, freely and thoroughly" asserted that the deer were not halter broken and led up for the city fathers to shoot. Even the ladies made speeches, being present as hostess and guests. The mother of City Clerk Webber was very much at loss to understand how her son came to have a propensity for hunting, since as a boy she never allowed him to have anything worse than a wooden gun. The hostess, Miss Wilson, sister of the Mayor, explained how a younger brother had declared that he would put some very pointed questions to the hunters, but had finally come to her and said, on the sly: "I honestly believe that John did shoot that deer himself."

BOSTON, Dec. 10.—It has been another hard week for the Maine deer hunters. The storm of Tuesday added a foot and a half of snow to the depth of more than a foot already on the ground in all northern sections of the State. This has made it almost impossible for the hunters to move, though some hunting is being done by local hunters on snowshoes. This sort of hunting is rather hard on the deer; since the snow is so deep that they are yarding, and can run only a short distance when started. But Boston and other city hunters are generally at home, the weather and the snow being too much for them. Still they brought home a few deer late in the week, the most of which found their way directly to the Boston markets. The high prices paid have proved a temptation to returning hunters, and it is understood that if one has not been successful himself, it has been easy to bring out a deer shot by a guide and send it directly to the market. In this way the hunter can claim the credit of having brought out his deer, while the guide can get the pay for it.

For the week 131 deer were recorded as shipped through Bangor, making the total for the season up to 2970 against 3260 for the same time a year ago, or a falling off of 350. It now looks as though the last week of the season would make even a smaller showing, the season closing Dec. 15, and that the snow is proving very favorable to the stock of deer to go over. The number of deer coming out of the Kingfield section is still a large one, being greater than that of a year ago. But such is true of no other section. I am inclined to believe that the falling off in the number of deer killed in Maine for the season will prove to have been nearly one-fourth. It is certain that most game boomers have been exceedingly unwilling to let the truth be known and that they have made the reports appear as favorable to the game supply as possible. Not as many moose are coming out after the close of the season as anticipated, only four having been recorded at Bangor for the week. This leaves the season far short of a year ago.

A curious instance of how the game laws are handled in Maine is reported. A local hunter in the Moosehead region supposed he was following a bull moose, and seeing the animal through the thick bushes, fired. The moose fell, but the hunter was soon much alarmed to find that he had shot a cow moose, while the bull was making off with all speed. The hunter did not want to try to cover up what he had done, neither did he want to pay a fine and go to prison for thirty days. He decided to at once notify the Game Commissioners of his mistake. Accordingly he did so. Commissioner Carleton ordered the moose shipped to Augusta to be sold. The honest hunter took hold and helped get the cow moose out, and it was sent

to the State capital to be sold. It is understood that Mr. Carleton will not prosecute the hunter. All sorts of game legislation is proposed for the coming session of lawmakers soon to convene in Maine. One guide of considerable prominence writes the Commissioners asking that the guide license fee be raised to \$5 instead of \$1, as at present. He reasons that the number of worthless guides would be greatly reduced, while the State would get as much revenue from the system as at present. The Commissioners are reported to have told the guide to talk it over with his brother guides and see what they think of such a law. I would add a clause to the guide law, that it be made a punishable offense for a guide to shoot deer or moose for hunters, and above all, for them to shoot game to be sent out to market by returning hunters. The Bangor marketmen, who for a couple of years have refused to take out licenses to sell deer, are making a great effort to have the law so amended that they may handle game in either large or small quantities, provided it is killed in open season. They agree not to send such game to other markets. It is reported in the daily papers that they will call a meeting of the delegation to the Legislature from that section and endeavor to pledge each member to forward such a measure. Thus it is a constant struggle to keep up the sale of game till the last vestige has disappeared. Will the State of Maine take such a backward step at this late day in game legislation when some progress has been made? SPECIAL.

Talks to Boys.—V.

The Prevention of Accidents.

I HAVE already said to you a great many times that the gun is a dangerous implement, and I shall probably say this many times more before we get through. If I can impress this on you before you begin to use loads in the gun I shall have done a good thing. When I say that it is dangerous I do not mean that it is a thing for you to be afraid of; it is dangerous only when carelessly or thoughtlessly handled. No doubt many of you boys have ridden spirited horses that were ready to shy and bolt, and kick up and run away with you if you were careless when you were on their backs, but each one of you who is accustomed to horses and is a good horseman learned as he rode animals that were more and more spirited to watch them all the time and see that they were constantly under control. To keep a horse under control is usually easy enough, but if he once gets his head and fairly starts to misbehave it is often a difficult matter to regain control of him so that he will go along quietly. By constant practice in riding, you come at last to watch your horse without knowing that you are doing so. It is something like this in handling a gun. By beginning right, you form habits of caution with regard to the arm, so that no matter what situation you may be in it is reasonably certain that the gun will do no harm.

Two Dangers.

There are two great perils to which every gunner is always exposed, but those who have had good training, who are naturally careful, and who have had long experience, are much less likely to have these accidents happen to them than are the young and the thoughtless.

The first of these is the involuntary discharge of the gun in its owner's hands, by which he himself, his dog or his companion may be injured. The second is the intentional discharge of the gun by the shooter, either at something supposed to be game or at game in such a situation that a human being may be in range of the gun and the shot may wound him.

Carelessness in Shooting.

Absolute protection against injury from the first of these causes may be had by holding the gun in such a position that the muzzle is always directed upward or downward, as already suggested. But the amount of danger from the second cause depends wholly on the thoughtfulness and the care exercised by the man who is handling the gun. English books on shooting, which treat of a country traversed by hedges, and where it is customary for shooters to take opposite sides of the hedge and beat it out, warn young sportsmen that under no circumstances shall they shoot through a hedge. In this country we do not have nearly so many hedges, nor do we shoot in the same way as in England, so that the danger of shooting a companion in such a situation is not great. At the same time I knew of a case where a relative shot a bird through a fence and broke the skin on the face of another relative in the field beyond, and of another where a friend shot at the top of his companion's hat, which he just saw through a brushy fence. In the autumn of 1900 a young man in Colorado was killed in a somewhat similar way. He and the young girl to whom he was engaged were in the country taking pictures, and while adjusting the camera he wore her plumed hat to protect his eyes from the sun. They were behind an embankment, above which, however, the hat, ornamented with birds' feathers, could be seen, and a gunner taking it for a bird shot at it, killing the wearer at the feet of his companion.

While on the rail grounds, where half a dozen men may perhaps be shooting near to one another, the boats in which they stand changing their positions constantly and the reeds among which they are passing being nearly as tall as the shooters' heads, it is quite common for gunners or their showery to be shot. I have frequently been made nervous when rail shooting by the apparent carelessness of neighboring gunners. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I never happened to shoot any one in such a situation, but on one occasion I had my coat filled full of shot; the distance, however, was so great that the pellets did not penetrate to the skin.

Accidental Discharge of the Gun.

The danger of an accidental discharge with a hammerless gun, except from carelessness of the gunner, is very slight. If the gun is in good order, as of course it should be, there is no danger that the safety catch will slip forward and leave the gun in a condition to be pulled off. But too much reliance must not be placed on the safety catch, for in handling the gun the catch may pos-

sibly be pushed the wrong way. The gunner will do well to look at his safety catch now and then and see that the word "Safe" or the letter S is exposed or to feel the catch with his thumb, for a shifting of the gun from one hand to the other, or the pressure of a twig at just the right spot, may possibly push the safety catch forward so that it is no longer effective. This matter of watching or feeling the catch will after a while become as automatic as is your walking, and will not trouble you in the least.

The danger of an accidental discharge with a hammer gun is much greater. Of course you will never carry your gun at full cock unless you are just about to shoot, or are anticipating the rising of a bird close before you. If the birds get up and go away without your firing, or if you fail to start them and expect to go on, lower both hammers of your gun to half cock. The hammers should always be at half cock, except when you are in immediate expectation of a shot.

Even when I am in the duck blind, with the loaded gun resting on the gun sticks before me and a possibility of a duck or a flock of them swinging in at any moment from an unexpected direction, I keep my hammer gun at half cock. It requires but the smallest fraction of a second to cock both barrels or to push the safety button or catch forward, and while of course it is possible that once in a long time you may miss a shot by failing to have the gun cocked, still it is better to do that than to take the least risk. The matter is altogether one of habit, and you can teach yourself to do one thing as easily as the other.

Fingers Off Trigger.

I advise you—even when you are in immediate expectation of a shot—not to have your fingers on the trigger of your gun, and I especially advise you never to walk along carrying your gun at full cock and with your fingers on the trigger. If you are a nervous boy or in any degree excitable the fluttering up of a little sparrow from the grass before you may cause your muscles to twitch, and you may pull off one or both barrels of your gun. And while, if you are holding the gun properly and with the muzzle pointing well upward, you will not kill or wound any one, still you are likely to give your companion a start that he may not recover from during the day, and if you should do this once, and your companion should be an older man, he may perhaps not feel very much like going out with you on another occasion.

It may often happen as you are going along with your fingers on the trigger of your gun, that you will step into a hole or catch your foot against a root or brier or tussock of grass and so stumble, and when you do this you are very likely without intending to do it to pull the trigger of your gun.

This very thing happened not long ago to a small nephew of mine, who twice in one day discharged his gun from just such a cause. He was expecting birds to get up, and was holding his gun in the proper position—the one recommended in a previous talk. The charge, therefore, went harmlessly into the air, but if he had been carelessly holding the muzzle low down and some one had been walking by his side he might easily enough have shot his companion. During the act of raising the gun to your shoulder there is ample time for you to slip your hand a little forward along the grip and to put your fingers on the trigger, taking care always that you do this very lightly, so as not to discharge the gun before you are ready. That is a blunder very often made by shooters of all ages and degrees of experience, but it is none the less a blunder and one that is always regretted.

Besides the ordinary accidents which may occur from nervousness or carelessness, there are of course others which result from the unusual situations in which the gunner often finds himself. I spoke to you a short time ago about what you should do if, in climbing a fence, a rotten rail broke under your foot, and here is something which happened in the summer of 1899, which resulted from a boy's having his gun at full cock and his finger on the trigger: Two young fellows were out shooting beach birds on Long Island, and having occasion to cross a marsh were going along one behind the other, jumping from tussock to tussock. They were prepared to shoot at anything that might appear, and the leading boy—at least—had his gun at full cock. As his feet reached the tussock for which he had sprung, he lost his balance and fell over backward. His gun was discharged as he fell, and the charge of shot tore its way through the thigh of the lad behind him. Fortunately the wound, though very severe, was on the outer side of the thigh, and no bone or large artery was injured. The boy recovered. This, however, is an example of the sort of thing that may happen to a boy who, through mere ignorance and thoughtlessness, forgets the safety of his shooting companion in his eagerness to get a shot at a bird.

Of course, it seems to you that you would never let your gun go off when not intending to, but the involuntary discharge of his weapon has happened to many older persons, and in fact I fancy it would be hard to find a man who has never had his gun go off accidentally. If you ask men of experience, they will almost all of them tell you that this happened to them and will explain to you how it happened, and usually that it was due to their own carelessness.

When you stand ready to shoot, with your gun held in the proper position and both barrels at full cock, still grasp your gun by the grip close back of the trigger guard, and do not let your fingers touch the triggers. As you throw your gun to your shoulder, you will have plenty of time to crook your finger about the trigger, but be careful not to press it until you catch the sight. There is no time lost if you follow this advice, and there is certainly something gained in safety.

One of the first things that your instructor will say to you is, "Do not under any circumstances point your gun at any living thing that you are not prepared to fire at." This is the unvarying rule of all shooters, and it can hardly be repeated to you too often. Only very small children, idiots and fools point weapons at their friends with the idea of frightening them. A considerable proportion of those who do this most foolish thing succeed in killing their brothers, sisters, children and wives. I

take it that you boys are far too sensible ever to think of doing such a crazy thing as that, and that it is really not necessary to tell you this, and yet it is one of the things that must be repeated over and over again.

See Your Game Plainly.

Another unvarying rule is, never fire your gun at anything on the ground that you cannot see distinctly. If you shoot through a thin piece of brush at some brown object which you think may be game moving on the far side, you may wound a person walking there. If in the Adirondacks you see something move in the bushes and fire at it under the impression that it is a deer, you may do what others do every year—kill your guide or your uncle or your father or your brother. It would be better to lose many, many shots than ever take a risk of this kind.

There will be occasions when you will fire through the bushes at something 20 or 30 feet above the ground that you cannot distinctly see; a partridge may spring up and whirl off through the trees, and you will fire through the branches in the direction in which he is going, or a woodcock may hop up and twist around behind a tall conical cedar, and you will fire through that and kill him. This, however, is a very different thing from shooting at something on the ground which you cannot clearly see, and I should be glad if I should ever learn that one of you boys did not shoot at a rabbit along a hedge row because you thought it possible that there might be some one on the other side.

I am sure that you have had good enough bringing up to know that one of the first characteristics of a well-bred person is to think about other people and their safety and comfort quite as much as about his own. If you will carry into the field with you this same feeling, it will keep you from doing many things that may be dangerous to your neighbors, and it will also make you good company in the field and a desirable associate wherever you may be. I shall have a good deal to say to you about this matter and your intercourse with your shooting companions when we get a little further along. I do not suppose that it will be possible for me to say anything to you that will change your natural characteristics, but I do want to give you the best advice that I can, and to help you not only to be safe companions in the field, good shots, successful sportsmen, good dog handlers, but also to be manly, straightforward and square; in a word, to be that which in old times all men were anxious to be—gentlemen. A boy or a man should not have one set of manners for his family and a different set for people with whom he is but slightly acquainted, nor one set for the house and school and another set for the field; he should be the same wherever he is, and that same should always be his best.

W. G. DE GROOT.

Weights of Game.

BEDFORD, Pa., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My favorite sport is ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock and jack-snipe shooting over a well-trained setter. This being the case, naturally I have been much interested in the correspondence which you have been publishing recently relating to the weights of some of these birds, and so send you the weights of several ruffed grouse which I have killed. Last Wednesday I killed a grouse which weighed 27 ounces, and yesterday one which weighed 24 ounces. Last fall I killed one which weighed 26½ ounces. I also killed a very large one last fall which weighed 22 ounces after it had been drawn, the tail also having been pulled out by the dog catching it. I was sorry I was not able to get the full weight of this bird, as he was evidently a patriarch. The above weights were taken on postal scales, and so are exact. An old hunter who has killed a great many hundreds of ruffed grouse told me that the largest he had ever seen weighed 2 pounds.

A bunch of twenty-eight quail which a friend and I killed last week weighed a little over 12 ounces, which would make the average weight about 7 ounces.

What has become of our old friend T. S. Hammond? I always enjoyed his articles in *FOREST AND STREAM* exceedingly and have missed them very much. I very much wish that he could be induced to write a book on ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock shooting. With best wishes for your paper,

S. R. L.

TORONTO, Dec. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Saturday last (Dec. 1) you ask gunners to note the weight of wild fowl that may come under their notice. I quite agree with you that the weight of game birds is generally overestimated, even among hunters that are otherwise well posted on the habits and modes of killing game. To illustrate this I will relate an instance that occurred on Saturday afternoon (Dec. 1). The Stanley Gun Club hold their weekly shoots on grounds adjacent to the marsh near Toronto Bay, and in the afternoon a gunner came along with a black duck which he had just shot. I happened to remark that I was going to send the weight of some ducks to your paper, and a guessing competition was started as to the weight of the black duck (a female in fair condition and good plumage, as might be expected so late in the season). Nine or ten members of the club thought the duck would weigh from 2¾ to 4 pounds. It was accurately weighed at a grocery store and found to weigh 2 pounds 4 ounces. Two friends of mine put in a couple of weeks on Lake Erie, and I weighed some of the canvasbacks they brought back. The heaviest male weighed 3 pounds 2 ounces; the lightest female 2 pounds 10 ounces. I also weighed a pair of red-heads, the male of which weighed 2 pounds 9 ounces, while the female turned the scale at 2 pounds 4 ounces. All of these ducks were in splendid condition.

Of course the weight of the same species of ducks will vary greatly in different localities. I have killed lesser scaups (or little blue II) at the mouth of the Red River on Lake Winnipeg that weighed 2 pounds 3 ounces (in fact they were so fat they were scarcely able to fly), while ducks of the same kind shot near Toronto generally weigh about a pound and a half. On Toronto Bay they are hunted a good deal, while on Lake Winnipeg they are scarcely molested, which, I suppose, accounts for the difference. On passing a store to-day (Dec. 5) I noticed several black ducks and mallards hanging up that had just arrived from St. Clair Flats, and among the number

an unusually large black duck, which, out of curiosity, I had weighed, when it turned the scale at 3 pounds 6 ounces—quite a difference from the one killed in Toronto Marsh.

JNO. TOWNSEND.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here are some records of Long Island quail, the weights being vouched for by Mr. Dan Youngs, postmaster of South Jamesport, L. I., who weighed them on the postal scales in his office the same afternoon that they were shot by Mr. W. D. Vandenhove and Col. Frank Hallock:

Sex.	Weight. Ounces.	Age.
Cock.....	6¾.....	This year's bird.
Cock.....	7.....	This year's bird.
Cock.....	6¾.....	Old bird.
Cock.....	6¾.....	Old bird.
Cock.....	6¾.....	Old bird.
Cock.....	7.....	Old bird.
Hen.....	7.....	This year's bird.
Hen.....	7½.....	This year's bird.
Hen.....	7.....	This year's bird.
Hen.....	7.....	This year's bird.
Hen.....	6¾.....	This year's bird.
Hen.....	6¾.....	Old bird.
Hen.....	7¼.....	Old bird.
Hen.....	7.....	Old bird.
Hen.....	7.....	Old bird.
Hen.....	7¼.....	Old bird.
Hen.....	7½.....	Old bird.
Hen.....	7½.....	Old bird.
Hen.....	7½.....	Old bird.
Hen.....	7½.....	Old bird.

Note.—The last five birds all hens, were shot out of one flock of old birds that had apparently never separated since last season.

EDWARD BANKS.

GALLATIN, Tenn., Dec. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Thanksgiving Day I weighed my bag of twenty-three quail and found that they weighed 8 pounds 9½ ounces, an average of 6 ounces. I failed to weigh any of these birds individually, but do not think that these birds were as large as they sometimes grow here. I noticed one bird in the lot that was not grown.

I would like to ask if any of your readers have paid attention to the relative numbers of males and females among the quail they have killed.

WILL G. HARRIS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A New Jersey correspondent in *FOREST AND STREAM* says his quail weigh 8 ounces. Another writes me from New Jersey that he has weighed several and found them between 8 and 10 ounces. Now I am satisfied that the Florida quail have not arrived at that degree of ponderosity attained by those at the North, and can hereafter sleep the sleep of the satisfied just. I have thought ever since I've been here that the Florida quail were diminutive specimens.

IDYMU8.

ELMWOOD, Conn., Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Find inclosed the weight of some Connecticut birds shot Oct. 29: Quail, cocks 6¼, 5¼, 6¼, 7¼; hen, 6¼ ounces. Woodcock, 5½ and 5¾ ounces. Cock ruffed grouse, 25½ ounces. I hope to be able to send you some fox weights during the winter, and if nothing prevents will send you some more bird weights another season.

SAMUEL T. COLT.

Bargain Day on Staten Island.

PRINCESS BAY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In *FOREST AND STREAM* of this week I read "One Day and Another" with much interest, and I am prompted by it to send you these notes from the Staten Island Star of this week. One written by A Bird Saver, runs:

"The wanton destruction of song birds on Staten Island during the period of fall migration is appalling. Hardly a day passes during this season but that our forests teem with hunters, who by clever devices frequently elude the most careful vigilance of the authorities. Guns and ammunition come and go with one detachment while another carries away the game concealed underneath stools, mushrooms or autumn flowers, wrapped up in newspapers. While much effective work is being done through the earnest efforts of our game protectors who this fall have made several arrests and secured several hundred birds, yet much more stringent measures must be adopted if the lives of our feathered friends are to be preserved. The penalties imposed by general law are severe, and our charter affords ample means of protection on paper; yet despite these safeguards, through the indifference of the public, the leniency of our courts, and the scarcity of officials, thousands of our sweetest songsters are shot every year. In two packages of dead birds recently brought to me for identification I found several juncos, chickadees, woodpeckers, cedar waxwings, robins, bluebirds and hermit thrushes. These latter three groups are decidedly musical, the hermit thrush being the most exquisite songster that reaches northern latitudes. If, through the columns of the press, you can use any influence toward the mitigation of this barbarous cruelty, you will insure the gratitude of all who appreciate the work of nature's valuable scavengers; who love her most enchanting musicians—the birds."

The other is a local item which reports that "Michael Genio, an Italian barber of Manhattan who was arrested on Nov. 30 by Game Protector Edgar Hicks for having in his possession thirty-five song birds, was fined \$25 with the alternative of twenty days in jail. The fine was paid."

You will observe that A Bird Saver writes a very clever article, full of common sense, whereas the other article marked shows almost total disregard for law, coming from a source from which we would naturally expect different results. If Michael Genio had received the full benefit of the law his fines would have amounted to \$375, and with the penalties attached for breaking the law, \$60 more, he would then have suffered, but as it was, he had a good day's sport, and in all probability Mr. Edgar Hicks was out of pocket for making the arrest. That "guinea" must have thought he had struck bargain day on Staten Island.

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CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Game Law Violations Around Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 8.—There are a good many variations to the old time proverb, which states that the way of the transgressor is hard. If there is any sort of person entitled to the name of transgressor, it should surely be the man who sells game illegally, or ships it illegally. Ordinarily this sort of a transgressor is disgustingly rich, fat and contented, as are a good many other law breakers. Once in a while, however, his way gets just a little hard. It is this week just a little hard for a few persons down in the lower part of this State who have been transgressing the august statutes made and provided in the case of Illinois game. Warden Loveday and his deputies have rounded up half a dozen of old-time law breakers, and thanks to the virtue of the Lacey law, are mighty apt to take them down the road to the extent of a heavy fine.

The scene of this little drama is laid in Franklin county, the county seat of which is Benton. Up to this time it has been an impossibility to get a conviction in that county, for as the State Commissioner says, the judge, jury and everybody else down there makes a living at market hunting. They run a trust, which is an air-tight monopoly, and no wardens need apply. As to the actors in this little drama, they are of two sorts. The game warden blesses them both, him that gives and him that takes. The ones that take are certain commission houses well known on the street in St. Louis. The other classification of the dramatis personæ is a bit more vague, and indeed is shown upon the records sometimes only in numbers, and not as men.

The records of the express company's book show that a box was sent to W. P. Kessler, of St. Louis, by "No. 527," of Christopher, Ill. Otto Schumacher, of St. Louis, also received a box from "T. T. G." of Galatea, Ill. Tempelman & Co., of St. Louis, received a pail from "S. D. D." Mulkeytown, Ill. Otto Schumacher received a box from "George Bailey," of Parish, and also one from "J. Louis," of Parish. The Missouri Poultry and Game Co. got a box from "E. S.," of another little town in this same reg on.

Now it will be remembered that Missouri is one of the only two Western States where the law does not forbid the export of game from the State. It may be seen, however, that St. Louis does not depend upon Missouri for all her game. Some of the best shooting country for small game in all the West may be found in lower Illinois, and St. Louis reaches out for this game, gets it into her game coffers, and after that it is not illegal to ship it out of the State.

These St. Louis dealers try to protect their shippers in this nefarious trade. Thus I saw to-day a shipping tag of Timken & Co., St. Louis. The address of the firm was printed on one side. Upon the other side, stamped in large red figures, evidently by the firm which printed the card, was this number, "2689." This number means not a number, but a man, some law breaking man who is shipping game out of the State of Illinois. The express companies know who this man is. Under the Lacey law they will be compelled to stop this sort of thing, and to have these packages plainly marked.

Indeed, all the above packages were marked plainly. Each and every one of them was marked as containing "rabbits," and each and every one of them did contain rabbits. Aber, as they say in St. Louis, they also contained quails, packed down in the middle of the rabbits. These parties who did the shipping are going to be uncovered, and there will be an at empt made to see how profitable it is to boldly violate a statute of the United States. It is sincerely to be hoped that the hand of the law will fall heavily upon them, for it is not their first offense, and they are deliberate violators.

As another instance of the fact that the transgressor sometimes does not live a life of which the sole ingredients are beer and skittles, I may instance the case of Sharron I. Hooks, of Welton, Ill., who on the thirtieth day of last month tangled up with Deputy D. Loveless. The latter took Mr. Hooks before Justice J. B. Jones, of Effingham, and the latter soaked Mr. Hooks an even \$200, with costs. Mr. Hooks pleaded guilty to eight birds shipped illegally. In all 177 quail were found in his possession. He was not fined for the whole 177, but it is thought that the setback of \$200 will, for the time, as it were, put him out of commission.

There are all sorts of ways of smuggling game. The old dodge of sewing quail up in rabbits is not good any longer, and the poultry, butter or egg label is no longer held sacred by the deputy wardens. What should a poor law breaker do, for instance, if he had a couple of deer which he wanted to send down out of the State of Wisconsin to the Chicago market? The answer to this question is different according to the different intellectual possibilities of the different law breakers. One of the latter gentlemen, supposing that the somber trappings of death would be respected by the wardens, and having himself no reverence for things sacred, last month packed a couple of deer in a coffin, and in this way sent them through to Chicago. This matter was kept quiet for awhile by Warden Loveday, as he told me at the time he wanted to try to catch the man who made this shipment. At this writing he has not been caught, and there is no reason why the news should not be printed. The name of this law breaker is not yet known. He should certainly be caught and given a taste of the Lacey law. This measure can be made a most effective one, and it is to be hoped that it will soon have an executive force back of it which will make butter pails and coffins objects of greater veneration than they are at present with a certain class of our esteemed Western citizens.

The Quail Situation.

For once in a way the prophets were right in regard to the quail crop, and they continue to be right. There never was such a lot of quail known in this country as we are now having. The best of the shooting seems to be in the lower third of Illinois and Indiana, upper Indiana being rather better than upper Illinois. Big bags of quail cease to be of interest here in Chicago, as nearly every one who goes out is successful in getting a nice lot. Messrs. I. H. Amberg and Billy Cutler came back early this week from a certain pocket discovered by the

latter gentleman, and they had splendid shooting on their trip. Several parties who have been out in upper Indiana have brought in bags of two or three dozen, up to four or five dozen. I hear of good shooting at Neoga, also at Ramsey, both on the Illinois Central, the former above Effingham, and the latter below that point. From the Illinois Central railroad at those points clear west to the Mississippi River there is fine quail shooting, better than has been known for a long while. In Indiana, North Judson, Kouts, Rochester, Huntington, Ora, and a lot of towns in that part of the country are good for very fair bags. The birds are now getting big and strong and they fly much better than they did at the beginning of the season.

Ducks.

Everything is reversed on the duck question out here. We are just beginning to have our duck season, long after it should be closed. Word just came up yesterday from Kouts, on the Kankakee, that the ducks are in there, and are due to say until it freezes up. Reports from English Lake, on the same stream, are also favorable. Mr. A. M. Fuller, of the English Lake Club, went down this week to see what he could do, and he is very apt to get some shooting. While nothing very satisfactory is coming up from Hennepin Club, it would seem that there ought to be good shooting in that part of the Illinois River Valley. Most of the late flight seems to be made up of mallards, and one would not wonder if some of the best fun of the season was yet to be had by the duck shooters.

Inadvertencies.

Once in a while such a thing as an inadvertency gets into the best of families or newspapers. This is why editors are not responsible for the views of their correspondents. If they were, the newspaper world would be just a trifle checkered. A friend writes me regarding the statement of a writer who remarked upon Michigan fishing and shooting matters last week in FOREST AND STREAM:

"Please look at the article headed 'Michigan Season,' page 451, issue of Dec. 8. This writer tells about someone having just returned from a trip on the Manistee, Nov. 25, and finding plenty of quail, grouse, etc., and speaks of having good fishing and finding lots of speckled trout in Pine Creek and Bear Creek, and that he joined them Nov. 7 and went deer shooting! Now it strikes me that deer shooting and trout fishing do not go well together in Michigan.

"On the same page, under 'Food Is Scarce,' is comment by Jay Beebe. It takes a sportsman to discover weak points in a sporting picture. An artist once tried to sell me a picture of salmon angling. He went into ecasies over it, of course, and he did not know, probably, that I knew more about salmon fishing than he did. When I called his attention to the fact that the foliage was that of autumn, the leaves were red and golden, and that salmon fishing was a June sport, he did not know what to say. It is like the picture the small boy makes of a steamboat, with the flag pointing in one direction and the smoke from the smokestack going in the opposite direction. And this sort of thing is not confined strictly to the small boy."

Dead and Down.

It is stated that the proposed cutting of timber on the Minnesota Indian reservations is not to be conducted in a fashion detrimental to the interests of the Indians themselves. Capt. Mercer, the agent at Leech Lake, says that the cutting is all to be done by the Indians themselves, and that the cutting will be confined to the really dead or down timber, and no green pine will be cut. It is, however, admitted that contracts were made in advance with some of the big lumber firms at about \$5 a thousand, this to apply to the logs after they are banked and scaled. These big firms have made advances against the expense of cutting the timber.

When it comes to getting around the Minnesota lumberman, you will need to get up early of a morning. Now, they are after that Ind an pine, and they are going to get it one way or another, fair or apparently fair, foul or really foul. This time they are operating under great stress of sympathy for the poor red man. Like enough the later would be glad to cut off all the timber on the reservations if it paid him a little cash at the time. The aforesaid red man was never renowned for his foresight any more than the lumberman was famed for his being-behind-sight. After the timber is gone, by hook or crook, methinks the lumberman will look at his gallery of family portraits and smile an ate-the-canary smile, and order a life size of himself, shown as in the celebrated canary act aforesaid. This is a red hot country, and the West is strictly in the game.

A Nebraska Outing.

Mr. John W. Carpenter, of Whitman, Neb., writes entertainingly about sport in his part of the world, and perhaps readers may like to paste his address in their hats. He says, "We have had fine shooting in this part of the northwest this fall. There was plenty of grouse to shoot, and ducks by the thousand, mostly mallards, but plenty of other kind. I saw a good many canvasbacks. My son George and myself went north from Whitman on B. & M. R. R. in Nebraska; about forty miles, and had good sport. We were gone from home about ten days, and had a good time, and bagged thirty-seven grouse, forty-one teal (bluewing), twenty-six mallards, three canvasbacks and seven other duck—I do not know their name, and I cannot describe them so you could know what they were. They were not quite as large as mallards and were darker. Saw about fifty swan and perhaps one thousand geese, but got no geese or swan. There have not been many sportsmen from the East out this way, and I would like to have some of them come out here and try this part of the country. I have never used decoys, and I believe any one using them would have good luck. There is good shooting here in the spring, but do not believe in spring shooting myself.

"Would you be so kind as to give me the address of the man who wrote 'Through the Parsonage Window?' I would like to write him, because I think I would know him. I am acquainted with the part of the country he writes of, for I have lived here since 1872.

"If I can help any sportsman from the East, I would be glad to do so."

The Minister's First Deer.

A well known divine of Toledo, O., Rev. Rosselot, was this fall given a vacation by his flock, and he improved his opportunity in a very wise way. With some trusted friends he made ready and went into the far-off country of Arkansas for a few weeks rest and adventure. He had never killed a deer, had never had experience in the woods. It was all new and strange and delightful to him. He had experiences which were a revelation to him in the ways of nature. Rested and refreshed, he went back home a better man. He did not preach a regulation sermon on the occasion of his first return to his pulpit, but gave his hearers a talk about his trip. All he needs now is an occasional copy of the FOREST AND STREAM. His talk was long and enthusiastic, but one may venture the part of it where he told how he got his deer:

"We had had the inflation of our hopes and ambitions pretty well deflated, and our balloons had been thoroughly punctured. But one Saturday morning, the 17th, I decided to go hunting alone, and in the beauty of one of the finest mornings I ever saw I walked out perhaps three or three and a half miles. It was 10 o'clock. The sun was shining clear and warm. Suddenly I heard the brush cracking and the leaves rustling, and I saw coming from the forest to my right a fine deer, his antlers glistening in the sunlight. He was as sleek and glossy as those I had seen in the zoological gardens, and I determined that he should be my first deer. I waited until he reached an open space, where no trees or brush obstructed my view, and I fired. I was certain if I had not killed my deer I never could kill one. But he went on as though nothing had occurred; he ran no faster, if as fast, after I had fired than before.

"I watched my prize disappear in the thick underbrush. I waited the coming of the dogs, for I thought he was being pursued by the hounds. But silence reigned. I started in the direction in which he had gone. I returned and commenced the tedious practice of tracking my game in the dry leaves. I proceeded on my hands and knees and succeeded in finding an occasional footstep, but not one drop of blood. I had proceeded for perhaps fifty yards, when I looked up to see the next footprint, when just before me in a little basin I saw my deer, as quiet as death, his eyes wide open. I had no fever before this time, but now I had strange feelings. I looked about me. I was alone. Every picture of deer I had ever seen seemed before me; every hunting story came back; I doubted my senses. I arose from my kneeling posture, I approached stealthily, for I had been told that they were dangerous as long as they batted their eyes; I held my gun in position to fire. I seized a horn; I shook it; not a motion. I placed my hand on his body. It was warm, and I had killed my first deer."

The Northern Limit of the Long Trail.

In the old days of the long trail of the cattle drives from the Southwest to the ranges of the North, the name of Geo. W. Lang, of San Antonio, Tex., was a famous one. He drove over all sorts of tough country, and made and lost fortunes in the drives to far away California, Utah, or what not of a cattleless country, that at the time seemed a market for long-horns. Lang grew old in the business, but at last the railroads knocked him out, as they did all the old drovers. He seems to have been lost to sight on the scenes of his former successes until lately. When the Klondike boom broke out and set us all crazy to get north to the land of sudden wealth, Lang made up his mind that he would make one more drive. Stories of adventure and hardihood are always met with a welcome from the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, who are of a sort blessed with a certain amount of nerve, as we may imagine; so I am sure they will like to read of the story of adventure which followed upon poor Lang's hasty but unshakable resolution to drive cattle to the far off gold fields of the Arctic North. He never lived to see his attempt concluded, but as his project marks, without doubt, the northernmost limit of the great hero trail, the glorious old Long Trail of the West, the record of it would seem interesting, as taken briefly from the Pioneer Press, of St. Paul.

It will be observed that the route pursued is identically the same as that taken by the Charlie Norris party, whom I mentioned as going up there that same winter of 1897. By the way, and of all the more interest right at this juncture, is the fact that Mr. Norris is this month just back from a second trip over that same country, where he got this time up into the Fort Graham region. Of that more at a later time, and now for the story of dauntless George Lang, who died a big death, as fitted the big life of an old time drover of the perilous West:

"It was in vain that his friends and family tried to dissuade him. He could not believe that he was old and that the trail was impracticable—they had told him that about the Nevada deserts, and about all the great drives he had made in the past. 'This will be my last drive,' he told a friend as he stepped on the train at Los Angeles in the fall of 1897. 'After this I shall settle down to a quiet life.' Such was to be the crowning feat of a life of adventure.

"In the early winter of 1897 he reached Edmonton and proceeded to buy up a herd of fifty oxen, a dozen or more horses, and a stock of provisions intended to last the party until they reached their destination. Early in February, 1898, he was ready to start. The first objective point was Lesser Slave Lake. To this point the townspeople reported that a trail had been recently put through much shorter than the freight road to Athabasca Landing and up Slave River, which had been used for years. But stern experience had taught the old fox of the trail that short cuts as a rule were disastrous, and that one will never go wrong by following the old established trails. Consequently, while the inexperienced multitude was searching for the trail that did not exist, and trying to find a way over the mountain in four feet of snow, with horses weakened and perishing from hunger, the Lang outfit with their slow-moving oxen pulled into the Slave Lake post.

"At this post many stoped a few days to rest, but to the Lang outfit, who foresaw the breaking up of Peace River, there was no such word. The very next morning the oxen were yoked to their heavily laden sleighs, and started over the trail to Peace River Landing, eighty-six

miles distant. From this point it was intended to follow up Peace River on the ice 300 miles to Fort St. John, from which place there was supposed to be a pack trail leading to the north by a way no one seemed clearly to understand.

"Here began a period of mental anxiety and physical strain. The Chinook wind began to blow, and from excessive cold the temperature rose rapidly above the freezing point, and the ice began to soften. Soon pools of water formed over the ice, and in swift places the channel of the river was exposed. The outfits hugged closer to the shore, or if compelled to travel in the center of the river, a horseman herded the loose cattle away from the most dangerous spots. Occasionally hoofs broke through the soft ice, and it was deemed advisable to travel by night when the ice was firmer. When a horse or an ox breaking through the ice was yoked in a team the others were either pulled in after, or they succeeded in pulling the unfortunate out. If loose, unless roped in time, he would be carried away by the current, or if pulled out, in many cases so injured that he would have to be killed. In this way, working always and sleeping never, they made slow but steady progress, and each day they risked life and property on the treacherous, honey-combed ice. Those who had already reached Fort St. John were informed by each late arrival 'The bulls are coming!' It was nearing the middle of April when the ice on Peace River was daily expected to break up, when Mr. Lang with the first section of his outfit pulled up the river bank to the flat on which is built the Hudson Bay Co. trading post of St. John. The others were expected in the following day, but a rain fell during the night, the water rose, and they were forced to the bank. Later they cut a trail overland and packed their goods to the fort.

"Whatever the cause, George Lang had been at the post but one day when he fell ill. He was sick before, but his directing hand could not be spared, and so no one knew. He was taken to the officer's house and given the best care the post afforded, but he sank lower. A doctor in overalls came in over the trail and volunteered his professional services, but he failed to improve. The weeks passed, the ice broke and passed out of the river, the oxen fattened on the green grass, starting from the sunny slope of the hill, but in the trader's house a form wasted, and a face looked ghastly in its long tobacco stained beard, while a delirious brain herded cattle on the plains. It was decided that the only hope was to attempt to get him to civilization, so they carried him carefully to the river bank and laid him gently in a canoe. The swift current carried them easily over the distance that he had recently traversed with so much difficulty. But it was in vain. They had gone but a short distance down the river when the spirit of George W. Lang passed away. He had made his last drive. He was taken to the trading post of Dunvegan, and in the wildness of nature where he loved best to live, he was laid to rest.

"While here ends the story of the organizer and leader of the party, the expedition itself kept on. It was a last wish of Lang that it should do so. While the stock was fattening in idleness, these hardy men were reducing the outfit to packages suitable for packing. In May the pack saddles were completed, the cinches and ropes were prepared and the draft animals were converted into beasts of burden. To use Western parlance, they 'hit the trail.' They would make Fort Graham, 250 miles distant; from that point they would go to Sylvester's Landing, 500 miles further. They were told that there was no pack trail, and that the journey was impossible, but these men knew that there are no obstacles of nature that patience and persistence will not overcome. They cut trees from their path to allow the packed animals to pass. They forded small rivers, and, coming to larger ones, they rafted their provisions and swam their stock.

"Early in August the outfit reached Fort Graham, after crossing three summits of the Rocky Mountains. The stock was in good condition, but the men were dust-grimed and thin. The next day they left for Sylvester's Landing on the Dease River. A short time before a band of Indians had been in to the fort, and had strongly protested against white men traveling through their country. The horse bells, they claimed, scared the game, and furthermore there was a deep rooted belief among them that when white men enter a country the fur leaves it! Finding that their protests were of no avail, they supplemented threats. If white men attempted to cross the divide to Dease River they would set fire to the country, and burn up the feed so their stock could get no grazing. With this threat they left for the mountains.

"The men in charge of the oxen outfit, however, had heard Indian threats before, and to this report they gave the same attention they had previously to the natural obstacles of the trail. With other parties who had reached this thousand-mile mark on their journey, they continued into the unknown. The Indians had made no idle threat. Before the trailers had gone a hundred miles on the way, a dense smoke cloud was seen ahead, and very soon they were in the middle of a burning wilderness. Here, indeed, coolness and patience were required, for if a stampede should result among the packed animals not only the stock but their entire supply of provisions would be lost in the flames. So, regardless of their own safety, they herded them carefully, drove them through the flames and into the still smoking country beyond. Nor was the danger over here, for trees, with their supporting roots burned, were now falling on all sides, and even this danger past, the country was effectively blocked by fallen trees, and the trail, never clearly marked, had entirely disappeared. Yet they struggled on, and how well, those following after, who never saw the outfit, can testify, for in the labyrinth of misleading trails, where muskies and windfalls compelled a choice of paths, they had long learned to look for the cloven hoofprints which marked the passage of the Lang outfit, and 'Follow the bulls' became the standing direction of the trail.

"Just before winter closed in they stopped on a little stream by Deadwood Lake, seventy-five miles from Dease River, and prepared to winter. There we last saw them. Their herd was reduced to twenty-six, and the men were standing to their knees in ice cold water as they endeavored with scythes to cut enough frozen marsh grass to carry the stock over till spring, when they could resume their journey.

starvation is not known, but certain it is that up to this many of these were not needed to keep the men from time no portion of the G. W. Lang outfit has reached Dawson City."

Chicago Man in Africa.

A somewhat noted citizen just now is W. Stamps Cherry, of Chicago, who in 1896 went to Africa on a tour of investigation, and just for to wander and to roam. Mr. Cherry is now back, safe and sound after four years of life among the Congo natives, where he had adventures enough to curl anybody's hair but that of a Chicago man. After life in this strenuous burg, he found existence in Africa one continual round of pleasure. For a year he did not see a white man, and for years he slept with a six shooter strapped to his pajamas. He killed a great many elephants, enough to pay all his expenses, and he seems also to have discovered a new sort of elephant, a fantail elephant, so to speak, which is but a pigmy compared to the circus or garden elephant, and which has no tusks. Mr. Cherry has not yet gotten back to Chicago, but he is good for a story when he gets here. He really had some very curious hunting experiences, and among other things he describes how the natives kill elephants by literally burning them up in a jungle, where they are surrounded by a number of natives and penned in by a ring of fire. Mr. Cherry saw a great deal of cannibalism, and also some bloody little wars in the country where human life is cheaper than anywhere else in the world. His studies are likely to prove of great value, and he has some geography of untracked lands. I don't like to speak boastfully, but if I were in the dark horse line I should have to pick some Chicago man to discover the North Pole or the center of Africa.

Personal Doings.

N. B. Cook, of this city, is as good an example as you shall find of a sportsman grown old but still active in the ways of sports. This is the same gentleman whose name so often appeared in the doings of the Western Canoe Association, and as a canoeist he has won numberless cups and trophies, and can sail a boat yet with anybody. It seems that Mr. Cook is also a shooter, though he is now about seventy-six years of age, if memory serves me. He came in this morning and wanted to know where he could get some good quail country not so very far away, saying, with a certain amount of naiveté that he had just gotten him a young bird dog puppy which he wanted to begin breaking. Now, that is the sort of sportsman they used to raise. It is good news to hear of these men who at seventy-six are breaking in puppies and getting ready for next year's shooting. I am sure every reader of FOREST AND STREAM will wish Mr. Cook good hunting, and anyone who knows him will know that that dog is going to be as well broke as his last boat was well built, for above all things Mr. Cook is quiet and thorough.

Mr. W. P. Anderson, of Amarillo, Tex., live stock agent of the Santa Fe Railroad, is in town at the stock show this week. Mr. Anderson is an old time Southwest man, and he is chock full of stories of the fightingest, frolickingest country the world ever saw. He has a game pocket, which a few of us are trying to pick.

Mr. Nat H. Cohen, president of the Illinois State Fish Commission, called this week to pass the time of day. He is still doing business at the old stand.

Mr. S. E. Bliss, of this city, is this week going to Chico, Tex., for an all round hunt after deer, quail and everything else that he can find.

Mr. John M. Bulkley, of Detroit, Mich., leaves his card, and subscribes himself a life long friend and contributor of the FOREST AND STREAM. I regret I was not personally on hand to show Mr. Bulkley where the explosion took place on our lake front recently, but we may have better luck next time.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Were These Quail for the Pittsburg Market?

COTTONWOOD FALLS, Kan., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Regarding your mention of "The Pittsburg Quail Market" in this week's paper, I can report that about Nov. 19 one of Topeka's policemen called my attention to ten crates of live quail, judged to have 150 to 200 quail per crate, in a Wells Fargo & Co. express car, shipped from Purcell, Indian Territory, to Pittsburg, Pa., marked on tags, "Purely for breeding and stocking purposes," with the remark, "I'll bet \$10 that those quail will never breed, but will have their heads taken off when they get to Pittsburg." Judging from your article, the breeding qualities of those quail are ended forever.

W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

FOR A

Christmas Gift

to a sportsman, old or young, an appropriate, acceptable, appreciated and valued present would be a year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM. It will renew itself fifty-two times in the year.

This is what a Vermont reader wrote the other day:

"I wish every boy in America could have a copy each week, as pupils of FOREST AND STREAM school never develop into market-shooters, but grow up as sportsmen, worthy of the name."

H. B. CHASE.

Sportsman and Sporting Man.

How frequently are the terms sportsman and sporting man confounded, and by so many people believed to be synonymous. Thereby is the status of the sportsman lowered to the level of the gambler, and all that goes to make up the blackleg who gets his living for most part by procedures that are quite in accordance with his character.

The word "sport" has been more abused, ill treated and misapplied than any other, I dare say, in our language. Of a high, noble, pure and refined signification, it has been misapplied and debased to unworthy objects. It has been extended to a mass of improper matters and from its elegant appropriateness it has been debased to vulgar and dishonest associations.

The creature who lives on the most contemptible passions and with skill from long practice cheats all who may come his way, winning by unfair means and rules in so-called games of chance, a professional bettor in the pool room, on the race course, devoid of the first instincts of a love for the horse, simply looking upon the noble animal as a mere machine on which to win or lose, arranging for events that are fraudulent from their inception and carried through with dishonesty of purpose to hoodwink the public—in fine, a man who lacks the first quality of all that goes to make up a gentleman—this is a "sporting man." And there is as much difference between him and the "sportsman" as the darkest night and brightest day.

The man who loves the woods, waters, mountains and deep forests; whose whole being is in accord, in deep sympathy with nature and her works; who loves the dog used for sport; who pursues game for pleasure and not for financial gains; who shoots on the wing, taking of the game in moderation; who still-hunts the deer, pitting his knowledge of the forest and of woodcraft, the habits and haunts of the quarry against its cunning, delicate sense of scent and hearing, and brings the game to bag with possibly one shot that has taken hours of trailing to secure; who is unselfish afield with his companions, extending to them those courtesies and amenities that so largely contribute to the pleasure of a day's shooting or life in camp. This is a "sportsman." DICK SWIVELLER.

Shooting in Pennsylvania.

SAYRE, Pa.—For two days last week—Nov. 28 and 29—Peter Zang and George Flickinger, of this place, true yoke fellows in the spirit of sportsmanship, abandoned the seductive dissipation of society and sought the wily grouse in his native fastness. The party went to Wilcox, a station on the Bernice branch of the Lehigh Valley R. R., and with a neighboring farm house as a point of rendezvous, shot through the surrounding locality. In two days the two guns scored twenty-eight ruffed grouse and three brace of quail. The country thereabouts is an ideal grouse country, wild and rugged in its conditions and requiring plenty of endurance on the part of men and dogs alike to work it out. The melodious rattler rattles his rattle undisturbed in these tangled retreats, and most any old thing in the form of small game finds an easy cover. With the present laws rigidly enforced, it will be many years before the grouse supply of that locality will be shot out.

The score made by Messrs. Zang and Flickinger does not establish the fact that the average shooting man can do equally as well in the same section of country. Zang is an uncommonly good wing shot, while Flickinger handles the shotgun with deadly precision, probably ranking as one of the best field shots in northern Pennsylvania. In addition, Flickinger owns and hunts an English setter of untitled pedigree, but with enough bird sense and sagacity to put him in the forefront as a plain, unvarnished meat dog.

The season on grouse closes the 15th inst., and it will leave plenty of birds from which to expect a strong supply of grouse for the season of 1901.

M. CHILL.

Michigan Deer.

HARTFORD, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I find in our local paper a press dispatch from Menominee, Mich., which reports that the "American Express Company handled 41,574 pounds of venison during the deer hunting season which closed Nov. 30. The season opened Nov. 8 and the first shipment was received here on the 9th. Shipments will continue until to-day or Dec. 3 or 4, as permitted by law. Of the total amount of venison received here, 25,574 pounds were transferred to the Ann Arbor steamship line for southern Michigan points, and 16,000 pounds were for local hunters and meat dealers. Over 400 carcasses of deer were handled here. Menominee was made a transfer station by the express company, an express car being placed on one of the car ferries and loaded here. The largest deer received here during the season was killed by a Menominee hunter near Kenton, and weighed 242 pounds."

Perhaps it may be of interest to know how the laws allow the beautiful deer to be slaughtered. I do hope our Legislature will at the next session cut the number down to two of those bucks and make it a criminal offense to kill a female deer.

SULLIVAN COOK.

"Certainly Earned His Dinner."

THE Hampshire Gazette, of Northampton, Mass., prints this ingenious item: "E. A. Hawley, of North Hadley, did some clever work on Thanksgiving Day by shooting and killing with a single charge fourteen quail which were running along the ground six rods distant. Mr. Hawley certainly earned his dinner on that day. The birds were to be seen in Mr. Kendrick's market, Amherst, Friday morning and were quickly disposed of."

Mr. Turner's Moose.

ALLEGHENY, Pa., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in Game Commissioner Cormier's report of moose killed in the Kippewa and Temiskaming districts for the season of 1900, published in your issue of Dec. 8, that I am credited with one 56½-inch moose head and two 36-inch heads. In one case my address is shown as Pittsburg, and in the other, as Emsworth; Emsworth

is a suburb of Pittsburg (and is my home); and therefore I have no doubt they refer to one and the same party. However, I wish you would correct this for me, as I got only one moose, and that one measured 56½ inches in the spread. The Quebec license permits a holder to kill two moose, but I was satisfied with one, especially as it was at that time considered one of the largest ones killed in the Kippewa district, and I shot him on the second day out, within a mile of camp, Monday, Oct. 8, at 9:45 A. M., by stillhunting. He fell at the second shot, but required another one to kill him. No "calling" was done. I did not hunt moose after that, but contented myself with a few short trips through the woods for exercise, and therefore I don't like to be placed in the "game hog" class by being charged with three moose. I do not know to whom the two 36-inch heads belong, but I do know that they are not mine.

F. M. TURNER.

Sea and River Fishing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Lake of Gennesaret.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When the Creator of the world completed His work and saw that it was good and ready for the use and enjoyment of His last creation—man—the waters of this world were filled with fishes, and with those fishes only which were best adapted to them. No one will claim that the fishes which abounded in the streams and lakes when the work of creation was complete were different from those that abound in them to-day, where they are still in their natural state, and what their natural conditions were we all know.

Perhaps the most marked instance of the proper adaptation of fishes to the waters where they abound is to be found in the Lake of Gennesaret, and this is regarded by many as showing an intention to bestow an especial blessing upon the Jewish nation.

This lake, which is about sixteen miles long by six or eight in width, is said to contain the most delicious fresh-water lake fish in the world, and it is claimed that this variety has never been found in any other waters except three or four lakes in the mountains of Africa. The Romans as well as the Jews were extravagantly fond of fish, and in the time of the Apostles the taking of fish in the night with a cast net was an honorable and lucrative employment. The fish were bought by the middlemen in the early dawn and furnished to the markets of the wealthy city of Capernaum in time to supply the tables of its luxurious citizens at their morning meal.

There were no persons in the land of Palestine in those days who thought that they were wiser than the Creator of the universe and knew better than He what fish should have been placed in these waters, and there were no "fish commissioners" in the land.

If there had been, the waters of this lake would probably have been stocked with big-mouthed black bass and carp—that's all.

I am in receipt of your very pleasant favor of yesterday, in which you rather intimate, however, that I am romancing a little bit in regard to the Lake of Gennesaret, or at least assuming a knowledge which may not be well founded. You have known me long enough to know that I am very modest, and would not for the world make an assertion which I did not believe, or in fact know, to be true, and I think that in this case I must come to the rescue of my own reputation.

The reference to the Lake of Gennesaret is strictly true. The fish in that lake, of which but few now remain, belong to the perch family, and spawned about the month of April, and I think that anyone who has visited the lake will tell you that the north shore, between the late city of Capernaum and the mouth of the inlet to the lake, was the principal spawning ground of the lake. While the location of the city of Capernaum cannot be exactly fixed to-day, it is conceded by all to have been at or very near the northwest corner of the lake, and probably very near to the hot springs which exist there to-day.

The last reference in the Bible to fishing by the Apostles fixes the time shortly after the Passover week when Jesus was crucified, which would be in April, and it appears that some of the Apostles were fishing in the night time, and that in the early dawn, when it was impossible to distinguish one person from another, the Saviour appeared on the shore within hailing distance of the boats and asked the usual question, "Children, have ye any meat?" and they evidently supposed him to be one of the middlemen coming out from Capernaum to buy up the catch of the night before. The nets used were the same as those used in the South to-day for catching mullet, that is cast nets, which were spread upon the water, with a diameter of about fifteen feet, the sides of which were sunk to the bottom, and when drawn together the fish would be inclosed.

The reference to Zebedee (Mark 1:19-20) fishing with his two sons gives a pretty clear idea of the manner in which fish were taken in those days: Zebedee sitting in the middle of the boat, one of his sons in each end, and while one was casting the net the other would be preparing for his cast, so that they would cast and draw in alternately. As the fish were then on the spawn beds and could not have been in schools, this mode of fishing ultimately resulted in an almost absolute destruction of these fish, and they were evidently before the destruction of Capernaum reduced, by being taken from the spawn beds, to such an extent that the lake has never rallied, the natural enemies of the fish having proved sufficient to prevent their increase; and although I have seen some statements as to the taking of these fish within the last few years, I have not seen any account of their being caught, which seems to me to be authentic.

Ten years ago the Rev. William B. Hill, now pastor of the Second Reformed Church in this city, visited this lake, and at my suggestion made every effort in his power to catch one of these fish; and he told me afterward that he had spent a large part of two days in his effort to do so without success, quaintly remarking that he had always regarded the taking of a fish by the Apostle Peter with a piece of money in its mouth as a miracle because of the coin, but that he was now ready to believe that the miracle existed in his catching the fish.

You will see from this that I have not been speaking from random, and I know that my views correspond with the views of those who like myself have been interested in the fish and fishing in this lake.

I think that I am correct also in stating that this variety of fish cannot be found anywhere else to-day in the world, except in three or four lakes in the highest mountain regions of Africa.

You will pardon this long letter, but I think that your letter rather puts me in the position where I must give an account "of the faith that is in me."

I am satisfied that Mr. Cheney, whom we all respect and admire, agrees with me as to the evil results from indiscriminate stocking of streams and waters with fish which did not already abound in them, and if he had had charge of stocking our waters instead of Seth Green the results to-day would be very different.

J. S. VAN CLEEF

POUGHKEEPSIE, Dec. 1.

ANGLING NOTES.

Black Bass of Large Size.

In looking over a very handsomely gotten up pamphlet my attention was arrested by a reproduction of a photograph of four black bass suspended side by side against a board. Under the picture (it is a half-tone) is this legend: "Black bass caught in the Delaware River in 1899. The board on which the fish are nailed is 16 inches wide. The largest fish weighed 8 pounds, 9 ounces."

At once the question suggested itself, Are the black bass small-mouth black bass or large-mouth black bass? The mouth of each fish is open, so it is difficult to determine the species from the mouth as exhibited in the picture. The shape of the body of one fish suggests the large-mouth, but from the shape of the body of the next fish it might be a small-mouth. In the picture the light comes from the left, and the belly of each fish is turned to the left and the distended gill covers throw the scales on cheeks and gill covers into shadow, so no one can tell whether the scales are smaller on gill covers than on the body, and thus another means of identification is lost by the manner in which the fish are hung. The body scales of the larger fish seem to say large-mouth black bass, but that is guess work, for another fish near it would as readily pass, as to scales, for a small-mouth. The weight, 8 pounds 9 ounces, would, on general principles, indicate the large-mouth, except that we know the small-mouth has been caught still larger. I have examined the picture under a strong magnifying glass, and am as much in the dark as ever as to the species, for I never have been in doubt about the fish being fine specimens of black bass of one kind or the other, and they undoubtedly delighted the heart of the man who caught them, and I do not suppose he really cared whether they had a large mouth or a small mouth, as in any event they were black bass, and big black bass.

If it was the intention of Mr. Roberts to arrange an effect in black bass after the manner of "The Lady or the Tiger," he has succeeded beyond his fondest hopes, and the answer will be that they are fine specimens of big black bass.

The Lake Lamprey.

Mr. W. L. Hoskins, of Owego, N. Y., writes me as follows: "I have noticed several articles in the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to lamprey eels, and I think you have referred to them once or twice in some of your communications. About a year since one of the professors at Cornell University had something to say of the large numbers approaching in the inlet of Cayuga Lake. Where do they come from? Can it be that they can reach that point from salt water? What do you know of them as a table food? I will look for your answer through your Angling Notes in FOREST AND STREAM."

The lake lamprey of Cayuga Lake is a dwarfed form of the river lamprey, and it ruins into the inlet from the lake itself, the lake being its home. I know nothing of the lamprey as a table food, and perhaps I may add that I know of no one who does know from personal experience. The appearance of the lamprey is all sufficient for the average man to decline it as food. A few years ago the State of New York made a small appropriation to destroy the lamprey in Cayuga Lake, and this money was placed in my hands to be expended. A weir was constructed in the inlet to Cayuga Lake and for two years, as the lampreys ran up the stream to spawn, they were captured and destroyed. It was the intention not only to destroy such of the lampreys as were taken in the weir, but to study their life history, and the life history, food habits, migrations, etc., of such other fishes as might be taken and come under observation. This work was under the personal supervision of H. A. Surface, then of Cornell University, now a professor in a Pennsylvania college. Prof. Surface has prepared an exhaustive paper on the lake lamprey amply illustrated, which will form a part of the report of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York for the year ending Sept. 30, 1898, now in the printer's hands and nearly ready to be issued. These reports are given in part to the members of the Legislature, and any one desiring a copy should apply to his member of Assembly or Senator, but there will be a scarcity of reports if one can judge of the future by the past, and many applicants for them will be disappointed of getting them. The reason for destroying the lamprey was that it was found that they were destroying many of the food fishes in the lake, and as they were not esteemed as food themselves, no one would seek their capture, and the State was invited to take a hand in their destruction to save the food fish, and at the same time operate an apology for a biological station on a small scale. A number of discoveries were made in connection with the work, and these I have alluded to from time to time in this column,

all of which Prof. Surface treats of in detail in his paper.

Spring Pond Once More.

A few hours after writing the last note about Spring Pond, in which I quoted Mr. Crane's letter of correction, I met former Commissioner William R. Weed in Albany, who is the owner of the trout pond on which the pond is situated. He told me that the pond gets its name from the fact that it has no visible inlet or outlet, and that its waters are made up wholly of springs. Asked about the landlocked salmon planted in the pond, which caused my original note about it, he said that two years from the planting of the fingerling fish his brother caught one and gave to him which measured 17 inches in length. The fish were planted in the fall of 1897, he tells me, and it was during the summer of 1899 that the 17-inch salmon was taken. This, in connection with what I have already stated about the growth of salmon in this pond, and what Mr. Crane contributes about the remarkable growth of brook trout in the pond when planted, would indicate that the pond was very rich in fish food, for brook trout, or any other fish, grow to great weights for this species only where they find an abundance of food.

The State recently discovered that the ponds, or some of them, in the region of one of the State hatcheries was destitute of fish food, and the Forest, Fish and Game Commission at once took steps to plant the waters with food in the form of fresh-water shrimps. For landlocked salmon there is no better food than the fresh-water form of smelt found in Maine and New Hampshire. The State of New York has brought this shrimp from both Maine and New Hampshire and planted it in State waters, where alternately landlocked salmon may be planted; if not, they will serve as food for the trout now in the waters, for it is the best form of fish for trout if they are to have fish for food.

Forest Fish and Game Commission.

Schedule of fish distribution for fiscal year ending Sept. 30:	
Whitefish fry.....	40,175,000
Tomcod fry.....	42,000,000
Pike-perch fry.....	50,825,000
Frostfish fry.....	3,455,000
Lobster fry.....	2,700,000
Mascalonge fry.....	1,200,000
Brook trout fry.....	3,581,000
Brook trout fingerlings.....	152,983
Brook trout yearlings.....	95,225
Brook trout two and three years old.....	400
Brown trout fry.....	1,091,000
Brown trout fingerlings.....	108,253
Brown trout yearlings.....	48,825
Rainbow trout fry.....	120,000
Rainbow trout fingerlings.....	18,109
Rainbow trout yearlings.....	40,000
Lake trout fry.....	8,772,500
Lake trout fingerlings.....	201,900
Lake trout yearlings.....	13,355
Red throat trout fingerlings.....	62,750
Red throat trout yearlings.....	38,800
Landlocked salmon fry.....	2,400
Yellow perch fry.....	4,900
Shrimp fry.....	2,000
Black bass, small-mouth.....	300
Shad, Hudson River (from the United States).....	10,280,000
Shad hatched at Catskill.....	2,870,200
Shad hatched at Long Island.....	565,000
Total.....	168,262,500
Eggs and fish fry and yearlings furnished by the United States Fish Commission, planted in waters of New York State during the year ending Sept. 30:	
Eggs.....	420,000
Fish fry.....	50,428,800
Yearlings.....	23,498
Total.....	50,872,298
	219,135,198

Vagaries of Breeding Fish.

This fall, while the men at one of the State hatching stations in New York were taking whitefish in pound nets to secure eggs, and ripe female fish were in abundance, there were no ripe male fish. The females were kept in the ponds for a time, when the men found what they had to contend with, but the eggs became hard before males were obtained, and many were lost to the hatching jars. At the very last of the season of egg taking the male fish made their appearance in considerable numbers, but there were then few ripe females, so that for four days during the height of the season a great many eggs were not taken because there was no means of impregnating them. The fish breeder has serious and unexpected conditions to contend with in taking eggs from whitefish, shad, pike-perch, mascalonge, smelt, lake trout, etc., where the fish are drawn from the lakes and rivers, and are not under control until they are secured in the nets. The fish may or may not appear at the appointed season as expected, and egg taking is so uncertain in wild waters that it is never safe to count your fish until they are hatched, certainly not until the eggs are secured. Fish in confinement at the stock ponds at the hatching stations can be depended upon with more certainty to supply eggs at the spawning season, as they are under constant observation and control and the supply of opposite sexes regulated by the hatchery men, and in such cases it is chiefly a matter of keeping the stock fish in good health to secure a supply of eggs from them.

Last year, under a system of feeding at one State hatchery the brown trout in the stock ponds produced 720,000 eggs. This year the same stock fish, slightly reduced in numbers, under a different system of feeding have, at this writing, produced 1,480,000 eggs, of the spawning of the fish is not entirely finished. The eggs are, too, in better condition than last year, and promise a larger per cent. of healthy fry when hatched.

Fighting Trout.

It is well known that at breeding time the male trout in a pond will fight with one another, often producing wounds that result in fungus and ultimate death. Very lately I was watching a number of female trout preparing spawning beds by flitting the sand from the bottom by a movement of the tail, leaving only coarse gravel at the bottom of the depression forming the bed. The male fish hovered about the beds, constant in their attentions, and occasionally one would try conclusions with another in a catch-as-catch-can. One female was particularly industrious in fanning her bed, and she was alone on it, though several males danced attendance around the edges. Finally a male trout a size larger than the female ventured into the saucer-like depression and instantly the female turned on him and seized him by the belly near the

central fin and shut her mouth hard, as it proved. There was a struggle which carried the pair some distance from the bed, and it seemed as though the female was shaking the male fish, as he was helpless back downward, until finally he ceased to struggle and the female released him and returned to her bed with an air which indicated to my companion and myself that she intended to convey the impression to the defeated male that that was her busy day and she would brook no interference with her domestic plans and work.

Fish Distribution.

At the December meeting of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission the State Fishcultivist submitted a report which gave among other things the summary of the fish planed in the waters of the State of New York during the fiscal year ending Sept. 30, 1900. This summary may not be exactly correct according to the detailed statement to be made next month, as there are a few applications yet to be added. The egg taking for this fall season of 1900 was not computed when the meeting was held but from the figures from the hatcheries that had completed the taking of brook and brown trout eggs, the increase this year over last at same hatcheries amounts to 1,000,600 eggs, in a total of 5,947,500.

New Fish Applications.

New fish applications have been adopted by the Commission for black bass and fish fry. The black bass applications have figures of the two species of black bass, the large-mouth and the small-mouth, with a brief description of each under the cut of the fish. The fish fry applications have figures of the mascalonge, the pike, the pickerel and the pike-perch, with a short description of each. The cuts, with the common and specific name under each, should enable the applicants to determine the kind of fish they really desire, and not ask for pike when they wish pike-perch. While the cuts of the fish are of necessity small, they are accurate, being prepared for the Forest, Fish and Game Commission by the United States Fish Commission, and show the distinguishing scales on the cheeks and gill covers of the mascalonge, pike and pickerel, and no one can mistake a pike-perch for any of the other fish named when it is observed that the pike-perch has two dorsal fins and each of the other fish but a single dorsal. The same blanks are used for tomcats, smelt, Adirondack frostfish and other fish except trout and black bass.

A. N. CHENEY.

Public and Private Waters.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article of Mr. Van Cleef in your issue of Dec. 8 must prove of great interest to all persons who believe in the protection and increase of our game fish. I hope it will provoke earnest discussion in FOREST AND STREAM, for it would seem to be important in the highest degree to settle at an early stage the distinction between public and private waters.

At first the force of Mr. Van Cleef's proposition that "nearly all the streams of this State are essentially private waters, and not public in any sense of the term" seemed almost irresistible. But upon thinking the matter over, it seems wrong to concede the correctness of that assumption, and although I feel by no means secure in the position that I am about to take, I will hazard a guess or two in regard to streams, leaving ponds and lakes out of the question.

I believe water courses may be loosely divided into three important classes: 1. Those in which the tide ebbs and flows. 2. Navigable rivers and streams. 3. Streams not navigable.

It will be conceded that waters of the first class are public as far as the tide flows.

I believe it will be conceded also that waters of the second class are public, as there can be no question that a navigable stream is a public highway just as much as is a town road. And although the adjoining owners may own the bed to the middle of the stream and although they may have the exclusive right of fishing so far as their land extends, the water is nevertheless public.

True, no person has a right to fish in such water without the consent of the adjoining owner, but neither has one the right to dig bait by the roadside without the consent of him who owns to the middle of the road. Yet it is none the less a public highway.

So it would seem that the streams referred to by Mr. Van Cleef as private waters must be included in the third class—that is, non-navigable streams.

I am strongly impressed with the idea that the logic of the protection and increase of game fish in this State demands that the phrase "private waters" be applied to as few waters as possible. And I believe just as strongly that the common sense interpretation of the phrase tends in the same direction.

Grant that adjoining owners hold the stream bed to the middle of the stream. Grant that if the same person owns land adjoining the stream on both sides he owns the whole stream bed as far as his land extends. The water itself can never be the subject of their ownership. It is here to-day and miles away to-morrow on its way to the sea where all waters are public. The owner must not divert it from its natural course. He must not confine it or restrain it to the injury of those above him or below. He must not pollute it, he must not increase or diminish its flow to the detriment of any other. He can use it surely, to his heart's content, but own it, never. Neither does he own a single fish in the waters which flow over his land until he reduces it to possession by legitimate capture. He has not the right to prevent a fish from going up or down except as seems good to the people of the State. It is they who prescribe the manner in which and the extent to which and the time when every fish may be taken. It is the public who can say to each owner, "You shall not even on your own premises, disregard the laws which we deem wise."

Assuredly the owner may restrain all persons from fishing on his premises. That privilege the public can not expect, and the State cannot grant. The owner has the say as to the use of his premises and the State has the say as to the capture of the fish. Whereas, in the case of "private waters" the owner has the say as to both.

Therefore, it seems to me that this class of waters, if they are not public, at least they are not private within the meaning of that term, as used by Mr. Cheney when he said that State fish would not be furnished for private waters.

I understand the phrase "private waters" to signify either waters wholly owned or controlled by one person or an association of persons, and stocked at private expense, or a private park established and maintained pursuant to Sections 200-204 of the Forest, Fish and Game Law, in which latter case the waters may be either public or private, but must be stocked at private expense.

F. A. C.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club Initial Banquet.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 8.—The first winter meet of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club was scheduled for the evening of Dec. 7, and it goes without saying that there was a good assemblage of fly-casters, their wives and sisters and other fellows' sisters. The meet, which was of an informal nature, was held at the Leland, and will be followed later by others of these pleasant occasions.

What Artificial Propagation Does.

Judge J. M. Kenyon, of Toledo, O., writes below regarding some notable results in a private trout stream, and his communication is interesting as showing what modern methods can do with such wild creatures as brook trout. He says:

"I inclose the record of a Toledo member of a private trout stream in this State since 1889. It shows what artificial propagation will do, as the stream had no trout naturally, and is, in fact now all made stream. There are over fifty members. This man's record is among the top ones, but not the top. Wish I was one of 'em. They are now rearing their fry in ponds until fall, and turn them into the stream when 5 to 7 inches long, and will soon have it swarming with fish." The record follows:

Year.	Days Fished.	Caught.	Lbs.	Year.	Days Fished.	Caught.	Lbs.
188910	61	21 1-8	189514	178	71 3-4
189011	73	23 3-8	189618	183	69
189110	98	32 1-2	189714	141	51 1-2
189215	157	53 1-2	189812	142	56
189315	130	55 1-2	189914	157	71
189415	161	72 1-2	190018	240	91 1-2

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

More Eel Problems.

EAST WAREHAM, Mass., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is a small pond near my house which had no connection with salt water until some twenty-five years ago a ditch was dug through a cultivated field and wooded elevation, necessitating a 6-foot trench; then a piece of upland meadow was crossed, the ditch finally reaching a swamp drain which in ordinary seasons flowed to the salt water for eight or nine months in the year. The pond very rarely rises high enough to flow out through the drain until late in the winter, and the overflow lasts but a few days at a time and ceases in the spring. It has not flowed to the sea this year, and now lacks 6 feet of its maximum height. This pond has eels of large size, and had a reputation for eels before there was any connecting ditch between it and the sea. I have been told that they were dug up in the mud when a swamp joining it was ditched more than forty years before the drain was dug to the sea.

I have also been told of young ducks being taken by large eels. This is by no means impossible, but it might have been done by turtles instead. Do the female eels go down to spawn so late as Christmas? Would they get caught in by the pond falling and stay an indefinite time? The ditch has not been cleared out for years, and it is doubtful if an eel can ever get up or down until it is cleaned out. For the last four years I have kept watch of this pond and stream to see if it were possible that they could go up or down, and at no time could they do so except in winter after December. There are other seemingly landlocked ponds that contain eels, but I do not know enough about their conditions to make out a case. The waters I have spoken of contain red perch and roach and frogs, all of which eels will eat. They will thread their way up through artificial ditches and drains and catch frogs, for I have seen them do it. They will work their way for long distances through peat meadows. I know by seeing one dug out, when my father was digging a water hole for his cows in the upper-end of an English meadow; this eel was about 14 inches long. The meadow in question had been a salt marsh which fifty years before was reclaimed by diking; a small salt pond was also taken in and became entirely fresh. In this pond eels lived all the year, and in winter bedded in mud the same as in salt water, and I used to spear them through holes cut in the ice. The ditches in this meadow have eels of all sizes, from 2 inches up to 2 feet in length. The overflow from meadow and pond passes through the dike by a wooded trunk, which is closed by a gate (clapper) that works automatically as the tide rises and falls. Eels can go in and out at low water, but part of the time a screen has been maintained to keep the trout with which the pond was stocked from escaping. A supplementary dam was also built and fitted with screen and flush boards. None of these things affected the eels; they thrive the same as before any obstacles were placed in their way. Is it not possible that the pond is their permanent home, and that both male and female eels live there? If these fish have to pass into the sea and deposit their spawn, and the female must find a male to assist in fertilization, how do the tiny ones surmount all obstacles and find their way into the ditches?

They are very destructive, and as the waters just mentioned are stocked with trout, it is imperative that eels be kept out. I am aware that this subject has been well aired, but I have grave doubts as to all the facts being known. Two things are certain, eels must be endowed with great persistence and must live to a great age.

WALTER B. SAVARY.

Ye Gods and Little Fishes.

UNDER this title Dr. James A. Henshall has written a "Travesty on the Argonautic Expedition of the Golden Fleece." It makes a handsome volume of 250 pages, and is decorated with designs by J. L. Ludlow. The argument is thus set forth:

"A witty, humorous, satirical, political and philosophical account of the voyage, exploits and adventures by sea and land of Jason and his six demigods in the quest for the Golden Fleece. The route, and the events and incidents of the expedition from Thessaly to Colchis, and the return voyage, as chronicled by Apollonius Rhodius, are followed but narrated from a modern standpoint.

"The sayings and doings of Jason, Hercules, Orpheus, Meleager, Pollux and Castor, Atalanta and others of the crew, and the deeds of Juno, Venus, Neptune, Triton, Thetis and other gods and goddesses in aid of the quest are vigorously expressed in a pseudo-poetic and mock-heroic style, illumined by the searchlight of the nineteenth century.

"The stirring scenes and doughty deeds, the perils of storm and disaster, the pleasant features of angling, shooting, hunting and the tournaments of athletic sports are vividly depicted in a style of burlesque and hyperbole, as viewed by a modern angler, sportsman and yachtsman."

Law.

THERE is a rule or law practiced by the London anglers, particularly those who fish in the Lee, which is that of waiting for any of their party that may drop in the rear. It arose from the following circumstance: "Some years since, several anglers were proceeding on a trolling excursion to a favorite spot at some distance from London, up the Lee River, when it happened that one of them, without being observed by the rest, loitered behind, and his absence was not discovered till they had traveled a considerable way. They waited in hopes their companion would overtake them, but his not coming up, they hallooed and called him by name, but received no answer. Alarmed for his safety, they retraced their steps, when to their utter astonishment and horror they found him quite dead with his throat cut from ear to ear and robbed of everything he possessed. It is supposed he stayed behind for a moment or two and was attacked and murdered while in a defenseless position. Since this lamentable occurrence, if an angler has occasion to rest he has only to call out the word 'Law' and the whole party will wait till it is convenient to continue the journey."—London Anglers' Book, 1835.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

1901.

Jan. 14.—Greenville, Ala.—Fifth annual field trials of the Alabama Field Trials Club. John B. Rosenstihl, Sec'y.

Jan. 21.—Benton County, Miss.—Tenth annual field trials of the United States Field Trials Club. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

BENCH SHOWS.

1901.

Feb. 26-March 1.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Kennel Club's annual bench show. C. M. Munhall, Sec'y.

March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Fetch and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

X.—Backing.

BACKING, backsetting and backstanding denote the act of one dog standing more or less rigidly by sight to the point of another dog. The backing dog generally assumes much the same attitude when backing that he does when pointing, though in many instances the rigidity and intensity in it are less. Not infrequently some backing dogs stand in a slack position, as they do naturally when there are no points at all to consider. However enthusiastic and spirited may have been the backs at first, the act in time, as the enthusiasm of youth and novelty pass away generally becomes perfunctory. The dog learns that its purposes, as enforced by the trainer, are repressive, that he is not to interfere with the pointing dog, and that therefore there is nothing of self interest in it. The act, which the dog displayed with a natural purpose, is nevertheless generally persisted in from education and habit.

Backing is an act resulting from a process of reason, a perception of cause and effect. Some dogs take readily to backing, others are induced with much difficulty to observe it, and again others cannot be induced to back at all. Much depends upon the intelligence and temperament of the individual as to whether he will back or not.

The act of backing has no reference whatever to a man with a gun, who desires that his purposes with it shall not be obstructed. It has been maintained, as against the theory and practice of intelligent backing, that the dog, first pointing the birds instinctively that a man might the better kill them thereby, also backed instinctively on occasion so that he would not interfere with the dog which was pointing, and thus would not jeopardize the success of the shooter. In support of this contention, the fact that young puppies, when pointing sparrows and other small birds in the kennel yard and elsewhere, back each other, was adduced as proof positive of the instinctive origin of the act. So much, by the old writers, was ascribed to instinct by way of explaining the dog's acts that one could justly wonder why the dog had brains at all, or having them why he used them so little.

How an act which could be taught to but a relatively small number of the canine race, has to all the race become instinctive by inheritance, and how many other acts, taught to dogs generally, have not become likewise instinctive, is left by the old writers for the reader's own

solution. However, if a writer does not understand certain phenomena of dog life, there is no easier way to dispose of it than to boldly assert that it is instinctive.

As to the pointing and backing of puppies, as above mentioned, the superficial observer failed to note that the point is followed by a chase of the little birds when flushed. The dogs have an instinctive impulse to pursue their prey, and in intelligent methods of successful pursuit they are astonishingly precocious.

Let us follow the first attempts of the puppies and observe thereby their rapid educational evolution. They, seeing a sparrow on the ground hopping about, sneak quickly toward it and then dash at full speed to seize it; it flies away and they give full chase, sometimes giving tongue merrily. Similar rash attempts result in failures. After a brief experience of this kind they quickly learn that the birds can fly, and that in open pursuit of them, a capture is impossible. They then observe greater caution and therefrom approximate nearer to success. By sneaking craftily on the birds, the chances of getting within a better striking distance are many times increased, and by making play to the pointing dog the backing dog is in a strategic position to head the game off or turn it to the pointing dog. Thus the back is simply a part of the team work in the attempt to capture.

It is one of the first things learned by all breeds of dogs which have an opportunity to hunt in company. It is analogous to the running cunning of the greyhound. Two puppies, intent on capturing a barnyard fowl, show this unmistakably. One draws up and points; the other backs. The alarmed fowl walks away; the pointing puppy draws forward; the backing puppy whips stealthily around to head off the fowl, and then they have it between them in a hazardous position. Left to themselves in their attack upon it, they display pretty team work, so far as intelligent management and effort are concerned.

This is frequently the manner employed to capture a rabbit or other animal which is lying concealed from view, but whose whereabouts is known only by the sense of smell.

In drawing on the little birds by sight, the puppy employs much the same strategic efforts that, in his more mature years, and more serious efforts, he employs in drawing on game birds by the use of his nose. The efforts by sight are applied in the first crude attempts; the efforts by nose are applied in the skillful manner which comes from experience and knowledge, though both come from the instinctive impulse to seek game animals for food.

In the pursuit of fur the setter and pointer draw on it in much the same manner that they do on birds, but with less caution. For instance, if a rabbit is jumped they pursue it hotly, giving tongue eagerly the while. On birds they are silent, as they needs must be if they are to achieve success. There are exceptions to this, however; some setters and pointers whimper and give tongue on a trail much after the manner of a rabbit dog.

The Continental Field Trial Club's Trials.

THERE was a falling off in the attendance following the finish of the Eastern Field Trial Club's trials, and there was a weeding out of the starters in the Continental trial in consequence of the definite competition and knowledge of relative capabilities which the preceding trials afforded. So long as the Continental trials follow the Eastern, this condition of affairs will remain unchanged. In the Eastern trials the visitors learn every peculiarity of the grounds. Every path is known; the whereabouts of every bevy is accurately located; every landscape is familiar; the capabilities of the dogs under the known conditions offer little of interest in their repetition. As a natural consequence, after the Eastern trials, the general interest languishes. The Continental Club at its meeting held during the trials, considered this phase of its interests and appointed a committee, of which Messrs. Ames, Osthau and Sturges are members, to consider the matter of new grounds.

There was a distinguished company present, which followed the trials more or less, among whom were Mr. Pierre Lorillard Jr., and his sister, Mrs. Taylor, Theo. R. Hoyt, Edwin C. Hoyt, W. W. Green, Robt. Kelley, H. B. Hutchings, James B. Baker, James E. Orr, New York; J. Douglas Law, Springfield, Mass.; A. C. Peterson, Homestead, Pa.; Hobart Ames, North Easton, Mass.; C. W. Keyes, Boston; Edm. H. Osthau, Toledo; S. C. Bradley and his daughter, Miss Elizabeth; Theo. Sturges, New York and D. F. Pride, Cincinnati.

The trials were skillfully conducted. Messrs. Edm. H. Osthau and C. E. Buckle judged. The trials were thoroughly enjoyable. There was good fellowship a firm support of the judges as against those who were discontented and a general consensus of opinion that field trials are now as clean and wholesome a sport as exists.

The Derby.

Out of twenty-seven nominations there were twelve starters, several of which had run in the Eastern trials. The quality of the competition was of a commonplace degree. It is true that the weather conditions were unfavorable, and birds in consequence difficult to find, but with all allowances for the disadvantages, still the work was inferior.

The order of running was as follows:

E. L. Jamison's b. w. and t. setter dog Mark Twain (Joe Cummings—Miss Osthau), D. E. Rose, handler, with Verona Kennels' b. w. and t. setter bitch Verona Wilhelmina (Count Gladstone IV.—Countess K.), Frank Richards, handler.

Dr. J. S. Brown's liv. and w. pointer bitch Young Eva B. (Young Jingo—Eve), J. H. Johnson, handler, with N. T. De Pauw's liv. and w. pointer bitch Jingo's Romp (Jingo—Nellie Croxeth), D. E. Rose, handler.

Dr. J. S. Brown's b. w. and t. setter bitch Mollie B. II. (Tony's Gale—Mollie B.), J. H. Johnson, handler, with Oakland Association's b. w. and t. setter dog Joe Wheeler (Belton Bob—Antoine Gladstone), H. A. Thomason, handler.

Oakland Association's b. w. setter bitch Lady Ran-

dolph (Belton Bob—Antoine Gladstone), H. A. Thomason, handler, with W. W. Titus' b. w. and t. setter d. g. Captain Scott (Joe Cummings—Miss Osthau), D. E. Rose, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b. w. and t. setter bitch Tom Boy (Tony Boy—Lenabelle), C. Tucker, handler, with Dr. G. Chisholm's lem. and w. pointer dog Doc Light (Jingo's Light—Gull's Juno), D. E. Rose, handler.

Verona Kennels' b. w. and t. setter dog Verona Diablo (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), Frank Richards, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b. w. and t. setter d. g. Bow Knot (Why No—Binnie B.), C. Tucker, handler.

This stake was open to all setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1899. Out of the forty-one nominations there were twelve starters. The purse was \$500, of which \$250 went to first, \$150 to second and \$100 to third. The total entrance was \$30; \$10 to nominate, \$10 second forfeit, and \$10 additional to start.

The quality of the competition was not above the commonplace of average field work. Unfavorable weather contributed greatly to the poor showing; as, on the two days of the Derby, the birds were not moving. It was of the most difficult kind of stakes to judge, that wherein there is no definite competition.

First was won by Doc Light. He showed better judgment and knowledge of field work than any of his competitors, though his performance was far from being of a high degree of merit.

Captain Scott, second, was disposed to overpoint, being overcautious on a trail and conscientious in setting stiffly on scent other than that of quail.

Bow Knot, third, lacked finish in his bird work, though displaying a good deal of natural ability.

Monday, Dec. 3, First Day.

There was a dark, overcast sky, and a chilly rawness in the air which portended a storm. About 11 o'clock a cold, drizzling rain set in which gradually increased into a steady downpour. In consequence, the competition for the day was abandoned in the first heat after lunch. Birds were not found plentifully and when found were inclined to be wild and were difficult to work.

First Round.

Mark Twain and Verona Wilhelmina started at 8:38. Wilhelmina, after some minutes' searching, pointed nicely a bevy in an open field and Mark backed. On the scattered birds in pines, Mark made two good points, and was well backed each time. Up at 9:26. Both ranged fairly well and showed good speed. Mark displayed the better judgment in beating out his ground and was better in range.

Young Eva B. and Jingo's Romp were cast off at 9:30. Eva found and pointed a bevy in briars and Romp backed. Both were ready to shot. The birds were followed, but no work was done on them. Up at 10:22. The heat was ordinary in character.

Mollie B. II. and Joe Wheeler commenced at 10:26. A bevy was seen to flush ahead in sedge, Joe being in the immediate vicinity of it at the time. Mollie pointed a single bird in open weeds. Up at 11:05. Neither ranged with much judgment.

Captain Scott and Lady Randolph were started at 11:09. Scott pointed staunchly in an open weed field, then roaded and pointed alternately for some moments; Lady backed; nothing was found. Next, after ranging a while both pointed larks. Sent on. Scott accurately pointed a bevy in open weeds; Lady excusably refused to back, having been deceived by Scott in respect to the prior pointing. She joined in the point. Both were steady to wing and shot. The birds were followed into woods, and Lady made a good point on them. Scott also made a point on a single in pines. Sent on. In an open field Scott pointed and roaded alternately; Lady backed, but broke her back and joined in the roading and pointing. Nothing found. The heat ended at 11:37. Both had speed, but they ranged with poor judgment. Scott pointed and potted on false scenes.

Tom Boy and Doc Light were started at 11:42. Both ranged fast and beat out a useful scope of ground. Doc pointed a bevy in open weeds, and both were steady to shot and wing. On the way after the scattered birds, Tom Boy found and pointed a bevy and was well backed by Doc. In the woods on the scattered birds, Tom Boy flushed twice. Doc made two points on singles, in one of which Tom Boy joined. Sent on. Tom Boy made a point in woods, and as the judges rode up Tucker explained that the bevy had flushed wild. Up at 12:27. This brace displayed by far the best competition of any in this series. Rain had been falling during the greater part of the heat.

Lunch was next in order.

Bow Knot and Diablo were cast off at 1:22. The rain had stopped during lunch and there were signs of the weather clearing up. However, after a few minutes the rain again began to fall steadily, and at 1:46 the competition for the day was abandoned. In open weeds Diablo flushed a bevy. Some yards further on in the hollow Diablo, going forward, flushed some more birds. Sent on. In the open field, Bow ran into a bevy and flushed it. A single bird remained, which Diablo flushed. On the scattered birds in woods Bow made a good point, and was well backed. Bow held this point, while the birds were flushed one or more at a time. Soon afterward the downpour of rain stopped the running, and the work of the day was ended.

The heavy rain of Monday did not cease entirely till Tuesday afternoon. Rain at times fell in torrents during Monday night. There were signs of clearing up in the morning, but the weather again thickened, and more or less rain fell till near the middle of the afternoon, when it cleared up cool and bright. The horses and wagons, which were held in waiting for a while, were sent back to the stable in the morning, and no further attempts were made to run on that day.

Wednesday, Dec. 5, Third Day.

The grounds were wet and heavy in the lower places. A stiff, raw, northwest wind blew more or less strongly all day. Birds were not moving much, consequently they were difficult to find.

The unfinished competition of the Derby was resumed, and the stake was finished soon after lunch.

Bow Knot and Diablo were started at 8:53. Both worked fast, but were irregular in ranging, and displayed but little planning in beating out the ground. Bow, standing on plowed ground, pointed a bevy in cover close by and was backed by Diablo. The birds were marked down and followed into scattered pines. Bow was reluctant to leave where the bevy flushed, casting back to the place, while Diablo went on ahead and made a point on a single. Then Bow got in among the scattered birds and made two points and a flush. Diablo made a flush. Sent on. At the edge of a ditch Diablo flushed a single and soon afterward flushed the rest of the bevy. The birds were not followed. Up at 9:16. Bow had much the better of the heat.

Second Round.

Six dogs were selected to compete further. Their work was rather commonplace, and was far short of good competition.

Lady Randolph and Mark Twain were cast off at 9:28. Lady made a good point on a bevy in weeds. Mark made two good points on the scattered birds in woods, and Lady backed. Up at 9:58. They were, as a whole, narrow in range, and potted occasionally on false scenes.

Captain Scott and Tom Boy at 10:20 commenced their heat in an open field. A bevy was seen to flush ahead, the dogs at the time being concealed from view. On the scattered birds of it in the open, Captain pointed a single and flushed one. Tom Boy found and pointed a bevy and was backed nicely. Each made a point to which nothing was found. They ranged well, though they potted on scent at times, and Captain showed a disposition to overpoint. The heat ended at 11:06.

Doc Light and Bow Knot were started at 11:13. Bow pointed birds by the edge of woods, and Doc, going down wind, flushed them. In open weeds Bow pointed and was backed; nothing found. Bow pointed a single. Each made a point on the same bird in woods. Up at 12:03. Doc showed the greater bird sense, though he was not ranging above middling well.

Final.

Captain Scott and Doc Light were cast off at 1:10, and were ordered up at 1:26. Nothing was done on birds. Both were going well.

This ended the stake, and the judges announced Doc Light, Captain Scott and Bow Knot winners in the order named.

The All-Age Stake.

The competition in the All Age Stake was commenced immediately after the conclusion of the Derby.

Geo. Crocker's o. and w. setter dog Bob Acres (Tony's Gale—Minnie T.), S. C. Bradley, handler, with P. Lorillard & Bell's b. w. and t. setter dog Hal's Hope (Harold Skimpole—Hunter's Nellie Bly), A. C. Peterson, handler.

Geo. Crocker's o. and w. setter bitch Minnie's Girl (Antonio—Minnie T.), S. C. Bradley, handler, with C. F. Hartmetz's b. w. and t. setter dog Oakley Hill (Redfield—Susie D.), D. E. Rose, handler.

J. D. Law's b. w. and t. setter dog Lady's Count (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), J. H. Johnson, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b. w. and t. setter bitch Geneva (Tony Boy—Lenabelle), C. Tucker, handler.

Dr. C. I. Shoop's b. w. and t. setter dog Count Hunter (Count Gladstone IV.—Hunter's Queen), J. H. Johnson, handler, with J. W. Flynn's o. and w. pointer dog Senator P. (Captain B.—Queen P.), Frank Richards, handler.

Avent & Duryea's b. w. and t. setter bitch Sioux (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Phynne), J. M. Avent, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b. w. and t. setter dog Why Not (Eugene T.—Miss Ruby), C. Tucker, handler.

Avent & Duryea's b. w. and t. setter dog Roysterer (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Phynne), J. M. Avent, handler, with G. L. Thomas' b. w. and t. setter dog Dr. Brown (Count Featherstone—Topsy F.), A. C. Peterson, handler.

This stake was open to all setters and pointers which had never won a first in the Continental, Eastern nor U. S. field trials. The purse was \$500 divided as follows: \$250 to first, \$150 to second and \$100 to third. Ten dollars to nominate, \$10 second forfeit and \$10 additional to start.

First Round.

Bob Acres and Hal's Hope were started at 1:32. Hal soon nicely pointed a single in the open field; Bob backed for a few moments steadily, then broke his back. Hal next flushed a bevy by a fence in an open field. Sent on. Hal pointed a bevy and Bob backed; both were steady to wing and shot. In thick cover, Hal pointed one of the scattered birds; Bob refused to back, and flushed the bird. Up at 2:14. Both ranged well and at good speed. Bob made the wider casts, but his performance on birds was faulty.

Minnie's Girl and Oakley Hill began at 2:22. Minnie made a long cast and pointed a bevy by a creek. The dogs were widely separated, and were brought together. Oakley in heavy weeds pointed staunchly. Nothing was found. Hal next pointed a bevy by the edge of woods and Minnie backed promptly and well. On the scattered birds Oakley made two points and a flush. Next in the open, Oakley roaded and pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. Minnie at the time was on a cast. Up at 3:18. Minnie beat out her ground with much judgment, casting out far in the promising places. Oakley ranged well, and displayed good finding and pointing ability. Both were speedy, and maintained their diligence to a uniform degree.

Geneva and Lady's Count were started at 3:24. The latter was in charge of his handler but a few days, and was still unacquainted with him in so far as obedience to orders and work to the gun are concerned. He was difficult to handle, and worked but indifferently to the gun. Geneva by a ditch pointed a bevy and was backed by Count. The birds were followed into difficult cover. Geneva made two points on the scattered birds, and Count backed well. Sent on. Count flushed a bevy. Up at 4:09. Both ranged fast and wide. Geneva was ranging prettily, taking in a good scope of ground and working nicely to the gun withal.

Count Hunter and Senator P. were started at 4:14. Count pointed a bevy in open sedge. On the scattered birds in woods Senator pointed a bird which flew a few

feet overhead into the branches of a tree, and he held his point till it flushed. Count pointed a single. Count was the faster and wider, although Senator ranged moderately well. The heat and the day's running ended at 4:59.

Thursday, Dec. 6, Fourth Day.

The morning was clear and sharply frosty. In the shadows the white frost was sharply outlined in contrast to the melted frost in the sunshine. For some unknown reason the birds were difficult to find, and therefore were not found plentifully. The first round of the All Age Stake was continued.

Sioux and Why Not were cast off at 8:38. The dogs were worked to find a bevy near the railroad. Sioux was out of sight for a few moments under the brow of the hill. A vent searching for her, called point and a bevy of birds flushed at the same time. Whether she pointed the bevy or not is officially unknown. The birds were followed into woods. Why Not pointed, and a bird flushed out of a tree overhead. Next he pointed a single. Sioux pointed, roaded and pointed; nothing found. Sioux was extremely difficult to handle. Sioux next pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. Up at 9:36. Why Not ranged much the better to the gun, and was speedy and wide in range. Sioux was on the border land of swift unmanageableness, and therefore had a strong claim to the fictitious high class.

Roysterer and Dr. Brown started at 9:43. Roysterer pointed at the edge of woods and was backed. Next he was lost and was found pointing on a side hill in woods. One of the judges flushed a single some 30 yards away. Up at 10:28. Roysterer had an irregular range, and was difficult to handle. Doctor had middling range and speed.

Second Round.

Six dogs were reserved to compete further.

Hal's Hope and Lady's Count were cast off at 10:53. Count made two points to which nothing was found. Count, in an open weed field, pointed a bevy well; Hope backed; both were steady to shot. On the scattered birds in woods, Hope flushed two singles, and Count pointed one. Up at 11:42.

Minnie's Girl and Geneva were cast off at 11:52. Minnie's Girl was lost for some moments, and after much search a bevy was seen to flush back on the course already passed over, and Minnie was seen standing on a point close by the place where the bevy flushed. She held her point, and Geneva was called in to back. She passed close by, refused to obey orders and cast off independently. It required some minutes to find and control her. In the meantime, Minnie was sent on to work on the scattered birds in woods. She cast through the woods. After a long search Mr. Rose found her. He reported that she was found pointing a bevy. Up at 12:48. Geneva had speed and range, but was difficult to handle and found nothing. Minnie was wise in her work.

Oakley Hill and Sioux were started at 1:48, after lunch. At 1:50 Sioux was lost, and was found on a point on a bevy in pines on the course passed over a short time previously. The dogs were gotten together again at 2:15. Oakley pointed a bevy in open weeds and Sioux backed. Both were steady to shot. On the scattered birds in woods, Sioux flushed. Next Oakley pointed scattered birds, and Sioux at the same time pointed; foot scent probably. Oakley made three points on the scattered birds, in one of which points Sioux joined, besides making one point on a single. Oakley completely outworked Sioux on these birds. Up at 2:42. In this heat Sioux was practically unmanageable at times. Oakley Hill worked pleasingly to the gun was quite as fast as Sioux, though apparently going much slower, and was a sensible though not a wide ranger. Sioux had a quick, short stride which was much slower than it seemed. Oakley had a long stride, slow apparently in comparison, yet when he and Sioux ran side by side there was no important difference.

The judges announced the winners in the following order: Oakley Hill, Minnie's Girl and Sioux.

The Subscription Stake.

There were ten starters in this stake, and this represented the full number of subscriptions. This stake was begun immediately after the All Age was concluded. The handlers rode on horseback.

The dogs were drawn in the following order:

G. G. Williamson's b., w. and t. setter dog Sport's Gath (Marie's Sport—Marie's Fleet), D. E. Rose, handler, with Geo. Crocker's o. and w. setter dog Gilt Edge (Count Gladstone IV.—Lillian Russell), S. C. Bradley, handler.

C. F. Hartmetz's b., w. and t. setter dog Oakley Hill (Rodfield—Susie D.), D. E. Rose, handler, with Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. setter dog Dot's Roy (Orlando—Dollie Wilson), J. M. Avent, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch Peg's Girl (Rodfield—Lady Webster), C. Tucker, handler, with Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. setter bitch Sioux (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Phynne), J. M. Avent, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch Lenabelle (Sam—Mamie), C. Tucker, handler, with Geo. Crocker's o. and w. setter bitch Minnie's Girl (Antonio—Minnie T.), S. C. Bradley, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch Geneva (Tony Boy—Lenabelle), C. Tucker, handler, with Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. setter bitch Lady Rachel (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Phynne), J. M. Avent, handler.

This stake was a free for all, open to all setters and pointers, regardless of previous winnings. Fee, \$25. Entries to be named at time of drawing. Purse, \$300; \$200 to first, \$100 to second. Heats. First heats, one and one-half hours each.

The winner of first, Sport's Gath, competed in fine form. The honors of the first series, in respect to the merits of the first heat, were between him and Lenabelle. Gath ranged well and with excellent judgment, and his execution on birds was skillful and accurate. Lenabelle found more bevies, but had the advantage of more favorable weather when the birds were out feeding. She far excelled Sioux's performance in many respects.

Sioux, winner of second, is distinctly difficult to handle, with moments betimes when she can not be handled at all. There was more occasion to hunt up Sioux and keep watch of Sioux and gallop horses for Sioux than there was for

all the rest of the dogs in the stake together. She had excellent finding abilities, but they were exercised with little reference to the gun. When a dog finds well without due heed to the gun, it does not always follow that such dog will work equally well when forced to work to the gun. The reason is that the dog will put an enthusiasm into his efforts when working for himself that he will not when working for his master.

Sport's Gath and Gilt Edge were cast off at 2:55. Gath cast wide and with good judgment, coming around to observe the whereabouts of his handler in due time. Gath pointed a bevy beside a ditch, and was backed by Gilt; the latter was slightly unsteady to wing and shot. Gilt pointed a bevy in bottom. Gilt pointed next in the open field. Nothing found. Gath pointed a bevy in the open and was backed by Gilt. This was a clean, good piece of work. The birds were not followed. Gilt flushed an outlying bird then pointed the bevy. Gath ranged wide and fast, with due regard to the gun.

Friday, Dec. 7, Fifth Day.

The weather was cool, cloudy and calm. The spectators were few in number. Birds were found plentifully at times, while at other times there was seemingly a dearth. Toward noon the sun shone clear, and the afternoon was pleasant and favorable for good work. The grade of the competition was quite good.

Dot's Roy and Oakley Hill were cast off at 8:50. Soon both were out of sight over the brow of a hill, and both were found pointing a bevy. Sent on. In the open Oakley wheeled to a point and was backed; nothing found. Taking a cast across wind, some distance away in an open field, Oakley wheeled to a point and the bevy flushed a moment afterward. In woods, both pointed the scattered birds, and Oakley made a point on a single. Next on a side hill in sedge Roy pointed a bevy, Oakley casting in and pointing about 40 yards ahead of Roy, on the foot scent probably. Roy made two points on the scattered birds in pines; Oakley made one. Both were steady to shot when cautioned. In pine Oakley pointed a single. Roy flushed a bevy in open weeds, presumably as the birds were on the wing when his handler called point. Oakley was the better in judgment, good range and bird work.

Sioux and Peg's Girl were cast off at 10:30. Sioux found and pointed three bevies, one of which she was up wind when she pointed, and roading on lost the scent. The horsemen flushed the birds as they rode up. She made four points and two flushes on singles, and one point to which nothing was found. Peg found and pointed a bevy, made four points on singles and a flush on another, and one point to which there was nothing. Sioux was not entirely reliable on back. Both were speedy. Peg was not acquainted with her handler and was difficult to control. Sioux was disobedient and was handled with difficulty.

Lenabelle and Minnie's Girl were cast off at 12:57, after lunch. Lenabelle found and pointed five bevies, made three good points on scattered birds, backed nicely, and was steady to shot. Minnie found and pointed a bevy, and made three good points on scattered birds. Each backed well. Lenabelle ranged wisely, covered a great deal of ground in a pleasing manner, and was very speedy. Minnie apparently was not running in her best form.

Geneva and Lady Rachel began at 2:42. Both roaded and pointed repeatedly where crows had flushed in an open field. Sent on. On a side hill in pines, Geneva pointed a bevy. Lady made several points on the scattered birds; Geneva made two. In open weeds Geneva pointed a bevy, and Lady at the same time some distance away pointed another bevy. Looking for the scattered birds, Geneva pointed another bevy. On the singles, Lady made two flushes; Geneva made a point and a flush. Geneva pointed a bevy in open weeds. A bevy was seen to flush in open weeds, Lady close by it at the time. Geneva pointed the scattered birds. Geneva ranged well and her bird work was commendably good. Lady's work was of mixed character, good and faulty.

This concluded the work of the day.

The judges announced that Sport's Gath, Lenabelle and Sioux would be required to run in the second round.

Saturday, Dec. 8, Sixth Day.

The morning was cool, clear and pleasant. As the sun rose higher the temperature became warm and comfortable. Birds were out feeding, and consequently were found readily.

Second Round.

Sport's Gath and Sioux were cast off at 9:03. Both dogs began ranging merrily. Gath dropped to a point in sedge in scattered pines. Sioux was called in passed close by and broke away into the pine woods. She was not controllable. Gath roaded on cautiously, but nothing was found. He acted as if he were on the trail of a bevy, and such was probably the case but it had flushed. Sent on. After ranging a while, Gath dropped to a point on a bevy in weeds. Sioux called in to back, pointed the same bevy. On the scattered birds in scant cover each pointed. Gath next dropped to a point on a bevy in open weeds; backed. Sioux flushed a single excusably. The dogs became separated. Gath in woods, on the course pointed a bevy. At the same time, Sioux, some 300 or 400 yards away, was found roading when the judge arrived and pointed as the birds flushed. Up at 9:59. Gath beat Sioux from start to finish. At no time in the race did she class with him. She was unmanageable most of the time, and gave little heed to the gun.

Lenabelle was cast off at 10:09 with Sam T. for a brace mate. The latter was handled by Mr. Theodore Sturges. At a ford Lenabelle was lost some minutes. She was found on a point on a bevy in dense cover; Sam T. had made a point on it in the open, and was held so long that the birds ran. Sent on. In woods Lenabelle next pointed a bevy and Sam coming in flushed it. Lenabelle pointed a bird accurately in woods. Sam pointed a bevy in the open weeds. As Lenabelle came in the bevy flushed close by in front of the horses. Up at 10:58. Lenabelle was not going with the dash and range of the previous day, yet she was diligent and ranged usefully.

The judges, after a brief consultation, announced that Sport's Gath was first and Sioux second.

B. WATERS.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

THE daily papers have had much to say about what is going on at the Herreshoff yard at Bristol, but as a matter of fact very little is known about the true state of affairs there. The work of laying down the new Cup defender is well under way, and will be completed shortly. Although the lead keel has not yet been run, active preparations are being made for the work. In the sail loft several of the head sails have been completed and a mainsail has been cut and is now being put together. It is said that all the spars with the exception of the bowsprit and spinnaker pole will be of steel.

It is now an assured fact that there will be a third boat in the trial races for the America Cup. Boston has not been represented by a trial boat since 1893, the year that Jubilee and Pilgrim came out. Considering Jubilee's faulty rigging, she made a most excellent showing, and her real capabilities were never known. The new Boston boat will have all the necessary requirements to make her a formidable competitor—an owner with plenty of money, an excellent designer, a tried builder and the best procurable amateur for skipper. As the owner of the new boat is not a member of the N. Y. Y. C., there has been some talk as to his right to enter his boat in the trial races, but that this will be satisfactorily arranged is indicated by the sportsmanlike statement of the manager of the New York boat, who, when he was informed of the probability of there being a third trial horse, said, "The more the merrier."

Lazy Jack.

THE increasing popularity among yachtsmen for boats of the knockabout type has induced the designers to put their best energies into the development of these boats, and for that reason it has been difficult to secure designs of modern catboats. The catboat still has many ardent admirers, and it is to their wants particularly that we publish plans of Lazy Jack, although this excellent little boat will interest all yachtsmen.

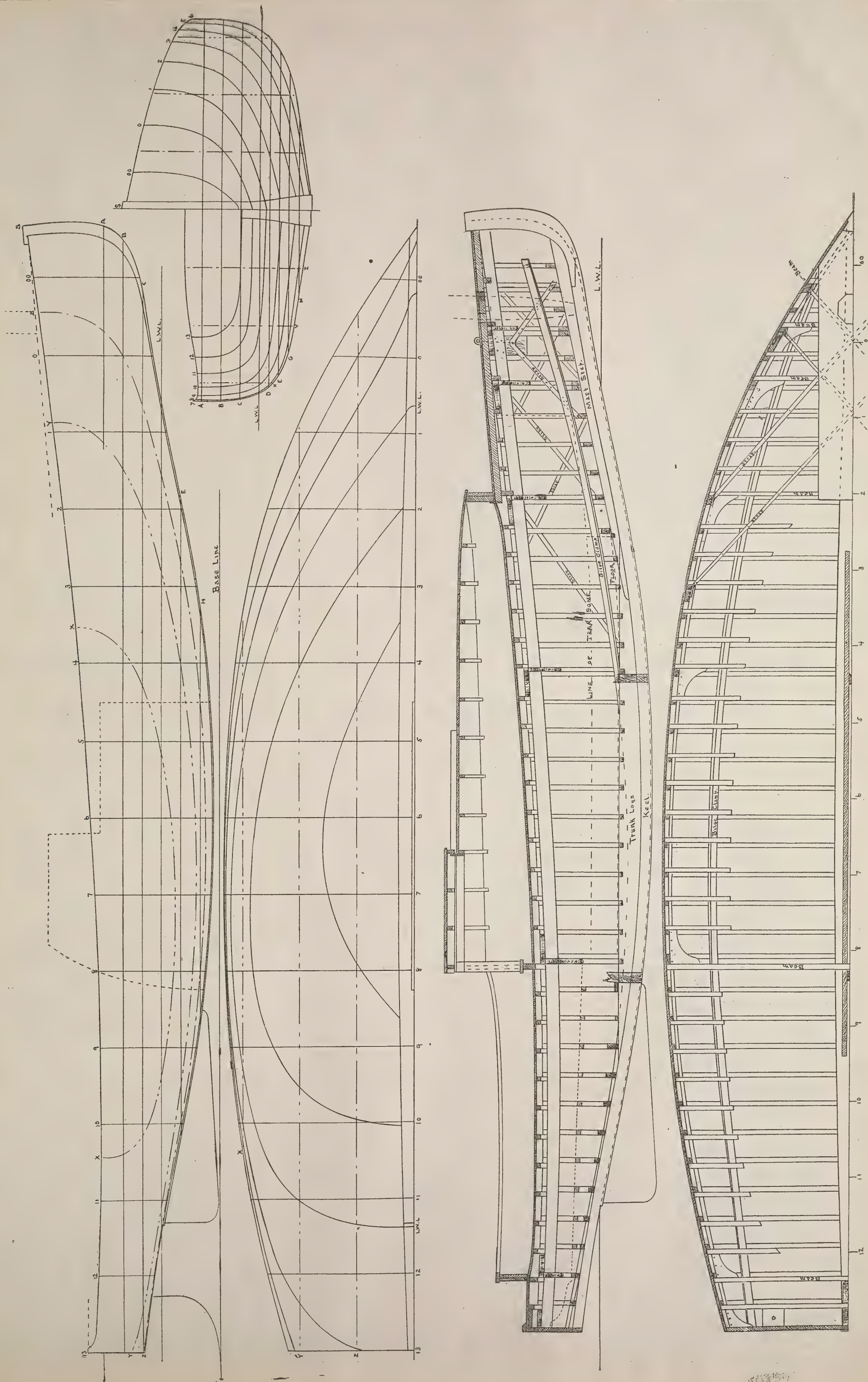
Lazy Jack was designed about a year ago for Mr. H. B. Wyeth, a member of the Seaside Park Y. C., whose headquarters are in Barnegat Bay, and built by W. B. Kirk, of Toms River, N. J. She was designed and built on purpose to sail for the Sewell Cup, offered by Senator Sewell, for catboats not exceeding 25-foot corrected length. The problem was to turn out a boat fast enough to win, and still have a boat with good cruising qualities and accommodations, without going into extremely light or expensive construction. Although sailed hard the entire season, being launched early in the spring, she has not shown the least sign of strain or leakage. The jib shown in the sail plan was used only in cruising, the bowsprit and all headgear being removed for racing, leaving only a head stay to the stem. In her races she carried only 80 lbs. of ballast, and 1,600 lbs. while cruising. The design practically shows the highest development to date of the racing cape cat, built for a length and sail area rule, to which, by the way, they are hardly suited.

During the past summer the boat was entered in eight races. Her first two races were under the flag of the Island Heights Y. C., in competition for the Webb Cup. In the first of these two races she started several minutes after the handicap gun had been fired, owing to two breakdowns, but after weathering in fine shape a heavy squall, she passed everything in the fleet, and was the leading boat when the race was declared off from lack of wind and inability to finish within the time limit. In this race about a dozen boats were entered. The second race for this cup was also a failure; she was the leading one at the finish. In the race for the Sewell Cup the Lazy Jack was far in the lead of everything in the fleet, and had the race well in hand when she grounded and was held on the bar nearly five minutes. In spite of this great delay she finally finished third, being beaten by a very small margin, 2 minutes and 43 seconds. In the race for the Manhasset Cup of the Seaside Park Y. C., she was first by 2 minutes and 58 seconds. In the first of the three races for Ladies' Cup of this club, she was first by a small margin; in the second, she won by a very handy margin, but was disqualified on account of a technicality; in the third of the races she was first by 5 minutes and 31 seconds. Her most decisive victory of the season was in the open race for the championship of Barnegat Bay, held under the auspices of the Island Heights Y. C. This race she won from a field of nearly fifteen boats, by 6 minutes, and 35 seconds, corrected time. Her eight races may thus be summarized: Four firsts, one second, one third and two no races.

Lazy Jack's dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	29ft. 4 in.
L.W.L.	21ft. 6 in.
Beam—	
Deck	9ft. 11½ in.
L.W.L.	9ft. 6½ in.
Freeboard—Least	1ft. 7 in.
Draft	1ft. 6 in.
Displacement—	
Pounds	6,450
Per in. L.W.L.	8.20
Sail area	800 sq. ft.
Corrected length	24.89ft.
C. L. R. aft of section 1	12.77ft.
C. E. aft of section 1	11.25ft.

Keel of white oak, 10x3½ at center, steamed, bent and held in shape by bed pieces for centerboard trunk, 13ft. 9x7x1½ in. Frames, ¾x1¼ in. white oak butts, steamed, bent and spaced, 9 in. on centers. Planking ¾ in. selected eastern white pine, with garboard and topstreak ¾ in. hard pine. Copper fastened and riveted over butts.



LAZY JACK---CATBOAT, DESIGNED BY V. D. BACON FOR H. B. WYETH

Deck beams of oak, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ in. frames $2 \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ in. Half frames, $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ in. Deck plank $\frac{3}{4}$ in. white pine covered with canvas, deck clamp hard pine $4 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ in. Big clamps, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ in. Big and deck straps, 18-16 in. galvanized iron. Interior finish, varnished cypress, oak and white pine.

As the eastern pine planking specified could not be obtained, cedar was substituted, making a heavier boat. She has a large and comfortable cabin, with four full length berths and plenty of locker room.

We give to-day a part of the drawings of Lazy Jack. The rest will follow in our next issue.

Watson's Sybarita.

THE following article is taken from the foreign correspondence of the New York Sun:

Glasgow, Nov. 16.—As everything that has the remotest bearing upon the subject of the America Cup contests is sure to be of some interest at the present juncture one may safely venture a word or two as to the probabilities in connection with the new challenger which Mr. G. L. Watson is designing for Sir T. J. Lipton. The task of weighing chances would have been greatly simplified had the cutter Distant Shore experienced a kinder fate, for we should have been able to fix the relation in which Shamrock and she stood to each other in the matter of speed. But as we can know absolutely nothing as to Distant Shore's potentialities, we are forced to look elsewhere for a lead in our search for evidence as to Mr. Watson's development in designing first-class boats since his production of Meteor in 1896.

For the time being the day of enormous overhanging manbooms had gone when Mr. Whitaker Wrigth's Sybarita was in embryo. These had run to quite appalling extremes, and in their dimensions became so unmanageable that not the utmost care sufficed to eliminate the constant element of danger. The revelation of an undreamt of speed under a shorn mainsail and a baby mizzen seemed to point toward the solution of a problem which had begun sorely to exercise the minds of present and prospective owners. The ten per cent. tax on boats over 90 rating was an additional and powerful factor in bringing about the changes which enabled the yachts as yawls to reap the substantial benefit of a much reduced rating with the least possible sacrifice of sail power. Meteor, which had been a remarkable boat in light weather, but not much to boast of under other conditions, developed an unexpected all-round excellence under the new rig; and it was Watson's aim in designing Sybarita to make sure of going one better than Meteor. On his success or failure hung great eventualities. For even at that date there were real doubts in many minds as to the outcome of Shamrock's visit to America, and her successor was coming into vague view as a not unlikely contingency.

The new yawl was built very much on the lines of Meteor, with the finer points of Bona superadded. She was made deeper in the body and narrower, less bulky in the bilges and thinned away fore and aft in her more extreme overhangs. Otherwise she was much the same in dimensions and their measurements worked out to an approximately close result, the new boat carrying a sail area of 12,667 sq. ft., against 11,810. In the matter of construction, there was no vital difference; both were composite, the newer boat, however, exhibiting a decided advance on the point of lightness, while her internal fittings, stopping short of the luxurious, were more suggestive of the racer.

At the close of a brief season Sybarita's powers stood but partially discovered. She was palpably unfitted on meeting Meteor at Kiel, and it was only at her third match that she gave a strong promise of light weather speed. She scored triumphs on four successive occasions, it must be admitted, with no great show of superiority over the yacht of the Emperor. There was time prior to the South of England season to effect some needed changes on Sybarita, the chief of which was the lightening of her by the heel to the extent of a ton weight. Her trim afterward was said to be as nearly as possible perfect. In the German matches she had been sitting down by the stern and gripping firm on a following quarter wave, in a manner that could not but affect her speed. She was a much improved boat, according to her skipper, Bevis, and quite able to take care of herself against Meteor in any weather. Unfortunately, she obtained no opportunities of demonstration, as Meteor had been withdrawn from racing for the season; and we cannot accept the solitary contest with Khama, the new Fife 65-footer, as supplying any trustworthy data on the subject of Sybarita's speed.

With the sparse array of facts at disposal one may be pardoned for inclining toward a qualified opinion; as to the yawl's merits. It is of importance to note that she failed in no one respect—that is to say, she excelled Meteor to some extent on every point of sailing; and it is a morsel for careful digestion that she was markedly better by the wind. Shamrock, to the surprise and despair of her supporters, proved to be hopelessly out of it in the windward tests with Columbia. When the second Shamrock and the new defender range themselves in company no inferiority in this particular is likely to be patent in the British boat.

It can hardly excite astonishment that the work of depreciating last season's challenger still goes on. Not a few good judges assert that she is astern of Valkyrie III., as well as of Meteor and Sybarita. That Meteor would have won the America Cup had she been selected there remains little doubt. Sybarita is a faster boat than Meteor, and how much ahead of Shamrock I. we may have the good fortune to see next spring should Watson induce the owner of Sybarita to let her appear as a cutter for the trials and for purposes of comparison with the new and older Shamrock. We can gather that the challenger is to follow close on the lines of Sybarita.

Her designer is the most secretive of men, and keeps his thumb hard down on details the yachting public would like to hear of. So far as can be learned, the yacht is likely to be built at Meadowside, and while the chances are that the hull will be constructed of aluminum and steel it would occasion no surprise if Mr. Watson held to the composite principle which he has favored till

now. Mr. Fife and he appear to be working hand in hand, at least in the overhauling and improving of last year's Shamrock, which may be taken to indicate that Watson is not unwilling to take advantage of his rival's advice in the production of this new boat.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

THE annual meeting and dinner of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., was held at the Yachtsmen's Club, 47 West Forty-third street, on Dec. 4. The night was very stormy, but it was a source of great satisfaction to the officers of the club to see such a large number of the members turn out under such unfavorable conditions.

Reports of the various committees were received, and the following ticket was unanimously chosen: Com., Hazen L. Hoyt, steamer Belle Hazen; Vice-Com., M. Roosevelt Schuyler, cutter Jessica; Rear-Com., Stephen W. Roach, steamer Emeline; Sec'y, Edward M. MacLellan; Treas., W. Forbes Morgan, Jr.; Meas., Charles D. Mower; Trustees, for three years, George B. Wilson and James Francis; for two years, Augustin Monroe and Julian Rex; for one year, Horatio R. Harper and W. W. Phillips.

After the meeting a very excellent dinner was served, showing what fine facilities the Yachtsmen's Club now has for handling large numbers for club dinners. The cups won in races under the auspices of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. last season were distributed just before dinner was served, as follows: A. MacCreary, yawl Sakana; Seymour J. Hyde, yawl Albicore; Ralph N. Ellis, sloop Hera; J. R. Maxwell, sloop Oiseau; C. T. Pierce, cat Dot; W. Holah, cat Vagabond; J. S. Appleby, cat Win-or-Lose; Johnston de Forest, raceabout Scamp; H. M. Crane, raceabout Raider; L. J. Alburger, raceabout Colleen; R. Baver, sloop Ox; L. Iselin, Jr., sloop Nora; A. D. Prince, sloop Flim Flam; John R. Hoyt, knockabout Scintilla; J. V. P. Wicks, knockabout Scoot; Simeon, cat Mongoose II.

Among those present were: James W. Alwer, Constat A. Andrews, J. Fred Ackerman, F. Woodruff Boyer, Charles H. Boyer, Com. David Banks, Atlantic Y. C.; H. M. Crane, G. A. Corry, William Corry, W. I. Cooke, M. D.; Johns on de Forest, James Francis, H. M. Francis, Horatio R. Harper, Seymour J. Hyde, Com. Hoyt, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; John R. Hoyt, Lou's S. Harway, W. E. Hendrickson, T. A. Ireland, Frank Bowne Jones, Robert Jacob, P. A. Johnston, Edward Kelly, W. A. Kissam, A. C. Lordly, Charles D. Mower, W. Forbes Morgan, Jr., Treas., Manhasset Bay Y. C.; D. M. MacLellan, E. M. MacLellan, Sec'y, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Augustin Monroe, Larchmont Y. C.; John Murray Mitchell, American Y. C.; J. C. Moore, H. W. Merrill, W. G. Newman, A. J. Onderdonk, C. T. Pierce, Riverside Y. C.; H. Lempriere Pringle, Howard Place, W. W. Phillips, William D. Reed, Rear Com. Stephen W. Roach, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Vice-Com. M. Roosevelt Schuyler, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Charles P. Tower, James R. Thomson, Chas. Vanderbilt, J. V. P. Wicks, H. C. Ward, G. Searing Wilson, E. C. Wallace, B. M. Wallace, M. G. Wanzer.

Our Boston Letter.

Boston, Dec. 10.—Now that it has been assured that a Boston boat will be built for the coming trial races to select a defender for the America Cup, Eastern yachtsmen are aroused to the highest pitch of excitement, greater even than when the Puritan was turned out by Lawley from Burgess' design in 1885. It was developed during that year and during the two following seasons, and again in 1893, that Boston still should have a place in the defense of the Cup, and it has been regretted that there was no Eastern representative boat in the trial races of 1895 or 1899.

The movement to form a syndicate to build such a boat has been on foot for some time but the prospect of success was not always pleasing. The scheme was this: A few men, who were desirous of seeing a Boston boat, attempted to get the older men who are interested in yachting to agree to subscribe to the syndicate. Then with this backing they depended upon the younger element to fill up the list. They met with varying successes, but there seemed no good prospect for the deal going through. At last when things seemed to be in an almost hopeless state, Thomas W. Lawson, the copper king, who had agreed to furnish the largest part of the money necessary, said that he would shoulder the whole expense, and thus the Cup defender is assured.

Mr. Lawson, when all arrangements had been completed, gave to the press a plain, straightforward statement of the condition of affairs, and his connection with the building of the new boat. In his letter he stated that the boat would be designed by Crowninshield, and built by Lawley and that she would be sailed by Capt. Nate Watson. He said that there would be no secrecy about the building of the boat and that the doors of the builders would be open a all times to those who wished to examine her construction.

Lawley was selected as the builder of the boat, but here another obstacle presented itself. Lawley has more orders on hand at present than he has ever had before at this time of the year, and recently he has received two large ones from Tams & Lemoine, one for an 85ft. schooner for Mr. Sloane of the New York Y. C., and the other for a 115ft. steam yacht for Dr. Eno, both designed by C. H. Crane. He found that it would be impossible to construct the proposed defender unless he was released from one or both of these contracts.

At this time Mr. Wellington, President of the Fore River Engine Company, stepped into the breach and showed a bit of the real Yankee spirit, a spirit which is not often noted in the days of modern business competition. He agreed to wait until Mr. Lawson could make arrangements for releasing Lawley from his former contract, and if unsuccessful he would build the hull of the boat at the works in Weymouth.

The new yacht will be plated with Tobin bronze that material being the one which can be obtained the quickest, for it is necessary that the boat should be finished as soon as possible if she is to be got into any kind of shape for the trial races. Her frames will be of nickel steel. It is claimed by some that Herreshoff will have an advantage

over the Eastern builders in the matter of metal construction, but it must be remembered that there are at present employed at the Fore River Engine Works a number of men who helped to build Defender and Columbia, including Herreshoff's former foreman. At Lawley's also there are a number of Herreshoff's former workmen, and these men will be sent from one place to the other, as occasion demands.

Sails for the new boat will be furnished by Wilson & Silsby, blocks will be made by Coleman, of Providence, and she will be rigged by Billman. She will have a steel mast and steel spars and here again is where Herreshoff will have no advantage, for the man who laid out the work on Columbia's spars is employed by the Fore River Engine Company, as are also the men who worked on them. Capt. Eldridge who was pilot on Columbia, will be pilot of the new boat. It is said that the Boston people have the lines of Columbia—so much for secrecy.

B. B. Crowninshield, who is to furnish the plans, while a young man, has had a wide experience at yacht designing and yacht sailing. He has designed many yachts of all sizes, some of which have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM. He has been on the water as long as he can remember. He comes by it naturally, too, for he is of the old Crowninshield stock, which was identified with the shipping trade of Salem for centuries. He is an expert helmsman, and he and his brother, Frank are as good a pair of men in a yacht as can be found anywhere.

On the new boat he will have the help and advice of Charles Francis Adams, 2d, one of the cleverest amateur yachtsmen in America. Dr. John Bryant will be also one of the board of advisors on the craft. But with old Nate Watson at the wheel there will not be much need for advisors, once the boat has been got under way for he is a whole advisory board in himself. If it is possible to get her over the finish line in first position, Cap. Watson is the man who knows how to do it.

The Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. is preparing for a very lively racing season in 1904. The Regatta Committee is already busily at work, and many good things are promised. This club promises to be the racing club of Massachusetts. Last year it offered cups for the H. O. class and also Class D, Y. R. A. 25-footers. While neither of these classes were very large, the immense possibilities for increasing interest in racing were plainly shown. Next season it is proposed to follow along the same lines, but even more elaborately.

It is not likely that there will be any H. O. class next season, and the committee will devote its greater efforts toward the 25-footers. A championship cup will be offered which will be the finest thing of its kind ever offered in Massachusetts waters. It is expected that this cup will cost in the neighborhood of \$1,000. It will become the property of the owner who wins the class championship for three seasons. Cash prizes will be offered for the season's championship, and there will also be cash prizes for each race.

The new 18ft. knockabout class is a favorite in this club. Several are already owned there and here are six new ones now building. It is expected that there will be some hot interclub racing in this class between the boats of the Duxbury Bay clubs and the Annisquam Y. C. A championship cup will be offered in this class for the season's work, and there will be cash prizes for each race.

It is expected by the committee that a number of the proposed new keel 21-footers will come into the club. If the size of the class warrants it, a championship cup will be offered, with cash prizes for each race. There is no doubt that, interest once awakened in this class it will be as much sought as Class D. The restrictions call for a strongly built boat, with enough sail to make them reasonably fast, and for general purposes they are far superior to a raceabout or a knockabout.

The handicap classes will not be forgotten by the committee. There has always been a great interest in the classes, and those who enter their boats have just as much fun as those who are in with the flyers. There will be a place for them in every race, and cash prizes will be offered.

Hanley is building three fishermen to be used on the coast of Jamaica. A marine railway has been constructed at the plant and the basin is now complete. It is capable of holding yachts up to 1,000 tons. There are a number of yachts in the basin and hauled out on the beach.

Kiley's Marine Agency has sold the knockabout Ida May to John H. Cogwell, of Lynn, also the 30ft. gasoline launch Nohoko to Frank P. Gannon, of Providence, and the 35ft. keel sloop Frau to Peter F. Lavelle of Provincetown.

Chas. Hayden, who owned the H. O. 25-footer Empress, has been talking with Hanley, and it is thought that the result will be a new 25-footer.

Frank N. Tandy's 18ft. knockabout Mustang has been finished at Lawley's and hauled out of the shop.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Around Cape Cod in November.

A TRIP around Cape Cod in a small yacht at this time of the year is very apt to be a lively experience, and one that the average yachtsman would scarcely venture to undertake, but that it may be safely done, provided one sails in a staunch craft handled by experienced men, is demonstrated by the cruise of the Kathleen, notice of which appeared in these columns in a recent issue.

She is a centerboard auxiliary yawl (engine was not in on this trip), 35ft. over all, 23ft. l.w.l., 9ft 8in. beam, and draws about 3ft. with board up. Ballast is 4,000 lbs., lead, all outside. Built by Joseph Thomas & Son, of Baltimore, in '98, from designs of L. J. Nis son.

When the yacht was bought, early in November, it was a serious question with us whether to lay up in Boston for the winter and have her brought around in the spring, or take the chances of an immediate trip. The amateur talent to whom we mentioned the subject shook their heads a little dubiously and hardly thought they would risk it, but on consulting Capt. Larsen, superintendent yachting department, N. Y. A. C., we were assured that there would be no trouble with a competent captain. This opinion was given after inspection of the boat's plans, etc. He did say, however, that it might take from two or three weeks, and as it turned out, the first estimate was right to a day. After careful consideration we de-

cided to have her start at once, as laying up in Boston meant sitting out there in the spring, and then practically doing the work over again when she got here; besides, we wanted the time this winter to put in a new engine, have new sails made, etc.

On Nov. 12, writer met Capt. Sterling in Boston, and spent the remainder of the day looking up a hand, provisioning the yacht, etc. Early Tuesday morning went to Lawley's yard off which Kathleen was moored, and found the captain had secured a crew from "Sailortown" and was impatient to be off on the long sail to the Cape.

The following account of her trip was related to the writer and her owner, Mr. Jas. H. Hutchens, of this city, by the skipper, Capt. Fred Sterling, at a dinner given him after arrival at Travers Island.

At 10:30 A. M. she started in a fine west breeze with single reef in mainsail, jib and mizzen. Passed Boston light at noon, weather clear and cool. Quite a little jump on outside, but Kathleen made good weather of it and gave promise of great stability. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon wind changed to southwest and began to blow hard, so they double reefed mainsail and hauled on the wind for Provincetown, as weather looked too stormy for a beat down the Cape. Arrived at anchorage in Provincetown at 10 P. M.

Nov. 14.—Early in the morning the wind changed back to west and blew hard from that quarter all day, while the Weather Bureau reported heavy winds likely for a day or two. They had no dinghy along, which made it difficult to get ashore, but finally an accommodating fisherman coming in from outside put the captain on the beach.

Nov. 15 was a repetition of the day before, with a slight variation in the wind to west southwest, but still blowing too hard to go outside.

Nov. 16 was similar to the two preceding days, except the wind got round to northwest and blew a gale. This compulsory wait of three whole days so soon after starting was very discouraging, but only shows what may be looked for at this season.

Nov. 17.—Soon after midnight the wind decreased to such an extent it was thought advisable to start, the sky looking well, so at 2 A. M. they sailed, wind northwest and moderating fast. It was an easy reach all day down the Cape in a light breeze, until about 9 P. M., at which time when off Crossrip Lightship, the wind hauled to west southwest and rapidly increased, so that it was necessary to reduce canvas to double reefed mainsail alone; in fact, for a time Capt. Sterling thought of heaving to, with a sea anchor out, made of the two big sweeps, a canvas bag ballasted with stones, which had been taken aboard to replace weight of engine which had been removed.

Nov. 18.—After several hours' hard sailing they laid a course by chart and compass (Capt. Sterling being a navigator) for Great Point, Nantucket, as they found they could not lay up for Nantucket Harbor, and anchored east of the Point at 3:30 A. M., with two 50lb. anchors out and 20 fathoms each of chain and cable. Things were decidedly unpleasant then, and probably most of our amateur sailors would have heartily wished for home and a warm bed, and gazed wistfully at the beach not far away. In working up to this anchorage, the hand insisted they would go ashore, but Capt. Sterling had carefully laid his ruler on the chart and brought up just where he expected, in 12ft. of water. Shortly after daylight it let up a little, and at 7 o'clock they got under way and anchored in Nantucket Harbor at 3:30 P. M., going ashore for water and provisions. Some idea may be formed of the blow they encountered before reaching the anchorage off Great Point, from the fact that during that night a coaster lost a mate overboard somewhere off Monomey Shoals, and was not able to pick him up, and for several days after the marine column of the Herald contained accounts of various disasters to sailing vessels caught off the Nantucket Shoals. Through it all the Kathleen behaved nobly, and to use Capt. Sterling's own words, "no matter what came she was always on top," and fully justified the prediction of Mr. Burgess, the former owner, that we would find her an exceptionally fine sea boat, and in this connection we would state that no solid water was taken in her cockpit during the entire trip.

Nov. 19.—After a good night's rest they started at 9:30 in a moderate southerly wind, which flattened out to a calm at 11 A. M., but an hour later a fine sailing breeze came from the east, and under single reefed mainsail, jib and mizzen they made fine progress, and began to have hopes of continuing right on to the home port. These pleasant conditions prevailed up to 9 P. M., at which time they were off Cuttyhunk, but at this hour the wind died out and a heavy fog rolled in from the ocean.

Nov. 20.—Shortly after midnight a breeze came up from southwest, quickly increasing in force, and in a very short time they were compelled to double reef mainsail, but under this canvas she went along in good shape, and at 10:30 A. M. they anchored inside Point Judith breakwater, much disappointed at not being able to continue to New London, but it had come on to blow hard and shelter was necessary, as even the large coasters were making for this protection; in fact, many were already there.

Nov. 21.—After remaining at anchor for balance of the day and also that night in a hard "wester," they started next day in moderating southwest breeze, but had not sailed very far before it commenced to blow hard again and it was a case of "up stick again" for their last night's friend, the breakwater, where they dropped anchor at 9:45 A. M., wind west and blowing hard. The wind increased all day until with two anchors down it was a question whether they would not drag ashore. The breakwater is better protected in an easterly wind. Capt. Sterling was on deck all night watching the cables and keeping an equal drag on each. Part of the time, according to the weather reports from Woods Hole, the wind blew sixty miles an hour, and it was during this storm that a schooner went ashore on Block Island and another at Falmouth.

Nov. 22.—Shortly after daybreak it moderated enough for them to start for Newport under reefed mainsail alone, as they needed rest. Outside there was a tremendous sea running, but the yacht took the rollers splendidly, and made good weather of it to Newport, where she arrived early in the afternoon. On the run she overtook several schooners making for the same port. After getting things in shape, the hand announced he had had enough,

and Capt. Sterling had to pay him off and let him go.

Nov. 23 was spent in laying in provisions, water, etc., and looking for another hand. One was finally secured who was very content he was a thorough sailor, and showed by asking soon after they got started what the centerboard was for. Capt. Sterling says that for eating, sleeping and lighting his pipe, this man was an A. B., but his seamanship had evidently been acquired "on a farm up State." He was of little use for balance of trip, making it practically single-hand sailing.

Nov. 24.—They started from Newport at 7 A. M., in moderate southeast wind, with occasional snow squalls. When outside Brenton's Reef it was necessary to double reef mainsail, which in the seaway was somewhat of a job, as no help was to be had from the crew. The wind blew steady and true until afternoon, when they had got in Fisher's Island Sound, but here it died out, and with a strong ebb tide running it was necessary to resort to the sweeps at one time to keep from drifting down on a beacon. Soon, however, another breeze sprang up, and New London was made at 5:30 P. M.

Nov. 25.—A start was made at 7 P. M., in moderate northeast wind, with a single reefed mainsail, jib and mizzen, and these conditions prevailed until 1 P. M., at which time they were off New Haven breakwater, but here the wind hauled to north, blowing very hard, and they took in mainsail, and beat up to Morris Cove under jib and mizzen, anchoring at 2:30 P. M. There were various vessels anchored here, the crews of which seemed interested in watching the little yacht tacking up to anchorage under the short canvas. Many good-natured remarks were shouted to them, relative to their fine sailing in the rapidly increasing wind, one fellow yelling, "It's blowing hard, Cap, but you're doing fine." It blew a gale and rained in torrents all night, and until 3 P. M. of the 26th, when it moderated somewhat, but storm signals were up at station, and sky looked very threatening. At 11 o'clock that night the captain liked the appearance of things a little better, and decided on a break for New Rochelle, and all that it meant in the way of dry clothes, fancy eating, etc. Accordingly they started, though it was still raining and blowing fresh, but under double reefed mainsail she went along very well.

Nov. 27.—Two hours after starting it cleared up a little and wind changed to north, although rain continued. Travers Island was made at 11 A. M., with everything and everybody wet, but happy to make the final port.

Capt. Sterling merits praise for the skillful seamanship shown in bringing this small yacht safely through the continued hard blows. We are naturally much pleased to have him say he never handled a better sea boat, and that she worked perfectly to windward, under either mainsail alone or jib and mizzen with mainsail down.

Next summer we hope to prove that this type of boat is ideal for a small cruiser, as with the engine, which will go in this winter, we will no doubt often be able to make our destination when the purely "wind jammers" are "hung up" outside.

GEO. G. BELL.

The Yachtsmen's Club.

A Talk on Sails.

THE first of the series of weekly lectures was given at the Yachtsmen's Club, 47 West Forty-third street, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 5. Mr. Gilbert H. Wilson talked on "Sails: Their Construction, Care and Handling." He is a recognized authority on this subject, which he presented in a most intelligent and entertaining manner, and he held the close attention of his audience throughout the evening. Through the courtesy of Mr. Wilson we are able to reproduce his own notes on the subject, and they are worthy of the attention of all our readers:

In a racing yacht the sails may be considered a fourth factor, with the racing master third, the designer second and the owner of first and prime importance, for it all comes up to him finally.

The question of material is being quite generally considered, and some practical suggestions may be useful. It is safe to say that the best that can be had will make the finest sail. This same idea can be applied to the whole boat, and her management, which plainly means a very expensive affair, carried on regardless of expense, which is generally conceded to be a detriment to the sport of yacht owning.

How to get the best results from a reasonable outlay is the desideratum. Take for instance 100z. duck suitable for a 30ft. boat; it can be had for any price between 18 cents and 80 cents per yard. The wearing quality of duck is not considered, nor its strength, as sails neither wear out nor give out if properly made. The form of the sail is the great consideration, and when that is lost it is better to have new ones; and as new sails are always the best, two suits may be had for 40 cents per yard of excellent quality of goods, which would give better satisfaction than one suit of extra fine at 80 cents per yard. Skill in the making and handling is of more consequence than extra expensive material. Mercerized duck is fine to look at when new, but probably after one good wetting no better than combed yarn. What is required of duck is stability or ability to hold its shape.

Form.—The bird's wing is the best and truest form for a sail, and is an interesting study ("Nature's Aeroplane"). I noticed a kite over the city lately of a different shape than usual; it was square without any tail, and was flying high and steady, but it had the right idea of form, with plenty of belly in the center, and flattening out at the edges. This is the principle on which the most successful kites are built. The sail should be constructed by the sailmaker in a manner to give the proper shape, and the spars should be right to hold it; these should be perfectly rigid, if possible, with long mastheads to hold the peak up strong and high. Then it should be properly handled with care and judgment. The sails should be studied; even an indifferent one may do better work in expert hands, than a good one in careless hands. Some pull their sails too much and some for fear of harming them go to the other extreme. In bending or setting a sail, be governed by the strain on the canvas; never mind the rope. Pull them or slack them as required to give the right form. (Study the form.) Keep a belly in the luff, and wide flat leech a little slack. Notice that a boat does best with new sails. The old

idea that it required a long time to get sails in shape is exploded; the sail is best when new because the form is good and fresh, and when that is lost it is better to have new ones. The form can be helped a great deal in the setting and handling; for instance, in setting, the sail should be over peaked to allow for the spring of the spars, as all the spars give more or less, and it all shows in the drop of the gaff. A railroad on the boom is essential and a great help to preserve the sail in good form (by proper use). It is surprising how little it is used and its importance is not appreciated. Our sails need not stretch an inch. Bend the sail direct to the slides on the railroad; always slack in when not in use. The whole secret of a good sail is its form, and the study should be how to get it and keep it. The belly in the luff may not have much propelling power, but it acts as a reserve force that gives life and spring and force to the body of the sail. The surging forward on the foot when close hauled shows a very strong forward pressure. Different breezes may require different form, which the railroad will give.

The advantage of the parallel cross-cut sail is, it can be built full size, will have less seams and the cloths run with the direction of the wind. Their disadvantages are weakness of construction and taut leeches, making it difficult and in most cases impossible to get fine form. The plan of having diagonal cloths, which make a bias edge to the center of the leech, is undoubtedly good; and the headsails are an assured success, and there appear no reason why the mainsails should not be the same. The parallel cross-cut mainsail is likely to hold the gaff close, so that it is almost the same angle as the boom. We question the advantage of this, as we have seen boats do best with the gaff at a wider angle, giving a propeller form to the sail. This matter can be regulated largely by the trim of the sheets. The headsails are now made with high clews, and trim far aft, which is an improvement.

There is an impression among some yachtsmen that better canvass can be procured in England than can be made here. This is a decided mistake, as no better duck can be woven anywhere than that made in this country, and at much less cost than the imported article; as for English sails it will be quite time enough to talk of their superiority when they have lifted the Cup. There is so little of the extra fine goods used that no one can afford to carry it in stock. Then, as we have mentioned before, it is a question if better results may not be obtained with less expensive material and new sails often. It is a good plan for yachtsmen to have plenty of photographs of their boats, as sails can be studied from photographs to better advantage than from the boat.

Curing.—Sails soaked in a solution of equal quantities of sugar of lead and alum, dissolved separately, then mixed form in the sail a sulphate of lead, which is very insoluble; add a little green vitriol and sulphate of iron. We make no recommendation about curing sails; sometimes it does not work well. Every one must use his own judgment.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Harlem Yacht Club elected the following officers, to serve during 1901, at the annual meeting held on Dec. 1, in the club's town house, 519 East 121st street: Com., Lorenz Zeller; Vice-Com., William G. Ringler; Rear-Com., Christopher Brannock; Rec. Sec'y, James F. Proctor; Fin. Sec'y, S. L. Schider; Treas., John Mooring; Measurer, John Wimming; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. George E. Wilson; Directors, T. B. Bates, H. H. Andrews, F. C. Sullivan and J. Symmers. Membership Committee, R. Evans, A. M. Stebbins and L. Lalor.

The annual meeting of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club will be held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 19. The following nominations have been made: For Com., S. H. Mason; for Vice-Com., Louis H. Zocher; for Rear-Com., Edward F. Glover; for Treas., George H. Cooper; for Sec'y, J. O. Sinkinson; for Measurer, John G. Honey; for Fleet Surgeon, J. B. Palmer, M. D. For Board of Directors F. E. Barnes, H. Stephenson Rodman Sands, Charles W. Schlesinger and Thomas Wilson, Jr.

At the Jacob yard, City Island, there is under construction a large centerboard cruising knockabout for Mr. E. H. Weatherbee, designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith and Henry G. Barbey. She is 42ft. 9in. over all, 28ft. waterline, 11ft. beam and 4ft. draft. The boat will be comfortably fitted below, and will be used for cruising on Long Island Sound.

Captain Sycamore, of the yacht Shamrock, has been elected Deputy Mayor of Brightlingsea.

The sloop building at Wood's yard, City Island, for Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, from designs of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine and Crane, will be named Mermaid. She will be launched in January, when she will proceed South for a cruise in West Indian waters.

The first syndicate to announce its intention to build a boat for the defense of the Canada cup is composed of Mr. Benjamin Carpenter, secretary of the Inland Lake Yachting Association; Mr. George M. Pynchon and Mr. Morrill Dunn. It is stated that Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has been commissioned to design the boat.

Contracts for eight of the 25ft. one-design Larchmont class boats have been placed by their designers, Messrs. Gardner & Cox, with Messrs. Wyckoff Bros. & Taylor, Clinton, Conn.

There will be built by the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Co., of Shooters Island, S. I., a schooner yacht for the 75-foot racing length class, from designs by Messrs. A. Cary Smith and Barbey. There are three other schooners building at this yard. The largest is 110ft. on the waterline and 150ft. over all; the second, 68ft. on the waterline and 98ft. over all; the third, 60ft. on the waterline and 84ft. over all.

President Larvis related a number of amusing anecdotes, and Secretary Thomas told the story of the Irishman and the pink bugs. Treasurer Ginnely relieved himself of some good-natured raiery, and genial Billy Widmann related the details of his many hairbreadth escapes from winning the E C cup. Messrs. Mackett, Mickel and Worthington contributed their quota to the general jollity, and expressed themselves as being glad that they were present. All enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and it is proposed to encourage and develop this feature of social dinners for the members of the board of governors, with occasional banquets to include the entire membership. Such a course will promote renewed and continued interest in shooting matters, also bring the members closer together in bonds of good fellowship.

A series of team shoots of ten men each with the Freehold Gun Club is being arranged, and another is being talked of with the University of Princeton team.

SCIENTIFIC

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trap at Newark.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 6.—Four amateurs shot a 25-bird sweep at Smith Brothers' grounds, Foundry and Ferry streets, to-day. The entrance fee was \$2, and high gun took the money. Fischer won the purse with 22 kills. Rommel and Kuster afterward shot a match at 10 birds for \$10, which the latter won. Scores:

Koegel, 29.....	22012012212121210011122*-20
Hassinger, 29.....	22120121101*111211021111-21
Fischer, 27.....	110112211*21121211212120-22
Ferguson, 28.....	122*20121*222221221202*22-20

Match, 10 birds:
Rommel, 25.....0002000110-3 C F Kuster, 25.....000000001-1

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J.—The Forester Gun Club ran another very successful shoot on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 8, which was its regular monthly event. The day was one which makes trapshooting an enjoyment.

The attraction for this shoot was a team race of six men to a side, 25 targets each man, losing side to pay expenses. Score: Foresters, C. Smith, Captain.—Feigenspan 24, Sinnock 22; C. Smith 19, D. Fleming 19, J. J. Fleming 18, Winans 14; total 116.

South Elizabeth, Lippincott, Captain.—P. Kling 24, L. A. Kling 18, Shaller 17, Gales 17, Bird 13, Goodliffe 13; total 102.

Merchandise prizes, for a hand protector and pocket knife; 15 targets. Those qualifying, handicap cut down one-half and to shoot it out in 10 targets: Sinnock, handicap 1, total 15; P. Kling, 1, 12; J. J. Fleming, 2, 13; Colquite, 2, 14; L. A. Kling, 2, 8; Gales, 2, 9; D. Fleming, 2, 12; Goodliffe, 4, 6; Bird, 4, 11. Shoot-off at 10 targets: Colquite, 1, 9; J. J. Fleming, 1, 8; Sinnock, 0, 8; Bird, 2, 4.

Same conditions as former event, for pocket knife: Sinnock, 1, 12; P. Kling, 1, 13; J. J. Fleming, 2, 11; Colquite, 2, 12; L. A. Kling, 2, 9; D. Fleming, 2, 10; Gales, 2, 13; Goodliffe, 4, 8; Bird, 4, 11. Shoot-off: Gales, 1, 7; Bird, 2, 5.

Events: 1 2 Events: 1 2
D Fleming 8 7 Bird 6
Shaller 6 7 J J Fleming 6
Goodliffe 6 6 C Smith 6
Winans 5 .. L Kling 9
Gales 5 7 Sinnock 8
P Kling 8 Skinner 5
Lippincott 3

Match, handicap: Sinnock 25, Colquite 21.
This squad shot in the match event: Geoffrey 21, Colquite 21, Pattern 18, Skinner 15, Alf 11.

JOHN J. FLEMING, Sec'y.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 8.—The scores of the weekly shoot of the South Side Gun Club, held to-day, are appended. The club will hold its twentieth annual New Year's shoot on Jan. 1 next:

Targets:	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 15 15
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
C W Feigenspan.....	8 9 8 10 9 15 11
E A Geoffroy.....	9 9 8 9 9 14 14
L W Colquitt.....	9 8 7 10 7 7 11
Jack Pattern.....	9 8 13
L H Alf.....	8 5 8 13
Engle.....	8 7 8 9 8 9 10 8 .. 8
Terrill.....	9 8 8 7 9 9 8 9 .. 11
Heinisch.....	6 6 5 9 7 8 8 7 .. 8

Five pairs, double: Feigenspan 8, 6, 8, 8; Geoffroy 7.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, Dec. 10.—The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club's opening shoot of the season took place here to-day. The weather was unfavorable for good scores. Next week the members will attend the shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, at which a two-men team race will be the main attraction. The scores:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Targets:	30 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 20
Dr Bill.....	26 19 16 17 15 17 16 13 ..
J H Sharkey.....	21 12 10 14 9 14 11 13 6
L T Muench.....	15 15 15 14 16 15 15 ..
A A Duke.....	16 17 15 10 14 13 .. 6
Mertens.....	8 8 9 12 9 6
B Snider.....	13 17 16 11 14
S Charles.....	14 12 13 13
O Mull.....	11 13 9 9
T Diffley.....	15 13 14
A Hawes.....	13 10 8
J Falco.....	7 8
J Stoney.....	13 12
O Hein.....	11 5
E Bourke.....	10 6
J Jones.....	14 7

Crescent Athletic Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 8.—In the second of the series of shoots for the December cup at the Crescent Athletic Club's grounds to-day, Mr. J. S. S. Remsen, with his handicap of 3, succeeded in scoring the limit, and thus won the event. The trophy shoot, at 15 singles and 5 pairs, was won by Mr. G. W. Hagedorn, with a score of 25. Scores:

December cup shoot:

	—Expert—		—Magautrap—		Grand
	Hdcp. Total.		Hdcp. Total.		Total.
G W Hagedorn.....	3 23		2 25		48
J S S Remsen.....	2 25		1 25		50
W G McConville.....	2 23		10 24		47
F B Stephenson.....	4 24		3 23		47
H M Brigham.....	2 22		2 25		47
E Banks.....	0 22		0 24		46
Dr J J Keyes.....	9 21		7 25		46
C Kenyon, Jr.....	5 24		4 21		45
L C Hopkins.....	9 18		8 24		42
G Stephenson, Sr.....	10 18		8 22		40
W W Marshall.....	6 17		5 20		37
Dr H L O'Brien.....	5 14		4 17		31
A M Boucher.....	4 13		3 20		31

Trophy shoot: G. W. Hagedorn, 2, 25; W. G. McConville, 10, 25; A. M. Boucher, 4, 24; E. Banks, 0, 23; F. B. Stephenson, 3, 23; W. W. Marshall, 5, 22; Dr. J. J. Keyes, 4, 21; C. Kenyon, Jr., 4, 21; J. S. S. Remsen, 0, 19; H. M. Brigham, 2, 16; H. C. Chapman, 10, 16; L. C. Hopkins, 7, 15.

Shoot for panel, 15 birds, expert: McConville 8, 15; Hagedorn, 1, 14; Remsen, 1, 14; F. B. Stephenson, 2, 13; Geddes, 0, 13; Brigham, 1, 12; Banks, 0, 12; G. Stephenson, Sr., 6, 12; Boucher, 3, 11; Marshall, 4, 11; O'Brien, 3, 7.

Sweepstake, 10 pairs: Banks 16, Hagedorn 16, F. B. Stephenson 13, Chapman 11, Kenyon, Jr., 10, Keyes 8.

Sweepstake, same: Banks 16, Hagedorn 14, F. B. Stephenson 10, Kenyon, Jr., 6.

Sweepstake, 10 birds: F. B. Stephenson 9, McConville 9, Hagedorn 8, Boucher 7, Brigham 6, Townsend 6.

Sweepstake, 15 birds, expert: F. B. Stephenson 10, Boucher 12, Marshall 8.

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

Dec. 8.—The New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club's weekly club shoot was held here to-day. Mr. R. A. Welch won the Mauser rifle handicap, a miss-and-out event, by killing 14 birds. Scores: Mauser rifle handicap:

R A Welch, 30.....	22222222222222
J H Jack, 30.....	21222212212220
Ramapo, 29.....	222222222220

Sweepstake, 15 birds, \$5 entrance: Welch 15, Morfeys 14, Jack 13, Navesin 11, Jones 7.

Sweepstake, 10 birds, \$5 entrance: Jack 9, Welch 8, Kay 8, Ramapo 8, Toplitz 8.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Trap at Interstate Park.

Daly Defeats Sloan.

Dec. 4.—In a driving rain storm, with the wind blowing a gale, Mr. Phil Daly to-day defeated Mr. J. Tod Sloan, better known to fame as Tod Sloan, the jockey, in a 50-bird match for \$250, by the score of 43 to 42. Then followed matches at 5 pairs, 3 pairs and 10 birds, in each of which Mr. Daly was the winner. Mr. T. W. Morfeys was referee. The scores:

J Tod Sloan, 30.....	22*22222122202222*022222-21
Phil Daly, 30.....	2*22220122*2222220222112-21-42
	2012222101222221212202220-21
	1222122222*2221220*22222-22-43

Five pairs:
Sloan10 10 00 00 01-3 Daly10 11 01 11 11-8

Three pairs:
Daly01 11 10-4 Sloan01 01 01-3

Ten birds:
Sloan, 33.....222220022*-7 Daly, 33.....202222222-9

Interstate Park Handicap.

Dec. 5.—The fourth Interstate Park handicap was shot to-day. A field of expert shooters competed, and Mr. J. S. Fanning won the event with 24, no straight scores being made. Several miss-and-outs, \$5 entrance, and a 10-bird sweep, \$10 entrance, were also shot, scores of which follow:

R A Welch, 30.....	2011212212222212200w
J T Sloan, 27.....	22212122112100121*2010212-20
Capt Money, 28.....	12122222212222022112011-23
Phil Daly, 28.....	22212222222222022201*212-22
T W Morfeys, 30.....	2*2121002222222222w
J S Fanning, 30.....	22221*212122212221212222-24
H Money, 30.....	220222222222222222122022-23

Miss-and-outs:
Welch, 30.....121221-6 120 -2 222* -3
Sloan, 27.....11* -2 121111-7 11110 -4
Capt Money, 28.....222212-6 122120 -5 12221222-8
Daly, 28.....220 -2 221211-7 2221211*-7
Morfeys, 30.....222222-6 221222-7 12222*-5
Fanning, 30.....10 -1 111* -3 1212122-8
H Money, 30.....20 -1 0 -0 221222*-7

Ten birds, \$10:
Welch, 30.....222222112-10 Morfeys, 30.....222222222-10
Sloan, 28.....212222122-10 Fanning, 30.....212221221-10
Capt Money, 30.....221121220-9 H Money, 30.....002222011-7
Daly, 30.....222222110-9

Ties:
Welch121-3 Morfeys222-3
Sloan121-3 Fanning10-1

Medicus Gun Club

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., Dec. 6.—There was a moderately good attendance of shooters. A stiff north wind prevailed. The scores follow:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Wynn, 29.....	12112-5	21221-5	2210
Lockwood, 27.....	21222-5	22211-5	2222
Williams, 27.....	01201-3	10122-4	2110
I P Kay, 27.....	22222-5	22022-4	2222
Webber, 30.....	22222-5	*2222-4
Stewart, 28.....	22021-4	020*2-2

Nos. 1 and 2 were 5 birds, \$3; No. 3 was miss-and-out.

	No. 4.	No. 5.
Wynn, 29.....	212110111-9	2222121122212-14
Lockwood, 27.....	0020010121-5	01220221001202-10
Williams, 27.....	0112122120-8	0112112121220-13
I P Kay, 29.....	2121201122-9	12212221211110-14
Webber, 30.....	122022222-9	2222222222220-14
Stewart, 28.....	001101121-7	21121011221220-13

Pennsylvania Traps.

Ambler Gun Club.

Ambler, Pa., Dec. 6.—The Ambler Gun Club held a special shoot for a trophy to-day. Fifteen shooters took part in the shooting, which was extremely difficult, owing to the high wind. Mr. Charles Mink, the winner, shot from the 20yd. mark, and did excellent work. The scores: Mink 18, Shoemaker 16, Pfeiffer 15, Conway 13, Hayward 12, Yarnall 11, Dr. Yerkes 11, Seibert 11, Brown 10, McAlone 10, Parks 10, S. McAlone 10, Yeakle 10, Bradfield 8, Johnson 7.

Belmont Gun Club.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 7.—The shoot of the Belmont Gun Club to-day was poorly attended. Several live-bird sweeps were shot, the scores of which follow:

No. 1, 5 birds: R. G. C. 5, Blunden 5, Cowan 5, Tog 4, Gilmore 4, McFall 4, Williams 3, Weyman 3, Ellwanger 3, Shields 2.

No. 2, 10 birds: Blunden 9, R. G. C. 9, Cowan 8, Shields 7, Ellwanger 6, Small 6, Condon 5.

No. 3, 10 birds: Ellwanger 8, Small 7, Condon 6, Vetterline 5, Achuff 5, Mears 5, Horn 5, Myers 5, Dallas 4.

No. 4, miss-and-out: Horn 7, Vetterline 6, Dallas 4, Mears 4, Achuff 3, Small 1, Ellwanger 1.

Keystone Shooting League.

Holmesburg Junction, Pa., Dec. 8.—The Keystone Shooting League held its regular club shoot here to-day. There was a good attendance of shooters, the birds were a good lot and the shooting was of a high order. The first event was for the challenge trophy, emblematic of the championship of Philadelphia, at 10 birds, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. Messrs. Henry, Van Loon, Sanford and Geikler tied with clean scores, and in the shoot-off Mr. Henry outshot his last competitor on the 18th round. The second event was the club championship handicap, 10 birds per man, handicap rise, 50yds. boundary. This event was finished in the dark, and the ties were not shot off. The scores follow:

H Henry.....	2222122212-10	W T Smith.....	2121210121-9
D Sanford.....	2222222222-10	F Hobbs.....	*202222222-8
C Geikler.....	2222222222-10	E Russell.....	2222220202-8
F Van Loon.....	1212121212-10	I W Budd.....	0212222101-8
F McCoy.....	0222222222-9	J W Fees.....	1212002222-8
T Brewer.....	1222222101-9	Hauff.....	0202221211-8
J Vandegrift.....	112111022-9	W N Stevenson.....	2220w
G Scott.....	2022212211-9	A Felix.....	02*w

Ties:
Henry222-3 222-3 211-3 111-3 112-3 111-3
Van Loon221-3 111-3 221-3 211-3 122-3 10-1
Sanford222-3 222-3 222-3 222-3 20-1
Geikler2*-1

Club championship:
Budd, 30.....112121222-10 Foster, 29.....02*1222222-8
Stevenson, 30.....222222222-10 Scott, 30.....1212110011-8
Vandegrift, 30.....2122121112-10 Hobbs, 30.....22222*2220-8
Henry, 30.....1112121111-10 Fees, 29.....202*222222-8
Van Loon, 29.....2112212222-10 McCoy, 30.....02222202220-7
Felix, 30.....2222212222-10 Schenck, 27.....0220000201-4
Smith, 29.....1211*1111-10 Russell, 30.....22022120w
Fitzgerald, 30.....1111110111-9 Wynn, 27.....201201w
Geikler, 28.....22222*2202-8 Brewer, 30.....0000w

Illinois Gun Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 4.—Editor Forest and Stream: The annual meeting of the Illinois Gun Club, held at the Leland Hotel, in this city, on Dec. 3, elected the following officers for 1901: President, Capt. Harry M. Smith; Vice-President, Edward L. Snodgrass; Secretary, Chas. T. Stickie; Treasurer, Geo. E. Day; Field Captain, Arnold W. Butler.

The reports of the secretary and treasurer show a paid up membership of 163; the club has buildings and accountermnts at a very conservative estimate valued at \$1,500, and is practically free from debt.

The club is a unit on doing everything possible to advance the interests of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament and convention in this city next spring.

CHAS. T. STICKIE, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Watson's Wild West.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 8.—Next week your Uncle John Watson turns loose his wild West pigeon show, and from all appearances it will be up to the legal standard. Four days of it in all, and each one hotter than the rest. This is the first time in some moons that we have had a good bird shoot here, and the local men are a bit anxious for the 11th to arrive.

Chicago Gun Club.

Dr. Carson, secretary of the Chicago Gun Club, sends out this ominous summons to the fray:

"The annual meeting of the Chicago Gun Club for the election of officers, the accepting of the new constitution and by-laws, and other important business, will be held at the Sherman House, Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8 o'clock sharp. Be sure and be there, as a big fight is on."

All American—No English Team Race.

There is a low, heavy simmer in the news about the proposed American-English team race. Mr. Paul North writes about the matter in a personal letter, from which I quote a part:

"What I have tried to do is to get the boys together in as quiet a way as possible, have them put up their own money, manage their own shoot, and pick out ten of the best men in the United States, regardless of their trade connections, and have the match run entirely on a basis free from all advertising purposes, etc., and in this connection had suggested to the boys that no one else connected with the trade should have anything to do with the management of the team. If they would get the team up I would try and make the match."

Mr. North deserves credit as the originator of this team race idea, and it is to be hoped, and indeed to be believed, that he may yet succeed in his first plans. This would be one of the biggest bits of shooting history of the present part of the century, and it is much to be wished that it may come off as planned. After a trip like that some of the "steadies" might perhaps feel like retiring from the score; or again, they might feel so set up about their skill abroad that they might feel like beginning all over again.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 8.—The following scores were made on the Garfield Gun Club's grounds on the occasion of an extra shoot between trophy days. The wind blew strongly across the traps—so strongly at times that it was impossible for a shooter to stand still. The birds were very fast, as the percentage of dead out of bounds will testify. The attendance is so small at these shoots that the management has decided to stop all Saturday shoots except those on the first and third Saturdays of each month, these being the trophy days. Extra shoots will be held only on holidays. Scores:

No. 1, 6 birds:
T W Eaton, 29.....010211-4 J Gardner, 28.....0*121*-3
C H Kehl, 27.....02*11*-3 Dr Meek, 31.....21**2*-3

No. 2, 10 birds:
T W Eaton, 29.....1210121212-9 Dr Meek, 31.....1122*1111-8
C H Kehl, 27.....011001011-5 C J Wolff, 27.....0210102221-7
J Gardner, 28.....100221112-8

No. 3, 6 birds:
T W Eaton, 29.....102212-5 C J Wolff, 27.....20*1*1-3
C H Kehl, 27.....222002-4

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Garden City Gun Club.

Burnside Crossing, Ill., Dec. 8.—The regular club shoot of the Garden City Gun Club was held at Watson's Park to-day. In the shoot for the club handicap medal Messrs. Kleinman, Gillis, Willard and Barto killed straight. Scores:

Club handicap medal event:
A Kleinman, 0.....21112221111111 -15
L Willard, 0.....12121212212222 -15
Gillis, 2.....1112011120111211 -15
Barto, 1.....1022112222121111 -15
Martin, 3.....22012111102202110 -14
Rust, 4.....1202120010112012221 -14
Amberg, 0.....10111111201211 -13
Leffingwell, 1.....2021221101122202 -13
Levi, 3.....121222022012220200 -13
Palmer, 0.....222222221022002 -12
Irwin, 1.....220222*212220120 -12

Each score of 15 made during the year counts as a win for the handicap medal. The following are the wins: A. Kleinman 3, Barto 3, Odell 3, Hollister 2, Amberg 2, Irwin 2, Levi 2, Hess 2, Day 2, Gillis 2, Palmer 2, Adams 1, Goldsmith 1, Middleton 1, White 1, Rust 1, Rubo 1, Bissell 1, Comley 1, Antoine 1, Leffingwell 1, Young 1, Martin 1, Card 1. Messrs. Kleinman, Barto and Odell being tied with three wins each, shoot off the tie at 15 birds, handicap. Mr. Barto won the shoot-off. Score:

Barto, 1.....221112201210212-15 Odell, 1.....22222*01012110w
Kleinman, 0.....20122211222122 -14

High average possibles:
Kleinman 13 15 15 14 15-72 Odell 13 12 14 15 15-69
Hollister 15 14 14 13 15-71 Irwin 13 13 14 14 14-68
Amberg 14 14 14 14 13-69 Palmer 15 12 12 14 14-67

Sweep, 12 birds:
White111122021222-11 Odell21221212210-11
Palmer212011220222-10 Martin010221212122-10
Barto110222101212-10 Day12001121110-9
Willard121201212121-11 Levi201212001120-8
Rust211122101202-9

Practice:
Dan2012112220212222122212221222
Rust202021021
Martin121100221
Odell1102200121
Leffingwell090201010
Gillis2
Day2101111
White22211*2212222
Barto222
Willard21111111111211
Irwin02121
Palmer2120021

The Interstate Park Association Handicap Committee.

INTERSTATE PARK, L. I., Nov. 24.—Editor Forest and Stream: Since our last communication in the matter of handicap committee for Interstate Park we have communicated with several gentlemen as indicated in previous letter and have acceptances from the following, who have expressed their willingness to serve: Messrs. W. K. Park, Jacob Pentz, B. Waters, J. H. Voss, J. S. Wright, L. H. Schortemeier, W. A. Hobart, W. F. Sykes, Elmer E. Shaner, J. J. Wellbrock, Henry Koegel, Dr. Wm. Wynn, Dr. G. V. Hudson and Dr. A. A. Webber.

This committee will meet on Dec. 15 at 5 P. M. It is hardly possible that the labors of this committee will be much more than started on the date above set, but we are in hopes that it will bring forth good results in time.

It is not intended to make this committee exclusive, but to add to its number, as desirable representatives make themselves known or are brought to our attention, as we have but one object, that of the best result for the common good.

J. A. H. DRESSSEL, Sec'y.

Tampico Gun Club.

TAMPICO, Ill., Nov. 29.—The following scores were made at the Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Tampico Gun Club:

Events:	1 2 3 4	Events:	1 2 3 4
Targets:	10 15 10 *	Targets:	10 15 10 *
Denison.....	9 15 10 6	Heller.....	5 10 8 ..
Brown.....	10 13 9 4	Darnell.....	10 13 10 ..
Gifford.....	8 14 10 6	Howellt.....	6 10 3 5
Olson.....	6 11 .. 5	Davis.....	9 12 8 6
Caskey.....	7 10 9 ..	Conroy.....	13

*Eight live birds,
E. C. DAVIS, Sec'y.

Guy Burnside's Galesburg Shoot.

GALESBURG, Ill., Dec. 7.—The target and live-bird tourney given at Galesburg by Guy Burnside, Dec. 4 to 7, was one of the best shooting meets of the year in Illinois, and proves that it is not impossible to hold successful shoots even in the midst of the season of field shooting. In fact there has been no tournament this season in which a greater number of the representative marksmen of the country participated. The fact that this was Mr. Burnside's maiden effort in this direction would never have been suspected by an outsider, from the fact that every detail was attended to with admirable system and forethought. The shoot was held on the famous Williams race track, one mile east of the city, which is finely adapted to such an event. Large tents were provided for the convenience of guests, and these were heated by coke ovens, so that the weather was no object except when at the score.

Targets were thrown from expert traps on the Sergeant system; this part of the work being looked after by F. C. Riehl, while the ever genial F. C. Whitney, of Des Moines, was behind the railing in charge of the books. Moneys were divided on the percentage plan—3 points in 15 and 4 in 20 bird races; 90 per cent. men paid \$2 a day extra for the benefit of those less proficient who shot through, but this fund proved of less consequence than might have been expected.

Tuesday, Dec. 4.

The weather was not such as one would select for an important shooting event. Early in the day light gusts of snow were whirled across the field, and although later the storm appeared to pass the air continued raw, and the targets cut all sorts of fantastic capers in the air, that resulted in many surprises on the face of the returns. These conditions may best be appreciated when it is noted, that, notwithstanding the very flower of the shooting talent of the land was represented in the list of contestants, every man participating fell below the money at least once during the day, and only three reached the 90 per cent. mark. Rola Heikes took first average with 93, Fred Gilbert was a point behind with 92, and Will Crosby third with 90.5 per cent. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	200	171	855	
Budd	14	12	16	15	14	16	13	9	16	15	15	16	200	171	855	
Hallowell	11	14	19	13	12	13	13	13	20	15	15	16	200	171	855	
Bingham	13	11	15	13	12	17	10	15	19	15	13	15	200	168	850	
Gilbert	11	13	20	13	15	11	15	14	19	11	13	20	200	184	820	
Hirschy	13	10	19	15	13	17	11	11	18	13	13	18	200	171	850	
Rike	14	12	17	11	12	11	13	13	19	13	14	13	200	165	825	
Heikes	13	13	18	15	10	20	14	15	19	15	15	19	200	186	830	
Crosby	14	14	18	14	11	19	12	13	18	15	11	19	200	181	805	
Linderman	14	13	19	14	12	16	11	13	17	14	12	14	200	169	845	
Elliott	13	14	18	13	14	19	15	11	17	13	13	15	200	178	850	
Bray	14	10	19	12	13	16	12	14	16	13	14	14	200	167	835	
Kline	14	13	19	12	14	16	11	11	15	11	13	14	200	171	855	
Riehl	11	14	19	13	13	16	11	12	17	11	12	17	200	169	855	
Ross	10	10	12	13	6	11	10	12	16	11	9	13	200	140	700	
Hughes	11	13	18	14	15	18	12	14	17	14	12	20	200	178	890	
Courtney	13	11	19	12	11	16	12	11	16	11	19	17	200	161	805	
Fulton	12	12	12	18	13	18	10	12	15	0	8	
Burnside	11	9	18	12	9	16	
Major	
Tripp	13	12	18	15	14	11	11	13	16	11	11	16	200	167	835	
Colonel	12	12	17	11	12	10	7	12	11	8	11	12	200	150	750	
Tramp	8	
Collender	
Pugh	
Gard	
Charleston	
Babcock	

Wednesday, Dec. 5.

Conditions were much the same as on the first day, but toward noon the sky cleared and the sun came out, bringing about a more cheerful situation, that resulted in a considerably better score average. Nine men finished above the 90 mark, with Fred Gilbert in the lead. Scores of the sweeps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	200	171	855	
Budd	14	13	19	12	12	18	13	13	14	11	13	21	200	175	875	
Hallowell	11	11	17	11	10	18	14	14	19	15	11	17	200	174	870	
Bingham	14	12	17	12	13	19	11	11	18	15	13	19	200	174	870	
Gilbert	13	13	20	13	15	20	14	14	19	15	11	20	200	190	950	
Hirschy	14	11	18	13	15	17	11	14	18	14	13	20	200	181	905	
Rike	14	11	15	11	13	19	14	19	13	15	13	...	200	182	910	
Heikes	13	15	20	13	12	19	14	13	20	15	11	18	200	183	915	
Crosby	14	12	20	11	15	18	15	13	20	14	13	19	200	187	935	
Linderman	14	14	18	11	15	19	15	20	14	14	19	...	200	188	940	
Bray	12	14	10	13	13	15	15	13	19	14	15	19	200	187	935	
Elliott	15	15	19	12	14	20	13	18	14	16	20	...	200	188	940	
Kline	12	13	18	12	7	16	12	11	19	11	18	15	200	182	910	
Riehl	11	12	17	12	14	17	14	15	16	15	12	20	200	185	915	
Courtney	14	11	16	14	12	16	13	19	12	12	19	...	200	170	850	
Hughes	12	12	18	15	11	17	14	13	20	11	11	19	200	179	895	
Tripp	13	14	21	14	13	16	13	18	15	11	20	...	200	183	915	
Hall	14	15	16	13	10	12	11	15	17	13	12	19	200	172	860	
Brown	13	12	11	8	9	12	8	14	11	11	10	13	200	133	665	
Tramp	12	11	15	
Ross	10	12	11	
Connor	13	19	15	13	18	12	12	17	13	9	18	...	200	168	840	
Ward	13	12	16	12	12	14	

The Smelzer Cup Contest.

This trophy was probably never put up in open competition where the attendant conditions were less favorable to high scores. The targets were thrown 70 yds. from expert traps against the evening sun, with a stiff wind, and presented a truly tough proposition to the shooters. Mr. E. H. Tripp, of Indianapolis, who but recently won the Grand Hotel Cup in his own city, got away on the right foot, and led the boys a pace that none was able to quite follow. Rola Heikes came nearest, but 3 birds back, and J. A. R. Elliott, by smashing 48 out of the last 50, landed in third place. It was a game race throughout, and Mr. Tripp, when he fired his last shot, was borne from the field like a hero of old on the shoulders of his friends. The tabulated scores are here given:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	200	171	855	
Budd	14	13	19	12	12	18	13	13	14	11	13	21	200	175	875	
Hallowell	11	11	17	11	10	18	14	14	19	15	11	17	200	174	870	
Bingham	14	12	17	12	13	19	11	11	18	15	13	19	200	174	870	
Gilbert	13	13	20	13	15	20	14	14	19	15	11	20	200	190	950	
Hirschy	14	11	18	13	15	17	11	14	18	14	13	20	200	181	905	
Rike	14	11	15	11	13	19	14	19	13	15	13	...	200	182	910	
Heikes	13	15	20	13	12	19	14	13	20	15	11	18	200	183	915	
Crosby	14	12	20	11	15	18	15	13	20	14	13	19	200	187	935	
Linderman	14	14	18	11	15	19	15	20	14	14	19	...	200	188	940	
Bray	12	14	10	13	13	15	15	13	19	14	15	19	200	187	935	
Elliott	15	15	19	12	14	20	13	18	14	16	20	...	200	188	940	
Kline	12	13	18	12	7	16	12	11	19	11	18	15	200	182	910	
Riehl	11	12	17	12	14	17	14	15	16	15	12	20	200	185	915	
Courtney	14	11	16	14	12	16	13	19	12	12	19	...	200	170	850	
Hughes	12	12	18	15	11	17	14	13	20	11	11	19	200	179	895	
Tripp	13	14	21	14	13	16	13	18	15	11	20	...	200	183	915	
Hall	14	15	16	13	10	12	11	15	17	13	12	19	200	172	860	
Brown	13	12	11	8	9	12	8	14	11	11	10	13	200	133	665	
Tramp	12	11	15	
Ross	10	12	11	
Connor	13	19	15	13	18	12	12	17	13	9	18	...	200	168	840	
Ward	13	12	16	12	12	14	

Kline	011100111011100111100111-17
Riehl	111011011111111000100-16
Bray	01011100111011101110-14
Hirschy	1110111011101110111111-17-64
Hallowell	11101110111011101110-17
Bingham	11101110111011101110-17
Gilbert	1110111011101110111011-20-70
Hirschy	1110111011101110111011-16
Hallowell	1110111011101110111011-16
Bingham	1110111011101110111011-12
Gilbert	1110111011101110111011-20-64

Thursday, Dec. 6.

Another dark day, with occasional light showers, marked the closing of the target end of the tournament. Scores were notably smaller than on the preceding day, Elliott, Gilbert, Heikes and Crosby being the only 90 per cent. men. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	at.		
Budd	9	10	17	14	13	16	13	14	15	13	11	17	200	165	.825
Hallowell	14	13	20	13	12	17	10	11	19	11	14	17	200	171	.855
Bingham	12	15	18	12	12	17	13	11	20	12	13	18	200	173	.865
Gilbert	11	14	19	14	13	20	15	15	18	13	14	18	200	181	.920
Hirschy	13	11	17	10	12	17	9	15	17	13	13	20	200	167	.835
Rike	6	10	19	13	14	17
Heikes	14	15	19	15	12	18	14	13	17	14	14	18	200	183	.915
Crosby	13	11	19	13	14	18	14	11	19	13	15	17	200	183	.915
Linderman	13	13	11	15	14	18	9	13	19	13	13	20	200	177	.885
Bray	19	14	15	14	14	10	10	15	20	14	10	18	200	173	.865
Elliott	12	12	20	13	15	18	15	12	20	15	15	19	200	185	.925
Courney	9	11	16	12	15	12	15	12	16	12	11	18	200	153	.770
Kiehl	12	12	15	14	14	17	12	11	16	14	13	19	200	172	.860
Hal	12	8	15	11	10	17	10	11	8	9
Marshall	13	14	15	16	10	15	11	14	13	12	11	13	200	175	.875
Kline	7	9	13	6
Hughes	13	11	17	14	14	15	11	14	16	13	15	19
Tucker	6	8	13	7	7	13
Tom Tucker	5	12	...	9	15	9	12	20
Coal	8	...	11	...	7	7
Samuels	11	8
Raymond	...	16
Lucamp	...	10	13	10	18	12	14	12

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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A CHRISTMAS STORY NUMBER.

THIS is a Christmas story number. The customary departments have been omitted to provide room for the abundant store of stories and sketches which fill column after column and page after page. In the wealth of good reading this is one of the best numbers of FOREST AND STREAM ever printed.

We ask our readers and subscribers to take this number as an earnest of the FOREST AND STREAM of 1901. In the first year of the new century the paper will maintain the prestige it has so long enjoyed as a bright, intelligent, entertaining clean and dignified journal for sportsmen. It will stand for the principles and strive for the upbuilding of the interests with which it has been identified for a quarter-century. In this year to come as in the past these columns will be a chosen medium for the interchange of sentiment, opinion and experience, and in the FOREST AND STREAM'S stories of life in the field and on the stream its readers will find enjoyment of "the next best thing" to the actual experience for themselves.

FOREST RESERVE REGULATIONS.

REFERENCE was made the other day to a California case involving the authority of the Secretary of the Interior to make regulations for the protection and control of the forest reserves and national parks.

An act of Congress, June 4, 1897, provides that

The Secretary of the Interior shall make provisions for the protection against destruction by fire and depredations upon the public forests and forest reservations which may have been set aside or which may be hereafter set aside under the said act of March 3, 1891, and which may be continued; and he may make such rules and regulations and establish such service as will insure the objects of such reservations, namely, to regulate their occupancy and use and to preserve the forests thereon from destruction; and any violation of the provisions of this act or such rules and regulations shall be punished as is provided for in the act of June 4, 1888.

Under the authority thus conferred, the Secretary of the Interior, on June 30, 1897, promulgated, among other rules for the preservation of the public forests, a regulation providing:

The pasturing of sheep is prohibited in all forest reservations except those in the States of Oregon and Washington, for the reason that sheep grazing has been found injurious to the forest cover, and therefore of serious consequence in regions where the rainfall is limited. The exception in favor of the States of Oregon and Washington is made because the continuous moisture and abundant rainfall of the Cascade and Pacific coast ranges makes rapid renewal of herbage and undergrowth possible.

In the California case, which is now under consideration, one Blasingame is charged with criminal trespass on the Sierra Forest Reserve, in violation of this section. To the complaint Blasingame demurred, on the ground that the regulation which he was charged with violating was not binding, since it was a rule made by the Secretary of the Interior, who was without constitutional authority to legislate in the premises. Judge Wellborn, of the District Court of Southern California, before whom the case was argued, sustained the demurrer, holding that the act of June 4, 1897, conferred legislative power on the Secretary of the Interior, and was therefore unconstitutional. The case will be appealed.

The point involved has had consideration by the department. In 1898 the question was submitted to the Solicitor-General, who in an opinion sustaining the validity of the statute said:

I recognize the existence of the salutary rule that Congress cannot delegate its legislative power so as to authorize an administrative officer by adoption of regulations, to create an offense and prescribe its punishment, but here the statute proclaims the punishment for an offense which, in general terms, is defined by law, the regulation dealing only with a matter of detail and ad-

ministration necessary to carry into effect the object of the law. The protection of the public forests is intrusted to the Secretary of the Interior. Section 5338 makes it an offense, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for any person wantonly to destroy any timber on a public reservation. In furtherance of this policy the act of June 4, 1897, directs the Secretary to make provision for the protection of the forests and authorizes him to regulate the use and occupancy of the forest reservations, and to preserve the forests thereon from destruction, making for such purpose proper rules and regulations. Any violation of such rules and regulations is, by the statute, made an offense punishable as provided in Section 5338. By this law the control of the occupancy and use of these reservations is handed over to the Secretary for the purpose of preserving the forests thereon, and any occupancy or use in violation of the rules and regulations adopted by him is made punishable criminally. It seems to me Congress has a right to do that. Suppose Congress had provided that the occupation or use of a forest reservation by any person without permission of the Secretary should be a misdemeanor. Would not this be a valid exercise of legislative power? The present statute does no more. The regulation is reasonable and necessary. It restrains no one in the enjoyment of any natural or legal right. To use the language of Mr. Chief Justice Fuller in *In re Kollock* (165 U. S., 526, 533): "The regulation was in execution of or supplementary to, but not in conflict with, the law itself, and was specifically authorized thereby in effectuation of the legislation which created the offense."

If the higher courts shall rule that Congress may not while legislating in general terms for the protection of the forests entrust to the Secretary of the Interior the duty of enforcing specific regulations to make that protection effective, it will then be obligatory upon Congress to amend the national forestry laws, and to make them so specific in detail that they will cover all forms of trespass and injury. It is intolerable that sheep owners should devastate the public possessions with immunity because of a flaw in the statute.

THE WILD ANIMAL FEAR.

OF all questions asked by people who have never been much out of doors, none seems so simple to the old-timers as that which concerns the dangers to which the camper may be exposed from the attacks of wild beasts. It is chiefly women and children who ask such questions, but it is evident that in the brains of many inexperienced persons is firmly established a belief that wild animals are dangerous—that wolves, panthers and bears prowling about seeking whom they may devour. This belief is in all probability a survival in part of earlier days, when the most civilized men dwelt largely in the East, where might be encountered lions, who would attack them, or hyenas ready to snap up the stray child wandering away from the camp, or bears of the type encountered by the irreverent infants who apostrophized Elisha; and also in part of that time when the weapons of primitive man were so feeble and of so little avail against the wild beasts that these were justly to be feared.

This feeling already existing is encouraged and strengthened by a certain amount of the writing of the day. The average man and woman love to read a bear or panther or wolf story not less than do small boys and round eyed children listen with pleasure to the tales of some venerable uncle or grandfather who relates the story of the wolves that used to howl about his cabin or visit his sheep fold when first he settled in the country.

In this land of America, as many know, there are no such things as dangerous animals, though there are creatures which may be made dangerous. The wolf, the bear and the cougar are far more anxious to get away from man than man is to get away from them. If given the opportunity they will always slip away and run, and if they fight it is because they believe that they have been cut off from every avenue of escape. Where an animal has been wounded it is a different matter. Then, often, considerations of prudence are forgotten and the animal acts on impulse, instead of doing what it knows to be wise; but even so, there is much more danger from a wounded deer than from a wounded panther, and vastly more from a wounded moose.

But for the average man who is traveling through a new country where wild animals may be plenty, who stops when he has made a day's march and is at home where night finds him, there is not now, nor ever was, more danger from the wild animals of the country than from the lightnings which blaze in the summer sky. Many more people have been killed by lightning than have been run over by stampeding buffalo herds, or killed by unwounded grizzly bears; or by all the other animals of the prairie put together. One might almost say that more people have been struck by falling meteorites than have

been killed by panthers or wolves. And yet from day to day the newspapers continue to print bear stories, catamount stories and wolf stories, and probably they will do so until long after the last bear, catamount and wolf shall have disappeared from the land.

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

THE report of the Secretary of Agriculture for 1900 contains a great amount of very interesting matter, of which that accomplished by the two divisions known as the Biological Survey and the Division of Forestry is of especial interest to sportsmen. The good work done by both is sufficiently well known, but it is satisfactory to have brought together in compact form statements of what has been accomplished during the year by each.

The Biological Survey continues to do good work in the study of foods of birds and economic results of importance are resulting from this study. The division has charge of the enforcement of the Lacey Act, which we understand to be largely in the hands of Dr. T. S. Palmer, Assistant Chief of the Division. Congress having authorized the Secretary to take the necessary measures for carrying out the purposes of this act additional appropriations to this end are needed and should be provided.

The damage done by prairie dogs in the West is a question of great interest to farmers, and is being investigated by the division. Steps have been taken to warn the public of the danger which may follow the reckless introduction and distribution of the so-called Belgian hare. The State Board of Horticulture in California reports that large numbers of these animals have been set free throughout that State, and there is possible great danger from their rapid increase.

The great and continually growing interest in forest matters continues to be astonishing and gratifying. Efforts are being made by the Secretary of the Interior to secure the co-operation of the Department of Agriculture in reference to the National Forest Reserve, while the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of New York has requested working plans for the protection and working of the New York State Forest Preserves. The popularity of Mr. Pinchot's offer to furnish such plans to the public is shown by the fact that at the close of the year the total requests for them exceeded 50,000,000 acres. Of these two and one-half millions were private land. Nearly 900,000 acres have been actually examined by the staff of the division, plans have been prepared for 200,000 acres and 50,000 acres have been put under management. Not only this, but applications are frequently made by cities, or corporations controlling city water works, for plans for planting and working the water sheds which they control. Such a case is seen in the Water Company of Johnstown, Pa., where the object sought is to prevent disastrous floods such as once devastated the town.

The Division of Forestry under its present chief is working amicably by the side of the practical lumber men and the tree planters, and the results cannot be other than to the advantage of the country at large.

An association has been formed for restoring moose to the Adirondacks. It is reported that Dr. W. Seward Webb will furnish a number of moose from his preserves for the public forests if he can have assurance that they will be protected; and a special committee of the new association will endeavor to secure additional protective legislation. As the law now prohibits absolutely the killing of moose, it is difficult to understand what more is needed. The most essential requisite for Adirondack moose restoration is a controlling public sentiment to protect them. This sentiment does not now exist, but it may be created. The place to begin is not in the woods but out of them. The people in the Adirondacks cannot reasonably be expected to hold more advanced views on game protection than their employers who come in from the cities.

We had promised for this week one of the chapters of "Reminiscences" of his boyhood days which were the last things written by Rowland E. Robinson, but since that announcement the story of "How Elijah Was Fed at Christmas" has come to us, and we print it in place of the "Reminiscences." It has the qualities which won for Mr. Robinson a cherished place in thousands of homes, and the pathetic interest which attaches to the unpublished writings, all too few, left by him.

For Christmas Reading.

How Elijah Was Fed at Christmas.
Christmas Under the Palms.
A Voice from a Farm.
The Bison's Paradise.
That Christmas Turkey.

* The Christmas Dinner Father Josef
Cooked.
* Old Hogarth.
* My Grandmother's Kitchen.
* How We Got Our Gun-Rack.
* Out of Commission.

How Elijah Was Fed at Christmas.

"WAS you a-callin' for to go a-huntin' to-morrer, 'Liger?" Aunt Charity asked, looking under the rim of her spectacles at her husband, who was carefully inspecting his rifle by the light of the same candle whose feeble rays illumined the counting of her stitches.

"Wal, no, I want," he answered, but after a brief pause, continued in a tone so decided he hoped it might forestall opposition:

"I'm a-goin' to the turkey shoot an' git us a turkey, I be."

"Good land!" Aunt Charity exclaimed, dropping hands and knitting into her lap and staring at the bald head now bent more intently over the gun. "Where be you goin' to git the money for to pay your shots?"

"Oh, I got a half-dollar I be'n a-savin' up," he answered quickly. "But I s'pect I'm goin' to plunk a turkey the secont shot anyway; th' ol' iron throws a ball as true's it did the day it came out o' Hill's shop."

His wife drew a needle from the finished row of stitches and scratched meditatively beneath her sheep's head cap before venturing a doubt. "It's forty year older'n it was then, an' so be you, 'Liger. I don't s'pose your hand's quite so stiddy nor your eye quite so clear. Land knows mine hain't." She sighed gently as she opened and shut a knotted and stiffened hand before her dim spectacled eyes.

"Sho, Cherry, you're spyer'n half the gals, an' I can read fine print wi' my naked eyes, an' my hand's as stiddy as a rock." He drew a bead on the center of the clock face and held the long barrel on it a moment without a perceptible tremor, and then beamed a triumphant smile on his wife.

"Mebby, but I'm afreared you're jest a-goin' for to heave away your money. You're 'Liger, I know, but I'm 'feared the' hain't no ravens a-comin' to feed ye."

"No, but a turkey, sure as guns. An' I'll tell ye what we're a-goin' to do, then, Cherry," he continued in a confidential tone. "When I git him dressed an' you git him stuffed an' in't the oven, I'm a-goin' to take the wheel-barré, or if it comes sleddin', which the' hain't no prospect' on, the hand sled, an' I'm a-goin' to the poor-haouse an' borry or steal poor little Lyd Cole an' fetch her up here to eat a Christmas dinner."

He shut the brass lid of the patch box with a decisive snap and bestowed a close-shut but benignant smile upon his wife, who returned it in softer kind and said with a tremor in her voice, "Why, 'Liger Wait! Is that what you be'n a-plannin' for? Wal, then, I shouldn't wonder ef you did git a turkey, an' I hope to goodness you will. Poor ol' Lyddy, I don't s'pose she's ever hed a mou'ful o' Christmas turkey in her life. Deary me! I'm 'fraid I wa'n't as good as I'd ort to be'n to the poor humpbacked little critter when we useter go to school. But you was, 'Liger. You al'ays stood up for her."

"Not none too good, I wa'n't, an' I sh'd luffer make up for't a leetle speck by a-givin' on her one to'able decent Christmas."

"An' I du b'lieve we'll be favored too," said Aunt Charity. "An' we've got onions to go wi' the turkey, an' them high bush crambries 'at you got up to the swamp'll jest come in complete."

"Why, Cherry," her husband laughed, "next you'll be for goin' to the shootin' match yourself, which in the beginnin' you wa'n't a-goin' to let me. Naow I'll run me a han'ful o' balls, an' then it'll be time to go to bed."

He gave the long, brown barrel and the curled maple stock another caress with the oiled rag before he hung the rifle on its hooks, while Aunt Charity mended the fire and raked out a glowing bed of coals ready for the ladle. She drew her chair beside the stove and plied her needles while she watched him at his work.

"My land!" she cried as the shining bullets were wrapped from the mould, "if them was only the silver they look we could buy us a turkey."

"They'll fetch us one jest the same," he said, confidently.

"It'll be rough wheelin' for Lyddy," Elijah said to himself, looking up at the cloudless sky as he trudged along the frozen road the next day after dinner with his rifle on his shoulder, and the solitary half-dollar clinking against the jackknife in his trousers pocket. "I'll stop an' tell her to be all ready ag'in I come arter her."

He turned in at the forlorn, treeless yard of the poor-house. He entered without knocking and went straight to Lydia, where she sat, an uncouth heap of deformity, at her accustomed window, watching "the Pass" and sewing braided rags. Her face, worn by heavy pain of body and spirit, brightened a little at sight of her old friend, and more at the sound of his cheery voice.

"Good mornin', Lyddy. A-drivin' your needle to beat the Dutch, this mornin', hain't ye? My stars!" as she smoothed the completed center of the rug over her

knees, "hain't that a-goin' to be a neat one! Red an' yaller an' blue an' I d'know what all. Say," lowering his voice, "I'm a-comin' to-morrer mornin' to take you up to aour haouse for Christmas." Lyddy looked incredulous. "Yes, sure as shootin'. Cherry's alottin' on it, an' I'm a-comin' for ye with a one-wheeled kerridge an' there's goin' to be a turkey. I'm goin' arter him naow."

For a moment the stolid hardness of her face softened almost to an expression of happiness, and then grew hard as she glowered furtively over her shoulder.

"I do' know if they'll let me."

"They can't help it. I'm a-goin' to take ye. Say, Pratt," addressing the lessee of the town farm, who was passing through the room, "I'm a-goin' to hev Lyddy up to aour haouse for Christmas."

"All right," the man answered, with a harsh laugh. "You can have her for keeps for all me. Goin' to the shootin' match, be you, 'Liger?"

"Yes, I be. Wal, you be ready by 9 o'clock, Lyddy."

So he left her, happier in the anticipation of a break in the dreariness of her life than she had been for many a day.

As he took the highway again the pop of a rifle and the quick echoes bounding from adjacent walls told that the shooting match had begun, and hastened his steps. Then came another report, and its succession of echoes, and now he saw the thin wisp of smoke drifting against the blue sky above the roofs and dissolve in the cold, still air.

"Plague on't! They'll hev the left on 'em shot afore I git there," Elijah ejaculated, and verified the adage of "More haste, less speed," for he caught his foot in a rut and fell headlong, the shouldered rifle measuring its length with a bang on the frozen ground. After looking round to learn if there were any spectators of his fall, his next thought was for his gun, which he rejoiced to find had suffered no apparent harm.

He reached the shooting ground in the rear of the tavern barn without further interruption, and found all the marksmen of the township gathered there, himself the most renowned and consequently least welcome of the company.

"Wal, Uncle 'Liger, I was a-wishin' you an' that reachin' ol' iron wouldn't be here to-day," said Taft, the tavern keeper and owner of the turkeys. "But I'll tell ye aforehand, if ye kill more'n three a hand runnin', I won't let ye shoot no more."

"So ye needn't. So ye needn't, Ab'am," Elijah cheerfully conceded. "I don't want on'y one o' your turkeys. Here's your ninepence, but I'm a-goin' to wait till there's a good un sot up."

The landlord gave him the change from a growing pocket of small coin and the veteran strolled from group to group of the onlookers, here chatting with some old acquaintance, there curiously scanning the newfangled weapon of a younger contestant. One of these, a dapper young farmer, too foppishly dressed for the occasion, swaggered forward and lay down on the slanted plank, resting the heavy barrel of his telescope-sighted rifle across the raised end and taking aim with much fussy preparation. Then his confidence deserted him, he dwelt long on his aim and the muzzle gyrated dubiously, till at last he desperately pulled the trigger, and to his own great surprise happened to hit the turkey, whereas he bragged tremendously, but too soon, for in a dozen more shots he did not make a hit. One bashful, ungainly young fellow with a new rifle, outwardly as unfinished as himself, got three turkeys at three shots, and was then barred out by Taft, who protested, "By gum, I won't hev my stock o' turkeys used up for twelve an' a half cents apiece."

After several small victims had succumbed to swift or tardy fate, a big gobbler was set upon the box, and Uncle 'Liger stepped forth to make his first shot. Scorning what he called the "booby rest," he knelt on one knee, resting his elbow on the other, and slowly raised the long rifle to his unerring aim. Forty rods away on the level meadow the great bird looked no larger than a chickadee, but the old man saw the polished silver sight shining fairly against the black side at the proper instant. Every one was watching intently, expecting to see a responsive flutter or fall of the doomed fowl, but it remained erect and motionless, while beyond and a little to the left a puff of dun grass and dirt was smitten from the frozen ground.

"Wall, I'll be darned if Uncle 'Liger hain't missed him clean!" exclaimed some one in a disappointed tone, and not even the most jealous rival openly derided the unsuccessful shot.

"One miss hain't nothin'," Uncle 'Liger remarked, quietly, and began loading with great care, after handing Taft the price of another shot. "That 'ere's the turkey I want, Ab'am, an' here's your ninepence."

But, alas! his second shot went as wide of the mark as the first, and the third and fourth were as unfortunate, and, alas! his money was all gone, and with it the last

chance of providing for to-morrow's promised feast—a disappointment harder to bear than the mortification of defeat.

"Wal, 'Liger," said an old comrade, "me an' you has got to give up an' be 'has bees."

"The ol' Scratch has got into me or the gun or both of us. I tried her to a mark yest' day at arm's length an' plunked the better ev'ry time."

"Folks an' guns will wear out," said the other, smiling incredulously.

"I noticed you held her stiddy as an anvil," said the blacksmith, who was the repairer of all the guns of the township, "an' I'd ruther have the ol' gun to-day than half a dozen o' these new fashion ones wi' their gim-cracks an' their patent loadin' muzzles an' peek sights an' the devil knows what all. Le' me jest look at her a minute."

Taking the gun he examined it critically, and presently his sharp eye detected the fault that he had suspected.

"Here's where ye got a cold shet, Uncle 'Liger," he said, laying a sealed forefinger on the back sight. "Yer crotch sight's got knocked a leetle hair out o' line."

"Thunder an' guns!" the old man ejaculated. "That come o' my tublin'—droppin' of her a-cottin' over here, an' I never took a notice. What a tarnal ol' gump I be. I'm glad it wa'n't the gun's fault—not r'aly."

"Ner your holdin' nuther," said the blacksmith. "Taft ort' giv' ye another chance for nothin'. Say, Abe, Uncle 'Liger's sight got discombobulated was what ailed his shootin'. You'll let him hev another shot, free, won't ye, now I've got it straight ag'in?"

"No, sirree, not by a jugful; the' don't nob'dy git no free shots here," the landlord answered, gruffly.

"Most seems 's 'ough you'd ortu, considerin'," the blacksmith urged, coaxingly.

"I tell ye, I won't. It hain't my business to sight folks' rifles for 'em."

"He's a mean skunk, anyhaow," said the blacksmith, turning his back upon the churlish fellow in disgust. "I was a-goin' tew take a few more shots myself, but I swear I won't, naow. He don't git no more o' my money. I've got one turkey an' we're about even. I wish't I had tew, I'd give ye one, Uncle 'Liger."

"I feel some as you dew 'baout payin' on him any more," the old man said, though in truth his scruples on that score were not so great as his pride, which forbade his asking the load of ninepence. "But I du want a turkey tormentedly, an' I feel it in my bones I could git one by tryin' ag'in. But it's a-gittin' kinder darkish for to shoot so fur."

The shadows were creeping from the gray woodlands far across the tawny fields, yet the shooting still continued in spite of the waning light. For the most part the living target would maintain its upright or cowering posture as the harmless bullet whistled past it, but now and then one would proclaim a palpable hit by a prodigious flutter or final outstretch of lifeless head and wings. Then a demand was made that the distance should be shortened by ten rods, to which Taft would not accede, and so the shooting ended. The landlord then announced that the remaining turkeys would be raffled off in the bar room in the evening.

Some of the successful shooters stayed to take part in this contest, and meanwhile hung their trophies in the back porch of the tavern, through which Uncle 'Liger passed to take his way homeward across the fields. As his eye fell upon them, it struck him that it would be very easy to take one, and then he found himself sorely tempted to do so. But he went resolutely past them all. Then with the memory of poor Lydia's face lighted with anticipation, appealing to him, he returned and went slowly along the line, carefully searching for the smallest turkey and promising to take no other. He found it and was lifting it from its nail when he heard approaching footsteps and voices and skulked quickly behind a corner.

"I got kinder oneasy about my turkey, for fear somebody'd hook it," said one. "Tain't no gr't of a fowl, but it's a turkey all the same, an' the young uns is 'lottin' on't 'cause I promised I'd fetch 'em one. Here it is, all right. Wal, I guess I'll take it an' clear out to make sure on't."

When the sound of their retreating footsteps grew faint and Elijah returned to the place, the selected turkey was gone. "Wal, there, 'Liger Wait, if you hain't come pooty nigh makin' a scamp o' yourself," he said, catching his breath in a gasping whisper, now hot with shame, now cold with fear of himself. "Git out o' this, you cussed ol' fool, afore you disgrace your name an' breed wus'n missin' ev'rythin' you ever shoot at."

He made haste to leave the scene of his temptation, but it was not far behind him when he began to make excuses for his weakness.

"It wan't for me 'at I wanted the dumbest turkey, nor yet for Cherry, though she'd be awful disappointed on Lyddy's 'caunt. It was jest for that poor ol' critter 'at never hes no good times ner nothin'. Haow sh'd I know 'baout Gibson's young uns? Lord, that would ha' be'n tew bad, an' them settin' as much on't as Lyddy, mebbey. What'll I du? Go that way an' tell her at the' won't be no Chris'mus for her? Good land! I can't and won't. I'll kill the ol' ruster. He's bigger'n a young turkey. He's tougher'n I be, but I'll set up an' bile him all night, an' she won't know the difference when he's stuffed an' roasted. Cherry'll hate to hev him killed, bein' one o' the family so long, but she can't help it when he's dead. I'll jest load up the ol' weepin' an' git him ag'in the moon on his roost in the ol' apple tree."

He dropped the peaked heel plate upon the toe of his boot, carefully measured a charge from his powder horn in the horn charger, as carefully poured it into the muzzle, whereon he nicely adjusted a patch and bullet and drove them smoothly home, then slid the rod into its brass pipes and the long groove of the full stock, and throwing the rifle in the hollow of his arm, pushed the cap upon the nipple, every motion grotesquely imitated by his elongated shadow on the moonlit turf.

He remarked the stillness of the chilly air. One cheek was no colder than the other. His jetting breath arose straight before him. The vapor rising from the lake stood upon it like thin columns supporting the canopy of cloud it was slowly forming. It was so quiet that he raised the lappet from his best ear and listened intently.

wondering if there was no sound adrift upon the night. He caught one, faint and clear, like a far-off bugle note or baying of a hound, yet neither; suspected, but not quite identified, until a moment later it came with a louder clamor.

"Geese, by gum! A-comin' this way. Oh, if they only would, an' fly low."

He stepped to the cover of a bushy thorn tree and crouched behind it, peering out sharply. Presently the V-shaped squadron became dimly defined, wedging its swift way across the blurred depths of sky, now ploughing under for a moment a twinkling star, now letting it flash forth again, and all the while growing into a more distinct and darker line against the blue. Now the forked shadow slid past along the ground, and now the flock was straight above him, each individual, outlined against the sky.

"They're higher'n Gilderoy's kite," he said, bringing the rifle to his shoulder and bending backward, "but I'll give 'em a partin' salute."

The moonlight glinted on the silver sight and he saw it through the notch of the rear sight well forward of one of the flankers as he pulled the trigger. The sharp report was answered by a blare of aerial trumpets as the slowly rising puff of white smoke veiled the fast receding flock of geese, and when it lifted all had vanished.

Aunt Charity sat by the fireside knitting and occasionally looking at the clock and wondering what could keep Elijah so long after it was too dark for shooting.

"He hain't got no turkey, I know he hain't, or he'd ha' be'n hum." Her lips moved to her thoughts, but with no sound. "I told him he wouldn't, at fust, I did. Wal, we'll hefto give up a-hevin' Lyddy, an' I didn't sense afore haow I was allotin' on it jest for her sake, poor critter. Ah, well," she sighed heavily, and the sound breaking in upon the monotonous treble of the tea kettle, the droning bass of the stove draft, the tick of the clock and click of her needles, she became aware how still it was—still in the house, yet stiller out of doors, from whence came no sound whatsoever. She listened for Elijah's step crunching the frozen ground.

Suddenly somewhere from the silence burst the clear, sharp crack of a rifle, not near enough to startle her by its suddenness, only setting her to wondering at its untimeliness. Then, while she listened in the succeeding silence, it was broken as suddenly by a tremendous crashing fall of some heavy but not solid body on the roof. Roof boards and shingles cracked beneath its weight, yet it gave back a softened thud of rebound and then with regular muffled strokes slid down the steep incline of crackling shingles till it fell with another thud upon the broad, wooden doorstep. At the same instant a strange wild fleeting clamor seemed to fill the air, swelling and dying in brief passage. These startling sounds gave Aunt Charity a great shock, but not great enough to long overcome her curiosity. Bearing a candle in one trembling hand, with the other she cautiously opened the door and saw some sort of a large fowl lying in a collapsed heap upon the step. She stooped for closer inspection, lifting with timid fingers the broad-billed head and feather-clad neck. As she did so, she caught a glimpse of Elijah standing a little distance down the path. His rifle was at a ready, for he was maneuvering to get the ancient rooster between himself and the moon, when Aunt Charity made her inopportune appearance.

"Why, 'Liger, why did ye want to heave it onto the ruff an' scare me half to death? 'Tain't no turkey. What on airth is it?"

He drew near, as much puzzled for a moment as she. "Wal, I swan," he broke forth, exultantly, as he realized his luck, "I did git one arter all. It's a wil' goose, Cherry, an' I bet there won't be another roasted in the hull tawn to-morrer. We'll feed Lyddy like the Queen o' Sheby."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Christmas Under the Palms.

WHEN Christmas comes in midsummer—and that is what happens in the Southern Hemisphere—one is apt to get it mixed up with the Fourth of July; and when such a state of confusion exists it should be plain to any comprehension that it is impossible to get into the Christmas card frame of mind at all. If it had not been for the suggestion of Talolo, I should never have thought of having a Christmas tree for the little people of Vaiala.

Talolo began it immediately after the Independence Day celebration, and it is just as well that he began sufficiently far ahead, for Samoa is so remote and the chances of communication come at such long intervals that when it is sought to do anything involving materials not kept in the traders' shops on Apia beach it is necessary to start months ahead in order that things may be sent for from San Francisco or Sydney.

The national holiday had yielded such rich pickings for Talolo that he felt justified in figuring out what next holiday was to be kept and which might be turned to his own advantage. He plied me with questions until I found it best in the end to give him a summary description of the way Christmas was kept in that distant America which sent people down to Vaiala to help the Samoans to a government which they did not want at all. In the description he found two general ideas—one which he could comprehend, one which was to him an utter mystery. That presents should be given was a thing that he could readily understand—that was a thing that the Samoans were doing all the time, and were under no restriction of waiting for one single day in the year on which to do it. But the snow was the great mystery. That was a thing he knew only from the Bible lessons which formed the great part of his schooling. I think that he knew by heart every verse that mentioned snow and ice. It is a little hard to imagine a boy who knows nothing of snow, and who will never see it; who will never get his hands red and chapped making snowballs; who will never feel the crisp, bracing air of winter as he marks the track of rabbit and fox and winter bird on the shining surface. So, when Talolo asked me to show him how Christmas was kept in what he called my island, it was probably with the expectation that in some way I could perform the miracle of bringing a snow storm under the blazing equator.

In this particular he was doomed to disappointment,

for the weather is a hard thing to control, and one of the few things in Samoa which the three consuls did not assume to settle after some fashion or other. But by speaking early Talolo secured my promise that the next Christmas should be celebrated after my own home fashion, for there would be time to order the necessities from San Francisco.

Talolo was an interesting youngster, and sufficiently ornamental in a picturesque way to earn the trifling gifts for which he had not the slightest hesitation in asking, when he was ready to move along to his own home. I have already made it clear what was my debt to him for knowledge of the woodland ways of Samoa, and if I had in the end to pay for the company with tins of meat or salmon, still Samoa after all is not the only land where fine growing boys have appetites in proportion. It was a comfortable arrangement all around. From Talolo I learned new kinds of island life every day. Talolo was only too happy to be where he could look at my "shoot gun," and perhaps be entitled to bring it to his cheek and take empty aim at the little green parrots in the tree tops, or to fetch me a cartridge when some Vaiala pigling had scraped through my Robinson Crusoe tree fence, and was to die the death for unlawful entry and trespass. As for Talolo's papa, that fat chief of the village was extremely well satisfied with the arrangement. In some mysterious way he had acquired just two words of English. As to one of them the less said the better; it is very forceful and is usually printed with a long dash. But strangest of all was the other word, "civilized," which Le Patu had gathered as being the difference between islanders and foreigners. In a general way he seemed to feel that I was going to civilize Talolo. He knew himself too old to be civilized, but the boy being as yet young might be amenable to civilizing influences, and as he grew up might acquire foreign habits to such an extent as to secure him a comfortable income, well-paid idleness being the highest Samoan aspiration. These were things that Le Patu used laboriously to explain to me, but Talolo would have winked had there been any significance to that action in his native custom. As it was he made the odd little gesture of the hands which amounts to the same thing all over the Pacific.

The Christmas tree, then, was to be a part of the civilization of Talolo. Incidentally, the other youngsters of Vaiala village were included, and my order was sent across half the Pacific Ocean for the needed supplies. The making of the list of things to be sent was heart-rending. It was easy enough to provide the useful things. There was no need of anything better than the traders could supply, and therefore this side of the question could be deferred. But it was only fair that each child should have something that was of no use at all—just a toy intended solely for amusement. That was by no means so easy a problem to tackle. In the first place, whatever the toy might be, it must be sufficiently common to avoid the chance of attracting envy and being taken away by virtue of the Samoa fashion of asking for whatever you may desire and getting it, too. Then there was the further difficulty that there did not seem to be any Samoan games or toys. Cricket was played on the green and casino indoors, but these were foreign introductions. There was a sort of shuffleboard for grown-up people, and very young children amused themselves by sailing toy boats made of a leaf with a feather for a sail. But there were no tops, no marbles, no kites, no dolls, and worst of all, not one of the children would have known what to do with any of the toys of civilized childhood, and no matter what might be decided on, it would be necessary to teach the recipients what to do with it afterward. For the girls the choice was fairly easy. I made up my mind that each one should have a dressed doll, and trust to the general allowance of human nature to teach these little women what to do with them. For the boys I made as general a selection as possible of toys least likely to be broken and such as would call for the least amount of instruction as to their use. Thus the order was prepared and sent for its fulfillment over many thousand miles of sea.

The settlement of the details of the Christmas celebration—a thing so simple and customary in lands where people are used to it, so difficult in these islands of the torrid zone—was left to Talolo and myself. Before we were finished with it the task had developed many of the elements of a problem.

"On Christmas Eve, Talolo," I instructed my pupil in the manners and customs of the people whom Samoans call Papalangi—"that is to say, on the night before Christmas—the children in some of our families before they go to sleep hang up their stockings over the fireplace, and in the night good old Santa Claus comes down and fills the stockings with all sorts of good things."

"Aue, aue, Tamaita'i," replied the boy, after giving consideration to the subject in its various aspects as known to himself from the Samoan point of view. "Aue, aue, great grief is on my face, for that now I am sure that there can be no Papalangi Christmas in Vaiala. Our fireplaces are no more than shallow pits in the floor of our houses, and not such tubes of iron as you have in the very dignified house where Tanoa cooks the food you eat. Nothing can be done at all for us poor people. We are scarcely better than the heathen we used to be before the lotu came from Tahiti and taught us to sing hymns and go to church."

"That can be arranged, Talolo," I replied, with intent to cheer him out of his despondency. "You can set sticks at each side of your firepots and string a cord of sennit from stick to stick, which will do quite as well."

E le mafai lava, Tamaita'i," continued the lad. "It is not to be done at all, for suppose we have put the sticks in place and strung the sennit across the firepot, what is there for us to hang on the cord? I have no stockings such as Papalangi children wear. No Samoan chief or tulafale or common man ever has any stockings, nor have our women, nor yet the little children. The only Samoan who ever wears stockings is our old king, Malietoa, and he wears them only on the three great government days of the Consuls, when he has to wear his uniform and shoes, and even then he hurries home as soon as he can and takes them off, because they hurt his feet. No, Tamaita'i, there can be no Christmas for us in Vaiala, because we have no stockings."

"Well, then, Talolo, we shall have to give up that way of keeping the feast, for Santa Claus would find nothing if he were to come to these islands."

"He would never come here. He must be an aitu of your island, and he would be afraid of the Samoan aitu. You don't know what fearful things walk about at night, but we Samoans know, and we are afraid of them, because we have seen so many hurt in the darkness until they die."

"Still you shall have your Papalangi Christmas after all, Talolo," I hastened to reassure my sorrowing little companion. "Only half of the people in my country hang up their stockings. There is another way just as good."

"I see how that is," replied the boy, with sudden joy giving him new comprehension. "There is one way for Papalangi, who turn their faces toward the Government; there is one way also for those who follow the rebel chiefs among you—it's just like Samoa fashion."

"Not quite, my lad; but you are right as to there being two ways to keep the feast. We shall have to try the other one. Our people go out into the bush and cut down a tree. This they set up in the house and on it hang the presents and the bright candles and the boxes of candy, and when the evening comes all the children assemble and the good things are picked off the tree for them."

"It's just like climbing the tree when you want a cocoanut to drink," was Talolo's ready comparison. "Our bush is full of trees, and our men will cut you one, and then we can climb for our Christmas, and we shall be just like the Papalangi."

It was by no means as easy as it seemed to Talolo. His bush was indeed full of trees, but they were giants, far too high to find room under any Samoan roof, and among them all was not one that could in the least simulate the tree familiar to our Northern Christmas. In the end we had to capitulate on a young cocoanut not more than 20 feet high. This was dug up bodily from the place where it was growing at the edge of the little River Fuesa, and was planted in a hole dug for it in the earthen floor of the guest house of the village. Nothing could be more unlike the Christmas tree of common use, but it was certainly the only native tree that could be used to hang the gifts upon.

The dissimilarity by no means ended with the tree. It was as strange an effort to reproduce a Christmas celebration as could well be imagined. The tree made a fine showing, with its colored candles and tinsel ornaments, but it seemed unusual to find all the gifts hanging from the sword-like leaflets 20 feet in air. Instead of the clear air and bracing cold which one associates with Christmas it was hotter than can be imagined in a New York July, and the rain was pouring down in torrents. Long before the hour set for the show, the children assembled in the pelting rain, each protecting his hair against the wet by caps made of green banana leaves, and their elders crowded into nearby houses. When the side screens were raised on the leeward side—for in the direction of the slant of the rain it was necessary to keep them down—there was a scene as bright as it was rare. The candles on the trees shed their light upon the pendent treasures, and the old women kept up a roaring blaze of dry cocoanut leaves in the firepots, which left no part of the house in darkness. As soon as the screens were raised the whole village, young and old, managed to squeeze into the house and packed it to its utmost limit, but there was perfect order, for Samoan children never skylark in the presence of their elders.

It would read like an inventory of the stock taking of a toy dealer if I were to attempt to tell what presents were given, and the names of the recipients would be a Vaiala census. Each of the adults received a piece of dress goods—no great thing for a people who go clad at all times in four yards of calico—a tin of meat or salmon and four hard biscuit. These useful articles were not hung upon the tree, but served out by my servants from boxes on the floor. The interest centered in the children.

Talolo was delighted to act as master of the ceremonies. He it was who looked after the niceties of Samoan etiquette, which reach down even into child life, and saw to it that each young person was called up strictly in the order of parental rank, so that there might be no heart-burnings. Each child as called came to the tree, inserted its ankles in the climbing cord and climbed to the crown of leaves and plucked the bundle bearing the name that had been summoned. The tots that were too young to climb enjoyed the services of some one of Talolo's corps of assistants who were ready enough to climb and pluck this unwonted fruit. Young and old were made happy with their gifts, and as rigid Samoan custom prescribes that presents should be made in return to the giver of the feast, there was a huge pile of mats and baskets and chickens and taro for myself that it took Tanoa the better part of an hour to announce when the show was over, and which served my domestic larder for weeks.

There was only one of the gifts that led to consequences—a speaking doll that I had set aside for my favorite small child, little Apikali, in some sort a sister to Talolo, at least a daughter of Le Patu. While the celebration was in itself a Christian one, and the people are now all Christian, the unusual power of the doll that could say "papa" caused, I fear, a reversion to ancestral paganism. When Apikali had been instructed where to squeeze the puppet to bring forth the sound, and had made her first essay at it, she dropped the doll in the vocal instant. Such a surprise was too great for the child—it was, indeed, too great for the elders, and they went into the most animated council over the strange phenomenon. There was a general disinclination to trifle with such occult powers, and it was only after long debate that Apikali's grandfather, old Lautu, took the doll and squeezed it. It was just about the limit of his courage that he too did not drop the strange creature. Timidly he ventured to squeeze it again and elicit the sound "papa." I overheard him say something about the aitu in the doll, the strange spiritual essence with which Samoans people the dark and all lonely places. Then something else was said which I did not hear, and the men brought each a pebble to the doll and made a heap on which the puppet was set in state.

Afterward Tanoa was gradually induced to tell me the

real inwardness of the incident. In Samoan the word "papa" has two meanings—one being a stone, the other the honorific titles of a chief. Lautu was not quite certain which of these two was being asked for by the strange present, rather by the *aitu* which he believed resident within it. To be on the safe side he adopted both. The dolly was dubbed "Lana Afionga le Tupa"—His Highness the Graven Image—and when the word "papa" was squeezed out of its machinery it was to be the duty of all within hearing to offer a stone. Unfortunately little Apikali lost her doll, for it was agreed that children were not safe custodians of an *aitu* of such power—one that could make a graven image speak. Lautu, as the oldest of the chiefs, took the toy into his possession. If he ever made it speak again I was not there to see. But undoubtedly he did; at particularly solemn moments, for gradually there grew upon that corner of the green where the graves of chiefs were, a heap of stones for which I never could get a satisfactory explanation. No matter how intimately acquainted with Samoan customs the Caucasian may fancy he becomes, there is always something withheld. Therefore I feel sure that in the dead of some of the island nights old Lautu and the chiefs solemnly bore to the tombs of their ancestors His Highness the Graven Image, and fearfully squeezed the machinery which said "papa," and then laid stones upon the growing heap. It must have been a picturesque ceremonial; certainly one that I would have given much to see.

And Apikali? Well, I made her Christmas merry with another doll, that had no such dangerous attainments. Really Lautu was right, the gods should never be made the playthings of wee brown girls.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

A Voice from a Farm.

It is "nigh onto" seven moons since I wrote to the indoor equivalent of outdoor sport. The growing cold drives the growing old to cover and an interest in FOREST AND STREAM was stretched a little and not broken by an interest in a little farm up in the northern Jersey Highlands. Now that I am back in winter quarters again and have a fond remembrance for the bright, sunshiny spot and cannot go to it, I seek consolation in FOREST AND STREAM. Because a clerical friend took an interest in me, I took an interest in the farm, and to all outward appearances we now own it. He has one-half and I have the other, and what we do not jointly know about farming is known to every successful farmer in the land. Many times during the summer we might have been seen leaning on the mossy rail fence while discussing crops and Christianity. We were a tie on the first topic, but he gave me points on the second, and by some remarks that he made I conclude that he has given the matter much thought. His half of the farm bore the farm buildings, so I had to build or go into open camp. Some one suggested that he live in one end of the farmhouse and I live in the other, but we concluded that neither would live long under such conditions, so I builded not upon the sand, but upon a rock, or rather on many rocks.

It is fun to plan your own house and see it growing day by day, knowing that it is the creation of a massive brain, providing, however, you do not forget the stairs or doors to pass in and out of. Happily no serious error occurred and it is standing to-day fully insured in a grove of cedars, chestnuts, maples, locusts, hickories, ironwoods, tulip trees and pines. After the house came the stable, then an ice house, and apparently nothing went wrong. It is related of an ex-superintendent of the American Watch Company that, becoming weary of well doing in small things, he sought relaxation in building a canoe in his house one winter, and in the spring he could not get it out. I never learned whether he tore down the house or tore up the canoe. He was a wonderful mechanic, and his experience only demonstrates the theory that one's extreme brilliancy in one direction is at the expense of good judgment in another, and I congratulate myself that I do not know much of anything, but a little of a good many things.

In May and June the birds came. They came as fast as the budding leaves on the trees. They gathered around us in ecumenical congress. The bluebird, the peewee, the red-hooded woodpecker, the thrush, the lark, the Baltimore oriole and the robin in turn spoke to the gathering. Hidden in the hazel bushes the dissenting catbird sent out its raucous voice. They all sang in praise of the Creator, and through their voices He is

"Sounding forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
Oh, be swift, my heart, to answer Him; be jubilant my feet!"

And o'er the forest and the meadows and the tilled land the crows held angry discussions in regard to the corn laws, and in the evenings and the nights the whip-poor-will wailed continuously, "Whip-poor-will." Who is this recreant Willie? What offense has he committed that the plaintive night call should year after year demand chastisement? Is he the "Weary Willie" of to-day, hobo or tramp, whose "measured step and slow" has led him to disturb the rights of night birds? Is the poor Will of to-day the Philistine of the past, whose unpunished delinquencies still excite the winged sentinels of darkness to demand reparation? The cry has come down in the night time of ages gone, and will continue to come so long as the "music of the spheres" is hushed by the closer carillon of lesser creations.

This farm was owned for two score years by the township doctor, and the good man, like the rulers in mediæval times, caused a high and broad wall to be built around this city of trees. In doing so he systematically arranged the stones and made more delightful a delightful spot and guarded the slope from rushing waters. Back of the grove and wall lies a "forest primeval" and a mountain chasm that for wildness and immensity is seldom equaled. Through the chasm flows a river in spring and a brook in summer. It drains thousands of acres; and does it suddenly in the springtime and gently in summer. It lives the "strenuous life" at one time and again is as calm as the rocks over which it glides, or as a daisied meadow in June. Quietly it writhes down through the meadow, giving up nourishment to the willow trees under which the cows stand in the heat of summer days. It

cools the cloven feet of the cattle, goes on merrily to meet its confluent and wrestle with it in friendly mix up, and together they pass on to the mill pond to be held in check till the miller wants to see the wheels go around. Into Greenwood Lake it rushes at last, and its career as a brook is over, unless, perchance, it is picked up in part by the clouds and is carried back to come down again. Greenwood Lake has been low the past season, until much of its bottom has been exposed. Water companies have done it under the pretense of fixing the dam, and as the wrathful farmers put it, they have not done a d— thing to it.

I have wandered off two miles from the farm, and must go back to the ravine.

The sides of the ravine tower above the brook, and the cliffs rising story above story, as seen through the bunches of rhododendrons and distorted saplings lead one to think of the cliff dwellers, and if he be timed at the dusk that prevails there while the sun shines outside, he can crouch in shelter lest some imaginary barbarian hurl rocks at him from above.

One July afternoon I rummaged among the rocks in the gorge, and overturned stones on stream banks disclosed tadpoles, turtles, frogs, helgramites, lizards and darting minnows. The dry places on the shore gave home to insect life no less interesting. I became careless in my studies and forgot that everything that looks like a root is not a root. When the rush of water comes and the brook is bank full, all covering and loose substance goes down stream as detritus, leaving the snarl of roots looking like knots of huge worms. One, however, was neither root nor worm, but a huge copperhead. I back paddled rather lively for a heavyweight, but a gunner's instinct came to me, and I blew off his head with a gun shot. The wind went out of his tires with a pop, and he took a header into the snakes' hereafter. I threw the remains onto the ledge where the crows could get them, and inasmuch as all carrion eventually is buried beneath the earth's green crust and thereby serves to enrich it and make it still greener, I hoped that through the crows the refuse would find its place and partially recompense the farmer for what the crows had stolen from him.

The gun shot seemed to have done more than to kill the snake. It seemed to demonstrate the theory of the rain makers. The air became sultry, and through the openings of the tree tops black copper-edged clouds could be seen, and the tree tops moved uneasily. The birds hurried to shelter, and like frightened mortals congregated in bunches, and like them jabbered in fright, each in its own tongue, and amid the babel the wind came in blocks of ten. Dry and green leaves were driven past, some to be jammed in rock fissures, some to be impaled upon twigs, others to go on and bring up where the storm might leave them. Huge drops of rain came down, and when not intercepted by the foliage struck the stones of the brook like a whip snap, and,

"From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder."

Oh, Dame Nature, I love you! "I'd leave my happy home for you," but in that half-hour I saw enough of you to last a week, and it convinced me that you were no gentleman. You came with skirts disarranged, your hat was not on straight, your shirt waist was ripped up the back and you exposed your bosom to ribald gaze. It was disorderly conduct, and as bad as "the Tenderloin" is, you would have been "run in" had you done it there. Withal you felt badly and cried aloud, and the tears flowed from your eyes until the highways and streamways were choked up. Such actions in the city would be equivalent to petarding the manhole covers on to the roofs of the skyscrapers, letting a load of iron girders on to the Belgian blocks, turning on all gas and arc lights, burning the docks and shipping, creating a race riot on the East Side and blowing up a drug house. But in the country you were on your own domain, and undoubtedly had rights. The city is man's and the country is yours. You frightened others besides myself, and anon through the log road came a child of Abraham. On his back he bore a pack, and in his hand he carried the stalk and uncovered ribs of an umbrella. The gingham had gone by the board, and his silk hat went skyward like a balloon at a country fair. His swart face framed in wet curly ringlets betokened fear. His pack of merchandise was askew, and the flapping oilcloth left his wares open to the drip from the trees. The wet undergrowth wiped the mountainway dust from off his feet as he hurried on, while the fire clash was about him. Yet what should he fear—why should he fear this flame-girt Sinai? It should be to him a sign that the chosen people of God are yet in the hollow of His hand in wandering and exile as amid the tents of Gilgal and the tabernacles of Jerusalem, and that over him still whosoever he goeth are the sun of Gibeon and the moon of Ajalon, and the stars of Esdrælon and Sinai. Peace go with him and prosperous trade, a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.

Dame Nature, as though ashamed of her escapade, rearranged her toilet, came out at 6 P. M. in evening dress and gave a pink tea. She had washed clean the roadways and the earth and foliage, made the soft grass still more soft and the springy carpet of pine needles still more elastic. She allowed the sun to go down in the west as usual—allowed the reddish-yellow beams to come in through the trees until, striking the glazed sash of the stable, one would think that the hay was burning therein. The crown of the mountain out beyond the farm was bright in sunshine. The center slope sent up vapor in white bunches as though the cloud factories were running overtime. The base and the valley adjacent took on the coming dusk. The meditative cows and frisky offspring came barnward, and the pigeons circling around the barnyard called for their evening feed of grain. Then came two hours of neither day nor night, until at last the sunlight caromed from the moon's surface and silvered the meadows and lit up some dark spots only to leave others more murky.

With pipe alight and feet high on column, I sat on the porch listening to the katydid, the cricket and the frog. Anon the voice of my daughter—far dearer and sweeter to me than that of the birds—filled the living room with melody of sweet song, and overflowing through screened door and windows, hushed the voices of lower life into silence.

"To hear thee sing so joyously and sweetly,
Were boon enough, for just thy charming sake.
If thou art not alone and all-completely
Enshrined in raptures that thy song doth wake,
It is that memories lost, all wild and tender,
Rush back, and, listening to thy voice, surrender."

The long, sweet song ended well into the night. The giver favored me with the usual good night kiss, caressed the pet spaniel that was nestled beside me, and left us. Next to the love of one of your own kind comes the love of a dog. The little fellow beside me cannot be driven away at any time, and is with me where I wander around the place night or day. To paraphrase a little,

"I may scold, I may strike him, abuse as I will,
But with love and devotion he clings to me still."

Some wise old Solon—maybe Seneca—said: "The longer I live and the more I know of men the more I love a dog." The dog leads the horse a little in intelligence and faithfulness. The horse is more apt to do some erratic thing to upset you, physically and mentally. I have been thrown from a horse toward every point of the compass, thrown up and thrown down, and yet have a few honors in the way of medals for staying on. I have a young Western horse in the stable and often look at him and wonder whether I would break his back or he would break mine should I mount him. He is a slick one, yet rather young to be sedate. I am night watchman on the farm without pay, and each night anywhere from nine to the small hours I go out to see that he is all right before retiring. He whinnys at my approach, knowing well that he is to receive some delicacy—maybe an apple, lump of sugar or piece of salted bread. His head is over the box stall gate, and we feel for each other in the darkness and part as good friends.

In the summer night when the arched dome above is clear of cloud and the stars shine out apparently within hand reach, it is easy to imagine that the arch is but-tressed on the mountains about us and only covers our little home farm, or at least the town that taxes us, and you imagine yourself a ruler with divine rights. How deceptive the appearance! What does this globe amount to, anyway? It is as nothing to Jupiter and Saturn, and they as nothing to the Sun. The Sun is but a speck in the solar system. The Dog Star Sirius is a thousand times greater than the Sun, and a million times as far away. Light travels 180,000 miles a second, yet it takes years for the light of these other worlds to reach us. Some of the fixed stars move 22,000 miles per minute, yet to us they are in the same old place year after year. The solar system itself travels in space among other and greater worlds and other systems, and we know nothing of the limits of the universe. What is one man compared to all of this? What part of it is he? At most he is a queer thing stuck on straddling pegs, and topheavy with vanity he topples over at slight cause, and like a defeated politician is surprised at the result. He has the bad qualities of inferior animals plus an ability to use tools and to talk, and his talk gets him into trouble. Taken altogether, we are a queer lot. We do queer things and mean things, and, as Rip Van Winkle says, "How soon we are forgotten when once we've passed away."

One day in September I received a message from a neighbor, saying: "The Twenty-second New Jersey Regiment will hold its reunion at my place on the 22d. I wish you to come." The veterans came over the hill from the station—came with throb of drum, peal of fife and blare of bands, and at the command of "Fours, left—Halt!" stood companies front at attention. Maybe the line was not perfect—eyes dimmed by age would debar it. Perhaps the step was not as springy as that of cadets—it would be unkind to expect it of them. Grayed heads turned my thoughts to our Major Mather, now barracked in the final Soldiers' Home, and I remembered how he told us that sitting in his den and looking at the relics of the chase and the line officer's sword on the wall, the past came back to him. He said, "Sometimes an old man rests his eyes upon the relics until the present is forgotten. The rushing bison with their thundering tramp and snorting grunt go by in countless herds, which somehow change into battalions of armed men with glistening bayonets and ragged columns, which afterward fade into the brown of the forest and the stillness broken by the fall of snowshoes." Peace be with you, Major, and your comrades near you.

To those living we would say: All honor to you. You did not mistake a desire to bruise and tear for patriotism; you believed that your country was right, and you did what you thought was right, and time approves of all. Many of your comrades are sleeping in soldiers' unmarked graves beneath the Southern skies; and though their outstretched hands have crumbled into dust, the warm clasps that they extended in life are still remembered by yourselves and those still more dear to them. Since your last reunion some have been called to the front, and in the years to come others will be so called, and so on until the last roll call will receive no answering "Here." But in memory you will still be with us, and the generations yet unborn will on Memorial Day plant the flag of our country on the greensward above you and strew your graves with May blossoms in fond remembrance of your gallantry, and you will sleep away, sleep on quietly until the last day, when the clarion notes of the Angel Gabriel's reveille breaks out on the morning air. Then will you form anew, and the reunited battalions marching down the golden streets of the Celestial Kingdom to the music of angel bands will pass in review before the Great Commander, of whom it is said, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters," and He will proudly and justly say to each of you, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you."

The country around Greenwood Lake is as remarkable for the variety of game as the water of the lake is noted for its fish. Probably there are few localities better suited to fair sport with rod and gun. During the summer the call of the quail can be heard each day. The grouse drum undisturbed in the forest around the house, and in May and June young rabbits are in the roadways indifferent to

the approach of man or horse. Gray and red squirrels abound. The reds have the usual impudence of their kind, and their numbers lend them courage. They are given to stealing, heroic surgery and gibing at incoming and outgoing guests. At times blue herons come from the lake to the mill pond. I have watched a pair of them at break of day, noted their clumsy rise and observed that like some people they do not know what to do with their feet. We are told that there are a few wildcats left, and tales are told of a drove of wild pigs around Sterling Lake. A few years ago Harry Sloane took a 10 pound 9 ounce Oswego bass from Greenwood Lake with a 6-ounce rod, and he tells me that it cost a goodly sum of money and a part of his reputation for veracity. George Hazen and Elias Sindel say it is so, and I believe what George Hazen tells me. Sindel informs people that I went woodcock shooting with him and missed every bird.

I might go on talking to you about my place and tell you of its many delights; tell you about the immense pines, of the ever-flowing spring and the watercress-bordered rivulet that leads from it to the meadow ditch; tell you about the blue fringed gentians and the frost flowers, and how the poison ivy is the first to blush crimson at the coming of the frost; how each mountain appears later as one immense bouquet; tell you how the cedars which through the summer seem to be dying take on the green when other trees have turned a rusty brown. I might tell you of all these things and only leave an impression with you that I am troubled with the vanity referred to before, because some of these things are mine. It might be vanity, but I love the country, and, like the old maid who once had a lover, "I like to talk about it."

There is something more connected with the place that I must speak of. It is the cook. She is a typical daughter of the green isle, and she is as emotional as any of her emotional race. She has threatened to "l'ave" us a score of times and has never done it. She sobs while thinking of the aged parents across the water; she cried when I sold a pet cow, and again was slyly hilarious when the horse broke away from me and when the dog tripped me at the house corner. She is witty at times, and at times she knows it. Again she is droll and doesn't know it. To demonstrate the first statement, let me tell you that I employed a one-eyed painter named Cyclops, for instance. He was overfond of that which made Milwaukee famous, and when he went home on the Fourth of July, after weeks of deprivation, he took on too big a deck load, lost his propellers and did not get into port for several days. The cook took him to task for his neglect, and he said, "The water in the city upset me after drinking pure spring water so long, and I had awful cramps and have been awful sick," and the cook said to him, "Mr. Cyclops, when ye go home again ye'd better take a bottle of spring water along wid ye."

To prove the second statement, I will tell you that I was trying to fill the lantern in the kitchen one day, and I presume that I was somewhat awkward in doing it. The clean Georgia pine floor was her pride, and she fidgeted and said, "Misther Hastings, if ye spill that ile God help ye on the flure." That made me spill it on the "flure" and I fled before her righteous wrath. Ah! but she can broil a bird and baste a fish, and I would be sorry to have her "l'ave" us.

I must say good-by, old farm, till the bluebirds come again; say it because this effusion is "idly running on with vain prolixity," also because three Frenchmen are pressing me to go quail shooting in North Carolina, and Shelley says, "Where two or three are together, the devil is among them."

W. W. HASTINGS.

The Bison's Paradise.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

WHEN the last of the buffaloes crossed the Red River of the North going westward in 1857, they incontinently turned their backs upon the most delectable pasturage in the land. Then the grass waved breast high in the coulees. Vast beds of vetches enriched the undulating prairies. Pellucid streams, averaging five miles apart, and nearly parallel, crossed the open expanse and emptied into the Red. Wide belts of oak, ash, elm, poplar, basswood, aspen, cottonwood and box elder, interspersed with thickets of willow, hazel, dogwood and wild plum, and festooned with grapevines, wild hop and cucumber vines fringed their banks, affording grateful shade to the bovine herds in summer, and shelter from the boreal winds in winter. Catch basins and sloughs which were seldom empty of sweet water were distributed everywhere. No alkali embittered the generous pools; no stated pilgrimages to distant watering places were required; no beaten trails to doubtful Meccas scarified a cropped and dusty plain, as in the southwestern ranges along the Arkansas and Platte; no buffalo gnats imposed incessant torture; no scathing fires ran through the grass to destroy the herbage.

Over all this delectable section of northwestern Minnesota scarcely a stone is to be seen except in the channels of the tortuous creeks, all tributary to the Red. The prairie is for the most part as level as a floor, vivid with green in the spring, resplendent with flowers in mid-summer, and golden in autumn wherever there is timber on the streams. At least these were its primal aspects before tillage had interrupted the natural processes of the seasons. Looking westward from the river the prairie seemed illimitable. Not one object broke the straight line of its intangible horizon. Eastward the landscape was diversified and park-like. Belts of heavy timber defined the courses of the crooked affluents which meandered through the parti-colored levels, now throwing up a heavy nimbus of foliage against the nearer sky, and anon penciling the distant horizon with delicate tracings of blue. Here and there in the grassy intervals the raised turf would show the grave-like mounds of badgers and the sinuous ridges of giant moles, while countless dubs of up-turned earth betokened the busy work of gophers. In April the wild flowers begin to show themselves in delicate tints of purple, white and pink, modestly hiding at first amidst the grass, but by the first of May carpeting the sward with patches of embroidery as far as the eye can reach. Later on the colors are heightened, and eglantine, the wild rose predominates. Daisies, larkspurs, verbenas, harebells, lupines, violets and blue gentians bloom in lavish profusion, and by midsummer the whole

prairie is aglow with flame-like flowers, scarlet, gold and crimson, extending for miles. The blazing cardinal flower, branching rattlesnake weed and the towering mullein stalk with its tiny yellow bosses, stand like sentinels over the beds of sweet pea and rank grass which wave breast high beneath the sweep of the soft south wind. Goldenrod and marigold, purple asters, black-eyed Susans, ironweed and orange asclepias, around which fascinated butterflies gather so continuously that their yellow wings seem to be a part of the plant—these emphasize the radiance of the landscape. Strangers always notice this abundance and variety of flowers. Within an area of no more than ten rods square I have collected three dozen kinds in twenty minutes, some of them gorgeous, all pretty, and a few fragrant, but none possessing the sweet odors of our Eastern blossoms, though they make up in a positive brilliancy what they lack in perfume.

In May, too, the meads are alive with willets, snipe and plover, and the sloughs swarm with coots and bobolinks. In June the keen-eyed hawks begin to scrutinize the grass for nesting grouse and mallards, and the bitterns swoop down upon the unsuspecting garter snakes. Summer ducks take to the woods along the streams, and restless catbirds and thrushes animate the thickets. In July occasional woodcock delight the sportsman as he reconnoiters the low ground by the river side, and when the twilight falls the owls and the whippoorwills take up their ghostly calls, while the wandering night hawk pursues his plaintive quest. August brings the bluejays and blackbirds in gathering hosts anent the ripening grain, and the first year that Kittson county was settled troops of gray squirrels would venture into the woodsheds, and black bears had the temerity to investigate the village school. Once, in 1881, a big bull moose trotted through the town of Hallock in broad daylight, hard by the railroad depot. Prairie chickens were abundant and so tame that I drove a fledgling brood from the edge of town into the main street. Underbrush was alive with rabbits and timber grouse, and the rivers teemed with giant catfish, pickerel, sheephead, sand pike, goldeneyes and great snapping turtles 40 pounds in weight. Bands of elk came within eleven miles of town.

It is very different now. The old fur traders who followed the Red River trail on their annual pilgrimage to St. Paul and a market would not recognize it. Railroads and immigration have wiped out the old features and the old landmarks, and the hum and clatter of the seeder, the reaper and threshing machines are heard from one end of the valley to the other. There is a continuous panorama of farmhouses, planted groves of thrifty trees, hay ricks, steam piles and stacks of grain. Every town along the lines of railroad has its grist and feed mill, elevator, lumber yard, cheese factory, creamery or stock yard, with a full assortment of hotels, schools, churches, public halls, libraries, fire engines, electric plants, brass bands, agricultural and literary societies, newspapers and miscellaneous stores, while any one driving across the country will find a greater proportion of well-to-do farmers and well-built, comfortable, painted houses, capacious barns, graded stock, poultry yards and market gardens than in many older States east of the Mississippi River. From a few score souls in 1879 the frontier counties of Roseau and Kittson have increased to fifteen thousand in 1900.

Yet, apart from the railroad lines there is still an ample field for persevering sportsmen. With permits to hunt over the bonanza farms one can make as big bags of chickens now as ever. The planted grain seems to attract and establish the grouse so that they become almost domesticated. In cold weather, when the ground is covered with snow, they gather on the weathershed wheat stacks like barnyard fowls. In September there is prime teal and mallard shooting along the Roseau River and among the wooded sloughs. Some streams, like the Tamarack and Wild Rice rivers, spread out and lose themselves in almost impenetrable swamps which are grown up with cattails, slough grass and reeds 10 feet high. These swamps are surrounded with a cincture of hazel bush mixed with wild rose and willow, which harbor a few deer and afford the snugest kind of refuge for ducks, bitterns, cranes, geese, coots and rails.

But for big game the Roseau region is the location par excellence. Indeed, all that forested area which lies on the eastern slope of what was the bed of the glacial Lake Agassiz, between the Red River of the North and the Lake of the Woods, including not only the Great Roseau Swamp, as it used to be marked on the atlases, but the Thief River country, the Red Lake reservation and the Rainy River country, abounds in game and fur, and was the trapping ground of a big trading post fifty years ago. This eastern borderland where forest touches the prairie and grazing supplements the browse, has preserved in a remarkable manner the flora and fauna peculiar to both environments. No such physiological conditions have been observed anywhere else. One can find a greater variety of feathered and pelted fauna here in September, and October than in any other part of the United States. Nearly all of the known varieties of the cervidæ indigenous to the continent abide here and fraternize in an exceptional manner. Elk were abundant here up to 1887, and to this day of 1900 there is no better moose country in America. Red deer are quite numerous, and specimens of black-tail deer, caribou and brush deer are not infrequent. Wolves are so numerous as to be a nuisance to settlers, and merchantable fur is so plenty that a considerable band of Indians continue to occupy their old stamping grounds with a persistency which only isolation and a modicum of success could command.

The Roseau region is accessible by tri-weekly stage from Stevens and Hallock on the Great Northern R. R. The Thief River country lies due south. Both the Thief and Roseau head in lake-like lagoons, whose area is reduced two-thirds in dry weather. Their adjacent borders are flat and densely covered with slough grass, tall reeds and wild rice, while from a half-mile to five miles distant a girdle of forest incloses them completely. Game is even more abundant here than in the Roseau, because it is much less accessible. Thief Lake is easiest reached from St. Hilaire, the terminus of a spur of the Great Northern R. R. which runs from Crookston, whence it is fifteen miles by wagon and a two days' voyage in a canoe via Mud Lake and Thief River. Mr. T. B. Walker, of Minneapolis, has a lumber camp in this district. Mud Lake is about ten miles long by five wide, very shallow,

and contains many islands. All of the locations mentioned are nesting grounds for wild geese, herons, cranes and sundry varieties of ducks. Red Lake Indian reservation lies southeast of the Thief River country, and is reached by a wagon trail from Crookston to the agency buildings, a distance of 117 miles, in detail as follows: Crookston to Red Lake Falls, 24 miles; the Falls to Kelly's, 35 miles; Kelly's to Clearwater Lake, 40 miles; Clearwater to Red Lake, 18 miles. The T. B. Walker Company has a lumber camp at Clearwater. The timber product of all this region is chiefly sawed at two immense steam mills at Crookston and Grand Falls. Red Lake is a twin body of water with a connecting stream, and there is a progressive Indian village just at their point of juncture, with many fine farms adjacent, where one will be surprised to learn what domesticated red men are capable of. There are few more estimable Indians than these in the United States. They number about 1,200. Many of them work in the logging camps in winter. One of these days a railroad will run in close proximity to the village on a route which was surveyed years ago between Duluth and Winnipeg.

Concisely stated, this whole extensive area, which covers a territory 100 miles square, is an alternation of forest and open spaces, interspersed with willow and alder thickets, poplar groves and sand ridges, along whose slopes grow tamaracks, jack pines and spruce. These ridges are the ancient beaches of Lake Agassiz, whose glacial outlet was the Red River of the North, and have been traced around its entire marginal circumference by Government surveyors. They vary from ten to thirty rods in width, and from ten to twenty feet in height on the lake front, sloping gradually landward, and are as level as a roadbed. Some of them extend for thirty miles without a break. (The lake was originally 600 miles long.) The most remarkable beach is a section in the Roseau country some forty miles east of the Red River, which is flanked on either side by an extensive "muskeg" or quaking marsh. It was used as a cart trail by the fur traders for half a century. At one time it served as a line of defense for the Chippewas in their war with the Sioux, and was rudely fortified. Recent railway surveyors have always reckoned it as just so much completed road bed in the event that construction shall be decided upon.

Wherever the barrens, meadows and open glades are dry enough not to be miry, grass and vetches grow waist deep and afford rare grazing for cattle, of which there are many herds; but there are areas of great extent resembling the bogs of Ireland, which can never be reclaimed for agricultural purposes, notably the Big Muskeg, which is four miles wide. Into such quagmires a pole can be thrust 20 feet deep without striking hardpan. They are filled with vegetable ooze, which becomes peat when dried. In the timber there is a wealth of hazel nuts and acorns where deer and bears luxuriate in autumn, varying their wholesome diet with a relish of wild plums and high bush cranberries or service berries, and a range through the nutritious pastures of the adjacent "opens." Wherever there are reedy patches and slough grass the geese breed, and in tracts which fire has run over the moss and turf have been burned to the very roots. Heavy rains falling afterward upon these scalds have made a paste of the ash beds, in which the slightest footprints become legibly stamped, like the famous tracks in the lias of the Connecticut River Valley. Such places, where water remains standing, are resorted to by snipe and many varieties of sandpipers and phalaropes. No region was ever so admirably adapted to the varied wants of caribou, elk and moose, and no region, excepting perhaps the Everglades of Florida, was ever more secure from human intrusion, for large areas are utterly impassable to the hunter until the frost has made them solid, while the spreading hoofs and splay feet of the caribou and moose can traverse them like snowshoes.

Moose are in their prime in September and October, though the State law does not permit hunting except in November, and that for five days only, from the 5th to the 10th. When moose are rutting the meat is rank. The same is true of all cervidæ. State laws as to close time might be amended on this point with advantage. Moose are no mean adversaries when on their mettle. They are wary and vicious when at bay, and hard to stalk among the muskegs and islands of timber. They feed a good deal at night, and show themselves at the margins of thickets near ponds and streams early in the mornings, and they will keep within the vicinity of water holes and running water until the forming ice becomes too strong for them to break. With the close of the rutting season, or just about the time when the law permits shooting, they lose their vigor and energy, and deteriorate in flesh, weight and general appearance. About Nov. 1 they begin to look about for winter quarters, which are usually selected with reference to the abundance of browse, such as swamp maple, poplar, basswood, red willow and various species of firs. There is no birch in the northwest corner of Minnesota. Then they no longer range defiantly through the forests as in the early fall, browsing and scattering branches right and left in their rampage, but become moody and stupid, hardly recovering from the rutting campaign until the following spring. In this plight they become an easy prey to the hunter, and it is at such a time, unfortunately, that they are most sought for and killed. Until the very wise five years' inhibition which was made by law, the destruction was most wanton, one James Fullerton and others whom he guided having brought out from the Two Rivers country, twenty-eight miles east of Hallock, no less than seventy-six head of elk, in addition to an equal number of moose.

In the depth of winter a comparative novice with good dogs and snowshoes can readily win the reputation of being a famous nimrod. Yet a man must be hardy and tough to hunt in that high latitude with the thermometer freezing in the bulb as it often does. Experienced residents who know how to clothe themselves suitably, will keep comfortable both in camp and on the trail when others not *au fait* will suffer. If a person dress too heavily he is apt to perspire on the chase and freeze at the halt. Warm body flannels, a cardigan jacket with a lined dog-skin coat over that, a fur cap or tuque to cover the ears, plenty of felt or duffel for the feet and a fleece-lined sleeping bag at night make up a proper hunting outfit. Some make a weather mask for the face from the top of an old felt hat, cutting holes for the eyes and fastening it

with an elastic band to pass around the head. Alaska natives do this. Green glass and wire goggles are indispensable, not only to keep out frost but to prevent snow blindness. In bright, sunny weather it is a good plan to blacken the nose and cheeks with damp gunpowder so as to modify the reflected glare from the snow. No one need suffer from the cold, whatever the temperature, unless a keen wind blows, in which event the nearest shelter is the only refuge. A stiff blizzard will chill the life out of a man in a few minutes with a sub-zero temperature.

I remember once, twenty years ago, going out to the Indian village which still stands occupied just below the outlet of the Roseau Lake, when in company with a revenue official I was the guest of the evening. There was a mixed company, and the music and dancing was prolonged into the small hours. The costumes were characteristic, and some of them elaborate, but old-time performers tripped the nude fantastic in aboriginal form. Two of the bucks in *puris naturalibus* appeared in a full suit of green paint. In the intervals of respite for breaths the pipe was passed and every one smoked. Finally, toward the close of the festivities, when appetites were fierce and every one exhausted, the two harlequins aforesaid waltzed out through the ring of spectators which had formed around a blazing fire on the earth floor of the log council house and snatched a white dog from a group of unsuspecting curs which had been interested spectators of the racket. There was an apprehensive yelp, a clip on the head with a hatchet and in less than five minutes the brute was singed and pitched into a pot and—well, the feast which followed was a delight to connoisseurs in dog meat.

All these matters are pleasant to remember and discuss, but they are likely soon to become like the afterglow of a sun which will no more set. Immigration will continue to pour in until all wild game will become obsolete. Less than forty years ago, when Indian smoke signals rose in significant columns from the plane of the horizon, the wary pioneers looked alert. In their place to-day rises the reeking smoke of the busy steam thrasher, and perchance the self-same redskins who were on the lay for immigrant wagons are tending the machines.

That Christmas Turkey.

THE story of how we got our Christmas turkey in the winter of 1893-1894 will read something like a fairy tale, but I'll have to take the chances and let 'er go.

The best of it is I had five witnesses to the truth of the story. The first was A. V. Diveley, of Altoona, Pa., an ex-district attorney of Blair county; a lawyer of considerable acumen, and a lover of good pointers and setters; is not unknown at field trials, and may be also credited with a whole lot of other things no man need be ashamed of.

The next was F. G. Patterson, at that time president of the railroad then known as the Altoona, Clearfield & Northern R. R., a small, narrow gauge road that ran up the mountains to Wopsononock Heights, near Altoona, and that was blessed with a name almost as long as the road itself.

The third member of our party was Joe Durrance, a native of that part of the country, and a man who knew every inch of it. He was fond of any kind of hunting, and he and his little bay mare were right in it whenever my brother's hounds were after a fox.

The fourth was my brother Fred, then a resident of Fort Meade, Fla., and our host and guide on the occasion when we corralled our Christmas turkey.

Fifth and last was John Craig, a colored man, who went along with us on our camp hunt as cook, driver and general all-round man. John was the right man in the right place, and it was to him that much of the success and pleasure of our camping experience is to be attributed.

If any one cares to figure it out, he will find that Dec. 24, 1893, was a Sunday. The fact that both Diveley and Patterson had to be back in Pennsylvania by the first of the year must be my excuse for our starting on our Christmas hunt on Sunday. Our destination was some forty-two miles almost due east of Fort Meade, and we took care to pass well outside of the little town, going to the south of it, so as not to scandalize the neighbors.

Our outfit consisted of a wagon drawn by two healthy mules; a light wagon, in the shafts of which were my brother's old sorrel Tom and a little bay mare owned by Joe Durrance. On the big wagon was our tent, while the little wagon had other portions of our impedimenta.

My brother's four hounds, Solomon, Spring, Harlequin and old Smiler, and my setter Uno were also of the party. In short, we made a pretty good showing as we filed along the road, my brother riding his bronco, Punch. Diveley made a first rate Jehu, and held the lines on the little wagon the greater part of the trip.

We were bound for Blue Jordan as our first camping spot, and outspanned at the Fort Meade race track for lunch, as it was 10:30 A. M. by the time we had been able to make a start. Lunch, too, was no hurried affair, for we had to make a fire and John had to boil the inevitable coffee. The weather was so pleasant that it was too warm for anything but shirt sleeves during the day, and consequently, although we had many miles before us, my brother had a hard job getting us started again.

Our next stopping place was about a mile beyond a place called Midland, the total number of houses contained in the settlement being, so far as I can remember, limited to just one, a general store. The sun had set, so we stopped for supper, waiting for the full moon to rise, and boiling the coffee at a fire whose heat was by no means unpleasant now that the rays of the sun had gone below the horizon.

As soon as the moon was well up above the pines, we hitched up and made for the "sand hills," a stretch of sandy dunes some twelve miles across, on the far side of which lay the long "bay" through which ran the stream known as Blue Jordan. The going was very heavy through the sand hills, and our animals were getting tired, for they had a longish day of it already. Our progress was consequently slow enough. Slow as it was, Diveley and I did not find it tedious, for the brill-

iant Florida moon, the remarkable stillness of the night, and the dazzling white of the sand hills, covered here and there with scrub oak, palms and palmetto clumps, all made the trip full of interest. Patterson fell asleep on the tent, which was on the big wagon, and thus missed an exciting fox hunt! Spring, the lady of the pack, started this all by herself, getting away from us and picking up a hot scent in a second. How we got that fox is another story, for get it we did, although the hunt delayed us for fully half an hour.

Thus it was that it was approaching midnight, and we were still not quite through the sand hills, when the thing happened which gave rise to this story, namely, the securing of our Christmas turkey.

To explain the occurrence clearly I must hark back to the time when we had killed Spring's fox. Smiler had been again coupled with Uno and tied to the hind axle of the light wagon. Solomon and Harlequin were coupled up and tethered to the hind axle of the big wagon. Spring, who, although lame in her left shoulder, had run the fox at a fast gait all by herself for about fifteen minutes, was on the big tent alongside of Joe Durrance, who, lying on his back, was gazing up into the firmament with eyes that could not have been closed for long at a time.

Diveley was driving the light wagon, and was on in front, with Fred on Punch riding alongside of him. I was driving the mule team, with Patterson on the seat by me, while John Craig walked beside the wagon to stretch his legs. We were not talking much in our part of the outfit, for everybody was getting pretty sleepy. Joe Durrance, however, had his eyes open just then, for all of a sudden he grasped my arm, and whispered hoarsely: "Stop the mules! There's the darndest biggest gobbler up in that big pine back there that I ever saw!"

It didn't take a minute to get out the guns—two of them, that is to say. I gave Patterson one, with turkey shot shells in it; I took the other gun and loaded it. Then we went back a little, while John held the mules. The pines were very scattered, so that Joe had not a bit of trouble in locating his tree, nor in pointing out the turkey to us. The bird began to get uneasy, and something dropped on the ground.

"Look out!" said Joe; "he's going to fly." But he never did, for Patterson, to whom was given the shot, brought him down with the first shot, and before that turked reached the ground Joe was on top of it, and if it had been alive, it couldn't have got away, for Joe weighed about 200 pounds.

It was a gobbler, and a beauty. How much it weighed I don't know, for we had no means of weighing it; but it felt about 20 pounds; anyway, it lasted us well, and made a great Christmas dinner, or, rather, part of one, the next day.

Fred and Diveley, who heard the shot, called back to us to know what we were shooting at. The actual production of the bird alone satisfied them that we were telling the truth; and my chief regret now is that I can't produce the bird in evidence on this occasion.

I almost forgot to mention one little incident worth noting, and now quote from my diary: "Looking at my watch, in order to note the time when we killed our Christmas turkey, I found it was just lacking five minutes of midnight! 'How's that for a Christmas turkey, boys?' said I. 'Five minutes more and it will be a merry Christmas to everybody!'"

Let anybody may think we had got a tame turkey, let me add for the benefit of those who don't know that part of the country that the nearest house was at Midland, fully twelve miles away. Let me also add that on several occasions while on that trip turkey sign was everywhere.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Christmas Dinner: Father Josef Cooked.

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

It was the first day of the Carnival in La Guayra. My friend, Luis Olona, stood with me, a little out of the crowd, watching the amusing antics of some "tournament" riders, mounted on mules and donkeys, thrusting sticks at fixed rings as they galled by, and oftener rolling in the dust than spearing a ring. While we looked on he told me that in Trinidad, whence he had just returned, he had seen Gen. Falcon, who was getting up another revolution. It did not interest me. Of course, I had no love for El Presidente Blanco, but things were quiet and I did not believe disquiet would be an improvement. It might turn out good for Falcon, but bad for a good many others. Just as I was saying so a shower of gragea rattled about our heads, reminding us that our coat pockets were full of tiny missiles for such an emergency, and in a moment we were engaged in mimic battle with three pretty women.

Little colored bits of candied sugar are gragea; rice dyed brilliant tints is gragea; stiff paper, gold, silver and crimson, shredded small as snowflakes, are gragea; anything, indeed, that is harmless and can be used as missiles at short range is gragea. The petals of roses and other flowers make charming gragea, but are only good at very short range. After a gragea battle you have the stuff in your hair, ears, mouth, nose and down your neck, where it tickles and stains you all sorts of colors. The first day of the Carnival the gragea is fresh and clean. The second day the gragea peddlers have swept up their stock from the pavement and it is not nice. The third and last day, when it has again been swept up and sold, it is a filthy horror. Still, until the last, some enthusiasts go on battling with it, and afterward must bathe violently.

The attack was made upon us by a merry widow, who was Luis' cousin; her sister, Carmen, and another girl. By the time our ammunition was exhausted I had fallen in love with Carmen. In Northern countries, I am told, a young man may take months to make up his mind whether he is in love with a girl, but that is not the way in the tropics. Here, when you see a girl, you know at once if you want her or not. And it is the same way with the girl, understanding which you will see how reasonable are the strict restrictions our customs throw about

courtships—which perhaps are quite unnecessary in colder climates.

Most of the courtship takes place through a heavily barred window which has no glass—a parlor window in the front of the house. The young man stands on the sidewalk outside while the girl sits inside, more or less near the bars, according to circumstances. Members of her family are pretty certain to be in her background, a fact that does not inspire loquacious passion in the lover. Much of the time he passes in the early evenings walking to and fro like a caged animal before the loved one's window, neither speaking nor being spoken to. That exercise is styled "doing the bear."

I had been "doing the bear" before Carmen nearly two months, when my uncle, Pepe, took me away to occupy a good position in his commercial house in Puerto Cabello. I was very reluctant to go, but the business opportunity was too good to be thrown away, and Carmen had promised to marry me in the new year. The months of our separation dragged by slowly enough, for although we were allowed to correspond, neither Carmen nor I found letters altogether satisfying. From time to time rumors reached me that Gen. Falcon was still busying himself with his revolution, and he was said to have a considerable number of adherents ready to declare for him. It did not, however, interest me. A man really in love does not bother his head about revolutions.

About the middle of December I obtained from Uncle Pepe a leave of absence, and hastened to La Guayra. Carmen I found even lovelier than before, and loving as I would have her. Luis Olona, who was still my friend, told me she had been persecuted by the attentions of El Comandante Ruiz de Santos—the military representative of Blanco's government at La Guayra—but would have nothing to say to him. As a philosopher, I should have realized that nothing was more natural than that any right minded man should fall in love with Carmen, but a lover does not philosophize. I was furious with the Comandante, and for the first time began to think a revolution might be a good thing if it would put him out of the way—simply as Comandante, you understand. As a man I would not have cared for him at all, but I did not want a rival who was a Comandante. And, as events proved, I was right about that.

Every evening, of course, I was at Carmen's window during the early hours, and later took walks down to the beach, beyond the market, with my friend Luis. He told me confidentially that the revolution might break out any day; that a signal would appear on the mountain some night, and on that same night in half a dozen cities the uprising would take place, to the surprise and overthrow of the Blanco administration. But for a promise to my Uncle I would have enrolled myself among the revolutionists—since I had heard about the Comandante.

One night it seemed to me there were an unusual number of strollers on our line of promenade, walking singly, in pairs or in trios. If they talked, it was in whispers. They seemed to be waiting for something. Suddenly Luis clutched my arm and pointing to the black face of the mountain exclaimed, "The signal!" Three blue lights disposed in a triangle blazed together. While they burned, which was only for a few seconds, there was silence. Then a hundred voices cried in unison, "Muerte el Blanco!" "Viva el Falcon!"

What happened during a little time after that was altogether too confused and exciting for me to understand at the time or clearly remember subsequently. I only know that a fierce conflict broke out immediately all about me, in which I was involved, and, from a mere animal impulse to retaliation, was striking because I was struck, knowing not why or by whom. I had no weapon, not even a cane, but felt satisfied with what I was doing until something hard and heavy descended with crashing force on my skull, and I knew no more until I waked in a stone cell alone and in darkness.

My hair was matted with blood, and I was horribly thirsty. Shaking the iron door of the cell and making what outcry I could, I managed to call the attention of a soldier, who came with a lantern, to see what I wanted, and then brought to me some water.

In a few minutes he came again and demanded my name. When I told him it was Rafael Garcia, he exclaimed, "Caramba! Then you're the fellow they are looking for everywhere," and went away, doubtless to report. Presently he brought a basin of water and a towel and told me "Get some of that blood off your face. The Comandante wishes to see you."

I also wished to see the Comandante or anybody who could explain why I was in that place and plight, and set me free, since I had done nothing to deserve imprisonment.

Señor de Santos received me alone. He was a big fellow with oily brown skin, heavy jaws and small shifting black eyes, the expression of which, when I could catch it, did not please me. But my reception was civil enough. With natural impetuosity, quite excusable under the circumstances, I think, I demanded to know where I was and why a prisoner.

He replied very suavely, "You have been arrested as a revolutionist and are in the prison of the old Spanish harbor fort."

"But," I protested, "I am not a revolutionist. I promised my uncle in Puerto Cabello I would have nothing to do with this disturbance, and I have kept my word. I did no shouting, and if I struck somebody it was simply because somebody was striking me."

"You were with Luis Olona, one of Falcon's lieutenants."

"That is true, for we have been friends from boyhood. But that he was one of Falcon's lieutenants I did not know. I'm sure I was not one. Ask Luis and he will tell you so himself."

"I would if I had him, but, unfortunately, he got away. No matter. I am inclined to believe you. I know you were not mixed up with the revolutionists in Puerto Cabello and have not attended their meetings here. They would probably have got you in a few days, but we did not give them time. As they were slow about giving their blue light signal, we made it for them when we were ready before they were, and have knocked their revolution in the head"—and he laughed a grim chuckle that was not good to hear—"as you seem to have been also.

Never mind. You escape with little compared to what the others will get. The question now is, what to do with you? I cannot turn you loose. I have no authority for that, and I don't want to keep an innocent man in prison for months awaiting trial. I think I shall let you make your escape. Yes, that's it. I will tell the guard to allow you the freedom of the patio and not put you back in a cell. At a quarter past midnight get near to the big gate and glide out. The sentry on guard there at that time will have his orders not to see you. Once outside, make yourself scarce as fast as you can get back to Puerto Cabello and keep quiet."

I thanked him very heartily and went back to prison with my guard, thinking how much better a fellow the Comandante was than I had imagined him, or even than he looked. And I was very glad not to be locked up in that cell, which was insufferably hot and filled with a deadly stench. I was much better off sitting on the cool flags with my back against a wall in a quiet corner, and though there were numbers of soldiers about, none of them gave the slightest attention to me.

But while I sat there thinking a vehement suspicion of the Comandante sprang up in my mind. His little malignant eyes, crafty smile and savage chuckle were not signs of a man likely to do a kindly action for justice's sake, and, knowing that I stood between him and Carmen Mendez, he certainly would want me put out of the way. To tell the truth, I was very much perturbed in mind, and doubtful about the prudence of trying that mode of escape. If I could have patience to wait a few days my relatives would bring to bear influence enough to get me free.

My cogitations were interrupted by a young fellow who greeted me cordially and sat beside me. It was Jaime de Santos, a younger brother of the Comandante. I had known him in Puerto Cabello, but only slightly, because he was with Madriz, Arrieta and the rest of that gang, all gamblers and perhaps worse, of whom my uncle had a horror.

"How do you come to be here?" I asked.

"Because the particular devil who takes care to provide my personal bad luck has betrayed me into the hands of my brother, the Comandante."

"What!" I cried. "Are you too suspected of being a revolutionist?"

"Worse than that by far. The last time I went to Curacao I inadvertently took with me forty of his dearly beloved gold ouzas. He, I knew very well, had plenty more, while I really needed them for a stake. If he had been a good brother he would have said, 'Poor Jaime needs them. Poor Jaime is welcome to them.' Not being a good brother, he said instead, 'I will give Jaime the devil if I ever get hold of him,' and in such matters Ruiz keeps his word. He will put me in one of the lower dungeon cellars where the water comes in and keep me there until I rot—if the rats don't eat me first—unless my friends among them refund his forty onzas, which I know the crowd too well to expect."

An inspiration of the moment prompted me to say, "You can be free within half an hour if you wish."

"It is a bad joke," he replied.

"It is not a joke. My arrest has been a mistake, for I have nothing to do with this revolution, but, not wishing to admit that by publicly setting me free, the Comandante has agreed to connive at my escape to-night on condition that I get away from La Guayra as quickly as possible."

"Caramba! How I would like to accept that condition!"

"Very well, you may take my place."

"You cannot mean it. What would you do?"

"Wait for my relatives to get me out and remain in La Guayra so long as suits me."

"You are bold; I am prudent. If you are not going to take the chance I will be very glad to do so. What am I to do?"

"Fifteen minutes after the guard is changed at midnight simply slip out past the sentry at the gate, who will have orders not to see an escaping prisoner at that time. Once outside, fly if you can."

"It is simple. And see, they are shifting the guard now. Only fifteen minutes to wait."

The sentries were changed with a slatternly sort of approximation to military form, and the men who came off duty either threw themselves on their hammocks in the guard room or sat down against the wall outside and slept. Those who went on guard leaned their guns against the wall, yawned and lighted cigars.

Jaime arose and glided along the further wall of the patio toward the gate. No one seemed to observe him. The sentry in the gate conveniently turned his back and Jaime slipped out. The trick was done. I just got one vanishing glimpse of him in the gate light taking to his heels. Then, almost immediately, two rifle shots, so close together as almost to sound like one, rang out from the street in the direction he had disappeared.

Instantly there was wild commotion among the guard. Half-dressed soldiers springing up half asleep and rushing out of the gate, some of them with their guns and others without. Sentries left their posts without hesitancy, nobody looking behind him.

I did not lose a second in throwing upon me a soldier's jacket, picking up the rifle on which it had been hung against the wall and pushing my way out unnoticed in the confusion. Hardly twenty paces from the gate we came to the body of Jaime de Santos, face upward in the gutter, its breast torn open by two bullets that went through from the back at close range. I understood what the Comandante had arranged for me. The soldiers knew neither Jaime nor me. A flying man was all they recognized—their duty simply to make him a corpse.

"But the fellow was to be let escape," said one, innocently.

"What a sad mistake," exclaimed another in a tone of mock lamentation, and all grinned.

I slipped out of the crowd down a dark little side street, threw away the jacket but kept the loaded rifle, and made my way swiftly to Carmen's window.

The dear girl was sitting behind the bars weeping. Luis had stopped long enough in his flight to tell her of the fiasco and say he feared I had been caught. At sight of me her grief quickly changed to joy, but she had sufficient self-control to refrain from outcry, which is almost more than could reasonably be expected of a girl.

"Alas!" I said, "I may remain but a moment. They are doubtless pursuing me, and I must get up on the mountain before daybreak."

"Wait here a minute," she replied, and vanished.

She said "a minute," but it was fully five minutes, and seemed to me five hours that I waited, imagining the soldiers just coming around the corner every second. Then the big house door softly opened, and, to my amazement, Carmen stepped into the street, carrying a heavy bag of something in her arms.

"What does this mean?" I asked.

"That I am going to the mountain with you," she replied firmly. "Take this bag and give me the gun; I can carry it better."

"What is in the bag?"

"Bread, a small cheese, some cold meat and some eggs that I hope will not be smashed before we find some way of cooking them."

Ah! surely there never was another girl so brave, loving, and practical as my Carmen.

For a couple of hours or more we toiled up the infernal path by which the Indian mail carriers traveled in those days, straight up or down the mountain's face, between La Guayra and Caracas. People called it a path, but it wasn't any more than a parallel of latitude is a highway. For myself I didn't mind it, but it was very hard on Carmen. Here and there were rock ledges like gigantic stairs, each step 5 or 6 feet high, to be climbed. Sometimes we had to edge along precipices, the abysses below which, had the moon given light enough for us to look down into them, would have turned us dizzy. Once it was necessary to swing across a ravine by a vine pendent from a tree. Ah! it was a nightmare journey, but just when we felt ourselves exhausted we found the little family of Indians I had hoped to come across, who were known to have haunted one little plateau half way up the mountain for at least two generations past. They sold pretty trifles and rendered small services to travelers by the mule road, which there touched the mail route, but had few patrons now, most persons preferring to go by the longer but more comfortable diligence road, which ran almost where the railroad has since been built. The only white person they had seen in two weeks, they said, was Father Josef, who went by on his mule, riding up to Caracas, four days before, and whose return they now expected at any moment.

"Hide us in a place of safety as easily reached as possible," I told them, "and then be sure to catch Father Josef as he comes down. Tell him that Rafael Garcia has imperative need of him, and bring him to me."

Within half an hour we were in what we felt to be absolute security, and there, completely worn out, Carmen went to sleep sitting up against one tree, and I slept propped up by another a rod away from her.

So the genial old priest found us and waked us by his hearty "Well, well! Did I ever see a spectacle the like of this?" Taking my hand and glancing roughly at the blushing girl, he continued jocosely, "Upon my soul, when a young man with as pretty a girl to keep him company as you have has 'imperative need' of the society of a priest also, it is surely a mighty high compliment to the priest."

"It is because Carmen is with me that I wanted you, father," I replied seriously.

"Don't I know it? Good children that you are," he answered, "and willing and happy I'll be—even before asking how I come to find you here—to make you man and wife, for well I know the consent of your parents, Carmen Mendez, and I'll take Rafael's word for it there's no opposition on his side."

I hastened to assure him of the entire approbation of everybody on my side who had a right to form an opinion.

The prescribed duties having been complied with, some excellent fatherly advice given to each of us, and the simple ceremony pronounced that climaxed my happiness, Father Josef said, cheerily:

"The better the day, the better the deed," but what better deed could there be than the joining of two innocent, loving hearts on Christmas Day?"

"Christmas Day!" Carmen and I ejaculated together. So it was, and neither of us had remembered it until that moment.

"Don't you know it, ye heathen?" demanded the priest in pretended horror.

"I knew yesterday," answered Carmen, "but if your heart had been almost broken and you were forced to run away from home at midnight—"

"Leaving the house door wide open, I'll be bound."

"Indeed I didn't. I locked it and dropped the key inside through the window."

"Do you mind that now, Rafael? What a thoughtful wife you have. Oh, man, if she takes it into her head to play tricks on you, you'll be as a thread on her fingers."

"And I also knew to-day would be Christmas," I said, not caring to reply to his banter, "but evading assassination, escaping from prison and fleeing with the girl of my heart to the mountain, all in one night, knocked the calendar temporarily out of my head."

"And small wonder if it did. Now you'll observe I haven't asked you a question, but if you don't fully satisfy the burning curiosity you've stirred up, it'll go hard with you. Go on now."

I told him the whole story just as I have told you here, and he listened without a word until I was done. Then his lips moved a few moments, as if in silent prayer, and sighing, he said:

"May God be merciful to the poor young gambler and thief cut off in his sins without a moment for repentance; but I can't see that you are to blame, my son. It was his own brother who killed him, and he was bound to come to a bad end some time, as all the family are, I fear. I know them well. But—There now, that's enough for the likes of them. What are we going to have for a Christmas dinner worthy of the day?"

Carmen rather ruefully displayed our simple provisions, but the priest shook his head and passed judgment kindly, "Too good for a fast day and good enough for any other day in the year for a hungry man, but not the thing at all for Christmas. We must do better than that. We must cook a dinner."

"Cook a dinner!" cried Carmen. "With nothing to cook and nothing to cook with?"

"Hut tut, my child," he laughed, "I wasn't for ten years a missionary among the Indians without learning something. Stand by a while and witness some of the miracles of the Church. You, Rafael, the first thing you do, build a big fire, and when it's well started, lay in it half a dozen stones the size of your two fists to get red hot. I must have something that Indian has got for me."

Putting one hand to the side of his mouth he imitated to perfection the call of the guacamayo, or macaw, and repeated it with a slightly different intonation. Evidently the Indians understood the signal, for in a few minutes the head of their family trotted into view carrying something which, as he came nearer, was seen to be a fine large freshly killed iguana.

"It will not be good roasted in the ashes," said Carmen.

"You are right, and pleased I am to see Rafael has so wise a little housewife, but that's not the way I'll cook it. I shall make a stew as good as you ever ate."

"A stew! Without any pot?"

"The earth is full of pots, as I'll prove to you directly."

The Indian, in obedience to some instructions in his own language, went away, and was gone for some time. Meanwhile Carmen cleaned and cut up the iguana while Father Josef with his hands and large hunting knife scooped a hole in the ground, deep, round, smooth and solidly packed sides and bottom. I had enough to do getting wood for my big fire and keeping it up. When the Indian returned he brought a big ball of clay from under some stream, which he had worked with water until it was like moderately soft dough. With this Father Josef lined the hole in the ground half or three-quarters of an inch thick. Then, handling the now red hot stones with surprising deftness by means of two loops of a tough vine, he laid them gently in the pot and over its mouth, to keep in the heat, spread some leafy branches and his poncho.

His mule he had left with the Indians, but his saddle bags he carefully carried along, and at this juncture brought forth from their capacious depths treasures—garlic, red peppers, salt and three bottles of Spanish red wine. "The luxuries of life—bread and meat—," he remarked, "one can get everywhere, but the necessities—these—the prudent man carries with him. I'm seldom five miles from home without them. Now we'll begin to get on with the dinner." And he bossed the job.

With his hunting knife Carmen chopped fine a portion of our cold meat, mixed it with eggs and bread crumbs, flavored the mass with garlic, minced peppers, salt and red wine, and finally wrapped and bound small portions in forest leaves with slender bits of vine he brought to her. "They're not so good as plantain leaves, of course," he said, "but on a pinch they'll do very well. There's no harm in them, but among leaves you must be careful." The little bundles so made were one sort of 'liake,' a favorite entrée with us.

By this time Father Josef judged his pot should be baked, and, upon taking out the stones, found that it was sufficiently. In it he put the chunks of iguana, a proper allowance of salt, garlic, red peppers, the liake, and covered all deeply with water I brought in his saddle bags from a nearby stream. Then he laid in a number of red hot stones, setting the water to boiling almost instantly. "If you are sure your eggs are good, we might as well boil them at the same time," he suggested, and they too were put in after he had squinted through each at the sun. Then the pot was covered tightly and left to seethe. After half an hour—by guess—the eggs and stones were fished out and more hot stones put in. In half an hour more the cooking was done. Then, when the second lot of stones had been removed, a half-bottle of the wine was stirred in and a quarter of an hour more allowed to complete the blending of this finishing flavor with the other ingredients of the stew.

Ah! how good iguana is when cooked rightly. Be generous with your wine, liberal with the red peppers, judicious with the salt and prudent, excessively prudent, with the garlic. Then you will have a dish worthy of the gods. I have eaten much green turtle and partaken of the much boasted terrapin—even in Baltimore—but neither deserves to be compared with that glorious big lizard, the iguana. And our appetites that day enhanced our appreciation of it.

We sat around the pot and dipped from it with utensils the priest had fashioned with marvelous dexterity from branches, pieces of bark and strong leaves. Of his making too and like materials were what did duty as our forks, spoons and plates. Carmen's liake were delicious.

When we could eat no more, our Christmas dinner ended with wine and cigarettes, of which I, fortunately, had a good supply.

Father Josef, settling himself comfortably against a tree, heaved a sigh of plethoric content and moralized, "Few are the conditions of life and few the places in the world—except in the spots cursed by human selfishness and cruelty—where God's goodness has not made bounteous provision for those of his children who know how to seek and find it. Learn to look rightly about you, my children, and you will see nature everywhere exemplifying the lesson of this day—God's good will to man."

* * * * *

It would hardly be worth while to tell how I finally got out of my difficulty, did it not involve what has always seemed to me an awfully dramatic execution of divine justice, and may be told in a few words: The Comandante, in either real rage at his brother's murder or pretended anger, assumed to hide his own criminality, attempted to shoot with his revolver the two soldiers who obeyed his orders. But the pistol would not work, and before he could make it do so one of the men shot him through the heart. The act was clearly one of self-defense, and nothing was done to the man. Within a week I returned to La Guayra, received a cordial welcome from my wife's relatives, who were already apprised of our marriage, and without molestation went back to Puerto Cabello with my wife.

We have had a good many excellent Christmas dinners since, but never one that has seemed to us so joyous as that prepared by Father Josef on the mountain.

Old Hogarth.

"TELL you somethin' 'bout myself?" Old Hogarth drawled, in answer to my request. "Reck'n they ain't much what y'might call edefyin' wuth tellin' 'bout. Jest wait till I git this blame pipe a-goin'; its wind pipe's out o' kilter ag'in, an' I'll try t' think o' somethin'."

It was a glorious night—the kind of a night that makes you forget all the disagreeable ones that have gone before; the kind that you like to talk about when you get back to civilization and tell "the boys" what a good time you have had, and the kind you think about while grinding away at your desk down town, when, for a moment, you pause and let your thoughts wander away from the ceaseless worries of money getting, and the black rows of figures in which the worshippers of Mammon write the never ending history of their lives of care and toil and slavery.

How often the scene comes back to me. I tilt my chair back with my pen between my teeth in lieu of the beloved briar, and the picture passes like a swift fleeting thought before my mind's eye, and leaves a restful feeling behind in the passing.

The camp-fire, the hunter's never failing friend and comforter, blazing merrily, where, amid the glowing embers, your fancy paints wonderful pictures. Not the pictures you see in your fireplace at home. That fireplace is merely an imitation, a fast fading relic of other days long since past, when men dwelt in close communion with nature and were happy. There is no fire in the world like a camp-fire. It is so much more sociable and has so much more character and individuality about it than the close confined, puny grate fire of the modern home. (Is there anything more shoddy, more deserving of contempt than one of these 10 by 12 holes in the wall with its accompanying gas log?) It has the freedom from restraint, the magic touch that belongs to nature, in her wild, untrammelled state, and to her alone.

This particular camp-fire of which I write was an ideal camp-fire. Without the circle of its cheerful glow the woods showed vast and "dark as the shades of Erebus" by contrast. From out the encircling darkness came those wonted, mysterious night sounds of a big forest—the faint rustle and scurrying of some small animal, or the snapping of a twig, betraying the presence of some heavier prowler of the night, and causing one to glance half-curiously, half-expectant in the direction of the sound, and then deep silence again, save for the whispering and sighing of the wind in the tall trees towering above us as it softly breathed in the ear the saddest and yet most soothing music in all the world, the music of the pines.

Far above the pines the man in the moon was doing his best to find out what was happening down here in the darkness he could not penetrate. Here and there a soft shimmering ray of light stole down through the thick foliage overhead, as though half-afraid, and after lighting up some portion of the deep gloom for a brief moment, suddenly vanished, like the puffing out of a candle's light. Nearby, between the intervening trees, we could catch a glimpse of the beautiful lake, calm as the night, without a ripple on its surface, on whose quiet bosom the moonlight slumbered peacefully, and from somewhere across the lake came a far distant mournful sound, the voice of a dog baying at the moon.

The cloud of smoke encircling Hogarth's head announced that the pipe was in working order again, and that our "guide and philosopher" of the woods was ready to begin his story, so we made ourselves comfortable and prepared to listen.

"As I was jest sayin'," he began in the slow, easy drawl that seemed to fit in so well with all our surroundings, "I reckon they ain't much wuth tellin' 'bout when it comes t' my doin's. They's bin no end o' curious things happened t'me, off'n on, sence I was a kid back in Vermont. Y'know I was raised back thar, but it's nigh on t' forty years sence I left the folks an' come out West a-seekin' my fortune."

"They was a hull passel of us kids t' hum, an' it kept the old man hustlin' t' find grub fer the lot, so when I goh t' be 'bout sixteen or thar'bouts, I sez t' myself one day: 'What's the use foolin' 'round these yere parts when they's a heap o' room fer a feller out West whar they's somethin' doin'?' Guess I'll light out fer the West," sez I, so I lit.

"Reck'n the old man warn't sorry much t' see me go, 'cause he had more'n his hands full with the rest the family, they bein' mostly gals. Waal, I jest drifted 'long an' drifted 'long, onsettled like, waitin' fer somethin' t' turn up. I warn't much fer size in them days. I ain't zactly what y'might call enormous now, but I warn't more'n skin an' bones then. How-some-ever, I made up in grit an' sass what I was shy on size, an' so I got on fair t' middlin'."

"This part the kentry warn't much settled in them days. They was nuthin' but loggers an' Injuns 'round an' critters o' one kind an' another. Gosh, but the deer was thick, 'specially 'round the lake here. I struck a job with a loggin' crew, an' come up north t' Green Bay. I liked the job from the start off. I liked the woods, an' I liked the excitin' times. You didn't have t' hunt far fer trouble, I kin tell you. 'Twas jest naterly hangin' 'round loose waitin' t' be stirred up."

"The men were purty rough, but when I got used to 'em I liked 'em well nuff. Barrin' ther' cussin', what was somethin' 'stonishin', they done it so easy like they warn't haff bad. 'Twas jest as well t' keep out the'r way when they got on a big drunk, which same they done onct a year, reg'lar, in the spring. Men do foolish things, mostly, the hull time, but gittin' drunk an' raisin' the devil gener'ly, an' blowin' in all yer hard earned money in one spree, is 'bout the derndest foolishness bizness they does, seems t' me. They ain't no artilly sense in it nohow."

"Secin' 's I didn't git drunk, I saved up quite a bit o' money them days, an' 's I kept likin' the woods more'n more, arter a bit I give up loggin' entire, an' took t' huntin' an' trappin', an' I made a right smart sum o' money at the business, an' was tol'ably happy. I sorter liked it 'round Noquebay here, an' I built me a shanty, right whar I'm livin' now, an' warn't askin' no odds o' nobody, b'gosh."

"Waal, one day 'long in the summer I thought I'd go down t' Peshtigo fer some supplies. Peshtigo was only a

big loggin' camp, then, an' they was no railroad thar. Folks was beginnin' t' drift in thar gradual, an' they was buildin' a saw mill, an' they was a few wimmin thar, too, makin' trouble 'mong the men folks the way they allers does. I hadn't thought none 'bout gittin' married, 'cause wimmin was somethin' I didn't take much stock in. I warn't onto the'r ways, an' barrin' my mother an' the gals t' hum, I'd never had no dealin's with 'em, nohow, an' warn't lookin' fer none. An' so the day I went t' Peshtigo wimmin was the last thing I was a-thinkin' 'bout. It jest goes t' show a man never knows what's goin' t' happen when they's any o' 'em 'round."

"'Bout haff a mile this side o' Peshtigo as I was walkin' 'long thinkin' 'bout nuthin' in partic'lar, 'cept how purty the woods was, all to onct I got the doggondest s'prise I ever had in my hull life. I heard the most awful screeches comin' from the bushes to the right o' me. Skeered? Waal, that don't begin t' tell it. It didn't sound like no critter. Sounded some like a painter, but I knowed 'twan't no sech beast. I never thought 'bout it bein' a woman till I heerd a cry of, 'Help! Help!' an' that sorter brung me t' my senses, an' I sailed in t' find out what was up."

"I 'most run plum into her afore I seed her. She was runnin' fer dear life right toward me, an' behind her, not more'n 40 feet away, was a whoppin' big she b'ar, mad as blazes, an' with blood in her eye, chargin' arter the gal an' gainin' at every jump. 'Twould have bin all up with that gal in no time ef I hadn't happened 'long jest then. All to onct she stubbed her toe an' fell flat. She landed 'most at my feet, an' lay thar on the ground, moanin'."

"I didn't wait t' say good mornin' t' that b'ar or ask ef she was willin', but I up with my rifle an' let her have it squar' in front. My rifle warn't no repeater, an' it was that shot or none. The b'ar rolled over all in a heap, an' I jumped for'ard t' finish the business, when she riz up an' come wobblin' right toward the gal. I jest had time t' git in front the gal as the b'ar come in reach, an' I seed 'twas a fight to a finish."

"The old she devil was hurt bad, but she had nuff strength left t' put up a derned ugly fight, which same she set 'bout a-doin'. I clubbed my rifle an' made a swipe at 'er. When it come t' swipin' I warn't nowhar, 'cause she made a swipe at the same minit, an' my gun went sailin' away in the bushes. Then I drewed my knife, an' we stood lookin' straight in each other's eyes fer most a hull minit afore anythin' was did, an' then she made a rush fer me."

"They was no other way out the muddle, so I closed with the critter an' druv the knife up to the hilt in 'er side. I had 'er by the throat, an' that bothered 'er some 'cause she couldn't do much with 'er teeth, but the way she could use them claws o' hern was wuth considerin', b'gosh. She tore my shirt off in one yank, likewise a consid'able part o' my hide 'long with it."

"My right arm was free, an' I let 'er have the knife a-plenty 's well 's I could. But I couldn't strike the right spot, an' I begun t' think 'twarn't no use, an' that my huntin' days was 'bout t' come to a sudden end. 'Twas some comfortin' t' know the b'ar wouldn't last no longer-n me, an' I was glad I'd saved the gal."

"An' then somethin' happened. The b'ar was squeezin' the very stuffin's out o' me, an' my breath was jest 'bout gone, when all to onct somebody grabbed the knife out my hand, an' I sorter felt 'em send it home to the spot I'd bin tryin' fer—the b'ar's heart. The b'ar shook all over an' then her grip slacked up an' she sunk t' the ground all in a heap."

"I broke loose an' staggered back out the way. Then I turned 'round, an' what do y' think? Thar stood that gal with the bloody knife in 'er hand, an' then I knowed 'twas her what finished the she b'ar an' saved my life. An' then things got kind o' mixed up, an' begun sailin' 'round an' round, an' the next thing I knowed I was lyin' on the ground with my head in the gal's lap an' me not knowin' how on arth it got thar. She was white as a ghost, an' cryin' to herself, an' at the same time fixin' my torn hide 's well as she could. She'd tore her petticoat in strips an' made bandages of 'em, an' was tryin' to tie me up. When she seed I'd come to, she told me t' lay whar I was an' she'd be back in a jiffy, an' with that she bent over an' kissed me squar' on the mouth, an' then fixed me comfortable on the ground an' run away like a deer."

"That kiss done the business. 'Twas the fust time I'd ever had sech a thing did t' me in my hull life, an' I jest layed thar thinkin' 'bout it an' wonderin'. I forgot my hurts an' the b'ar an' every dern thing. I jest felt onreas'nable happy, though I didn't know fer what."

"Bimeby she come back. It didn't seem no time 't all afore she was thar a-bendin' over me."

"'How you feelin'?' sez she, an' her voice sounded mighty moosical, an' she was a dern fine lookin' gal."

"'I'm feelin' like havin' another one o' them,' sez I, seein' as she didn't seem likely t' do it again without bein' asked."

"'One o' what?' sez she."

"'You know,' sez I. 'It's one o' what you give me when you ran away jest now,' sez I."

"'You musn't talk,' sez she, turnin' red as a winter-green berry. 'I hear the wag'n comin. Do you s'pose you kin stand up?'"

"'Ef I had another one o' them I could,' sez I, but she only laffed."

"'Wait till we get out the wood,' sez she, an' then her dad an' some more men come an' carried me to the wag'n they'd fetched 'long, an' then they druv me t' Peshtigo, an' the gal's dad made 'em take me t' his hum."

"She come in t' see ef I was gittin' on all right that night jest afore turnin' in time, an' I had a leetle talk with 'er. She said her name was Mary, an' they hadn't bin in Peshtigo long, her dad havin' started a store thar two or three months afore. She'd gone out that mornin' arter blackberries, an' had run on to the old she b'ar. The b'ar had a couple o' cubs 'long, an' was mad, an' so took arter Mary."

"Waal, I saw a hull lot o' Mary the next few days, an' I got so I wanted t' see 'er the hull time. One day I sez t' her: 'Mary,' sez I, 'how 'bout that thar other one you was goin' t' give me?'"

"'Wait till you git better,' sez she, an' arter that I didn't see so much o' Mary."

"'Sobn's I got so I could git 'round some, I begun

courtin' Mary fer all I was wuth, but I warn't much good at that business. She wouldn't have nuthin' t' do with me, nohow, 'cept t' boss me 'round, an' the way she bossed me was somethin' awful."

"'T' make it wusser, I warn't the only one what was arter Mary. They was a couple o' men what wanted t' git 'er as much as me. One of 'em was a big, strappin' feller named Bill White, an' the t'other was a sneakin', onery cuss named Peshtigo Sam. Guess he had a tail to his name, but I never heerd what 'twas, an' 'twarn't wuth wastin' time t' find out."

"Bill was on the squar' entire, an' me 'n him was what y' call rivals, 'cause we'd bin friends onct, but when Mary come atween us we jest naterly called everythin' off so far's bein' friends was consarned, till Mary hitched onto one or t'other of us. But they warn't no underhand business 'bout us. We was fair an' squar', jest the way two men orter be."

"Peshtigo Sam was difrunt consid'able. He pertended t' be friends t' me an' Bill, an' all the time he was lyin' t' Mary 'bout us. He sartenly was a low down cuss, an' no mistake."

"One day Bill got ahead o' me, an' went berryin' with Mary. I passed 'em as I was goin' over t' her house, havin' some sort of a noshun I'd do somethin' o' that nater myself. I warn't livin' at Mary's house then. I was hangin' out at one o' the loggin' camps while my courtin' was on. Waal, Bill he strutted past me like a pa'tridge drummin' on a log, an' looked down at me, he bein' consid'able bigger'n me, an' sort o' laffed 's ef he was dern smart. Mary, she turned kind o' red an' jest barely nodded t' me."

"Naterly I was riled when I seed how things was, an' I sa'ntered over t' the store an' limbered up my feelin's with a leetle tanglefoot. Bimeby Peshtigo Sam come in fer the same purpose."

"'Seed Bill to-day?' sez he, eyein' me sideways."

"'None o' your dern business,' sez I, not feelin' like talkin', spite o' the redeye I'd drunk."

"'He's gone berryin' with Mary,' sez he, snickerin'."

"'S'posin' he has,' sez I. 'Tain't none o' your business ef he has. You jest shet yer mouth an' don't talk so much,' sez I."

"'Free kentry,' sez he. 'I'll talk all I dum wantter. I was goin' t' tell yer somethin' fer yer own good,' sez he, 'but course ef you git so dern insultin' I won't. Ef you git into trouble, though, y' kin blame yerself fer it.'"

"'Talk sense,' sez I. 'How kin I git in trouble?'"

"'Bill White's layin' fer you,' sez he in a whisper. 'He'll do fer you sure one o' these days. I heerd him say so.'"

"'You're lyin',' sez I."

"'Am I, though?' sez he. 'Waal, when you git a chunk o' lead in yer gizzard don't fergit I warned you.' An' he sa'ntered out the store, an' I didn't think no more 'bout his warnin'."

"The next day I druv over t' my place t' see how things was gittin' on. On my way back, 'bout two miles this side o' Peshtigo, as I was settin' hunched over on the wag'n seat thinkin' o' Mary, all to onct somethin' hit my hat an' knocked it plum off my head, an' the same minit I heerd a rifle shot. I jumped down, not knowin' what t' make of it, an' yelled at the top o' my voice fer whoever 'twas what was doin' sech reckless shootin' t' look a leetle out or they'd be trouble. Not hearin' or seein' nuthin', I thought 'twas mebbe a spent ball, though the shot sounded near. I climbed back into the wag'n an' druv on. Course I got t' thinkin' 'bout it, an' course all to onct I thought 'bout what Peshtigo Sam said consarnin' Bill's goin' t' do fer me. The more I thought 'bout it the madder I got, an' by the time I reached Peshtigo I was fightin' mad. I put the horses up an' went straight t' the saw mill whar Bill worked. They told me thar he'd gone huntin', an' then I was plum sure 'twas him what shot at me and come near doin' fer me."

"I waited fer him on the road he gener'ly took when he went huntin', an' 'bout dusk he come whistlin' 'long."

"'Hold on, Bill,' sez I, steppin' out in front o' him. 'I wantter say somethin' t' you.'"

"'He stopped short an' looked s'prised an' kind o' mad.'"

"'Waal, spit 'er out,' sez he, 'an' be quick 'bout it. I'm in a hurry. I'm goin' t' make a call to-night,' sez he, grinnin'."

"'I wantter say,' sez I, 'I never thought you'd be sech a dern sneak as t' shoot at a man behind his back.'"

"'What y' talkin' 'bout?' sez he. 'What the blazes be you a-talkin' 'bout, anyhow? Ef 'twarn't fer your havin' bin sick I'd give you a dern good lickin,' sez he."

"'Mebbe so an' mebbe not,' sez I, 'only I could have you run out o' camp fer doin' sech a low down onery trick. Ef it had bin Peshtigo Sam I wouldn't be so s'prised,' sez I, 'but I thought you was difrunt.'"

"'See here,' sez he, 'I thought you was only bluffin'. What you drivin' at anyhow? Do y' mean t' say I tried t' shoot you?'"

"'You tried that hard,' sez I, takin' off my hat an' pointin' at the holes in it whar the ball went through."

"'I don't know what y' mean,' sez he, 'but I do know you're a liar ef y' say I shot at you. I can't lick you 'cause you've bin sick, but I don't want t' have nuthin' more t' say to you,' an' he started away mad as a hornet."

"'Good reas'n why,' I shouted arter him. 'But don't try on no more shootin', cause two kin play at that game,' sez I."

"Fer the next few days things got wusser an' wusser, an' they was trouble in the air fer somebody. One night not long arter that when the moon was shinin' so bright you wouldn't know ef 'twas day or night ef you was t' wake up sudden like, I was comin' home from Mary's when who sh'd I meet up with but Bill. I'd got ahead o' him that night, an' was feelin' some smart. I was goin' t' santer by him the way Sooner does when he runs onto a porcupine in the woods, when Bill he stopped squar' in front o' me."

"'See here,' sez he, 'I bin thinkin' 'bout what you said t' me 'bout shootin' at you, an' I'm curious t' know what in thunderation y' meant. We was purty good friends onct, an' you orter know me well nuff t' know sech doin's ain't in my line. What made you think 'twas me done the shootin'?'"

"'Waal,' sez I, 'I know 'twarn't like you t' do sech a low-down trick, nohow, an' I wouldn't thought 'twas you ef you hadn't said you was goin' t' do fer me.'"

"I never said no sech thing," sez he. "Who told you I did?"

"And then I told him 'bout Peshtigo Sam, an' we sot down an' figured things out, an' come t' the concloosion Peshtigo Sam done the shootin' hisself, an' was a wusser egg'n we'd thought he was, an' no more use in that camp than a rattlesnake's be, an' the sooner he was out of it the better it'd be fer all parties consarned. So we went down t' his hang-out an' routed him out o' bed.

"We didn't waste no words with him, an' we didn't take no evidence, as the lawyers say. We 'lowed him till daylight t' git out, an' the next mornin' ef 'twarn't fer the gen'ral feelin' o' relief, you'd never a-knowledged they'd ever bin sech a varmit as Peshtigo Sam on 'arth.

"When Peshtigo Sam was out the way an' the hull business settled, Bill sez t' me: 'It's plum foolish fer a couple o' good friends like me 'n' you onct was t' let a woman come a-tween us,' sez he. 'Now I move we put the queschin plain t' Mary, an' make her choose one or the t'other of us. We'll shake t' see who gits the first show.'

"That sounded like good horse sense, an' I sez, sez I, 'Now you're talkin, Bill, an' I'm with you ef I lose,' sez I. So we went over t' the store an' shook the dice, an' I threw three fives an' Bill he threw four aces an' won the game.

"Waal, we had a bracer, an' then we went over t' Mary's, an' I waited outside while Bill went in an' told Mary how things was, an' put the queschin plain t' her. Bimeby he come out, an' he sez, sez he: 'Lucky in dice, onlucky in love. It's your turn now.'

"So I went in, an' Mary saved me all the trouble o' talkin' by lightin' in t' me fer keeps fer not havin' put the queschin afore, an' saved 'er all this yere monkeyin' 'round. I tell you wimmin's queer.

"Waal, me 'n' Bill celebrated consid'able. Y' see he had t' drown his sorrow, an' naterly I was the only one what had a right t' help him drown it. I ain't never drunk much o' anythin' sence 'cept a nippy now an' then.

"That was a long time ago, an' Mary's bin boosin' me more or less ever sence. You wouldn't think the old woman was a dern fine lookin' gal onct, would you?

"But whenever she riles me an' I feel my dander gittin' the best o' me, I jest stop an' think o' three things. The fust is of the time she stuck the knife in that she-b'ar; an' the second is the time she kissed me on her own hook that fust time when I was lyin' with my head in her lap—I don't rightly understand how she come t' do it—an' the third is, what I said afore, wimmin's queer, an' then I walk away an' don't say nuthin'.

"Guess that was the most excitin' time I ever had. I don't mean the fight with the she-b'ar, but my courtin' o' Mary. My land, but I ain't said nuthin' 'bout that afore in my hull life. Don't know how I come t' think 'bout it now.

"Waal, love is a all-fired funny business, an' the wust of it is, y' can't tell when you're goin' t' be took. Hit strikes you all of a heap when y' ain't lookin' fer it, jest like buck fever."

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

My Grandmother's Kitchen.

THE parlor is the grandest room in most modern houses. But my grandmother did not live in a modern house.

She lived in a very old-fashioned farmhouse, and in that house the kitchen was, in my boyish estimation, by far the grandest room.

The parlors were usually closed and darkened, for only on great occasions were they used. But the kitchen was in use every day in the year, and it was always a pleasant room to be in. Everybody, even to the dog, enjoyed being in it.

How many delightful memories cluster around that old farmhouse kitchen, for I was the oldest grandchild; and I spent a good deal of time there as a petted guest.

The most striking feature of the room—the one that I now remember with the liveliest pleasure—was the great fireplace. The wood that was burned in it was drawn into the room on a strong hand sled. The back log was often two feet in diameter, and sometimes it would last a whole week. The firestick was a large one, and it rested on two large iron fire dogs, or, as they are now called, andirons.

When this vast fireplace was well filled and burning brightly, as it always was upon a cold day in winter, it was a wonderful sight. It was in all its glory, however, at night, when the reflection of its flames could be seen clearly through the windows opposite, dancing weirdly upon the snow banks, where, as the poets tell us, the witches were making their tea.

On each side of the fireplace there was always to be seen an easy chair. One of these was occupied by a gray haired old man who walked with a long staff; the other was rocked easily to and fro by his aged wife, and they were the grandparents who made my boyhood very happy.

These good old people both smoked pipes, and while I heartily disapprove of the habit, it really was a picturesque and pleasing sight to see them so comfortably enjoying themselves and to watch the smoke as it passed from their pipes into the ample fireplace and up the chimney. The fireplace had an old-fashioned neighbor, now never seen in a modern house. It was a brick oven which used to make me think of the fiery furnace into which Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego were cast.

Out of this oven, so like the fiery furnace, there came many delicious things. Most delicious of all, perhaps, were the baked beans and the golden Indian bread, whose equal I now never see.

At one end of the kitchen there was a large cupboard, and over the cupboard there hung a relic of the Revolutionary War, that, to my young eyes, had all the sacredness of a household god. It was a flintlock musket that was called Old Copenhagen, and very proudly was it borne upon my shoulder when playing soldier with my school-mates upon the turnpike in front of the district school-house.

So much for the kitchen itself. A word as to the rooms that were above and below it may interest a generation that is living in modern houses.

The cellar contained rare treasures for a boy. Never

were there such toothsome apples as the good seek-no-further, the gilliflower, the Spitzenberg, the Rhode Island greening and the golden russet, called in boy parlance a rusty coat. All these varieties, with some others of unnamed excellence, were in the cellar in lavish abundance.

But who comes? There is a rap at the door and it is a blustering wintry night: Two dogs—slim, hungry looking fellows—peer timidly in, and behind them there stands a tall Indian and behind him two squaws, the elder one carrying a papoose lashed to its board, which the mother soon stands up by the wall, and the little Indian boy with his legs crossed and tied down to the board, looks on in silent wonder at what he sees.

They are Oneida Indians, and come from a settlement called Indian Town, just back of the farm that has so many pleasant memories.

"Sagola" is the salutation uttered by our Indian callers, and that means "How do you do?" They have come in ostensibly to get warm, but really because they are thirsty.

The old man who sits by the fireside knows just what they have come for, and the boy, now an old man, who is writing this reminiscence, is sent down cellar with a large pitcher, which he soon brings back filled with sparkling cider made from home grown apples.

"Cider no hurt Indian," was the comment of the drinker of the first glass, and more than one glass for each Indian, except the papoose, disappeared before the copper colored guests, with silver brooches on their blankets were ready to go.

That old kitchen is a perfect treasure house of precious memories. Never did Santa Claus have a grander chimney to come down than the one at whose fireplace side I hung my stockings, and they were always well filled.

Thanksgiving Day was a notable one at the farmhouse. A goodly company used on such occasions to sit around the kitchen table, for there was no dining room in that house. The Thanksgiving guests were the children and the grandchildren of the aged couple who built the house when the country was new.

The turkey was roasted in a tin oven before the fireplace. The potatoes were baked in a kettle that stood upon a pile of live coals, and coals of fire were also heaped upon its cover, and memory insists that such baked potatoes have never been tasted since.

There was no coffee mill in the old farmhouse. The coffee was pounded in an iron mortar with an iron pestle, and the clink of that pestle was sweet music to my ear, as I used to hear it when in bed in the chamber over the kitchen. It is easy to revive the memory of those far off years, but most of those who used to sit round that Thanksgiving table have long since passed away, and they are now waiting for me to come and join them.

The boy of to-day little realizes what he is losing if he never lives in a farmhouse built and furnished before modern improvements were known.

The farmhouse of to-day lacks a certain charm that makes the memory of the dear old-fashioned one so delightful. Of all the memories that cluster around the dear old place, those that have the great fireplace for their center are the sweetest and the dearest.

There can be no home in the highest sense of the term unless in one room there shall be a fireplace where wood can be burned and where in the solemn nights of winter "each separate dying ember" may cast the outlines of its shadowy ghost upon the floor.

Could Poe ever have written "The Raven" if he had never sat before an old-fashioned fireplace? Believe it who will—I cannot.

EGBERT L. BANGS.

How We Got Our Gun-Rack.

A Christmas Day's Hunt in the Northern Pine Woods.

I LIVED with the famous hunter, Old Dan, in his cabin in the woods for a little over three years, and in all that time did not enjoy nor greatly desire any other companionship. We never had any occasion to become lonely, and time never hung heavily on our hands.

On a ledge of rock at the very margin of the lake, where a lucky line may be dropped from the open window into the water below, Dan has a good warm log cabin, 12 feet by 24, with a clapboard roof, puncheon floor, puncheon door and a puncheon shutter to an unglazed window. In the way of furniture were a puncheon table, puncheon chairs and a puncheon bedstead, the latter nailed securely to the wall in a corner.

In the center of the south side of the house is a huge stone fireplace, capable of heating the room to an uncomfortable degree even in the coldest weather, and which discharges the greater part of the smoke via the chimney. The cabin has also a full complement of arms, ammunition, traps and tackle, and is situated in the midst of a broad stretch of country, which for the abundance and variety of its game would delight the heart of any true hunter. An ardent lover of the chase, I found here ample means and abundant opportunity to indulge the propensity, and those three years are among the happiest of my recollection.

It is reasonable to believe that in that time we had some exciting experiences, as well as some amusing ones. I will endeavor to relate one that partakes a little of the nature of both. On the wall a splendid set of antlers serve us admirably for a gun rack, from which hangs a motley array of belts, sheaths, slings, flasks and various other articles of a hunter's paraphernalia. I will relate the story of the particular chase of which our gun rack is the treasured souvenir.

It was Christmas Eve, and sitting before the fire enjoying a restful pipe after a hard day's tramp, Dan and I were discussing plans for the morrow's sport; but I must introduce old Dan to you, for he is a type of manhood once prevalent enough, but now seldom met with in these modern times—a backwoodsman by birth a sportsman by instinct, and a hunter by profession. Broad shouldered and muscular, he stands 6 feet 2 inches, a perfect specimen of physical manhood, combining great strength and endurance with remarkable activity and ease of motion. His dark hair, slightly sprinkled with gray, hangs low upon his shoulders, and his short, sandy beard, forever innocent of razor, covers a broad, square chin and strong jaws, betokening strength of character and tenacity of

purpose. His forehead, broad, high and full, denotes a high order of intelligence, while the whole countenance is illuminated by a pair of kindly deep blue eyes, strongly inclined to twinkle; a face which, taken altogether, is a perfect proof sheet of honesty and good nature. A man to know whom is a pleasure and whose friendship is a possession well worth treasuring. Imagine such a man as I have described, fifty-six years old, and add the unmistakable air of rugged hardihood inseparable from the genuine hunter, and you have my cherished friend, old Dag Doggett, to a dot.

It was Christmas Eve, as I said before, and we were planning our Christmas hunt, not that it was likely to differ in any essential particulars from the sport of any other day, but its being Christmas added zest to our plans and contributed novelty to an occasion that otherwise would be commonplace.

"What d'ye say, Kid," said Dan, who persistently calls me Kid in spite of my thirty years of life in the world in general, and nine years of roughing it in the woods in particular. "What d'ye say we go to the Long Thicket fust thing in the mornin' and see if we can't list a deer outen the bushes?"

"I am agreed," said I.

"And let's take only the rifles and leave the small fry alone for one day!"

"Which means, I suppose, that you would prefer that I leave the shotgun on the rack. I am agreed to that also, but I wish you would make friends with that gun when you know it has saved to our stock many a good pelt, and brought to our store many a dainty meal."

"All true, Kid, all true! I've got nothin' partickler ag'in the piece itself, but to me it's mighty cur'ous that when a feller wants to bag a wee little bit of a critter that wouldn't hurt him nohow, he must go a-broadcastin' lead all over creation, but when it comes to bringin' down a b'ar or a buck that's liable to chaw him up or tramp his daylight out, if hit is not killed, he'll risk findin' the right with a single ball. It may be all right, but to me it's a mighty queer idee, and I don't take to it nohow."

I saw it was useless to argue the point with him, so I said no more about it. He had a deep and lasting aversion for a shotgun, though his speech now had been prompted as much by his love for his rifle as by his dislike for the other arm.

"Well, Dan," said I, "you will, of course, take your .44, but I shall take my .32, though I suppose you would not advise me to do that either."

"No, Kid, I wouldn't. It seems to me too much like a plaything, but, of course, if ye think it will stand any show at all ag'in Old Chet [his pet name for his favorite] I reckon I ort to stand it if ye kin yerself."

We were up betimes next morning and afoot just as the first gray streaks of dawn were quivering on the eastern horizon. The weather was cold but still, and the snow lay a foot and a half deep under a crust that carried a man nicely and made walking easy, but through which the hoofs of a running deer would drive like sharpened stakes. During the night there had been a light fall of snow which, when the sun had risen, glittered in the frosty light like a myriad of diamonds.

The Long Thicket, toward which we bent our steps was so called because of the fact that, while it was five or six miles long, it was comparatively narrow. It was threaded by a creek, a considerable stream, now like the lake hard frozen and covered only by the light snowfall of the previous night. Discussing the probability of our jumping a deer, and the evident trouble it would have in making headway in the snow, we came at length to the edge of the thicket.

Here Dan handed his gun to me and dexterously climbed to the top of a tall tamarack to take observation of the thicket from that point of vantage. This maneuver he repeated at intervals of perhaps a quarter of a mile. Dan's hearing is slightly impaired but this circumstance has added to the keenness of his vision until his sight is truly remarkable.

At last, after four or five climbs, his quest was rewarded, and he came down the tree, swinging from limb to limb with the agility of a trained athlete, his honest face aglow with delighted enthusiasm.

"What is it?" I asked.

"A buck, Kid; as fine a chap as ever peeled a saplin'! He's got the finest headpiece I ever see. A ten-spiker as shore as guns. He's straight out there, just a good shoot off, a-pickin' his way along as orderly as a deacon in new shoes a-goin' to meetin', but the bushes h'des the critter too much to risk a shot at him. Do ye go about 300 yards below and I'll go to the same above him, and we'll see if we can't head him fer the open." Saying which he strode off over the snow almost as silently as a shadow, while I skirted the thicket in the opposite direction.

Arriving at a point where I thought the thicket might be entered without prematurely frightening the buck, I penetrated the swamp for a distance of about 300 yards and then turned in the direction of the quarry. Presently a commotion in front and a tossing upward of the snow from the bushes told me that the game was up and going. I saw that he was headed for the open and sent a bullet after him to encourage him on the way, which was immediately followed by one from Dan's gun, neither of which had any other effect, however, than to send him out of the thicket at a lively rate. We followed as swiftly as the dense undergrowth would permit, and gained the open just in time to see a badly frightened deer lunging desperately through rasping snow crust as he disappeared over a hill in the direction of the creek.

"Come on, Kid," cried Dan. "He's makin' fer the creek. He'll more'n likely foller the ice and cross to Tamarack Swamp on t'other side of the lake. Let's scoot fer the pond and mebbey we'll git to shy lead ath im as he crosses on the ice. Come on!" And away he went.

Straight over the snow, from where we were the distance to the lake did not exceed a mile and a quarter, while to follow the creek as the buck evidently intended on account of the annoying crust was more than twice as far.

The sight of the splendid animal, a veritable king of his kind, as we had seen him plunging through the snow, a perfect specimen of frightened royalty, and the prospect of a favorable shot, were sufficient to send us toward

the lake at our best possible pace, in spite of the ludicrous tumbles we took whenever the crust gave way, as it frequently did.

Breaking through the fringe of bushes that skirted the lake, we saw, at the distance of about 500 yards, the buck running as only a frightened deer can run.

"There, Kid," said Dan with rifle already to shoulder, "is a picter fer a painter." And truly he was right. The deer running like the wind, seeming scarcely to touch the ice, the fleecy cloud of feathery snow tossed up by the flying feet, the splendid antlers laid well back and the jets of steam shooting out with piston-like regularity from the lifted muzzle, combined to form a picture worthy of an artist's pencil.

"A picter fer a painter, but I'll hev to spile it," and the crack of his rifle rang out over the ice and awakened a thousand echoes in the surrounding hills.

We saw the snow tossed up in a little puff behind and beyond the deer, which was running quartering from us. Another shot, higher elevated and better lined, immediately followed, and with better result, for the deer dropped as though struck by lightning. Carried forward by its impetuous speed, it slid along the smooth surface of the ice like a toboggan, and seemed to slide right up on to its feet again, for it regained its footing without perceptibly checking its flight, and made off across the lake with apparently the same speed as before. Dan lowered his rifle and looked after the fleeing deer in silence, a satisfied smile playing about his mouth and a merry twinkle in his eye.

"What's the matter with you?" I cried in astonishment. "Why don't you give him another?"

"Fer the same reason that ye don't try a pop at him, Kiddy, with yer popgun. 'Tain't no use."

"My gun won't reach him, I know, but yours will," I answered.

"In course it will. It did just reach him, didn't it? But 'tain't no use, as I said afore, I warrant you he'll leave a red trail behind him and will stop as soon as he finds a good place to hide in the swamp yonder. It ain't a good idee to waste lead on a onsartenty when ye kin save it fer a shore thing. We'll find him mighty sick dreckly, and git him easy. If ye hed fetched yer rifle instead of that pea shooter, ye might hev hed the fun of pumpin' lead arter him with some show fer bringin' him down. As it is, I doubt if ye'll git a crack at anything to-day."

We found the "red trail" sure enough, and followed more at our leisure, sure that as Dan had said, we would find him hidden in the swamp somewhere. We were not prepared to find him so soon, however, for just as we were entering the thicket, beside a fallen tree, the top of which lay among the undergrowth, the maddened buck, with a roar half bellow and half snort, charged out of the bushes beside the trail and tossed old Dan, who was slightly in advance, headlong into the fallen treetops, and his gun 10 feet away into the snow. I lost no time in getting behind a convenient tree, while Dan, with wonderful celerity, rolled up against the body of the tree under the protecting limbs. The wounded animal had eyes for Dan alone, and bent all its energies in its maddened frenzy to reach its prostrate foe with hoof or horn. In spite of its efforts he was beyond its reach, for he cuddled up to that log like a sick kitten to a warm jamb. Seeing that he was in no immediate danger, I had to smile at his ludicrous position. He evidently appreciated it also, for he called out to me, "Well, Kid, this is one on me, ain't it? Onto me big!"

"If you will just roll a little further out," said I, "there will be one on you as large as life."

"Ex-cuse me! This ain't no rosy bower, not by a long shot, but I wouldn't swap it right now fer a house in town. Don't git excited now, but aim true and touch him in the right spot, but don't spile his topknot, whatever you do."

The furious antics of the beast as it tried to wreak vengeance on its fallen enemy made deadly aim difficult for me as well as dangerous for Dan. Presently, however, the opportunity for which I had been waiting presented itself, when I caught the buck under the ear and sent a bullet through his head. I cut his throat, and when there was no longer any danger from the knife-like horns, as they struck out savagely in the death struggle, poor old Dan ingloriously crawled out of his burrow in the snow, the most chagrined and absolutely crestfallen man in the whole world.

We soon had the deer quartered, and having hung up the carcass to keep it out of the snow, we carried home the hide and head (the latter better to remove the horns) and returned with a hand sled to bring home the rest.

That night, the guns having been cleaned and supper over, as we again sat before the fire enjoying an evening smoke, Dan broke a long silence by the first reference he had made to the occurrence of the morning, saying, as he thoughtfully knocked the ashes from his pipe:

"Well, Kiddy, ye put it onto me to-day. Ye did, by Gravy! Ye drewed it all over me and put me under everlastin' obligations besides. Fer a gun that'll reach out a long way and find a warm place inside a live pelt, as out there on the ice to-day, for instance, give me Old Chet, as has the heft and carries a ball as gits there; but fer clost shootin' in the brush that 'ere popgun of yern ain't no slouch, and that's a fact."

The mischievous twinkle that I caught in Dan's eye, together with my lively recollection of the event of the morning, were too much for me, and the laugh that would no longer be restrained broke out in spite of me. A laugh in which I am happy to say old Dan joined with all the heartiness of his honest nature, and we roared until the smoke-stained cabin rafters rang again.

VIVAMUS.

Out of Commission.

As Told by the Yawl.

BY N. N. WEST.

"WELL, I call it rocky," said the Racing Machine, "to be sweltering here under my winter canvas coat while that fool owner of mine is chasing a ball round the side of a hill somewhere in the country. I wish I had the inventor of golf aboard you, you old lead mine," continued the freak, addressing the Cutter, "in one hundred fathoms with a hole in your garboards. Our friend Davy would make it squally for him for keeping so many of us sweating out here on land."

The Cutter overlooked the comment on its personality and sighed as it watched a knockabout beating about the harbor. "I wish I was out there to get a good drink of salt water. It's funny men never drink it when we all know it's the most refreshing thing. 'Three fingers' in a glass—bah! Three fathoms in the Sound is what I want. I remember when I was launched they broke a bottle of champagne on my bow and I felt horrid sticky till I stuck my bowsprit in a big sea and threw the spray over my deck."

"Champagne isn't so bad," said the Cat. "They used to have me carry so much cruising they'd take out half my ballast. Ah, those were good old times when the 'Triple Alliance,' as they were known at the club, used to take their vacation. The people around the harbors never wanted us to stay over two nights for fear we'd spoil the anchorage with the bottles thrown overboard."

"A blooming nice time you must have had of it when a storm came up! There's where I was in my glory," said the Cutter.

"When a storm came up," replied the Cat, "we were generally in a good sheltered harbor with the captain and crew teaching each other new drinks, while you 'in your glory' were looking round for a harbor deep enough to float a man-o'-war."

"Well, if there wasn't one round I'd be laid to, and it was comfortable to know I could outride anything."

"Nice comfort," said the Cat. "With not a dry thing aboard and you rolling like a tenor's R's so nothing could be cooked or even coffee made, your hatches all battened down, the cabin as close as two lovers, the dishes playing tag in the galley, the cushions trying experiments in aerial navigation in the cabin, and, getting discouraged, finally settling in a pool of water on the floor. Maybe that's your idea of comfort, but it wasn't that of the 'Triple Alliance.'"

"I didn't say it was comfortable."

"Yes you did, too," said the Half-Rater, who always tried to take up an argument on the winning side.

"Well, I didn't mean it that way," continued the Cutter, "but it was glorious."

"Glorious!" snipped the Cat. "Did you ever drink mint juleps? Glorious! Don't split tacks with me."

"You don't either know which tack you're on," said the Racing Machine. "I tell you there's nothing like the end of a good race when it's been up and tuck, till finally you've worked up a little to win'ard and cross the line with the rest a few seconds behind, and the skipper gets a cup he keeps on the sideboard and always shows it off to his friends with, 'That's the mug I got when we beat the Freaks over a twenty-five-mile course in a thirty-knot wind.' I'd give my Tobin bronze to be in commission again."

"Much your skipper is showing off now the cups you brought home. It's golf cups he's displaying, with 'That's what I got when I beat Hootmon Potter three up and two to play!' twitted the Half-Rater.

"Never mind, I'll show 'em my stern again when this craze is over," said the Racing Machine.

"Like mud flats you will!" said the Cutter. "You're five minutes slower than this year's machines, and two years from now you'll be pointed out for a mistaken idea; they'll put you out on some front lawn and grow flowers in you—that's what you're coming to."

"Well, I'd rather do that than end up in a junk shop, the way you'll do," retorted the freak. "Your lead will be melted up into water pipes for the rats to gnaw in summer and the ice to burst in winter, and your sails will be made up into part of a tent for a second differential circus, and the deadheads'll cut holes in 'em to see the show. Pleasant prospect, eh?"

"It is perfectly evident," said the Half-Rater, speaking with a pompous air, "that the sea is going to the rocks and mud flats, and I don't know what's coming to us all."

"Behold the infant at the wheel," laughed the Cat. "How's that for philosophy? Shut up, Halfy. By my centerboard, you make me feel like a landlubber when the ship is rolling."

"Well, I guess I'm on the starboard tack anyway," replied the little boat, considerably excited, for nothing teased it so much as to be laughed at when in its own opinion it was discussing weighty affairs of the sea. "And if you don't believe it, what's the Yawl doing out here in August when he used to be in commission eight months of the year?"

"I'll bet the Yawl's got a story. Let's have it," said the Cat.

"Maybe I could spin a yarn," admitted the single-hander, "but it's rather long."

"Never mind," said the Racing Machine; "it's two bells yet to striking colors and we haven't anything to do."

"Anything to cork up the Half-Rater," said the Cutter.

"I don't need it half as much as you do," retorted the little boat. This remark was lost on the Cutter, which had the peculiarities of English descent.

"You're not very complimentary," laughed the single-hander, "but as you say, there's nothing else to do, so if you like I'll weigh anchor."

"Lay your course," said the Cat, and the Yawl began:

"The first thing I can remember I found myself one winter morning in a small shop just outside of a sleepy old village. I could just see out of the window, and it was snowing and made me feel cold to look at it, but as I looked round the shop it was so cozy I felt all right again. There was a fire in a big old-fashioned stove which gave out a cheerful warmth, and the spars, rigging and various other yacht fittings that were stowed away round the shop made me feel at home at once. The boat builder was at

work by a carpenter's bench near the window, and afterward I found out he was dressing down my spars. Up on the wall was a model of a little boat, and I thought it was the prettiest thing I had ever seen. It had a clipper bow and a moderately overhanging stern, with the forefoot considerably cut away for those times, but with enough left so it could have been laid to easily in a sea. It was a keel boat with a good deal of draft, and had a big piece of outside ballast. As I looked myself over I saw it was a model of myself, and I was glad I was going to be good looking, and with the easy lines and the amount of ballast I was sure I'd not be slow, and that I wouldn't be knocked down by every puff of wind.

"Presently the door of the shop opened and a young man entered with a cheery 'Good morning, captain.' He was tall and sinewy looking, and when he walked across the floor it didn't jar and creak the way it does with an old woman. He looked as if he could reef a mainsail single handed in a squall, and I was glad to hear the old man address him as 'skipper,' for then I knew he was going to own me, and I knew he wouldn't do his sailing on a club house piazza. By and by I found he had designed me himself, and though not wishing to be conceited, I think I've shown credit to us both.

"Every Sunday morning the skipper would come down to the shop to see how I was getting along, and to talk over details with the old man, and afterward the latter would spin yarns. He'd been on a coaster a good many years, and had made some longer voyages, or at least so he claimed, and had had most wonderful experiences. He used to quite scare me with some of his tales, and I was sure I'd be crushed by a mountain wave or swallowed by a sea serpent before the summer was over.

"Sometimes a friend would come with the skipper to take a look at me. There was one man I never liked. He always talked about a fellow not having time for sailing and it was too much work anyway. A launch was what he liked, so you could always be sure of getting home and weren't wearing yourself out by pulling beastly ropes all day. Then he used to make disagreeable remarks about my appearance. He thought I had too much freeboard to look well and too much draft to be convenient. But my rig was what he criticised most. 'I can't understand why you chose a yawl, the slowest, ugliest rig ever conceived.' 'Yes, and the safest, handiest, most seaworthy rig,' the skipper would reply. The man had good reason to remember this one day—but I'm getting ahead of my story.

"It was with great interest I watched the work on my cabin fittings, and the more that was done the more I felt I was intended for good long cruises. A generous ice box was built in foreward on the port side, aft of the chain locker and opposite to a dish locker; just aft of the mast step was a place for an oil stove. On each side was a bunk and under each were water tanks. At the aft end of the cabin on one side was a clothes locker and on the other a writing desk with book shelf above and drawers below for sextant and other instruments. Above the desk swung the cabin lamp. Under the cockpit floor was a big stowage space, and under the deck on each side of the cockpit were two compartments for stowing side lights, oil, swabs and all such stuff one doesn't want in the cabin. I was so pleased with myself I could hardly wait for the time to come when I was to be launched, and when I slid down the ways into the water I wouldn't have changed places with a Cup defender.

"Every Saturday that summer we'd start off with a supply of good things aboard to be gone till Monday morning, and we got to know every inch of the Sound for fifty miles. Then later in the summer we took a two weeks' cruise. I suited my master to a belaying pin, and we studied each other's likes so we always worked together. There were some little tricks I always liked to play when there was a friend out with us. When he'd try to trim the main sheet I'd give a little lurch, and if he wasn't careful he'd lose more than he'd pulled in. Then the skipper, holding the tiller in one hand, would take the sheet in the other and give it a haul just as I'd luff a bit, and it would come in by the yard and be belayed before the friend would get his balance for my new point of heeling. It always made me laugh till the water would gurgle round my bow. Or if we were running before the wind in a seaway and the friend had the stick, I'd yaw all round till I'd nearly jibe. Then my master would take me in charge and I'd settle down and run as true as George Washington.

"The summer passed quickly, but we kept on sailing late into the autumn, when we often went after ducks. We were out in some pretty heavy blows, but I had found that these didn't bother us, and soon got over being afraid of being crushed by a mountain sea or swallowed by a sea serpent.

"The next summer started in just the same, but one Saturday afternoon while I was waiting for the skipper I caught sight of him sitting on the club house piazza talking to a girl. We didn't take our weekly trip that time, for he stayed to the dance at the club house, and as the summer wore on our trips grew less and less often, and instead the girl would go out sailing with us just for an afternoon. I wouldn't have known on those occasions that my master was at the stick. He'd seem to forget me altogether and would let me up into the wind till I'd have to shake all my sails to draw his attention. Then he'd let me off till I'd be sailing a couple of points further off the wind than necessary, and it would make me mad to see other boats outpointing me that I used to go to win'ard of every time. The girl would laugh and say she'd been told he was one of the best sailors in the club, but if that was so it didn't speak well for the other yachtsmen, and she could sail better than that herself. So she'd take the stick, and I must say she could do it beautifully and work me to win'ard for all I was worth or bring me up to my moorings and never miss it.

"I couldn't make out what had come over my master, and one evening when an old sloop was anchored near me I told him all about it and asked what the matter was. He laughed so I thought he'd wear out his cable before he sobered down enough to remark that when I was as old as he was I'd understand.

"The girl used to go out a good deal with the man who had the launch, and her mother would go, too, sometimes, but never went with us, because she was afraid of me. That made me feel like an Irishman's hurricane, for I knew I could go through a sea that would sink the old

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

pot. I used to be glad when the girl would go on the launch, for then we'd go for a sail, but I soon found this was no fun, for the skipper would be so melancholy he wouldn't pay me any attention, and would often lay me to and stretch out in the cockpit and smoke and sigh like a rising wind.

"One hot night there was a dance at the club house, and after a while my master came down on the wharf with the girl. I tried to hear what they said to find out what she had done to make him so different, but they talked so low I could only catch a word now and then. He was very close to her, and he seemed unusually nervous and queer. Then, as if in answer to something he'd asked, I heard her say something like 'I didn't suppose you cared so much.' He straightened up without another word and they both got up and started for the club house. But just then the launch owner joined them, saying to the girl, 'I've been looking all over for you. My dance, I believe.'

"So it is," she answered. "It was so hot we came down here for a minute and must have stayed longer than I thought."

"She went back to the club house with him, and my master stood still with his hands clinched and breathing hard. A storm was coming up from the west, and by a flash of lightning I saw a white set expression on his face.

"In another moment he was aboard me and soon had up the sails, and we began to work out of the harbor with the light breeze that preceded the storm. I saw it coming, and knew we ought to reef, so I heeled a bit to call his attention, but he never moved. It was coming up fast, and looked wicked. I braced myself for it and set my planks close together, as a man sets his teeth in a supreme effort. Then it struck us all of a sudden and knocked me down till the water poured into the cockpit, and I was afraid he'd go overboard. But I managed to square away and in a moment we were tearing before it as I'd never gone before, and only once since. I thought my mast would go, and I don't know what I'd have done if I hadn't managed to break the peak halyard and ease the pressure a bit, for he sat at the tiller like a dead man, scarcely helping me at all.

"The water was whipped up into whitecaps in a minute, a great whirling, seething mass that flew all over us and pounded and shook me so my seams would have started if I'd been an ordinary boat. In a flash of lightning I saw a coaster almost dead ahead laid to before it, and we tore past, missing it by not two fathoms.

"The storm gradually blew over and the wind died down almost flat. Then morning came and we put into a harbor, where my master left me. I was dreadfully worried about what he might do, but felt if he would only go off for a good long cruise we'd manage to live the trouble down somehow. I kept watching for him all day, and I can realize now the terrible anxiety and suspense of the wife waiting for her husband's uncertain return. I never felt such relief as when I saw him come down to the landing that evening. He came aboard and tumbled into one of the bunks and slept heavily, for he was worn out by the night before.

"He spent the next morning bringing supplies out in the dinghy and stowing them away, and then I felt it would be all right, for we were going on the long cruise. Then life began for me again. He never used to be much for reefing, but the way he cracked on now was a caution to my rigging. We'd go ripping along under all working sail when even the coasters were reefing, and I was sorely put to it to stand the strain, but I felt I mustn't give up if he was to be saved, and I would have gone onto the rocks to do that.

"We went outside Block Island and round Cape Cod and came back outside Long Island. I was glad when winter came, for it had been a hard season for me, and I needed a rest.

"I was gone over thoroughly the next spring, and felt as well as ever, but my master had had a harder time than I, and I found him very different. He was quieter and didn't have the tireless energy, and was slower in handling me. I missed his cheery laugh and he never whistled up a breeze the way he used to. But we did lots of sailing, and though I felt very badly about his changed condition, I couldn't help feeling glad that now I had no rival.

"The season ended and things were just the same the next summer. I had hoped he would get over being so melancholy, for it didn't seem fair for me to be having such a good time when he was so unhappy.

"He took his vacation rather late that year, so it brought our long cruise into the autumn. On our return a heavy rain came up which cleared off early one morning with the wind from the north and the sun shining its brightest. But we knew the signs well enough to know it would blow a gale later in the day. He'd got over wanting to smash through everything, so we lay comfortably at anchor for the day. Shortly after breakfast, when it was still pleasant, I saw that detestable launch going out, and I was glad, for I knew the man would get enough of it before the day was over. As they passed I saw the girl and her mother were aboard and that worried me. I knew if the skipper saw them he'd realize the danger and go out cracking on everything to keep as near as possible, and I tried to attract his attention, but he was busy below writing up the log and never noticed.

"The wind soon began to freshen, and I got so uneasy I rolled a good deal at anchor. There was an island a considerable distance out from the harbor, and to the south of it, so I could get a good view of the surf breaking on its windward side, and it wasn't reassuring, I can tell you. The wind kept blowing harder all day, and by the afternoon there was the wickedest sea running I'd ever seen in the Sound. I kept thinking of the launch and hoping they'd put into some harbor.

"It was getting late in the afternoon, when, to my horror, I saw the launch some distance off the island. They were evidently trying to get under its lee, but the launch was making bad weather of it and pitching heavily. I watched them closely, and when they were perhaps half a mile from the island the launch became unmanageable. As near as I could make out from the distance, something had happened to her engine, and they began to drift right toward

the breakers, though the chances were they'd be swamped before that.

"I gave a great jerk at my cable that brought my master on deck in a hurry. He took in the situation at a glance, and though at that distance he could not have told who was aboard, he sent up the jib and jigger with a rush. He didn't stop to weigh anchor, but cut the cable with one blow from the hatchet. As we got under way he added the reefed mainsail. It was more than we ought to have carried, but it was a race for life, and we had to take chances. The weather rigging was stretched as tight as a harp string, and the wind played through it with a wild discordant music. Never will I forget that race. It was no mere silver cup we were trying for. As we got near enough for my master to make out those aboard, a groan escaped his tight shut teeth and he braced himself a little firmer and grasped the tiller a little tighter. But even in those terrible moments of suspense a thrill of sweet revenge ran through my timbers. Never again would that man think I had too much freeboard, as the waves dashed high over my decks. Never again would the staunch yawl rig look homely. Never again, if he should live till those very rocks we were all too fast approaching were worn away, would he see such beauty in a boat as when I alone stood between him and death.

"He was so scared that when we had nearly reached them he jumped overboard, and leaving the others struck out for us. For the first time in my life I heard my master curse. Luck was with the coward, however, and he caught the bobstay and managed to climb aboard and crawled aft, a pitiable, miserable object, but my master never looked at him.

"We ran up as close as we dared and then heaved a line across the launch. The engineer, who was the only man on board, kept his head and caught the line. We made our end fast to a life preserver and a cable to that. The engineer soon had the life preserver made fast to the girl's mother, and my master hauled her over and aboard in a hurry. We were now so close to the launch that we were in great danger of being stove in, and the wind and tide were taking us to the breakers fast. There was not a second to lose. My master braced himself with one arm round the mizzen stay and called to the girl to jump and he'd catch her. Her face was very white, but she was perfectly cool, and chose her time just right as the launch rose a little above us. The engineer jumped at the same time and caught the mainstay. My main boom was banging from side to side like a battering ram, and just as my master got the girl safely aboard it struck him a tremendous blow on his arm, which dropped useless and limp at his side. I knew it was broken, but the look the girl gave him went a long way toward mending it. She said she must go below to look after her mother, who had gone down to the cabin, but I think she wanted to stay with him.

"The hardest part was yet to come in beating off that lee shore, but my master would not give up the tiller in spite of his broken arm, for he knew he could do more with me than any one else. It was the fight of my life, and never had life seemed so worth fighting for before. Although I put my whole keel and sail in it, or as a man would say, my whole body and soul, it seemed of no avail. Never had I felt such a dizzy lightness in my keel, which made it impossible to stand up. Never had water in the cockpit seemed to weigh me down so. Never had it been so hard to rise to a breaking wave. My master and I had been through heavy blows before and had had some close calls, as when we nearly ran down the coaster in the thunder squall, but as I looked back on it all it seemed like half-rater play to this.

"There is an awfulness about the breakers that is peculiar. It is more than the fear of death. Perhaps it is some such feeling as a man must have when his scanty foothold on the side of a precipice begins to give way.

"Nearer and nearer we drew toward that fatal line, and my master watching it, with the lines growing deeper on his face, ordered the engineer to stand by to open the hatchway to let those in the cabin out if it came to the worst.

"When we had scarcely 20 feet to go to clear the point of the island we were just on the line of the breakers. As we fell in the trough of the second of three big waves it looked as if all was up, for it broke just under our lee, and the engineer threw back the hatchway and cabin doors. But at the same moment I was rising on the next wave, and before he gave his warning shout I caught the full force of the wind and with a last supreme effort forged ahead and cleared the point as the wave broke all froth and white astern. The engineer's cry of danger was turned into a loud cheer, but my master sank back wearily, saying 'Take the stick and keep her before it.'

"We made the next harbor a few miles further down. There were some friends of the girl's staying there, who, of course, had them all stay at their house, and couldn't do enough for them, and had a doctor for my master. But the launch owner took the first train for the city.

"The doctor looked very grave when he saw my master's arm, and was not sure that he could save it, and as a fever set in my master became delirious, said he ought to have a nurse. But the girl wouldn't hear of this, and insisted on taking care of him herself. It was wonderful to see how quickly he recovered, and the doctor took great credit to himself; but I am older than I was and understand things better, and I know that the cure was not due to the doctor at all.

"That's bully!" said the Cat as the Yawl stopped speaking. "It beats anything the 'Triple Alliance' ever did."

"And it was a bigger prize than I ever won," said the Racing Machine.

"By my keel!" put in the Cutter, "it was nobly done; better than anything I can boast of, though I've had experiences too."

"I don't think much of your master," remarked the Half-Rater. "After all you had done for him he ought to keep you in commission."

"Well," continued the Yawl, "he couldn't sail any more that season, and I'm rather small to have a girl out cruising, so this year they're sailing a schooner."

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

One Say and Another.

PORT RICHMOND, Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Dec. 8 you publish a story by Frank Moonan, of New York city, which assumes an air of old friendship and acquaintance with our little Isle of Staten. This story came under my eyes, in the course of my weekly reading, and I deem its notice worth while for the sake of the good name and fame of our island and the sportsmen dwelling thereon.

Imprimis, I want to qualify as an expert. I have hunted over Staten Island for more than fifteen years, and its rocks and rills and vales and hills are my old familiars. The strip of beach Mr. Moonan speaks of I know well, and if the kind faced old chap of whom he speaks so poetically is one of the twain I have in mind who lived on that strip of beach at the time of Mr. Moonan's "one day," then he is the courteous gentleman who successfully set a spring gun for his neighbor, and paid for it in State prison.

Further along the beach and near the creek dividing what are now known as Midland and South beaches is still the shanty occupied till within a year by another sportsman of the same kind as the hospitable old set-gunner. In a wrangle with a neighboring shanty dweller he shot his opponent, and later became distinguished in achieving the same haven reached by the first named gentleman.

But these sprightly days of neighborly attentions in the way of spring and set guns are dead and gone, and where once these arts flourished, there are miles of clean swept beach, wave beaten as of yore, but trodden and retrodden by thousands of overheated Manhattanites who come for a breath of the salt air and a dip in the saltier sea.

But—to our mutton.

Mr. Moonan tells of dropping in at the Sportsman's Rest, a cozy Maypole Tavern of a hostelry, and seeing a half dozen of so of gunners with well-filled bags, while in the foreground of this delightful scene is the figure of "mine host" displaying eight woodcock brought that morning to bag by the host himself.

Then in excellent brat-worst dialect Mr. Moonan quotes the host.

"Vell," he said, reflectively, "it's pooty goot now, but hein! soon alretty it may be tam poor."

"Prophetic words!" says Mr. Moonan.

Below these sentences Mr. Moonan has dramatically drawn the conventional dash, indicating a break of time, dropped two spaces and goes on in the tone of the gifted authoress of "Ulmont Ulvesford."

"Five years had passed over the golden curls of Katrina Hasenpfeffer when next Ulmont beheld her," only Mr. Moonan says, "That day, well remembered, was years ago," and then—to be brief—Mr. Moonan relates his "meeting up" with the slouching gunners who inform him that there is "nary a thing" to shoot except meadowlarks and robins, and they offer to guide him on a hunt after these birds. (During this conversation Mr. Moonan observes that the pockets of "Pete," one of the gunners, are bulging—inferentially with the contraband carcasses of robins and meadowlarks.)

Then Pete gives his Christian name and address to Mr. Moonan, who ungratefully repays Pete by "secretly wishing him in the lockup at Richmond."

In conclusion Mr. Moonan plaintively cries:

"And is this possible, I mused, as I went on my way, within fifteen miles of New York?

"I understand that a close season of three years for quail has been declared on Staten Island. No wonder, indeed. But, query: Will it not soon be in order to declare a close season for robins and meadowlarks and song birds generally? And this suggests another query: Does a close season close?"

And now, Mr. Moonan, eyes front!

Regarding the genial host scene.

Woodcock visit us as of yore, though not in such numbers, perhaps, and last spring I personally knew of six pairs of birds that successfully raised broods. Last fall bags of eight to ten woodcock to a gun for a day's shooting were not uncommon, and a good man and dog in the right place could have had some fun last week, for we got a corner of the flight that visited Long Island at that time.

As to the quail that "Pete" said had disappeared, I may state that those planted by members of our association are still with us and flourishing.

But this letter could have no point were it only to call attention to our island as a happy hunting ground, its chief reason being to address to Mr. Moonan a "query" or two:

If Mr. Moonan had a violator of the law under his nose in the person of Pete, as he wants us to believe, why didn't he run him in or inform against him?

Mr. Moonan reads the FOREST AND STREAM, and writes for it, and therefore with this double distinction it is reasonable to conclude he is a sportsman in its truest sense. If he'd not confined his feelings to secretly wishing Pete in the lockup, Mr. Moonan wouldn't have had to ask himself so mournfully "Does a close season close?"

No loophole for you, Mr. Moonan. You had it from Pete himself that he was an old offender, and you've got his name and address in your jeans now.

There is an association on Staten Island known as the Richmond County Game and Fish Protective Association that's looking after business of this kind, and that has been instrumental in aiding in four convictions for game law violations within the past five weeks, and if Mr. Moonan will send the names and residences of Peter and his co-slaughterer to C. V. Tobin, Princess Bay, or G. K. Gill, Tottenville (special protectors for Richmond county, appointed at the request of the Association), or to Edgar Hicks, West New Brighton, he may rest assured that they will secretly keep eyes on Peter and his friend, and if they catch him violating the law, will proceed against him in a manner that will make "secretly wishing him in a lockup" look like three battered silver dimes.

Yes, Mr. Moonan, a close season closes, but a close season which exists only in itself as a statutory creation and not in the honor of sportsmen and protectors, is a closed door not locked.

SIDNEY EDWARDS.

In Maine Woods.

BOSTON, Dec. 15.—One of the latest rulings of the Maine game wardens, and their instructions come from the Fish and Game Commissioners, is that all captive or tame deer, caught in open season, must be released at the beginning of the close season. In a number of cases deer have been caught alive, and have been held in captivity. The wardens have been powerless to have them released during the open season, but now it is understood that immediately after Dec. 15, the beginning of the close season, they must be set free, unless special permission from the Commissioners is obtained. Such permission is seldom granted, except in the case of parks, where the animals can be kept with greater security. One of the arguments made by the persons holding tame deer is that they have become so very tame that if set free they will at once fall an easy prey to dogs and dishonest hunters. Even if they get through the winter and the close season, they will be among the very first to be killed by hunters at the beginning of another open season. It is suggested that the coming Legislature will be asked to further define the capture and holding of deer in captivity.

Some good coot and shore bird shooting was reported from Chatham and other points along shore last week. Gunners say that somehow the birds have stayed off shore longer than usual this fall, and some good bags have lately been made. Black ducks have suddenly become quite plenty in the markets, having been scarce all the fall. The gunners have been sending more to Boston within a week. L. E. Boyden, Benjamin Fox and C. R. Crosby shot at Chatham last week, with the result of eighteen coot and eight black ducks. C. G. Collins, of Waltham, carries off the record for coot shooting, having recently shot at Monomoy 150 coot, fifty of them the result of one morning's shoot.

It is sad that the Maine deer shooting season could not have closed without another terrible tragedy being added to the list of shooting casualties in that State. But Ira Sturtevant, of Foxcroft, is a victim of careless shooting, at the very last days of the season. Thomas Daggett, Gilman Gould and the dead man started out last Saturday for deer hunting in the vicinity of Sebec Lake. They separated, and about noon both Daggett and Gould heard two shots in the direction Sturtevant had gone. They at once went to see what had been shot, and Daggett soon came upon a deer hanging up to a tree, shot by Sturtevant or some other hunter, and near by the dead body of Sturtevant, with a bullet wound in the head. Gould soon came up, being called by Daggett. At first they thought that the dead man had committed suicide, as his rifle lay across his legs, but the wound in his head was evidently made by a .30-30, while the rifle of the man was a .38-55. After caring for the dead man, search made to see if any other hunter could be tracked, but without success. The theory is that some other man had shot Sturtevant supposing him to be a deer, and finding what he had done, had fled, rather than face the terrible ordeal. So far no light has been obtained as to who fired the fatal shot. Investigation has been made to find out if it were possible that shots fired by Daggett, earlier in the day, at a deer, might not have been deflected and caused the death of the other hunter, but last reports say that there is nothing in this theory. The shooting is a mystery, but still greater interest is aroused in the direction of something being done to prevent such terrible occurrences, as far as possible. The proposition of the FOREST AND STREAM that accidental shooting be made a criminal offense is meeting with a good deal of favor among those who go into the woods for hunting, and the Maine Legislature will soon take up the matter in some such form. It is also suggested that a law be passed compelling hunters, guides and all persons going into the Maine woods during the hunting season to wear a regulation color of clothing, such as could not be mistaken for deer or other game. Something must be done to stop the terrible slaughter of hunters. The record of the past season is worse than ever before.

Dec. 17.—The Maine big game season is closed, the season on deer closing Dec. 15, while that on moose closed Nov. 30. The record for shipments of big game through Bangor for the season has been 3,113 deer and 138 moose; a decrease of 331 deer and one moose from the preceding season. But it must be remembered that this is only one section of the big game country, though the most important. All other sections would, if the record could be known, show a worse falling off, with the exception of the sections around Kingfield and Andover, where there has been an increase in the number of deer killed. The game boomers are inclined to take courage from the fact that the season just ended has been the largest recorded with the exception of 1899. The last two weeks of the deer season were exceedingly unfavorable for hunting, especially for the outside sportsman, not used to snowshoeing and tramping through deep snows, and these sportsmen have generally remained at home. But the guides and backwoodsman have gone after the deer on snowshoes, and they have been very successful. Accounts are numerous, in the Maine newspapers, of the deer killed the past week by local gunners. In many instances they have been killed close to the villages. In some instances they have run into the towns and villages, just to be shot. Each local paper or local correspondent makes great note of the fact that deer have been slain in their very midst.

The results of the shooting of deer by Maine local gunners and guides are to be seen in the Boston markets. Early in the season venison was very scarce in these markets. Saturday I counted 19 deer hung up for display; many very large bucks. In one instance six deer had just come in. It is an open secret that anybody can bring a deer out of Maine, or could during the open season, whether killed by himself or not; though the law strictly prohibits the shipping of deer out of that State except by the hunters killing them. The evasion of this law has become wonderfully easy. Two marketmen were telling me Friday of how they were just out of Maine and had brought their deer. "It was easy enough. The expressman, warden or some other man, at the station, called out: 'Who claims the deer?' and we simply stepped forward and gave a name. That is all there was to it. At the express office in Boston we ordered the deer sent

to No. — street. There the deer have been sold whole for 13 cents a pound. One buck weighed almost 200 pounds. Paid us well. We only paid \$10 and \$12 apiece for the deer." The marketmen also told me a funny story of a fellow coming out by the same train. He had taken a deer to bring out and sell for a guide; did not own it himself. At Bangor he was asleep in the smoker or sleeping car, and did not answer when the official asked for an owner for the deer. It was seized, and the guide has lost it. If one will take the trouble to look over the published list of men bringing deer through Bangor for the past two or three weeks, and then trace the names to Boston, he will find that many of the names are not in the city directory, and the names that are in it are not the names of hunters, in but very few instances. They are the names of men who know nothing about gunning; did not go down to Maine to shoot deer; simply brought them out, and they went straight to the market. Will the coming Maine Legislature do anything to prevent such shipping? If the Commissioners want facts, I have them. I believe they will be startled to learn to what extent the selling of deer by guides and others is carried; in most instances going directly to the markets of this city, through the medium of anybody who will take the trouble to claim them at the express offices. On such shipments the American Express Co. is silent; refuses blandly and politely to know anything about it.

Alas, still another shooting accident must be reported! Reports to the daily papers, Saturday, dated at Machias, Me., say that there has been another fatal shooting accident. The victim was Ernest R. Phipps. He was mistaken for a deer by his cousin, with whom he was hunting in Plantation No. 14. This makes eight shooting accidents of the kind since the big game season opened in Maine, nearly all fatal. The number is alarmingly too great. It is true that the close season is now on, and we can breathe easy for a few months, but another open season will be coming. Will the Maine Legislature take reasonable action on this matter? The last proposition that I have heard in this direction is to make it unlawful to shoot a fawn, and to punish the offense by a fine of \$25. This, it is reasoned, would make hunters more careful, and not shoot till they had thoroughly seen their game; hence they would not shoot other hunters. Quite a roundabout way of getting at something that hunters should be made more careful about. The FOREST AND STREAM is right. Make accidental shooting a more heinous offense. I would also make it an offense to go into the woods loaded with whiskey, and forbid the use of it when on hunting trips.

SPECIAL.

Massachusetts Association.

7 CORTES STREET, Boston, Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Massachusetts Central Committee and the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association held a meeting and dined together on Thursday evening, Dec. 13, at the Copley Square Hotel.

Officers of the Central Committee for 1901 were chosen as follows: President, A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester. Executive Committee—Chairman, Hon. Robt. S. Gray, of Walpole; Wm. B. Phinney, of Lynn; A. C. Sylvester, N. Attleboro; Dr. D. S. Woodworth, Fitchburg; Dr. J. T. Herrick, Springfield; Dr. A. Ricketson, N. Bedford; Henry Hanson, Fall River; Jason Spofford, Amesbury; H. S. Fay, Esq., Marlborough; J. E. Wood, Pittsfield; Dr. W. S. Clark, N. Adams. Secretary-Treasurer, H. H. Kimball, Boston.

Hon. Geo. W. Wiggins presided at the dinner, and among the speakers were Harvey N. Shepard, Esq., of Boston, representing the Appalachian Club; S. O. Staples, of S. Framingham, delegate from the Middlesex South Agricultural Society; Dr. C. N. Raymond, of the Rehoboth Farmers' Club; Dr. D. S. Woodworth, President of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club; Harry D. Hunt and A. C. Sylvester, of N. Attleboro; H. S. Fay, of Marlborough; John Fattler, Jr., Boston, and others.

All expressed a readiness and determination to do any defensive or aggressive work during the coming session of the Legislature as occasion should require. The Nominating Committee, Dr. E. W. Branigan, Chairman, presented a list of officers for the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association for 1901.

Messrs. Addison M. Thayer, of Franklin; Frederick Freeman, John F. Bowditch, M. J. Keane and Wm. G. Reed, of Boston, were elected to membership, and the following names were added to the list of corresponding members, viz.: Harvey N. Shepard, Esq., Boston; C. M. Buckminster, Georgetown; I. O. Converse, Fitchburg; Dr. C. N. Raymond, Rehoboth; W. S. Hobbs, Uxbridge; H. T. Dispean, Grafton; Geo. F. Gains, Rockland; H. F. Haynes, Bolton; Frank E. Walker, N. Brookfield; Geo. H. Palmer, Esq., N. Bedford; W. T. Simpson, S. Weymouth; H. E. Tuck, Haverhill; A. W. Walls, Worcester; C. H. Goodell, Worcester; M. E. Hawes, E. Weymouth; Dr. W. S. Carr, N. Adams; Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury; Wm. B. Phinney, Lynn; W. C. Thairwall, Boston.

Your readers will regret to hear of the recent death of one of the most enthusiastic sportsmen of our State, Wm. Minot, Esq., the first President of the Rod and Gun Club of Massachusetts, and for many years a valued member of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. The next meeting of the Association will be the annual for election of officers the second Wednesday (the 9th) of January.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Secretary.

Those Quebec Moose Shipments.

AYLMER, Que., Dec. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of Dec. 8 an error against Mr. J. W. Collins, of Pittsburg, by giving F. M. Turner, also of Pittsburg, Pa., the credit of having three moose, one 56½-inch spread and the other two 36-inch.

The two moose heads 36 inches should be credited to Mr. J. W. Collins, of Pittsburg, Pa., addressed to Mr. W. Sutherland, Orillia, and shipped by Mr. Collins himself. Kindly correct same in your next issue and oblige.

N. E. CORMIER,

Provincial Game Warden and Fishery Overseer.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—XV.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[Continued from page 467.]

Diving Ducks.

Sub-Family Fuligulina.

UNDER this head are included what are commonly known as the sea ducks, deep-water ducks, or diving ducks, birds more fitted for a continuous life on the water than those heretofore described, and which, as a rule, derive their sustenance from water deeper than that frequented by the shoal-water ducks.

As pointed out in another place, these birds have larger feet than the shoal-water ducks, while the legs are placed further back. These characters make progression on land more difficult, but assist markedly in swimming and diving. All the birds of this sub-family may be known by having a web or lobe hanging down from the hind toe. This web or lobe is absent in all the fresh-water ducks. The sea ducks or diving ducks are supposed to spend most of their time on the salt water, but this is a rule to which there are a multitude of exceptions, and many of the species of this sub-family resort to inland waters to rear their young. Some birds commonly regarded as exclusively marine are found at all seasons of the year on great bodies of fresh water, as the Great Lakes and Yellowstone Lake in Wyoming.

As stated, most of the members of this sub-family procure their food by diving, and bring up from the depths of water fish, mollusks and grasses of one kind and another. Many of them are, therefore, not delicate food, although, on the other hand, the far-famed canvas-back, which belongs to this group, is one of the choicest of our ducks.

There are various strongly marked anatomical and other differences within the group, which do not require consideration here. They are described at length in various ornithological works.

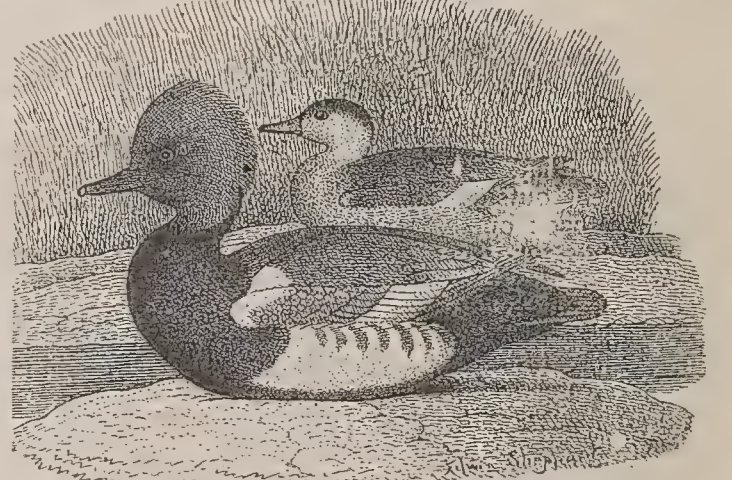
While the fresh-water ducks usually spend their time in the marshes and in fresh-water ponds during the day, the sea ducks, as a rule, resort to wide stretches of open water, where in moderate weather they rest during the middle of the day, resorting to their feeding grounds at evening, and sometimes feeding during the night and well into the morning.

Dr. Elliot has pointed out that, as a rule, the notes of these birds are harsh and guttural.

Rufous-Crested Duck.

Netta rufina (Pall.).

Adult male.—Sides of head and throat, purplish-brown, becoming darker on the throat, and changing to pale reddish at the front and base of the crest, becoming paler toward the tips of the feathers. The lower half of the neck, with a narrow strip running up the back of the neck to the head, the breast, belly, lower tail-coverts, upper tail-coverts and rump, black; darkest on the neck and breast, and with greenish reflections on upper tail-coverts. Back, grayish-brown, growing darker toward the rump. The scapulars, or shoulder feathers, brown-



RUFIOUS-CRESTED DUCK.

ish-yellow. Speculum, white tipped with gray. The bend of the wing, white, as are also the primaries, except the tips of some of the outer ones, which are grayish-brown. The sides and flanks, white, indistinctly marked with brownish bars. The tail is grayish-brown; the bill and feet red. There is a full, soft crest on the crown of the head. Length, 22 inches; wing, 10 inches.

The female has much less crest than the male, and it is brown. The rest of the head and neck, and the lower parts, generally, are pale ashy, darker on the breast and sides. The upper parts are grayish-brown. Those portions that are white in the male are faintly marked in the female, or do not show at all. The speculum is white, as in the male, but much duller.

This is an Old World species, very doubtfully attributed to North America. It may be questioned whether it has ever been seen here in life by an ornithologist, but specimens have been found in the New York markets for sale, with other ducks which were known to have been killed near that city. No sportsman is likely to meet with it, but it is introduced here to complete the list of North American ducks.

Fawn.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The question is frequently asked, What is a fawn? The answer is, a deer during the first year of its life. And as the fawn is protected by the laws of the State of New York from being killed, the next question naturally presenting itself is, How can the hunter distinguish whether the game he sights is a fawn or a yearling? It is a fact and of frequent occurrence that an early buck fawn, if well supplied with nourishment, is by Nov. 1, following, as heavy as many a yearling doe, and as neither would have horns to show, and each dresses 90 or 100 pounds, with coats of same color, how shall we distinguish at 50 yards distance one from the other? CAP LOCK.

Toledo and Thereabouts.

The Sale of Game.

TOLEDO, O., Dec. 14.—Although the game season in Ohio closed some two weeks ago, a number of the fish and game stands still display quail and grouse without any pretext of concealment. Theoretically, the game laws of our State prohibit the sale of game in the markets; practically they accomplish nothing whatever in this direction. The local game wardens are loath to make arrests in view of the extreme difficulty of securing convictions, and nothing better can be hoped for till the legislative session of 1902. There is an interesting story in circulation among some of the people on the inside, which, if true, would tend to account in a great measure for the present complicated and ambiguous condition of the present game laws. The story is not a very creditable one to the intelligence and honesty of the average legislator, but it is averred that certain members of the Ohio Assembly purposely delayed action on fish and game legislation in an attempt to extort "contributions" from some of the men most largely interested in the commercial fisheries of the State. The latter gentlemen declined to be "seen," and the legislation in question was held till almost the last day in the afternoon, when a bill hastily and clumsily drawn was hurried through both branches with results which are now very generally known.

An English Woodcock.

Dr. Walter Snyder, one of Toledo's most enthusiastic sportsmen, had an experience in Michigan the other day which is certainly to be classed as unusual. On one of his shooting trips across the border the Doctor brought to bag a woodcock which was similar to all the other members of his species in every regard except that of size, and this was nearly twice as great as that of the average bird. Dwight Huntington, the Cincinnati artist and the author of "Brush, Sedge and Stubble," who had been stopping temporarily in Toledo on his way home from a month's shooting on the St. Clair Flats, although he did not see it, gave it as his opinion that the specimen was an English woodcock. The Doctor secured another woodcock of the same character about a year ago in the same locality, but most unfortunately did not have either of them preserved for identification. Doubtless Mr. Huntington knows what he talks about when he denominates this mammoth an "English" woodcock, but he is at a loss to account for the presence of this "blawsted Britisher" on American soil. Can any of the FOREST AND STREAM readers throw any light on this subject?

Across the Indiana Line.

Toledo is a most ideal location for the lovers of the gun as well as of the rod, and its advantages for those who pursue the feathered game of the uplands are well nigh unexcelled. For example, Toledo shooters have only to step across the Michigan line to get ten day's hunting before the Ohio season opens, while on the west, after it closes, they have still thirty days in Indiana. Among those who have recently been prolonging the season in the latter State are Messrs. N. H. Coder, of the railway mail service; H. H. Hewitt, and Arthur Secor.

JAY BEEBE.

Canadian Birds.

THE catalogue of Canadian Birds, issued by the Geological Survey of Canada, of which Dr. Geo. M. Dawson is director, is well on the way toward completion. Part I., which reached us some time since, includes the water birds, gallinaceous birds and pigeons, and is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the ornithology of the northern portions of America, while Part II., it is hoped, may be issued this winter. Of the catalogue, Dr. Dawson says in his prefatory note, that it is intended to numerate all the birds of the Dominion systematically and to bring together the principal known facts in regard to their distribution, migrations and breeding habits. The work has been very acceptably done.

Mr. John Macoun, the Naturalist to the Geological Survey of Canada, who has compiled this catalogue, has brought together all obtainable facts on the range and nesting habits of all birds known to reside in or visit the northern parts of the continent. Thus in addition to the Dominion of Canada, he has included also Newfoundland, Greenland and Alaska. The nomenclature adopted is that of the American Ornithologists' Union, and the order followed in citing the notes on each bird is from east to west, Greenland being first mentioned and Alaska last.

From 1831, when the second volume of the "Fauna Boreali-Americana" was published, until the present time, no complete list of the birds of the northern part of this continent has been attempted, though some years ago Mr. Montague Chamberlain gave us a catalogue of the birds of Canada proper, which contained 556 species. Other more or less local lists have been "Birds of Ontario" (McIlwraith), "Birds of Manitoba" (Thompson), "Birds of Quebec" (Dionne), "Birds of Montreal" (Wintle) and "Birds of British Columbia" (Fannin). All these and many other sources of information have been consulted by Mr. Macoun, but more important than any of these have been his own observations, carried on for more than twenty years, during his travels through Canada in all directions. He has been ably assisted by Mr. W. Spreadborough and by many other helpful persons. The works of investigators in Alaska have, of course, been consulted, and Mr. A. P. Lowe's investigations in Labrador have not been omitted.

In the list, which contains 316 species, besides a considerable number of sub species, which are lettered *a*, *b*, *c*, etc., under their various heads, the English name is given first in full faced type, and this is followed by the Latin name. Then come statements as to the range, migration and breeding of the species, and under the head of breeding notes some specific examples are noted in greater detail.

As already remarked, the catalogue treats of the game birds and the water fowl of northern America, and the notes on these species offer much that is of especial in-

terest to sportsmen. There is much of melancholy interest in the fact that the wild turkey, which was formerly quite common in southwestern Ontario, is now extinct, or nearly so, for those most likely to hear of the birds have not learned of the existence of any for a number of years. The catalogue will prove interesting reading to the sportsman, who has about him also, something of the naturalist.

To the ornithologist it is still attractive, for it contains a great amount of information about different birds that has never before been published, and also gives a summary of what is known to-day with regard to the birds of the northern portion of this continent.

The author announces that it is proposed to publish Part II. this winter, and requests ornithologists who may receive this part to communicate to him any additional facts they may have observed respecting the birds included in it. Such additions will be attached as a supplement to the second part.

Old Fish and Game Laws.

Mr. Carlos L. Smith writes in the Montpelier, Vt. Journal:

"Many people have supposed, myself among the rest, that the fish and game laws were a modern production of this State; that deer, fish and game might formerly be taken at any time when found, and at the sweet will of the hunter.

"I am somewhat surprised to find that as early as 1797, March 9, only six years after Vermont was admitted into the Union, the Legislature passed a law making a close time on deer, from Jan. 10 to July 1 following, and a close time for catching and taking alive any deer, the months of February, March and April, under a penalty of ten dollars for violation; and that every person in whose custody should be found or who should expose for sale any green deer skin or fresh venison during the time between Jan. 10 and July 1 following, unless such party could prove that the deer was killed before Jan. 10, should be adjudged guilty of violating the law.

"Upon demand by any person assigning a reasonable cause of suspicion upon oath, the justice to be judge of the grounds of suspicion, at any time within either of the months before mentioned, the justice should issue his warrant to search in the daytime any house, store, out-house or other place whatever, in which venison or deer skins were suspected to be concealed; and if such were found the penalty was \$10.

"All former laws and acts concerning deer were repealed. This act was passed March 9, 1797, and I do not find, so late as 1808, that it was repealed. The act is contained in Chapter LXI, compilation of 1808.

"In Chapter LXII I find that any person who erected any dam, hedge, weir, seine, fish garth or other stoppage, whereby the passage of fish may be obstructed, save only for the purpose of working some machine useful to the public, shall be guilty of a nuisance and the same may be abated by any person or persons whomsoever, and the offender be liable to a penalty of \$15. That no person shall take or kill any trout in any lake, pond or creek in this State between Sept. 20 and Dec. 20 annually, under a penalty not exceeding \$5, and for killing any muskrat within the months June, July, August, September or October the penalty was \$1. This act was passed March 3, 1797, and repealed Nov. 5, 1801. Chapter LXIII, compilation 1808.

"For killing a grown wolf or panther the bounty was \$20. For the sucking whelp of a wolf or panther, \$10. Passed, March 6, 1797.

"The big game had all vanished from the State twenty-five to thirty years later, and was practically unknown until twenty years ago or less. There was a period of from forty to fifty years during this century that they were gone, but now they seem to be returning, and if hunters do not turn loose the savage rifle upon them they will continue to increase, although deer will never be as plenty here as in Maine or New York on account of the vast tracts of wood land in these States."

CARLOS L. SMITH.

Rest Days in Wildfowl Shooting.

At the meeting of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, held on Monday, Dec. 10, the matter of limiting wildfowl shooting in New York waters was brought up and excited great interest. A number of members spoke on the question, and the general sentiment apparently was in favor of the establishment of certain rest days such as were recently suggested in FOREST AND STREAM.

A resolution was presented by Mr. H. N. Munn as follows, viz.:

"Resolved, That no shooting at wildfowl, ducks, brant and geese shall be allowed on the waters adjacent to Long Island, State of New York, on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

"And, further, that no guns shall be fired from crafts carrying sail."

Mr. Alfred Wagstaff offered an amendment leaving off Friday.

General discussion followed. Mr. Munn, Mr. A. Wagstaff, Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Edward Thompson and others spoke in favor of having certain rest days, but were in doubt as to what days should be so considered. A vote being taken on Mr. Wagstaff's amendment, it was lost, and a vote on Mr. Munn's original motion also failed to receive a majority vote.

An Out of Season Deer on Long Island.

EAST HAMPTON, N. Y., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Dec. 12 at Springs, L. I., a small town about six miles from here, a deer was killed. It swam from Gardner's Island and reached the bank all right, but very much exhausted. The one who killed it saw it was tired, so he caught it very easily. There is no game constable here in East Hampton. What protection have the deer?

PROTECTION.

[We surmise that Protector Pond will provide a protector for this special case.]

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Forest and Stream's Yachting.

OWING to the prospect of an international race next summer, and also to the natural growth of the sport, an increased interest in yachting is felt at the present time. The FOREST AND STREAM will give more space to yachting, and will keep a closer watch than ever on all matters of interest to yachtsmen all over the country.

The news feature will be made specially prominent and information printed from correspondents in different centers as to what is being done by yachtsmen, by designers and by builders. Of especial interest will be a weekly letter on yachting in and about Boston by Mr. Jno. B. Killeen, of the Boston Globe. There will also be articles on scientific yachting and stories of interesting cruises. Designs of new boats and new types will be published frequently, and half-tone pictures of interesting boats will be made a feature. Especial attention will be given to the subject of power boats.

The FOREST AND STREAM is practically the only yachting journal in America, and appeals strongly to all yachtsmen.

THE report that Ex-Commodore E. D. Morgan will have charge of Columbia in the trial races has been verified. It has been hoped that Mr. Morgan would consent to sail Columbia, for aside from the good sport to be had in the trial races there is a possibility that she may be called upon to defend the Cup. Of all the yachts that Mr. Morgan has owned, none of them was of more prominence than the 46-footer Gloriana. When he brought her out in 1891 she revolutionized yacht building throughout the world and brought the Herreshoffs to the front in yacht designing. In the eighties Mr. Morgan owned the 40-footer Tomahawk, and since he began with the sloop Dudley he has owned the schooner Wanderer, on which he cruised to Europe and back, and the schooner Mayflower, after she had, as a sloop, defended the Cup successfully. The big schooner Constellation, now owned by Mr. Francis Skinner, of Boston, was built on Mr. Morgan's order. He was one of the principal shareholders in the cutter Vigilant that was brought out in 1893 to beat the Jubilee, Pilgrim and Colonia in the trials, and Valkyrie II. in the finals. He also owned the launch Daisy and the steam yachts May, Catarina and Amy, and was one of those who ordered a 70-footer last winter, but sold out to Cornelius Vanderbilt while the boat now called Rainbow was under construction. He was Commodore of the N. Y. Y. C. in 1893-4, Rear-Commodore in 1888 and Vice-Commodore in 1891-2.

THE death of Mr. Lawson-Johnston on board his yacht, Whyte Ladye, recalls the many misfortunes which have befallen the owners of that vessel. She was built originally for Lord Rosslyn. Just after her completion he lost all his money and was ostracized from English society. He finally went on the stage to earn a living. Then the vessel was bought by Mrs. Langtry. Up to the time of the purchase of the yacht she had been very prosperous; but after coming into possession of the vessel she lost heavily on the turf, was robbed of all her jewels, and investments were most unsuccessful, so that she was forced to return to the stage to repair her shattered fortunes. Realizing she had a Jonah on her hands, she disposed of the yacht at the first opportunity. Mr. Ogden Goelet was the next purchaser of Whyte Ladye, and after great suffering that extended over some time, he died on board when the yacht was at Cowes in the same cabin where Mr. Lawson-Johnston breathed his last a short time ago.

The Yachtsmen's Club.

OVER forty members of the Yachtsmen's Club assembled at the club rooms, 47 West Forty-third street, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 12, to hear an informal lecture on "The Compass and Its Adjustment," by Mr. John L. Bliss. Mr. Bliss explained in a most interesting manner the various types of compasses and the theory of the earth's polarization. He then gave a demonstration of the magnetizing of iron and steel vessels and its effect upon the action of the compass, ending his lecture by practical instruction in methods of adjusting the instruments. After the lecture Mr. Bliss and Mr. John Hyslop entertained and amused those present with a number of stories which had direct bearing on the subject of the evening.

Capt. Howard Patterson, of the New York Nautical College, has been engaged to talk to the club on the evening of Dec. 19 on "Navigation," and his remarks will be illustrated by the stereopticon. It is intended to form a class of club members during January for the study of navigation, under the tuition of Capt. Patterson, and all members desiring to join are requested to notify Mr. C. T. Pierce, Secretary, as soon as practicable. Other lectures already arranged for are as follows: Jan. 9, "Marine Engineering," by Prof. C. C. Thomas; Jan. 16, "Yacht Measurement," by John Hyslop; Jan. 23, "Yacht Designing and Construction," by Clinton H. Crane, and Jan. 30, "Wrinkles of Yacht Racing," by Newbury D. Lawton.

Applications for membership in the club have been made by the following: Dr. C. W. Schwartz, Cliff Haven Y. C.; Laurence D. Huntington, Jr., New Rochelle Y. C.; E. C. Myrick, Rhode Island Y. C.; Charles E. Lauriat, Jr., Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.; John Taylor Humphrey, Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.; R. W. Bartram, Bridgeport Y. C., and Simeon Ford, American Y. C.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Dec. 15.—Some changes have occurred in the programme as at first mapped out for perfecting the Boston Cup defender. The greatest difficulty has been in obtaining a builder and a place where the yacht may be constructed. It was supposed last week that the Fore River Engine Works would take up the contract, but some things developed which made this impossible, and which put a different aspect on the supposed patriotism of this concern.

When it was not known that there would be any great difficulty in building the yacht, both the Fore River people and Lawley made the same bid for the construction. But when it was found that Lawley could not build her without sub-letting one or more of his large contracts, the Fore River people found that they could not build her except at an advance of two-thirds over the original bid. Of course, as a matter of a business deal, no fault could be found with this, but it looked as though somebody thought that they had Mr. Lawson in a corner.

But in this case, as in all others, the host had to be reckoned on. Mr. Lawson was determined to build the yacht, and he was willing to spend money to get what he wanted, but as much as he desired that the boat should be built in or near Boston, he did not propose to pay an exorbitant bonus. He made up his mind that if he could not have her built in Boston at somewhere near his figure, he would go outside of Massachusetts. Acting accordingly, he immediately set about to get bids outside, and obtained them from three concerns, one of which was the Bath Iron Works. Mr. Lawley, however, in the meantime, realizing how much the Boston people wanted him to build the boat, started in to engineer a little scheme of his own, and the result was that he agreed to undertake the building of the yacht.

That much settled, things looked smooth. Mr. Lawley announced that he would build a shed in which to construct the defender, and that he would also fill his other orders. But again there came a doubt, and Mr. Lawley found that he would have hard work in engineering his little scheme. Again a substitute was found, and this time a real one from Boston, in the form of the Atlantic Works, of East Boston. When Mr. Lawley spoke to them about his difficulties, they immediately offered him every assistance in their power, which Mr. Lawley was nothing loath to accept.

Lawley had entered into the contract to build the yacht, and he proposed to fill that contract. So it was arranged that if she could not be built at South Boston she would be built at the Atlantic Works, but under the supervision of Geo. F. Lawley. At this date it has not been definitely settled where she will be built, but Mr. Lawley has said that it is more than likely that she will be built at the Atlantic Works.

This news is not displeasing to Bostonians, for the Atlantic Works have even greater facilities for building metal vessels than Lawley, and, besides, there is always deep water in front of their plant. The boat will be laid down at Lawley's and the scribe board made there and then shipped to East Boston. Mr. Lawley's men who have worked on the Herreshoff productions will probably be sent to East Boston. Mr. Lawley is greatly pleased at the manner in which the East Boston people came forward and offered their help.

The designs for the new boat have not yet been completed. Mr. Crowninshield has informed your correspondent that there are two or three sets of plans, and that it is not certain which will be the best. Many changes will have to be made in them as they now exist, but Mr. Crowninshield is of the opinion that the completed set will be ready about the middle of the week.

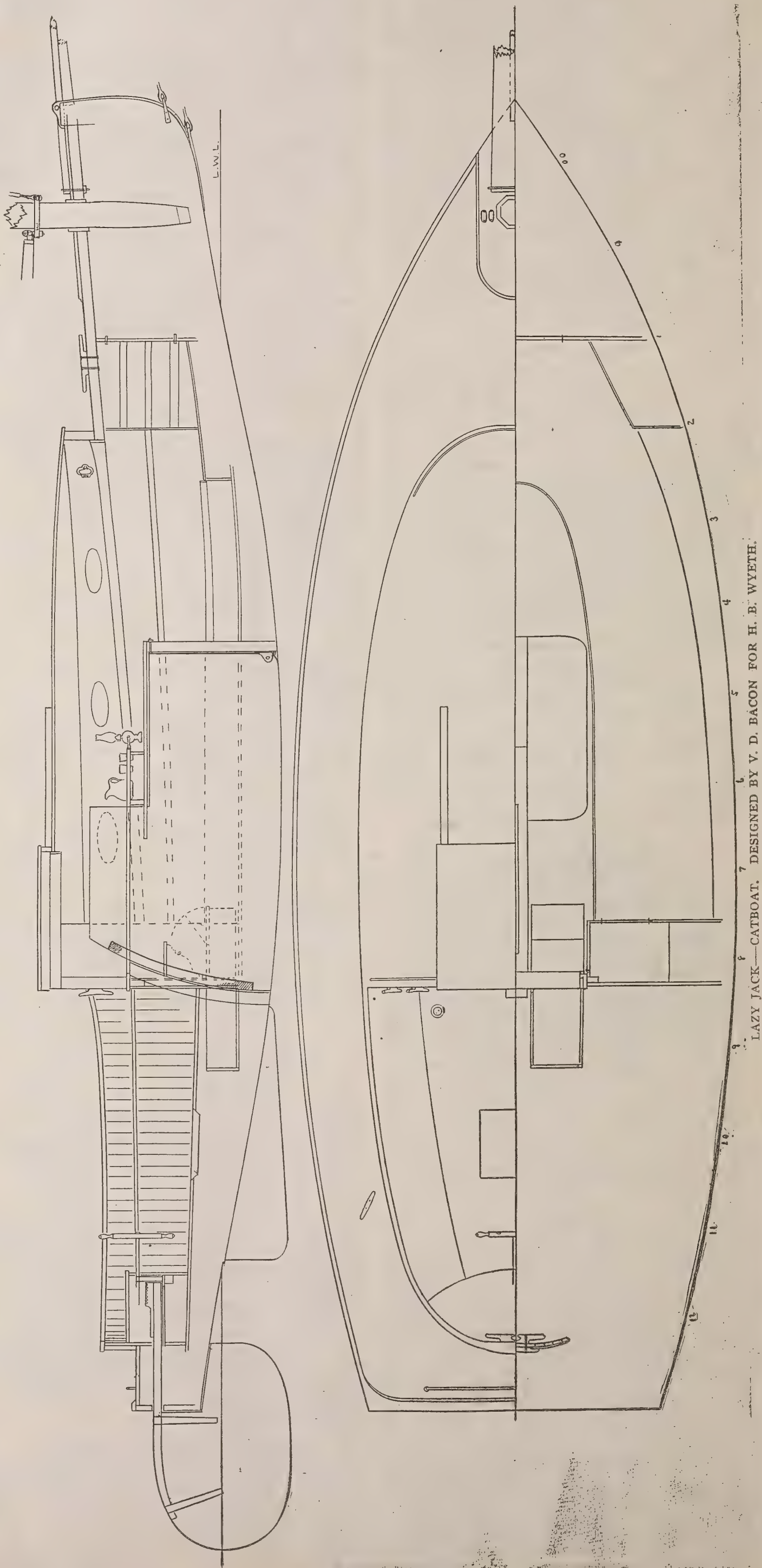
There is one thing that the designer is very anxious to have understood, because of some reports which have been made in regard to what the new boat may look like. He says that the new boat will not be in any manner a freak, but will be a clean, wholesome looking craft. Mr. Crowninshield's views of yacht designing have not the least tendency to run along freak lines. C. H. W. Foster, who will take part in the management of the yacht, has said that it is quite likely that the Boston yacht and that turned out at Bristol would be very nearly alike in design.

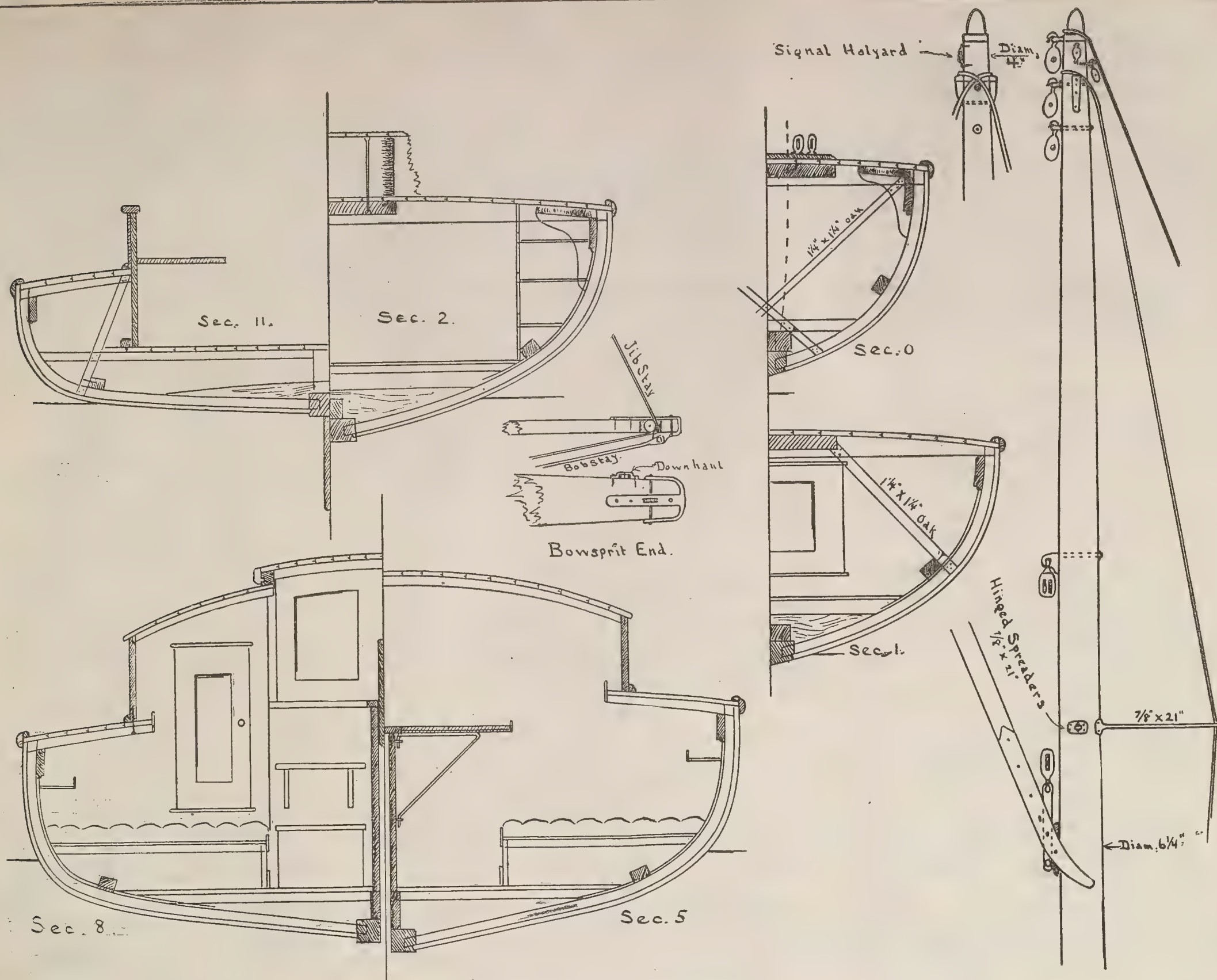
The name of the yacht has not yet been decided upon. Mrs. Lawson will be the chief factor in deciding upon what it will be. The name Bostonian has been suggested and has found much favor. Some of the men interested are in favor of the name, but with the final n dropped, as Bostonian would be individual, while Bostonia would cover the whole field and would be more emblematic of her design, her build and her mission.

The firm of Geo. Lawley & Son, Corporation, which is to have charge of the construction of the boat, was founded by Geo. Lawley, father of the president of the company. Like most yacht builders who have attained prominence in this country, he was born in England and came from a long line of ship builders. He was born in London in 1823, and came to this country in 1851, bringing his family with him. He settled in East Boston, where he worked for some of the prominent ship builders.

Becoming imbued with the advancing American ideas and seeing a possible field in yacht building, he moved to Scituate in 1866, entered into partnership with William Maybury and started the yacht building business, taking with him as assistant his son George. In those days a 20ft. catboat was such a large order as to make the builders feel that business was very good. Many boats were built here and the firm established quite a reputation.

At the solicitation of members of the Boston Y. C., Mr. Lawley moved to South Boston in 1874, severing his connection with Mr. Maybury and taking his son George in with him as partner. The firm became Geo. Lawley & Son. From this out they were successful, so much so that in 1883 they moved to their present location. In that year they built the schooner Adrienne. Their next work of importance was the building of the Cup defender Puritan in 1885. From that time until the present day the firm has been constantly in the eyes of the yachting world. Many of the most prominent yachts in the country have been turned out by them, including the Mayflower, Marguerite, Sachem, Oweene, Barbara, Alborack,





LAZY JACK—DETAIL DRAWINGS.

Alcaea, Ingomar, Jubilee, Latona, Endymion, Alcedo, Aquilo, Currier, Inca, Kaleda and Valda.

The Beverly Y. C. has amended its rules in regard to restricted 25-footers, so that keel boats may now have a show with the centerboards. The minimum of beam in the keel boats is set at 8ft., the excess of draft 6ft., and they are to carry 5,000lbs. of ballast. The minimum of beam in the centerboards is fixed at 9ft., the excess of draft 4ft. and ballast 5,500lbs. At the annual meeting the club elected the following officers for the coming year: Com., G. H. Richards; Vice-Com., L. S. Dabney; Sec'y and Treas., Laurence Whitcomb; Meas., John Parkinson.

There are two 18ft. knockabouts being built for Duxbury parties. A cup has been offered for this class by Ex-Com. Cushman, of the Duxbury Y. C., to be raced for by all comers.

F. D. Lawley is at work on the lines of a Bar Harbor 25-footer. A 21ft. raceabout is set up in the shop. The King 35-footer is partly planked.

Crowninshield is designing a 32ft. yawl for E. I. Sanford, of New York; a 21ft. knockabout for Durbin Horne, of Pittsburg, to be used at Providence, and a 25ft. knockabout for Lorne C. Kenney, of Toronto.

Graves, of Marblehead, is building a 16-footer for A. D. Irving, from Crowninshield's design.

The annual ball of the South Boston Y. C. will take place on Feb. 6, 1901.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Lazy Jack.

We give this week the sail, deck, cabin and detail plans of the catboat Lazy Jack. Her lines and construction plans appeared last week. In racing trim Lazy Jack carries 800lbs. of ballast and not 80lbs., as was stated last week.

Yacht Versus Steamer.

JUDGE ADDISON BROWN in the United States Circuit Court has returned a decision of unusual interest to yachtsmen in the suit of R. Floyd Clark to recover damages on his schooner yacht Vif, which was sunk in the East River near Hell Gate on July 16 as the result of a collision with the steamer Crystal Stream, owned by the Myers Excursion and Navigation Company. The decision is important as defining the rights of way of a sailing vessel as against a steamer.

Vif was a 50ft. keel schooner yacht, and had among her former owners the actor William H. Crane and Charles Stevenson, then the husband of Kate Claxton. She and the Crystal Stream sighted each other when the yacht was sailing north in the easterly channel of Blackwell's Island, nearer to the Blackwell's Island shore and about opposite the workhouse. The Crystal Stream, with an excursion barge lashed to each side of her, was then headed down stream, about 100ft. from the Astoria ferry. The collision occurred within three minutes near the light and about 100ft. from the shore of Blackwell's Island.

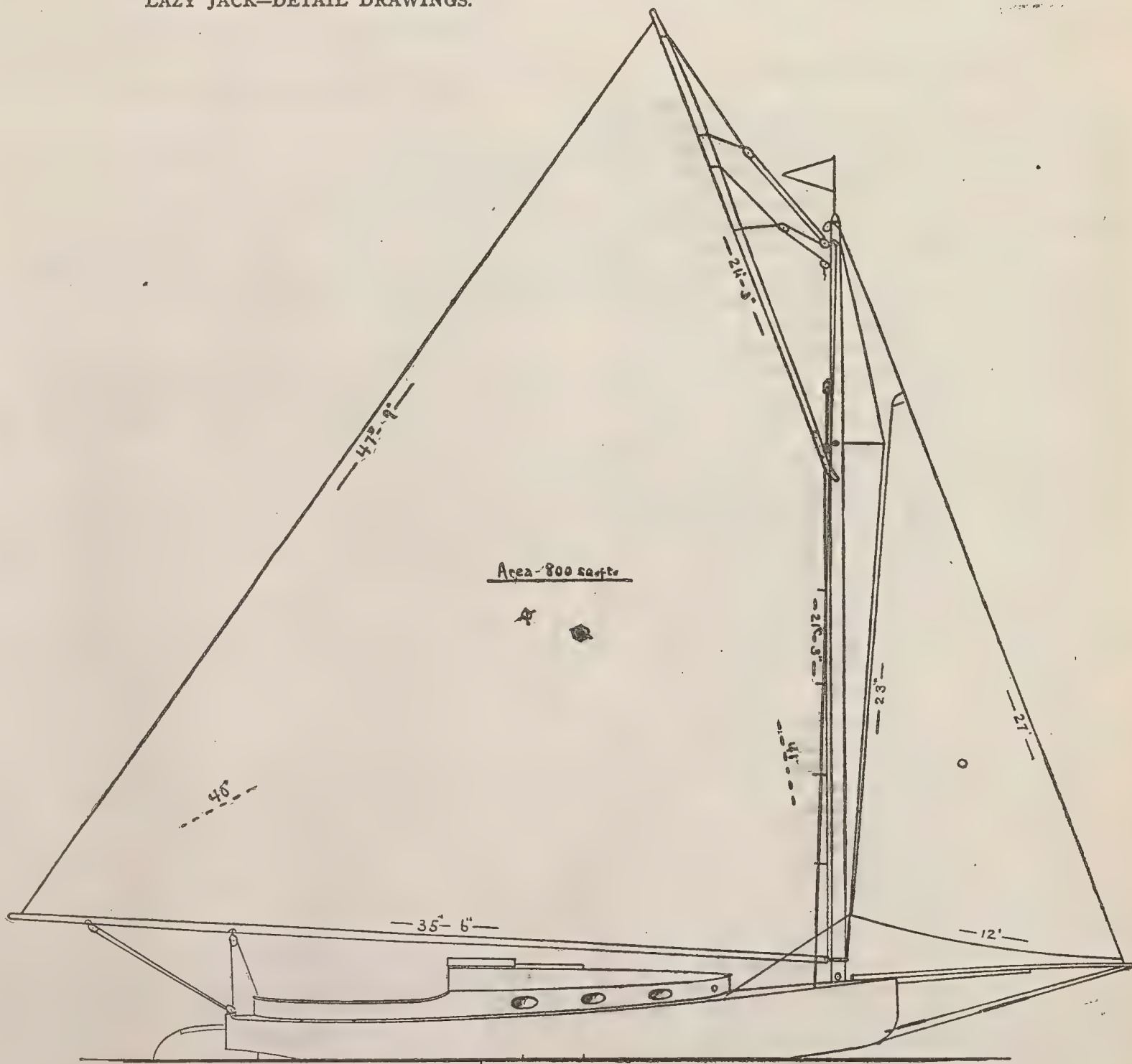
On the part of the yacht, the crew of three men, who were the only persons aboard, testified that they held their course and saw no side lights on the tow, but that it

sagged across their bow and ran into them, the set of the tide forcing them to the westward after passing the bend of the island.

On the part of the Crystal Stream, it was claimed that after passing Astoria ferry slip she crossed the current to avoid the flood tide and an eddy near the Blackwell's

Island side, and that after she had straightened out down the stream the yacht ran into her.

The claim on the part of the yacht was that this crossing of her bow by the Crystal Stream and tow rendered the Crystal Stream liable for all damages, and that, at any rate, as there was a bend in the river at that point, each



LAZY JACK—SAIL PLAN.

boat ought to have kept its own side.

Judge Brown held that the Crystal Stream was not liable for crossing the channel from eddy to eddy, as this was the usual course for incumbered tugs to pursue. The barges lashed at each side of the Crystal Stream projected some 50 ft. ahead of her, and the side lights on the Crystal Stream could only be seen a point or so through the lane thus made, except where they might show across the decks of the barges. Judge Brown declared this arrangement of her colored lights was a gross violation of the rules of navigation, and that the Crystal Stream was in fault. He, however, held that, as the collision occurred at 8 o'clock, when it was still light enough to make out the direction taken by the tow, and that, as the boats were nearly head to head when they first saw each other, the yacht should have passed to the right, the place of collision showing that she must have changed her course with the bend of the shore to the left. He therefore divided the damages.—N. Y. Times.

Genesee.

At noon on Oct. 12 there was launched at the Crescent Ship Yard, at Elizabethport, N. J., the steel auxiliary schooner Genesee. She was built from designs made by Messrs. Cary Smith & Barbey, and is similar in appearance to Lasca, a schooner designed some years ago by the same firm for Mr. James S. Watson, for whom Genesee was built. The boat was named by the owner's wife, and the launching was attended by a few of the relations and friends.

Genesee is 148 ft. over all, 110 ft. on the waterline, 27 ft. beam, 16 ft. 6 in. depth and draws 13 ft. 6 in. The auxiliary power consists of a 9½ and 19 in. engine by 14 in. stroke, steam being supplied by two Almy boilers of 100 horse-power; 20 tons of coal can be carried in the bunkers. She has a two-bladed feathering propeller. An electric light plant and an evaporator for making fresh water add to the completeness of the yacht.

Two fine Oregon pine sticks have been secured for her masts, as she is intended solely for deep water cruising; a yard and square sail is carried on the foremast. The plan that accompanies this article will give an excellent idea of the arrangement below decks. All the cabins with the exception of the main saloon are paneled in pine and painted white with mahogany trim. The main cabin is furnished in teak with handsome carved panels. At the after end is an open fireplace with green tile; the cabin portholes are concealed by stained glass panels, each representing one of the caravels in Columbus' fleet, which give a most effective color scheme. Open plumbing of the most approved style is used throughout. The galley and forecabin are unusually large and airy. A small deck house aft, that serves as companionway, offers a protected lounging-place for the owner and his guests in bad weather. All the deck fittings are of teak.

In her trials under power Genesee steamed about three miles an hour more than the speed expected, and developed 60 per cent. more than the required horse-power.

Yacht Club Notes.

WITH an unusually active yachting year at hand, the New York Y. C. has decided to stick by its old officers. The Nominating Committee has nominated for re-election, at the annual meeting Feb. 14, nearly all of those who are at present holding office. The Treas., Mr. F. W. J. Hurst, will retire after fourteen years' service, and has named Mr. Tarrant Putnam to succeed him. The list in full is as follows: Com., Lewis Cass Ledyard, schooner Corona; Vice-Com., August Belmont, sloop Mineola; Rear-Com., C. L. F. Robinson, cutter Hester; Sec'y, J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., Tarrant Putnam; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch, M. D. Regatta Committee—S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Newbury D. Lawton. Committee on Admission—Henry C. Ward, James C. Bergen, Frederick Gallatin, James A. Wright and George F. Dominick. House Committee—Harrison B. Moore, Thomas A. Bronson and William H. Osgood. Library Committee—Theodore C. Zerega, Paul Evé Stevenson and Arnold Wood. Committee on Club Stations—William Thomas, No. 1, Tompkinsville, S. I.; Frederick G. Bourne, No. 2, New York, foot of East Twenty-sixth street; F. Augustus Schermerhorn, No. 3, Whitestone, N. Y.; L. Vaughan Clark, No. 4, New London, Conn.; Charles Lane Poor, No. 5, Shelter Island, N. Y.; Frederick P. Sands, No. 6, Newport, R. I.; Harrison B. Moore, No. 7, Vineyard Haven, Mass.; John P. Duncan, No. 8, Atlantic Highlands; Amzi L. Barber, No. 9, Ardsley-on-Hudson; Edward R. Ladew, Glen Cove, N. Y.

The Payonia Y. C. held its annual meeting on Tuesday, Dec. 11, and elected the following officers for the coming year: Com., D. W. Kohn, schooner Azalea; Vice-Com., Alex. F. Roe, yawl Forsyth; Fleet Capt., John Wright, sloop Naomi; Meas., A. P. Curtis; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. J. Parker; Rec. Sec'y, W. W. Poland; Fin. Sec'y, W. F. Tobin; Treas., L. Mittelsdorf. House Committee—John Zimmerman, Garrett Van Horn, William Willis, James Morey and M. Gilmartin. Trustees—F. G. Agens, E. J. Smith, C. W. Link, John C. Smith and P. W. Figueira. Anchorage Committee—G. Van Horn, A. P. Curtis and L. C. Russ. Plans were submitted for the alterations of the new club house at Bayonne, N. J., and for the outbuildings on the grounds. The club is in a very satisfactory condition. On New Year's Day the officers will give their annual dinner to the members, which will be the last important reunion at the old Jersey City quarters previous to the occupancy of the new house at Bayonne.

The Williamsburgh Y. C. held its annual meeting on Tuesday, Dec. 11, and elected the following officers: Com., John Fennell; Vice-Com., E. V. Rosemond; Rear-Com., John New; Sec'y, Henry Schmieder (re-elected); Cor. Sec'y, William D. Long (re-elected); Treas., Adolph Kling (re-elected); Meas., Joseph Northrup; Steward, A. I. Brush; Sergeant-at-Arms, Christopher Hamburger. Board of Trustees—Frederick Smedley, Chairman; Wm.

Kells, James F. Schnessele, John Lawes, Gus Schwartz. Regatta Committee—Adolph Kling, Chairman; Henry Schmieder, Joseph Newberger.

The Morris Y. C. has elected the following officers for the coming year: Com., George R. Moran, auxiliary sloop Mavourneen; Vice-Com., Hugo Eckert, sloop Ariel; Rear-Com., W. T. Isbell, sloop Frolic; Fleet Capt., F. Jacoby, catboat Venus. Directors—Charles Lansing, William Heubeck, George Henneberg, John Salzman, Al. Schorske and William Schwenke. The club's annual smoker will be held at the winter quarters in January.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

At New Rochelle the new shed at Huntington's yard, in which the 51-footer for Mr. E. Kelly will be built, is nearing completion. Over sixty boats are in their winter quarters at this yard. Among them are: Iola, Nada, Ruby, Lucille, Moya, Zolfo, Senta, The Duchess, Tis, Karma, Ionia, Keren, Bonnie Glint, Persimmon, Mongoose II., Jessica, Gossip, Don't Worry, Idler, Oconee, Midge, Rochelle, Marion, Angora, Vagrant, Sally, Swan, Oriole, Wanata, Miriam, Nettie Dennis, Kazaza, Alcedo, Keneu, Ontiora, Addie, Mayotta, Twilight, Margaret, Adelaide, Osage, Wyutje, Heron, Whynot, Elphin, Nora, Dorothy, Pandora, Dort, Mascotte, Possum, Nonny, Welfare, Jessica (knockabout).

Mr. Charles Smithers, of the N. Y. Y. C., has sold his schooner yacht Fleur de Lys, through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine and Crane, to Dr. Lewis A. Stimson, of the N. Y. Y. C. The Fleur de Lys is one of the best known cruising yachts in the club fleet, and her log book includes the records of several transatlantic voyages. The yacht was designed by Burgess, and built at Bath, Me., ten years ago.

The schooner yacht Rosina, owned by Mr. Harry T. Malpass, of Atlantic City, N. J., which was driven ashore on the night of Dec. 9, off Southold, L. I., has arrived at Tebo's Basin, South Brooklyn, and is undergoing repairs before proceeding to her destination. The Rosina was floated on Dec. 11, and being found in pretty fair condition was taken in tow and brought to Brooklyn. Her steering gear will be replaced, and her standing rigging needs attention.

Mr. Franklin Singer, one of the richest Americans in Paris, has ordered a schooner yacht, which will probably be the largest sailing pleasure craft in the world. The boat is designed by Soper, and will be built at Gosport, England.

Mr. L. T. Moscrop, of Brooklyn, has sold his racing 28 ft. cabin catboat Firefly, to Mr. L. F. Sanderson, of New London, Conn.

Mr. Joseph R. Wainwright, of Philadelphia, has bought the steam yacht Henrietta, and will take her to Philadelphia.

The yawl Lapwing, owned by Mr. P. Larouche, of Boston, which spent most of her time cruising in the waters hereabouts, has been bought by Mr. L. W. Snelling, who is a member of the New Rochelle Y. C. He will change her rig next spring to that of a sloop.

Five of the Larchmont's new 25 ft. one-design class, from the plans of Messrs. Gardner & Cox, are now under way at the yard of Wyckoff Bros. & Taylor, Clinton, Conn. The owners of these boats are Mr. Charles Hogan, of New York; Mr. J. G. Hocke, of Jersey City; Dr. J. M. Woodbury, of New York; Mr. Robert D. Graham, of Greenwich, Conn., and Mr. H. G. S. Noble, of New York. The commissions to build were given as named, and the order of their delivery will be the same. Within the next few days the designers hope to have three or four additional contracts signed by well known yachtsmen.

The Fife designed cutter Senta, recently sold to Mr. A. N. Hinkle, of Cincinnati, through the agency of Messrs. Gardner & Cox, will leave Southampton, England, in a few days for Greenport, L. I., and will be laid up the remainder of the winter at the yard of the Greenport Construction Co.

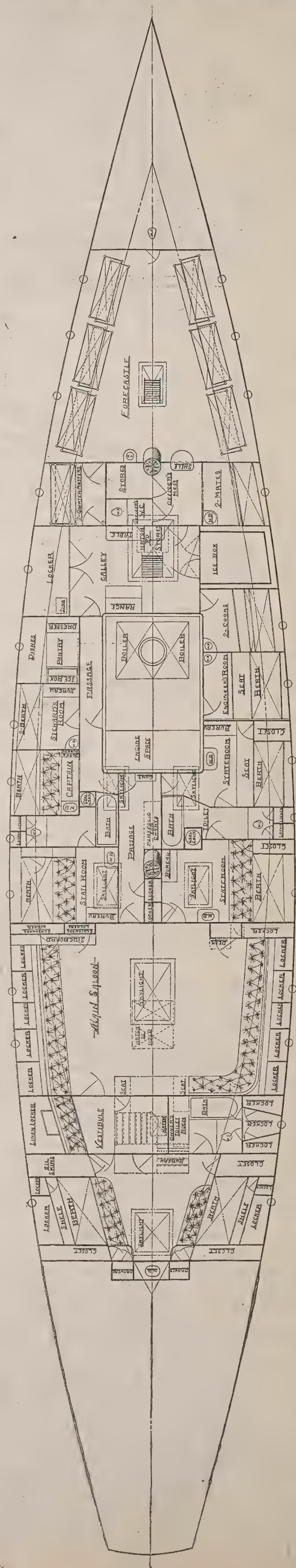
Mr. J. M. McDonough, the former owner of the Fife designed cutter Jessica, is seriously considering the building of a houseboat 127 ft. over all and 20 ft. beam.

The auxiliary yacht Intrepid, N. Y. Y. C., is having her machinery and boilers overhauled at Fletcher's, Hoboken, and will leave there for Tebo's Basin, South Brooklyn, in a few days.

The steam yacht Corsair, N. Y. Y. C., Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, will leave Fletcher's, Hoboken, on Tuesday for the Erie Basin, where she will be laid up for the winter.

The steam yacht Marjorie, recently purchased by Mr. Isaac E. Emerson, of Baltimore, Md., is at the Morse Iron Works, foot of Fifty-seventh street, South Brooklyn, for repairs and alterations.

Mr. George Lord Day, prominent as a yachtsman, clubman and sportsman, died on Dec. 14, from the result of an operation. He was thirty-nine years old. Mr. Day made several long ocean voyages on his yacht Fleur de Lys, and cruised over most of the world. His boat was one of the nine American yachts at the jubilee naval



GENESEE—DESIGNED BY MESSRS. A. CARY SMITH & BARBEY FOR MR. JAMES S. WATSON.

review at Southampton, in 1896. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war his yacht was near Lisbon, Portugal, and was chased by a Spanish gunboat, but got away. A year ago Mr. Day built the schooner Endymion, which was handsomely fitted out. In his first trip across the ocean in her the boat made a record for her class. He returned to this country on the yacht in October. Mr. Day was a member of the Union, University, Racquet, Manhattan, Meadowbrook, New York Yacht Club and New York Athletic Club.

The steam yacht Enterprise, N. Y. Y. C., Messrs. F. L. and Nelson Perrin, of Baltimore, is being fitted out at Curtis Bay, the anchorage and station of the Baltimore Y. C., for a cruise to South America, and is expected to sail the first of the year.

The steam yacht Sagamore, recently purchased by Mr. E. Clinton Lee, of Philadelphia, and before reported as being at Poillon's, South Brooklyn, for repairs, is being entirely replanked among other renewals. Capt. White is in charge.

S. M. Jarvis' steam yacht Priscilla, which with her owner and a party abroad left New York Nov. 18 on a West Indian cruise, was reported at Havana on Dec. 10.

Capt. William A. Andrews is to make another trip across the ocean in a small boat. This time he will attempt the passage in an rift folding canoe. He will start the first of next June. Charles A. Bigney, a Boston boy, who is well known for his high diving feats, will accompany Andrews, himself having a canoe of the same length and canvas covered. The trip, therefore, will be in the nature of a race.—Boston Globe.

NOGALES, Ariz., Nov. 22.—Arizona is to furnish a novel feature for the inaugural parade in Washington next March. About a year ago two half-grown black bears were captured in the Santa Rita Mountains, by Mark Lully, a locally noted hunter. He offered them to the Washington Zoological Gardens, and the gift was accepted conditional upon the delivery of the bears in Washington. The question of the delivery was soon solved by a unique bet made between W. M. Hoey, an enthusiastic Indiana Republican, now Collector of the Port of Nogales, and a Democratic friend, William Taggart, of Indianapolis. Hoey agreed to take the bears East and to march with them in the inaugural parade if his candidate was elected. Taggart promised to do the same if Bryan was successful.—New York Times.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, Dec. 9. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Gindele was declared champion for the day with a score of 95. He ties his old record on this score:

Gindele	9 8 10 10 9 10 10 9 10 10—95
	9 8 8 10 10 10 10 9 9 8—91
	7 9 10 9 9 6 10 9 8 8—85
Payne	8 6 9 9 10 9 10 10 9 8—88
	6 9 8 6 9 9 8 10 9 9—82
	6 8 7 6 8 9 8 8 8 8—76
Strickmeier	9 10 10 9 8 7 9 10 8 7—87
	9 10 8 10 10 6 6 6 9 4—78
	10 7 7 9 7 8 8 8 6 7—77
Nestler	9 8 9 8 10 10 9 6 8 9—86
	9 9 8 8 10 6 10 9 9 6—84
	9 8 8 6 9 10 10 7 6 6—79
Lux	9 6 7 8 9 10 10 10 8—85
	5 8 6 10 8 7 7 5 10 8—74
	7 5 10 8 7 9 10 5 6 6—73
Drube	8 10 8 10 8 9 9 9 5 6—82
	6 8 8 7 8 7 6 7 7 10—74
	6 8 8 8 6 8 6 6 4 6 9—72
Jonscher	6 9 5 9 10 10 9 4 7 9—78
	8 6 8 8 7 6 8 8 10 9—78
	7 8 6 8 10 7 6 8 8 9—77
Bruns	9 10 7 9 10 6 7 8 6 6—78
	6 7 6 7 6 10 8 10 8 9—77
	8 8 7 9 8 5 7 10 7 7—76
Topf	8 5 6 9 7 9 10 7 9 3—73
	9 7 9 6 7 6 9 6 4 5—68
	8 6 4 10 3 10 8 5 5 7—66
Weinheimer	8 9 6 4 10 5 8 8 6 6—70
	5 10 8 5 9 4 10 6 7 5—70
	6 6 6 5 9 8 10 6 7 5—68
Houck	5 8 7 3 6 6 5 5 6 6—61
	2 5 9 3 10 6 4 6 9 6—60
	5 9 4 9 2 3 5 2 9 5—53

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 9.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club members met at Harbor View for practice to-day. Our shooting master, Frank S. Washburn, made 45.5 average for his best 10 scores out of 15 entries, which is far better than he ever did before with pistol. Best scores, Columbia target:

Practice matches; pistol, 50yds.: Prichard 36, 56; Washburn 42, 43, 52, 45, 60, 42, 43, 47, 48, 42—455; Daiss 47; Twist 59, 60; Becker 60, 56.

Revolver: Trego 65, Prichard 95.

22 rifle: Allen 43, 36, 45.

F. O. Young.

Trapshooting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Dec. 25.—Chicago.—All-day shoot of the Garfield Gun Club. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.
Dec. 25.—Haverhill, Mass.—Christmas Day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Acting Sec'y.
Dec. 25.—Newark, N. J.—Open live-bird shoot of the Forester Gun Club. J. J. Fleming, Sec'y, 21 Waverly avenue.
Dec. 27.—Kansas City, Mo.—Match for the east iron medal between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and W. R. Crosby, challenger.
Dec. 27.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Team match at 25 birds between Baltimore Shooting Association and Keystone Shooting League—first of a series.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue.

1901.

Jan. 1.—Newark, N. J.—Target shoot of the South Side Gun Club.
Jan. 1.—Newark, N. J.—Twentieth annual all-day shoot of the South Side Gun Club. Isaac H. Terrill, Sec'y.
Jan. 1.—Sing Sing, N. Y.—Tournament of the Ossining Gun Club; targets. Wm. P. Hall, Sec'y.
Jan. 15-18.—Hamilton, Ont.—Hamilton Gun Club's eleventh annual tournament; live birds and targets; open to all. H. Graham, Sec'y.
Jan. 15-19.—Hamilton, Ont.—Hamilton Gun Club's eleventh annual tournament; live birds and targets; open to all. H. Graham, Sec'y.
April 9-12.—Baltimore, Md.—Eighth annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days targets, \$100 per day added; two days live birds, \$500 guaranteed. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.
April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.
May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.
June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapsshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.
June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapsshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June.
June —.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Chas. T. Stickle, Sec'y.

AT WATSON'S PARK.

Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Fifteen-bird shoots as follows: Dec. 22, 25, 29 and Jan. 1; \$2.50 entrance; \$2 sweep optional; shoots commence at 1 o'clock.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Jan. 8.—Interstate Park, Queens.—Welch (holder)-Elliot match for the Dupont trophy.
Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.
Interstate Park, L. I.—Fountain Gun Club's regular monthly shoots, the third Thursday of October, November and December.
Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

1901.

April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at live birds.
June —.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Forty-third annual tournament of the New York State Association for the protection of Fish and Game.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The daily press recounts that some of the shooters of Flatlands and Carnarsie, L. I., have been arranging to hold some live-bird shoots on Christmas Day, and that they have been notified by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that, as they do not belong to regularly incorporated clubs, the live-bird shooting will not be permitted. It further recounts that "There is much indignation among the interested marksmen. They say such shooting is done monthly at Dexter Park and other places, and declare that the discrimination against them is unjust." There is no discrimination whatever. Any sportsmen who wish can organize and comply with the law governing live-bird shooting. Good sportsmen should be good citizens, and good citizens should obey the laws.

Among the notable visitors in New York recently were Mr. Paul North, of the Chamberlin Cartridge Co.; Mr. W. M. (U. M. C.) Thomas, who visited New York for the first time since becoming a Shriner; Mr. B. Leroy Woodard, of Remington and Dupont fame; Mr. Jack Fanning, who ends the year with an enviable list of record-breaking runs and high averages; Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the distinguished authority on tournaments; Mr. Howard Marlin, of the Marlin Fire Arms Co.; Mr. Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and Mr. J. Hildreth, also of the latter company, who arrived in town without a new joke this time, the first occurrence of the kind in many years; and the genial and well met Ben Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co.

Under date of Dec. 15 Mr. John Watson, Burnside Crossing, Ill., writes us as follows: "A series of 15-bird shoots will be given at this park as follows: Saturday, Dec. 22, and Christmas Day; Saturday, Dec. 29, and New Year's Day, 1901. Entrance to each event, cost of birds, \$2.50, with an optional sweep, \$2. The bird money, \$2.50, will be returned to all the shooters making straight scores. Class shooting and sweep money divided according to number of entries. Five entries, 55 and 45 per cent.; six to ten entries, 40, 35 and 25 per cent; over ten entries, 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. Shooting to commence at 1 P. M. each day."

Dr. C. W. Carson, secretary of the Chicago Gun Club, writes us that "The annual meeting of the Chicago Gun Club was held last evening, at the Sherman House, the following directors being elected: Dr. E. C. Morton, J. L. Jones, Dr. C. W. Carson, Chas. Antoine, W. H. Cornwell. The new constitution and by-laws were adopted. After the general meeting the directors elected the officers for 1901: Dr. E. C. Morton, President; J. L. Jones, Vice-President; Dr. C. W. Carson, Secretary-Treasurer; Chas. Antoine and W. H. Cornwell, Directors. The treasurer's report was very satisfactory."

The accession to the membership of the Interstate Association at its last annual meeting, a report of which is published in these columns, is exceedingly gratifying. It indicates a wholesome growth in the organization itself, and is pleasingly auspicious as an index of the permanency and cleanness of the sport generally. The increase in the membership adds to the Association's power and prestige, already great, besides materially broadening the scope of its usefulness.

The tribe of Indians is growing. Several noted braves—not the last of their race—were adopted into the tribe at a council held at John Watson's shooting conference last week. The member-

ship of this young and fishing tribe of Indians is a continuous refutation of the old chatter that a good Indian is a dead Indian. Probably the idea originated in the fact that the bow-and-arrow aborigine was but little better than 40 per cent. in skill, and was therefore unavailable for tournament purposes.

In the big 25-live-bird handicap at John Watson's congress of famous shooters, held in Chicago last week, Dr. J. L. Williamson, of Milwaukee, and Mr. J. R. Graham, of Long Lake, Ill., were the only ones to kill straight. There were fifty-seven competitors, and the formidable aspect of the competition may be inferred when it is mentioned that seven of them stood at 31yds., seven at 30yds. and twenty-seven at 29yds., so that of the fifty-seven, forty-one were at or back of the 29yd. mark.

Mr. John S. Wright, the eminent manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, has accepted a challenge from "Bill Smith" to shoot a live-bird match under somewhat novel conditions, namely: He stands at 30yds. and shoots at 25 birds, while "Bill Smith" stands at 27yds. and shoots at 21 birds. As Mr. Wright can shoot equally well at 30 or 25yds., the match should be interesting. It is fixed to take place on Thursday of next week at Interstate Park.

Messrs. Harvey McMurphy and P. Bekeart recently went out on a coyote hunt in California, and succeeded in flushing four, but neither men nor horses could catch them, as they got out of bounds, and therefore should be marked with a 0. They, however, captured two coons, and were not empty-handed on their return. The duck season being on, they afterward arranged to have a duck shoot on Mr. Bekeart's marshes.

Keep in mind that the twentieth annual all-day target shoot of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., begins at 10 o'clock on New Year's Day. The grounds are situated on New Jersey Railroad avenue, opposite Lehigh coal pockets. There will be several turkey and merchandise events. Lunch served at 12 M. Wm. M. Smith is president; Isaac H. Terrill manager.

The contest for the E C cup and the championship of New Jersey, between Mr. G. H. Piercy, holder, and Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, challenger, took place on Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark, on Thursday of last week. Mr. Feigenspan, who had held it a long time, and defeated several challengers, was the victor by a score of 46 to 43.

The popular and talented newsgatherer of Sporting Life, Mr. Will K. Park, was married to Miss Margaret Kirkwood, of Boston, on Dec. 11. This charming lady is better known in the trap-shooting world under the nom de fusil of "Miskay." We extend our hearty congratulations and good wishes to them.

On Thursday afternoon of this week, on the Carteret Gun Club's grounds, at Garden City, L. I., Messrs. R. A. Welch and Harold Money will shoot a match at 100 live birds, 30yds. rise, 30yds. boundary, for \$500 a side. Both gentlemen, as is well known, are first-class experts with the scatter gun.

The twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association will be held in Springfield, Ill., the entire third week in May, 1901, is the information concerning that subject sent us by the Association's secretary, Mr. Chas. T. Stickle, of Springfield, Ill.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner's report as manager of the Interstate Association contains matter of much solid worth, and therefore is deserving of special consideration. It will be found in another column, in the report of the Interstate annual meeting.

In the report of Watson's shoot, published in our trap columns this week, Mr. Hough mentions that Dr. J. L. Williamson, of Milwaukee, and Mr. George Roll, of Blue Island, Ill., will shoot a 100-bird match at Watson's Park in the near future.

Mr. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., was high average in the four days of shooting at Watson's Park, Chicago, last week.

The Garfield Gun Club will not hold a shoot on Saturday of this week, but will hold an all-day shoot on Christmas Day.
BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the sixth trophy shoot of the season.

Honors were divided between T. W. Eaton and F. G. Barnard, both killing straight in the main event. The birds were quite a fast lot when once started, but a little slow about taking wing. A strong chilling north wind blew directly across the traps, chilling both birds and shooters.

No shoot next Saturday, but an all-day shoot on the following Tuesday, Christmas.

Event No. 1, trophy shoot:

Workman, 23.....	2200122021—7	Barnard, 30.....	2121212222—10
Thomas, 28.....	12*121211—9	Dr Mathews, 29.....	1222201102—8
T Eaton, 30.....	1222211122—10	Dorman, 28.....	1201210021—7
C J Wolff, 26.....	1120010022—6	Hicks, 31.....	2101011101—7
Kehl, 26.....	2100002000—3	Sperry, 30.....	1122w
Dr Shaw, 25.....	2222222220—9	Nusly, 28.....	12*121211—9
Mrs Shaw, 25.....	220221*222—8	Palmer, 31.....	2222022212—9
Dr Meek, 31.....	11111*2211—9		

Event No. 2, 6 birds, \$1:

Thomas.....	02*112—4	Thomas.....	221201—5
Nusly.....	101110—4	Sperry.....	222212—6
Eaton.....	102111—5	Palmer.....	*2222—4
C J Wolff.....	120102—4	Barnard.....	221222—6
Kehl.....	000000—0	Dr Mathews.....	22*122—6
Dr Shaw.....	222222—6	Dorman.....	120111—5
Mrs Shaw.....	2*0101—3	Hicks.....	22112—6
Dr Meek.....	*21112—5		

Event No. 3:

Barnard.....	212122—6	Palmer.....	*22200—3
Dorman.....	111211—6	Hicks.....	010110—3
Nusly.....	101020—3		

Dr. J. W. MEER, Sec'y.

Chicago Gun Club.

Watson's Park, Chicago, Dec. 15.—To first and third the club added \$3.

Dr Miller, 30.....	221021121222212—14		
Lovell, 28.....	220212262*12222—12		
Sundermeier, 29.....	022211010201122—11		
W H Cornwell, 29.....	0122*2111022112—12		
C W Carson, 29.....	21021212211111—14		
Mack, 28.....	202010011111011—10		
R Balmer, 26.....	202200001102001—7		
C E Felton, 28.....	212001002211121—11		
Mrs Carson, 25.....	101001100111000—7		

Ties on 14, 5 birds:

Dr Miller.....	12211—5	12112—5	C W Carson.....	11222—5	12100—4
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Ties on 12, 5 birds:

Lovell.....	01122—4	20001—2	00200—1
Cornwell.....	20222—4	00102—2	02100—2

Ties on 11:

Sundermeier.....	1010*—2	Felton.....	11112—5
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RAVELRIGG.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Interstate Park Handicap.

INTERSTATE PARK, Queens, L. I., Dec. 12.—The Interstate Park Handicap had six contestants, among whom was the famous shot "Little Hawkeye." Mr. Harold Money sustained his high form, killing his 25 birds straight. The conditions were 25 birds, \$10 entrance, \$5 in gold added:

Daniel, 30.....	222222222222222220w
H. Money, 30.....	2212221122222222212112-25
Morley, 30.....	2222121121211110w
Fox, 30.....	22221121111022212*12121-23
Lincoln, 28.....	222222*2222211210221*0112-21
Little Hawkeye, 26.....	2002111022120011012w

Miss-and-outs were also shot.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, Queens, Dec. 15.—Mr. Robert A. Welch won the Mauser rifle, which was the prize of a series of contests, with Mr. C. M. Lincoln a close second. The scores:

R A Welch, 30.....	21121222112222221*2
C A Lockwood, 29.....	012220
C M Lincoln, 28.....	212012211222022220
S B Jay, 29.....	100
T A Chapman, 28.....	1222112222200
G Grisar, 26.....	121111222021121010

Ten-bird event:
J Welch, 27.....0201022200-5 Annie Oakley, 28.....121102112-9
C A Lockwood, 29.....220222202*-7 Capt Jack, 28.....12*1222201-8
C M Lincoln, 29.....2221162202-3 G Grisar, 28.....2020122102-7

Miss-and-outs followed the main events.

At Interstate Park.

Interstate Park, Dec. 13.—Matches as follows were shot to-day: Morley-Sanders match, at 50 birds, \$50; Morley used one barrel:
T W Morley, 33.....10111101*111*10101*11110111*11011*11111-36
W Sanders, 30.....2012012*2221*20120121122002012221212220122220011-37

Wynn-Rodman match:
Dr Wm Wynn, 30.....*1101111121210102*1*-14
C H Rodman, 30.....1022112*0110*0200221-12

Lincoln-Sanders match:
Sanders, 30.....2222022000112122200112*222212*2122212*1012*1202-38
Lincoln, 30.....22212110121212102112222221222021*2*221212*012222-43

Ten birds, \$10:
Sanders, 30.....2201222022-8 Lincoln, 30.....2022222200-7

Miss-and-outs:
Sanders, 30.....120 2222 Packard2112 110
Lincoln, 30.....2220 220 Ramapo121

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Dec. 15.—A bracing cold day and clear light favored the shooters who contested at Bay Ridge to-day in the Crescent Athletic Club's shoot. Mr. Louis C. Hopkins and Dr. J. J. Keyes tied on 46 for the December cup, this being the third contest for that trophy:

December cup, 25 targets, expert traps; 25 magautrap; handicap allowances added:

	—Expert—	—Magautrap—	Grand
	Hdcp. Total.	Hdcp. Total.	Total.
L C Hopkins.....	9 23	7 23	46
J J Keyes.....	9 21	7 25	46
J S S Remsen.....	2 24	1 21	45
F B Stephenson.....	4 19	3 24	43
W G McConville.....	12 23	10 19	42
H M Brigham.....	2 24	2 17	41
W Marshall.....	6 17	5 17	34
Dr H L O'Brien.....	5 16	4 15	31

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, expert; handicap allowances added:
W. G. McConville with an allowance of 8, made 15; E. Banks, 0, 14; F. B. Stephenson, 2, 14; H. M. Brigham, 1, 13; C. G. Rasmus, 4, 13; G. W. Hagedorn, 1, 13; G. Stephenson, Sr., 6, 13; Dr. O'Brien, 3, 11; W. Marshall, 4, 11; Dr. J. J. Keyes, 6, 10; C. Kenyon, Jr., 3, 9; Dr. Carroll, 0, 7.

Stein trophy shoot, 15 targets, expert traps; handicap allowances added:
J. S. S. Remsen, with a handicap of 1, made 15; L. C. Hopkins, 6, 13; H. M. Brigham, 1, 13; Dr. J. J. Keyes, 6, 13; G. W. Hagedorn, 1, 13; Dr. H. L. O'Brien, 3, 11; C. Kenyon, Jr., 3, 9.

IN NEW JERSEY.

E C Cup.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 13.—The contest between Messrs. George H. Piercy, holder, and C. W. Feigenspan, challenger, for the E C cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, took place on Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark, to-day. The result was in favor of Mr. Feigenspan, by a score of 46 to 43. Mr. J. H. W. Fleming acted as referee. The conditions were 50 targets, unknown angles.

The Oceanic Club had a handicap club shoot at 25 targets, in which Schortemeier, standing at 18yds., was high man, with a score of 22. Messrs. Hooley and Colquitt were guests.

E C Cup contest:
G H Piercy.....11111111111011101100111-21
C W Feigenspan.....111111110111111111001-22-43
11101111111111111111111-24
10111111111111111101101-22-46

Oceanic club shoot, 25 targets:
Fischer, 16.....11010101111001101100111-18
Piercy, 18.....11111110111101101110111-21
Schortemeier, 18.....1111111011100111111111-22
Feigenspan, 18.....11011011111111111100011-20
Koeller, 14.....010111000111111001101110-16
Heinrich, 14.....00111001111011001010111-16
Sinnock, 18.....110110011000110101101100-14
Hooley.....111011111111111110141010-21
Jones, 14.....01001001100111011110110-15
Colquitt.....111001110101111111101-20

*Guests.
Sweepstakes:
Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Targets: 10 15 15 15 15 15 Targets: 10 15 15 15 15 15
Feigenspan.....8 13 13 13 15 15 12 Koeller.....6.....10
Piercy.....8 7 11 13 12 10 Fischer.....6.....10
Schortemeier.....7 13 14 10 13 14 12 Colquitt.....11 14
Jones.....7 13.....12 13.....Heinrich.....9
Hooley.....7 13 11 13 14 12 9 Sinnock.....10

Trenton Shooting Association.

There was a light attendance at the regular monthly badge contest of the Trenton Shooting Association, at its grounds, at Hutchinsons Lake, below White Horse, Dec. 12, which was partly due to an error of one of the local dailies in announcing that the shoot was scheduled for next Wednesday, the 19th. The feature of the day's shooting was the low percentages made. Occasionally some one would make a fair run, but good scores were the exception and not the rule.

Instead of having a depressing effect, the reverse was the fact, and every one seemed to consider it a joke of the first water that they were unable to make their usual percentages. Secretary Thomas was sadly out of form, and for this was congratulated upon all sides. In the badge shoot Comp was the only one to qualify for the gold badge class, so was not compelled to shoot the final 15 for its possession. Harrison and Thomas tied for the silver one, with Harrison winning on the shoot-off. Harrison also won the merchandise event, consisting of two boxes of loaded shells, scoring 23 out of 25, which, with an added handicap of 5, gave him 23. With more practice he would easily regain his old-time form and keep the best of them on the hustle to beat him. He has put up some fine scores in the past.

First 15 to qualify for class:
Harrison.....1111010001110-9 Thropp.....10000000010110-4
Comp.....11010100111111-11 Coates.....00001100011111-8
Taylor.....010011100011011-8 Thomas.....01100001001000-4

For silver badge:
Thomas.....01111111011011-12 Coates.....11011001001010-8
Taylor.....00110010111111-10 Harrison.....11001101111111-12
Thropp.....111011000010101-8

Shoot-off, 15 targets:
Thomas.....101110010111011-10 Harrison.....11110111100110-11

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 15.—At the South Side Gun Club's shoot to-day, the sweepstakes events resulted as follows:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
Targets:	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
Dawson.....	6 3 7 5 9 6 6.....5 5 8
Terrill.....	10 9 7 7 8 8.....10 8 8
Aff.....	4 6 4 7 6 4 7.....7 7 7
Sinnock.....	9 8 9 8 10 7 8 10 10 7
Geoffrey.....	9 7 9 8 10 8 9 8 10 9
Smith.....	5 5 8 6 8.....8 7 8
Engle.....7 8.....9 9 8

Mount Kisco Rod and Gun Club.

MOUNT KISCO, N. Y., Dec. 17.—Herewith are appended the scores of our shooting tournament, held on Dec. 12. It was not a very large one, but it was very enjoyable indeed. The day was as near perfection as could be asked for by the most exacting. Everybody seemed out for a good time, and I guess they had it. Messrs. Greiff, Grisar, S. Reed, Flewelling, Deam, S. Carpenter, Lambert, Thompson, Hoffman and Sherman were with us. Mr. Greiff put up a very fine score. His first visit was enjoyed very much by our boys.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
Targets:	10 10 15 10 20 10 15 10 25 10 25 10 20 10 10 10
A Betti.....	8 8 14 10 14 9 13 10 20 10 12 19 9 10 8 9
Greiff.....	8 9 12 10 16 9 15 8 21 9 12 18 7.....
G Sutton.....	7 8 12 9 13 8 12 10 22 9 13 17 10 9 7 6
Grisar.....	6 6 11 8 14 6 10 5 17 6 9 10 6.....
R Gorham.....	7 7 12 8 15 8 11 9 22 9 13 16 9 8 9 7
J Reed.....	6 7 10 7 13 8 11 7 19 8 11 14 8 8 8 6
Z Flewelling.....	7 9 14 7 13 7 10 8 18 8 10 13 7 7 7 6
C Deam.....	5 7 11 6 10 5 10 6 16 5 9 12 6 7 6 6
F Wood.....	6 7 13 8 12 8 12 8 19 7 11 15 8 9 8 7
Hoffman.....	4 6 10 6 10 7 9 7 16 7 8 12 6 6 6 8
Sherman.....	7 5 9 5 11 6 11 6 16 6 9 10 5 7 7 6
J Carpenter.....	11 9 19 8 13 7 10 8 11 17 8 9 10 8
F Pelton.....	9 6 10 5 9 5 14 5 9 10 6 6 5.....
H Diehl.....	6 11 6 9 6 14 6 8 10 10 6 6.....
Lambert.....	9 5 7 5 13 3 7 11 6 5 4.....
D Thompson.....	8 7 11 6 6 9 5 5 5 5.....
Miller.....	6 13 7 8 12 6 7 6.....
Ed Martin.....	5 11 4 9 10 4 5 4.....

SECRETARY.

The Governing Shooting Committee.

IN response to a call issued Nov. 3, the following gentlemen were present in person or accounted for at Interstate Park, Dec. 15: Messrs. W. K. Park, Jacob Pentz, B. Waters, J. H. Voss, Dr. Wm. Wynn, C. W. Billings, H. C. Koegel, J. J. Wellbrock, J. S. Wright, W. R. Hobart, D. F. Pride, Elmer E. Shaner, Dr. A. A. Webber, W. F. Sykes and J. A. H. Dressel.

The call was as follows:
"Dear Sir—It seems advisable that a system of handicapping be adopted for the government of Interstate Park events other than club events (as they make their own rules), which would be thoroughly equitable and which would protect the amateur or poorer shot against the professional or better shot.

"It seems to us that the best committee that we could appoint for this purpose would be probably the gentlemen who have served on previous Grand American Handicap committees and a representative man from each of the clubs in and around Greater New York, so far as they are known to us.

"Will you serve on such committee? If so, we will shortly advise you when it would perhaps be best to meet and take the matter in hand—perhaps a Saturday afternoon at Interstate Park would be the best.

"Please consider the matter and advise us at your earliest convenience. Yours very truly,
J. A. H. Dressel.

Capt. Dressel was chosen as temporary chairman, and L. C. Green secretary pro tem.

After the preliminary organization, it was decided that the committee should be known as the Governing Shooting Committee, the objects of this committee being to have charge of the handicapping at Interstate Park, and to take cognizance of such other matters as it may be called upon to perform.

A permanent organization was then effected. Officers were elected as follows: Mr. Walter F. Sykes, President; Mr. B. Waters, Secretary; Dr. A. A. Webber, Treasurer; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Wm. Wynn, J. H. Voss, Charles W. Billings, H. C. Koegel, John J. Wellbrock, John S. Wright, Will K. Park, Jacob Pentz, W. R. Hobart, D. F. Pride, Capt. J. A. H. Dressel and Elmer E. Shaner.

It was carried that a quorum for the transaction of business other than handicapping shall consist of five members; that for the purpose of handicapping three members shall constitute a quorum; that if at any time less than three members of the handicapping committee were present he or they may add sufficient number to make a quorum and his or their work shall stand as the regular act of the committee; that the work of all sub-committees shall be reported in writing to the secretary of the Governing Shooting Committee, as soon as possible after each session of such committees.

It was decided that the Governing Shooting Committee should hold its regular meeting on the first Saturday of each month at 5 P. M., at Interstate Park, and that any extra meetings may be called at the will of the president.

It was carried that a committee of five be appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, this committee to report at the next meeting, Jan. 5, committee to consist of Messrs. Walter F. Sykes, J. A. H. Dressel, W. R. Hobart, B. Waters and Dr. Webber.

The secretary pro tem. was instructed to make manifold copies of the result of this meeting and send an accurate copy to each of the fifteen members of the committee.

After the adjournment of the Governing Shooting Committee the handicapping committee went into executive session and discussed handicap systems for the protection of shooters generally. Several systems were suggested and thoroughly discussed, but action deferred until those members of the committee who were not present could have an opportunity to ventilate their ideas at the next meeting of the committee and think over the systems which we present to you now.

One of the suggestions was as follows: 25yd. men 2 misses as kills and 2 misses as no birds; 26yd. men 2 misses as kills and 1 miss as no bird; 27yd. men 2 misses as kills; 28yd. men 1 miss as kill; 29yd. men 1 miss as no bird; 30yd. men, pull back. It is distinctly understood that men known as 30yd. men shall be put back to a greater distance than 30yds.

Other suggestions were offered, and the committee would be pleased to be addressed on this subject by shooters generally, giving their ideas for their enlightenment and instruction at the next meeting. Such communications will be cheerfully received and entertained.

Please address Secretary of the Governing Shooting Committee, P. O. Box 1353, New York city.

THE SECRETARY (pro tem.).

New Haven Gun Club.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 12.—Quite a number of visitors were present at the New Haven Gun Club's shoot, who shot for targets only, among whom was May Clinton (Mrs. G. E. Bartlett), the famous rifle shot. Mrs. Bartlett has only recently taken up shot-gun shooting, but notwithstanding she outshot many of the old-timers, making such scores as 9 out of 10, 8 out of 10, 21 out of 25, and the ease and grace in which the lady handles her Marlin repeater was the cause of much enthusiasm, and many compliments were paid for her excellent shooting.

The conditions of the early part of the afternoon were excellent. In accordance with the rules, two teams were chosen of all the members present, to shoot in two 25-target team races. The captain of the defeated team in the first race had the privilege of exchanging one of his men for one of the winning team for the second contest.

Following are the teams and their scores:
Capt. B. W. Claridge 22, Savage 20, Brown 16, Orty 17, Robertson 16, Whitney 21, Benedict 11, Rosenthal 14, Brown 7; total 144.
Capt. G. E. Bartlett 22, F. Eastman 18, Stevens 20, Karl 20, Potter 19, Bristol 18, Martin 18, Clark 14, Hooker 15; total 162.

For the second race Capt. Claridge exchanged Brown for Eastman. The shooting resulted as follows:
Capt. Claridge 19, Savage 16, Eastman 20, Orty 14, Robertson 21, Whitney 14, Benedict 7, Brown 9, Rosenthal 14; total 134.

Capt. Bartlett 20, Stevens 16, Karl 13, Potter 18, Bristol 18, Marlin 16, Clark 8, Hooker 4, Brown 4; total 117.

The poorer scores in the second contest are owing to the fact that the shooting was done in the gathering darkness.

Interstate Association Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Interstate Association was held on Thursday morning, Dec. 13, at Oakland, Bergen county, N. J. After preliminary routine business had been disposed of the meeting was adjourned to meet again at 1 P. M., same date, in Parlor 74 of the Astor House, in New York city.

At the adjourned annual meeting there were present the following subscribers to the Association: Tatham & Brothers, represented by Chas. Tatham; Union Metallic Cartridge Co., J. A. H. Dressel; American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., Edward Banks; Chamberlin Cartridge & Target Co., Paul North; Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Irby Bennett; Parker Brothers, W. F. Parker; the Hazard Powder Co., John L. Lequin; E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Co., Edw. S. Lenthion; Laffin & Rand Powder Co., A. W. Higgins. Leroy Shot & Lead Works and Remington Arms Co. were represented by proxy.

The Association, which started the year with twelve members, closed with eleven, the International Smokeless Powder & Dynamite Co. having withdrawn from membership during the month of September. It, however, starts 1901 with a membership list of fourteen, three new members being elected at the annual meeting, namely, the Hunter Arms Co., of Fulton, N. Y.; the Marlin Fire Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., and the Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, O.

The board of directors and officers for 1901 are as follows:
Board of Directors: Messrs. Dressel, Bennett, Banks, Lenthion and Higgins.

Officers: Messrs. Dressel, Bennett and Banks were re-elected to their respective offices of president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer.

Executive Committee: Messrs. Higgins, Lenthion and Bennett. Tournament Committee: Messrs. Bennett, Tatham, Banks, Parker, Lequin and Marlin.

Club Organization Committee: Messrs. Delano, North, Keller and McMurphy.

Mr. Shaner was unanimously reappointed as manager for the ensuing year, at an increased salary.

The manager presented a list of names of clubs from whom applications have been received for tournaments during the season of 1901, as follows:

South Norwalk, Conn.; Auburn, Me.; Jamestown, N. Y.; Bing-hamton, N. Y.; Narragansett Pier, R. I.; Brooklyn, N. Y. (Medicus Gun Club); East Berkshire, Vt.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Sherbrooke, Can.; Worcester, Mass.; Waterville, Me.; Providence, R. I.; Springfield, Mass.; Palmer, Mass.; St. Albans, Vt.; Memphis, Tenn.

The list was considered, and the following places decided upon as points at which target tournaments should be held during the coming season: Auburn, Me.; Jamestown, N. Y.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Sherbrooke, Can.; Providence, R. I.; Memphis, Tenn.; Cleveland, O., with possibly some other point in the South, to be selected at a future date.

It was also decided to hold the Grand American Handicap at Targets at Interstate Park during the late spring or early summer, and to add \$1,000 to the purses; in fact, to carry out the tournament on the same lines in every respect as those of the tournament held last June.

Mr. Shaner's Report.

Mr. Shaner's report was as follows:
Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 12.—To the President, Officers and Members of the Interstate Association—Gentlemen: The report of transactions of the manager's office for the season of 1900, accompanied by statistical data giving operations in detail, which will be found in the "Review of Tournaments," a copy of which is annexed, is herewith submitted.

Having in former reports gone into extensive detail, covering all points at great length, in this I deem it necessary only to touch on subjects absolutely vital, satisfied that such eliminated review will meet all requirements, the members of the Association being well acquainted with the subject matter at large.

The season just closed, like all former ones, has been an unqualified success, one that shows that not only has there been no shadow of deterioration, but that the past is an earnest of the future, most gratifying to the Association and our subscribers. They have again been given proof that it not only performs what it promises, but gives a bonus on promise. Our patrons are now convinced that our promises for the future are not empirical, but well digested. We can point to results achieved which are a sufficient guarantee of our ability to accomplish what we contract to do. Further comment on this head would be superfluous.

There is no longer any disputation of the wisdom of the resolve of the Association barring "paid representatives," etc., from competing for a division of the purse. It is no longer experimental, many gun clubs patterning after the parent organization in conducting tournaments on the same lines. I therefore advocate the continued enforcement of the rule which has by its operation justified the judgment which gave it birth. Fully 90 per cent. of all tournaments given during the year were conducted under its conditions, which of itself is evidence that the rule is sound, meeting the approval of the great majority of shooters. Nothing could be more conclusive.

Grand American Handicap of 1900 at Live Birds.

As usual, the season was inaugurated by this event, which followed the usual course of such, under the auspices of the Interstate Association. It was held on April 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., and its success left nothing to be desired. As to the management of the tournament, nothing was absent that could contribute to the comfort of all, and it added to the already large stock of golden opinions gleaned on other similar occasions. There was no friction anywhere, and the "if-you-don't-see-what-you-want-ask-for-it" spirit displayed by all, from those in command, from officers to privates, of all grades, gave complete satisfaction to visitors, patrons and shooters, and all others who could appreciate courtesy, perfect appointments and an undeviating disposition to contribute to the complete harmony of the event.

It was the first time the Grand American Handicap was held at Interstate Park, the park being opened by the first great event of this year by the Interstate Association. Of the park itself, it is difficult to convey to one who has not seen it an adequate idea of its merits. The fifty acres devoted to the purpose are beyond doubt not only one of the finest sites for the purpose in the world but also the best equipped—this without disparagement to any.

Inanimate Target Tournaments.

The first target tournament, held at Trenton, N. J., under the auspices of the Walsrode Gun Club, was a success such as satisfied the most sanguine. It was held May 2 and 3, and, though the flowers of May were not as much in evidence as they usually are at that date, the weather was balmy. The club, though of recent organization, is up to date and had arranged everything vital to success in a thoroughly professional manner.

The second target tournament, at Richmond, Va., scheduled for May 23 and 24, was curtailed by rain, which necessitated the canceling of the second day's programme. It was under the auspices of the West End Gun Club, and there was a good attendance, many shooters coming a long distance. The first day's weather was fine and the contestants in good trim, making fine scores.

On the second day rain began to fall early in the morning, and a steady downpour until 5 P. M. put a veto on work. As the Richmond Pigeon Club had secured the park for the 25th, the Interstate Association was forced to make a one-day stand off it.

Grand American Handicap at Targets.

Nothing succeeds like success," and the Grand American Handicap at Targets has gone into history as such without any reservations, and the few "I-told-you-so's" are constrained to admit that they were for once mistaken. Indeed it was a success far beyond the fond hopes of those who championed the experiment, for an experiment it necessarily was, being handicapped by the prejudices of a considerable number of honest men. Humanly speaking, this event, which came off at Interstate Park, June 12 to 15, was perfect, and some who came to censure left with the warmest commendation for the Interstate Association. It was really one of the greatest events of the kind ever held. It opened a new field, and infused new life into trapshooting. It will be extensively emulated and copied by gun clubs generally, and will help and ennoble the sport in every way. Though the programme was a radical departure in some important respects from the conventional manner in which such events should be governed, the first day's work proved its wisdom. From the start participants saw that fairness of competition was assured. Good shooting was abundantly rewarded, and those of mediocre skill were able to get out with but little pecuniary sacrifice, even if unsuccessful.

The system of handicapping, which at first caused some mur-

injuring, won its way, and after the handicaps were tested championships much outnumbered previous murders.

While the attendance was not as large as some people counted on, a majority of contestants shot through the whole programme. The organization as to departments and detail was complete, and from start to finish the shooting was without a hitch. Our Association, which for ten years has been in the van, never accomplished a better stroke of business in the stimulation of interest in trapshooting than during those four days, and that is saying much, in view of its decade of strenuous effort in this direction.

The tournament at Narragansett Pier, R. I., July 11 and 12, testified to the abilities of live Yankees to make an event interesting. The Canonchet Gun Club had the affair well in hand, and were it not that the railway train service made it necessary for some shooters to leave early the second day, the aggregate of 14,550 targets thrown during the two days would have been considerably swollen. From start to finish the shoot was all the most exciting could ask. The affair in the make-up was quite New Englandish, Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut all being represented. New York and New Jersey were also in evidence. There were so many entries that expeditious work was necessary, and it was performed. The target tournament at Providence last year, held by the Interstate Association, was the haven that roused the enthusiasm in New England, and the sport has received an impetus which will last.

From the standpoint of the Interstate Association, the tournament held at Newport, Vt., Aug. 7 and 8, was among the best ever given by the organization. The ground broken was absolutely new, virgin soil, the local gun club being organized but a few weeks prior to the tournament. More beginners took part than at any previous shoot given by us, and the interest taken cannot be otherwise than beneficial to our subscribers. The programme was necessarily curtailed on both days of the meet, on account of inclement weather, and this was the only drawback.

The closing tournament for the season was given at Salem, N. Y., Sept. 13 and 14, under the auspices of the Osoma Valley Gun Club. The local club was disappointed in the attendance, but numbers are not necessary to make a tournament a success from our point of view. The enthusiasm manifested and renewed interest taken tend to make new devotees of trapshooting—one of the prime objects of our Association. The Salem tournament yielded these, and much more, for our encouragement.

Though it may not be necessary, it seems apropos to say to the members of the Interstate Association that their work has been fully appreciated, and they have reaped in due time. There are many future harvests ripening, and the success already attained should only stimulate to renewed effort. There are as yet no indications of dry rot. The Association is so firmly rooted that adverse winds might only incite to greater effort, but clear skies and favoring breezes should not lull to supineness.

The organization is still in the flush of youthful vigor, and for an indefinite number of years to come it should have no desire to rest on its laurels, no matter how worthily won, but annually rejoice as a strong man to run a fresh race, and if it can rouse a competitor who may eventually be able to "take the horns" so much the better, as its members will feel that they have provided a good work and won an amaranthine wreath of which their posterity will be proud to boast.

The Future.

The Interstate Association is so firmly rooted and grounded, so mixed up in the warp and woof of affairs in the trapshooting world, that it has become an indispensability to the sport, which to a large extent depends on its existence. A majority of trapshooters throughout the country recognize the Association as a necessary concomitant and adjunct, and its guiding influence is conceded by them. From the opening of the season, with the Grand American Handicap at Live Birds, to the closing tournament, in the fall, it fixes the pace and outlines the policy of many gun clubs, which pattern by it and follow in its footsteps, realizing that it is the ne plus ultra, so far as up-to-date scientific management can provide. It leads, and it is to the credit of other organizations that they are able to fully appreciate its excellence.

Ninth Annual Grand American Handicap at Live Birds.

The preliminary details for this event have all been arranged, contracts signed, etc. As is widely known, it will be held at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y., the week beginning April 1, 1901.

In regard to the Grand American Handicap at Live Birds my views were fully set forth in my last year's report. I see no reason to change them at the present, and the result of the event of this year emphasizes the fact that they were sound, logical and based on good judgment, the result of close study of the subject.

Second Annual Grand American Handicap at Targets.

The tournament of the present year was the first of its kind ever given, and I am not alone in my belief that it has added new life to the sport of trapshooting. Though in the nature of an experiment, the result was in every respect satisfactory. Though the attendance was not as large as expected by some people, yet I venture the prediction that the most sanguine will not be disappointed in this respect next year. It would be difficult to suggest any improvement on this year's programme, and I respectfully suggest that we adhere to a similar one for 1901. The handicap was similar to the Grand American Handicap at Live Birds—one of distance. It has been demonstrated to be the most equitable and satisfactory in vogue at present, and I strongly urge its adoption for our next, and would suggest that the limit for handicaps be made the same as this year; viz., 14 to 25yds. I am cognizant that this proposition will be strongly opposed by a number who will claim that they are out-gunned, but their claims will not, in my opinion, be supported by facts. It is a matter of record that during the Detroit tournament, held since the Grand American Handicap at Targets, the best general average was won by an expert shot, who stood at the 25yd. mark and shot at over 500 targets, scoring more than 91 per cent. of them. It is but a matter of slight practice until the expert masters the greater distance, and, though he will not score as high as he did under the old system, he will nevertheless score comparatively higher as a general thing than the less skillful shot who stands at the less distance. I think a little study of this year's Grand American Handicap at Targets will make it clear to all who are able to judge the matter with discrimination. In my last year's report I said: "So far as I am able to see, there is no reason why this event should not become a fixture, as permanent and one as important, in its way, as the Grand American Handicap at Live Birds. That it will fill a long felt want I have not a shadow of doubt." Without egotism I point to this year's result as a verification of my prediction.

Inanimate Target Tournaments for 1901.

Regarding these coming events, I can say but little more than paraphrase my report of last year. As in the past, we keep in close touch with the progressive element which has been our sheet anchor hitherto, and as long as past amicable feeling can be maintained we need not fear for the outcome. As I remarked last year, however, the favorable outlook and golden opinions we have gained should not allow our energies to flag. There is still ample unworked territory to allow our indefinite expansion, and I can see a time in the future when our present proud position will be looked back upon by us as belonging to the day of small beginnings. I think we are all expansionists in this field, no matter what we may be politically.

I have hitherto refrained in my reports from advocating any particular place for holding tournaments, but I now deem it my duty to deviate from my custom, and would urge strongly the advisability of giving them during the coming season at Providence, R. I., and at Sherbrooke, Can. I am fully aware that some may object to the giving of one at Providence, in view of the very successful one given by us there in 1899, but it is that very success which impels me to advocate the holding of another at that place. No other tournament ever held by this Association gave such extended results as that at Providence, and I can directly trace more benefit to our Association from this tournament than from any other three given by it—the Grand American Handicaps being excepted. It excited fresh interest all over the New England States, and aroused all the dormant interest therein at the same time. I feel satisfied that the climax has not been reached in that territory, and that if another tournament be given at that point, equally beneficial if not greater results will follow. The field has not been worked out.

Sherbrooke, Can., has been for years an applicant, and from the measure of interest the Sherbrooke people took in our tournament at Newport, Vt., closely proximate, I strongly believe one at the former point mentioned would result in much good to our subscribers. The people in these places are homogeneous, and I believe it would be to the interest of the Association to give the Sherbrooke people what they desire.

General and Particular.

In closing my report, I wish to state that my relations with the organization and its adjuncts have been uniformly pleasant, and though correspondence has entailed considerable work upon me, it has been a labor of love, cheered incessantly by the uniform courtesy and helpful assistance of all with whom my duties have brought me in contact.

The policy of allowing clubs to maintain their autonomy as to handicap, division of purses, etc., continues to work so well that I see no reason to recommend any changes, and would still advise a continuance of the system until some other well digested one commends itself.

The property of the Association, stored in Pittsburg, is amply protected by insurance, and properly cared for.

Conclusion.

I deem it but just to repeat what I have so frequently said regarding the obligations our Association rests under to the sportsmen's journals for the assistance they have given us in keeping alive the interest so necessary for our continued prosperity. They have kept our work well before the public, and have not been sparing of space or effort in reporting our tournaments and in publishing everything of interest to our subscribers.

To our subscribers in closing my report I wish to renew my expression of obligation for the many unsolicited marks of appreciation they have bestowed upon me, public and private. My large epistolary correspondence has been lightened by their appreciation of my services, and made a pleasure rather than a burden. In this expression of esteem I include all members of committees, whose aid and advice I appreciate to the full, and I again conclude by expressing the conviction that our long continued relations will continue intact until this mortal shall have put on immortality. Very respectfully submitted,

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

John Watson's Winter Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 11.—The finest of winter weather greeted the nice crowd of shooters at Watson's Park to-day; weather not very cold by the thermometer, but cold enough, and with a wind brisk enough to make ideal flying conditions. John Watson does wisely in setting his dates for his annual shoot in the second week of December, for by that date the birds are prime in this latitude, and those who meet at that time are sure to have plenty of skill asked of them. There is perhaps no tournament in the country where a better lot of shooters come together, or where the best of them are obliged to try harder than they do at Watson's midwinter event.

John Watson himself said this evening that this was the "best crowd he had ever had at a shoot." This, in view of the character of past attendances at this same historic battle ground, is indeed high praise; though a list of the names will show its warrant. In the main event of the day, the handicap, which closed the programme, there is scarce a name to be seen which is not well known, at least in the West, and there are a great many which are known all over the country. The regulars are represented in very good force. Elliott, Crosby, Gilbert, Budd, Heikes, Neal, Hirschy, Powers, Marshall, Courtney, Tripp, Bingham, etc., are all here for the week. Frank Riehl, of Alton, is with the rest of the Indians, A. B. Daniels, of the way from Denver, Emil Werk is here from Cincinnati, M. J. White from Milwaukee, John Mackie is here for the Peters Cartridge Co., Little Ed Rike comes up from Dayton, to "see 'em fly," as he says; Mrs. Murray is on from Stillwater, Minn., and in fact the whole Mississippi Valley is very well represented. Bingham, Barto, Tramp, Amberg, Roll, E. S. Rice, Lem Willard, etc., represent the local contingent, and from the East comes Phil Daly, Jr., to have a look at the sport in the West. Yet another figure of some consequence, if not much size, is the little jockey of international fame, Tod Sloan, who is hardly as long as the gun he shoots, and not much heavier than his 25dr. load in a 3in. shell. Toddie rides light, and he shoots a good deal the same way, but he is just as busy as anybody, and his chief delight is when Phil Daly misses as many as he does.

The quality of the accommodations at the park is very well known, and it is enough to say that all are very comfortable, and that everything moves along smoothly as ever. Of course it is understood that there is no target shooting to disturb the live-bird work, and this is a feature which has much to commend itself. In a mixed shoot such a thing as smoothness is an impossibility, for a man is sure to be wanted at one set of traps while he is absent at the other. Here the sport goes on perforce more deliberately, a man is not called up for his squad very often, and meantime he is at liberty to sit in the warm club house and visit with his friends. It is quite possible that is one of the prominent reasons why John Watson's midwinter live-bird shoot is one of the most popular of the entire round of the season. All the boys like to attend it, and it is in a way unique, as there are but very few live-bird shoots of a wide open quality anywhere in the country where the conditions are so exacting of good skill. This is how the Watson fixture has come to be a sort of annual clearing house for shootingdom.

The programme to-day is that which will be followed to-morrow and on Thursday, the first event high guns, at 7 birds, \$5; the second at 10 birds, \$7.50, class shooting; the third and main event the handicap at 15 birds, \$10, class shooting, handicaps 23 to 31yds., \$25 added. These events proved to-day just enough and not too much. With an entry running to forty-two, the last event was concluded very nicely before dark, so the boys could get the 5 o'clock train in to town. The big race will come off Friday, the 25-bird handicap. This is the battle royal, and most of the names seen to-day will appear in the scores at that time.

John Watson of course refereed to-day, George Watson kept cases, and the ground staff was as of yore. The dogs retrieved as usual.

Tuesday, First Day, Dec. 11.

In the shooting to-day Heikes, Budd, Powers, Burnside, O'Brien, Barto, Rike and Daly broke open the high gun proposition, \$107.25. First in No. 2 paid \$99, second money \$81. No. 3 offered \$115 for first money, \$100.00 for second, \$71.80 for third. Following are the scores:

No. 1, 7 birds, entrance \$5, high guns:	
H Odell.....	2222222-7
C B Wiggins.....	0221000-3
H J Martin.....	1212022-6
Mackie.....	0222222-6
A B Daniels.....	2222222-6
E H Arnold.....	2202222-6
E Werk.....	2202222-6
Courtney.....	0211222-6
E H Tripp.....	2202211-6
Heikes.....	1212112-7
Powers.....	2222221-7
Burnside.....	1212122-7
Bingham.....	2202221-6
Elliott.....	2222110-6
Linderman.....	2222210-6
Neal.....	2022122-6
Gilbert.....	2202222-6

Odell, Heikes, Powers, Burnside, O'Brien, Phil Daly, Jr., Barto, Budd and Ed Rike killed out and divided \$107.25.

No. 2, 10 birds, entrance \$7.50, 55 and 45 per cent.:

H Odell.....	2222220-8
Wiggins.....	1202222-8
Daniels.....	2221221-10
Arnold.....	2222202-8
Werk.....	2212100-7
Courtney.....	0010222-7
Tripp.....	0222212-9
Heikes.....	1101102-8
Powers.....	2022121-8
Burnside.....	1212202-9
Bingham.....	2220022-8
Elliott.....	2110111-9
Linderman.....	2222222-10
Neal.....	2222212-10
Gilbert.....	2212222-10
Hirschy.....	2220222-9
Crosby.....	2202222-8
O'Brien.....	2202222-8

No. 3, 15-bird handicap, entrance \$10, handicaps 23 to 31yds.:

H Odell.....	2221211-11
C B Wiggins.....	2222222-14
A B Daniels.....	2222221-14
E A Arnold.....	2222221-14
E Werk.....	2221211-12
Courtney.....	2222222-12
E H Tripp.....	2222122-12
R O Heikes.....	2222222-15
C M Powers.....	2222222-15
G Burnside.....	2222222-13

E Bingham.....	0222222-13
J A R Elliott.....	2221212-14
Linderman.....	2222222-14
E E Neal.....	1220222-14
F Gilbert.....	2222222-14
Hirschy.....	2222222-11
Crosby.....	2212222-13
O'Brien.....	2022112-14
Bonson.....	2222112-15
P Daly.....	1222112-15
T Sloan.....	2222222-15
G Roll.....	0022222-11
Tod Sloan.....	2222222-13
Ed Rike.....	2222222-14
T Marshall.....	2222222-14
Riehl.....	1222222-14
Budd.....	1222221-13
Mrs Murray.....	2011211-13
E S Rice.....	2110120-13
O Von Lengerke.....	2222222-13
J B Barto.....	2202212-13
Todd.....	2202222-13
S Palmer.....	0022222-13
Martin.....	0121111-13
Tramp.....	0102211-13
Mackie.....	1222221-15
Murray.....	0110121-15
C P Eastman.....	1120222-13
Quade.....	0121020-11
Dr Shaw.....	2222222-14
J L White.....	2222221-14
J H Amberg.....	2112222-13
M E White.....	2201001-13

New Indians Elected.

The "gang" is making the Leland headquarters, and the nightly scenes at that hostelry are not wanting in a certain vivacity and sprightliness. To-night the ceremonies were somewhat varied by a grand council of the original and adjacent tribe of Indian wolves. It had been decided to extend the privileges of this order to a few select candidates, and the election and initiation took place to-night. There were thirteen of the original tribe left in good and regular standing, and to-night nine more members were elected, so that the entire tribe now numbers twenty-two, all good warriors, and true, who would rather eat hay than fail to divide a pot in which any of the tribe was interested in the daylight pastimes of the tribe, though this rule does not go after sunset. The new members chosen to-night are A. B. Daniels, of Denver; J. J. Hallowell, of Philadelphia; Guy Burnside, of Knoxville, Ill.; A. G. Courtney, of Syracuse; J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City; Eddie Bingham, of Chicago; Jack Parker, of Detroit; Jack Fanning, of New York; Emil Werk, of Cincinnati. It would be hard to find better timber for new members, and it may be safely prophesied that the tribe will be hotter than ever henceforth. The decision to-night was to hold another Indian shoot next year, at some location not yet determined, with \$1,500 added money, to make the larks jump high. Election of officers to-night resulted as follows: Tom Marshall, High Chief; E. C. Riehl, Chief Scribe; C. W. Budd, Chief of Wampum. The Council of Chiefs is made up of R. O. Heikes, E. E. Neal, C. M. Powers, Fred Gilbert, W. R. Crosby. A committee of initiation was chosen, Messrs. Courtney, Tripp, Merrill, Parmelee, Loomis and McMurchy.

If the problem of an American-English team race is to be solved at all it will be largely done among the tribe of Indian wolves. By the way, no one of the many shooters present is able to give any more information regarding this proposed English race than has already been printed. It is said that Paul North is now busy trying to complete the details of a challenge on the other side of the water. The wish is expressed from many quarters here that Capt. A. W. Motley would lend his valuable personal efforts in the shaping of the enterprise and aid in the English end of the race as well as the American. The Captain's connections in a business way constitute no objection in the minds of the shooters, and if his modesty would permit him to counsel with the latter in regard to this international race his advice would be very much appreciated. This would seem to be the general opinion from talk heard here, among a very good body of shooters of the sort most interested in the race. Mr. Emil Werk is another gentleman who takes a keen interest in this race, and who is anxious to see it come off. As future, however, at this point remains nebulous, as earlier stated.

Wednesday, Second Day, Dec. 12.

The weather was exceedingly favorable for good brisk shooting yesterday, but to-day came one of those exceptional turns of weather for which this climate is remarkable, and which, upon occasions, may add such singular quality to the art of live-bird shooting at Watson's Park. Very much has been said at one time or another about the hard birds at Watson's, and this is some times true and sometimes not true, as a matter of general description. These new grounds, from the nature of their location in reference to prevailing high winds, are not so fast as the older park was, yet sometimes they get a good stiff wind of just the right direction, and then they are as hard as any grounds anywhere in the country. John Watson's birds are trapped in fine condition, without exception, hence the question of speed is mostly one of wind, and of the direction of the wind. This morning the shooters who walked from the depot up toward the park found a wind that was square in their faces, and so strong that they had to push against it in going up the hill. "Geel!" said the knowing ones, and again others remarked, "Geel!" They said it more yet when they got inside the grounds. Across the score from right to left there was half a gale blowing, and that in air as by no means mild. It was, in short, one of the best flying days ever seen at this park, perhaps the very best, all considered, or at least one does not recall a better. Phil Daly says the shooting to-day was hard as any he ever saw, and Tod Sloan laughed when asked if the birds were harder in England. "Should say not," said he. "They're hard enough for anybody to-day." The scores tell the story. When it comes to a string of about forty of the best shots of the country, and only a half dozen straights in a 7-bird event, it may be inferred that there were some difficulties existing between the stages of intention and performance. The best shots said that they would be willing to take 10 out of any 10 continuously against the best shot on earth, for the latter would not go far beyond that point without falling down. In the first race Arnold, Wiggins, Courtney, Neal, Marshall and Powers divided \$126.75, high guns. Tom Marshall may thus be seen to be getting back to his usual good form, so to speak, and there is talk that he put up this sore arm story for the purpose of influencing the odds, though he says he could not have killed another one if he tried. In the second race Daniels, Jay Ell, Elliott, Roll, Quimby, Willard, Bingham and Murray divided first.

In the handicap the hard shooting doctor from Milwaukee, Jay Ell, was again in the first fight, and so was Eddie Bingham, which surely was a good feather for these two. Gilbert shot into first place for their sole companion in the handicap. It was a red hot shooting day, and the interest was keen all day long. One after another one of the cracks would drop out of first place, and it was a toss-up as to who was going to endure clear through the grueling. Very often it was simply a matter of luck, for a bird killed stone dead in the air might be carried clear over the wire by the wind, and this sometimes happened when the bird was killed with the first barrel. Frank Riehl lost two birds killed stone dead, both of which hit the top of the wire and bounced over instead of bouncing inside. Bits of luck like this meant money in or out of pocket as the case might turn. A good number of the birds sprang high, and this made saving them more a matter of chance, for a last bird falling from high up never drops where it is hit, but slants a long way before it strikes the earth. All sorts of hair-breadth incidents marked the day's shooting, and all in all it was one of the most interesting days of trapshooting that one would see in a long journey. There was something to see all the time, and it may be supposed that the shooters thought there was something to do pretty much all the time. The hard birds of Watson's never vindicated better their erstwhile reputation. Under such conditions, the score of Mrs. Murray, even at 25yd. mark, is a most meritorious one for a woman shooter. First money in the second event of to-day paid \$118.25, and second \$96.75. The capital purse in the handicap paid \$122.50 to the three lucky ones, second money paying \$107.15, third \$76.60. All ties divided. Following are the scores:

No. 1, 7 birds, entrance \$5, high guns:	
Daniels.....	0022202-4
Arnold.....	2222222-7
Mackie.....	0022222-5
Wiggins.....	2222222-7
Jay Ell.....	0202022-4
Rogers.....	2202200-4
Bonson.....	2022222-5
O'Brien.....	2022202-5
Elliott.....	2212202-6
Courtney.....	1212212-7
E S Rice.....	2202200-4

Mrs Murray	221020-4	Gilbert	220220-5
Neal	121222-7	Bingham	022022-5
Tripp	221020-5	Crosby	222200-5
Heikes	101022-5	Marshall	222222-7
Linderman	222000-3	Riehl	222202-6
Werk	212010-4	Powers	222222-7
Burnside	020200-3	H Odell	222010-6
Daly	120022-4	Geo Dieter	222022-6
L C Willard	021222-5		

Arnold, Wiggins, Courtney, Neal, Marshall and Powers divided \$126.75.

No. 2, 10 birds, entrance \$7.50, 55 and 45 per cent.:

Bonson	22202022-7	Barto	02022122-8
Courtney	12022022-8	Quimby	12122222-10
Daniels	22222222-10	Hirschy	00222222-7
Arnold	20210220-5	Eastman	21120120-7
Mackie	22200202-7	Dieter	22222222-8
Wiggins	22222222-9	Odell	20122211-8
Jay Ell	22222222-10	Willard	11222222-10
Rogers	00022122-7	Martin	22202022-8
O'Brien	22222222-9	Gilbert	22222222-8
Elliott	22222112-10	Bingham	22222222-10
E S Rice	00221220w	Crosby	22222222-9
Mrs Murray	11120022w	Marshall	222222-02-7
Neal	02020002-4	Riehl	220220w
Tripp	20020222-7	Powers	22222222-9
Heikes	22222222-9	Todd	20220w
Linderman	22222002-6	Dr Cowles	11201210-8
Werk	020220201-6	Mosher	200202021-5
Burnside	21202022-8	Murray	22221222-10
Daly	21221202-9	Rike	00w
Sloan	22202000-4	J Long	00201201-6
Budd	20202222-7	Klopinski	00212120-6
Roll	22222222-10		

Daniels, Jay Ell, Elliott, Roll, Quimby, Willard, Bingham, Murray divided first; Wiggins, O'Brien, Heikes, Daly, Crosby, Powers divided second.

No. 3, 15-bird handicap, entrance \$10, 40, 35 and 25 per cent.:

Bonson	2222200222w	Daniels	21222200212222-13
Courtney	02222w	Arnold	22222222222222-13
Daniels	21222200212222-13	Mackie	22222222222222-14
Arnold	22222222222222-14	Wiggins	022022w
Mackie	22222222222222-14	Jay Ell	22222222222222-15
Wiggins	022022w	Rogers	01020102121202-10
Jay Ell	22222222222222-15	O'Brien	22220222222222-12
Rogers	01020102121202-10	Elliott	22002122212222-13
O'Brien	22220222222222-12	E S Rice	10001020w
Elliott	22002122212222-13	Mrs Murray	22211212201222-14
E S Rice	10001020w	Neal	02222222202022w
Mrs Murray	22211212201222-14	Tripp	001011222000w
Neal	02222222202022w	Heikes	202222222122202-13
Tripp	001011222000w	Linderman	22022222222222-14
Heikes	202222222122202-13	Werk	2000101110w
Linderman	22022222222222-14	Burnside	22202222222222-14
Werk	2000101110w	Daly	111002221220w
Burnside	22202222222222-14	Sloan	02122020202w
Daly	111002221220w	Budd	22222222222222-14
Sloan	02122020202w	Roll	12222222222212-14
Budd	22222222222222-14	Barto	22222222222202-14
Roll	12222222222212-14	Hirschy	022222020222w
Barto	22222222222202-14	Gilbert	22222222222222-15
Hirschy	022222020222w	Bingham	22222222222222-15
Gilbert	22222222222222-15	Crosby	0111212122200w
Bingham	22222222222222-15	Marshall	22222222220202-13
Crosby	0111212122200w	Riehl	22222222220220-13
Marshall	22222222220202-13	Powers	222222222202011-13
Riehl	22222222220220-13	Eastman	02002022w
Powers	222222222202011-13	Dieter	2022020w
Eastman	02002022w	Odell	10020202w
Dieter	2022020w	Willard	2220020210w
Odell	10020202w	Martin	22202100w
Willard	2220020210w	Mosher	11102211222201-13
Martin	22202100w	Antoine	20100020w
Mosher	11102211222201-13	Todd	222222222022202-13
Antoine	20100020w	Dr Shaw	2222222222202-14
Todd	222222222022202-13	Kleinman	22202222222102-13
Dr Shaw	2222222222202-14	Tramp	22201220w
Kleinman	22202222222102-13	Dr Cowles	2011022220w
Tramp	22201220w	Rike	222020w
Dr Cowles	2011022220w	Graham	222122212222202-14
Rike	222020w	Amberg	12220221200w

Jay Ell, Gilbert, Bingham divided first, \$122.50.
Mackie, Mrs. Murray, Linderman, Barto, Burnside, Shaw, Budd, Roll, Graham divided second, \$107.15.
Daniels, Arnold, Elliott, Heikes, Marshall, Riehl, Powers, Mosher, Todd, Kleinman divided third, \$76.60.

Thursday, Third Day, Dec. 13.

Again a very bright, clear, sunshiny day, cold, but not too cold for comfortable shooting, and this time with not so strong a wind as that which made yesterday's shooting so trying. The birds flew well, and about the middle of the morning they were going nearly as fast as they did yesterday. During the afternoon they were not so hard to stop, though there were almost no dwellers.

The entry in the main event of the day, the handicap, ran up to fifty-six, which gives pretty fair promise of an entry for the big sweep of to-morrow at 25 birds, which will compare very well with the record of last year, sixty-two entries. The additional shooters to-day made it very difficult to get through with the programme, and the later squads, from No. 6 up to No. 10, had to shoot their last four birds in a light which varied from twilight at No. 6 to black night for No. 9 and No. 10. Kleinman and Tramp came up in the same squad, and both had chances for straight, at that time Fred Gilbert, Geo. Dieter and big Jack Hollowell having been the only men able to kill them all. Tramp tried pretty hard on his 14th bird, but it swung around and went out on the right quarter. He also missed his last bird. Abe Kleinman killed his first two, but came near losing his next in his string of four finishing birds. This bird sprang high and was none too good a mark in the dim light against the gray fence background. Abe missed it clean with his first, and then "began to hunt for it," as he said, and managed to get it full with his second. This was the last straight made, and the growing darkness perhaps spoiled another one at least. Leffingwell was straight when he came from No. 2 set of traps to finish his last four birds at No. 1 set, but it was by that time so dark that it was largely guesswork. He missed his first bird and his last of the fatal four. He, Amberg and Graham were the last men to shoot, and of course they had no even break with those who had had light to shoot by. For the last three squads white birds were trapped, in order to give a better chance to the shooter in the dim light, yet many times the birds were most difficult to see even from the standpoint of spectator. Along the gun barrel it was a still harder matter, and it was simply the eye of faith gained in the duck marshes at dark which gave these men any show at all. Graham killed all his birds apparently as well as though it were bright daylight. Amberg killed his first three, twice under unusual circumstances. His second bird in the last four turned out to be a dark bird, and by the best of luck in the world was a sitter. As the trap fell open it was so dark that neither shooter nor puller could at first tell whether or not there was any bird at all there. By stooping down the outline of its neck could be seen. Quick as a flash Graham called out "Kill it," and quick as the same flash Amberg killed the bird on the ground by firing at the dark mass where the trap could be faintly seen. This of course gave him another bird, and shows one more instance of the ins and outs of the pigeon game. His next bird was a white one, and he killed it. His very next shot was at No. 1 trap, and here, too, the bird was a sitter, hardly knowing whether or not to fly. Amberg thought to repeat his performance of the former instance, since this bird, though a white one, could hardly be seen, and was thought to be a dark one. It chanced that just as he fired the bird sprang, and he killed it just barely in the air! His next bird was a strong outzoer, but it was disposed to come around to the coops to the other birds, as did most of these late birds. Amberg missed it with his first barrel, but then very wisely and coolly waited on it, as it practically disappeared from sight in the deep field. It swung around in and came into sight against the sky line on the left. Waiting till it came close in, Amberg killed it with his second barrel, but unfortunately it was so near the dead line that it fell dead across the wire! This put him in the 12-hole and back of the money. There were a dozen 14s in this event, but the first place paid very well with only four in it.

During the day Tom Keller, of the Peters Cartridge Co., came out to see what he could do, and he had as much fun as anybody, though he did not get into the money in the big event of the day, Jack Hollowell arrived to-day, the first moment in which it was possible for him to get here. A. D. Sperry and wife came in last night from Rock Island, and Mr. Sperry shot to-day and will remain for to-morrow. Geo. Dieter had better luck to-day than

yesterday, and showed that Milwaukee could furnish not only one man, but two, able to kill 15 straight. Geo. Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Co., continued to mangle to-day, using his 32in. barrel gun, which looks at least a foot longer than a 30in. barrel. There was a large and able-bodied contingent of contributors to-day, and it did not all come from among the lambs. Jimmie Elliott went to the barn at his 7th bird in the handicap, Pop Heikes could not get past his 12th, and Charlie Budd had to scratch mighty hard to get 13 of them in the game sack. Phil Daly killed all but 1 in the handicap, and so proved that they raise shooters down East once in a while as well as out in this part of the world. Geo. Roll was another 14-man, and he came in that class by a funny sort of incident. He had them all up to his 15th bird, which was not a very hard one. He nicked it a little with his first, and it lit near the trap, perhaps 33yds. from the score. He fired the second barrel at it deliberately on the ground, and it meant some money, too. The shot struck all around the bird, it sprang up and again fell, but the dog chased it out. Following are the scores of to-day:

No. 1, 7 birds, \$5 entrance, high guns:

Voris	201122-6	T Keller	222022-5
Daniels	221222-7	Budd	102021-5
Arnold	222222-6	Daly	222021-6
Mackie	202220-1	O'Brien	022222-6
Wiggins	222222-6	Bonson	222222-6
Kuss	211202-6	McCartney	012122-6
Thompson	0222121-6	Sperry	102112-5
Elliott	221122-7	Eastman	222202-6
Tripp	022222-7	Hallowell	1222102-6
Neal	222222-7	Roll	022222-6
E S Rice	1210211-6	Hirschy	2021221-4
Mrs Murray	110202-5	Dieter	202221-6
Gilbert	222222-7	Stephens	212222-7
Bingham	222222-6	Willard	222221-7
Crosby	020222-4	Burnside	0212w
Marshall	222022-6	Linderman	222222-6
Riehl	202022-4	Quimby	100102-3
Powers	211002-5	Tramp	212022-6
Courtney	020212-5	Murray	000202-3
Heikes	021222-6	Barto	20w

Daniels, Elliott, Neal, Gilbert, Stephens and Willard divided \$130.

No. 2, 10 birds, \$7.50 entrance:

E Voris	122221102-9	O'Brien	2220202022-7
Daniels	22222222-10	Bonson	0222202222-8
Arnold	22222222-9	McCartney	222202022-7
Mackie	02222222-9	Sperry	212122201-9
Wiggins	121222220-9	Eastman	2022120000-5
Thompson	202022222-8	Hallowell	212120202-8
Elliott	222210202-8	Roll	2220202122-8
Tripp	1102011212-8	Hirschy	212022220-7
Neal	0222222202-9	Dieter	122102202-8
Burnside	2222021002-7	Stephens	222222222-10
E S Rice	202021021-7	Willard	2221020002-6
Mrs Murray	1222102220-8	Kuss	111222122-10
Gilbert	202022220-9	Quimby	202222202-8
Bingham	222222220-8	Linderman	222222220-9
Crosby	222222222-9	Barto	110221022-8
Marshall	122222222-10	Kleinman	010w
Riehl	222212002-7	Tramp	121222020-8
Powers	212212122-10	Frase	120022201-7
Courtney	202201120-6	Mosher	222212020w
Heikes	21221222-10	Finkler	122021111-9
Keller	222022020-7	Thorn	222122220-9
Budd	222222222-10	Drake	0222121011-8
Daly	222222020-8	Hoyt	2221102210-8

Daniels, Crosby, Powers, Heikes, Budd, Stephens and Kuss divided \$126.50.

Voris, Arnold, Mackie, Wiggins, Neal, Gilbert, Crosby, Sperry, Linderman, Finkler and Thorn divided \$103.50.

No. 3, 15-bird handicap, entrance \$10:

Daniels	00222222222222-13	Daniels	00222222222222-13
Voris	21221212122220-14	Arnold	2220200w
Arnold	2220200w	Mackie	22222222202222-13
Mackie	22222222202222-13	Wiggins	20222220w
Wiggins	20222220w	Thompson	12220322120222-13
Thompson	12220322120222-13	Elliott	210200w
Elliott	210200w	Mosher	10111220220w
Mosher	10111220220w	Tripp	1122102222202-13
Tripp	1122102222202-13	Neal	20222222222120-13
Neal	20222222222120-13	E S Rice	21201020w
E S Rice	21201020w	Mrs Murray	20011210w
Mrs Murray	20011210w	Gilbert	22222222222222-15
Gilbert	22222222222222-15	Bingham	02222222222222-14
Bingham	02222222222222-14	Crosby	21222222202222-14
Crosby	21222222202222-14	Marshall	222022222022-13
Marshall	222022222022-13	Riehl	22222222202222-14
Riehl	22222222202222-14	Powers	20221222222222-14
Powers	20221222222222-14	Stillwell	20222220w
Stillwell	20222220w	Heikes	2122022200w
Heikes	2122022200w	T Keller	22222220220w
T Keller	22222220220w	Budd	22222222202222-13
Budd	22222222202222-13	Daly	2221122022222-14
Daly	2221122022222-14	O'Brien	22202222222222-13
O'Brien	22202222222222-13	Bonson	222222020220w
Bonson	222222020220w	McCartney	222220022220w
McCartney	222220022220w	Sperry	2111111202222-14
Sperry	2111111202222-14	Dr Shaw	22112222202220-13
Dr Shaw	22112222202220-13	Hallowell	1112121211222-15
Hallowell	1112121211222-15	Roll	21212222222220-14
Roll	21212222222220-14	Hirschy	122220212020w
Hirschy	122220212020w	Dieter	22122222222222-15
Dieter	22122222222222-15	Stephens	0222020w
Stephens	0222020w	Willard	1112012100w
Willard	1112012100w	Burnside	11012112122222-14
Burnside	11012112122222-14	Linderman	21222222000w
Linderman	21222222000w	Kuss	2021021120w
Kuss	2021021120w	Barto	22221021222222-14
Barto	22221021222222-14	Kleinman	2121222221211-15
Kleinman	2121222221211-15	Tramp	2222222222212200-13
Tramp	2222222222212200-13	Murray	202020120w
Murray	202020120w	Thomas	2102020w
Thomas	2102020w	Drake	20212201122220w
Drake	20212201122220w	Hoyt	2011221222202-13
Hoyt	2011221222202-13	Rike	212022022220w
Rike	212022022220w	Frase	22111202212202-13
Frase	22111202212202-13	Todd	22220222222222-14
Todd	22220222222222-14	Sloan	02020w
Sloan	02020w	White	2222202220w
White	2222202220w	W B Leffingwell	21111212120220-13
W B Leffingwell	21111212120220-13	Palmer	00222212220w
Palmer	00222212220w	Mattox	22212120010w
Mattox	22212120010w	Hughes	0220w
Hughes	0220w	Werk	22220102220w
Werk	22220102220w	Graham	22222222202222-14
Graham	22222222202222-14	Amberg	221110122201210-12

First divided \$150; second divided \$131.25; third divided \$93.75.

Friday, Fourth Day, Dec. 14.

The admirable weather continued until the end of the shoot, the last day being overcast, damp and chilly, but with a fresh enough air to keep the birds moving well. Only the one event was shot off, the big handicap at 25 birds, \$15, and the shooting was concluded long before the light began to grow dim. A few sweeps were shot at the conclusion of the main event.

The entry in the handicap did not quite equal that of last year, when it ran to sixty-two. There were fifty-seven entries to-day, and it would be hard to find another fifty-seven who would be better representatives of skill in live-bird shooting. The scores, if looked at by one ignorant of the prevailing conditions, would seem to give the lie to the above statement. They look as though a lot of beginners had been at work. In reality the game was one which asked the best skill of every shooter, and added to that, that little factor of luck which goes so far toward deciding a close race one way or the other. On the four days' shooting, Gilbert turns out with high average, followed closely by George Roll, of Blue Island. Each of these shooters made 24 to-day, Gilbert missing his second bird and then killing out straight. Bingham, Powers, Tramp and Arnold came traveling hot-foot also just back of the first place. There were eight in the 23-hole—among these Jack Hollowell, Jimmy Elliott, Tom Marshall and Elmer Neal. In the 22-hole landed such of the old-timers as Heikes, Crosby, Lem Willard, Leffingwell, etc. The first money contest narrowed down late in the game to one straight and one possible. Dr. Williamson, of Milwaukee, was straight, and J. R. Graham, of Long Lake, Ill., was the possible, and he duly clinched the chance. Graham shot

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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It is the province of the FOREST AND STREAM, by the sketches of personal experience in the field and on the waters, to bring back to the lively recollection of him who reads its columns the good times with rod and gun he has himself enjoyed. In the happy fortune or the misadventure here recorded we see reflected the bright days and the dark days of our own outings; and it is this picturing anew of our own experiences that makes up so much of the charm of the literature of the field.

For the year that is to come these pages will give from week to week the experience of sportsmen written by sportsmen for sportsmen. The FOREST AND STREAM wishes its friends a Happy New Year; and it will do its share in weekly number after number to make the year a happy one.

THE CHANGE OF A CENTURY.

THE closing century has been marvelous in its discoveries, in its advance in civilization and in all that makes the living of life easier to civilized man. It has been an age in which man has begun to understand certain of the forces of nature, to tame them to his own uses and to force them to work for him, as he ropes, saddles and breaks to ride the wild horse of the prairie. With the more easy life which has come from the chaining of these forces and their adaptation to man's uses has come also a vast increase in the civilized population of the globe, and a corresponding decrease in its natural and uncivilized population.

Nowhere has this change been more marked than in the territory of the United States. A century ago its population numbered 5,308,000. Its inhabitants were gathered in a little fringe of settlements along the eastern coast, and the first hardy adventurers had but a short time before they began to push their way into the interior. Then the furthest limits of the west were the banks of the Mississippi River. Beyond this was literally an unknown world. No one could tell what of man or of beast might dwell there. Such animals as the antelope, the mountain sheep, the white goat, the grizzly bear and a host of smaller species had not then been described.

Except upon the borders of the settlements, game and fish were as numerous as ever. Their only enemies were men and the savage quadrupeds and birds which ate them, and these enemies were not sufficiently numerous to keep down the increase of the creatures on which they fed.

To-day the population of the United States is nearly 76,000,000. Its territory extends from ocean to ocean, and not merely its territory but its people as well. The industries of farming and stock raising and lumbering and mining have sent men far and wide over the land, pushing out over plain and valley, threading the densest forests, penetrating the most remote nooks in the mountains, climbing the loftiest peaks. Each man who has done this work, whether an old-time trapper, or a prospector, or a modern timber cruiser, has done his part toward destroying nature and developing art in the place he visited. In some way his coming has meant a change—direct or indirect—to some of the wild creatures which dwell in the place to which he came. He killed the game, or caught the fish, or burned the prairie or the forest, or disturbed and troubled some creature, which learned then that there was in the world a new enemy to be feared—an enemy that it had not known before.

One hundred years ago there was great game in abundance in the many States that are now densely populated, and small game was abundant everywhere. The wild turkey rustled in Massachusetts and Connecticut, the prairie chicken hooted over the sandy flats of Long

Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland. Hordes of migrating wild fowl and of wild pigeons passed over the land in such numbers as to darken the sun, and fed everywhere.

In early days deer skins were the currency of many of the settlements, but they were killed by Indians who used the animals' flesh and by them were brought in to trade. The early settlers were too hard at work wresting subsistence from the stubborn soil to waste time and ammunition on game unless they needed it to fill their children's mouths. But as time passed and population increased, skins still had a value, and people were found willing to hunt game for the small pay that there was in selling deer skins. This process of turning the product of the wild creatures into money has gone on constantly, and at a constantly increasing rate, and the results are what we see to-day.

It is a familiar story that in primitive times the buffalo occupied one-third of the North American continent. On the Atlantic coast it almost reached the sea; the northern limit of its range was the Great Slave Lake and the southern northern Mexico. In the last decade of the eighteenth century buffalo were killed in Ohio and Virginia, but by 1810 they had been exterminated in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, where once they had been most abundant, and were then found only on the western side of the Mississippi River. By the year 1870 the Missouri River was the eastern boundary of the species, and thirteen years later it had been practically exterminated. There are now probably two or three times as many buffalo in captivity in zoological gardens, private parks and menageries, as there are wild ones.

The moose, solitary in its habits, living in the forest, has not shared the fate of the buffalo. It is true that it has been exterminated in New York, Vermont and New Hampshire, but it still exists in Maine and Canada and in some portions of the northern Rocky Mountains. In Maine, protected by law, it has of late years greatly increased and has almost become partially domesticated, so that during a portion of a year it manifests little fear of man.

FOREST AND STREAM has printed from time to time quotations from the writings of the early Jesuit Fathers, which tell of the great herds of elk seen all over the eastern country in the eighteenth century. Yet before the nineteenth was fifty years old, all these animals had been destroyed, and the last survivor of them in the East was killed in Pennsylvania in 1853. In the forest of Michigan they lingered much longer, probably until 1870, and indeed there are vague reports that elk still exist on the borders of Minnesota and Dakota. Between 1870 and 1875 there were great numbers of elk on the prairies of Dakota, Montana and Nebraska, but ten years more sufficed to wipe them out there, and now instead of the elk of the prairie with widely branching antlers that we used to know, we have only the elk of the timber, whose horns have much less lateral spread.

The same story may be told of most of our game animals. The man of to-day has pushed his resistless way everywhere, and where the civilized man comes there is no room for uncivilized creatures, whether they be men or beasts. We may try to preserve the game as much as we please; we may endeavor to make gradual the process of its extermination; but it is useless for us to try to fight against the laws of nature. They are immutable. The day is coming—nay, it is almost here—when those who wish to see big game must look for it inside of protected parks and preserves. The United States has the opportunity to establish a number of such game preserves. These are to be found in the great area of territory so wisely set aside as forest reserves at various times in the past by Presidential proclamation. Each one of these great areas of forest and mountain and plain should be considered not only with relation to the timber growing or to be grown within its borders, but also with relation to the game which, either existing or to be introduced, might harbor within its limits. Wisely and intelligently conserved, these forest preserves might serve also as game preserves, not to be exhausted by another century of civilization and of increased population.

With the changed game conditions has come a not less notable revolution of public sentiment regarding the game as a resource to be cared for and preserved. We have in large measure lost our abundance of game, but we have gained an appreciation of what remains; and in view of

this awakening and growth of healthy sentiment the outlook for the new century is not altogether one of discouragement. We shall take better care of our game in the future than in the past. There is reason to believe that the period of indifference has passed by, and that the sportsman of the twentieth century will have advantage, in a growing degree as the century shall progress, of a wiser system of game preservation.

The North American Fish and Game Protective Association, whose recent meeting is reported in our game columns, is engaged in an effort which is both sensible and practicable. Its chief purpose is to harmonize the laws of a group of contiguous Provinces and States. The territory covered is a region which by reason of conditions of latitude and longitude should have throughout the entire extent practically uniform seasons and certainly uniform regulations as to ways of taking game and limitations of number. The Association is made up of members many of whom by reason of their official positions and known information in the especial fields of fish and game protection may reasonably be expected to have influence with the several legislative bodies which will be looked to for the enactment of these uniform statutes. We anticipate substantial results from the movement.

One subject upon which the Association declared itself in no uncertain terms is that of the abolition of spring shooting. Of the expediency of this because of its urgent necessity there can be no two opinions. To shoot the birds when on their way from the South to their Northern breeding grounds is, from the standpoint of economy, foolish in the extreme. The only obstacle that stands in the way of doing away with spring shooting now is the selfishness of individuals and localities whose immediate interests are opposed to the real and permanent interest of the country at large. But even such opposition cannot long be effectual. For one thing, as in one section after another spring shooting has been abolished, and demonstration has been made possible of the fact that in these regions the birds, if unmolested in the spring, will nest and will be found in greater supply in the fall, those who have opposed most strenuously the anti-spring shooting system have come to see the wisdom and advantage of it, and may now be counted as supporters instead of opponents. To the abolition of spring shooting, not only in the territories covered by the North American Association, but in all other States and Provinces as well, we shall come, and come very soon.

There was held in Philadelphia the other day a conference of allied interests, comprising the Associated Health Boards and Sanitarians, the Forestry Association, the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, the State Sportsmen's Association and the Game Commission. Among the several measures discussed for improving the game and fish protective system, the most important was a proposed amendment to repeal the clause of the act of 1895, creating the Game Commission, which forbids remuneration or the paying of expenses to any member of the Commission. It certainly is preposterous, in this day, for a great and wealthy commonwealth like Pennsylvania to expect the members of a game commission to give their services without reward, or to accomplish anything of law enforcement without funds. The game and fish of Pennsylvania are important and valuable public resources. Their conservation is a subject of public concern. And if they are worth caring for, as unquestionably they are, the care of them is worth paying for out of the public treasury. Pennsylvania should take its place with other States which have paid game warden systems.

Another recommendation adopted by the conference calls for a license for non-resident gunners before they shall be privileged to shoot game. This is another straw which shows the growing tendency to restrict the privileges of non-residents. The license plan is talked of in Maine again this winter, and despite the opposition which the proposition will certainly provoke, it is probable that the system will be adopted. From non-resident license to the exaction of a fee from residents is but a step. We began the century with the American system—game and shooting free to every one. We are ending it with a substantial progress in the direction of the European system of shooting, closely hedged about with restrictions.

The Sportsman Tourist.

There's Enchantment There.

THERE is a region in Northern California that appears to be exceptionally enthralling. It is not, on first observance, particularly attractive or fascinating, but it has had a sort of hypnotic influence upon men.

It is a region of mountains, forests and streams—broken, picturesque, bright and hospitable, or bleak, drear and cold as moods and conditions determine.

It is a region to which the early pioneers were attracted by the discovery of gold, thousands of hardy and brave men ventured half a century ago, and to which thousands have come and gone with the years.

Gold, gold was the quest of most, and in their sordid haste and slavish toil for the valued metal, that has upon it a tinge of blood and death, few of the many really saw the white summits, the blue and shadowy forests, the crystalline springs of the sweetest water in the world, the rushing streams that broaden into rivers paved with golden litter.

The gold is merely an incidental substance, brought down by erosion and the thundering winter torrents, together with other refuse and waste from the mighty mountains. No animal except civilized man ever found gold of consequence. A handful of vegetable soil, decayed bark and leaves that will spring to renewed life in the valleys below, was worth it all.

There were pioneers, giants among the strongest, the hardest and most venturesome of the world, who looked about them and coming under the influence of their magic surroundings forgot the sordid desire for gold and the influence and power of which so many dream. These saw the beauty of the mountains and forests, breathed the nectar of the air, tasted the purity of the distillery of heaven, and felt the freedom of absolute immunity from that wonderful, questionable blessing, civilized society.

There were a thousand hermits in the blue realm of the Shasta Mountains—men of brain and brawn, and many with the knowledge and culture of the polite. They would be found (and rarely may yet be found) in secluded nooks of the mountains, in the most primitive cabins, furnished with the simplest necessary food, and the utensils by which they might maintain existence. In a decade, or a score of years, these men, while retaining their knowledge and their polite attainments, had reverted to the primitive tastes and inclinations of savages in many things and were seemingly as happy and content as the red natives that for unknown generations had lived and died in these mountains. Perhaps it was rather indifference than content, but indifference and content are not easily separated. These men were under a spell, but it was nothing more mysterious than the instinct or intuition that beckons men into the woods and wilderness, back to where they were originally placed, where they may properly belong.

The mountains and forests, the uncontrolled torrents, shimmering and unsounded lakes, the bounding deer, crashing bear, and all the life and struggling and death of animate creation appealed to them. The possibility of perils in remote cañons and upon unexplored heights, the triumph of subsisting against every kind of privation and denial, were things not lacking in gratification to them. Sometimes they had printed books and the midnight lamp might glimmer from rocky glen or mountain side—but the implements of defense or aggression, the rifle, axe and knife were invariably at hand, and of more frequent use and certain utility. Among these are tangible influences that have shaped the lives and careers of many men, and that have given character to the nation itself.

By tourist and traveler who do not always comprehend or judge by true standards these solitary men were passed over or pitied and condemned. They did not conform to the conventional or the fancied and were too unique to be classified and catalogued, save perhaps as some land surveyors have classified some of their mountains upon the Government's maps, "Unsurveyed, broken and worthless." In many instances they were men of invincible character and the bravest of the brave, daring to stray from all custom and tradition and act according to the dictates of their own souls, living and dying in as near absolute freedom and as near nature as man can approach.

A decade or more ago a man of about thirty years of age, having selected a spot evidently to his liking in the region so briefly described, built a cottage there snug enough for its kind, but with no apparent object and no notable judgment as to suitable location. While the place selected appealed to him could not be guessed, for there was no gold near it and no people near. It was miles distant from the settlement or traveled road, and there was little more level ground than enough to set the house upon. The fellow chopped away, making a clearing, where he planted a few fruit trees and pretended to make a small garden. The place was so full of granite boulders, brought by some avalanche from the mountains surrounding it, and it was so thickly covered with matted briars and vines, he never succeeded in changing its appearance much.

A stream that came foaming over the boulders and through a jungle of alders and mountain shrubbery made such a continual roar that it was as impossible to hear much as it was to see much from the site of the house, surrounded as it was with the steep and thickly timbered hills. The fellow kept a horse and a dog or two, and from time to time added cats and fowls and other domestic aggravations to his outfit. He was industrious enough to combat with his surroundings for awhile, appearing to have means to provide himself, from the outside country, with the things he failed to produce. His garden was chiefly a fernery in which he probably dug up more gophers and rattlesnakes than artichokes or other vegetables, while his hay patch was scarcely a good pasture for his horse as were the undisturbed hillsides to which the horse always escaped. But the summers and winters passed and the fellow with his entire outfit somehow survived.

For about ten years the man lived in the secluded spot, only disturbed by an occasional stock or game hunter, and giving no one any notable account of his affairs. The few marauders who encroached upon his premises could say little of him more than that he had books, guns and other traps, but never seemed to raise anything or kill anything to speak of. Others may have heard the crack of his rifle at daybreak, or the barking of his dog now and then on a midnight hunt for varmints on the mountain sides. His shack was about out of sight in winter, for all that could be seen of it would be a stovepipe sticking out of the snow, or the light of a lamp from a window by night, shining out over the boulders and snow covered jungle. Sometimes in midsummer forest fires swept the cañon, but his fern patch and boulders were fireproof, and he was circumspect enough to keep the leaves and pine needles cleared away from the buildings and fences.

A stranger taking a cut-off trail through the hills once passed the hermit and asked:

"Are you making a ranch here?"

"No, sir," the man replied.

"What are you going to do, then?"

"I don't know," said he, and passed on.

Probably the hermit spoke the truth according to his philosophy and his experience. After all the man is very wise who knows what he is going to do.

Without much preparation and no notice to his neighbors, for he had none, the man left the hermitage and disappeared from the mountains.

Some weeks ago, being anxious to see the place, I went some distance out of my way to look in upon it. The house was still there, its steep roof covered with moss, on the north side, and the porch strewn with leaves and fallen acorns and shells from an overhanging oak. The house was weather-stained and sun-burned until it had assumed the color of the huge granite boulders surrounding it. The antlers of a buck were fastened above the door, while the walls of an inner room were decorated with a dozen pairs of them and with numerous scalps, skins and other trophies. There was a gun case in which several guns were rusting in their racks, and in another corner a bookcase full of volumes that had been frequently if not roughly handled.

In another room wood rats had made a pyramid of fanciful design of a hundred or more copies of FOREST AND STREAM, bearing old date, in the midst of which they had stored a bushel of acorns, bits of bone, grains of wheat and corn, nails, cartridge shells and other treasures they had gathered without any special judgment.

Outside a mottled cat scurried away, terrified to see any one about the deserted house, but nevertheless anxious to make himself seen. The garden had about succumbed to the overpowering attack of native jungle. A small patch of strawberry plants alone seemed to maintain the contest with the ferns, thimble-berry bushes and sprouting alders and willows.

A black shepherd dog, grown old and gray about his eyes and muzzle, took his place on the leaf strewn porch of the house, patiently whining his impatience, and wagging his bushy tail as he followed me with his anxious yellow eyes. From a distant hillside a gray horse whinnied musically as he detected life about the house that had been deserted for so many months. There were deer tracks in the very dooryard, and the whole place was infested with birds, mice, chipmunks and squirrels. The bee-hives in the yard were empty of bees and were now the homes of wasps, moths and ants, the bees having probably moved to the hollow black-oaks of the forest.

I was interested in these things, for I have not been able to forget them. I built the house and fences and had struggled with that garden. The horse, the dog, the cat, the chipmunks and birds, the surrounding forest and mountains and the noisy stream were old friends, associates and familiars. Through close communion with them during the years I learned to know why there have been so many hermits in the Shasta hills and mountains. A man may live such a life for ten years and possibly break away, but I do not know that it is worth the effort.

CALIFORNIA.

RANSACKER.

The Doubter.

ONCE on a time a subscriber wrote to FOREST AND STREAM a truthful tale. He was proud of a reputation for veracity and there was nothing impossible or even improbable in his story of a lost leader and its subsequent recovery, but the doubter was abroad and from far and near the story was jumped upon with a great jump and the relator concluded that the telling of a very few such things would utterly destroy the cherished reputation. To doubt, however, is human, and the almost universal habit of disbelief in stories pertaining to fishes and fishermen, their doings and experiences, dates back a few years further than any of us will claim to remember, and when for the edification or the entertainment of his fellows one does a tale unfold, though it may be attested by many witnesses, he is sure to be doubted by some, no matter how good may be his repute for honesty. Even Jonah, with a ship full of observers to substantiate the facts of his adventure, found but few who would accept his story, and in this enlightened age almost any strange happening or any odd experience which may be told is at once characterized as a "fish story."

A man may go fishing, but if he desires to maintain a reputation for veracity he must never tell about it—there is sure to be some one who will doubt him even though he confines himself to the simple statement that he went. Some men live and act upon the theory that it is never safe to believe anything they hear and only a portion of the things they see, but fortunately for the rest of mankind the sect is not large, for if it were then all fish stories might better remain untold. Once in a while an individual of this kind has an experience of his own that serves to broaden his views and teach him that things which appear strange and remarkable may yet be true, and the following is a plain statement of how one such was converted from his doubting habit.

It was in March, that season of our discontent, filled with frost and thaw-fog and rain, influenza and grip, the "Ides of March" against which the noble Roman

was warned, that dismal season when it is good for the inhabitants of the Greater New York and the surrounding country to get away from it and wait for a month or two before being enthusiastic about "Home, Sweet Home." Three congenial spirits, by profession a physician, a lawyer and an engineer, sat before a cheering open fire in a cozy room discussing and "cussing" these evils.

"Doctor and I have just decided to get away on another trip to the South and are going to sail next week with our old friend Capt. X. Now, you old cynic, you doubter of all things reasonable, just drop your cross-examinings and legal care and come along. We will show you a lot of odd things, broaden your narrow minded little intellect and give you a good bit of seasickness to benefit your spleen. Come now, you daren't go and see a bit of the tropical world."

"Well, if I should see one-half of the wonders I have heard you fellows lie about for the last three years I would write a book that would discount Munchausen. You had better not invite any truthful man to go along, for your string of fairy tales will be exposed. As to being seasick, that is all nonsense. It stands to reason that any one who expects it and looks for it will probably get it, but it is simply an example of the influence of mind over matter, and a man who determines that he won't be sick and has any mental strength will have no trouble.

"You are, no doubt, absolutely right and will never have a better chance to demonstrate your theory, but if you have the courage to pack your summer clothing and come along I will back your stomach against your brain and bet you a good dinner for the three of us that you will change your mind.

"If I can arrange to get away I am very much tempted to go and I tell you now that one great argument in favor of it is to see for myself how much real truth there is in all of the stuff you two have been telling about and expecting your friends to believe."

In the end the prospect of a good time aided by the climate and some persuasion won; and the party sailed for Jamaica and the coast of South America.

The others were hardened sailors, but the lawyer was on his maiden voyage, and being naturally of a skeptical disposition and feeling his inexperience he was disposed to accept with a great deal more than the proverbial grain of salt all of the tales they related of their travels and of the interesting things in store for him. His experience of the first three three days convinced him that no description of seasickness can be overdrawn and he abandoned his theory of will power versus stomach power and rendered a verdict in favor of the defendant, but he still doubts the doctor's prescription of liver and bacon or ham and eggs as proper diet. He was no fisherman and they were both devotees of the rod and reel. When they swapped stories of their remarkable exploits and strange experiences he admitted that he knew little of fishes and fishing, but it must be a sucker that would swallow such stuff, and he wished it understood that he was not of that variety. On the subject of flying fish he was particularly skeptical, but was good enough to admit that a fish with wings was quite as probable as some of the fish stories they had already told, and some of the other passengers were inclined to agree with him. No doubt many people had seen fish jump out of the water, and carried along by the wind for some little distance it would not require a great stretch of imagination to call it flying, but to assert that they really had wings and the power of actual flight was too absurd for argument.

The captain was a jovial old salt, full of fun and good stories and particularly fond of a good joke. It was decided to refer the matter to him, so at the dinner table he was asked the question. He laughed heartily and then said, "Why, I thought everybody knew that—why, of course there are fish with wings, and of course they really do fly—and you will all have no doubt about it in a day or two if you have any eyes, and very likely will call them very good eating, too, if you care for fish just out of water and into the frying pan."

"How do you catch them, Captain? Do they take bait?"

"Well, I really can't say about the bait. We are no pot fishermen and do not resort to hand lines or nets. We always get them on the fly."

"Oh! oh! Come off, Captain."

Every one at the table joined in the laughter, and the lawyer continued: "I was prepared to accept without question any statement you might make on the subject, but it won't surprise me now to be told that these wonderful fishes come on board and roost in the rigging, build nests in the boats and do a lot of other things that nobody ever heard of, but for the sake of your conscience, Captain, I haven't the courage to ask any more questions, though the temptation is very great."

"Well, then, if I am on the stand and under examination I shall have to say that I have never known them to roost in the rigging or any other place, nor to do any other bird tricks, but they certainly do come on board at full speed, and that is why I said we get them on the fly."

During the day when we put them up they fly away from the ship, as you will see, but at night when we happen to run near a school I believe the lights attract them, for it is not at all rare to find enough of them on the decks some morning to give us a dish for our breakfast or a fish course at dinner."

So much had been said that everybody was on the lookout, and a day or two later when the ship neared the Bahamas the sighting of the first flying fish was quite an event, for several of the passengers besides the legal gentleman were very much inclined to regard the whole thing as a hoax. Their doubts and his doubts and the wind theory and all other questions about the reality of flying fish were settled in short order. They saw them get up and go-scurrying away in all directions, many of them flying right into a dead head wind and keeping on the wing as long as the eye could follow them. All agreed that for speed of wing movement nothing short of humming birds were in the same class, and the fish and the patches of brown gulf weed were the chief topics of the day. Next morning the chief steward exhibited a pan containing something more than a dozen of the lit-

the fellows who had come to grief and breakfast by landing on the decks during the night. They averaged somewhat less than a half pound each and measuring several of them demonstrated that the length of the fish was just about equal to the spread of its wings. On the table the meat was found to be very solid, white and sweet, resembling very closely that of fresh water perch. The Captain's reputation was now established and anything he said was accepted without question. When asked if these were fair samples of flying fish he said he had seen much larger ones, but not often.

One evening soon after sunset the ship arrived off the port of Cartagena and dropped anchor outside to wait for daylight before running into the harbor, for Spanish American governments squander no funds in lighted bouys and other extravagances to encourage commerce or aid navigation. Being only ten degrees from the equator it was decidedly warm. Some said hot and others added even a strong adjective to that. The passenger list was small, so that each had a room alone, and all of the ports, windows and doors were open to give free circulation to the little air that was in motion. Bed clothing was at a discount, so that even a sheet was too much, and in these conditions everybody turned in for an attempt at sleep. The engines being stopped, the quiet was unusual; the only sounds to be heard were the exhaust of the dynamo engine, the tramp of the deck watch and the snores of some who had fallen into the happy state of sound slumber.

Shortly after midnight these peaceful conditions came to a sudden end with a yell and a whoop from the lawyer's room that would have excited the envy of the biggest Indian in Buffalo Bill's show, then another even greater, followed by the occupant of the room, who bounced into the passage, up the staircase and into the social hall at a speed that easily broke all previous records. In less time than it takes to tell it he was here surrounded by a group of the frightened passengers, the officer of the deck and the watchmen, all demanding the cause of the alarm. There was nothing in the least degree amusing about the situation, for any alarm or ship-board, even when at anchor, has not the slightest element of fun in it. That tableau under less serious conditions would have been a prize winner—one barefooted, wild eyed, dishevelled man in pajamas, in the midst of half a dozen others in similar costume, all in a state of high excitement and firing questions at him at machine gun speed without obtaining the least satisfaction in the way of reply.

At last one level head suggested that the target be given a chance to explain, which he did by relating that while soundly asleep in his berth he had been jumped upon and assaulted by some kind of beast or thing which he had grappled and thrown off, and he had then vacated the premises with all possible haste. Of course he yelled—who wouldn't yell in such a situation? Then there were some remarks about dreams, nightmare, imagination, etc., all of which he stoutly denied and called attention to a few spots of fresh blood on his garments and hands—perhaps it was a rat or one of the ship's cats, but the mystery deepened when careful examination failed to show the least scratch upon him to account for the blood spots. An investigation was, of course, the next thing in order, and headed by the watch officer the line of march was taken up for the scene of action. The stateroom door was open and all was quiet and dark within, but the moment the light was turned on the mystery was cleared, for the cause of all the trouble and excitement was instantly revealed. There on the floor was a dead flying fish and it was very much larger than any they had seen. It had evidently come at full speed through the open port hole, striking the brass frame, which dashed its head all to pieces and deflected it squarely on to the manly breast of the sleeper in his berth on the opposite side of the room. All agreed that his line of action in the subsequent proceedings was perfectly justifiable and no one cared for a similar experience, even though he might thereby become the hero of a most remarkable fish story.

The fish upon being measured was found to be just 17 in. from tip to tip of wings and almost exactly the same length, though the lawyer declared that it was very much larger when it struck him and must have shrunk enormously. "The circumstance," said he, "is a clear case of retributive justice and has a very evident moral and lesson, while it savors almost of the mysterious. My position now obliges me to offer an apology to several of the company. I expressed my want of faith in your tales of piscatorial experience, doubted the very existence of flying fish, refusing to accept even so good an authority as our Captain, and believed nothing except that it was all a conspiracy against my inexperience and credulity. Now I promise to believe anything you choose to tell and express no manner of doubts, stipulating, however, that you exercise due care to save me from any further practical demonstrations. One dose of this doubt curing remedy is quite enough for me and I hope it will be a long time before I shall need another."

B.

A large hunting party from Ohio passed through Springfield, Mass., the other day on their way home, after a successful four weeks' campaign in the Maine woods. They traveled in two special cars, and in one of them were piled up forty-eight deer and a monster moose, with antlers measuring 55 inches from tip to tip.

The October Woodcraft.

THE October number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine contains the game and fish laws of the United States and Canada. The Woodcraft part has this capital list of contents:

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IN THE FOREST.
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THE DOG AND THE TURKEY. By John James Audubon.
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The Rangeley Lakes in December.

BY J. PARKER WHITNEY.

THE weather this December has been unusually mild until lately, and not until the 10th of the month were the lakes pretty well frozen over. The month until the 10th has been much in contrast to that of 1890, which was unprecedentedly cold. I came in that year with my family in November and remained until Jan. 8. The lakes were solidly frozen over before Dec. 1. During the month of December there were but five days when the morning markings of the thermometer were above zero, and the average rate of twenty-six days was 12 degrees below zero. On Dec. 7 the mercury was down to 26 degrees below, and on the 29th and 30th each 24 degrees below, and on the 31st 23 degrees below.

The present month has not had a day so far until the 9th when the mercury has been lower than 4 degrees above. On Thanksgiving, however, the mercury started in at zero, but moderated during the day. On that day I came from Bemis to the Upper Dam with my party in two rowboats, breaking the thin ice part of the way until within a mile and a half of the lower lake, where we found the ice too solid to break further, and landed on the shore and broke the balance of the way through about 18 inches of soft snow with a medium crust. This was very difficult going when we could not make over a mile an hour. We found the lower lake still open, and had no difficulty in reaching camp by boat. Since the first heavy snow which we found, we have had about 15 inches more, which all together has settled down to a little over 2 feet on the level.

On Sunday the 9th we had a blizzard. In the early afternoon the thermometer stood at 24 degrees above. I noted then that the barometer had fallen very low—lower than I have seen it for some years, excepting on Sept. 13 last, when the remnant of the Texas hurricane reached the lake, which lashed the water into great fury. On Sunday the thermometer from 24 degrees above sank rapidly in a severe gale from the northwest, with flying clouds of snow, and by 6 o'clock in the evening was down to 10 degrees below zero, and finally reached 17 degrees below zero, when the gale from the northwest increased with great force, and continued throughout the whole night. On the morning of the 10th the thermometer exhibited 13 degrees below zero with the gale moderated, but still strong. By 10 o'clock the thermometer was up to 9 degrees below, and remained below zero all day, but we put in half an hour skating on the new glare ice, which was quite sufficient for us. Tell me not of orange groves and rosy bowers. They have no compare for hearty enjoyment with the lakes in winter, if one be well clothed, well housed and with good fare. The woods and waters are always fascinating, be it winter or summer, the former equal to the latter—the woods in their dark green or with their coatings of white, the water delightful with its calm and changing surface; or clasped with mantles of ice or snow. This is the sanitarium for many invalids, where enervating warm climates are pernicious. Here will be found the enemy of insomnia. Here the stimulator of appetite and the true pepsin of digestion. Here the conqueror of ennui and the relaxation of care.

Snowshoeing has been a little heavy, but since we have broken out between twenty and thirty miles of trails around through the forest we do not find it difficult to make from ten to twelve miles on a trip, and so far have bagged three deer.

The deer have no particular difficulty in getting through the present snow, although the undersized will wallow some and show the furrows of their bellies and sides from their passage. While they do not range so extensively as before the snow, they have no difficulty in getting about and in securing all the food they require. They are not, however, found much in the open, black growth of timber now as they will be later, but must be sought for in the cedar swamps, where the cedar is plentiful and constitutes an excellent food. If one should have any doubt about their ability to get through the snow he would be amply satisfied when jumping a deer to see him go off at a rate which seems little diminished from that which shows his departure over the ground when there is no snow. The full-grown buck will go off and clear snow with 10 feet at every leap, and will go out of sight altogether too quickly where the growth is, at all thick for the hunter to get in a shot. The running season being still on, the bucks run about considerably and will go for miles with apparently but slight effort. In the cedar swamps they are seasonably gregarious, and the solitary does and younger deer are apt to be found together and yarding in groups of from two or three to half a dozen. I encountered a few days ago a locality several miles from camp in a very dense cedar swamp where evidently at least a half-dozen had been congregating. I followed the trail of a deer through the snow, unbroken excepting by its passage, when I came upon the home camp, so to speak, of perhaps half a dozen deer, for I counted six beds where they had lain down the night before, and where in a space of 20 or 30 feet square the snow was so trampled down as to make the footing hard and secure. I did not reach this place until a little late in the forenoon, say 10 o'clock, and all the deer had departed in the early morning by different trails, some further into the swamp, and their droppings of the overhanging cedar limbs were quite apparent, and where some of the foliage was more plentiful the tracks were numerous. It was bright and sunny, altogether too still for successful stalking, for the snowshoes, however carefully used, will make a noise. Ordinarily upon such occasions the snowshoes are taken off, but as the snow was over 2 feet deep the walking was difficult without them. As there was a slight breeze from the eastward, I took that direction, where two or three deer had proceeded, but the small growth was difficult to get through, obscuring the sight ahead and loading me with the loose snow which had not yet been blown off the trees. It was my only opportunity, however, and although I proceeded with great caution at least for a half-mile, I observed by the bounding leaps of the three deer I was following that they had heard my approach and were off. It was useless to follow, so I struck out to the left and made a circle of nearly a mile in advance of the direction

in which the deer were heading, hoping to get around or across them if they had stopped, but when I crossed their trail, still on the bound, nearly three-quarters of a mile from where I had started them, and where they had divided, but had all gone in the same general direction, their bounds indicated that they were making from 8 to 12 feet on the jump. So I left their home camp for another day, and will go later to the same place, hoping that I may find the conditions more favorable.

Deer hunting in the woods of Maine, legitimate stalking without dogs or shining, which are forbidden, is much more difficult than the average reader would suppose. Deer are not near so plentiful as one would suppose they should be where the feed is apparently so good, and where they are hunted so little as they are in this immediate locality. With quite a number of years' experience, my estimate is that there is not much more, if any, than one deer to the square mile of forest here. We see them plentifully in the summer around the small ponds, and where they daily exhibit themselves, perhaps five or six at one time in sight when protected by the law, when, annoyed by insects and fond of the water and aquatic plants as they are, they seek the shores. Not being disturbed, they seem quite tame, and it is not unusual to see a doe feeding among the lily pads with her little spotted fawn paddling along the shore. But these deer have come from some distance to find the water, and take to it readily, but when you hunt for them in the forest in the open season you find them very scarce, and if you depend wholly upon the killing of deer you will soon get discouraged. I have killed quite a number of deer in this locality, and I may say that I have traveled more than 100 miles in the woods for every deer I have taken. In the last months of September and October I presume I traveled more than 200 miles, getting but one shot at a deer, although I jumped—that is, startled away from about me—from eighteen to twenty, some of which I saw and was unable to get a shot at, but the pleasure and satisfaction which I received in those rambles is beyond purchase. I have no enjoyment or healthful recreation that I can think of that I enjoy so much as stalking deer. Still, there are many aggravating features connected with deer hunting, particularly to see a deer bound off which has been in plain sight while you have been approaching without seeing it, for it will sometimes stand so still and motionless as to defy detection, perhaps only partly visible in the brush, and then bound off with such rapidity and dash around a clump of bushes or trees in such a manner that you are unable to get in a shot. You are hunting for your chances. Sometimes it is very easy to get them, but ordinarily they are difficult to kill. I only had during September and October, with all my traveling—my delightful traveling of unpurchasable pleasure and satisfaction with the object in view, but with the auxiliaries presenting themselves constantly—only one fair opportunity to shoot a deer, and that recollection is by no means satisfactory, for it was so fair and open that I could not have wished it better if I would. The conditions were very favorable, the ground and leaves moist, a darkish day, a gentle breeze and myself approaching from the leeward. I was proceeding at the time down an old logging road which I had been on several times and where I had observed the tracks and indications of a very large deer. Proceeding along cautiously, as was my wont, looking at every spot where I was putting my feet, to avoid the cracking of a twig or decayed limb, and still looking ahead, I observed, perfectly motionless, not ten rods ahead of me as I turned an angle of this old road, one of the largest bucks I think I have ever seen, evidently the one whose tracks I had observed. He was standing apparently clear entirely from the timber by the side of the road, broadside toward me, perfectly motionless, with his head and large antlers slightly turned toward me and gazing upon me with apparently the same interest that I felt in seeing him. Mentally I thought he was mine surely, with the rifle in my hand which had brought down several deer before at single shots, and with nothing distracting my view, nor troubled by buck fever, which I have never experienced, but as coolly and deliberately as I would fire at a target ten rods off, which was the distance of this buck, I brought carefully my rifle sights to a level, and without any haste, taking the most deliberate aim which was afforded by the opportunity, I fired. I fired at his body slightly back of the shoulder blades. It was a rough surprise to the buck. He turned, however, quickly taking his back track, and throwing up his signal flag of departure, which indicated that he was not hit, or at least had not received any wound of importance, and went off with bounds too rapid for me, owing to the then obstructing foliage, to get in another shot. Astounded at my failure, I started after him, after having rapidly thrown another cartridge into the barrel of my rifle. I could follow him, owing to the condition of the leaves, without difficulty, but I found no trace of blood, and saw that he indicated no intimation of having been wounded. I returned to the spot where he stood when I shot, and there I found to my mortification and great annoyance a leafless maple sapling of about an inch and a half in diameter, which I had not observed when I fired, and at the level corresponding with the place which I shot at, the sapling was shattered and nearly cut off by my rifle ball where its soft nose had exploded and become diverted from its passage in some direction away from the deer. This was the result of all my stalking, but it could not take away the satisfaction—the daily satisfaction—I had experienced. One must have an object for all exertions. That is sustaining, and lends vigor and enjoyment to pursuits which when aimless are of slight value.

The last two deer I shot I came upon unnoticed. They were standing a moderate distance off. It seemed a pity to shoot at them, so beautiful and innocent as they appeared. But I did. One was half broadside toward me, which I shot through the heart, when he dropped in his tracks, and perhaps was not conscious of his wound. The other was stern fronting to me, and I had to whistle for him to turn, and as he did, my bullet broke his neck. Last year, one day when I had hunted over a ten-mile tramp most carefully carrying my rifle in front, ready for immediate action, without seeing or hearing a deer, I approached within a quarter of a mile of camp, when I relaxed my careful walk and search, and threw my rifle carelessly over my shoulder. The forest was thickly

grown, and as I passed a small thicket a deer rushed across my path within 4 feet of me, and so confused me that he almost ran over me, but he appeared so suddenly and leaped so rapidly into the thick brush that I was unable to unlimber in season, scarcely a second passing between his advent and disappearance. This deer had apparently been lying down when surprised.

An amusing incident happened to a friend of mine in October last, who had hunted most persistently without success. He wore glasses, without which he could not well see. While passing through a thick clump of tall bushes he was astounded by a terrific snort from a large buck scarcely 5 feet in front of him, which, facing him, accompanied his unmusical ejaculation with sufficient mouth watering as to becloud his glasses beyond use. He was compelled to clean them, and when ready for action sought in vain for his insulting momentary associate, who had made good his retreat. My friend in relating his experience said, "I met a big buck today, but he spat in my face, and left. Confound him! I am going after him now, hot."

A lady friend at my camp a few years ago who had killed a deer concluded to go out after another, and did so, with a guide at a proper distance in the rear. She had gone but a short distance, but proceeding with slow pace and great care, when she was suddenly confronted from a clump of bushes very near by an enormous buck, which stepped out in a leisurely manner and stood for several seconds not 10 feet off, and there they stood gazing in astonishment at each other. Then with a few graceful bounds the buck disappeared among the trees. Upon relating the incident upon her return she was asked, "But why did you not shoot him?" to which she replied, "I never thought of it. I wanted to see what he would do"—and she saw.

Deer, though often sought for most diligently, may be difficult to find, and yet may be stumbled upon at times quite rudely. A few years ago a friend of mine from England went out with me early in the morning on Oct. 1, the first day of the open season, and being in advance of me, and not more than half an hour after starting, shot and killed two deer which came with a third running down upon him, thus completing his quota for the season.

Among the three deer which we have shot on this trip is a very large buck, weighing about 250 pounds, with magnificent antlers. This deer was jumped in an open growth a long distance ahead of us—I should say perhaps 200 yards—but was not too far off to be hit from a hasty shot, although he did not at first show it, but on following after some flecks of blood were observed on the snow, showing that a wound had been inflicted, though if serious or not we could not tell, but which encouraged the chase. If we had known how slight it was we probably should not have made this long chase of between four and five miles, for the bullet passed through the top of the buck's back, over and free from the backbone. However, it must have cut some muscles in the back or we could not have overhauled him; still he could go faster than we could, but we overhauled him after going a mile and a half, when another shot was fired, which was fruitless, as we afterward discovered, but which seemed to speed the deer far ahead again, and he kept out of sight for another mile. When in sight again a following shot was given, which likewise failed to hit, but which seemed to hasten the deer on for at least two miles more, when we again came up with him, although he was nearly as far off as when first shot at. The last shot was a fortunate one, breaking his neck. We did not see him fall, but were hurrying on until we came where he had disappeared, when we found his body in the snow in his last expiring efforts. Finding we were some four miles from camp, and night near, we hastily returned to camp, not reaching it until it was well in the dark. It required the efforts of two men for six or seven hours the following day to drag this large buck home, which particulars I mention to show the running of deer in the winter is sometimes attended with much effort.

The deer now congregating in the cedar swamps are not yarding, but will during the month of February work back and yard on higher ground in the open black growth, where they will remain during March and April, for in February the buds begin to swell and from that time on assume an increasing solidity.

They move with the first appearance of the few warm days of February, when the snow, slightly thawing on top, freezes at night, making a crust, which increases as the season advances. The first crusts do not seriously impede their movements, if not hurried, so selecting a locality favorable for young growth they domicile. Throughout this locality for some distance in length and breadth, oftentimes a mile or two in extent, and sometimes more, they pass about in budding, twiggling and mossing. Repeated passages indent the surface and harden it so they can go without much difficulty, and as renewed snows and freezings occur an impact is communicated to that below, still more solidifying from continued occupancy. Over this surface the deer go easily, more rapidly than other animals can pursue, but if they are driven from it they will flounder helplessly more or less, according to the depth of the snow.

It is sometimes difficult for hunters, regardless of the law which forbids crusting or killing during the season after Dec. 15 to Oct. 1, to drive the deer out of an occupied yard, for they will turn and keep on it, well aware of their disadvantages outside; but if they are driven out and the snow is 4 or 5 feet deep they are readily overtaken and may be killed with an axe blow on the head, to the saving of ammunition. In the old times, before the law was in regard, I remember spending a whole day with my guide in fruitless efforts to dislodge a herd of deer from their yard, but on the following day ejected thirteen in one body, which we had floundering in the snow about us, in less than half a mile from the outlet. Selecting one, I killed it with a knife thrust, which amply supplied us with venison for our camping-out journey through from these lakes to the Canadian line. The balance of twelve deer undoubtedly found their way back to their yard, for if left uncrowded after being driven out of their yard they will soon work their way back.

Last winter was one of unusually deep snow, being

for some time on a level of 6 feet when all the deer were well yarded. My camp keeper, who remained during the winter, tells me he, in crossing a deer yard not far from camp, drove seven or eight deer out in the snow, which he had completely at his mercy, and that he notched several with ear marks, but did not otherwise disturb them, and that upon visiting the yard the following day found by their tracks and furrows that they had all returned to it.

Some articles I have read this year expressed an opinion that many deer perished last winter, owing to the deep snows and inclement weather, but I do not believe it. No remains of dead deer have been observed in the woods by any of the hunters out, that I have heard of, and I should have been likely to have heard of any if so found. The deer this year have been fat. The deer have a wonderful faculty of adapting themselves to climatic conditions, and I believe do not suffer much from cold or piercing winds, as they in advance seek out sheltered localities, when the howling, below-zero gales pass harmlessly over head, as those in the blizzard of Sunday night, Dec. 9, and all day on Monday down below zero, when the wind from the northwest had an apparent velocity of thirty to forty miles an hour. Yet this wind, although it thoroughly cleaned off the snow from all the trees about the lake, and from the high trees inland, completely failed in stripping the loose snow from the sheltered cedar feeding grounds. This blizzard, by the way, was about as extreme as any I have encountered, during Monday, the 10th, blowing guns for several hours, from 14 to 17 degrees below. We had no difficulty in keeping the main sitting room warm with its 8-foot fireplace, but in my writing room of 14 by 16 feet, with three double windows and a 5-foot fireplace, and the latter crammed with dry birch, the water froze all day in all parts of the room, even if within 3 feet of the fire, if around the fireplace corner, away from the glare, but it was quite comfortable, writing as I did the greater part of the day at a table placed 4 or 5 feet from the front of the fire, and it was a pleasant satisfaction to be so well housed in sight and hearing of the furious gale. The lake, five miles long in front, had frozen over, but the gale broke into it about three miles up from us, and once getting a hold began ripping and smashing the ice with big waves, and walked steadily along with its ripping and whirling, which we could not all the time see, owing to the scuds of snow, but finally ended its smashing up to within half a mile of us, where an older ice of some 3 or 4 inches in thickness was met. Along the edge of this barrier the broken ice, carried on by the gale, heaped up with an embankment of 4 or 5 feet high, as a monument of pleasant tempered defeat. Taking advantage of a few still hours during the following night the lake skimmed its bosom over again, and once more bids defiance to the boisterous gale and garish sun, and will now hold secure its lovely retreats, its beauties which blush unseen, its teeming life from the protozoa in countless profusion, to the amorous trout habited in his garb of brilliant iridescence, who still disports himself below the ice to the admiration of his homlier mate.

Spawning with some families is still on, and some are not through until the end of January. I am personally acquainted with a family, one of the most noted for high beauty and delicious flavor in the lake, strikingly superior to any other family I know of, who never, so far as I am aware of, do their laying in till about the middle of December. They live about three miles from here, near the shore, where the water is not very deep, and I have been in the habit of visiting them year after year, but ceased ten years or so ago, since fishing is denied, but I have no doubt I should find them or their descendants there now at the old December outing, though there may be some coolness between us, not wholly upon account of the weather, but because I have been accused of removing some of their most promising members. I am reminded that the lake is just about the proper height to permit a good observation through the ice and water, with a good-sized hole through the ice, say 2 feet square, and with a few blankets to lie upon, and one to cover the head and the hole, where a good sight may be obtained. The bottom need not be over 2 or 3 feet from the ice, and is pebbly, with some grass growing. There are famous meets there of trout of from 2 to 4 pounds. I know of a number of playgrounds about in the lakes and ponds where the December outings occur, for trout varying in size, form, character and respectability, but none superior or even equal to the family first noted.

I know of another spot where trout of a lower degree congregate for their seasonable outing, where they assemble in large numbers and beneath the ice have their revelry. It is in front of an adjunctive camp I have on a pond some seven miles distant. These trout, though less stately and illuminated than the trout of the first place mentioned, are of a quality superior to those of milder climes, for trout of Northern waters are above those elsewhere, in flavor and game qualities.

Some years ago, in December, when fishing was permissible, I skated up over the lake and then over an intervening pond with a friend of mine, Col. H. C. Nutt, then president of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, to take lunch and return. We reached our destination and fired up for our repast. The Colonel regretted the passing of the fly-fishing season, of which he was an ardent votary. I said, "Well, you shall have some if you want." He said that that was not possible, as the waters were frozen over. I rejoined, "Nevertheless, you shall have some." He was incredulous, and offered to wager that he could not. "Very well," said I, "but I don't want to win your money on a sure thing, but I will wager you a big cigar or a box of cabman's thirds that I will take a trout with a fly right here from the boat platform in front, and put him in your hands within five minutes from the time I commence fishing." This offer was taken. I then had my man go in front with an axe and break up the ice, which was between 2 and 3 inches thick, over a space of 10 by 15 feet square. Then we put in a boat from an adjoining cover and we rocked it in a violent manner, driving the ice out of the broken place, some over the ice and some under. We then went in for lunch. Half an hour afterward I reached down a fly-rod, equipped, from over the door and cast, the Colonel standing with his watch in his hand. On the first cast my trout struck,

and in three minutes from the start I placed a third of a pound trout in the Colonel's hands. I let the Colonel go on then, and he caught with his plain fly from twenty-five to thirty trout in a short time. The water where we fished was not over 3 or 4 feet deep. The trout were of moderate size, the largest not being over half a pound. The spot I had long known as a favorite spawning ground for small trout, and perhaps over a hundred or perhaps more were left there.

Natural History.

Intelligence of the Wild Things.

BY HERMIT.

The White-Footed Mouse.

(Continued from page 105.)

I DESIRE to emphasize what I have already stated as to the peculiar method employed by these mice when communicating with each other.

If any one has been fortunate enough to have heard a vocal sound uttered by a white-footed mouse, I shall greatly like to hear of the fact. A daily and nightly knowledge of these little mice for more than fifteen years has led me to believe that they are completely dumb. They talk with their toes just as deaf and dumb people talk with their fingers, only they are guided by the ear instead of the eye. Proof that they are talking together is found in the fact that they go on with the drumming when in full view of each other. When calling to attract attention, they drum a long roll which corresponds to the halloo of the telephone. The answer is the same; afterward the rolls are variously interrupted. Through the winter months the mice about my cabin look to me for food. By catering to their wants I have mastered their calls for food and water. I keep a loaf of bread on the floor, and it is no unusual thing to see a dozen mice eating and fighting around the food. Whenever I forget to supply the bread, the mice come out of their nests and drum the long roll, the call over their telephone, to attract my attention. If I am reading or writing and do not heed the call, they continue the long roll, drumming on books, tinware, papers and on the wooden shelves. The moment I look up or speak, all hands drum the food call, a long followed by a short roll.

The call for water is two short rolls. The danger call is two long rolls drummed rapidly and vigorously. The young mice learn to drum when nearly full grown, but understand and answer the drumming of the mother mouse when quite young. I have had proof of this more times than I can remember.

An old mouse, a pet of long standing, on cool nights takes her family to the roof of the cabin. The roof is warm and makes an ideal play ground for the little ones. Here they race and romp until daylight, when the mother mouse puts them to bed for the day. Soon after I hear the mice on the roof, early in the evening; the old mouse comes down to see if food and water are on hand. If she finds things all right she takes a drink and then calls her family down. As near as I can make it out, she drums three rolls, a long roll between two short rolls. Any how, the young mice understand and scamper down and drink and eat, after a harum-scarum fashion. The old mouse drums to me if there is no water in the dish. The young mice must hear this drumming, but pay no attention to it, which proves that they understand the different calls. The old mouse drums on the tin wash dish, and her claws make a sound that rings out loud and clear. She drums first the long roll to attract my attention, and then drums the water call. If food is wanted she drums the food call after attracting attention.

The white-footed mouse has a deadly enemy in the weasel family, the stoat, or ermine, which pursues its defenseless victims every month in the year. I seldom see a small weasel, but the stoat is common in this vicinity.

While the stoat is rearing its young the life of the white-footed mouse is made miserable. By day and by night its bloodthirsty foe is on the trail. It is no unusual thing to see a stoat running along the wall back of the cabin with a mouse in its mouth. It carries its victim by the middle, and always reminds me of the picture of a tiger carrying off a Hottentot. Some of the old mice are quick witted and full of resource, and escape danger, otherwise the species would soon be exterminated. There is an auger hole in one of the logs inside the cabin that affords a mouse a safe retreat. Several times I have seen a stoat thrust its paw into the hole, only to jerk it out in hot haste. A drop of blood on the log would show that the mouse had defended itself with its sharp teeth.

There are three mice about my cabin that for years have managed to escape the stoats. Time after time I have saved the lives of these mice. The three are pets, and intelligent enough to know that I will protect them from their fierce and relentless foe. In the night time, if hard pressed, they dive into my bed, while by day they sound the danger call, knowing full well that I will come to the rescue and drive away their enemy.

To a stranger these mice look as much alike as peas in a pod, but for me they possess individualities as marked and distinct as could be found in three human beings. One of the three, the mouse that uses the roof for a play ground, always nests under a stone wall just back of the cabin. No. 2 nests in the cabin summer and winter. When the weather is warm she makes a nest on a high shelf, but in cold weather her nest is on the floor under a pile of newspapers. No. 3 nests where I nest. When I sleep in the cabin, the nest of this mouse is always there. When I sleep in the open air under a roof to keep off the rain, the mouse follows me, nesting under newspapers or in a box which I supply. If she has a family when I move, it does not prevent her from following me. She makes ready a nest and then takes her family to the new quarters.

For keen intelligence mouse No. 2 takes the lead. All through the summer months she makes a nest on a high shelf in the cabin. When there is a fire in the stove the heat becomes oppressive in the top of the cabin, and the young mice would perish if it were not for the intelligence of the old mouse.

When I fill the stove with wood the old mouse under-

stands just what will take place. She knows that I am about to kindle a fire, and she rushes to a shelf near the stove and frantically drums the danger signal. She also does a lot of drumming which I do not understand. She tries to tell me in her dumb language that a fire will destroy her little family. When the mouse finds that I do not heed her appeal, she knows that her family will be destroyed and can be saved only by her own hasty efforts. The one thing to do is to remove her babies to a place far away from the death dealing heat. If the young mice are small, in some mysterious way the mother mouse induces each youngster to cling to a teat, when the whole family is removed in this novel manner to a safe retreat beneath the cabin. It is a comical sight to see the old mouse crawling along a log with eight or ten raw, shapeless things clinging to her like grim death. The hole in the wall that leads outside is small, and the old mouse has a long struggle to get her load safely through. Now and then a young mouse drops off and remains squirming where it chances to fall. The mother invariably returns and gathers in the missing.

When the young mice are half-grown, they are removed in a different manner. They are now too large to be dragged as before. They are also too large to be carried by the neck. The mother overcomes this difficulty by doubling up the young mouse and then grasping it by the crossed legs. The young mouse turns its head inward and holds it in place by biting on to one of its own legs. In this way a young mouse is made up into a round, compact bundle. When the hole in the wall is reached it often happens that the mother cannot push her load through. After several unsuccessful efforts she turns about and backs through the hole, dragging the load after her.

All in all, the white-footed mouse has afforded me much pleasure, but at times it becomes a nuisance. At one time my cabin was haunted by a strange sound. The sound was simple enough, only a sharp click repeated over and over. Sometimes, however, the performance would change to a succession of clicks. For six weeks I vainly tried to solve the mystery. At last the clicking became downright annoying. It would break up my line of thought when writing. It would confuse my mind when reading, and I often jokingly asserted that this mysterious ghostly click, click would send me to the insane asylum.

At last I traced the sound to a shelf where I had placed an empty cigar box. I investigated, and the mystery was solved. A dozen mice occupied the box as a safe retreat from their enemy, the stoat. Whenever a mouse entered or left the box, the cover was raised, and, falling into its place again, made the click that had so annoyed me.

The box cover was heavy enough to severely pinch a mouse's tail, but the cunning mice had provided for this danger. A hole about the size of a lead pencil had been gnawed in the side of the box, just below the cover, and afforded a channel for the tail, while it was too small to attract the attention of a stoat.

A more cunningly contrived retreat from an enemy could not be invented. It shows that this wild mouse of the woods possesses intelligence which passes far beyond the powers of instinct.

It would take a volume to record the incidents that have transpired in connection with these mice during the fifteen years of my hermit life.

Some of these incidents are comical, others pathetic, and, alas! others are tragic. One in the comical line happened to a young man from the city who thirsted for more knowledge of the wild things. He stayed one moonlight evening to see the mice eat. It often happened, when the mice were gathered about a loaf of bread, that a star-nosed mole would appear and scatter them in all directions. If I chanced to be sitting near it was no unusual thing for a mouse to run up my trousers leg. I kindly allowed the young man the post of honor near the bread. Just what I expected took place. The mole appeared, and a frightened mouse rushed up the young man's trousers leg. With a war whoop that would have frightened an Indian, he bounded into the dooryard. The mouse escaped from beneath his coat collar before he got out of the cabin. The young fellow danced around like a crazy man. Whenever his clothes touched him he thought the mouse was getting in its deadly work, and administered slaps that must have raised blisters. When I could control my laughter I told him that the mouse had escaped. I could not induce him to enter the cabin again.

The nests of these mice are globular, but are varied to fit the surroundings. Near the cabin they are made of bits of paper matted with cotton batting and a soft wool manufactured by the mice from my old clothes.

The nests remote from the cabin are made of bits of dried leaves, grasses and plant down. These last are usually placed in a tangle of cat brier. Many of these nests are occupied through the winter. I examined one last week. It was about 5 inches in diameter and was composed of bits of leaves and milkweed silk. It was rain and frost proof.

I sometimes find nests in tin cans. Once I found a nest in a paper bag. The paper bag was in a tangle of cat brier. It was nearly 3 feet from the ground, and doubtless was lodged where found by the wind.

The mother mouse is devoted to the welfare of her little family, which may number anywhere from four to ten. When the young mice are small they are raw looking things, but are tough, wiry and tenacious of life. At this stage, if grown moles will destroy a family in a few seconds if it were not for the watchful care of the mother.

As the young mice grow they change their coats to a dark lead color, which they retain until the first moult.

The white-footed mouse will eat about everything edible found in the woods. It is fond of mushrooms and never, like human beings, eats of the poisonous varieties. I am sorry to state that it will eat young birds if small and helpless. It eats insects, berries, seeds, nuts, bread, cheese and all kinds of meat.

It stores up food for winter in holes in the ground and in hollow trees and logs. The mice about my cabin store food in anything that comes handy. I sometimes find a shoe half-full of nuts and corn.

The white-footed mouse makes an interesting pet when caged. One that reared a family in captivity afforded me many proofs of intelligence.

When the cabin was too cold for the little ones she

made them warm and cozy in a globular nest. If the temperature went up she removed the top of the nest, and if the heat from the stove fell directly into the cage she piled up the surplus nesting material on the side to protect her young.

The mole that I mentioned before, the one that scatters the mice, is a singing mole. He zigzags about the cabin floor, picking up crumbs, while he sings bird-like notes that are as sweet and distinct as the canary's low twitter. I see other moles, but I have never heard but this one sing.

A Sleeping Doe.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Prentice and I left New York for Long Lake West, N. Y., Saturday evening, Dec. 8, arriving at our destination about 4:45 A. M. Sunday in the midst of a snow storm. The snow that had fallen previous to this storm lay about 2½ feet on the ground. After waiting at the hotel near the railroad station at Long Lake West until nearly daylight, Mr. Roland Christy drove up and took us over to his camp on Bear Lake, some four or five miles from the railroad.

The storm let up shortly after we had finished breakfast, but enough snow had fallen (from 3 to 4 inches) to completely obliterate any and all tracks that were made in the woods up to about 4 that morning. The snow was light, and although not in very good condition for snowshoeing, we started out from camp with the intention of following the shore of Bear Lake around to the south end in the hope of starting a deer.

In the woods the shoeing proved much better than we had anticipated, and we were able to jog along at a fair gate, when Roland Christy, who was leading the van, came upon the tracks of two deer, which we had evidently started up, as their tracks in the snow plainly showed that they had commenced "jumping" immediately, their direction being toward East Charley Mountain. We did not follow their trail far, but proceeding along the lake shore were lucky enough to catch a glimpse of them (a doe and a fawn) as they ploughed their way through the snow along a ridge, possibly 200 yards to the east of us. While we stood watching them a second fawn came down over the crest of the ridge, and joining the trail of the other two some distance behind, started off in pursuit of the mother at a great rate. Proceeding, we skirted the lake shore still toward the south, starting a buck on our right, who also skipped around in our front, heading for East Charley Mountain.

Reaching the extreme south end of the lake, we left the shore trail, cutting through a swamp toward the east until we reached an old wood road which led in the direction of East Charley Mountain and Lilypad Pond. In several places we came upon deer tracks, which showed the deer had been jumping, evidently frightened by our approach.

We finally came upon a fresh track where a single deer had evidently been walking along but a few hours previous. As this was the only track we had found where the animal had not been jumping, we decided to follow it up. This trail we followed for some distance, possibly half a mile, when a point in the trail seemed to take on a central aspect, the snow being trampled quite a little, and it was noticed that several trails diverged from this point. Not giving much attention to the trails, we all started off together on one of them, only to find that after proceeding a little way into the woods the deer had turned and retraced her steps to the central point I speak of.

Starting alone, I followed up two more of these trails, and in each case the deer had retraced her steps to the central point. As I reached the furthest point in the trail I was following, where the deer had turned back, I stopped to listen, hoping to locate the direction which Christy and Prentice had taken in their search for the outlet trail. Not hearing them, I whistled softly, but receiving no reply repeated the whistling several times, but with the same result. I then concluded that they had probably found and taken up the outlet trail and were too far away to hear my signal. So, retracing my own trail back to where their tracks in the snow showed me they had led off, I immediately took after them on a trot. I had not proceeded more than twenty rods, however, when I caught a glimpse of Prentice and Christy, standing, evidently looking at something beside the trail. At almost the same instant Prentice saw me and motioned for me to come quietly up to where he was standing. This I did, and following the direction of their gaze saw a doe lying asleep under a fallen tree not 25 feet from where we stood. The deer lay with her back toward us, her eyes, nose and legs tucked carefully away under her warm body; her ears alone standing up erect which showed the location of her head. Our first thought was that possibly she had been hurt in some way, could not proceed further through the deep snow and was freezing to death, but the fact that the mercury registered 22 degrees above zero and also the firm tracks in the new snow seemed to stand as conclusive evidence that such could not be the case. Cautiously we approached the deer, Christy on the right, Prentice in the middle, while I took up the left of the line. Passing a pine tree bent over with its load of heavy snow, I reached up, and taking a handful of this snow in my left hand, crushed it into a more or less compact mass, and when within about 8 ft. of the deer, tossed it so it struck the animal just behind the ear. This did not wake the animal up, a slight shake of the neck serving to throw off every particle of the snow. At this we could not repress a slight laugh, and while not noisy in any sense of the word, it seemed impossible that the deer could still remain unconscious of our presence. But no move did she make, except a slight movement of the ears, and her regular breathing told how soundly she slept. We stood quietly around her then for at least two or three minutes. Christy's snowshoe not more than an inch or so from her back, and all of us so close that it would have been an easy matter for any one of us to have reached down and touched the animal's back. At a signal we all yelled at the top of our lungs, and in a bound the deer was on her feet and facing us. At first, in her bewilderment, she took several steps in my direction and then with a snort leaped a log and was off out of sight as fast as the deep snow would allow her

to travel, probably the most frightened beast that ever walked in the Adirondack woods.

The above incident was experienced near the Christy's Camp, Sabattis Park, Long Lake West, New York, by the following party on Sunday, Dec. 9, 1900: Mr. Roland Christy, Stamford, Conn.; Mr. Roland Prentice, New York city, and Mr. Hugh Harrison Sanford, New Brighton, N. Y.

In connection with the above, I would add that when the deer, startled by our yell, jumped to her feet, she landed some 8 feet away from and facing us. It was then that she took several steps toward me before jumping the log and disappearing in the woods.

HUGH HARRISON SANFORD.

The above statement is correct, as related by Mr. Sanford.

SARTELL PRENTICE,

C. ROLAND CHRISTY, JR.

[A case somewhat similar to that given by Mr. Sanford is related by Mr. H. G. Dulong in one of the interesting sketches which he contributed to FOREST AND STREAM in 1890, under the title "Slide Rock from Mary Mountains" (Vol. XXXV., p. 246, Oct. 16, 1890). The same sketch contains the powerful invocation to the spirits of rivers and forests and mountains, which is remembered by many of our older readers. Mr. Dulong's experience with the deer—a mule deer—doe—in the mountains of the Simil Kameen, was as follows:

"As we were riding near some scattering timber we started a band of deer and amused ourselves by seeing how many of them offered good shots. I was just looking at one half-tame creature about a hundred yards off, when Dick called my attention to a doe sleeping not thirty paces distant from me. Her head, turned back on her flank, pointed the other way. I dismounted and walked carefully forward. When I was 15 feet away from her (I stepped the distance afterward), some subtle aroma or faint rustling aroused her. She raised her great ears and looked in the opposite direction. Then, slowly turning her head, she stared at me for fully a quarter of a minute before she jumped up. Never had I seen a deer so gentle."

Mollusks Eaten by Land Birds.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 13 appeared a letter from a correspondent of North Attleboro, Mass., asking for the identification of certain animals sent to us in alcohol, which had been taken from the crop of a ruffed grouse. On examination these animals proved to be slugs (*Tebumaphorus carolinensis*) of a kind commonly found in woods under decaying sticks and bark.

At about the same time Mr. H. M. Langdale, of Petersfield, Hampshire, England, sent to the editor of the London Zoologist some snails, thirty-nine of which he had taken from the crop of a wood pigeon shot in County Kildare, Ireland, asking for their identification, and declaring that an instance of this sort had never before come to his notice. He stated that the bird was in first rate condition, and that grain was easily obtainable in the neighborhood at that time of the year, and that there was nothing in the bird's crop except two hawthorn berries and one oat.

The snails sent were identified by the editor as the amber snail (*Succinea putris*), an amphibious species which spends its winter in the mud of springs and ponds, but is seldom seen in the water except in the spring of the year. He quotes also Mr. Collins Baker, who in the Proceedings of the Chicago Academy of Natural Sciences, stated that many passerine birds are fond of small mollusks.

Many readers will remember in this connection the article written in FOREST AND STREAM some years ago by Mr. Samuel Rhoads, in which many cases were instanced where mammals feed, in part at least, on mollusks.

The Gibraltar Apes.

It has often been said that the colony of Barbary apes that has so long inhabited the summit of the Rock of Gibraltar was on the point of extinction, but this is not true. Mr. Sclater, the eminent British zoologist, recently visited the haunts of this species at the top of the rock and found that the colony was in a flourishing condition, and that within the last few years its numbers had considerably increased. Just how long this small colony has inhabited Gibraltar is not known. Diligent search in the ancient breccia has failed to reveal its bones there, and this, with the announcement by Sayer in his "History of Gibralt ar," that certain old documents show that in 1740 a poll tax was laid on apes as well as on "Jews, Moors and other aliens," would seem to indicate that it had in some way been introduced in comparatively modern times.

New Animals for the Zoo.

MR. W. T. HORNADAY, Director of the New York Zoological Park, who has just returned from an extended trip in the West, secured for the park a considerable number of new animals, many of which have reached their destination, while others are on the way. Among those which have already arrived are three Columbia black-tailed deer, four yearling moose, four muledeer, three antelope, a lynx, some wild ducks and swans and other smaller specimens. Two buffalo, two grizzly bears and some more blacktails and muledeer are on the way. It is gratifying to learn of these accessions to the collections of the park, and we may hope that the day is not distant when mountain sheep and even white goats will be added to the collections.

At the Taxidermist's.

THERE has recently been received from a New York customer by F. Sauter, the taxidermist, an albino red-tailed hawk. It appears to be an adult bird, and is pure white, except for four reddish-brown tail feathers.

At the same shop has recently been received from Mr. Foster, of Newton, N. J., an albino gray squirrel, a beautiful example.

Mr. Sauter reports that a surprising number of barred owls has been brought in to him this autumn for mounting. Usually he does not receive more than five or six in a season, but this year he has already mounted thirty.

Game Bag and Gun.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

American Wildfowl and How to Take Them.—XVI.

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[Continued from page 492.]

Canvasback Duck.

Aythya vallisneria (Wils.).

THE adult male has the top of the head and the feathers immediately about the base of the bill and chin black; the rest of head and neck are reddish-brown, what would be called in a horse, mahogany bay. The lower neck, fore-back, and breast, black. The back, lower breast and belly, white, very finely waved with black bars; whence the name, canvasback. Primaries, black. The tail, black, with a grayish cast; bill, black; iris, red; feet, lead color.

The female has those parts which in the male are red, brown and black, wood-brown, with touches of whitish behind the eye, and on the fore-neck. The plumage generally, is grayish-brown, the tips of the feathers often being whitish, and vermiculated with dusky. The length is 20 to 22 inches.

Of all the American ducks, the canvasback is easily the most famous. Its flesh depends for its flavor entirely on the food that the bird eats, and since for many years it was chiefly killed where the so-called wild celery abounds, the reputation of the canvasback was made by the individuals that fed on this grass.

As a matter of fact, it may be doubted whether in waters where this plant is abundant the canvasback is any better than some of its fellows of the duck tribe, such as the redhead or the widgeon, which subsist largely on the same food. But the fame of the canvasback is now too firmly established ever to be shaken, and it will continue to be regarded, as it has so long been, as the king of our ducks.

The canvasback is an American species, and has not even any close relatives in the Old World. In winter it ranges south as far as Central America, but confines itself to no portion of the country, being equally abundant on both coasts, and in the interior as well. I have killed it on the Atlantic coast, as well as in Southern California; and during the migrations it is abundant in Montana, and generally throughout the interior.

Years ago the canvasback bred in the Northern United States, toward the west, probably in Minnesota, certainly in Dakota and Montana, but, as with so many other species, the settling up of the northern country has destroyed its breeding grounds, and it now, for the most part, passes far to the northward to breed. Dr. Dall found it breeding at Fort Yukon, in Alaska. Mr. Ross met with it on Great Slave Lake; and other northern observers have detected it throughout the fur countries. Besides this, Captain Bendire found it breeding in Oregon, and Dr. Newberry believed that he had obtained evidence of its nesting in the Cascade range. The nest of the canvasback is large and well built, and is lined with down and feathers, plucked from the breast of the mother bird. The eggs are grayish-green in color and number from seven to nine.

On their return from the North the canvasbacks reach the United States late in October or early in November. They are hardy birds, and it seems that it takes cold weather to drive them southward. On the New England coast they are very rare, though a few used to be killed there. On Long Island they scarcely ever occur of late years, nor are they found in great numbers on the Virginia coast. In North Carolina, however, and along the open broad waters which fringe that State and South Carolina, canvasbacks are very abundant. They used to be so, also, in the Chesapeake Bay, but continual gunning and the destruction of their feeding grounds by frequent floods, which kill the plants on which they subsist, have made them there much less abundant than they used to be. The shooting grounds in Chesapeake Bay and Susquehanna Flats, which a few years ago afforded such good gunning that they were bought or rented at fabulous prices, are no longer so much frequented by the birds, and have become much less valuable.

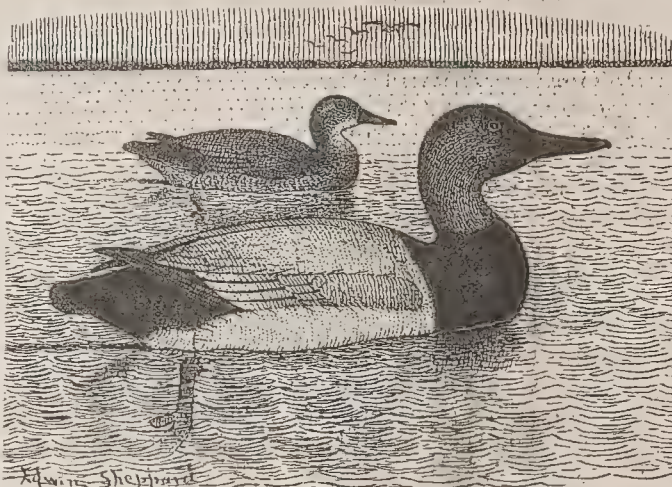
Like many others of our game birds, the canvasback during the last few years has learned a good deal. Always a shy and wary bird and difficult of approach, it has learned to avoid the shores, and perhaps is gradually learning to avoid the bush-blind. As its diving powers are great and it is not obliged to fly over the land to get to its feeding grounds, it spends its time in great rafts, on the shallow open waters of such sounds as Currituck, Pamlico, Core and Albemarle, feeding safe from danger, and during the morning and evening hours taking its exercise by flying great distances up and down the sounds, high in air, far above the reach of any gun. It is only in dull and rainy weather, when the wind blows hard, that the canvasbacks come in from the open water to seek the shelter of a lee of the marsh, but when such weather comes and the gunner is properly located, the canvasbacks will come to his decoys as readily as any other ducks. In the same way, when—as happens usually at least once each year—a cold snap closes the waters of the sound, leaving only a few air holes, where warm springs or swiftly moving currents keep the waters open, the canvasback and other fowl resorting to these open spots may be killed in great numbers. On such an occasion, in January, 1900, I saw canvasbacks in numbers greater than I ever beheld before. An account of this flight, published in FOREST AND STREAM, is as follows:

"I have recently had an opportunity of being brought

into what I may call close association with the greatest of all the wildfowl, the superb canvasback duck, and within the last ten days have seen more of these birds and at close quarters than during any season for many years. The locality was Currituck Sound, and the sights that I saw were witnessed by several others, old gunners, who agree with me that so great a flight of canvasbacks has not been witnessed for many years.

"The first few days of shooting had about it nothing very startling except that one-half the bag of ducks consisted of canvasbacks. The first day was cold, gray and lowering, with a keen breeze from the northwest, and occasional spatters of rain, changing later to snow, which in the afternoon fell heavily. It was an ideal gunning day, and the birds came to the decoys in beautiful style, so that the first seven or eight canvasbacks were killed without a single miss, and for a brief and happy hour I was deluded into the belief that at last I had learned how to shoot ducks. The rude awakening from this cheerful dream came soon afterward, and was thorough. I do not imagine that I shall ever again be deceived in this way.

"The second day's shooting was not markedly different from that of the day before, except so far as the weather was less favorable, and so the number of canvasbacks secured was very much less. Saturday was a lay day, on which there is no shooting, and when we arose we found that the continued cold weather had at last had its effect and the sound was frozen over. There were many large air holes, however, crowded with birds, but the cold continued. The next morning many of these air holes had frozen, others had grown smaller and the natural result was that the ducks, geese, swans and bluepeters which occupied the open water seemed crowded together as thickly as possible. Much of the day was spent on top of the club house, studying the waters with the glasses, watching the movements of the



CANVASBACK DUCK.

birds, marveling at their inconceivable numbers. All around the horizon, except on the landward side—that is to say, for 270 degrees of the circle—birds were seen in countless numbers. Turning the glasses slowly along the horizon from northwest to north, east, south and southwest, there was no moment at which clouds of flying fowl could not be seen in the field of sight, and yet, notwithstanding the numbers of birds seen on the wing, the air holes seemed to be packed with fowl, and great bunches of geese and swan stood and walked about on the ice.

"Away to the north were three large air holes, two of which were white with canvasbacks, while in the third one, geese were the prominent fowl, although many canvasbacks were constantly leaving and coming to it. Off to the southeast, at the south mouth of the Little Narrows, was quite an extent of open water occupied by a horde of geese, two large bunches of bluepeters and some thousands of common ducks. In the Little Narrows, a deep but narrow channel flowing close by the house, were great numbers of ducks feeding, and indeed on that Sunday one might have sat on the boat-house dock and killed from thirty to fifty birds as they traded up and down the Narrows.

"In the afternoon three or four of us walked down to Sheep Island Point, not ten minutes' distance from the house, where there was an air hole. In this at the moment of our arrival swam fifty or sixty ducks—hooded mergansers, ruddies, mallards, whistlers, butterballs and perhaps a dozen canvasbacks. Three or four hundred yards to the north was another small air hole, perhaps four or five acres in extent, which was crowded with canvasbacks. We sat down in the fringe of sedge, about 60 or 70 yards from the nearest air hole, which had a length of perhaps 150 feet and a breadth of 100. The live birds in this air hole would make good decoys, and we hoped that if the fowl began to fly some of them would alight near us. Two of the four men were provided with good field glasses.

"We had not been waiting many minutes, when what we had hoped for took place. A bunch of 200 birds rose from the further air hole, and after swinging about a few times, dropped down in the one close to us. These were immediately followed by other bunches, and these by others; so that often two or three flocks would be swinging about in the air at one time, and all of them with our air hole as their objective point. They descended into it by companies of fifties, hundreds and two hundreds, and before long the open water was so crowded with the fowl that it seemed as if it could hold no more, and as if the birds that came next must necessarily alight on the backs of their comrades.

"Soon after the birds alighted they began to dive for food, and, probably one-half of them being under water at any one moment, room was made for other incoming birds to occupy. The splashing of the diving ducks made the water bubble and boil, and the play of the birds as they sometimes chased each other made the scene one of the greatest possible animation. Presently something occurred to attract their attention, and all stretched their necks up into the air and looked. I think I have never seen anything in the way of feathered animal life more impressive than this forest of thick

necks, crowned by long, shapely heads of rich brown. After their curiosity was satisfied they began again to feed and to play. It is impossible to convey to one who has not witnessed such a sight its interest and fascination. Here within gunshot—and when seen through the glasses appearing within arm's length—were twelve or fifteen hundred of the finest and most desirable duck that flies, entirely at home and living for the benefit of the observers their ordinary winter lives.

"Looking with the glasses over the smooth ice away to the northward, we could see flying over the ice, or resting on it, fowl as far as the eye could reach. From the level of the ice where we sat, the ducks, resting on the water, appeared only as indistinct lines. The geese were, of course, larger and darker, and made distinct black lines; while some very distant swans, resting on the ice, were magnified by the illusive effects of the mirage, so that they looked like detached white houses. While we sat watching the canvasbacks, two or three small flocks of geese swung around over the air hole, but finding no spot where they might moisten the soles of their feet, they alighted on the ice just beyond it.

"We sat and watched the fowl until the increasing chill of the air and the sinking sun warned us to return to the house. As we rose without any precautions the canvasbacks at once became alert, and as we pushed our way among the reeds away from the shore the whole mass rose with a mighty roar of wings and a splashing of water that made one think more of the noise of Broadway when traffic is heaviest than anything else that I can recall.

"That night it was again cold, and in the morning the Little Narrows was closed by ice, except for a few air holes, and the open water in the sound was still less. The ice was not yet sufficiently strong to bear a man, and yet it was too heavy to be broken through by a boat. Numbers of the shore gunners endeavored to get out to the air holes to shoot there, but none, I think, succeeded. Those of us at the house shot at various nearby points, with moderate success, one man making the great score of sixty-six canvasbacks, besides some other ducks.

"That night after dinner one of the party stepped out on the porch of the house to look at the weather. The night was clear and cold, brilliant stars twinkled in the sky; through the branches of the trees over the boat-house corner, and reflected in the placid waters of an air hole in the Narrows, shone the crescent of the young moon, embracing between its horns the dull globe which was yet to grow. The scene was odd and beautiful, like a stage effect of some mediæval scene. As he stood there, delighting in the beauty of the night, yet nipped a little by the keen frost, a curious sound—like that made by a river running over the pebbles of a shallow—came to his ear. It recalled to the veteran salmon angler the murmur of the Ristigouche as though forest and open and deep pool and murmuring shoal it hurries on its way to the Bay of Chaleurs. He wondered what could cause this sound in this place, and above all on such a night, and, walking down to the boat house, passed through it and stood on the dock. Here the explanation of the sound was plain. The air holes which during the day had enlarged were crowded with teeming canvasbacks, and the murmur of the water was neither more nor less than the splashing made by the fowl as they dived for food.

"The freeze lasted for some days longer. The birds were abundant; but the weather, clear, windless and toward the last warm, was much against the gunning, since the fowl did not fly. Nevertheless one or two men at different times had good shooting—some of them better than they had ever enjoyed before or expect ever to have again. This shooting was largely at canvasbacks, since very few common ducks were shot. The freeze having closed their feeding grounds, they sat about on the ice, unwary and inert, waiting till the waters should open again, and in the meantime starving. Under such circumstances no one cared to kill them. On the other hand, the canvasbacks taken were unusually heavy and fine birds.

"Across the sound, on the waters of a neighboring club, very great shooting was enjoyed, though they secured practically no canvasbacks. On the other hand, they made enormous bags of geese and swans, something which no one can regret, since the geese and the swans at Currituck Sound are so numerous that they eat up vast quantities of the food which might better be consumed by the ducks. There are men long familiar with these waters who declare that the geese and the swans are constantly becoming more and more abundant and that ultimately they will occupy these waters to the exclusion of more desirable fowl. This, however, is not likely to occur in our time, and the prophecy may be classed with another, made twenty years ago by one of the most eminent ornithologists of this country, who declared that fifteen years from that time the bluepeter would be the game bird of Currituck Sound. The years have come and the years have gone, but there are still a few canvasbacks left, and it is possible that when our children tie out in Currituck Sound in just the right weather they, too, may kill a few of these glorious birds.

The food of the canvasback, from which it takes its specific name, and to which it owes its delicious flavor, is the so-called wild celery, which is really a water grass. It grows both in fresh and brackish water, and is common at various points along the sea coast, but also in the fresh waters of the interior.

This plant, like many others, has a variety of different names. Some of the most common used in different localities are "tape grass," from the tape-like appearance of the long leaves; "channel weed," as it frequently grows in channels where the water flows, not swiftly; "eel grass"—this name arises, it is said by Dr. Darlington, from the habit which eels have of hiding under the leaves, which are usually procumbently floating under the water's surface. The appellation "wild celery," a local term, applied originally perhaps only by gunners and watermen at Havre de Grace and vicinity, is, like many vulgar synonyms, a misnomer, as this plant is in no particular related to celery, which by botanists is known as *Apium*. Wild celery, or, as it is

more generally known along the coast, eel grass, is not confined to the Chesapeake Bay or to the sea coast. It is found in the Brandywine Creek, growing in slow-running water, and in many other interior waters. The scientific name of the plant is *Vallisneria spiralis* (Linn.), the generic name being given in honor of Antonio Vallisneri, an Italian botanist. It is a dioecious herbaceous plant remarkable on account of its mode of fertilization. It grows entirely under water, has long radical grass-like leaves from one to three feet long and from one-quarter to three-quarters of an inch wide. The female flower floats at the surface at the end of long thread-like spiral scapes, which curiously contract and lengthen with the rise and fall of the water. The male flower has very short stems or scapes, from which the flowers break off and rise to the surface to fertilize the pollen of the attached floating female flowers.

The canvasback is one of the swiftest of all our ducks. It is commonly said that they fly at the rate of ninety miles an hour, but, of course, this is a mere guess, since no accurate observations have ever been made on their flight. It is certain that they proceed at great speed, and the novice at canvasback shooting is very certain to shoot behind them until he has had a great deal of practice.

The canvasbacks start from their southern home toward the north early in March and follow the coast and the interior northward, often reaching northern waters before they are generally open. On the breeding grounds they are, practically undisturbed.

Rocky Mountain Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was very much interested in a letter in a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM, telling of a deer hunt on the White River, in Colorado, and of the tameness of the deer. Owing to the fact that one of the puppies has eaten that particular page, I cannot give the name of the writer, but as the country he describes was my stamping ground for years, I always like to hear from there. If the sportsman who wrote the letter, thinks that deer are plentiful and tame there now, I wonder what he would have thought in the old days, when I have seen 15,000 deer by actual count pass in two weeks on one trail from their summer to their winter range. And this trail was only one of ten or twelve, of the great main trails which led from the headwaters of the White, the Bear and the Little Snake rivers, down to the vast tracts of juniper and cedar-covered ridges, sage brush deserts, and the broken Bad Land country, where the mule deer wintered. And other game was as plentiful in proportion, for northwestern Colorado was one of the great hunting grounds of the old West, both in number and variety of game. I remember guiding one party from the Grand River north to the Bear's Ears Peaks, near the Wyoming line, and for twenty-four days we were never out of sight of either elk, deer or antelope. But those days are gone, never to come again, and ranches are crowding the game further and further back into the mountains.

If the Colorado deer are tame, up here, in northwestern Wyoming they are decidedly not. The Colorado deer nearly ruined me as a hunter, for it was a long time after I came up here before I could get over the habit of waiting for a started deer to stop and look around. In Colorado, when one jumped a buck, it almost always stopped inside of 50 yards to see what the trouble was, giving plenty of time for a standing shot. Up here, when a deer gets up, there is no nonsense of that sort, and if a fellow wants buckskin he has to shoot quick and straight. I have only three buck heads to show for my four years here, and two of them I got this fall. Both were big bucks, with fine heads, but both fell victims to their own foolishness. I was coming home along a quaking asp hillside one evening, after missing an elk at 100 yards and otherwise disgracing myself, when buck No. 1 got up about 100 yards ahead and lit out straightaway through the trees. I could not get a bead on him between the trunks, and thought he was going to get clear away, when the blamed fool stopped on a little knoll and turned around broadside on. The next second he got a .30-40 full jacket through the heart, and when I saw the jump and kick, which with mule deer means a vital shot, I felt pretty good, for I could see that the old fellow's head was away up in the front rank.

The next deer was even a bigger fool, for he came along one morning close to the house right after a fresh fall of snow. When I struck his track it was heading into a thick patch of spruce full of wet bogs and willow patches, and I was sure he had gone in to bed down for the day. So I spent an hour or more fooling around before I found out that he had gone on through. The trail now led on through open lodge pole pines, and was heading for another patch of thick cover a mile or so ahead, so I struck out on a high trot, as the trail led up wind. All at once I saw the old fellow lying down in the snow 300 yards or so ahead, but at first thought it was a rock, never thinking that a Wyoming deer would be guilty of such a stupid trick. The old fellow had his head down in the snow, and was fast asleep, and it was not until I had worked around until I could make out his horns that I was sure it was a deer. I was now about 200 yards away, when the buck raised his head and I dropped. I could just see about a foot of him between the tree trunks, but I did not want to sit there in the snow all day, and a move would have been good-by deer. So I brought the heavy .30-40 single shot Winchester slowly up, held the Lyman square in the middle of the patch of blue hide, and let go. Instantly the indistinct object turned into a great buck, which went off through the trees and out of sight like a flash. But I noticed a stagger as he got to his feet, which was not natural, and on going to the place could see from the bullet mark in the snow that it must have gone through the deer. A few steps on the trail and there was a spatter of fine blood drops, and a couple of hundred yards further was the buck down in the snow. His head was still up, so I shot him again, but it was needless, the first bullet having hit him in the neck just in front of the shoulder and passed out through his cheek on the other side, cutting the jugular and breaking the jaw. The velvet was not entirely gone from his horns, which at

that date (Nov. 20) was rather unusual. This made two fine heads for this fall, which, as I have given away all my Colorado heads, and am getting a new lot, was very satisfactory.

By the way, I am having very good luck using full jacket bullets in my .30-40. Only one animal hit has got away, the exception being a buck antelope, which was facing me when shot, and I have an idea that I hit him in the side of the neck.

The beauty of full jackets when you are hunting to get meat is that you do not tear an animal all to pieces, and if you do happen to give one a flesh wound and it gets away, the wound in nine cases out of ten heals quickly.

Wm. Wells.

Wells, Wyoming.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Proposed Changes in Game Law.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 15.—The time is on hand when we may expect the usual amount of tinkering with our game laws. Attention has already been called to the fact that a certain element—happily, it is to be believed, a minor element—is trying to put back on the Wisconsin statutes the old clause permitting spring shooting. This attempt bids fair to be defeated. The whole tendency in Wisconsin seems to be toward better legislation, and there seems to be either a sportsman's element or a broad-minded and thinking non-sportsman element in that State which recognizes the great value of this game as a popular possession. Straws from different parts of the State show which way the wind is blowing. An instance of this is a letter just at hand from Mr. George Briggs, President of the Ashland Gun Club, of Ashland, Wis., who has the following to say regarding what he considers to be a desirable improvement in the law:

"There are quite a number of sportsmen in this vicinity who are doing their utmost to protect game, and we think by changing the game law on game birds from Sept. 1 to Oct. 1 would just do it. At Sept. 1 the partridges and grouse are only half-grown and weak. Partridges in September will all tree without a dog, and the consequence is, any boy or man gets every one he sees. Grouse in this month fly only a few yards and alight, and the whole brood is killed. Hunters will all agree to this, especially in Wisconsin. Now let us advocate this and have this change. In October the birds are strong, full grown, and what are killed then are on the wing, and they fly a long ways. Let the deer law remain as it is, urge that no game shall be sold, if possible, and there you have it."

It will be noticed that the wish is not for a more lenient law, but for a stricter one. As regards non-resident shooters, Wisconsin is getting to be pretty near an air-tight proposition. The clause in her law which permits a non-resident to take out of the State only fifty birds in any one season seems at first sight a pretty hard one, especially hard for those who own shares in the duck clubs of that State. A great many men would not think it worth while to pay \$300 for a share in a duck club with \$25 dues annually for the privilege of bringing home fifty birds in a season. The time will come when they will think that privilege cheap at the price, but that time has not yet arrived. Meantime, this clause of the Wisconsin law, as it stands, is an instance of a too common tendency in American game legislation. We have abundance of good laws, but no means of enforcing them. It is hardly necessary to say that the above clause is practically a dead letter, because it is incapable of enforcement. Meantime I know of one farmer who shipped from Merrill, Wis., last fall and winter over 900 ruffed grouse. The stream of game continues to come from that State just the same. It is much to be wished that the men who hunt for the money in it could be separated from those who shoot for the sport of it. The law is unduly oppressive upon men who would like to go for a short time into a neighboring State to kill a moderate amount of game and bring it home for their own use. These are the sportsmen, and they are the ones who from their position or from their conscientious scruples are the ones who can be got at by the law. The non-export clause, or the limited export clause, catches these men, but it lets through the persons who supply the Chicago game markets.

I was talking yesterday with a game dealer of South Water street, who did not know I was a newspaper man. He said that there was much less game in the market this year than used to be the case, but laughed at the idea that this fact was to be attributed to State laws or to the Lacey act. He said it was simply due to the fact that there were so many shooters. "Too many pot-hunters," said he, "who never know when to stop." Indeed yes, too many pot-hunters who never will stop, so long as some one will buy their game.

Down in Indiana there is more interest in game legislation than was ever before known. That State was never noted for its respect for game laws, but it seems now to be awakening and to have a sincere desire to save its game. Talks with several sportsmen of prominence in that State, who were this week in town, lead me to believe that there will be efforts made to establish a non-resident license, and to limit the bag per day to twenty-four birds to each gun, the latter applying more especially to quail. The great abundance of the latter bird has this fall led to an influx of shooters into the State of Indiana. With Indiana establishing a shotgun license, Wisconsin already having such a license, Minnesota all the time on the ragged edge of passing such a law, and with Illinois already having such a license, it surely seems that it is pretty soon going to be a case of hunt at home or pay to hunt abroad. When this state of affairs comes to pass we shall see the local game laws better enforced in every one of these States, because we shall see the beginning of the end of the old and foolish American cry that there is "just as good shooting a little further West," that the birds cannot be shot out, that "the flight has only gone a little further West," that "there are just as many birds as there ever was." The man who happens on a Minnesota lake when there is a heavy flight in may think, because he sees more ducks than he ever saw before, that there are just as many birds as there ever were. His opinion is of little value, since it is local and imperfect. Go to the game dealers who buy all over the West. They are the

ones who can tell you whether or not there are just as many birds as there ever were.

Mr. Edwin G. Daniels, President of the Tolleston Club, whose grounds are just over the Indiana line, says that he hopes Indiana will establish a non-resident license law and that every Tolleston member will be glad to pay it. He thinks it would cut off much of the flood of shooters who go down into that State and shoot without regard to season or anything else. Mr. Daniels says that there will always be ducks at Tolleston Club so long as there is water in Lake Michigan, though the days of great bags may perhaps be past. The club members killed 2,000 ducks this fall, though the heaviest bags were thirty or thirty-five birds. The marsh was good for a dozen birds almost any day. The sentiment against this game preserve is rapidly dying out. Really the sentiment against any preserve or any posted farm is a false one. Each such preserve is a source of supply for the surrounding country. If it were not for the Tolleston Marsh the members of the Calumet Heights Club would never get a shot at a duck in their country, where the flight crosses over the big lake to the preserved marsh.

Summing up, it may be said that the sentiment in this part of the West seems to be for stricter game laws. The non-resident license clause is apt to be present in many bills and many enacted laws in the West this coming year. Our people seem to be valuing their game more than they ever did. Slowly and almost unconsciously at first, but now with more rapidity and certainty, the idea is gaining ground that the game of a State is not a mere valueless commodity to be heedlessly slaughtered by any one without let or hindrance. The day of free open shooting is passing away, not by virtue of unwise legislation, but by virtue of the growth of railroads and of population. There is no use kicking against that.

Quail.

The quail crop is holding out well, and hunters for some singular reason bring in a strangely similar set of stories regarding the apparently changed habits of the quail. Dick Merrill, who has been shooting around Lafayette, Ind., says that he never saw birds so hard to get. They would fly a long ways and then run clear off the face of the earth. Mr. J. H. Amberg, who had a very good hunt not long ago, says, "There are quail everywhere in Illinois where there is timber. The birds are all in the timber." Mr. Warren Powell and myself might verify this latter statement. We found all our birds in the timber; they were big and strong, and I never saw quail fly so far or disappear so completely. No doubt it is getting to be the survival of the fittest with the quail family, and it would be a matter of small wonder if Bob White did become even more wily than he already is.

Clay county, in this State, has been very good quail country this fall. Messrs. Al Hoffmann, Game Commissioner Loveday and C. B. Dicks, of this city; Hon. James R. B. Van Cleave, of Springfield, and two other gentlemen by the name of Donnelly and Garvey, made a three days' hunt not long since in Clay county, and they bagged 300 birds. Nearly everybody who has gone out this fall had good luck if he had a good dog and could shoot a little.

The Ducks.

Mr. A. G. Holmes, of Green Bay, Wis., writes entertainingly of his recent experiences in the neighborhood of that city. It is likely that he saw the great flight of birds which he mentions at about the same time the lake flight was observed at Charlevoix. It may be seen that the ducks are not yet all gone, but that they have attained a preternatural cunning of their own. Mr. Holmes writes regarding his trip as follows, under date of Nov. 11:

"I have just returned from a trip to the Point Au Sauble, ten miles below this city, on a four-day duck hunt. We have had a snow storm each of the four days, and from the looks I am led to believe that the greater part of our ducks have left for the south this past week. Saturday morning four of us bagged twenty-six ducks—eight canvasbacks and the rest broadbills, blue-bills and whistlers, and about fifteen fish ducks (the last being killed for their feathers in a snow storm before we left for home). The snow storms did not bring in the birds, and neither did the rough weather bring them over the point into the pond nor the inner bay. The only good shooting that I have been able to hear of in the last week was at what is known here as the Little Bunch. (This is two small bunches of rushes growing out in the open water on one of the bars off from Grass Island, about two and a half miles from the main land and right in the natural feeding grounds flyway.) A market-hunter by the name of Bill Conley has an average of about fifty ducks a day for the week just ending.

"While a man can always kill a mess of ducks, there have been no very heavy bags on the bay this season, which is something very unusual, as this is a natural duck ground for fifty miles on the west shore and about fifteen miles on the east shore, with large marshes on the west shore and miles of shallow bars off from the east shore, with fine feed on both sides.

"A week ago to-day I witnessed one of the finest duck flights that has been through here for a good many years. I was at Benderville for a week, twelve miles below here on the eastern shore, and at Bender's we are several hundred feet above the water, and have a good view for twenty miles down the bay and up to town, twelve miles the other way and nine miles directly across at this point, and the flight of ducks going south was worth going miles to see. The flight was to the south in the mornings, and to the north in the evenings, and also east to Lake Michigan, directly across the peninsula eighteen miles east. The day was clear with a light northerly breeze, and great flocks of twenty-five to one thousand birds or more came from the north high in the air, out a half to three and four miles over the open water, and went about to the Point Au Sauble Bar, three miles south. They would alight and then fly up and circle out toward the west shore and Duck Creek Bend and the Second Light Island, then back north and meet the continual steady flight from the north and join the already big flocks and go back toward the bar. When the sun would strike on the birds as they would turn on their circling flights the effect was truly grand, if such a term may be properly used.

"The flight was a steady flight all day long, and I am safe to say that while sitting on the veranda of the hotel there were flocks of ducks in sight every minute of the day from daylight until it was too dark to see, and then the whistle of the wings of the birds as they passed over the high banks bound for Lake Michigan and the south could be heard late into the night, and often great flocks showed up distinctly against the pale light of the moon. Mr. Bender, who keeps the hotel, said it carried him back twenty-five to thirty years, when at that time of the year the birds could be found on the ducking grounds in countless thousands. A friend of mine, Mr. Duchateau (one of the ten members of the Point Au Sauble Club) was with me at Bender's, and as he had never seen a duck flight it was interesting to see him and hear him talk of the big flight of ducks. And yet with all these countless thousands of new ducks on that day there were no heavy bags made, as the birds are out on the shallow bars which cover miles here, and as we are not allowed to shoot in open water we consequently get no ducks out of these great flights.

"We ought to be allowed to shoot in open water at this place as well as in Michigan, Maryland and other States, and I understand there is a movement on foot to get a bill passed allowing open water shooting in this State, backed by many of the large clubs.

"The flight of geese has passed south, and the snipe did not stay very long, although there was a heavy flight and some good bags were made. One great drawback here, we have had but three frosty nights up to Nov. 2, and everything was as green as summer up to this week, and now the ground is covered with snow, and all our cold weather has been this past week.

"The great duck flight went on south, I think, almost the same day it reached here, the birds stopping over but the one day, as the evening flight was immense and mostly to the south and east.

"A heavy flight of woodcock reached here ten days ago, but left after a day or two's stay, and no bags were made, but I have the positive knowledge that one man hit the flight of woodcock, and shot nearly 125 shots in one afternoon and killed but four woodcock. He was a farmer who hunts rabbits, but cannot shoot on the wing, and uses No. 4 shot, so you can almost guess the result. He told me two days after, but I was too late, as I got but a few birds (did not have my dog, as I was down duck shooting), and so missed a chance in a life time to make a bag of these fine birds which are rapidly disappearing from what used to be the sportsman's paradise. "Partridge are scarce this season, but rabbits are here in good numbers, and a great many are being killed every day.

"I trust my fall's experience may be of some interest to you and to my brother sportsmen. I would like to have some idea through your paper of 10-gauge guns as a duck gun, and a 12-gauge as to pattern and penetration at 50 yards and over, both loaded to the limit with Nos. 4, 5, and 6 shot. I use a 12-gauge Parker, with 4 drams smokeless, 3-inch shell, 1 1/4 ounces No. 6 or No. 4 shot, and would like to know if I would gain anything in getting a 10-gauge. Would like to hear a good deal on this subject."

If Mr. Holmes shall adopt the advice of the majority of shooters to-day, he will stick to his 12-gauge and not buy the 10-gauge. There is a per cent. of advantage in favor of the larger bore, but the consensus of opinion is that the advantage is not equal to the inconvenience caused by the additional size and weight of the arm. Time was when all our Western shooters carried 10-pound guns, and loaded them with 4 or 5 drams of powder, sometimes 6 drams, but these heavy arms are almost obsolete, and the whole tendency is toward the lighter weapon. I have seen a 20-gauge gun kill five wild geese out of a flock passing over. The 12-gauge bored on modern lines is an arm heavy enough for any sort of wild fowl shooting to-day. The load of 4 drams per 12-gauge is unnecessarily large, and 3 1/2 drams of the better nitros is a load heavy enough, certainly if one uses 1 1/8 ounces of shot. The additional powder simply goes to ruin the pattern, and to pound the shooter, to say nothing of the additional danger to the gun. I was shooting quail not long ago with a load of 2 3/4 drams of a nitro powder in a 6 3/4-pound gun. I think I should not use over 2 1/2 drams with the same gun again. Of course, in wild fowl shooting the question of long range is more important, but 3 1/2 drams of any smokeless powder is enough, and most men will kill as many birds with 3 drams. If a man's gun is pounding him he cannot deliver his charge with the same smooth and confident swing which he gains with a more pleasant load. This applies rather to upland shooting than to marsh shooting, but I believe a great many men use too heavy a load.

Mr. Arthur Bennett, the well-known painter of horses and hunting dogs, is in Chicago this week, fresh from a successful shooting trip in Michigan. Mr. Bennett lived in California when he purchased the winning dog, Dash Antonio, of Mr. R. Baughman, of Windsor, Ontario. Since then he has been in different parts of the country, and once upon a time fell into the village of Brownsville, Tenn., where I myself once had some of the pleasantest days that I remember. Mr. Bennett was one of the pall bearers at the funeral of that splendid sportsman, Dr. W. D. Taylor, of Brownsville. He met there my friend Major Benj. C. Miles, and others of my earlier shooting companions. He tells me that Mr. Miles for a while owned a dog which he called Joe the Gentleman, "In contradistinction," said Mr. Miles, "from the many other dogs of this community which are named Joe, but which are not gentlemen."

One Deer Party.

Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, of Fox Lake, Wis., writes the story of an average Wisconsin deer hunt as below in a letter just at hand:

"Have just returned from my first attempt at deer hunting, and have a hard luck story for my pains. I went up to Star Lake, way up in the northern part of this State, in Vilas county, and made camp in a log shanty with four other friends, sixteen miles beyond the end of the railroad. Just got nicely settled in camp when I was taken with a severe attack of rheumatism in my knee and was unable to do a thing but sit around camp and swear at my hard luck. I was out in the woods just half of one day, which comprised all the hunting I did on the trip.

In that time, however, I jumped a nice little spike buck, but did not get him, as I waited just a second too long to be sure of my target being a deer instead of a man, thanks to FOREST AND STREAM'S slogan, 'Be sure before you shoot.' I fired at the flag just as it went out of sight, but must have got over it. After lying around camp two or three days and getting worse every minute, I pulled out and was thankful to get home alive, instead of waiting for the boys to pack me out of the woods over that sixteen miles of terrible road. I managed to make the walk in eight and one-half hours, but every step was like sticking a knife into my knee.

"There were plenty of deer there, and had I been able to remain until the close of the season, as intended, I am confident that I would have had my two deer all right. The boys had seven deer and three bears, one old one and two cubs, when I left, and I think they will have no trouble in securing the other deer they are entitled to before they break up to-morrow.

"There were thousands of hunters in the Wisconsin woods this season and the deer were quite plenty, though not every hunter brought out a deer, of course. The Indians in that neighborhood do considerable deer hunting, one old buck in particular I hear having killed fourteen deer and sold them to the logging camps in the neighborhood. Partridges and small game were very scarce, the deep snow and heavy crust of two winters ago killing out a lot of them and they have not had time to grow another good crop as yet. The country is grand for deer hunting, being full of ridges and gullies, with lakes on all sides, and plenty of slashings and pieces of heavy timber. The weather was quite cold, ranging around the zero point all the time I was there, but there was from 6 to 8 inches of snow on the ground. This made tracking easy, and one certain patch of slashing near our camp looked like a rabbit patch every morning from the number of tracks through it. The deer went into it at night and out in the early morning. It was pretty cold to sit on a runway, but the still-hunting was fine, and our party had very nice luck."

The Real Mound Builder.

Probably every boy who ever read Prescott has dwelt with interest upon the descriptions of the great Indian mounds of Ohio and other Western States, and I presume nearly every outdoor man of the West has at one time or another found occasion to ponder over these curious monuments of a forgotten past. Most scientists have assigned the construction of these mounds to a race of men now extinct, though there have not been wanting many believers in the theory that the mounds were the work of the North American Indians. Hon. J. B. Brower, of Minnesota, is an adherent to the latter theory, and in a recent address before the Minnesota Historical Society he read an able paper in which he sought to prove that the Sioux Indians were the builders of the famous Mille Lacs mounds. Mr. Brower claims without reserve that the Indians were the mound builders, and that there is plenty of evidence to show that they, and not a prehistoric people as the Aztecs, constructed the mounds. He quoted Peter Esprit, Radisson and Medard Chouart, the French explorers, who were in the country in 1659; and Michael Accault, Father Hennepin, Anthony Auguelle, J. B. Lind, Carver, Catlin and numerous others to show that the Sioux Indians built mounds to bury their dead. He showed specimens of the instruments and ornaments found within the mounds, and, comparing them with those of the Sioux, proved that they were practically identical. He also showed from the history of the Indian people that Mille Lacs was the home of the Sioux.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Massachusetts Game Conditions.

DANVERS, Mass., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The shooting season is practically over. We had a general new layout for this year. The first and most important was the adoption of your game plank to stop the sale of partridges (grouse) and woodcock. The little quail, however, was on the bill of fare, but it will probably be their turn next. Some concessions had to be given to the market-men who live so near the State House. Then the allowing of rabbit and squirrel shooting up to March 1 will have to be attended to.

We have had an unusually good season for hunting. Up to date, there has been no snow, and not much water in the swamps. I have shot just twenty-one birds on the few days I have been out—five partridges, three woodcocks and thirteen quail. Most of the quail were males; the last one shot was a hen weighing 7 1/2 ounces. My partridge for that day's shooting weighed 23 ounces.

I have flushed just three Mongolian pheasants, and I think I saw six the previous year. I doubt whether they will ever amount to anything as game in this country. I don't think they breed well. All the birds seem to be old birds; I never saw any young. All I flushed were in open places, and it would be a "dead easy" shot to kill one. They fly about like old hens, and you can hear the old cock cackle as far as you can see him.

Many quail are left over. I hear of many large flocks being seen. They are large, strong birds, and in fine condition. There certainly must be more partridges left than for many years. I have not seen many rabbits or squirrels, but I think the hunters who make a specialty of that kind of shooting have had good luck.

There is one good thing about this old commonwealth. With a city "every five miles in any direction" a person who does not carry a fat pocketbook nor own any land can travel and hunt without being ordered off and sworn at. I haven't seen a "No trespass" sign this fall, except those posted to prevent berry picking for the market. I understand that some city shooters tried to lease the shooting privileges of several farms north of here for their personal use, and suggested that if the farmer had any friend that wanted to come out and shoot as heretofore, to charge him a couple of dollars. Their bristles were too conspicuous, and their propositions were rejected. They still have the same privilege of hunting there as myself. Old New England is pretty good about that; one man is as good as another, and they are well fixed enough so they can pay their own taxes.

How I should like to see a good flock of wild ducks

with their long necks. In my boyhood days I used to live on the south shore of this State, and there I used to see thousands of black ducks, but never a one do I see back here, five miles from the coast. That is one bird they never need worry about being shot out. I suppose a thousand die of a natural death to one being shot. Here on the coast they sleep on the rolling deep far from land, with a few old drakes on guard. Then just at dark they go up the rivers and feed on the mud flats far from shore. At daylight out they go again with a full roll call. They get their fresh water from the spring holes, and feed on minnows and the mussel beds.

Several of hound-hunting sportsmen have been out of the town and State, but have not been very successful, except Mr. A. W. Beckford, who accompanied Mr. Stark, of New Hampshire, and had such a time with the bears and deer, as has been cited in the FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. B. goes up there every year, and generally gets more game than all the other hunters in town collectively.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

The Adirondack Deer.

GANSEVOORT, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A newspaper clipping sent me by one of my sportsman friends reads as follows:

"Old Forge, N. Y., Dec. 2.—It is the general opinion among woodsmen and those interested in the preservation of deer that the hunting season should be shortened at the latter part. At this time it is obvious that the hunters have great advantage when snow covers the ground. At the rate deer have been killed during the last few seasons they will be exceedingly rare in a few years."

It is very strange, to say the least, that those "woodsmen" and others who are so deeply "interested in the preservation of deer" should advocate cutting off that part of the open season when deer are in the best condition, when the meat can all be saved in good condition, when the most sportsmanlike way of killing deer can only be practiced, and when the deer have left the water and cannot be killed by dude sportsmen (?) ahead of the jack. This latter way of killing deer is still much in practice in spite of the law, and I wonder how much this fact had to do in causing the above item to be written. It is also strange that those "woodsmen" have not noticed, and mentioned the fact, that "during the last few seasons" deer have become so numerous in many sections that those interested in the preservation of deer have found it necessary when the snow was deep to cut down timber to furnish them sufficient food to keep them from starving by the hundred. The "woodsmen" who in the face of such facts predict that "they will be exceedingly rare in a few years" must be creatures of the writer's imagination, created to give weight to his fallacious assertions.

I have hunted deer in the Adirondacks nearly every season since 1866, and modestly claim to know a few facts respecting Adirondack deer. My first experience was gained when deer were crusted, jacked, hounded and still-hunted; when they were killed for market, for home consumption, for their hides, and for fun; and truly they were then in danger of extermination, and did become very rare in many sections. But gradually public opinion among the residents of deer inhabited districts changed. Crusting was frowned upon and stopped, and deer at once began to increase. Next, jacking was pronounced unsportsmanlike by the better class of sportsmen and less of it was done, and deer increased in numbers still more rapidly. Lastly, hounding was made unlawful, since which time deer have increased very rapidly, so that now they are found in many sections where they were not found before within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. They are undoubtedly driven to these new environments by lack of food in the sections from which they came, and the correct thing for "woodsmen and those interested in the preservation of deer" to do is to stop writing bosh and to shoulder axes and go into the deer forests when the snow is deep and fell timber to keep the deer in overstocked districts from starving.

Whenever it is found necessary to shorten the open season on deer, these "woodsmen and those interested in the preservation of deer" will escape the suspicion of being tenderfoot dudes, who can kill deer in no way except ahead of the jack if they will advocate shortening it in the way common sense and true sportsmanship say it should be shortened—i. e., by cutting off the whole of September.

JOS. W. SHURTER.

Talks to Boys.—VI.

WELL, boys, by this time you have acquired considerable handiness in the use of the gun. It no longer seems to you like a strange tool that you do not at all know how to carry. It is no longer awkward in your hands. You are getting used to it. When you put it on your shoulder it seems to belong there, or when you throw it up to your face and look along the barrels, these do not wave about, pointing in all directions except the right one, but are directed pretty nearly at the spot that you are looking at. It takes you but a short time to cover the mark with the sight. You are getting into the way of holding the muzzle of your gun so that it never points at any one, and it is only once in a while that your instructor feels obliged to speak to you about this.

I am particularly anxious that when aiming at anything you should learn to catch the sight quickly, and also that you should be ready enough so that when the sight covers the mark you should pull the trigger at once. I think it better for you to bring your gun up slowly and cover the mark quickly than to bring the stock against your shoulder with a jerk and then be obliged to feel around for some time before the aim is had. You will find, I think, that if you raise the gun to the shoulder deliberately but quickly, you can catch the sight more readily than if you jerk the stock up with a sudden movement.

After the first principles have been learned, you must remember that in all quick shooting the means by which success is to be reached is to keep your eye fixed on the object aimed at, and not to regard the gun at all. You must learn to aim your gun as a carpenter learns to aim

his hammer—without thinking of the instrument you are using, but the first principles can be learned only by sighting along your gun barrels. In other words, you can only in that way discover the proper position in which the gun must be held so that the sight may be on the mark when you are looking at the mark. Do not try to look along the gun and see the sight and then to bring this on the mark, but look at the mark and bring the rib of the gun and the sight into their proper position. Constantly striving to do this for a longer or shorter time, you will at length find that the gun of itself comes into the right position. The thing to be accomplished is to throw up the gun into such a position that every time it comes up it will be parallel to the line of sight. If one could learn to do that invariably, he would be a perfect shot and would miss only when he made some mistake in judging the speed at which the bird was flying and the distance which it was from him.

Practice at Candle Flame.

In the old days of muzzleloaders, boys used to be advised to begin their practice by snapping caps at the flame of a candle. Of course when one aims at anything and pulls the trigger, he likes to know whether or not his aim was true, where his shot would have gone if the gun had been loaded. So in muzzleloading days, we boys were told, after we had practiced aiming enough to be reasonably sure of covering a mark, to put a cap on the nipple of each barrel, and to stand 8 or 10 yards from a lighted candle, and then aiming at the candle flame to pull the trigger. The explosion of the cap forced a little puff of air out of the barrel, and if the aim was true, this puff of air would either blow out the candle or would cause the flame to flicker. This was good practice, and it had the advantage of telling the young shooter whether he hit or missed. Sometimes two candles might be used, and the boy tried to put out both, one with each barrel. This taught him to shift his aim quickly, and when he made his first double on candles, he justly felt that he had accomplished something.

This same mode of practice may be employed with the breechloader, and I think your instructor will not object to your trying it after you have shown that the practice that you have had in carrying the gun and in aiming at the different objects that you see has benefited you, and has carried you along far enough for you to proceed to the next stage. If he thinks that the time has come for you to do this, he will be willing to have you get twenty brass shells of the size to fit your gun, and will superintend your first practice with these. This practice can be had in a room, or, better still, in a cellar or an area, or in some out-building; in some place, at all events, where the wind cannot blow. The lighted candle in a candlestick should be placed on a table or on a barrel head at about the same level as your own shoulders. You should stand 6 or 8 yards from it, and having put two shells unloaded, but, of course, with the primers on, in the chambers of the gun, sight at the flame of the candle and pull the trigger. If your aim has been true, the flame will tell you so at once. In this way you may use up your twenty shells, which will be practice enough for one occasion.

If after firing four or five shots you do not manage to affect the candle flame in any way, there is evidently something wrong; either you are trying to shoot too quickly and are missing in that way, or else perhaps the slight noise of the primer is making you nervous. In either case, you had better stop using the shells and go back to the practice of sighting without anything in the gun. Always when you think you have caught the sight, but not before, you must seem to pull the trigger, and after a little practice you will be able to tell whether you are holding the gun on the object or not.

If, on the other hand, you manage to blow the flame of the candle pretty regularly during these first attempts, you should repeat the practice frequently, and when you find that you can blow the flame almost every time, you may move back a few steps until you have increased the distance to 12 to 15 yards. When you find you can do good work at this distance, you should try two candles, and, as soon as you have pulled the right hand trigger, shift your aim to the second candle and try to blow that out with the left hand barrel. This will teach you better than almost anything else can how to use your second barrel quickly, when it comes to shooting at actual birds, and this use of the second barrel is something that many men are exceedingly slow to learn. They are fairly quick with the first barrel, but when it comes to using the second they potter and feel about with it, and very often do not use it until the bird is out of reach, or even do not use it at all.

Take Your Time.

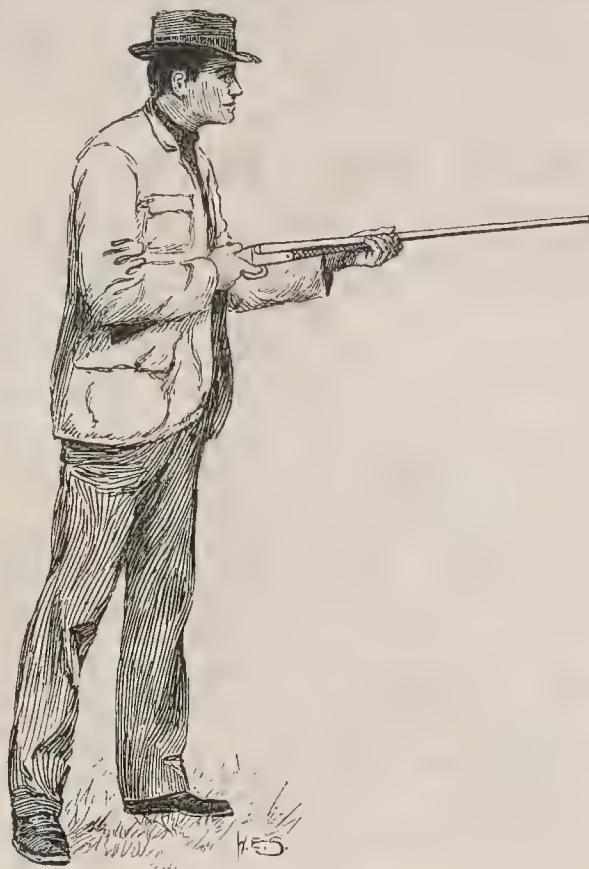
I want to impress on you the importance of not trying to shoot too quickly. A good many boys and young men who go out with older men who are good shots and see them fire the instant the stock touches the shoulder, and then see the bird fall, imagine that the first thing to do in order to become a good shot is to shoot quickly, and that after this had been learned, the matter of taking aim, or, as it is sometimes called, "getting onto the bird," can be readily learned. I believe this to be a great mistake. I think the important thing is to learn first to hit your birds and afterward to do it quickly. Therefore, I advise you always to get your sight before you pull the trigger, even though it may take you a long time. After you have reached the point where you are sure of your sight, it will then be time to learn to shoot quickly. This is a matter about which there may be two opinions, and the method to be pursued may depend very largely on the temperament and natural qualifications of the shooter. But I believe that the average boy needs practice in putting his gun on the mark, and holding it there, more than he does in shooting quickly. I have seen a great many boys who shot the instant the bird got up, but I am convinced that there is no profit in that. Except in the thickest brush, a bird usually gives the shooter abundant time to put up his gun deliberately, take aim and fire before it is out of range.

Cleaning the Gun.

After you have used up the twenty shells that I advised your getting, it will be well for you to clean out the barrels of your gun thoroughly, because the fulminate

of mercury, which is the explosive in the primer, has a tendency to corrode the metal of the barrels, and should not be allowed to remain in them long. It will be well for you each day before beginning this practice to put some rags in your cleaning rod, oil them well and run them through the barrels of the gun so as to leave the inside of the barrels pretty well coated with oil. After you have finished your practice, you should, as I say, give the gun a good cleaning.

In the old days of muzzleloading guns, we always were taught to wash out our guns with water and then to dry them thoroughly and oil them, but at the present day the use of water in cleaning guns has been pretty much abandoned. Therefore, after you have finished your practice, take the barrels from their stock, put some rags in your cleaning rod, moisten them with some lubricant and pass them several times through the barrels. It will take but a little time for the oil or grease to penetrate any crust of powder or fulminate that may have been deposited there, and a brisk rubbing to and fro will entirely remove this crust and leave the barrels bright. You should pass the clean rags—wound about the cleaning rod until they fit the barrels tightly—through the barrels until they come out as clean as they went in, and until the barrels, as you look through them toward the light, shine like silver. Then using on your cleaning rod a rag slightly moistened with the oil, pass it through the barrels, and later rub the outside of them with a rag similarly oiled. You should



GOOD POSITION.

When walking forward to start birds your dog is pointing. But see that the muzzle gets no lower.

not leave either the inside or the outside of the barrels perceptibly greasy, but they should have a very thin coating of oil all over them. Now put the gun away in its case, and the case where you usually keep it.

The question of the best oil to use is one about which there are many different opinions, but gunners are unanimous in believing that no vegetable oil should ever be used on guns. A great many so-called rust preventives and lubricants have been put on the market for the benefit of gunners, and many of them are very good. Almost any of the preparations which have petroleum for a base, as vaseline, cosmoline, alboline and so on, are useful and harmless. Machine oil, porpoise oil, goose oil and skunk oil are also used. Perhaps the most popular of the commercial gun oils is the preparation known as Three in One; it stands very high in the estimation of those who use shotguns.

Recapping Shells.

In order that you may be prepared for your next practice, you must now recap your twenty shells, the primers of which you have just exploded. This operation is a simple one. For it is required nothing more than a block of wood in which is bored a hole one-quarter of an inch deep and just large enough to receive the base of the shell. In the center of this hole is bored another hole three-eighths of an inch in diameter and running entirely through the block. The instrument called the decapper is a cylinder of wood from three to four inches long, just small enough to fit into the shell, and in the center of one end of this cylinder a steel point is inserted which projects beyond the wood one-quarter of an inch. You may buy this block and decapper with your gun cleaning implements at any gun store. Place the base of one of your shells in the large hole in the block of wood, which should rest on a table in front of you, and thrust the cylinder into the shell as far as it will go; the steel point will pass through a hole in the base of the shell and will be stopped by the exploded primer. When the cylinder will go no further into the shell, give it a slight blow with the palm of your hand or with a light stick, or even take hold of it and push it down, and the steel point will force the exploded primer from its position, and the primer will fall out of the shell and down through the smaller hole in the block onto the table that the block rests on. In this way, in a very few moments you will have removed the primers from all twenty of the shells. Now place your box of primers close to the block at your right hand, turn one of the shells over, placing its mouth in the hole in the block, take a primer and with your thumb press its open end into the hole from which the exploded primer was expelled. The primer will not readily go into this hole all the way, and you may take the wooden cylinder which you used in decapping, and with the end which has not the steel point in it, slowly and firmly press the primer down until its closed end is flush with the base of the shell. Very likely your instructor will show you how to

do this with the first one or two, and it is such a simple operation that when you have once seen him do it, you can perform it as well as anybody.

After a time your brass shells will probably get dirty, for the fulminate is likely to corrode them slightly within, and possibly on the outside as well. They will hardly need any cleaning, but if you should feel a pride in keeping them looking bright and new, this can be easily done by the use of a little oil and powdered rotten-stone on a woolen rag. Smear the rag with oil and scatter some of the rotten-stone upon it and then twist the shells briskly around with one hand while you hold the oily rag around them with the other, and they will be soon freed from the dirt. For the inside you may wrap the rag about a stick which nearly fills the diameter of the shell, and by twisting the shell about on this a few times the inside will be cleaned as well.

I shall hope that during all this time that you are practicing aiming with your gun, you will also be going out with it and carrying it about. All these things must be done over and over again, and though it may seem to you that it takes a long time to reach the point of actually shooting and killing things, you may feel sure that none of this practice that you are having now, and which is perhaps beginning to be tiresome to you, will be wasted. In the years to come you will be very glad indeed that you were persuaded to do these things.

W. G. DE GROOT.

Game in Connecticut.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Judging from personal observation extending over a period of ten years, I can assert with confidence that game of all kinds is more plentiful in this vicinity at present than in years. The open winter a year ago favored quail, and they have been and at present are more numerous than I ever knew them to be. Woodcock, perhaps, have been a trifle scarce; but partridges have held their own.

Yesterday afternoon I enjoyed an eight-mile walk along the West Rock Range. The winter air was crisp and invigorating, and the sun shone beautifully. A light snow lay in the woods, and it told a most satisfactory story. It imparted the information that much game had successfully withstood the gauntlet of fire and shot belched along the hillsides for the last three months. In places were tracks of quail, and three partridges thundered away from in front of me; their tracks also were plentiful. Rabbits and squirrels, too, had been prospecting, as their tracks plainly attested. It is good to know that by the time this note reaches the editor the closed season on all such game will be in force, and in will be saved to propagate for another season. Wise, indeed, are good game laws!

Not yet, however, is the ambitious nimrod prevented from going afield with dog and gun, and that he may not always return empty-handed was clearly demonstrated by still another story in the snow, for Reynard's tracks were there in abundance. Already within two weeks have four of his kind come to grief that I know of. Health, recreation and exhilaration travel hand in hand on an old-fashioned New England fox hunt.

But now we come to bigger game. From all parts of Connecticut come reports of deer having been seen. I haven't seen any yet, but have been favored in finding indisputable evidence that deer are in this neighborhood. Sunday morning, Dec. 2, I found tracks and fresh deer sign within 200 yards of the house. The sign was apparently not over three hours old. The tracks led across the road and along the bank of a trout brook. They were evidently made by a large buck. A Mr. Doolittle, of Woodbridge, and his family saw three deer within two weeks. One was a fine buck, and the others, does. A New Haven man told me that, while hunting in Hamden, near where I live, he saw two deer—a buck and doe.

A word about trout, and I am done. The past summer was the dryest known to the oldest inhabitants of this section. Trees literally dried up and died. Leaves which were apparently green burned like tinder, and the farmers were kept constantly fighting fire. Under such conditions streams never known to have been dry before went entirely dry. Sportsmen have come to look on trout fishing as a thing of the past. The little brook along which the deer tracks lead, however, managed to barely trickle during the drought, and a trip along its banks a few days ago revealed quite a number of trout in the pools—and some good ones, too! This was a most welcome surprise, and it assures us of a few at least in the spring.

Taking all adverse conditions into consideration, it would seem that the sportsmen of this vicinity have a great deal to be thankful for.

Before closing, I must mention that on my walk the other day I failed to find even a trace of a snare. And snares were very plentiful there a few seasons back.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn., Dec. 14.

How the Boy Made a Double.

Hudson, N. Y.—Floyd Shutte, a young lad living near Forest Lake, Martindale, N. Y., has a line of traps set for mink and muskrats, and when visiting his traps he never leaves his gun at home. On his way to the lake one morning last week, just as he was entering a thicket of pines, out went a partridge, which he shot at and missed. Never having shot a partridge on the wing, he was not surprised, but said to himself, "I'll try 'em again." He had walked but a short distance when out boomed another. This time he had blood in his eye, and he shot, and down tumbled the partridge. He started for his game, and about the time he started for it a silent spectator to the tragedy, an owl, left the pines to retrieve the bird. Floyd saw in an instant that the owl would get there first, so he pulled up the gun and shot the owl. He picked up his trophy, and after looking it over, said, "Well, if this isn't the biggest partridge I ever saw, and I shot it on the wing." He weighed the bird, and it weighed just 11 pound 8 ounces. Had it weighed double this he could not have been happier.

G.

When Ducks Were Plentiful.

At first thought it would seem that wildfowl and other small game were most abundant just before the advent of the white man and the shotgun, but that was not the period. Nature has her ways of preserving balances, and always provides a remedy for over population. In the case of the small game the balance was preserved by the various small carnivorous animals and birds. So nicely balanced were the increase and destruction that the numbers of the small game no doubt remained almost constant for a long period, but at last the white man came upon the scene and disturbed the balance in such a way that within a century there was an incredible increase in the small game, notably among the water fowl and other ground nesting birds. Most of the destroyers of these birds were fur-bearing animals, and the fur-bearers were the first animals destroyed by the white man, and so long as there was an abundance of larger game very few of the birds were killed. In the course of fifty to one hundred years these small fur-bearers that lived on the birds were so reduced in numbers that the birds were left to increase at an enormous rate, and by the time the large game became so scarce that people began to turn attention to the birds the ducks had so increased that they swarmed by thousands wherever there was food and water suited to them. So great had been the increase and corresponding reproductive power that half a century of shooting made no noticeable decrease, and it looked as though we should forever have all the ducks we wanted, and so we would if there had always remained the small number of shooters, the poor guns, the vast area of inaccessible territory and the lack of a market for the game; but with the increase of population, the improvements in guns and ammunition, and the building of railroads that made access to every pond an easy thing, the balance was turned against the ducks, and the last state of the tribe of ducks is worse than the first, and the present decrease in their numbers will continue until they are too scarce to be worth hunting. Then another balance will be established between the reproduction and destruction, resulting in a slight increase, which will remain about constant until some new factor changes the conditions.

Quail, on account of the ravages of vermin and the scarcity of food where there were no farms, were barely able to exist in most places without the protection and food afforded by the farmer; hence they increased greatly as the farms advanced into the wilderness, and the same is true to a great extent of the prairie chicken.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Weights of Game.

BREWER, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Every year our papers report the largest moose, deer and bear ever taken in Maine as having been killed, and what is still more remarkable, this extraordinary animal is usually killed several times every fall, and has been for the last thirty years. Editors' moose usually weigh from 1,200 up to 1,800 pounds, their bears 500 to 800, and their deer 250 to 350 pounds. I once saw an account of a Canada lynx being shot which weighed 90 pounds. The Youth's Companion once contained a story, I think by C. A. Stephens, of a fisher which weighed 60 pounds, and last week a story of a porcupine weighing 75 pounds was going the rounds of all our papers. To show how utterly unreliable these stories are I will say that I have weighed a wildcat which was said to have nearly killed two men and a dog, and was said to have weighed 60 pounds. It weighed just 8¼ pounds, and had been killed by a small dog without showing any fight or even giving the dog a scratch. I had the skin of one 800-pound bear, and 200 pounds of meat could not have been crowded into it. While sorry that my weights do not agree better with those of the editors, I will give them as I have found them by the scales.

Fully grown moose free from entrails weigh from 550 pounds up to in some cases 800 pounds. I have seen a moose shot in September when extremely fat which we judged would weigh nearly or quite 1,000 pounds, but I never saw one weighed which would come near that. I have seen a cow moose weigh 640 pounds. In weighing many hundreds of deer, over 400 in one year, I have never seen but one tip the beam at 250 when free of entrails. I once skinned a bear which weighed 402 pounds clear from entrails and probably 500 when alive. The next largest weighed 435 whole, and 371 when disemboweled. As in handling more than 5,000 bear skins I have never seen fifty as large as these were, I consider that 400 pounds free from all entrails is about the limit which our Maine bears ever reach. I have the weights of a good many Canada lynx, and but one exceeds 25 pounds; that one weighed 27. I find wildcats to weigh 20 to 30 pounds, with 35 the extreme. Fishers weigh 8 to 12½ pounds. As the one which weighed 12½ made as large a skin as I have ever seen, in handling thousands, I think this is about as large as they ever grow. I have seen skins of raccoons which weighed 36 pounds each, but 15 to 20 is the common weight of fully grown raccoons. Red foxes weigh from 8 to 10 pounds, occasionally 12, and in extreme cases those taken near the sea shore weigh 13 to 14 pounds. Otter, 18 to 20 pounds, some sea shore otter up to 25 pounds. Porcupines weigh from 15 to 20 pounds, sometimes possibly up to 25 and even 30 pounds. Beaver 30 to 40 pounds. I have seen skins from Columbia River the owners of which must have weighed 60. I have had skins of foxes and Canadian lynx taken on the north shore of Baie de Chaleur which must have weighed more than the weights given, but those given I consider as being the limit reached by Maine animals. I have found cock partridge (ruffed grouse) usually to weigh 24 to 25 ounces. The highest records I have are two which weighed 31 and 32 ounces respectively. I have a record of a black duck weighing over 4 pounds. This duck was taken in winter off the Isle au Haut, and had bright red feet, and seemed somewhat different from those we get in our lakes, which weigh from 2½ to 3½ pounds. I have records of the following birds: California condor, weighed by Frank Stevens at Witch Creek, Cal., 20 pounds; Maine bald eagle, 9¼; golden eagle, 8¾; loon, 6 pounds.

I have seen loons which I feel sure would weigh more than this, but had no opportunity to weigh them.

M. H.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The idea of exchanging observations concerning weights of game is a good one—not only interesting, but instructive. I weighed the largest jackrabbit I ever killed, and it weighed 7 pounds, which I would suppose to be about double their average weight.

The largest bear which I ever saw was a silvertip, killed by one of my neighbors. I helped to weigh the meat and hide the next day after it was killed and it weighed 787 pounds.

It is reported from Newcastle, Wyo., on good authority, that about 200 Indians are scouring the western part of Weston county, slaughtering and chasing away all the game in that section. They are said to have killed over 2,000 antelope before and since the opening of the game season. Wolves are doing great damage in the Powder River country of Wyoming, and the stockmen are arranging to organize an association and make war on the pests. The losses cannot be estimated, but every day ranchmen find the carcasses of calves and yearlings on the prairies. Efforts will be made to induce professional wolf hunters to go out and hunt.

EMERSON CARNEY.

EDGEWOOD, Ia.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In response to Didymus' request for weights of quail, here are some data. On Dec. 3 I shot eight quail, which weighed as follows: 2 females, 8 ounces each; 3 females, 7½ ounces each; 3 males, 7½ ounces each. I think this is unusual on account of the slight variation.

H. E. JAMES.

Rhode Island Notes.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 22.—An amendment to the game laws will be brought up in the Legislature next January by a North Providence Senator to prohibit the sale of game birds in this State. This is a step in the right direction, but will probably not meet with the approval of one of our game wardens, who is realizing quite a profit from game shot by himself and sold in his place of business. Shame!

Town Sergeant John Kincaid, of North Providence, got at Italian with a robin in his possession after a long chase. It cost the offender \$25.60. Good lesson.

The officers of the town of Johnston, which joins the city and town of Providence, recently gave notice that Sunday shooting would be prosecuted on and after Sunday, Dec. 9. This is rather hard on the shooters, who for the most part are men who cannot afford to lose many days' pay to go hunting. In view of the fact that laws of a much more damaging nature are violated every Sunday in the same town, the shooters are not pleased with the project. The Belgian hare folly has struck us, and several rabbitries are now ready to spread the pest broadcast for a consideration.

A Tainsh shot and crippled a cat owl in North Providence on Friday, and has it alive in his Horseshoe Inn, where it attracts some attention.

The Providence Journal says a 9-pound otter, measuring 35 inches from tip to tip, was shot in Tomaquag brook on Monday. These animals are rare in these parts.

Roger Williams Park Lake was seined by Fish Commissioners Henry T. Root and Wm. P. Morton a short time ago for white perch to stock Morawansicut Lake. About 5,000 adults and fingerlings were secured.

Pickering fishing through the ice has begun, and good catches are reported to the first comers.

A party of gunners from here went to Packerville, Conn., and secured seventy-eight rabbits and ten partridges in four days. Mr. Joseph Driver was lucky enough to bring down a Belgian hare weighing 11 pounds. This is the first one shot since they were turned loose two years ago, so far as known. It took both charges of No. 4 shot to fetch him, and Joe says No. 8 would not have done it.

Sergeant Wm. P. Whipple and a patrolman from Providence recently shot fifty-four rabbits and some birds in the South county of this State. SELDOM.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Just before 7 A. M. on Dec. 11, as I was walking down one of the busy streets of this city, a flutter of wings caught my eye, and looking up I saw a large owl changing his perch in one of the linden trees on the street. He settled down in a crotch and tried to make himself as small and inconspicuous as possible, and had I not caught the flash of his wing I would have passed by not seeing him. I walked around the tree and identified it as a barred owl, he keeping those great eyes on me and following every move I made.

I left him and went about my business, and at noon I found him in the same position I had left him in five hours before, while a flock of sparrows were perched about him scolding and gossiping at a great rate, while the people passed by not knowing what a rare visitor was above them. About an hour later he had gone, and let us hope he escaped in peace and did not share the fate of most wild creatures when they stray into town.

NUTHATCH.

Strange Geese on the Coast.

RECENTLY on the grounds of the Narrows Island Club, Currituck county, N. C., Mr. J. B. Lawrence, Jr., of this city, killed a Hutchins' goose. The specimen has been sent to Rowland's to be mounted. While the common Canada goose occurs in these waters by thousands on thousands, the Hutchins' goose is almost unknown there. The species is one of Western distribution, and is seldom found on the coast, although the old writer and old-time gunners constantly speak of a goose "just like" the Canada goose, but much smaller.

On the same grounds and about the same time Mr. Chas. Fox secured a white-fronted goose, a capture almost more notable than the other.

A few of the so-called white brant, or snow geese, have also been killed in this neighborhood. They are regular winter visitants to these grounds.

North American Association.

From the Montreal Gazette, Dec. 15, 16.

A MEETING possessing much interest and importance for sportsmen opened in the Government offices, St. Gabriel street, yesterday, when the committee appointed for the purpose last February by the North American Fish and Game Protective Association met to consider the harmonizing of the fish and game laws of the Provinces of New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario, and the adjoining States of Vermont, Maine and New York. This committee, of course, can only act as a suggestive body, and its recommendations will be reported back to the Executive Committee, and all the fish and game protective associations in the States and Provinces interested will be informed of its findings before the several legislatures are asked to embody them on the statute books.

All the States and Provinces were represented with the exception of Maine, those present being:

Quebec—L. Z. Joncas, Superintendent of Fisheries and Game, Quebec; N. E. Cormier, Provincial Game Warden and Fishery Overseer, Aylmer, East.

Ontario—Dr. G. A. MacCullum, President of the Ontario Fish Commission, Dunville.

New Brunswick—Hon. A. T. Dunn, Surveyor-General, Fredericton; D. G. Smith, Commissioner of Fisheries.

Vermont—Gen. F. G. Butterfield, Derby Line; Gov. N. W. Fiske, Isle la Motte; John W. Titcomb, Vice-President for Vermont, chairman of the Vermont Fish and Game Commission and President of the Vermont Fish and Game League.

New York—Charles F. Burhans, Warrensburg; Julius H. Seymour, New York; C. H. Wilson, Vice-President for New York State, Glens Falls.

There were also present, as members of the Association, but not members of the committee, Dr. W. H. Drummond, Montreal; Dr. J. T. Finnie, President of the Fish and Game Protection Club, Montreal; E. T. D. Chambers, Quebec; C. E. E. Ussher, General Passenger Agent C. P. R., and Charles A. Bramble, Montreal.

The Committee on By-Laws held a short session in the morning under the chairmanship of Mr. Ussher, and in the afternoon the committee having in hand the harmonizing of the game laws commenced its deliberations. Hon. A. T. Dunn, on the motion of Mr. L. Z. Joncas, convener of the committee, being appointed chairman of the same. Mr. E. T. D. Chambers was appointed secretary, and on the motion of Mr. Joncas it was unanimously agreed that those members of the Association present who were not members of the committee should be allowed to take part in the discussions.

Fishing in Lake Champlain.

Gov. Fiske introduced the subject of seine fishing in Lake Champlain during the spring of the year. He said that for ten, twelve or fifteen years past the Commissioners of Fisheries had been obliged to oppose bills introduced into the Vermont Legislature for an open season the year round for fishing in the northern parts of Lake Champlain, and up to this year they had succeeded in staying these bills off, by promising that Canada would join in prohibiting seine fishing in the spring of the year. In the spring of the year the wall-eyed pike, or dore, ran down the eastern side of the lake into Missisquoi Bay to spawn, and after depositing their eggs they returned by the western shore into the great waters of the lake. Across the line seine fishing had not been allowed in the lake in the spring of the year; but it had been allowed in Canada. Lake Champlain was being depleted, and as it was fast becoming a summer resort there must be some kind of sport obtainable. If the fish were taken out of the lake, summer visitors would not go there. What was wanted was that in Canada licenses should not be granted in the spring of the year, so that the fish might deposit their spawn and go back into the lake.

Mr. Titcomb remarked that wall-eyed pike was treated as a commercial fish, and Lake Champlain was the only body of water where he knew it to be treated as a game fish. He moved:

"Whereas, The laws of New York State prohibit the use of nets in Lake Champlain; and

"Whereas, The laws of Vermont are so framed that the Fish and Game Commissioners cannot issue licenses for net fishing, except at such times and under such conditions as exist with reference to the laws of the Dominion of Canada; and

"Whereas, The custom heretofore in vogue of issuing licenses to fish in the Canadian waters of Lake Champlain (Missisquoi Bay) causes the destruction of many tons of wall-eyed pike, during their migrations to their spawning grounds; and

"Whereas, It is the desire of both the New York and Vermont Commissioners of Fisheries that the use of nets be prohibited.

"Resolved, That the Committee upon the Harmonizing of Laws recommend that all net fishing be prohibited in Lake Champlain in the spring of the year in New York, Vermont and the Province of Quebec."

The motion was unanimously concurred in.

Shooting of Moose.

Mr. Joncas remarked upon the difference in the length of time allowed by the different Provinces for the shooting of moose, and considered that something should be done to harmonize the laws of the Provinces and the neighboring States.

Dr. MacCullum wished to be informed as to the narrowest limits of the breeding season. In Ontario the shooting of Virginia deer was only allowed during the first fifteen days in November. Still, they were not sure as to what was the proper season for moose, and would like to have it limited to as short a season as possible.

Mr. Bramble said that his experience was that the open season on moose was earlier in New Brunswick than in any other part of Canada. They came on to rut about Sept. 15, but this year, in Ontario and Quebec, they were not on the rut quite so early, though all the big moose were on by Oct. 1. The big bulls were off the rut the earliest, and their horns were off by Nov. 15. Ontario seemed to be divided by nature into two distinct districts. In southern Ontario the moose were pretty well gone, but

in the northern and western parts of the Province he had not thought it possible that the animals could be in the enormous numbers in which they were there found. He referred particularly to the country about Nipissing and Penabaga, and the Height of Land. It was a country which was not inhabited, and unless minerals were found, it never would be. He did not think that moose should be shot under three years of age, as it was the smallest head that was worth having. He likewise thought that one man should be limited to one moose.

Mr. Cormier was of opinion that if the winter was mild, moose would retain their antlers nearly up to March, but if the winter was very cold they would shed them earlier.

Mr. Ussher moved: "That the open season for moose shall generally be from Sept. 15 to Nov. 30, inclusive, but that for certain sections of Provinces or States where moose are decreasing, it may be desirable to make partial or entirely closed seasons."

Mr. Smith thought they could hardly consider the close season for an animal like the moose without also considering that for caribou and red deer. If the seasons did not run concurrently, men would be going out to shoot one kind of animal, and if they came across another, they would shoot it.

Mr. Joncas observed that in the eastern part of Quebec the open season was from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1, which he thought was too long.

Mr. Fiske did not think that the pot-hunter was so much to blame for the slaughter of big game as the lumbermen, who thus provided his camp with meat for the whole winter. Something should be done to make him suffer.

Concerning Caribou.

The motion was then adopted, after which Mr. Cormier remarked that in zone No. 2, Quebec, he thought the caribou season should be cut a little; it extended from Sept. 1 to March 1.

Mr. Joncas said that zone No. 2 comprised a district where the people lived mostly by hunting, and the season had therefore been made longer.

Mr. MacCullum—"Still, that does not prevent outsiders coming in."

Mr. Joncas—"No; but there is no communication; it is the Labrador district."

Mr. Smith thought that there were districts where the caribou season would have to be extended, and he moved: "That it is the sense of this committee that it is desirable that the open season for caribou should be, if possible, concurrent as to dates with that for moose; but as it is recognized that in northern districts a longer season may be desirable, we recommend that great care be observed in the matter of extending the caribou season beyond that for moose."

Mr. Joncas, while personally favoring the resolution, was afraid that it would not carry in the Quebec Legislature.

The motion was then agreed to, as was also the following, proposed by Mr. Ussher, seconded by Mr. Smith: "That the open season for red deer should be concurrent with that for moose; but that in districts where red deer are few in number it is desirable that the open season be further restricted."

Mr. Cormier spoke of limiting the number of animals to be killed by one hunter, and moved: "That the number of moose, caribou and deer killed by one hunter during a single season be limited to one moose, one caribou and two deer."

This was seconded by Dr. Drummond and adopted.

Game Birds.

The question of the spring shooting of game birds was then taken up, and it was moved by Mr. MacCullum, seconded by Mr. Wilson: "That it is the sense of this committee, and we so recommend, that spring shooting, or the killing of game birds in spring, be abolished, and that the open season be from Sept. 15 to Dec. 31, inclusive."

Mr. Wilson was anxious that this resolution should be placed upon the minutes of the meeting, as they had spring shooting in New York, to their disgrace. He had letters from presidents and secretaries of sportsmen's associations in the State of New York, in which it was stated that if spring shooting could be done away with the birds would start and nest on territory over which the writers had oversight. The president of the Jefferson County Association made the statement that where they had had a local law the birds that had been driven away with an open season had come back and were making their nests there. The State of New York was the transgressor in this matter, because the other States did not allow any spring shooting, and for the good of the State of New York he asked that the resolution be passed.

The motion was agreed to.

The following was also adopted, without discussion, on the motion of Mr. Wilson: "That it is the sense of this committee, and they so recommend, that the pursuing of moose, caribou and deer with dogs be prohibited."

On the motion of Mr. Cormier, seconded by Dr. MacCullum, it was recommended: "That the open season be from Sept. 15 to Dec. 15, on Canada grouse, spruce grouse, wood grouse, swamp partridge, black grouse, ruffed grouse and partridge."

Second Day.

At the morning session, Hon. A. T. Dunn in the chair, a resolution of the previous afternoon regarding the open season for grouse and partridge, was divided into the two following motions, proposed by Dr. MacCullum and seconded by Mr. Cormier, which were adopted:

"That the open season be from Sept. 15 to Dec. 15 for all species of grouse, with the exception of ptarmigan."

"That this committee suggest that the general open season for woodcock, snipe and duck of all kinds, including swans and geese, rail, plover and other birds, known as shore birds or waders, shall be between the 15th day of September and the 15th day of December."

It was moved by Mr. Bramble: "That, whereas, wolves are very numerous in many parts of Quebec and Ontario, and also sufficiently numerous in New Brunswick, to be a detriment to the game supply, that this Association is impressed with the necessity of each Province giving a bounty sufficient to insure the trapping of these

pests, and, moreover, that the minimum amount of such bounty be \$15 a head."

This was seconded by Dr. Cormier and agreed to.

On the motion of Mr. Ussher, it was resolved: "That the pursuing, shooting or killing of any of the animals or birds specified in the resolutions preceding be entirely prohibited at all other times than those specified in the resolutions relating to such animals or birds, respectively."

It was moved by Dr. MacCullum: "That this committee is of the opinion, and wishes to suggest in the most urgent manner, that the tag and coupon system in use in Ontario and Michigan be adopted by all the Provinces and States interested."

This was seconded by Mr. Bramble and concurred in.

The committee adjourned shortly before 1 o'clock, the members accepting the invitation of the chairman to luncheon at the Place Viger Hotel.

The Afternoon Session.

The first business of the afternoon was the adopting of the following resolution, on the motion of Mr. Smith, seconded by Mr. Seymour: "That this committee recommends that the possession, sale or exportation of all game birds or animals shall be prohibited after the expiry of fifteen days after the close of the open season for the birds or animals, as the case may be, in each State or Province authorizing the killing or capture of same in such State or Province."

On the motion of Mr. Titcomb, seconded by Dr. MacCullum, the committee passed a resolution felicitating the Hon. Mr. Parent, President of the Association, on the well deserved honors that had fallen to him in the premiership of the Province.

The following motion regarding the exportation of speckled trout was adopted on the motion of Dr. Drummond, seconded by Mr. Wilson: "That the exportation of speckled or brook trout be totally prohibited, save with the exception of fish caught by any tourist or summer visitor, the total weight of such fish not to exceed 30 pound, net, and limited to the lawful catch of two days' angling."

Mr. Wilson brought forward a resolution having reference to black bass, and in doing so he said that if they black bass in the St. Lawrence were protected as they ought to be until after the spawning season, there would be no need for the Anglers' Association to apply, as they had done, to the New York State Association for a million bass. The latter Association had refused to supply a single bass until the close season was made to fully cover the spawning period. His resolution was to the effect that in all the waters dividing the States and Provinces, the open season on black bass shall be from July 1 to Jan. 1.

This was adopted.

On the motion of Dr. MacCullum, seconded by Mr. Seymour, it was decided to request the President of the Association to communicate with the governments of the various bordering States and Provinces and invite each to send one or more representatives to the next annual meeting of the Association.

Mr. Cormier brought forward the question of the beaver, and it was agreed that it was desirable that all Provinces and States extend the close season on this animal until the year 1905.

Mr. Ussher moved, and it was adopted: "That this committee approves of the Maine licensed guide system, and recommends the general adoption of it, or some modification of the same, which shall be suited to the wants of each State or Province."

The question of licensing market men, game dealers, etc., then came up, and on the motion of Mr. Ussher, the following was concurred in:—"Whereas this Committee believes that excellent results are obtained from the operation of the Maine State law with reference to the market men, etc., both from the standpoint of game protection and for statistical purposes, therefore be it resolved we are in favor of a system by which the market men, game dealers, sellers and tanners of deer, moose and caribou skins, and proprietors of hunting camps, shall, if it can be legally so arranged in any State or Province, be duly licensed by the chief game authorities of the said Province, and shall report periodically thereto."

With regard to insectivorous birds, it was resolved, on the motion of Dr. MacCullum, to urge the Association to adopt a permanent protective law against the destruction of all insectivorous and other birds useful to agriculture.

The following was adopted, on the motion of Mr. Ussher, seconded by Mr. Wilson: "That this Committee recommend that every State and Province should adopt laws limiting the number of game birds that may be killed by each hunter per day, and the number, weight and size of game fish which may be caught per day by each angler."

The meeting closed with a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman, and subsequently the members of the committee were entertained at dinner by Mr. Joncas, at the Place Viger Hotel.

A Welcome Note from Kelpie.

AVALON, Santa Catalina Island, Cal., Dec. 11.—A merry Christmas to you, O FOREST AND STREAM, and all your friends.

For a long time I have been practically unable to use my eyes for reading or writing, though they have served me fairly well for out-of-door work, and so it is that, as I said to you some time ago, I have been unable to keep in touch with the old paper, though I have known it for more than a quarter of a century, and it has always been my favorite.

I hope before long to be able to give your readers some account of my camps and cruises among the islands of this region. This is a very pleasant morning—the trees and hillsides are green, and the sun shines brightly, with the mercury about 70 degrees in the house.

I have been sitting on the veranda, which commands a wide sea view. Across the channel is the coast line, more than twenty miles away, but looking less than ten. Above it looms the huge bulk of Saddleback and San Jacinto, and over their mighty shoulders gleam the white peaks of the San Bernardino range, a hundred miles away.

I will close for this time with an account of a conversation which occurred at dinner between an artist friend of mine and a comparative stranger, premising, however, that among the burros employed on this island the older and wiser of them is called John.

The conversation had turned on literary matters, and the stranger asked the lady if she liked Burroughs.

"Oh, yes," said she, "and I really think that a camping party isn't complete without them."

With a somewhat mystified look, he replied after a little hesitation, "I mean John."

"Why certainly," replied the lady. "John is the best of the whole lot."

The gentleman said no more, and at the close of the meal they separated, but a while afterward an idea suddenly came to the lady, and turning to her mother she remarked, "I do believe that gentleman meant John Burroughs."

KELPIE.

After Wild Sheep in the Altai and Mongolia.

A COSTLY and beautiful book just published by Rowland Ward, of London, will appeal strongly to many big-game hunters in America. It is by the Prince of San Donato, author of "Hunting Trips in the Caucasus," and treats of an expedition after wild sheep in the Altai and Mongolia.

The hunting trip, which lasted only from May to September, covered the wild country lying between Mongolia and Sungaria, and drained chiefly by the Rivers Ob and Irtysh, a region of great elevation and sparsely inhabited by a few Kalnuks. The great game consists chiefly of the ibex and the great sheep *Ovis ammon*, with a few Maral deer, a form related to the red deer of Europe. It is a country of late springs and early falls, with many lakes on which wild fowl are found and not a few streams where trout and grayling were taken. Prince Demidoff's party consisted of himself and wife and Mr. Littledale and wife, and, of course, after they had reached the termination of ordinary roads the saddle and the pack pony were the only means of travel. The hunting was done almost entirely on foot. Only males, and as a rule those with large heads, were shot at, but a large number of these were killed as well as a little smaller game. The largest ram killed was taken by Mr. Littledale, and measured 63 inches along the curve of the horn, with a girth of 19½ inches and a measurement of 41½ inches between the tips; a monstrous head. *Ovis ammon* is one of the greatest of wild sheep, and is thought by some to be the form from which other species have sprung.

Prince Demidoff's narrative is told with spirit. He is evidently a hard worker, and deserved the great success that he had. The author's comments on the country, its game, and on the effect of the small-bore rifle are extremely interesting.

As already said, the volume is one of great beauty. It contains eighty-two illustrations, a colored frontispiece of the great sheep which Prince Demidoff went after, and also a map on which his route is set down. We fancy there are few big-game hunters who have climbed the Rocky Mountains after big-horn who would not have enjoyed a trip such as is here well described.

Deer on the Missouri River.

LODGE POLE, Mont., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I got back from the Missouri River yesterday. I had a very hard time in killing four deer—three white-tails and one blacktail—having to kill them on the run; and a whitetail jumping over the large sage brush is a very hard target for me to hit. I saw perhaps fifty or sixty whitetails and six blacktails.

I saw no breeds hunting on the river this fall, which accounts for the whitetail being so plentiful down there.

The weather was cold, closing up the river two nights after I got there, so I could cross over with my team and could hunt on both sides of the river. The bottoms were tracked up so that it was impossible to follow a track. I saw a great lot of blacktail sign up one creek, but did not hunt them any, as it is a very hard country to pack deer out of.

I also saw considerable antelope sign out from the river seven or eight miles on both sides. I expect it will take me two or three weeks to pick the briers out of myself. The points and small islands were full of them, and I had to hunt through them to start the deer out. I think that there are some of the smartest deer down there I ever saw—especially the old does. I nearly walked on top of a number of old does, and by the time I got my gun up to my shoulder I would perhaps get a look at their tails going out of sight in the brush.

W. J. A.

Maine Guides.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in this week's copy of FOREST AND STREAM Special's article concerning a higher license fee being imposed on guides in Maine. Nothing could be better for the guides than this, as it would make the inferior class of guides hesitate about paying a larger amount for their license and thus weed them out from among the better class. Inferior guides can be, and are, very often employed by sportsmen, and it is very unfortunate for the latter when he finds the mistakes he made and very often spoils a whole trip. Some guides ought never to get \$3 per day, as they do not know how to earn it, and I would like to see a line drawn between the guides of Maine and let those who, by their experience, have proven themselves to be competent guides get their \$3 and inferior ones be paid accordingly.

Your correspondent also touches on the question of a guide being punished for killing deer for hunters, let alone now and then a moose. This practice has been kept up year in and year out and it would be a great thing if it could be broken up. I cannot see how a man (he is not a hunter) can take a long, expensive trip and then let his guide go and kill his deer or moose, and yet this is done every year.

SNOWSHOE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Philadelphia Game Market.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read in your paper on Dec. 8 of the banquet at Pittsburg, when 1,200 quail were served to the guests. In Philadelphia you can see bunches of quail and pheasants hanging out, and they are sold to all who may have the price. Men make a business of going from house to house with strings of these birds for sale. They are served at all first-class restaurants in this city. It would seem that there was a good field for a good game warden to do some good work if we had such a thing in Pennsylvania. C. F. S.

Sea and River Fishing.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING NOTES.

Black Bass Fry and Yellow Perch.

QUITE unexpectedly this evening I came across a memorandum made quite a number of years ago relating to what I then believed to be an original observation which answers a question that is often asked now, as it was then.

Special Game Protector William H. Burnett was watching some spawning beds of black bass in Lake George, N. Y., to determine something about the time that the parent fish guarded the bass fry after they were hatched. One bed had a very large bass that he was particularly interested in, and on one of his visits he found that the old bass had disappeared, but by leaning over the side of his boat and looking into the clear water he discovered that some of the fry, as he supposed, still lingered on or around the bed. Watching closely to make sure that the little fish were black bass fry and not something else, he saw a yellow perch dart at one of the little fish, but it dodged and escaped. The perch made another dash at the same little bass and again the bass escaped, and this was repeated several times under Burnett's eyes, until he came to the conclusion that black bass fry when about two weeks old were too quick for the predacious yellow perch, and that more of the little black bass escaped destruction from them after the parent bass left them to scatter than was generally supposed. Of course, there are other fish than yellow perch that prey upon young black bass, but if they are quick enough to escape the perch they are quick enough to escape rock bass and other enemies.

Red Trout.

When I reached home this evening I found a letter from Fish Commissioner Titcomb, of Vermont, in which he says: "I have ordered a pair of red trout sent to Prof. Garman, and also a pair sent direct to you. I should infer that these trout started from Louisville yesterday (28th). I shall be interested to hear from you as to the condition they arrive in and whether Prof. Garman confirms statements of others and my own idea that the specimens sent are the regular aureolus or saibling, and found in Sunapee Lake."

The fish I also found here, and though they were apparently four days on the road, they arrived in much the best condition of any that have been sent to me, and if in the morning they will stand the further journey to Wellesley, Mass., I shall send them on to Denton to be mounted. I was at first divided in my opinion whether to send them to Prof. Garman to give him more specimens or to Denton to mount.

I shall be surprised if the fish are pronounced to be Sunapee saibling, for both of the fish I have are unlike the Sunapee fish that I have seen at Sunapee Lake. First, these fish have a very forked tail, much more so than the Sunapee saibling of the same size, and the Sunapee fish have a milk white border to their fins which is very noticeable at breeding time. ("The fins catch the hue of the adjacent parts, and pectoral, ventral, anal and lower lobe of caudal are marked with a lustrous white band."—Quackenbos.)

This milk white band is entirely lacking in one of the fish sent to me, and in the other it does not show in a marked manner. To me the very forked tail is sufficient to throw grave doubts on the fish being a Sunapee saibling. Quackenbos says of the Sunapee fish, "A square or slightly emarginate tail." The coloring generally of the Canada fish is much like the coloring of the Sunapee saibling, but the body of the Canadian fish is more slender than the New Hampshire saibling. I mentioned previously that Mr. Burhans, who saw and caught the red trout in Canada, told me that some of the fish had forked tails and some had square tails. All that have been sent to me, even the specimens in the worst condition, had forked, very pronouncedly forked, tails. I shall have another look at these fish by daylight before I send them away, but the tails will not change over night, and that is one thing which seems to preclude the possibility of their being Sunapee saibling, but there are other differences to reconcile besides the deeply notched and square tails.

Protection and Hotels.

One of the State game and fish protectors was last week on a visit to the Adirondacks. He is a modest man, and he did not tell any one that he was a game protector, nor did he intimate that he was looking for violators of the laws of the State which protect fish and game; but in his bag, commonly called a grip, he did have some papers, ordinary blanks used by game protectors on occasions, and on them were printed words such as Forest, Fish and Game Commission, etc. At one point on the edge of the wilderness he learned that a party of sportsmen were in camp at a certain place, and he thought he would go on into the woods as far as this camp and make a social call and see what luck the members of the party were

having. He left his bag or grip at the hotel in the settlement at the edge of the wilderness by mistake and had to retrace his steps and get it, and then he went on to make his call as he had originally planned. When he made his call—mind, he had not told any one where he was going—he found that every member of the party in the camp was violating the law, as he looked at it, but the members of the party protested that it was a coincidence and that certain ingredients which were in evidence, and which were necessary to constitute a violation, did not belong to the party, and they knew nothing about whom they belonged to or where they came from or how they happened to be in their vicinity, and so the modest game protector went his way, and the party as one man probably said, "It is to laugh." The game protector made another call at 3 A. M., which means very early in the forenoon, and then he found the ingredients tied up in camp with chains, and the members of the party probably sighed, "It is to settle," for the game protector gathered in the whole bunch, with the ingredients which constituted a violation of the law. So far there was nothing unusual about the proceedings, for the men were ordinary lawbreakers who had been caught in the ordinary way of game protectors, and they would have to go



SHIP FISH.

Caught in 1899 at Miami, Bay Biscayne, Florida. Length 6ft. 11in.

in the ordinary way of such gentry to the bar of justice to receive so much of their deserts as the justice could administer under the statutes made and provided.

The game protector's second call had been made so early that he remained for a time, particularly as one of the party announced that he had \$200 to fight the officer of the law in court, and before his companions convinced him it would be better to accept the officer's proposition to meet him in court later and plead guilty to the charge and settle, the mail was brought into camp. Finally the \$200 man was convinced that his \$200 would simply be added to his fine in the end, when he balanced his account of expenses of the trip, but by that time it was late and the game protector remained in the camp for the night. In the evening the party passed the time by playing pedro, and as it was necessary to keep a score and paper was not abundant in camp, one of the men took a letter from his pocket to keep the score on the blank side. On the side opposite to the blank side was a letter written by the hotel keeper where the game protector left his bag, warning the party to look out for a man who was going into the woods, and who the hotel keeper suspected, to be a new game protector. When the game protector told me the story yesterday, I wondered, as he did, how the hotel keeper had reason to suspect that the man who was paying him for meals and lodgings was a game protector. I also wondered why the hotel keeper thought it necessary to send any warning to any one in the woods unless he knew where the party in question passed his house that they intended to break the law, and so sent his letter hoping it would reach the law breakers before the law officer. That was not the only party of sports-

men—God save the mark!—that had passed his house, and perhaps paid him for food and lodgings and things, and did he send warnings to them all? Did he take it for granted that all the men who passed his house were lawbreakers, or did he know that they intended to break the law?

People complain that the State game protectors do not discover violators of the game laws in the woods only in rare instances compared with the number of violations. It is bad enough that thirty-six men have to cover the entire State of New York and wage a war against the horde of lawbreakers, but now it is known that our hotel keepers at one of the gateways to the woods is an accomplice of the law breakers and is in league with them against the constituted authorities whose business it is to enforce the law which protects fish and game and brings money to the hotel keepers when it is enforced, to a greater degree than when it is violated. When this matter is a court record I expect to add a postscript to this note in which I shall not deal in generalities, and will give the hotel keeper an advertisement that FOREST AND STREAM will not expect him to pay for.

A. N. CHENEY.

Black Bass in the Moonlight.

It may be that after reading this you will remark, disdainfully, "Humph! simply poaching." I, too, had some qualms of conscience over it before I tried the sport. In July, on Lake Patagansett here, the small-mouth black bass were not willing to connect with any known lure. I tried everything with the same result. One night, when the moon was almost full and the sky almost cloudless. I thought I would find out if the bass were as fond of staying out late as I. In this small lake they do not rise readily to a fly at any time, and instances of their capture in this way are extremely rare. I rigged up my split bamboo in the house, putting on a Parmachenee-Belle fly No. 1-0, and wound a spare leader with a Montreal of the same size round my hat in case of trouble.

My boat is moored always to a stake so that it can be run ashore by rope, and lies within casting distance of a big rock where usually old Bronze-back hangs out.

When I cautiously drew the boat ashore, and, sitting down, again ran it out to the stake, the scene was worth sitting up all night to see. The dark patches of shadow cast on the water by the surrounding trees were impenetrable to the eye, while all else was liquid silver under the moonbeams. The stillness was so solemn that I almost feared to break it. The whirr of the reel in drawing off line to make the first cast sounded like an alarm clock. There's a peculiar enchantment in the moonlight. Carefully, deftly and with some trepidation I made the first cast. The leader and fly, already well soaked, went out easily and dropped without a splash. Purposely I made three or four casts away from the place I expected to find bass, just to get used to the new scheme. Then, gradually working around the boat and lengthening my casts, I covered the spot I wanted. The fly vanished into the black mass of the shadow, and just as it reached the margin of the moonbeam I saw an upheaval of the water—a splendid head and shoulders visible for an instant—then the sudden tightening of the line—the instinctive stroke of hooking, the involuntary momentary tightening of the throat that seems invariably to accompany the first glorious sensation of hooking a big one—all passed more rapidly than it can be told, and the leap and plunge that followed showed that the steel had struck home. A deep plunge followed by a rush straight toward the boat kept the reel busy taking in line until the bass came close to the stern. Then with a mad straight ahead rush he went up the channel—making for the outer part of the lake. With all the strain I dared to put on he still kept going. I wondered if he ever would stop. I had 50 yards of line on the reel, and when at last he slacked up only a few turns remained in the barrel. Then with several leaps he fought doggedly every inch of the way back. He got no slack whatever, and although lily pads and roots fringed the channel on either hand, he could not get into them. Back he came, until he was almost within reach of the net. But not yet. The dusky monarch of the lake was game for another such fight. And so away he went once more, not quite so far this time, though, and as he gradually yielded foot after foot of line his strength began to waver. At last, in the clear moonlight, he came alongside, and, slipping the net quickly under him, I laid him in the boat and took off my hat to him.

I did not weigh him until next morning, when he scaled 5¾ pounds. A handsome fellow, and as plucky as handsome.

I hooked him at 11.30 P. M. and landed him just at midnight. The hook was deeply set away back in his mouth—so far that I could just reach it to extract it with my fingers.

It may have been a mean thing to do, but there was an excitement in it all and a peculiar glamour attending the moonlight fishing that one cannot well describe. All objects of the surrounding landscape, though familiar as my own home by day, assume a weird and uncanny aspect by night. The uncertainty of knowing just where the stumps and pads may lie in those dark masses of shadow put great odds on the fish, and in my own mind I begin to think it was a sport of the very first water.

J. J. D.

Flies Versus Other Lures for Nipigon Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM I regretted to find a direct statement to the effect that the larger trout in the Nipigon are taken with spoons or bait, and only the smaller ones are successfully taken with the fly. The following week another writer seemed to coincide in this view. During the fishing season there may be an average of thirty fishermen on the stream daily. About twenty-eight men out of the thirty will be "duffers on the Nipigon." I do not say this in a very disgraceful way. The twenty-eight men may be lovers of nature, delightful companions, potent statesmen, successful business men and all that, but I will ask each successful business man and each potent statesman to state

the proportion of "duffers" in his own river of occupation at home, and then to carry the proportion to the Nipigon and apply it in observation upon the fishermen there.

The brook trout is a royal game fish, and the Nipigon is his great kingdom. Any ambassador going to that region must be a born diplomat, or he must become one, or he must have diplomats forced upon him, if he would see the best sport in trout fishing. The largest trout in the Nipigon are caught with the fly, and I believe that I can select five trout fishermen who will catch more trout, and larger ones, with a fly than can be caught by five other selected fishermen using other rods and lures. Most of the fishermen on the Nipigon, as elsewhere, are not equipped to the best advantage. They do not study the situation in a painstaking way, and they do not seem to comprehend the nature of trout. Most of them want something easy. I have fished for trout from Labrador to Virginia, and have not as yet found a better stream for fly-fishing than the Nipigon.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

Toledo and Thereabouts.

Why Rods Are Lifeless.

Talking with my friend, Judge Kenyon, the other day about the last summer's casting tournament at Chicago, I extracted a piece of information which will be of interest to the fishing fraternity. We were speaking of the disappointing records of the tournament during the hot weather which prevailed at that time, results which were apparently inexplicable to Mr. Hough and other gentlemen who participated in the various contests, especially those of fly-casting. "At a temperature about 125 degrees," said the Judge, "a split bamboo rod may be bent upon itself, and it will be found to recover very slowly if at all. If it is bent at that temperature and retained in the same position while it is cooled to sixty or seventy, it will be found to have taken a permanent set. At the higher temperature the resin of the cane seems to lose its tension and elasticity, so that the fibers of the cane slip by each other and do not readily resume their former places. At the same time, the glue in the joints softens, and its temporary loss of adhesiveness adds to the weakness of the rod. During the Chicago tournament the thermometer ranged in the nineties in the shade, while in the sun it was anywhere from twenty to twenty-five degrees higher. When they were called on in this kind of weather, the rods did not respond, simply because the extreme heat had drawn their temper, and nothing would have been more effective in restoring it than a trough of ice water into which they might have been dipped every now and then during the progress of the tournament."

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., Dec. 14.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

35

Here is the title of a chap-book of the eighteenth century, which certainly should have place among our selection of sportsmen's finds, for the whole "dismal relation" grew out of the fateful discovery by a "gentleman and his Man being a Hunting." The chap-book title pages of those days appear to have resembled the scare heads of our up-to-date yellow journals, in that they told the whole story. We preserve the style of the original:



THE DISTRESSED CHILD IN THE WOOD;
Or, the Cruel Uncle
Being A

True and dismal Relation of one Esq: Solmes of Beverly in Yorkshire; who dying left an only Infant Daughter, of the Age of two Years, to the care of his own Brother; who with many Oaths, Vows, and Protestations promised to be Loving to her; but the Father was no sooner Dead, but out of a wicket Covetousness of the Child's Estate of three hundred Pounds a Year, carry'd it into a Wood, and there put into a Hollow Tree to Starve it to Death; Where a Gentleman and his Man being a Hunting two days after, found it half Famish'd, having gnawed its own Flesh and Fingers end in a dreadful manner.

With an Account how the Cruel Uncle to hide his Villany, had caused the Child's Effigies to be buried in Wax, and made a great Funeral, as if it had been really Dead; with the manner of the whole Discovery by a Dream, and taking the Wax Child out of the Grave; with the Uncle's Apprehension, Examination, Confession before Justice Stubbs, and his Commitment to Gaol, in order to be Try'd the next Assizes, for the Barbarous Action, To which is added Copy of Verses on the said Relation.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

1901.

Jan. 1.—St. Louis, Mo.—St. Louis Collie Club's annual show. J. A. Long, Sec'y.
Jan. 14.—New Orleans, La.—Louisiana Kennel Club's annual show. A. E. Shaw, Sec'y.
Jan. 14-19.—Pontiac, Mich.—Pontiac Poultry and Pet Stock Exhibition's dog show. Daniel Thomas, Sec'y.
Jan. 23-26.—Chicago.—Chicago Pet Dog Club's annual show. Mrs. J. T. Buhner, Sec'y.
Feb. 19-22.—New York.—Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-fifth annual show. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 6-9.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Duquesne Kennel Club's annual bench show. F. S. Stedman, Sec'y.
March 13-16.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's eleventh annual show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

BENCH SHOWS.

1901.

Jan. 14.—Coronado, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's trials. Albert Beltz, Sec'y.
Jan. 14.—Greenville, Ala.—Fifth annual field trials of the Alabama Field Trials Club. John B. Rosenstihl, Sec'y.
Jan. 21.—Benton County, Miss.—Tenth annual field trials of the United States Field Trials Club. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.
February (First Week).—Grand Junction, Tenn.—Championship Field Trial Association's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

An Idyl of the Dark.

TURN down the lights until they glow but dimly, and then read this sad, sweet story in a low, sorrowing voice. In the sleeping hamlet of Feeding Hills resides a man who is known not only unto himself, but to a select few, as a mighty nimrod. As a hunter he is the genuine union label article and the hairy coon is his long suit. He claims that he knows all there is to know about these nice beasts, and is on to just a few extra points on the side. One evening, as the moon was rising over the cornfields and illuminating the future pumpkin pies which reclined among the stalks, he called his faithful coon dog, Ponto, to him, and, putting a gun, an axe and a search warrant into his clothes, sallied forth in pursuit of the gay and gladsome coon. Smiling were the golden corn lands of Feeding Hills, and dark and drear were the forests upon the mountains. Across the heath bounded the huntsman, and Ponto galloped ahead with nose on high and tail proudly waving. He looked even yellower 'neath the golden beams of the moon. At last a lovely bit of coon ground was reached, and Ponto was encouraged to "heigh away." Forthwith he heighed and scattered himself into the field. Presently the hunter heard a yelp from the further corner and knew that there was something doing. Ponto gave tongue and the hunter gave chase. The faithful hound headed for the wood, so the nimrod knew that hither the game was going.

At the edge of the wood Ponto sat himself down by the foot of a tree. He sang solos to that shrub until the nimrod came up, and then Ponto wagged his tail while he was being patted on the head. The nimrod undid his shooting coat to allow his chest to swell, and removed his hat, so that it would not be stretched out of shape. He had once again treed a coon, he and Ponto. Then he circled that tree, looking for the coon. It should have been sitting in a crotch trembling with fear. If it was, the nimrod could not see it. Must he give up hope of downing it with one swift shot? He allowed he must. Then he seized the axe and started to slay the tree. The moon rose high over the woods and looked down upon his toil. If he had had to work in that manner he would have joined a union. The chips flew fast and thick, and Ponto dashed about the shrub with keen yelps and howls of delight. He was going to get another chance at the coon, and he pitied the poor animal. The tree gave a groan and tottered to the ground. A streak of gray dashed out of the topmost branches and darted into the light. Ponto made a rush and a grab. There were circles of yellow and gray for a second, and then peace and quietude. The proud nimrod advanced to pick up the game. The moon looked down in horror upon the scene, for the nimrod had fainted away. His sorrowing wife buried her favorite tabby can beneath the garden rosebush at 7:30 next morning.—Springfield Republican.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. W. B. Stafford, Secretary of the Champion Field Trial Club, has favored us with a photograph of the trophy which goes to the winner of the stake. It portrays a silver cup, beautiful in design, donated by Mr. Edward Dexter, of Boston, Mass. The trophy is emblematic of the championship of the year in which it is won. Entries for the stake of 1901 close on Jan. 10.

Trapshooting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Leading dealers in sportsmen's supplies have advertised in our columns continuously for a quarter-century.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send n notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Dec. 27.—Kansas City, Mo.—Match for the cast iron medal between J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and W. R. Crosby, challenger.
Dec. 27.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Team match at 25 birds between Baltimore Shooting Association and Keystone Shooting League—first of a series.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club, target shoot every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue.

1901.

Jan. 1.—Chicago.—Universal Gun Club's live-bird shoot. Dr. R. S. Moss, Sec'y.
Jan. 1.—Newark, N. J.—Twentieth annual all-day shoot of the South Side Gun Club. Isaac H. Terrill, Sec'y.
Jan. 1.—Sing Sing, N. Y.—Tournament of the Ossining Gun Club; targets. Wm. P. Hall, Sec'y.
Jan. 12-13.—Aurora, Ill.—Bennett's target tournament.
Jan. 15-18.—Hamilton, Ont.—Hamilton Gun Club's eleventh annual tournament; live birds and targets; open to all. H. Graham, Sec'y.
Jan. 16.—Trenton, N. J.—Second contest of the series between teams of the Trenton Shooting Association and Freehold Gun Club, on the grounds of the former.
Jan. 17.—Baltimore, Md.—Ten-man team contest—Baltimore Shooting Association vs. Keystone Shooting League.
Feb. 6-7.—Cincinnati.—Cincinnati Gun Club's sparrow tournament. Chas. F. Dreihls, Sec'y.
April 9-12.—Baltimore, Md.—Eighth annual spring tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days targets, \$100 per day added; two days live birds, \$500 guaranteed. H. P. Collins, Sec'y.
April 16-18.—Leavenworth, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.
May 7-10.—Tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association. C. W. Feigenspan, Sec'y.
May 7-10.—Lincoln, Neb.—Twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. W. D. Bain, Sec'y.
May 21-25.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-seventh annual tournament and convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. Chas. T. Stickie, Sec'y.
June 5-7.—Circleville, O.—Under auspices of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.
June —.—Columbus, Wis.—Tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Wisconsin. First week in June.

AT WATSON'S PARK.

Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Fifteen-bird shoots as follows: Dec. 22, 25, 29 and Jan. 1; \$2.50 entrance; \$2 sweep optional; shoots commence at 1 o'clock.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Jan. 8.—Interstate Park, Queens.—Welch (holder)-Elliot match for the Dupont trophy.
April 1-5.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y.—The Interstate Association's ninth annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at live birds.
June —.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Forty-third annual tournament of the New York State Association for the protection of Fish and Game.
Monthly contest for the Dewar trophy till June, 1902; handicap; 25 live birds; \$5 entrance. First contest took place June 20, 1900.
Interstate Park, L. I.—Fountain Gun Club's regular monthly shoots, the third Thursday of October, November and December.
Interstate Park, Queens.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The four-day Holiday shoot on the Washington Park shooting grounds, Kansas City, Mo., commencing on Wednesday of this week, will be managed by Mr. R. S. Elliott. There are three events on the first day, the second of which is the final contest for the Elliott medals. On the second day there are three events, of which the second is the match between Elliott and Crosby for the Cast Iron medal. On the third day there are two events, respectively at 10 and 15 birds. On the fourth day there is a 25 bird event, \$20 entrance, birds included; handicaps à la Riley, which is as follows: "All shooters are handicapped from 16 to 30yds., to start the shoot on. The race is shot in five divisions of 5 birds each. Any shooter making a straight score of 5 birds in any division will be set back 1yd. for each and every straight score he makes; provided, however, that no contestant can be put back of the 33yd. score."

Shooting about Philadelphia this week will be notably active. Nearly the whole week will be devoted to practice and competition on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, at Holmesburg Junction. A sweepstake on Christmas Day, open to all, Rose system to govern the division of the moneys, will afford holiday diversion. Thursday is fixed upon for the contest between ten-men teams of the Baltimore Shooting Association and Keystone Shooting League, the return match to be shot at Baltimore on Jan. 17, and in case of a tie the third contest to be shot on neutral ground. The weekly 10-bird handicap for the League trophy, open to members only, will take place on Saturday.

Dec. 22 was an exceptional day on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League in the matter of a large attendance. The semi-monthly match for the challenge trophy, a 10-bird event, at 29yds., \$2.50 entrance. The second event was the club handicap shoot, 10 birds, open sweepstake, \$2.50 entrance. In the first event there were fifteen challengers, and of these, Brewer, Landis and Henry tied on straight scores, the latter winning in the shoot-off. Messrs. Collins and Fox, of Baltimore, participated, but being non-residents, could not compete for the trophy. The former killed 9, the latter 10. In the club handicap shoot, Messrs. Vandergriff, Brewer and Budd made straight scores.

The match between Messrs. R. A. Welch and Harold Money, shot on the Carteret Gun Club's grounds, on Thursday of last week, resulted in a tie on 89 birds. The conditions were 100 birds each, 30yds. rise, 30yds. boundary, \$250 a side. It was an exciting contest, one not ended till the last bird was trapped. Mr. Money got a lead of 5 in the first 25, and from that to the finish there was a see-saw contest on this margin, which was gradually reduced to a tie at the finish, Mr. Welch shooting a game uphill race.

The exact number of the men on the teams of the Baltimore Shooting Association and the Keystone Shooting League has not yet been definitely determined, but the most conservative opinion places the number at seven men per team. Baltimore probably will be selected from the following: Messrs. Malone, Hood, Hawkins, Fox, Bond, Ducher, Gent, Collins, Wagner, Smith, Pierce, Leland and Burke, while the Keystone team will be selected from a list as follows: Messrs. Henry, Hollowell, Landis, Vandergriff, Budd, McCoy, Eames, Fisher, Johnson, Van Loon, Geikler and Stevenson.

The president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, under date of Dec. 17, writes us as follows: "Please announce that the annual convention and tournament of this Association will be held the third week in May, 1901, and the date will be May 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25. The change from the first week in May was made in the hope that the past rainy experiences of the Association could thus presumably be avoided."

In the Clearview Gun Club's trophy event at Darby, Pa., on Dec. 22, there were six men who tied for the Fisher trophy, and in the shoot-off Fisher, a scratch man, won it with a score of 20 out of 25 targets. Sweepstakes and contests for turkeys added to the zest of the competition.

There will be an Interstate Park Handicap on Wednesday of this week, on arrival of the 12:20 train from New York. Optional sweep, and the shoot-off of the first series.

The Interstate Park Association has issued an artistic booklet, in which is set forth a description of the advantages offered to the golfer, the sportsman, the business man in search of recreation, the trapshooting clubs, driving parties, etc. It is profusely and elegantly illustrated, the Casino, pigeon coops, railway station, golf links, traps, grounds being the subjects of illustration. Address the Interstate Park Association, Queens, L. I.

On Dec. 19, in the first of the series of team shoots between six-men teams of the Trenton Shooting Association and the Freehold, N. J., Gun Club, the former won by a score of 241 to 226, each man shooting at 50 targets. The second contest of the series takes place on the grounds of the Trenton Shooting Association, on Jan. 16.

In the New Utrecht Gun Club's shoot on Saturday of last week Miss Annie Oakley and Mr. Vandergrift each scored 14 out of 15 and each lost one dead out of bounds.

In the Audubon (Chicago) Gun Club's last shoot of this year, Mr. J. H. Amberg won the diamond trophy.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., Dec. 19.—The Trenton Shooting Association won the first of the series of team races with the Freehold Gun Club on the latter's grounds, Dec. 19, with the score of 241 to 226—six-men teams, 50 targets per man.

Widmann and Farlee were high men on the Trenton team, each 45, and Vanderveer, 43, for Freehold.

Thomas won the bulk of the cash in the sweep shooting.

The second race of the series is scheduled for Jan. 16, on the Trenton Shooting Association grounds, at Hutchinsons Lake. This is the first defeat that Freehold has met with on the home grounds in a team race.

The race was shot over a magautrap fitted with a lever pull, which bothered the Trenton contingent not a little, as it is at best three seconds slower than the electric pull, that they have their magautrap fitted with, and when they called "Pull" the bird did not get out so quickly, causing the nervous tension to relax, constituting really a balk. However, "all's well that ends well." The boys enjoyed their trip, and are waiting for the time for the Freehold team to visit them, for the second race, with feelings of pleasurable anticipation.

Inclosed please find the scores of the team race, and four sweepshoots. The names marked thus * were not in for the money:

Trenton team: Widmann 45, Thomas 41, Vanarsdale 36, Farlee 45, Lutes 36, Cole 38; total 241.

Freehold team: Burtis 36, Vanderveer 43, Muldoon 39, Ellis 42, Walling 33, Hall 36; total 226.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Walling	7	Farlee	8	7
Widmann	7	8	10	10	Lutes	8
Thomas	7	10	8	7	Muldoon	8	9	9	7
Taylor	7	8	9	9	Ellis	9	9
Vanarsdale	8	8	7	8	Mickel	9	9	7	..
Comp	8	7	7	7	Cole	8	7

Hudson Gun Club

Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 17.—Following are the scores made at the last shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, of Marion. The weather was cold, and a strong wind was blowing from the northwest, making it almost impossible to make a good average, but, all things considered, some fine strings were made.

A series of team matches was shot, and the scratch men, Dudley and Schorty, won. The next team was Jones and Meunch, who were a good second. Bock and Banta were third, while Scheubel and Duke were last.

On Friday evening, Jan. 4, 1901, the annual meeting of this club will be held at 411 Tonnele avenue, for the election of officers for the ensuing year.

The next shoot of the club takes place on Jan. 7, 1901.

We have just put in 30,000 bluebirds for the month of January:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Schorty	8	9	7	11	7	12	7	12	10	13	9	12	10	14	9	11	18	..
Dudley	7	9	8	11	7	12	6	13	10	12	8	12	8	14	9	14	23	..
Banta	7	8	10	12	5	11	8	10	8	12	8	10	5	10	7	11	17	4
Black	4	7	8	6	5	6	8	6	12	
Brown	5	3	6	2	6	6	7	8	11	
Hansman	8	7	8	3	9	7	13	9	10	
Van Dyne	7	3	8	6	7	
Wild	2	2	7	2	..	2	
Cook	5	5	12	
Jones	9	8	13	7	11	..	14	7	10	7	12	8	10	8	
Duke	3	3	4	2	4	3	8	4	8	3	7	7	
Scheubel	8	11	8	8	7	8	6	10	5	12	10	12	5	8	14	
Kall	5	8	..	5	3	..	5	
Duffy	5	9	4	7	5	8	6	8	
Bock	5	5	3	11	6	9	7	12	5	12	6	9	7	9	14	7	..	
Meunch	9	7	9	4	8	9	8	7	9	6	9	5	
A Woods	7	4	6	2	6	4	8	
N Woods	6	..	8	4	6	3	10	..	5	
Dustin	12	4	9	6	
Schields	12	6	7	5	
Clark	4	8	12	5	11	..	8	8	11	7	..	8	12	18	
Brewer	2	8	3	
O'Brien	5	..	11	11	
Whitley	9	4	9	4	
Muller	4	4	4	4	

A. L. H.

The Dominie's Tournament.

FREMONT, Neb., Dec. 21.—Herewith find scores made at the shoot held here on the 18th inst. "Dominie Beveridge was manager.

The attendance was not up to expectations, but thirteen facing the magautrap for the programme.

The weather conditions were better than the ordinary this time of the year; that, coupled with a good tent and stove, made the shooters as comfortable as could be desired. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	15	20	10	15	15	20	10	15	15	20
Dominie	8	15	14	17	8	12	11	18	10	13	14	18
W Eidman	9	15	11	14	7	13	13	15	9	12	15	17
Robertson	9	8	9	14	8	9	9	17	8	11	12	15
Ehlers	7	13	18	9	..	14	18	..	12	16
Stoner	9	13	18	9	15	12	16	9	12	11	18	..
Cobb	..	11	11	18	6	15	13	18	7	14	13	16
Morrill	12	10	15	7	12	11	..	7	14	13	16	..
Wilkins	13	13	18	7	14	13	16	9	12	10	19	..
R Middaugh	..	10	..	10	12	..	8	..	10
Echrenkamp	..	8	13	7	12	10	7	7	10	10
F Middaugh	..	17	9	12	8	15	7	11	14	15
H Eidam	..	15	10	14	13	16	8	12	12	20
Kruger	..	14	9	9	10	16	9	10	..	16
W Eidam	9	15	11	14	7	13	15	9	12	15	17	..

Following the conclusion of the programme several extra events were pulled off, the principal one being a miss-and-out, with the result:

Dominie
Stoner
F Middaugh
Cobb
Wilkins

Dominie and Stoner divided the money on the 12th bird, but shot on out to decide a \$10 bet between Wilkins and Cobb, Wilkins winning, having placed his money on the man from New Jersey.

For the entire day the averages were: The Dominie 90, W. Eidam 80, Robertson 72, Ehlers 85, Stoner 84, Cobb 79, Morrill 75, Wilkins 86, R. Middaugh 74, Echrenkamp 80, F. Middaugh 74, H. Eidam 84, Kruger 74.

MENT, Sec'y.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Style.

THERE are several causes of bad shooting, and many more than several ideas of the manner of treating them. It is hardly likely that experts can agree about the latter when they are not agreed upon what good shooting or good style in shooting really is. There are at least three distinct schools, each teaching or believing in different methods. The first and oldest of these is:

(a) The advocates of aligning from false breech to foresight.

(b) The second is the pigeon shooter's manner—that is, aligning the foresight on the game with the eye well above but exactly over the center of the false breech.

(c) The third method is that of looking at the game and throwing up the gun, in confidence that the hand and eye will work together.

Whenever an argument occurs about shooting it will nearly always be found that agreement is impossible, and that the longer the argument proceeds the wider the disputants get apart. The reason of this is that the advocates belong to different schools, a, b, or c.

These classes can again be subdivided. There is in each of them:

(1) The shooter who calculates distance and elevation, and brings his gun to bear upon an imaginary spot in front or above his game, as the case may require, by focusing the game or the imaginary spot and detecting how much to right, left, above or below his gun muzzle is, and directing it accordingly.

(2) The shooter who brings his gun to bear on the game and then jerks it into the required allowance, pulling as he jerks.

(3) We are inclined to believe there is a third subdivision who knowingly never "allow" at all, and the reason they do not invariably shoot behind their game is that the gun comes up with the muzzle pointed to the direction where the game first became visible, and that in order to get on it there has been a race of the muzzle after the game, the trigger being pulled only when the gun has overtaken the game; the shot does not leave the muzzle until momentum, set up in the race from behind to the front, has carried the latter past the point intended. It is absolutely impossible that there can be a sudden stop of the muzzle, as the muscles cannot effect it even if the will demanded. As 1, 2, and 3 can each be applied to a, b and c, there are at least nine chances to one that the best shooting conversation will be misunderstood by the listener.

The most frequent incomprehensible remarks will come from c, the shooter who believes that he looks at his game and shoots without alignment, but simply, as he will tell you, in the way you catch a cricket ball, shoot an arrow, or use a fork in feeding yourself. This is a style of shooting that is more heard of than practiced; its correct name is snap shooting, and we have noticed that many of those who think they practice it are considerably longer in getting off their guns than some others who confess to the older fashions. Besides, their practice not going to confirm their precepts, the illustrations they choose are not convincing. There is the cricket ball, for instance, which, when it is caught at a yard distance from the eye, covers as much of the horizon as a 10ft. sphere would at 40yds. Perhaps even a poor poking aligner might hit a 10ft. sphere at 40yds., so that this argument proves nothing. It is best not to apply the same parallel to the argument of the mouth and the fork, as the fork is so much nearer to begin with that comparatively the mouth would grow out of all recognition at 40yds. This has been best answered by one who solemnly assures those who place reliance on it that he can use his fork in the dark, but that no one can use a gun with equal precision in the dark, no matter what system he adopts. That disposes of No. 2 argument, and then there is only the bow and arrow left. Mr. Ford revolutionized this sport when he first adopted the plan of drawing the arrow directly beneath the right eye—that is, below the chin instead of to the right ear, as had been customary until his time. The scores at once mounted up with this alteration of method, but it appears that those who advocate the principles of archery at stationary objects, as applicable to the shotgun and moving objects, can best be answered by the practice or rifleman at stationary objects and their constant struggle to obtain sights giving improved definition.

But possibly the best answer of all to the c school is their own precept. They tell you to look at the object and put up the gun, and that the latter will then assuredly cover the former. In that case, if they are correct, a miss will almost always result; the game is not standing still. If you say this, the proposition is very likely to be modified, and you are then to gaze at a fixed imaginary spot in space. This is a simple impossibility, for when there is nothing to guide the eye it wanders while apparently being stationary all the time. It is easy to fix a spot in front or behind the game if there is any sort of background, but it is not easy, or even possible, when gazing into the vault of the sky. If this is brought home to the shooter, he will probably say that the game fixes the imaginary movable spot by its proximity. But if this is the case, then it becomes difficult to say whether the shooter is not focusing the game one instant and the imaginary spot the next; and it is also difficult to detect how much this rapid alternation of focus influences the direction of the gun, for he is remembered that the c party declare that you are not to see your gun.

It is not difficult to kill rabbits crossing a ride in this style; they have been killed when shooting from the hip; but when the distance to be allowed is yards in front, as for a grouse, down wind, better work can be done by those who are able to make the utmost use of the pointer they hold in their hands. It is very easy to detect the approximate distance by which one bird leads another as they pass the spectator, just as it is easy for a judge to tell the number of lengths by which a horse race is won. It is simplicity itself to detect the fact when one moving object overtakes and passes another, and the shooter who makes the muzzle or sight of his gun equivalent to the leading bird, overtaking and passing the game he is shooting at, seems to have a better means to accuracy of allowance than he who never sees his gun when he shoots. Of course it is possible for a man who keeps his focus on his game and never is conscious of seeing his gun to jerk it in the direction the game is going after presenting it; but then this is never done by snap shooters, and if it were done it would cease to be snap shooting, and would be a longer operation than his who shoots as described under a and 1 or b and 1, neither of which are necessarily two operations, although they may be made so. The jerking of the gun forward after presenting at the game must necessarily take two operations, whether the shooter belong to the a, b, or c class, and although an excellent practice to learn or to fall back upon when a shooter is more or less out of form, it does not constitute the finest form, and we have known game come much too quick to give it a chance; moreover, it sometimes happens that in crossing over rides pheasants are not visible long enough to put it in practice. In such cases one swing of the gun from the ready and a simultaneous press of the trigger are all that is possible in the time, and yet the shooter whose method is a and 1, or a No. 1, is well aware how much ahead or behind he was when he fired.

We have never yet seen a shooter of the c class who was able to shoot a choke-bore charge into the center of a target at 40yds. without adopting a, to him, new style of putting down his head and aligning; so that we doubt whether those who "never see their guns" really know exactly what they do in the presence of game.

Between a and b there is a great difference; a gets his head down to his gun or his gun up to his face, according to bend, whereas b looks over his gun at the game, pointing with the sight and looking over the rib; by this means b is enabled to aim at the rising bird when the shot should go well over that which he is focusing. This is an advantage in quickness, for it is unquestionable that it is quicker to aim at an object focused than a certain distance over it. It is for this reason that pigeon guns are usually made straight in the stock. A pigeon from the traps is rising almost always, but when it comes to high quartering game the elevation given by the height of the eye above the rib may be all wrong, and then the method of exact alignment described under a has the advantage. Besides this, a twist of the gun half over, so as to have one barrel higher than the other, acts in two different ways, according as a man shoots by alignment of breech and foresight and game, or by alignment of game and foresight only. The former keeping true alignment with a tilted gun shoots in front and low; the latter when he places his foresight on the game and tilts the right-hand barrel up (a very common habit when game is coming from the front and passes on the left), shoots high and to the right—that is, behind. If the left barrel is up, and game is passing from the same direction to the right, then the shooter shoots high and to the left—that is, behind again.

Here is one very common fault which is brought about by the small degree of "following on" necessary to catch up the game, and because instead of turning the body from the hips a twist of the shoulders is much easier. Nevertheless here is a fault commonly supposed, like the rest, to be curable by fitting with the try gun. It is obvious nevertheless that the cast-off that might

help for the right-hand shots would make matters worse on the left.

When we consider what a variety of manners of shooting there are, it is hardly to be wondered at that the try gun should be considered a short and easy road to discover what a shooter does, and as a true diagnosis is half-way toward a cure it may be recommended so far. To find out what a man does with the gun, and to discover why he does it, are two very different propositions. As we have said, the methods of shooting adopted by good shots are at least nine. Each fault may, and probably does, have some different effect, according to which of these manners is adopted; and faults in shooting are numbered by hundreds—optical, physical and nervous. Yet people expect that their own experience is quite certain to be of use to others, and think those who cannot make use of it wanting in intelligence at least. It is obvious why Mr. H. Greener thinks there is nothing like the principle of shooting adopted in archery. Any one who had for a customer a crack pigeon shot who could use any stock, bend or cast-off equally well would think so. Mr. Boswell, it is natural to believe, does not advocate much cast-off or bend; pigeon shooting has formed his judgment, and the foresight aimers (b) form no small proportion of his customers.

A cure effected by a variation of the shape of the stock, as suggested by the try gun, can hardly fail to be one in danger of being counteracted as the novelty of the stock wears off and becomes, as it were, part of the shooter. This certainly is so for every fault except those which arise from optical defects.

There is no doubt, however, that too much has been claimed for the try gun, which is a most useful servant, but a very bad master. To illustrate this Mr. H. Harris told an excellent story of a man who had been fitted with a try gun. When the weapon was ready he found it to be enormously cast-off, and complained that it did not fit him. "Oh," said the gun maker, "it is quite right; your left is the master eye." That was strange, to say the least, as his left eye was a glass one. We cannot go as far as that in appreciation of the try gun, but we have lately discovered that it is not necessary for one eye to be the stronger for it to become what is called the "master eye"—that is, the aligning eye.

As previously explained, it is not necessary, when shooting from the right shoulder and aligning the sight with the right eye, for that eye to see the game at all; if the left can see the target and not the sights, and the right the sights and not the target, that suffices, and the right eye may still be master and the left only its servant to bring the aligned sights upon the target. We have lately had personal illustration of this, as in some lights we cannot distinguish a small bullseye at 100yds. with the right eye, yet with both eyes open we can make very good practice; and to establish the fact we can do equally well with a sheet of paper placed at the muzzle so that the right eye can see neither bullseye nor target. We believe that every one who tries this will do it at the first attempt, and yet we have discovered a good many expert rifle shots and gun makers who had no idea that this was possible. The master eye is master to this extent. We do not know whether when shooting from the left shoulder with everything reversed it is as easy.

Cincinnati Happenings.

CINCINNATI, O.—Editor Forest and Stream: Many years ago, in the early '80s, Cincinnati, as a target-shooting town, was perhaps as well known as any on this continent. In those days the shooting was carried on about the same way as when glass balls were used—that is, the five traps were set in the segment of a circle and the shooter, standing 13yds. off, and facing the center trap, fired his five shots and made way for the next man, and so on. We all used 10-bore guns, black powder, and had lots of fun. We also made lots of noise and smoke, and some of us made very good scores.

The targets were thrown at known angles, but unknown traps, so that the shooting was then and still is quite difficult. Those were the days that Mr. Fred Kimble, of Peoria, paid us periodical visits, and with his 11lb. 10-bore Parker invariably carried off high average. He was at that time so easily the best tournament shot in America that it became almost a foregone conclusion that the bulk of the prizes offered would find their way to Peoria, Ill., his home.

Well, things dragged along here after 1886, and got from bad to worse, until no club holding regular shoots existed, barring the Cosmopolitan, which through it all survived, being held together by a few veterans, who on Saturdays met on those grounds, did some shooting and enjoyed social confabs and delightful chats so conspicuous by their absence in the sail-in-and-never-stop-shooting of the present day. The style of shooting at this club has never changed. It commenced with the one-man-up, and so continued to the end.

I am quite safe in saying that every erstwhile member of the old Cosmopolitan Club when passing its grounds feels a pang of regret at not being able to stop the car and trudge down and up those steep hills, and once more shoot for the fun of it, and not be hurried and jostled and made to work, as we often do nowadays in quest of what should be sport.

However, things have changed. Instead of shooting 50 to 75 shots a day, we now shoot 200 or 300; so, while targets and ammunition are cheaper, the actual expense is about the same or more; but then Young America must trot fast or stop, so let us trot along and His Nibs will take care of the hindmost.

A more deplorable state of affairs in the shooting line than existed in Cincinnati up to the advent of the Cincinnati Gun Club could not be imagined. No town of its size was so utterly devoid of the semblance of a gun club, barring of course the Cosmopolitan, so naturally those who were fond of the sport had either to go abroad for it or ruminate on what they had done in former days.

Naturally, then, with the coming of the Cincinnati Gun Club a revival in trapshooting has occurred, and the flame so long dormant, so dead—cold dead, stark and clammy dead—has been rekindled, let us hope, to blaze as never it did before.

I very well know that it is customary to congratulate the winner of any trophy, whether one is sincere or not. It would certainly be extremely bad form not to do so, but in all my experience I have never known such unanimity of sincere and I might say affectionate display of genuine pleasure come over the entire number of contestants as when "Ackley" grassed his last bird and beat out the whole field, being the only man to make a clean score. When we consider that "Ackley" (his shooting name) or "Gloan" (his nom de plume) is in his seventy-third year, and that he still holds his own against the youngsters, we may begin to realize how splendidly equipped by nature some men are and how grand a sport field shooting is, that by keeping its votaries in the open air enables them to withstand the ravages of time and defy old age, for "Ackley," though fond of trapshooting as a recreation, loves field shooting as a sport, and would rather bag a dozen ducks or snipe, or any kind of game birds, than shoot at the traps for a week. When, however, one sees a man seventy-three years old walk briskly and with strong, quick steps to the score, stand as straight as an Indian, handle and hold his gun in absolutely faultless style, and shoot as easily, well and gracefully as "Ackley," why it is refreshing, especially when so many of our young and good shots seem to think it essential, not to say imperative, to twist themselves inside out and assume the most constrained and awkward positions to do their shooting. When we remember how such men as Carver, Harvey McMurchy, Rolla Heikes, Capt. Money, Will Crosby, J. A. R. Elliott, Mr. Powers, and many others of our most noted shots, stand, and then see others equally good perform a contortionist act, we are left to ponder how it is and why it is that both, so totally at variance, can do so well.

The Cincinnati Gun Club can then be justly proud of two of its former members, both being in their class unique and splendid. It is not parliamentary nor polite, I well know, to couple a man with a dog, and yet, ye gods! how often the dog is the loser—by the comparison? In this case neither can lose, because both are in a class separate and alone by themselves, and we are proud of our scholarly, masterly, grand shot, and gentleman sportsman "Ackley," and of our fleet, bounding, smiling-faced, ever willing, lithe and nimble Colonel, and may they both live long and prosper is the earnest desire of

GAUCHO.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Welch vs. Money.

Garden City, L. I., Dec. 20.—The match between Messrs. Robert A. Welch and Harold Money, renowned as among the best in trapshooting skill, drew an interested crowd of admirers and shooters to witness the contest. The conditions were 100 birds each, 30yds. rise, 30yds. boundary, \$250 a side.

The birds were a fine lot, as is usually the case at the Carteret grounds. A brisk northwest wind helped them materially.

At the end of the first 25 the match seemed almost hopelessly lost to Mr. Welch, he having lost 5, while his opponent had killed straight, so that therefore the latter had the seemingly overwhelming lead of 5 near the commencement of the match. A peculiar feature of the match was that each lost his last bird, Mr. Welch drawing a fast driver, while Mr. Money slipped up on a sitter. In the second 25 Mr. Welch killed 23 to his opponent's 21, thereby cutting down his opponent's lead to 3. In the third 25 he gained 1 more, and was then within 2 of his opponent. The final 25 was full of possibilities and surprises. Mr. Welch missed his 76th, which gave again his opponent a lead of 3, but this was negated when Mr. Money missed his 77th. Next he missed his 90th, which cut down his lead to 1. Next he missed his 95th, and they were then tied on a neck-and-neck race to the finish, whereat each lost his last bird, and the race ended in a tie.

The referee was Mr. Walker Breese Smith. The match lasted 2 hours 15 minutes. The scores:

R A Welch, 30.....	02221212222*2102222*1*211—20
	111221222222222202*121222—23
	120221021211222111222122—23
	0222212121121222222122220—39
H Money, 30.....	2222122222222222222222—25
	221*22022222222222212222—21
	2120222222222122222*2*22—22
	202212222222222222222220—21—89

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Dec. 20.—The live-bird shoot of the Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club to-day was well attended, there being nineteen competitors in the main event. Of these Mr. Ira McKane killed straight and won the badge. The scores follow:

G McKane, 25.....	2012112—6	F Von Fricken, 25.....	0000011—2
J J. Pillion, 27.....	222222—6	E Heffner, 24.....	1121012—6
I McKane, 27.....	222222—7	Wm Boyle, 25.....	2020120—4
W Van Pelt, 27.....	210222—6	E Baird, 25.....	2102202—5
E Voorhies, 21.....	1200212—5	A Soeller, 23.....	022221*—6
D J. Heffner, 23.....	0220022—4	A Rauschli, 24.....	2221001—6
J B Voorhies, 27.....	1212101—6	Ph Suss, 25.....	2011211—6
H Kronika, 26.....	12*1210—5	W Lundy, 25.....	0200000—1
F Lundy, 26.....	2110220—5	Dr Hill, 25.....	2022010—4
H Koch, 27.....	1*2100—3		

Hell Gate Gun Club

Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 18.—The final shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, for this year, was held to-day.

The point system governs the club shoots, each man being required to kill a certain number of birds, after which each bird killed scores one point. Mr. Adam Dietzel was first prize winner this year. The scores in the club shoot follow:

Club shoot, 10 live birds: E. Doenick 10, J. Schlicht 10, J. H. Voss 9, Dr. Roof 9, C. Weber 9, C. Lang 9, P. Woelfel 9, W. A. Sands 9, S. M. Van Allen 9, A. Dietzel 9, J. H. Moore 9, Dr. Wood 8, P. Garms 8, B. Amend 8, P. Brennan 8, J. P. Dannefeller 8, J. D. Deedy 7, J. P. Kay 7, R. Regan 7, J. G. Messerschmitt 7, J. Wellbrock 7, E. Marquart 7, C. H. Schmidt 6, H. Kohla 6, W. A. Noe 6, Frederick Wehler 5, G. K. Breit 5, L. T. Muench 4, John Klenk 4, E. Steffens 4, J. P. Albert 4, J. H. Doherty 4, Robert McGill 4, Albert Knodel 4.

The list of prize winners and the points made, each having shot in eleven shoots, are as follows: A. Dietzel 21, J. H. Voss 20, J. H. Wellbrock 18, E. Doenick 17, H. Kohla 16, L. H. Schortemeier 16, J. A. Belden 15, L. T. Muench 15, W. A. Sands 15, D. J. Deedy 14½, P. Brennan 14, B. Amend 13½, G. K. Breit 13, C. Lang 13, J. P. Dannefeller 13, A. Knodd 12, J. Schlicht 12, H. Forster 11, P. Woelfel 11, E. Steffens 10, F. Wehler 9, J. P. Albert 9, J. Neumen 8, C. Schaefer 8, J. J. Messerschmitt 7½, J. P. Keenan 6½, P. Garms 6, F. Trostel 5, W. A. Noe 5, J. J. Gallin 5.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Dec. 22.—There was a good attendance to-day at the shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club. Annie Oakley and Vandergrift tied on 14, each losing one bird dead out in the club event, at 15 birds. The scores:

Annie Oakley, 28.....	12212121222*122—12
Brooks, 29.....	1221211*10121—12
Lockwood, 28.....	101120210112211—12
Lincoln, 28.....	**222222*211122—12
Chapman, 28.....	2*1201120112121—12
Vandergrift, 30.....	222222222*1222—14
Van Allen, 30.....	1221212*2021212—13
J. Fallert, 28.....	122121212120222—13
B. Fallert, 28.....	100120220120000—7
Dr. Orlug, 23.....	10220012011200—9
J. Plate, 28.....	000112210012011—9

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., Dec. 24.—The scores made at the shoot of the Oceanic Gun Club to-day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	15	20	20	5p	20	10	25
Dr. Bill.....	10	15	14	18	20	8	18	9	21
T. Diffley.....	5	12	8	7	12	..	14	5	..
J. H. Sharkey.....	6	12	9	13	12	6	14	6	..
C. Dudley.....	..	15	14	19	18	7	18	9	23
J. Jones.....	9	19	6	..
T. Tiernan.....	13	15	6
H. P. Scott.....	16	16
O. Keim.....	17
J. Stoney.....	9	12	..

Team race, 25 birds each man: O. Keim 19, E. Bourke 15; total 34. J. Stoney 13, F. Coleman 8; total 21.

Jeannette Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 21.—The monthly shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club was held to-day at Dexter Park. The medal in Class A was won by Geo. E. Loebie. This trophy was formerly held by Otten, who died. It was put up in open competition again at this shoot. C. Steffens has challenged Mr. Loebie to contest for it. The conditions are 15 birds each, challenger to pay for birds whether he wins or loses. The scores, in which A denotes Class A and B Class B:

Geo E Loebie, 28, A.....	1221210211—9	Ties	22112211122—11
Chas Meyer, 28, A.....	1222122021—9		1222122210—10
Job Lott, 30, A.....	1202112112—9		2222121220—9
H Karstens, 28, A.....	1112220211—9		10—1
N Brunie, 28, A.....	2101111112—9		0—0
J Mohrman, 28.....	222*222*12—8		..
Chas Steffens, 30.....	2222220202—8		..
J H Bohling, Jr., 28.....	2220*2222—8		..
J H Kroeger, 28.....	1111210201—8		..
Wm Rolphs, 28.....	*201121221—8		..
Rinckoff, 30.....	2021012222—8		..
C Bohling, 25, B.....	2100010112—6	0	—0
F Ehlen, 25, B.....	*2*2*1111*—6	1	—1
J P Kay, guest, 28.....	1222212222—10

Team race:

Ehlen.....	12020—3	Loebie.....	12210—4
Meyer.....	21011—4	Lott.....	22122—5
Karsten.....	01012—3	Steffens.....	22222—5
Rinckoff.....	11111—5	Brunie.....	01110—3
Kroeger.....	12201—4	J Bohling.....	02220—3
Mohrman.....	22221—5	Rolphs.....	11010—3
Kay.....	11222—5—29	C Bohling.....	22011—4—27
Steffens.....	112222212—10	Meyer.....	112212121—10

WESTERN TRAPS.

Audubon of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 22.—The final contest for the year of the Audubon Gun Club was held earlier in the week at Watson's, only five men appearing. Mr. J. H. Amberg won the trophy, the diamond medal. Col. Felton went out with high score. The year's record shows that Amberg has won the trophy three times, J. Crow and H. Odell two times each, and O. Von Lengerke, W. B. Leffingwell, Silas Palmer, F. H. Dewey and Col. C. E. Felton, one time each. The annual meeting of the Audubon Gun Club will be held at the Sherman House on the evening of Jan. 8. The following are the scores of the last shoot: Jim Crow, 1, 13; J. H. Amberg, 0, 13; H. Odell, 1, 13; Col. C. E. Felton, 4, 14; Healy, 0, 13.

Garfield of Chicago.

Dr. Meek, the able secretary of Garfield Gun Club, puts out the announcement that henceforward the Garfield live-bird shoots, which have been held on Saturdays, will be cut down to the trophy shoots on the first and third Saturdays of each month. The live-bird attendance is not steady enough to warrant the expense of getting birds ready for each Saturday, but the trophy events will be as hotly contested as before.

There will be a turkey shoot on Garfield grounds Christmas under handicap conditions and with turkeys for members only. Only ten entries for each turkey, and no member to win more than one turkey. A fine turkey will be given to each contestant for 50 pigeons shot at. There will be no shoot-off in the ties. It is thought that the Garfield Christmas shoot will be the best live-bird shoot of its year.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Frank Bloom's Shoot.

LINDSEY, O.—The target shoot for turkeys given at Bloom's Farm, by Frank Bloom, was fairly well attended by local shooters. The weather was a little chilly for good scores. E. C. Fort did the best shooting from the 20yd. mark.

Messrs. E. C. Fort and M. C. Sanford will shoot a match with Geo. Volk and Gus Webber, 100 targets for each man, at Miller's Club House, East Toledo, Jan. 1, for the price of the targets and a supper. The scores:

C P Hinehline.....	111110101111101111010110—19
J Henry.....	0011111110100110100101—17
F Hetrick.....	10111011010011010101001—15
E C Fort.....	1010111111110111110111—22
M Hetrick.....	1001011110111011010101—18
M Hinehline.....	1001101110110110101101—18
P Miller.....	00100110100110001101010—12
O Hetrick.....	1101101101110110111010—19
Fort.....	1101101111111110011111—22
Hinehline.....	1101101110111011101110—20
Henry.....	10110111011011011011010—18
Fort.....	0101011111111111111111—23
P Miller.....	1011101011011011011011—19
O Hetrick.....	1011101011101101111011—20
F Hetrick.....	1011111011011011101100—19
Smith.....	1011101010101101101111—19
Ward.....	0001011011011011011010—17
Cox.....	11101110110110000101010—17

A. BUCKEYE.

Peters Trophy Shoot.

NEW LONDON, Ia.—The sixth shoot for the Peters trophy brought out a good many shooters, but when the medal was won by a new man with a score of 22 out of 25 it frightened some of the handicap men, so they would not shoot.

C E Cook.....	101010011010111111010101—16
J Van Hynning.....	0110111111101111111111—22
F Pierson.....	11011010011010100100101—15
G J Andrews.....	11101010111010110010001—15

C. C. PIERSON, Sec'y.

Yachting.

Notice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

WE wish to call attention to a yachting story entitled "Out of Commission," by Mr. N. N. West, that appeared in the Christmas Number last week. Not being under the head of yachting, it was overlooked by a number of our readers.

MR. HENRY S. REDMOND, N. Y. Y. C., has purchased the English yawl Ailsa. She was designed by Mr. Wm. J. Fife, Jr., for Major A. Barclay Walker, and built by Messrs. A. & J. Inglis, of Glasgow, in 1895. Her rig was changed from that of a cutter to a yawl two years later when she was bought by Mr. F. D. Jameson. As Mr. Percy Chubb is to change the rig of Vigilant to that of a yawl, and as Vigilant and Ailsa are about of a size, there should be some good racing between them.

MR. C. C. HANLEY, designer of the American defender Genesee for the Canada cup races last year, has formed a syndicate to build a wooden centerboard yacht to enter the trial races for the America Cup. Mr. Hanley states that he can build and run for a season such a boat as he has in mind for \$75,000, and that this amount has already been subscribed. The experiment will be watched with great interest, and it is to be hoped that the new creation

will make a better showing than the centerboard boats of the same type made in the 51ft. class.

THE lead keel for the Cup defender building at Bristol was cast on Saturday last. The work started at 5 o'clock in the morning, and a greater part of the day was spent in making the casting. Columbia's keel was cast on Jan. 24, almost a month later.

WHEN Defender was sold a short time ago, it was stated that she was to be broken up for the metal she contained, and it was claimed that she was in such shape as to be beyond repair. New interest has been revived, as it is said that Mr. N. G. Herreshoff and one of Mr. Lawson's representatives are trying to buy her, which belies the statements that she is worthless. What Mr. Herreshoff wants of Defender is a question, unless to deprive Mr. Lawson of a trial boat. While, on the other hand, she would make a most excellent boat for Mr. Lawson's purpose, as she is a tried boat; a pretty good idea of the Crowninshield boat's speed could be gotten after a few races against her.

A Ship Canal Inside Hatteras.

From the Boston Herald.

CAPE HATTERAS, the most dangerous point on our Atlantic seaboard, will cease to exist as a menace to coastwise navigation if the present plans of the United States Government are carried out. For generations the name of Cape Hatteras has been synonymous with storms, shipwreck and loss of life. All sorts of schemes have been proposed to minimize its dangers.

Millions of dollars have been spent in attempts to properly light the celebrated Diamond Shoals, which surround Cape Hatteras. It was found impossible, after years of labor, to build a lighthouse there. The heaviest and stanchest lightship ever constructed was placed at Diamond Shoals, only to be blown away from her giant mushroom anchors.

And during all this while steamers lost their bearings, vessels were driven ashore and millions of dollars' worth of property and hundreds of lives continued to be lost. Every winter brought a long record of disasters on Cape Hatteras.

The sailor coming from San Francisco dreaded this one spot more than any other in the long voyage round the Horn. The coastwise vessels tried to give it a wide berth. But it has remained as a permanent menace to navigation, and has done more to injure coastwise commerce on the Atlantic than any other agency.

And now, by means of an ingenious and thoroughly practicable system of inland canals and channels, the coastwise trade will be enabled to pass behind Cape Hatteras, protected from the fury of the ocean the whole way down the coast by low-lying sand bars.

The Dismal Swamp Canal, a miserable ditch of comparatively small importance, is to be deepened through its whole length. Here, bordered by cypress, gum and magnolia, large coastwise vessels can sail or tow in safety.

The extra insurance now put on ships because of Cape Hatteras and its dangers will, it is claimed, more than pay for the cost of towage in the new inside route. The saving in time will be great, and the safety of human life will be an item of no small importance.

The magnificent fleet of yachts kept in Northern waters can then pass up and down the coast in comfort and safety. When the inside route is finished, a great advance in coastwise transportation is expected to take place.

In carrying out the terms of a bill passed at the last session of Congress, the engineer corps of the army is now engaged in making a preliminary survey for an "inside passage" from Chesapeake Bay to Beaufort Inlet. This will obviate the necessity for coasting vessels rounding Cape Hatteras.

An inside passage from Boston to Florida is believed by officials to be one of the possibilities of the future. The present plan is looked at as the first and most important step in this development.

To a large extent the proposed waterway is a natural one, and to fit it for the passage of vessels of the larger class, as contemplated in the survey now being made, it is simply a matter of dredging channels through the various sounds lying back of the narrow strip of land which forms Cape Hatteras and the dangerous coast on its north and south.

There are two corps of engineers working on the survey, one under Maj. J. B. Quinn, surveying south from Norfolk, along the route of the Dismal Swamp Canal, which it is proposed to utilize, and one under Capt. E. W. Van Lucas, working north from Beaufort Inlet. It is expected that the reports of these officers will be ready to present to Congress when it next meets, when an appropriation for beginning the work will be urged.

Hampton Roads, which will be the northern entrance to the inside passage, is considered one of the safest and most easy of access of any harbor on the coast. Vessels will pass into the Elizabeth River at Norfolk, and thence down the Dismal Swamp Canal to Pasquotank River, into Albemarle Sound, through Croatan Sound, Pamlico Sound, Core Sound, Back Sound and Beaufort Harbor.

The length of Dismal Swamp Canal is eighteen miles. This canal will have to be widened and made double its present depth of 8ft. Dredging to about the same extent will have to be done in the Pasquotank River for twenty-six miles.

In Albemarle Sound the work to be done will not be great, as it has a good navigable depth. Croatan Sound, which is the name applied to the body of water lying west of Roanoke Island, and connecting Albemarle and Pamlico sounds, has a width of seven miles and a depth of but nine feet. Roanoke Sound, on the other side of the island, has a depth of but four feet.

Pamlico Sound, which lies next to the south, is the largest body of water in North Carolina. It is separated from the Atlantic only by a narrow beach extending from Bodie Island lighthouse to Cape Hatteras, a distance of

about thirty-five miles, and thence in a southwesterly direction for another thirty-five miles, the turn forming the cape. The distance along the center length of this sound is about sixty miles.

Its greatest width is about twenty-four miles, and it has a general depth of between three and four fathoms. Though separated throughout its length from the Atlantic by only a narrow beach, which in some places is but a quarter of a mile wide, there are only three inlets through which vessels can enter from seaward, namely, Oregon, Hatteras and Ocracoke inlets. The latter entrance it is proposed to dredge and keep open, though it is considered that this will be one of the most difficult tasks in the whole undertaking.

Core Sound, which practically completes the southern end of the route, is a narrow and shoal body of water extending along and just inside the beach from the southwest of Pamlico Sound to a point just inside Cape Lookout. At its western end it joins a similar body of water known as Back Sound, which extends to the westward about six miles and connects with Beaufort Harbor and Inlet. A channel winds through Core Sound of from seven to ten feet in depth, but in places this channel is extremely narrow.

Beaufort Harbor is considered the most important harbor between Cape Henry and Cape Fear. Its entrance is about seven and a half miles northwest of Cape Lookout; it is obstructed by a shifting bar, which extends nearly a mile and a half to seaward, and at last accounts had about twelve feet of water in the channel crossing it. Inside the bar there is a depth of from three to five fathoms, and good anchorage.

There are no appreciable tides in these sounds, although a northerly gale will pile the water up at the lower end to the extent of two feet.

When the improvements now under way are made it is probable that the "inside route" will be continued below Beaufort Inlet. This will give the United States the greatest stretch of protected water in the world. It will be invaluable in war time, as small war ships and whole fleets of torpedo boats can pass from Northern waters almost to the gulf without once going outside.

Less Noise.

THE launch was moving swiftly toward the yacht. A sailor sat at the engine, the owner sat in the stern holding the tiller ropes, while ranged around the cushioned seats in the bow were four middle-aged men. Presently the owner spoke:

"Don't make so much noise."

The man in the bow thus addressed made no response, but stared at the speaker with imperturbable gravity.

"That's what I say," observed the stout man. "There is too much confusion." And he gazed back toward the city which they were leaving behind them.

"What's the matter with you?" cried the owner. "Want to argue?"

This challenge to wordy combat was ignored, and once more silence reigned. In a few moments they reached the yacht, and while the party scrambled up the gangway a sailor ran down the absent flag and ran aloft the owner's pennant. The yacht was cast loose from her buoy, the tiny launch was swung to its davits, the white sails filled to the breeze, and soon a gentle rolling motion told the men in the cabin that they were under way. They were busily engaged, with the help of the steward, in removing the tan-colored shoes they had come aboard in and putting on their stead white canvas ones having rubber soles. The steward also brought to each of them a cap, those for the guests being of white duck, the one for the owner being of blue cloth and having an emblem of red and gold worked at the peak. Again some humorist among them cried out, "Less noise!" and then they went on deck.

Directly the steward came after them with a tray, on which were some sandwiches wrapped in a napkin, together with some small glasses of water and others partly filled with an amber-colored fluid. The five men grasped the last mentioned glasses, bowed, and, seemingly for the first time that day, smiled toward each other. But the smiles were speedily swallowed up by the sandwiches as if they were against the laws of the high seas.

Once again, when dinner was nearly ready, the owner called to the steward to bring him one, emphasizing the "one," but not specifying one what, and when the man returned his tray was seen to contain five "ones." And the owner said: "Who told you to bring five? I'm trying to keep down expenses on this boat."

The steward grinned and said, "Yes, sir," and the guests grunted in disdain, seizing "four."

After dinner the men betook themselves to their cigars. The owner had a camp chair on the after deck, and at four bells and at his second cigar it grew upon him that his company was planning mischief. The quietude had become so dense as to be ominous. He slipped forward and looked through the skylight into the cabin. The four men were whispering and gesticulating over a large sized firecracker, and as he looked, his faithless steward brought them a large sized frying pan, evidently intended to cover up the firecracker when it exploded and thereby enhance the sound thereof. He realized that he was about to be blown up on his own boat—hoist, as it were, by his own petard. Going back to his chair he made one end of a rope fast to his chair and the other end fast to the rail and resumed his seat. When, a moment later, a terrific explosion took place beneath him, he jumped in the air just as high as he could, at the same time contriving to kick his chair overboard. The jump being higher than the plotters had dared hope for, made them cry out with glee, but the sound of the chair going into the water capped the climax of their delight, and they wept for joy.

When the mirth had somewhat subsided the victim of the bomb throwers reached down and hauled on the rope, and when the chair came over the side of the boat there ensued a moment of silence, followed by a low whistle from the stout man, who presently said: "The visitors on this boat will please step into the cabin." Presently the spokesman reappeared and politely invited the owner to a little breakfast on the next morning but one at the yacht club. The person thus addressed promptly

ly signified his acceptance, but added that he still felt it to be his duty to lay the matter before the Executive Committee.

"Well, then," said the stout plenipotentiary, "if you are going to tell it and make us buy things for every man in the club, we withdraw the invitation."

"No, sir; the breakfast goes. I insist on accepting the invitation. You'll have everything on this boat eaten up by to-morrow night any way."

The following day was spent on the fishing banks. Once the thin man caught a fish that was larger than any other that had been caught that day, and it became evident that the men had the gift of speech, although the talk was abruptly stopped by some one exclaiming, "Want to argue?"

They claimed to be the last remaining specimens of a nearly extinct variety of the human family which sometimes does not talk. The other variety of the species, as they maintained, talk all the time. They had found each other out one day at the Noonday Club.

"Why," said the owner, "does a fellow insist upon claiming my attention and interest while he interests himself with talk? Why don't he go off in the telephone box and talk to himself? Does he do it to please me? Not by a jugful! It is to please his tender self. He thinks he thinks, and wants me to know he knows."

"Yes, and the only time he ever tries to think is when he is talking. The remainder of the time he is trying to get the floor again, making a shallow pretense the while of listening to you when he is only waiting until he can head you off."

"The fault lies with the man who listens, though, and not with the talker. If he wouldn't listen, the other fellow would have to stop. The weak minded ass thinks if he listens a while the other fellow will let him say a little something."

This conversation took place between the stout man and the owner. The other three men only nodded approvingly, thus indicating that they were the three best of the five remaining specimens.

Before they had separated the owner said: "Gentlemen, it is strange we haven't flocked together before. Suppose we go off next Friday on my yacht."

Each one of those addressed assumed instantly an introspective air, as one who asked himself what he had on hand for the end of the week, but no one seemed to recollect anything pressing, and the owner continued: "Now don't hunt for excuses; you haven't any. Be at the Barton street ferry at 2."

Strange to say, the quiet man is generally in demand by his friends. One is unconsciously drawn to a quiet man—and one talks to him. When, therefore, these men began to go off together, the other fellows experienced a sense of injury. But the result was thoughtfulness and peace to the Nearly Extinct Variety.

That day one of the fishers pulled a crab on deck, and it crawled away and presently dropped through a port-hole into the thin man's bunk, where it wrapped itself up in the blankets and fell asleep. There were other crabs crawling about the deck, so this one was not missed. Shortly after the thin man retired that night the crab woke up and caught his foot through the folds of the blanket. There was a shriek, not simulated this time, that brought all the pajamas out of their respective bunks, those of the thin man being the first. It was the thin man who brought the large firecracker aboard, and when the steward fished the crab out of his bunk he turned a steely gaze upon the owner as he stood in the door of his stateroom.

"That's all right, old man," the thin man exclaimed. "Don't you ever go to sleep on this boat again with me on it without making up your own bed, and then you better sleep with one eye open for fear I drop a crab on your belly."

"Thomas," the owner replied, "you should say stomach."

The thin man then began to ramble in his speech, and to use words not found in the public phonographs. For some time after that the silence was punctured by various snorts and chuckles, coming from various quarters, although no one had quite the fun out of the incident that the owner had; he saw two jokes to the other fellow's one.

"Why does the little boy laugh? He laughs because he is so cute. If a man is fast asleep he can put a crab in his bunk." And the thin man determined to lie awake until the owner fell asleep, when he would insert a piece of ice under the owner's top pajama; but some time afterward he forgot himself for a moment and drifted off to the Land of Nod himself, to be awakened the next morning by the sound of the sailors making ready the bathing machine. The latter consisted of a force pump with a hose connecting with the water, and having a sprinkler attachment upon the other hose. The stout man took his station on the forward deck, and when the water began to fly he threw himself prone upon the deck and took an imaginary swim. He looked like a huge bullfrog, and his companions were laughing, and one of them seized the sprinkler and directed it with skill.

An hour later the party went ashore at the club and proceeded to order the breakfast. The owner, as the guest of the occasion, asserted his right to be heard, and began rapidly enumerating the items of a banquet, but was thrust aside and admonished to stick to the homely fare he provided on his "skiff."

While the waiters were setting the table on the lawn the owner and the stout man engaged in a driving match on the first hole of the links, during which they threw off their coats and loosened their belts. Then five certain preliminary beverages came and were disposed of, the owner saying: "Here's to the firecracker."

And the others saying, "Here's to the burial of the past."

Shortly thereafter the two golfers became absorbed in the discussion of the noble game, and the thin man procured a stout twine from the office and tied them to their respective chairs by means thereof and their loosened belts, and then, there being plenty of string, and being shielded by the remaining two men, who entered into the discussion with sudden avidity, he tied the chairs together also. The confederates then withdrew from the discussion of the ancient game and awaited developments

in company of the thin man, who now began to feel less bitter about the crab.

The waiters reappeared, bearing various covered dishes. All was calm.

"Breakfast, shendlemen," said the waiter. The stout man arose and offered his arm to the guest of the occasion with an air of mock decorum. The strings tightened and the victims turned their heads and gazed for an instant at the tether. The stout man shivered and kicked behind him, like a frightened horse. His team mate also shivered and kicked, and then, with a frantic and concerted leap there ensued the most realistic imitation of a runaway ever witnessed in this proud and stately Republic. With the chairs flying behind them they careered about the ground, contriving whenever possible to swing their two-seated vehicle against any one's legs that could not be gotten out of the way. They snored and, imagining that runaway steeds sometimes screamed, they let out on occasional scream. The three conspirators soon became infused with the spirit of the enterprise and made strenuous efforts to head the runaways, generally at the expense of their shin bones. The waiters jabbered and laughed, but were earnestly admonished to help catch the two men, that they had delirium tremens, imagined themselves to be runaway horses and might run themselves to death. This seemed not unlikely to the European mind, so the chattering sons of Germany, France and Italy joined in the chase and speedily effected a capture, whereupon the conspirators threw themselves upon the team, now rolling on the grass, and while two of them held their heads down the other unhitched them, and with many "Whoa, Bill's" they were allowed to get up and be led to the table, where they were given two extra beverages upon demand therefor.

The stout man must have been in training, for he consumed many lamb chops and four stacks of griddle cakes without a tremor, while his companions marveled and indulged in invidious remarks. When the fifth stack appeared, he ate three and put the last one in his vest pocket and rose from the table. He knew when he had enough.

They went back to their work in the city, considering that they had had a pleasant, quiet time.

That day at 3 o'clock the stout man was working on a brief in Smith vs. The Railway, when the thin man and the owner looked in at the door, one of them exclaiming "Less noise." Whereupon the stout man told the stenographer he would be back in five minutes, and went out around the corner with his friends, presumably on some little matter of business. GEORGE KENNEDY.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Dec. 22.—With the closing of the week comes the announcement that another aspirant for Cup defender honors is to be built within fifteen miles of this city. While reports have been current that such a boat was possible, the announcement came in somewhat the nature of a thunderclap. The new possible Cup defender is to be built at the order of a syndicate by C. C. Hanley, a well-known builder of Cape cats and the designer of the successful Canada cup challenger and defender, Genesee.

It is announced that the new production will be of the original centerboard type, without a pound of outside ballast. This will be something novel in the line of America Cup defenders, although there are many who have maintained that a boat of this type could defeat the modern keels, and who will pin their faith to the Hanley production, should she be one of the field, until the deciding race is finished.

Mr. Hanley was seen by your correspondent Friday and he confirmed the rumors in regard to the possibility of such a boat. He said that a syndicate was being formed and that, although matters had not been definitely settled, he could see no reason why the yacht should not be built. Just who the men are who will form the syndicate, he said that he was not at liberty to mention. Gen. Paine, whose connection with former Cup defenders is well known, was thought a possible member of the syndicate, but a visit to him disclosed the fact that he knew nothing whatever about it.

Hanley has wanted to build a yacht for the defense of the America Cup for some time. He claims that he can produce a yacht along the lines of the Genesee and the Meemer which can defeat the modern keel boats. This, of course, is a hard thing for yachtsmen, who have watched the evolutions in modern naval architecture, to believe; but there is a possibility that such a thing might occur, and Hanley, with his immense experience at modeling and building centerboard yachts, should be the man who would successfully accomplish the feat.

Mr. Hanley talked over the matter of his hopes and beliefs at length and offered some reasons for his faith in the centerboard type of yacht, which, to say the least, are sound. He bases his claim on the records of the centerboard boats as compared with the keels in former races in the smaller classes, and allows that the same principles will hold good in a 90-footer. He says that an out-and-out centerboard boat for the defense of the America Cup has never been built—that is, one with no outside ballast—but that those which have competed, up to the time of the Vigilant, have been a combination of both types, carrying a centerboard, but also being supplied with outside ballast.

He thinks that the centerboard boat without ballast should be tried out with the keel boat with outside lead, placed at the lowest possible point, thus proving whether a 90ft. centerboard boat, constructed on this principle, is as practical as one of the same type in the smaller classes. He has every confidence in his ability to produce a boat which will do the trick, and has a good idea now what his boat will look like if she should be built.

His claim is this: That the centerboard 90-footer, carried out on the same principles as Genesee and Meemer, maintaining the same excessive beam, will have the ability in form which the keel boats obtain from placing the ballast at the lowest point; that when the yacht is heeled she is sailing on but about one-half of her beam, thus reducing the wetted surface, while the flat floors, with little dead rise, and the hard turn to the bilge gives her an easier entrance, while at the same time she maintains much of her stability of form, aided by the centerboard,



JOLLY ROGER.
Designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield.
Photo by Jackson, Marblehead.

Another thing which Mr. Hanley announced was that the skipper of the new boat would be a young man. He says that the older men are undoubtedly good sailors and know their business, but that when it comes to tight quarters the younger man will think and act at the same time, while the older man cannot do this. He claims that the body and mind of the skipper alike should be as active as that of any of his crew.

Mr. Hanley's feeling in the matter was expressed in the following words: "I shall build a centerboard boat, entirely of wood, which I think is the best material, in consideration of its flexibility in proportion to its strength, which I think will show favorably with the keel boats, if she does not beat them. When the racing is over, such a boat, unlike Defender and other modern Cup defenders, will make a good cruiser if altered into a schooner, and her light draft will be of immense advantage in entering harbors. It may be possible that Watson will depart radically in his model of the coming challenger, and I think that boats of more than one type should be tried out in view of this possibility. When the challenger is seen and the trial races are over, the American people may be glad that a centerboard boat was built to defend the Cup."

Crowninshield has finished the lines of the Boston Cup defender, and it is expected that the boat will be laid down within a few days. She will be laid down in the new shop which is being erected at Lawley's. The upper portion of this shop is to be used as a mould loft, and the underneath portion as a pattern shop. Material for the frames and plating has been ordered, but is not expected to arrive for some days. A shed will be erected at the Atlantic Works, in which the new yacht will be built. It is expected that this can be put up in a week.

Mr. Crowninshield welcomes the idea of a centerboard boat being built. He says that he thinks it would be a good thing, and he would like to see the experiment tried, so that it would be certain which type of boat would produce the most speed. There are many who ridicule the idea of a 90-footer carried out on the lines of Meemer, but Mr. Crowninshield, with the spirit of the true scientist, makes little of no contemporary, but is always looking for the advancement of his profession. He does not think that because he is building a keel boat everybody must think that it is the only boat, but is not only willing but anxious to enter into fair competition at all times.

The model of the Canada cup defender has been shipped to the Chicago Y. C. The members of the syndicate are much pleased with it. She will be laid down in the new

mould loft at Lawley's within a few days. The model shows a boat of moderate draft with generous, but not excessive, overhangs. More particulars cannot be given until the Canadian challengers are under way.

Jansen, of Gloucester, has the keel Y. R. A. 21-footer of Crowninshield design for Sumner H. Foster set up. He is also making full-rigged models of fishing vessels for the American Fisheries Commission, to be used at the Pan-American Exposition.

Crowninshield is designing an 18ft. knockabout for a member of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. This makes nine new boats for this class which are known to be under way.

The Burgess Y. C., of Marblehead, will hold a twentieth century ball Dec. 31.

Bezanson, of Beverly, is building a 50ft. power launch for parties unknown. It is understood that the same firm has several more orders for boats of the same type.

The Winthrop Y. C. has nominated the following officers for the coming year: Com., James R. Hodder; Vice-Com., W. D. Allen; Sec'y, C. J. Bird; Treas., C. H. Nutting; Meas., C. H. Kelley; Board of Directors, A. W. Chesterton, L. T. Harrington, E. A. Cook and C. H. Whitney; Regatta Committee, E. P. Morse, A. S. Richards, C. W. Gray, C. A. Sawyer and W. N. Jenkins.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

The Yachtsmen's Club.

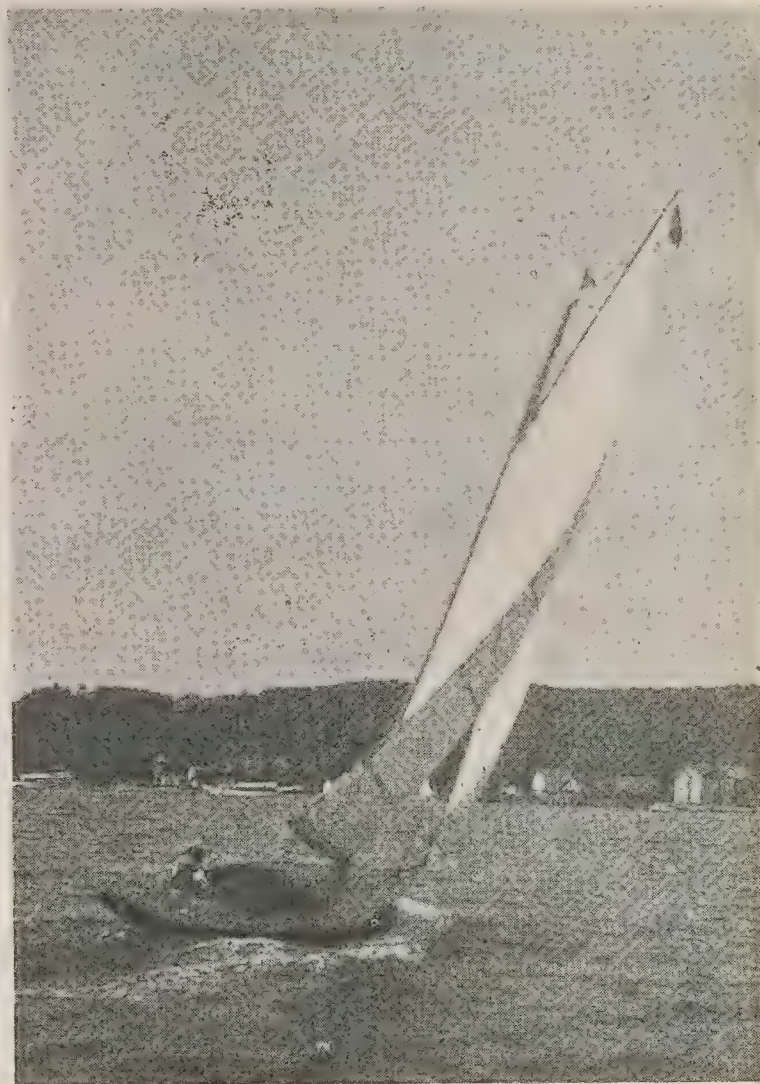
CAPT. HOWARD PATTERSON, of the New York Nautical College, gave an informal talk on "Navigation" to some forty members of the Yachtsmen's Club, 47 West Forty-third street, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 19. Capt. Patterson spoke for nearly two hours, and his subject was made interesting by various illustrations with the stereopticon. He devoted particular attention to the proper use and care of nautical instruments. The history of the compass was dealt with from the time of its discovery in China, 5,000 years ago, down to the present day.

It is intended to form a class of club members during January for the study of navigation, under the tuition of Capt. Patterson, and all members desiring to join are requested to notify Mr. C. T. Pierce, the secretary, as soon as possible.

Other talks already arranged for are as follows: Jan. 9, "Marine Engineering," by Prof. C. C. Thomas; Jan. 16, "Yacht Measurement," by John Hyslop; Jan. 23, "Yacht Designing and Construction," by Clinton H. Crane, and Jan. 30, "Wrinkles of Yacht Racing," by Newbury D. Lawton.

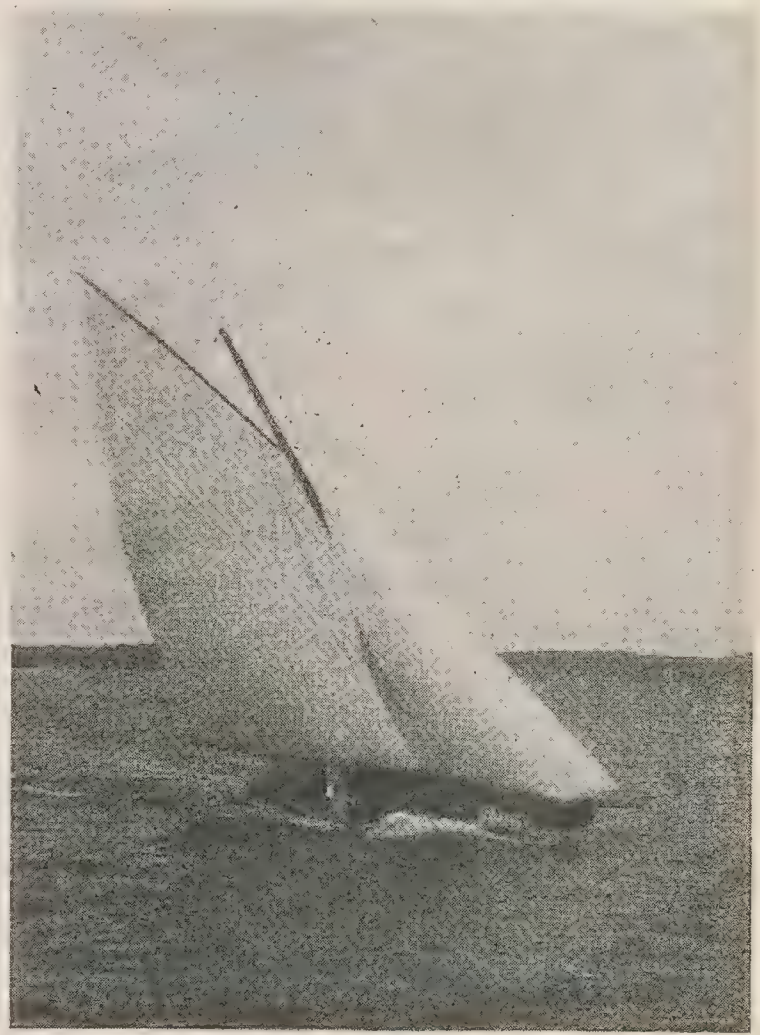
Scamp.

SCAMP is a sister boat to Jolly Roger, and the close racing between them last fall was one of the interesting events of the season. Mr. Johnston De Forest, her owner,



SCAMP.
Designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for Mr. Johnston De Forest.

was unable to sail Scamp in her races with Jolly Roger, and although she was very well handled by one of the regular Corinthian crew, Mr. A. E. Whitman, still she



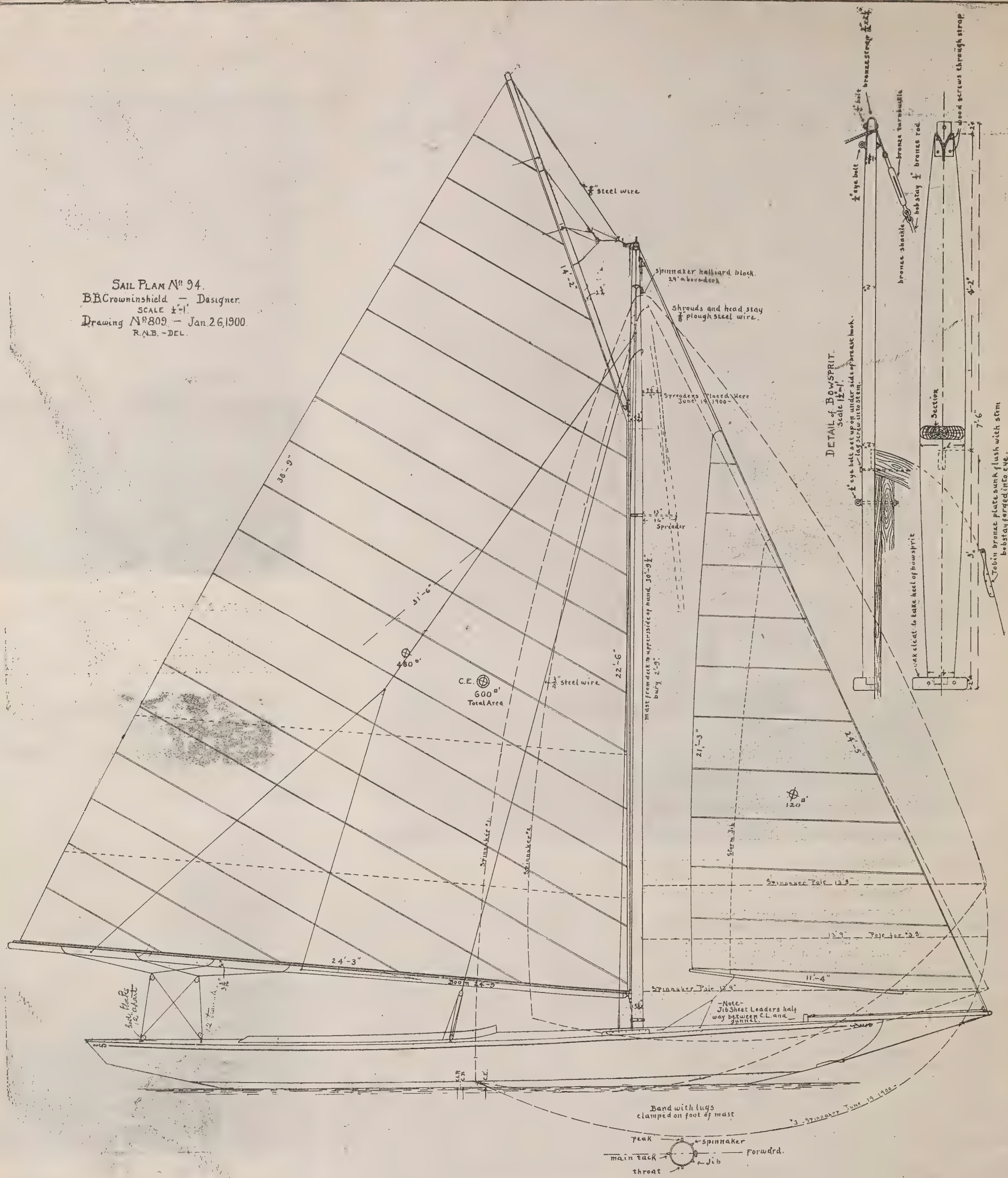
SCAMP.
Designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for Mr. Johnston De Forest.

was slightly handicapped by not having her regular helmsman. We are indebted to Mr. A. E. Whitman for the photographs of Scamp.

Canada Cup Matters.

ADVICES received from Toronto regarding the action of the Canadians in accepting the date (Aug. 10) for the day of the first race of the series, settles the last detail in the plans for the Canada cup races. The races will be sailed off Chicago, Lake Michigan. The winner of three out of five races will be declared the winner of the cup. The second race will be held on Aug. 12, and the others on following days until the affair is decided. A proposition has been received by the Chicago Y. C. to sail the Canada cup races off Buffalo at the time of the Pan-American Exposition from Com. F. B. Hower, of the Buffalo Y. C. The club will give \$2,000 in prizes, but the general feeling seems to be that the Chicago Y. C. could not be tempted to let the international cup races go away from Chicago.

The Yachting World says that "Mr. J. B. Hillard, of the Royal Clyde Y. C., will assist Mr. W. G. Jameson on the Shamrock II. in the America Cup races."



JOLLY ROGER—SAIL PLAN.

Jolly Roger.

THE drawings of Jolly Roger that appear in this issue will be of particular interest, now that her designer, Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, is to turn out a trial boat for the Cup defense. Jolly Roger is an example of a boat that is as near perfection as years of gradual development in yacht designing and building can produce. Jolly Roger's wetted surface is reduced to a minimum, and this combined with easy lines and good form makes her a fast boat in light weather. On the other hand, with her simple rig she is easily handled in a breeze. Her success in racing, both in the East and later in the season when she came around the Cape, is still fresh in the minds of yachtsmen, and needs no repetition. Jolly Roger was built by James E. Graves, of Marblehead, and was sailed in most of her races by Mr. Frank Crowninshield or Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, for whom she was built. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	31ft.	10 in.
L.W.L.	20ft.	11 in.
Overhang—		
Bow	5ft.	5¼ in.
Counter	2ft.	5¾ in.
Beam—		
Extreme	7ft.	7¼ in.
L.W.L.	7ft.	2½ in.

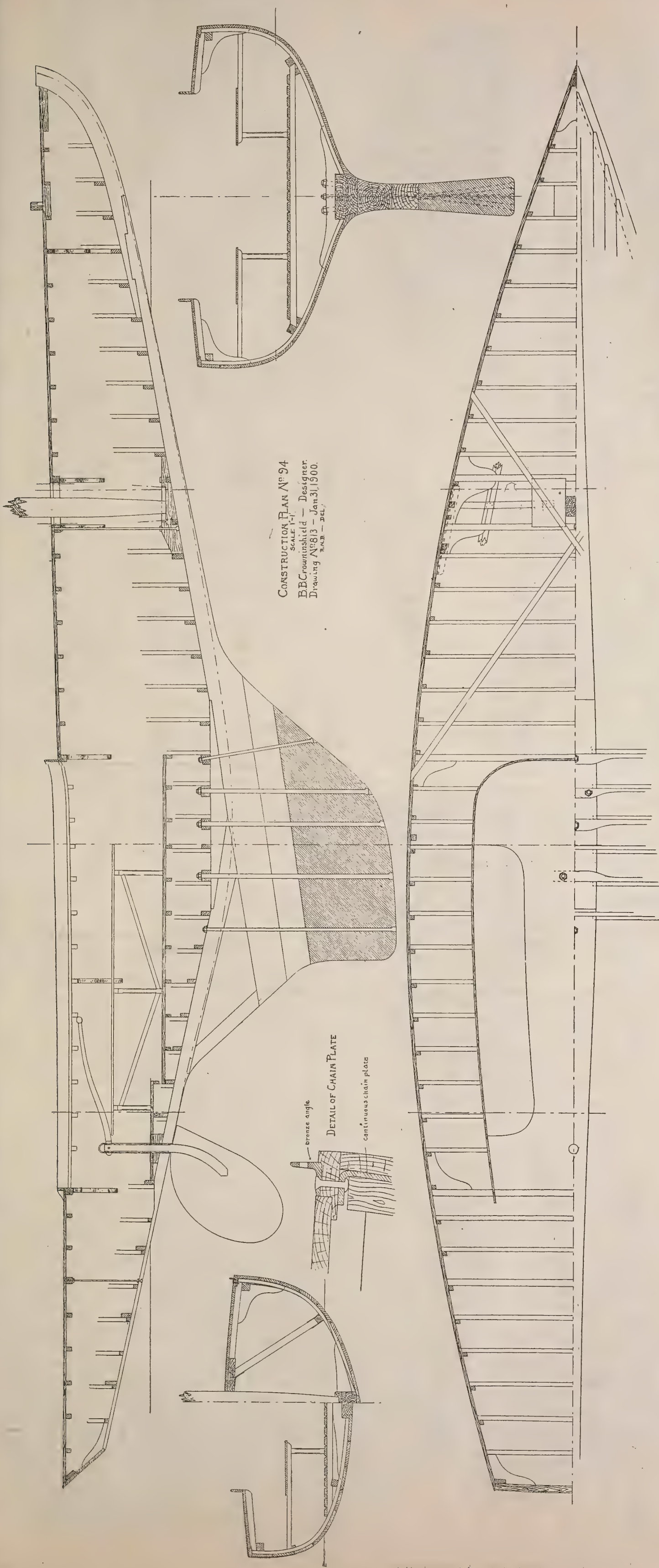
Freeboard—		
Bow	2ft.	5¾ in.
Least	1ft.	8¼ in.
Taffrail	1ft.	11 in.
Draft—		
Extreme	5ft.	6 in.
To rabbett	1ft.	9¾ in.
Displacement	5,983 lbs.	
Ballast	3,550 lbs.	
Ratio of ballast to displacement	.592	
Displacement per inch at L.W.L.	609.2	
Midship section, area	10.00	sq. ft.
L.W.L. plane	114.3	sq. ft.
Maximum girth of hull	15.35	sq. ft.
Lateral Plane—		
Area, hull	44.42	sq. ft.
Area, rudder	4.1	sq. ft.
Area, total	48.52	sq. ft.
Total wetted surface	175.5	sq. ft.
Area sails	600	sq. ft.
Ratio		
displacement to L.W.L.	2.87	
Sail area to wetted surface	3.44	
Length to beam at L.W.L.	2.91	
Overhangs to L.W.L.	.521	
Ballast to displacement	.592	
Rudder to balance lateral plane	.093	
(Stem to C.B.) to L.W.L.	.542	
(Stem to C.L.R. hull) to L.W.L.	.552	
(C.E. to C.L.R. hull), to L.W.L.	.054	

Able Seaman West.

THERE are times when names may lead to serious consequences, even though Shakespeare did ask, "What's in a name?"

Capt. Tom Evans, of the Neptune Line steamer Runo, has indelibly impressed upon his memory a name that he will ever consider has elements of danger in it. Coming down the coast on Oct. 31, bound from Rotterdam for Baltimore, all hands, except the man at the wheel, were engaged burnishing up the bright work about the decks to have the Runo look attractive when she reached Baltimore. On the forecabin was a man named West, who was wanted to join the brass polishers' art.

The Runo at the time was steaming her best on a course southwest by west, Cape Charles lightship bearing on the starboard bow. The second officer had left the bridge and Capt. Evans took the deck during his absence. Learning that the man West was wanted, Capt. Evans shouted "West!" and went down to the lower bridge. It appeared to him to be but a few minutes when he looked over the side and, to his horror, discovered that the Runo had Cape Charles lightship and Hog Island on her port bow. Such a position was inconceivable to him, and he rushed to the bridge and ordered the wheelman to change the course as speedily as possible to almost east. Satisfied with her safe position, the southwest-by-west course was again resumed.



JOLLY ROGER—CONSTRUCTION PLAN.

Then Capt. Evans demanded of the man in no uncertain language why he dared to change the vessel's course, which would have run her on the low shores of Virginia within a short time. The man was surprised that the master should ask such a question, which did not improve Capt. Tom's humor after his recovery from a scare. The man said the captain changed the course himself. Then came the revelation.

When Capt. Evans shouted "West!" to the man in the fore-castle the man at the wheel took it as an order from the master to change the course, and he did so by bringing her up three points, which put the bow directly inshore, and steaming at a good speed for the dangerous shoals off the coast it would not have been long before bottom would have been found.

Capt. Evans says he will never have another man in his crew who is known as either North, South, East or West. If he finds one that man must respond to the name of Smith, Jones or Brown.

Mr. South is chief officer of the steamer Ohio, of the same fleet as Runo, but his position requires others to place a handle before his name, which precludes the danger of the man at the wheel changing the course to "Mr. South."—Baltimore Sun, Dec. 2.

The Yachting Outlook.

No pre-natal influences of a parental prophet are necessary for the prediction that 1901 is going to be the biggest yachting year that America ever knew. And New York will have no monopoly. It will also be big for Boston, with its interest in its representative craft; big for Newport, with its occasional races between the rival defenders, its 70-footers, its Astor Cup races and its small fry thirties, which go on, like the brook, forever. It will be an interesting year for the Great Lakes, the trial boats for the defense of the Canada Cup, coming from Toledo and Cleveland to meet at Chicago, and the Canadian trial races collecting racers at Toronto, the final international contests taking place at Chicago. It will be an important year at Montreal, with the English challenger coming over for the races for the Seawanhaka Cup. For many years no boat has crossed the ocean for this trophy, and challengers, like meteorites, are partly interesting because of the distances they have traveled.

The only yachting centers which promise to be rather dull are the English. In spite of many rumors, there seems to be no proof that the German Emperor intends to improve the English racing field by building again. The new Sybarita and the as yet unused Distant Shore promise little. With the best intentions in the world to assist the sport of his own country, Sir Thomas Lipton cannot possibly leave his challenger long in English waters. In order to fill her as perfectly as possible for racing in America, he will be forced to have her here as early in the year as may be convenient, so that although there may be two or three weeks of preliminary contesting in the home waters during the month of April, or even in May, the challenger may be looked for off Sandy Hook at an early date. In fact the Tribune has had this information from Sir Thomas himself.

There can be no doubt that 1901 is to be almost exclusively America's year, and it might be well for the large English yachts which are offered so little at home to come over and join the hurly burly here. The Sybarita and the Distant Shore have already been mentioned as possible visitors, and among the cruisers Mr. Coats' Gleniffer, the largest sailing schooner yacht in the world, is another of the chances. If two or three of the principal racers were known in England to be coming over, it is tolerably certain that this addition to the Lipton fleet of three would cause a number of steam yacht owners to join in the fashionable pilgrimage to the yacht racing Mecca of 1901. The larger American yacht clubs could be relied upon to offer the visitors good prizes to be competed for, and the Astor cups provide momentoes well worth carrying home. For these Colonel Astor has the right reserved to invite foreign yachts to compete, and if English owners could be placed in a position to announce their intentions now, instead of later on, there would be plenty of time for the idea to be discussed and to find favor before the beginning of the cruising season. Owing to the early date of the first Cup race, August 20, the New York Yacht Club cruise, with the Astor Cup races at its finish, will come close to the international contests, so that visitors could take in the chief events without delays. Sir Thomas has been asked for the Tribune whether he would, as a member of the New York Yacht Club, enter his Shamrock II. for the Astor Cutter Cup, and his answer has been that that would depend on what Mr. Jameson and Mr. Watson thought. But even if the boat selected by him as the challenger should not compete, his trial boat probably would, and as the American trial yachts, together with the four seventies and other fast cutters, will doubtless be in the same contest, it may be looked forward to as one of the finest races ever seen.

Viewed from any point, the coming year seems about to be one that will be peculiarly favorable to an exchange of friendly feeling in the world of sport. For us, its promises are bright. May it not be a commendable thing to make an earnest effort to share that brightness with those whose pastimes have for a long time been shrouded in the gloom of the war cloud?—New York Tribune.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The following list of officers has been nominated by the Winthrop Y. C. for 1901: Com., J. R. Hodder; Vice Com., W. D. Allen; Sec., C. G. Bird; Treas., C. H. Nutting; Meas., C. H. Kelley; Board of Directors, A. W. Chesterton, L. T. Harrington, E. A. Cooke and C. H. Whitney; Regatta Com., E. P. Morse, A. S. Richards, C. W. Gray, C. A. Sawyer and W. N. Jenkins; Membership Com., H. E. Blanchard, Eph Smith, C. A. Rouillard, F. H. Beckler, Albert Partridge, C. B. Freeman, C. L. Ridgeway, F. H. Richardson and F. A. Hooper.

Mr. Oswald Sanderson, who is going to England shortly to manage a line of steamships, was entertained

at dinner on December 15 by members of the Larchmont Y. C., who presented a handsome loving cup to him. He is a life member of the Larchmont Club. Mr. Sanderson owned and raced the 36-footer Countess last summer.

The sloop Clytie, owned by Mr. J. W. Mossman, of Red Bank, N. J., has been bought by Mr. Lawrence Kain, who will cruise in her on the Sound during the coming season.

The yawl Pawnee has been sold by Mr. Theodore C. Zerega, N. Y. Y. C., through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones, to Mr. John E. Wayland, of the same club.

The steam yacht Surf, N. Y. Y. C., Mr. C. K. Billings, is being altered below decks at the Morse Iron Works, South Brooklyn.

The work of changing the steamer City of Quincy to a house boat for Mr. Henry B. Anderson, N. Y. Y. C., is progressing satisfactorily under the direction of Mr. J. Beaver-Webb, at Hoboken, N. J.

George W. Watson and Edward Martin, caretakers on the schooner yacht Avalon, lying off Fort Hamilton, were seriously burned aboard the yacht on December 17 by the explosion of a can of gasoline. The boat was damaged to the extent of \$1,500.

The boat shop of Sammis & Dickerson, of Huntington, L. I., was burned on Dec. 16. Nothing was saved. The yacht Helen, owned by Mr. Aldrich Sammis, the catboat Enda, a launch belonging to the Rev. Samuel T. Carter, two small sloops owned by Messrs. Lewis E. Funnell and T. J. Halle, of Stamford, Conn., and several working boats were destroyed. The firm's plans and models and considerable building material were also lost. The firm will rebuild.

The well known schooner yacht Fortuna has been sold for the estate of Henry S. Hovey through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane to Mr. Henry Wolcott, of the N. Y. Y. C. The firm have also sold, for the estate of Mr. Hovey, the auxiliary ketch Cero, built last year, to Dr. Wm. M. Culver, of New York, for service in Florida waters.

Former Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan, N. Y. Y. C., has sold through the agency of Mr. Thomas Manning, of this city, to Mr. John Flagler, of the same club, the auxiliary yacht Algonquin, formerly the Gadabout. The Algonquin is in Erie Basin, and Mr. Flagler is about to make some trifling alterations in her cabin arrangement.

Almy Brothers, of Providence, R. I., have submitted to the Rhode Island Y. C. plans for a one-design class of cabin 18-footers. The plan shows a powerful and speedy boat, the general dimensions of which are: Length over all, 29ft.; length water line, 18ft.; extreme beam, 8ft.; load water line beam, 7ft. 5½in.; freeboard, bow, 2ft. 9in.; freeboard, stern, 2ft.; least freeboard, 20½in.; overhang, bow, 5ft. 6in.; overhang, aft, 5ft. 6in.; draft, 23in.; displacement, 3,875 pounds; area, lateral plane, 39.4 sq. ft. The sail plan calls for a mainsail with an area of 389.5 sq. ft., and a jib with 95 sq. ft. of canvas.

The Hanley Construction Co., at Quincy Point, Mass., is making extensive improvements in its plant. A marine railway has been built, running into the basin, which is capable of holding a vessel of 1,000 tons and which has 28ft. of water on the carriage at high water. The basin, which covers nine acres, has from 6 to 18ft. of water in it at low tide. A new machine shop and a joiner shop are being built and the machine shop will be equipped to construct marine engines and other marine machinery. Among the big yachts which are wintering in the basin are the steam yacht Viola, of New York, the sloop yacht Wrestler and the schooner yachts Princess, Jerfalkin and Palmetto, of Boston.

The annual meeting of the Indian Harbor Y. C. will be held on Jan. 9. The Nominating Committee to select the ticket for election at that meeting is Charles F. Kirby, John H. McKee and E. E. Zittel.

The steam yacht Priscilla arrived at Miami, Fla., on Friday, Dec. 21, from Havana, having on board her owner, Mr. Samuel M. Jarvis, and Mr. Edmond G. Vaughan.

Racing yacht Arbutus was the pluckiest and luckiest craft that encountered the fierce storm. She was anchored at Winthrop, where the wind and surf had free play and gave her a merciless beating. She submitted for a while, then raised her anchor and departed. What course she took no one knows, as she went without captain or crew, and how she steered clear of rocks and banks where other vessels, with crews, stranded, is even more of a mystery. But she must have had an uneventful voyage, for when she rode the foaming waves into Rowe's Wharf at 10 o'clock last night there was not even a mark on her indicative of rough usage. She was tied up at the wharf, the captain of police station No. 8 was notified of her arrival, and he had her removed to Constitution Wharf.—Boston Evening Transcript.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A Connecticut subscriber writes: As one of the large army of readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, who seldom voice their feelings, I would like to express my appreciation of the many worthy contributions which it is my pleasure to read week after week. May a long and happy future be the lot of all.

GEO. A. FERRIS.

